

Johnson Family

John Waldemar - Mary C Nelson



Clyde - Viola Sadd
Mary Ann - Roy Holloway
Mary Elizabeth James

John William

Elizabeth - Bradley Young
Holly Heather



Dorothy - George Krubeck
Carol - Robert Brotherlin
Wendy David
Jerry
Joyce



Merlin W - Mabel A Nelson
Judith - Thomas Johnson
Sara Rachel Aaron Andy

Marla - Alfred Cierpial
Jennifer Gregory

Susan - David Christopherson
Brian Cheryl

James W - Kathryn Lipetsky
Peter Jeffrey Janene David



June - LeRoy Johnson
Robert - Jan
Brach - Marion
Barton - Iris
Jon - Sherry
Julie - LeRoy Hasse



John W. Johnson

This was written in 1953 for Mrs. Louis Pitra's Y.C.L. pupils. They were Laverne Mack, Judith Kramer, Glenn Ableidinger, James Mack and Douglas Talle. The pupils interviewed Mrs. J.W. (Mary) Johnson.

Contributed for this book by Mrs. Harriet Shultz (Harriet Pitra).

I, Mary Johnson, was born in 1885 to Mr. and Mrs. Jens Peter (Jim) Nelson. I came to North Dakota when I was two years old with them.

Our first home was three miles east of Kensal and my father worked on the Casey Ranch near Bordulac. He drove over there with two ponies and a light wagon. He only came home on Sunday. We lived there about one year, then we moved to my father's homestead by the James River, as it was good pasture land. We lived on this place a few years.

The next move was a half mile east. There my father took a tree claim. By that time we had enough money to build a good sized house and barn. That was my home until I married Mr. John W. Johnson.

I didn't lack an education as the schoolhouse was on our land $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from home. This was the first school in the district and the first teacher there was William Farquer. The school term was six months.

My father farmed until 1904, when he was elected sheriff of Foster County and served in that office two terms. After serving as sheriff, he was in partnership running a livery barn in Carrington until that burned down. He moved back to the farm until he moved to California, where he passed away in 1919.

I was married in 1905 to J.W. Johnson and we made our home on a farm to the north that joined the farm of my folks, also on the James River. This was a good stock farm. We had Angus cattle. These helped us through the years when there were poor crops. We saw many hard times, but we always came through some way. J.W. served on the township and school boards over twenty years until he passed away in 1938.

Now, in 1953, my son, Merlin, is farming the land. (Merlin was the father of James "Jim" Johnson who now owns the farm - 1985).

When I look back over all these years I think the winters were the hardest part as we had to travel with horses. Those days we had to have enough groceries to last a month at a time.

I remember when my folks and my husband's folks used to get coffee by the 100 pounds and have a load of wheat ground into flour in the fall. That would last a year. Those items were the bulk of the groceries in those days.

Zona Mead Teacher - Riding "stone boat" to school



1948 1st Grade



Demolition of J.W. Johnson's homestead



Johnson Family Farm 1950



The township was called Johnson Township until it was organized and changed to Bucephalia by Christian Johnson, father to JW Johnson, grandfather to Merlin Johnson and great grand father to Jim. One of the early readers had a favorite story about a horse named Bucephalus, from which the name came to be. The school is #1 and was

J.W. Johnson & Mary home
Built in approximately 1919



Arrowwood Lake

Picnics at Arrowwood
Lake - Good Times





MRS. ANN NEVA



Mother of the year

Mrs. Ann Neva, Kensal, attended the North Dakota Mother of the Year Award luncheon at the Bismarck Municipal Country Club recently. Mrs. Neva, a Merit Mother, along with eight others from North Dakota, were presented certificates by Governor Allen Olson. Lorraine Martinson, Rolette, was named "Mother of the Year" in North Dakota.

A reception for the women was held following the luncheon in the Governor's mansion with Gov. and Mrs. Olson as hosts.

Mrs. Neva was sponsored by the John Florhaug Post American Legion Auxiliary and the Community Betterment Club of Kensal. She is a graduate of Kensal High School and Valley City Teachers College and taught

in rural schools before her marriage to Jack Neva. She was employed at the Kensal Post Office for 17 years. She is active in community, church and social affairs.

Mrs. Neva is the mother of five children. Three attended the luncheon: Mrs. Darwin Hoggarth, Bismarck, Mrs. Leon Doyle and Mrs. Margaret Dyke. Others attending included Mrs. William Dyke, daughter-in-law, Mrs. William Dyke and granddaughters, Ameta Schaefer, Brenda Johnson and Laura Hoggard. Unable to attend were Robert, Jack and Bill Neva and Nadine Johnson.

The goal of the North Dakota Mother of the Year Association is to recognize the importance of motherhood on the state and national levels.

The moon was shining brightly on the white snow sparkling with diamonds as the team of horses trotted along, bells on their harnesses jingling, pulling a sleigh. Our family was on the way to the club hall bundled up with stocking caps and scarves, heavy coats and overshoes buckled around the ankles. Robes of fur were over our laps and at our feet were foot warmers, heated by blocks of burning charcoal in a drawer fitted into an insulated box covered with carpet material.

I looked forward to these club meetings at the McKinley Farmers Club Hall about five miles from our home. The farmers had organized and built this hall. Early pictures of gatherings show only horses and buggies, with everyone dressed in their best bib and tucker.

After the men had their business meeting, sometimes there would be a short program by the children. Then the chairs would be pushed to the sides and the music would begin. Perhaps it would be a fiddler and the piano, sometimes a drum appeared. The dancing would begin. I learned all of the old time dances there. The circle two-steps were my favorite, as I got to dance with so many different partners. As I grew older I was chosen to be part of square dance groups

The babies and little children always had plenty of attention. We girls loved to carry them and play with them. When they fell asleep chairs were turned toward the wall for their beds.

Midnight came and everyone went to the basement for a delicious lunch set up by the ladies. The odor of freshly boiled coffee wafted up the stairs as people were crowding down to get plates of sandwiches and generous pieces of cake. Homemade dill pickles were always plentiful.

Usually the dancing ended about two a.m. and we bundled up for the return home. I don't remember much about that because before I knew it, someone was shaking me and saying, "Come on, wake up now, you're too heavy to carry into the house.

I remember another winter meeting when we came in cars, but a blizzard came up during the evening and visibility became zero. The people were marooned but with the lunch that was brought for the meeting and the warmth from the coal-fired furnace, we were all cozy. The next day about noon the storm subsided, the cars were dug out of the snowdrifts and everyone went home.



McKinley Hall Association



