

# Phelps Helps



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Spring 2007

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Museum  
on the first Monday of the  
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## **Ice Storm Makes History**

**PHELPS COUNTY AND OTHER COMMUNITIES NEAR US RECEIVE AN  
ICE STORM THAT HAS MADE HISTORY**

Written by Sandra Slater

On December 30 2006, 3,500 electrical customers lost their power including Phelps County. By January 15th Southern Power District still had 3,500 residents without electricity. Losing electrical power happens occasionally, but it usually lasts only a few hours. Here after 20 days some of our neighbors still were without electrical power. Some areas were without water, heat and lights for days or weeks. But for us good news came as one of the three power lines to Holdrege was restored on January 17th.

Southern Power, who provides electricity for this area of Phelps County had the three major power lines that supply Holdrege totally destroyed. Huge electrical poles came down like dominoes, one after another. Huge metal poles bent over to the ground. Trees with over two inches of ice glistened in the sun, while thousands of branches toppled to the ground littering blocks and blocks of our town.

As I live in Holdrege, the experiences I have written here are about this community. However, all towns in Phelps County and many in the surrounding counties had the same problems. For a few days there were no lights in Holdrege at all. It was a strange feeling to drive down the streets of Holdrege at night with no lights visible and no business open for business.

The first day after our black out, my husband saw a Colorado car drive into the Casey Gas Station wanting to fill up his gas tank. Bob went over and told him he would have to go 60 miles to Hastings as we weren't even sure if Kearney had enough electricity to run the gas pumps.

Lack of communication was a major problem as both our radio station and newspaper were out of power. FEMA provided a generator for our radio station a few days into the blackout. Our local newspaper could not print a newspaper for over a week and a half.

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Shelters were set up for a warm place to go, beds and food in all four Phelps County towns. Everyone did what they could to help each other.

Our business community was one of the worst hit as their power was cut off for 21 days. They had to provide their own generators for electricity which was very expensive. Some business could not open at all until the electrical grid was rebuilt as they could not afford to buy a generator or the gas it takes to run them. Because of this the employees could not work and many had no pay checks for weeks.

There are probably many touching stories about how everyone survived the cold. One story in the Omaha World Harold told of a young woman in Holdrege, who lived in her car four days to keep her disabled child warm so she would not catch cold because her house was just too cold. She eventually went

to the shelter where there was a warm place to sleep and hot lunches to eat.

There are always good things that come out of disasters. We learn to appreciate the luxury we have, a warm house being one of them.

There is only one other time I remember the electricity being off for more than one week which was in the 1950s. Our past time then was spent playing cards with my parents by candle light. So the tradition began again with this storm as we invited neighbors to come and play cards in the darkened evening lighted only by candles and a lamp on the table. We enjoyed the friendship of our neighbors so much and the hours went a lot faster then sitting by ourselves at home alone.

We certainly hope this will be a once in a lifetime experience for our community. If not, we know we can handle it.

## Holdrege Business Roster of 1887

*(This information came from the Souvenir Historical Edition in the Holdrege Daily Citizen in June of 1958)*

Some of the early day Holdrege business men are briefly listed here. They were in business in 1887, at which time a promotional edition of the Nugget was printed with the information from which this list was compiled.

J. H. and E. D. Einsel, bankers, the Einsel Brothers were among the first citizens coming here from York County in 1883. In 1885 they built the first brick structure in Holdrege, the Commercial State Bank, which stood on the corner of 4th and West Avenue. They also occupied the Citizens Bank in Bertrand.

J. W. Dobbin was president and W. F. Dobbin, cashier of the Bank of Holdrege. The Dobbins came to Holdrege from State Center, Iowa.

F. Johnson, early day merchant, came here from

Illinois and erected a store building from the first car load of lumber shipped into Holdrege. His store was located on the present site of the Schrock building. Later he built a L-shaped store in conjunction with the First National Bank at Fourth and East Avenue, and still later built the building now occupied by the McDonald Store.

F. J. Everson, grocer came here from Axtell where he operated a store briefly after leaving Kearney where he was in business for four years.

Dr. E. H. Maberly, dentist, came to Holdrege from Illinois.

C. J. Grable, wholesale and retail hardware dealer, opened his business here in November of 1884 after five years in Kearney. He was an Ohio Native.

*To be continued in the next Phelps Helps issue...*

# Harlan County, Nebraska

## HISTORY OF ALMA, HARLAN COUNTY, NE

Information from an old book probably published in the early 1900s.

The town of Alma was started in the spring of 1871. The village was named after the daughter of N. P. Cook.

After the fear of Indians began to subside in the spring of 1872, men came to Alma with money. Frank Shaffer was appointed to go to Beatrice to secure the town site. He also secured the first house in the town site. Next Mr. Broadball built a sod blacksmith shop and during the summer of 1872, Moore & Sappington erected the first store.

Soon after that a post office was established and Joseph H. Painter appointed postmaster.

Church services were first held in Foster's grove in July of 1871.

Disagreements, resulting in quarrels soon arose and in consequence the town of Alma was broke up and the county seat was moved to Melrose, a town that started near the stockade, but later became history only. The county records were again returned to Alma.

Mr. Shafer moved his building to Orleans. Moore and Sappling sold their building to Mr. Jewell who moved it to Melrose. The post office was kept on a homestead three miles west of Alma and remained there for some

**NOTE:** The Phelps Helps Newsletter highlights Harlan County in this section. With many of our subscribers interested in and from Harlan County, and since Harlan County is a connecting county to Phelps County, the Phelps Helps will publish history information on Harlan County.

time. Alma was now "Dead".

When by the decision of Judge Gantt, the county records were returned to Alma, preparation was again made to build up a town.

By 1875, Frank Shaffer moved a little house from his homestead. It

was the first building in the town after its resurrection. This building was used for county purposes until 1877 when a building constructed by John Guyer erected a store and also used for court house business. A court-house was built in 1880.

Mr. Guyer built a log hotel in 1875 in Alma and William Downs built a small residence. By 1879 Alma consisted of three very small houses, a store, the small one story building with one room used as the court house and a sod blacksmith shop on forty acres of land.

In April of 1879 a newspaper was established by Borden & Livingston and called the Alma Standard. This paper did more than anything else to attract attention to Alma as a favorable point to build up a town. By the first of May 1879 building commenced. There was not one grand rush for Alma and buildings were erected in all parts of the town.

By the winter of 1879, the B. & M. Railroad came to Alma bringing life into the community. By September of 1880 fifty business houses and residences had been erected.

More on Alma in a later issue.

## Library is Getting a New Microfilm Reader/Printer

A few months ago the printer on the microfilm reader printer quit and our machine was too old to get parts. This was of great concern to us as we have purchased a considerable amount of microfilm for our library. A new machine costs \$7,891. Money for the new machine has been funded by a grant written by Dan Van Dyke, Executive Director of the Nebraska Prairie Museum to the Phelps Memorial Hospital Foundation for \$5,261 and a donation from Holdrege Area Genealogy Club of \$2,630.

The microfilm machine has been ordered and should be available in the next couple of weeks.

## Here are a Few Firsts for Phelps County

- Holdrege's first circus was held on August 12, 1884. It was Pullman, Mack and Company's Monster Shows.
- The first white child born in Phelps County was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Sweezy of Rock Falls. Mr. and Mrs. Sweezy were the first settlers in Rock Falls, arriving there in the spring of 1873.
- James N. Clarke was the first Holdrege mayor, named at the April Election of 1888. Holdrege officially became a city of second class that year, when its population was listed as over 1,000.
- First city house-to-house mail delivery in Holdrege was made on November 1, 1907.
- The first kiln of bricks burned at the Holdrege brick yard was in September of 1884. The kiln contained 150,000 bricks.
- Phelps County, Hopeville was the name of the first post office.

## New Members & Their Queries

Ann Heckenlively  
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Hanston, KS 67849-0088

I am searching information on John Carlson born in 1877 to Swan and Christine Anderson Carlson. He died in 1949 in Holdrege, NE. He married Helen Hedlund in 1904 in Holdrege, NE. Her parents were

Carl Hedlund and Bertha Bollien. Their children were Helen, Audrey and Marlyne.

Please contact me if you have information.

## Homesteader Tells of Memorable Storm of 1880

Written by George Arnold, a Homesteader in Phelps County, Nebraska and Editor of the Holdrege Progress:

This the 15th day of March 1913 will no doubt go down as one of the great blizzards of the West.

The snow certainly does fly some and is accumulating in the great drifts. It seems to be drifting and piling up wherever it comes handiest. It doesn't show any respect for places or persons, in fact the snow seems to have a special

delight to drift on the sidewalk in front of business houses, office and stair way entries. This in connection with the fierceness of the blizzard causes people to be content to say inside, although

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*(Storm Continued from page 4)*

every now and then either from necessity or a desire to experience the sensation of being out in a real blizzard a few have ventured out. We have seen enough gymnastic performances from our office window today to make the proprietor of a second class circus ashamed of himself.

To begin with if they get restless and wanted to leave their place of confinement, the first act after getting outside was to plunge into a large snow drift. After plundering around until he extricated himself and taking a survey to get his bearing he would undertake the second act. This was to use his best judgment in finding a passage way attended with the least resistance to his desired destination and right here is where the laugh came in, for he would not get far until a huge snow drift would loom up right in his path. Being endowed with that predomination western spirit in his nature (to overcome obstacles) he would mentally try and calculate the distance over the snow drift, then with a heroic effort and determination would put his imaginary athletic muscles to a test by a super-human spring which was calculated to land him on the other

side of the drift. "But Alas," instead of landing on the other side of the drift, three out of four would find themselves right in the middle of it. After extricating themselves and getting back to their place of abode, we have no doubt but what they felt perfectly satisfied with their experience.

This blizzard brings to our mind the memorable winter of 1880 and 1881. We had come from Texas the year before and settled on a homestead nine miles north of where the town of Funk now is. We built the proverbial sod house and began to experience the life of a bachelor away from friends and relatives. Our first experience of a blizzard of any magnitude was about the 23 day of December 1880, which lasted for 48 hours. This was followed with blizzards nearly every week all winter, making travel nearly impossible on account of the snow drifts and made it necessary for the homesteads to resort to hay for fuel.

The winter was passing slowly without any very unusual happenings. Much of the time we passed in writing to relatives and friends. About the last of February we experienced the worst blizzard we ever saw, it continued for three days. There we were cooped up in our little sod home with nothing to

look after but one team. The first day we wrote to our relatives. The second day to our best girl and the third day it was really furious and three miles to the nearest neighbor. The predicament of being cooped up in absolute retirement all alone began to work on our nerves and in an effort to interest ourselves to pass away the lonely hours we were prompted to pen the following:

Fierce without  
the wind doth blow

Driving before it  
a fine mist of snow.

To be out in it,  
it must be bitter and cold,

Either for the young,  
middle aged or old.

And for three days  
I've sat in my little  
sod house.

I've written to the  
home folks,

And to the one  
I love best

Telling them of the  
full grown storm

And native born blizzards  
that inhabit the west,

It's the worst blizzard we've  
had if I rightly remember,

Since the twenty third day of  
last December.

# Old Settlers Deserve Award

Loomis Sentinel, November 20, 1930

*A Brief History of the lives of pioneers given to Show Communities Regard.*

History without names is very dry reading, and to attempt a historical review of the founding and growth of Loomis without paying special attention to the "old timers would be folly. They are not all mentioned here, perhaps, but in acknowledgment of the great services and sacrifices of those hardy people who made this community possible, the Sentinel dedicates its pages this week to them.

## Mr. Aaron Johnson

Mr. Aaron Johnson came to Phelps County from Illinois in 1876, homesteading north of Loomis, right out in the open country, for there was no railroad or town.

Mr. Johnson's life, after first settling in Phelps County is closely related to the founding of the town of Loomis, for to him goes the honor of first suggesting to the Burlington the need for a railroad from Holdrege to Grant, and the direction the line should take. Writing the Honorable George Holdrege of the Burlington, Mr. Johnston suggested the need for a line. Mr. Johnson was also first to build and stock a general store. Mr. Johnson was one of the first stock shippers in the country. He shipped 28 car loads of hogs down the line to eastern markets. Using a little pony to make the rounds of the

farms in this part of the country, Mr. Johnson would sometime ride 40 or 50 miles a day, buying hogs to ship to market. He was married to Augusta Granlund, June 25, 1878, and they celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary, June 15, 1928. Mr. Johnson passed away January 14, 1929 at the age of 77 years, 4 months and 14 days. He and Mrs. Johnson had lived on the same place all the years where Mrs. Johnson now lives with her sons, Joseph and Lloyd and her daughter Mable. The other children, Frank, Walter and Henry and a daughter, Ida Carlson live in Loomis, Justice in the country near Loomis, a daughter, Julia Abramson, in Holdrege; a son Victor, near Bertrand; and one son Harry, passed away a few years ago.

## Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Larson

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Larson came to Phelps county from Chicago, March 1884, living in the Phelps Center Neighborhood for one year and a half. They moved to their farm near Loomis where the Minor Johnson family lives now and lived there till 1888. Mr. Larson operated a blacksmith shop in Loomis and walked to his shop each day from his farm. His brother, Gust came to this community in the year 1885 and they built a blacksmith shop in 1887 near where the home now stands. In 1888 Mr. and Mrs. Larson moved to Loomis and built the home where Mrs. Larson now lives. The shop

burned down in 1915, but another shop was built later. Mrs. Larson is the mother of three boys, Elmer and Simon of Chicago, David of Flint, Michigan, and Esther Johnson of Loomis. Grant Larson passed away March 1922, and L. M. Larson September 10, 1923. Mrs. Larson has had many pleasant and some unhappy remembrances. "Fires were a worry in early days," she said.

## August Bergman

August Bergman is another pioneer of this community, coming here May 5, 1882 and living on a farm north of town until he moved to Loomis seven years ago. Mr. Bergman was married in 1887 and they lived in a sod house till they built their frame house in 1892. Mr. and Mrs. Bergman are the parents of five children: Joe, who lives on the home place, Elmer, who lives east of town, where the Trees Oil Co. are drilling, Paul, in Kansas, Ruth at home and Marie, wife of Albert Anderson, in Holcomb neighborhood. Mr. Bergman tells the story of the blizzard in the year 1886. Clothes line ropes were tied to the door knob so that the men when doing the chores could follow it back to the house without being lost. He also tells of driving an ox team in his work to break the prairie.

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## Plum Creek Massacre As told by Mrs. Thomas F. Morton

*(This massacre occurred in the North West corner of Phelps County in Westside Township)*

“In July of 1864, my husband and I decided to freight to Denver from Sidney, Iowa. When we arrived in Nebraska City, we called on my brother John Fletcher, to bid him good-bye. He tried to persuade us to wait until the warm weather had ceased and he would accompany us during this trip, but we were ready to go then so we decided not to turn back.

After about five days travel, we arrived at the Junction where we stopped to camp, but the next morning when we were ready to resume our journey, we noticed one of our horses strayed away and immediate search was made to which was a success. The next day we passed a train of Mormons, but they were strangers to us.

We traveled onward until we arrived at Plum Creek Station. Having no thought of danger nor timid misgivings on the subject of the Indians as telegrams had been sent to us as to the quiet and peaceful state of the country through which we must pass. Being thus persuaded that fears were useless, we entertained none.

The beauty of the sunset and the scenery around filled us with admiration as we viewed the

beautiful landscape before us, tinged in purple and gold, without a thought of the danger that was lying like a tiger, in ambush, by our path.

At Plum Creek Station we were rejoined by nine wagons. This made our wagon train consist of twelve wagons which made it much better for us all as our trains were loaded with freight which we were taking to Denver and one of the men was obliged to stand guard for the fear of robbers might make an unexpected assault.

When we were camped at Plum Creek that night, my brother and Mr. Marble stood guard the forepart of the night and my husband the latter.

About six o'clock in the morning we again started on our western course. My husband, being quite fatigued requested that I drive and I gladly consented. While I was driving, my husband was fast asleep and all of my time was spent in viewing the beautiful landscape, when I supposed we would soon reach. But alas! That was only a momentary thought for far in the distance, I could see objects which seemed to be approaching us, but on account of the great distance, they were undistinguishable. What could it be? I called to my husband and he at once came to my side when I told him to look in the distance and to tell me what the large

group of objects could be. He at once thought that it was only a heard of buffalo so he reclined upon the couch again and was soon asleep. But it was not long---only a few minutes---until I soon observed they were Indians and I again called to my husband he said he knew they were Indians. Soon the landscape before us was covered with the savages. Soon we observed they were warriors and were painted and equipped for battle. Soon they uttered a wild cry and fired a volley from their guns which made us realize our helpless condition.

This terrible and unsuspected apparition came upon us with such startling swiftness that we had no time to make preparations for defense. Soon the whole band of warriors encircled us and came the war whoop, which I shall never forget. None but those who have had a personal experience in Indian affairs can form a just conception of the terror which this war whoop is calculated to inspire; with wild screams and yells, they circled round and round which frightened our teams so they became uncomfortable. Thinking there might be some faint hope of escape, I sprang from the wagon. My husband called me, “Oh my dear, where are you going? And those were the last words I heard him say. But

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our team was running so, and I jumped. I fell to the ground and before I could recover myself, one of the back teams came dashing by and the wheels passed over my body. I thought I could never make another attempt to rescue myself, but soon I was again to nerved by fear or by the dread of death by such demon hands, I again made a desperate effort for life---with all the strength I could procure, I started for the river. When I met my brother and cousin and they said we had no hope of escape—the Indians had encircled us and the air was full of arrows. At that moment an arrow struck my cousin which proved fatal instantly and he fell dead at my feet. In another instant, three arrows penetrated by brother's body — he too, fell at my feet and his last words were, "Tell Susan I am killed. Good-bye my dear sister."

With naturally a sensitive nature, tenderly and affectionately reared, shuddering at the very thought of cruelty, you can my dear reader, imagine, but only imagine the agony which I endured. But neither the gloom of the forest nor the blackness of the night, nor both combined begin to symbolize the darkness of my terror-stricken mind.

My first impulse was to kneel by my brother. When upon kneeling, I discovered two arrows were lodged in my side. Just as I went

to remove them, a horrible old warrior came up to me and demanded that I go with him. I immediately told him 'no' I was going to stay by my brother. Before I could utter another word, he drew a large whip from his belt and began whipping me severely. But I soon made an effort to escape him and started to run when two warriors came after me, ordered me to stop or they would kill me. I told them I would rather have died then be led into captivity and I was going to search for my husband. But those two old Indians soon overtook me and demanded me to mount an old pony or they would shoot me. I was almost paralyzed with fear for I had seen these Indians on our previous trip to Denver but they had been at peace and did not molest us. They were the Sioux and Cheyenne's, the most savage Indians at that time. This band was commonly called the Ogallala band and to be taken captive by them almost made me pray to die instantly. But I still bitterly resisted mounting the old pony, but before I could make further resist, they tossed me on the old pony and took me to the wagons.

Such a sight as human eyes ever beheld was before me! The wagons had all been plundered and the mangled forms of dear ones were about me. Our teams were running at large over the prairie with the Indians after them. War whoops resounded from every direction. Only one of the horses escaped

and found his way home and with good care, he soon recovered as the Indians had wounded him many times with the arrows.

After the Indians succeeded in capturing several of the horses and killing the rest, they were ready to return to their camp. They had massacred all my comrades except little Dannie Marble. Two old chiefs and two old squaws came up to Dannie and me and told us that we were obliged to go with them so one of the warriors tossed me back on the saddle on one of the old chief's ponies and Dannie back on the other old chief. As we were leaving, I took the last look upon those so dear to me, lying dead upon the ground, perhaps to be devoured by wild beasts. The war whoop had resounded until I was almost deaf. I could not suppress my emotions and began to scream and cry. Old Chief Red Cloud, the chief with whom I was riding, made many desperate threats, which only made the scene more horrible. The old Chief Big Bear, who took Dannie, whipped the little fellow severely because he too, was crying. Oh! How I did pray to die because I thought death would be a grand refuge.

After being held captive for about five months, Danny and I were rescued by some friendly Indians and we were restored to our friends.



*(Old Settlers Continued from page 6)*

### **Albert Sunblade**

Albert Sunblade came to Phelps county in 1887 from Illinois at the age of 19 years. He homesteaded and lived on his farm over fifty years. He built a sod house and lived in it till 1897 when he built the frame house. He was married to Miss Nancy Johnson on March 22, 1884 and to them was born 9 children, all who live in or near Loomis now. Mr. Sunblade was a charter member of the Moses Hill church. He passed away two years ago; Mrs. Sunblade now lives in the north part of Loomis. The son Carl, lives on the home place. The Sunblades endured many hardships. They worked with ox teams and hauled their produce to Kearney and there provisions from that place. The children are Simon, Frank, Car, Harry, Minnie Johnson, Mrs. Carl Young, Mrs. Arney Anderson and Mrs. Carl Thorell.

### **Mr. and Mrs. John Edlund**

Mr. and Mrs. John Edlund with their two children, who are now E. H. and Mrs. Charlie Ericson came to Phelps county in 1880 and settled in the Westmark neighborhood and here two brothers attended school in their own home. The mother gave up the big room for the school and she stayed in the kitchen during the day. The teacher, Amelia Hallgren, boarded with them. The Edlunds built their frame home in 1889, a half mile west of the sod house, where the son Fred Edlund, now lives. E. H. Edlund lives in the

Moses Hill neighborhood.

### **Mrs. Alfred Carlson**

Mrs. Alfred Carlson came here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Zeph Nyquist, to the Holcomb neighborhood in 1885. She moved to Loomis in 1902. One brother, Martin Nyquist, lives in the Westmark neighborhood. The rest of the Nyquist children live in Washington State.

### **Mr. and Mrs. Arch White**

Mr. and Mrs. Arch White located near Loomis in 1885 on the Chaplin place across the road from Mrs. L. M. Larson place. Mrs. White is still living and at the present time is in Phelps County. Two of her daughters also live in this country, Mrs. Lambert Sunblade of this place and Mrs. Charlie Gassaway of Holdrege.

### **Mr. and Mrs. John August Carlson**

Mr. and Mrs. John August Carlson came to Phelps county in 1876 and lived seven miles north and three miles east of Loomis. Charlie and Alfred Carlson of this place came with their parents. They built a two room house and later a sod home and the frame house still stands which they built on the homestead. Alfred Carlson tells of the Indian scare when word was brought to them the Indians were coming and it proved to be a herd of Antelope. After a prairie fire there were three families living on their place, one family taking shelter in the cellar.

The Carlsons were one of the first to have a bucket well. The children living are Alfred, Charlie and Christian in Loomis, Selby, near Bertrand, and Mrs. August Hanson of Holdrege.

### **C. E. Staberg**

C. E. Staberg's parents came to this county in 1879 and settled in the Westmark neighborhood. Their home was of sod as were all the buildings. Last year in April, C. E. Staberg and his wife held open house celebrating his stay here in this country for fifty years. He still lives on the farm in the Westmark neighborhood.

### **Mr. F. D. Swanson**

Mrs. F. D. Swanson (Charleston) came to this county in 1879 with her parents and her brother, Gus Charleston, of Holdrege. Mrs. Swanson was married in 1884 to F. Swanson, and they lived for a number of years in the Westmark neighborhood before living north of Loomis. They reside now in Holdrege. Gus Charleston and wife live in Holdrege and they are charter members of the Westmark Church.

### **Mr. A. T. Bloomquist**

Mr. A. T. Bloomquist came to Phelps county in 1884 and then moved to the farm in 1885 where the Frank Holm family now lives. He later moved to a farm south of town where he lived 10 years. He moved to Loomis with his family a

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*(Old Settlers Continued from page 9)*

few years ago. Mrs. Bloomquist passed away in February 1929. Mr. Bloomquist's children, Mrs. Ernest Abramson, Ruth Sigma, David and Gust live here and Marie in Minnesota.

### **Richard and Elizabeth Morrison**

Richard and Elizabeth Morrison came to Phelps county in 1884 living near Atlanta in a sod house with neither door or floor, from spring to August of the same year. Then they moved to the Whitcomb place, which is now the Peter P. Nelson Farm, southeast of here, where they lived for 15 months in a sod house with an upstairs. In the meantime they had bought a section

of land from the U. P. at \$4 an acre, and when the railroad was built through Loomis, the stakes were put in the corner of their sod house. Jim had lived in a shack on this place while they were building their sod house. They moved to this place in 1886 where the father passed away in 1887.

In 1890 Tom Morrison was married and built a house which he occupied until 1900. Rob then was married and he moved to this place which has been his home ever since. When this home was being built, a hail storm destroyed the newly built roof. R. G. Morrison was married to Jessie Marshall in 1898 and he and his wife have lived on the home place. They remodeled this home in 1926, and it is now one of the up-to-

date homes of the community.

A dairy began by Richard Morrison, Sr. has been preserved by his son, Richard. It contains many interesting points of history.

The Morrison boys all live in Phelps County at the present time. R. G. on the home place. R. M., two miles west of town, Tom on his farm 2 miles northwest of town, Jim in Atlanta, and John in Holdrege. The daughters are Lillie Redfern, who lives near Holdrege, Ann De Lorme of Chicago, and Mary Taylor, who passed away a number of years ago. Her husband was one of the first depot agents on this place.

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