



STEREOSCOPE

President's Report

By Warner Carlson

One thing we can be certain of in life is that there will be change. So, too, at the museum.

Recently, at the museum, change is quite apparent. Under the watchful eye of Eileen Schrock, several displays have been moved. We also moved the cars that were in the room with the Town Square. They are now underneath the balcony in the Schrock Agricultural Addition. They look right at home in their new location. In order to make room for the cars, the harness and saddle display has been moved. It is located in the Blacksmith Shop.

By moving the cars this made room for us to expand our Town Square. The First National Bank will be moved from its present location to the expanded Town Square. Construction for this will be paid for by the First National Bank and our great friend Bill Perry will be doing the construction. We are very grateful that the Bank was willing to help us with this move. Other displays for the Town Square are in the planning stage.

As large as the museum is, space is still at a premium. Who would have thought with the addition of the Schrock addition in 2001 that this would be a problem only six years later. We are planning to have a railing installed on the south balcony so that will become more useable. Hopefully this can be done yet this summer.

Another improvement that is needed is new storm windows on Snowball School. Thanks to the generosity of Eileen Schrock, we will be able to do that in the near future.

Be sure to take time to come out and look things over. You will never be disappointed.

PHELPS COUNTY

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WEB PAGE

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Clarence Ellsworth

By Stuart P. Embury MD

A notable man, Clarence Ellsworth used his God-given gifts to leave us a legacy of fine art depicting the life and times of the American Indian. His life began in Holdrege, where the seed for his future creative artistic talent was nurtured. He was born on September 23, 1885, in a one room apartment at the back of his father's drug store in Holdrege, Nebraska. He was reportedly a premature frontier baby rubbed with whiskey and warmed in the oven. He was the only surviving child of Lester Stanley Ellsworth and Lilly Jane Miller. Three siblings died in infancy.

Mr. Ellsworth Sr. was a pharmacist, and Clarence's family lived in Holdrege until he was seven years old. During his later childhood his family moved to several other Nebraska communities including Holstein, Mason City, Grant and Myrna. Clarence always related that his early artistic experiences occurred while the family lived in Holdrege. He stated, "We had a lady who was an artist of considerable ability come to board with us. She brought one of her \$500 prize paintings with her. That sounded to me like an enormous amount of money. As a child I couldn't help but think how wonderful it would be to paint pictures like that, and sell them." The identity of this woman artist is unknown.

"Soon after her visit my folks took me to see an Indian Medicine Show that had arrived in town. It was my first contact with real Indians. I was fascinated by the chief in his magnificent head-dress. From that day on I was determined to learn all I could about the American Indian and put a record of his life on canvas." One of the small boy's favorite pastimes was sketching on wrapping paper the Indians who came into his father's drug store.

In 1903 at age 17, he moved to Colorado and became an artist for the Rocky Mountain News. In 1904 he moved to Omaha and worked for the Baker Engraving Co. as an engraver. He became friends with several artists on the staff of the Omaha World Herald. It was at the paper that he also met the Nebraska artist Robert Gilder who was influential in developing his artistic talent.



After the death of Mr. Ellsworth Sr., Clarence and his mother moved to a farm near Fremont, Nebraska. He used this refuge as his base for the next 25 years. From Fremont he traveled often to the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota. He became personally acquainted with many noted members of the Sioux tribe in South Dakota. He collected an extensive file of photographs of Indian leaders which he later used in his accurate portrayal of Indians in his oil paintings.

In 1929 he moved to southern California where he spent the remainder of his life. Although largely self taught, he quickly developed a reputation for quality paintings.

Robert Vose of the Vose Gallery in Boston was the first major art dealer to exhibit and sell his paintings. That such a respected dealer would handle his paintings gave Ellsworth a great sense of confidence in the worth of his work. "After my visit

with Vose I became confident that I could create great paintings...”

In Hollywood he was hired by the RKO studio to work on scenery sets for the movie, “The Covered Wagon”. His work in the movie set industry became his major source of income. He often spoke with satisfaction about having assisted in creating the scenes for western movies. He became friends with many of the famous cowboy actors of the day including William Hart. He also became a lifelong friend of Oscar “Iron Eyes” Cody, the famous Indian actor. He moved next door to Cody and his family, who “adopted” the single Ellsworth.

He was a quiet, unassuming man who had a single purpose in his life, which was to record the west and the life of the American Indian. His real love was in putting on canvas the story of the Old West, especially the American Indian. On the morning of February 17, 1961, he died quietly in the studio at his home.

There are many more fascinating details of his life and work found in the book, “Ellsworth-Artist of the Old West” by Otha D.Wearin, which can be found at the Nebraska Museum of the Prairie. I used this book as the basis for this essay.



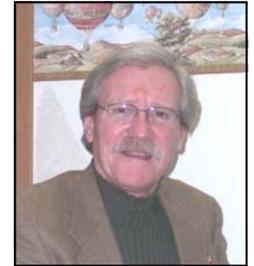
Canon MS300 Microfilm Reader Printer now available and ready for use in the Don O. Lindgren Library at the Nebraska Prairie Museum.

Executive Director’s Message

By Dan VanDyke

*Improvement -
The state of being improved.*

By definition the Nebraska Prairie Museum is in a state of being improved.



1. One of the most important improvements was the cleaning days at the museum March 26 & 27. Thank you to the volunteers who came to vacuum, dust, wash glass and arrange the displays!
2. The Holdrege Genealogy Society has a new Canon MS300 Microfilm Reader Printer. The generous donation of the Genealogy Society and a grant from the Phelps Memorial Hospital Foundation helped to make the improvement possible.
3. The museum has a wonderful collection of non working clocks on display. Mr. John Teeter is in the process of working on the clocks to return them to the wonderful time pieces that we all can appreciate. When you visit the museum take time to listen for the tick, tock and the dong of the hour.
4. Donations and gifts to the museum continue to help make the Nebraska Prairie Museum a destination to visit in South Central Nebraska. Dr. Stuart Embury has gifted a picture mural of John Deere’s invention. The mural was originally made in 1937 in observance of the 100 year anniversary of John Deere invention for farming.

Please take the time to stop in and visit and observe the improvements we are making at the Nebraska Prairie Museum.

Memorable Holdrege Events Recalled by Tannis Johnson

*From Holdrege Daily Citizen Souvenir Historical Edition
June 1958 (Tannis Johnson was son of Frank Johnson who
owned a large department store on 4th and West Avenue in
Holdrege, Nebraska for many years)*

My early recollection of pioneer life in Holdrege extends back to 1900. My father moved his store from the original building which he built in 1884, known later as the John Staudt building (present location the Schrock building) to the one around the present First National Bank. Our family lived over the store. There were three children, my two sisters and myself.

I can vividly recall the Saturday night baths in the wooden washtub for which mother heated water over the kitchen range, a far cry from the modern bathroom and conveniences which we have today. Living over the store, Mother had her problems, their trading. Without warning Father would bring up a customer with his entire family for dinner. How she managed to have food ready is still a mystery to me.

I did not get any reins from my father until my return from the University. My attendance in college was only three semesters. Father was afraid that with two and one-half more years of college influence I would not care to come back to the store in Holdrege. He incorporated the business, giving me \$1500 in stock, just the amount that my additional years in school would cost him. Think of it! In those days \$40 per month was sufficient - \$3.50 per week for board, \$8 per month for room with very low tuition. What a contrast to today's cost of college education.

I think the readers of the Citizen would prefer to hear about my antics in Holdrege during the latter years. Born out of necessity to keep Holdrege from being smothered by Kearney and

Hastings, the Brown-Ekberg Co., then our leading competition, joined with me in selling the Holdrege citizens the creation of a liberal fund for town promotions. Sixteen thousand dollars was subscribed. Every business and profession was allocated a percentage. The F. Johnson Co. subscribed 20 per cent: the Brown-Ekberg Co., 10 percent; others 5 percent; and on down to 1 percent of the total. When a project was considered, a meeting was called, a vote was taken and each subscriber knew through his established percentage what the cost would be to him.

Think of offering a thousand dollar prize for the largest pumpkin raised during the year. I often think of Bob Perry's remark. "If they want to put in 20 percent, I'll put mine down the drain too."

Today I reflect upon those happy days in Holdrege. Now I realize that my time and energies were devoted to many foolish projects-exciting, refreshing, yet nothing that added to anything substantial. How many remember the "Diving Horse"? Just to add to a bit of the color we offered \$100 to any local girl that would ride the horse from the high platform to the canvas pool of water. A Miss Perry from Atlanta entered. Without experience it was a dangerous feat. Frankly we would have much preferred not to take the risk, but we could not withdraw the offer. Due to jealousy on the part of the professional girl rider, the girth was partially cut. Consequently Miss Perry was separated from the horse and hit the water ahead of it. A tragedy might have occurred but it was good showmanship, but ending tragically.

Then there were the wonderful automobile and style shows where \$2,000 was spent on decorations alone—Sousa's band concerts, three or four times - John McCormick who played to a

(Continued on page 10)

A Second Letter from ULRICH SCHLOSSMACHER

on his narration of his POW Experience at
Camp Atlanta



Note from Nancy Morse: Ulrich Schlossmacher worked on my parent's farm for several months following his arrival at Camp Atlanta. He developed a strong friendship with my parents, Forrest and Violet Morrison. After his return to Europe, first to a POW camp in

England and then to his home area in what used to be East Germany, he lost touch with my parents. The East German Government did not encourage contact between its citizens and Americans. Ulrich contacted me in November 2000 and he and his daughter, Kerstin, visited us in September 2001. We developed a strong friendship and I have since visited them 4 times in Germany. This is his second installment of his POW experiences.

SECOND PART OF MY REPORT 1945 TO 1946

After having had the first and last glance in my life to the "Liberty Statue" in front of the New York skyline our steamer turned north by passing the Cod Canal. Finally we arrived at Boston harbour about the beginning of May 1945. We had to leave the ship with our poor belongings and to enter a big grey building. Here we were thoroughly searched, may be for hidden weapons. Then there followed a very useful treatment against lice

Therefore we had to unbutton our jackets and trousers and to lift our arms. A G.I. with a big pump made of cardboard and filled with the then efficient DDT powder blew the powder into our armpits and trousers. Meanwhile a train of Pullman-Wagons was standing on the rails between the "Tristram Dalton" and the building of our first treatment. We had to enter the wagons with their way through the middle of each. Two of us were placed on each bench. None of us was allowed to stand up or to leave his seat. In case of a pressing need we had to raise a hand until one of the guards allowed us to leave the seat. Now the train started its journey. None of us knew where to. Passing big stations I could read their names and soon I recognised we were going west. What's been strange to me? The melodious whistling and bell-ringing at the same time when the American engines drew their trains through a station. Passing rural areas I've noticed big heaps of empty food cans beneath one of the farm house windows. May be it's been their kitchen-window and the most comfortable way to get rid of the empty cans. Back in Germany canned food's been rarely used in pre-war or war times. "Sauerkraut" was sold out of wooden barrels. Mentioning food I must confess I can't tell you nowadays what kind of food or none we've got on board of the train which carried us within two days and a half to the middle of the United States.

Near the POW-Camp Atlanta, NE the train stopped, just a few days before Germany surrendered and thus ended WW2 on 5-8-1945. At first we marched to the near camp where we were distributed to different huts. Soon we had found out that to a distinct number of huts there belonged a special hut with a kitchen and a dining room as well as a hut with showers, washing devices and plenty of hot water. Now to our living

room, a hut with a smooth concrete floor, two rows of double-storied beds, each with a mattress and blankets. Everything was looking very smart. "Finally civilized circumstances" (my diary of 5-5-1945). By and by we were registered, freed of our German clothes. We've received a complete American outfit including a soft hat, shirts and trousers wore a big POW painted on them.

Before, just having arrived at the camp we couldn't help noticing that the camp had been divided by a fence. On the other side of the fence there lived German POWs, too. They'd been taken prisoner by US forces in North Africa when Fieldmarshal Erwin ROMMEL (the "desert fox") had to give up in 1943. These fellow prisoners provided us with first cigarettes. In the following time we had to get accustomed to camp life. There was a German camp-leader, mostly a staff sergeant of the former German Army with a couple of German sheriffs he could rely on. The camp-leader had been responsible to the US authorities, the commander of the camp and his officers, but only contacts to them were the countings every night in the dining room. I've never heard of a tried or successful escape of a POW. Now I can't remember if we were sent out for agricultural labour from Camp Atlanta.

But 6-6-1945 fourty men of us including me were moved to the branch camp BERTRAND. The next weeks and months were filled with hoeing sugar-beets. My diary on 7-16-1945 "An unforgettable day with farmer PETERSON (shocking oats). Genuine Scandinavian hospitality." I remember old Jake FAHRENBRUCH as a sugar beets raising farmer. In July 1945 followed some weeks of picking potatoes and labor at the LOOMIS railway station with the OSBORNE Potato company who employed a very fat young guy who sat on the tractor and ploughed out the potatoes. Sometimes

faster than we could throw them into our bags fastened to a special belt and being carried between ones legs at temps of 104 degr. and more. This occupation was interrupted by irrigation jobs with farmer Bill SAND and general farm labor with Oscar CARLSON, ("pretty good understanding," my diary on 8-18-45).

Next week on 8-20-45 my first job with Forrest MORRISON: General farm labor together with my fellow Walter OTT. I was picked up with two others by Mr. Morrison who drove us with his car to his farm near LOOMIS. On the ride to there Mr. Forrest and I started some small talk for I was the only one of us three who could speak English. After ten years of French lessons and three years of English lessons at school it was possible to communicate. Forrest called me his "supervisor" and he used me as his interpreter. There was never a hostile mood between us, we had a lot of fun. On 9-4-45 we noticed 110 degr. On 9-6-45 Walter and I were picked up by the senior Richard MORRISON at Bertrand Camp who surveyed us working (by government rule). At dinner time he allowed me to drive his old Ford car to his near home. It's been the second time in my life driving a car. Some practice I meanwhile acquired by driving Forrest's Farm-All tractor on his farm. We had a marvellous meal served by Richard's wife, Mrs. Jessie Morrison.

The following days we've been busy building a bath tub out of concrete for the 365 pigs owned by Forrest. (One for each day of a year," he said. With the 10-3-45 there came a day I'll never forget in my life. In the morning we assembled 90 to 100 young boars in the fenced area south of the shed still opposite to your entrance now. Then there came a man unknown to me. The tools he brought along: a can with a black liquid in it, a short wooden stick, some tissue fixed to one end of

it. Then we had to get hold of the first of the boars, throw it down to its right side, fix its legs together as far as possible. Then the stranger made two cuts with his sharp jack knife into the skin of the protruded scrotum of the boar and tore out its testicles. He finished his job by stiring with the stick moistened by the black liquid in the wounds of the boar. Then we released the thus treated animal. At first it stood trembling on stiff legs some time before moving away. The same procedure followed 90 to 100 times this morning. In the next days the wounds of the previous boars started to ulcerate. By and by these grew their appetite by having lost their sexual interests--the main purpose of the above procedure.

My working days on F. MORRISON's farm have been interrupted by engagements on the farms of Myll SCHNEIDER, Kenneth Ball, John MEIER, and Paul PETERSON for the urgently needed help with their sugar beet harvest. At the end of October four of us POWs started tearing down the old farmhouse on the opposite side of the gravel road until 11-6-45. Then first impressions of near winter, temperatures around freezing point, some snow. There came a last day at the Morrison farm. I still see Forrest Morrison in front of us, Mrs. Violet a little bit behind him with a cigar box in her hands. Mr. Forrest turned to her, took some cigars out of the box and gave one to everyone of us. Then with a question in his eyes he turned once again to his wife. And when she nodded with a hidden tear in her eyes he took another round of cigars to distribute them.

On 11-15-45 we-the 40 POWs of BERTRAND were returned to Atlanta Camp. Here we learned that our fellow POW Joseph TULLEN who had a tractor accidnet on 11-10-45 had died this morning. On 11-17-45 I attended his burial. Then there followed many days with reading books

from the library of the camp, watching old German and US movies, listening to concerts in the special cinema hut. As far as I can remember I attended Mathematics and French lessons given by German teachers in order to brush up my knowledge I had got before up to the outbreak of WW2 on 9-1-1939. Here a small French poem I learned by heart at Atlanta Camp then:

Est-il vrai, gu'en paradis
on aura plus vien a faire?
demaudait Paul sa mere.
Tres vrai, mais nul est admis,
si lou a pas travaille sut terre.

(The following translation into English was not in his original letter:
Is it true, that in paradise,
you will have nothing to do?
Paul asked his mother.
Very true, but no one is admitted
If he hasn't worked on earth.)

After having had the fifth Christmas far from home and a splendid birthday-cake served by the German kitchen-personnel on my 25th birthday to me and some of my friends the rumors grew about a possible transport. On 2-22-46 at 8 a.m. we left the near railway station going west. Every one of us equipped with a sea-bag (or sailor's bag), wearing the name and the serial number of its owner, containing our belongings. On our journey we were supplied with K-rations, the much more comfortables than the C-rations we were used to on our trip to the States. An elderly captain of the US Army had been in charge of the train. He allowed us to move everywhere on the train.



Ulrich Schlossmacher

Passing DENVER, SALT LAKE CITY, the ROCKY MOUNTAINS with civilian people skiing in the deep snow we arrived at SAN FRANCISCO on 2-24-46 at 7 p.m. From the train-windows I had a marvellous impression by the thousands of electric lights on the hills framing the bay of Frisco.

The next morning at 10 a.m. we boarded the steamer "Sea Marlin", a troop-carrier like the "Tristain Dalton". A few of us went sea sick setting their feet on board of the ship. At 11 p.m. "Sea Marlin" left Frisco harbour passing beyond the huge Golden Gate Bridge. The California coast having disappeared behind us the steamer turned to south. Thus the most delightful sea voyage began I ever experienced. Sunny weather all the time, the incredible blue of the Pacific. Leaning at the rail of the ship I was enabled to watch the flying fishes and the jumping dolphins which gave us their company. By and by I got used to the sailor's way to move on the deck, no sign of sea-sickness although mostly had well moving waves. The farther we moved to south the more the weather turned out summerlike. My most preferred place have been the planks which covered with sail-cloth had to shut the ship's hold.

Here I got my skin tanned and I even used to sleep here when the nights became hot. By wise fellows I was taught the stars of the southern hemisphere and together we had a look at the famous "Southern Cross".

What about the food: No C or K rations, but two hot meals a day. I've had some difficulties with starting a day with roasted fish, meat, eggs, potatoes etc. We ate our meals standing at chest-high long tables. Sometimes when the ship was rolling from one side to the other the dinner plates moved away, slid down on the metal covered tables and crashed against the wall of the ship. One firmly had to stand on one's feet and never to loose hold of the plate. Some of the guys couldn't keep the just swallowed meal in their stomachs, they delivered it back to the public at once.

On 3-5-46 we arrived at the most southern point of our journey 9 degree above the equator. Here we entered the Panama Canal at 2 p.m. and left it at 10 p.m. At daylight I watched our ship climbing from one lock to the next one pulled by an engine on each side, a menacing impression. I received by the huge guns stored for US battle ships on heaps near the canal, which was built from 1881 to 1914. On 3-6-46 at 7:30 p.m. the "Sea Marlin" left Colon heading for Europe. By and by the surface of the Atlantic had turned into a dark green-black. On 3-15-46 we were ordered to wear life-belts round the clock because of the danger of naval mines.

On 3-18-46 "Sea Marlin" fastened at Liverpool-Riverside. We thought for taking fuel in order to complete the journey to Germany. It caused us a feeling like an unexpected cold shower when we were ordered to take our belongings and to leave the ship. Here a more than two years lasting period of a new captivity began.

Mr. Warner Carlson, President
The Nebraska Prairie Museum
Holdrege, NE 68949

Feb 21, 2007

Dear Warner,

From your current »Stereoscope« issue, which Rosemary and I always thoroughly enjoy reading, we gather that congratulations are in order on the appointment and installation of Dan Van Dyke as your new Executive Director, succeeding Angela Cooper and Susan Perry. We wish Dan and the NPM the very best of luck in this unique function, which must be both a real honor and a serious challenge. May he have ample space for innovation, creative leadership and the knack for inspiring the Board and Staff in their efforts of raising the levels of professionalism and recognition.

When Rosemary and I donated my cycle of paintings to the NPM, through the persuasive vision of Glenn Thompson, seven years ago, we did so in the belief that their message was a distinct tribute to the character of your community, which played a pivotal role in the lives and attitudes of thousands of surrendered German soldiers held in your area, at camps Atlanta and Indianola, from 1943-46. With over fewer eyewitnesses still alive, the historic significance

of the POW Exhibits at NPM becomes ever more poignant. Thus the story of the former POW Ulrich Schlossmacher in the current »Stereoscope«, (which I hope will be continued in the next issue(s) — and please, in that same unedited narrative style!) — is a valuable document and reminder with timely implications.

To the extent that we may be of help — conceptually and physically — you know that you may count on us.

With our very best wishes to you, your devoted staff and especially Dan Van Dyke

Rosemary and Thomas Naegele

Feb 27 07

Letter from Thomas F. Naegele

NOTE: This handwritten letter was received from Thomas F. Naegele. Thomas is the graphic design artist who painted and donated the Camp Atlanta P.O.W. paintings to the Nebraska Prairie Museum.



(Continued from page 4)

\$7,000 house yet for awhile refused to go on because he thought I was bally-hooting his concert with Desdune's band which led the China Trade Boosters from the train to the auditorium or the concert Madam Alda who was ordered out of the Evans Hotel by Lee Luke because she complained her room was not ready for her at 8:30 in the morning when she arrived on number 2.

The recalling of these instances is for the purpose of showing that the life of the promoter has many exiting moments. Today, the happy memories consist chiefly in the loyalty of the businessmen in Holdrege who stay with me, no matter how "brainstormed" was the idea.

And now the fiftieth anniversary celebration. With the old surge of the Holdrege Spirit (Did you know in 1885 it was called the Magic City?) spontaneity was ripe in all ages and groups. The Sod Busters were organized to provide the fun. Another group was secretly organized. "The "Night Riders" whose mission was to harass outstanding members of the Sod Busters. For three weeks previous to the celebration, kidnappings took place. Doc Harding was the first one to be taken from his home at night to Fleischmann's Grove, tied to a tree and at his feet were scattered Sod Buster Buttons. Even I did not escape ---hooded, large men took me from my home - a gunny sack over my head, securely tied I was loaded in a car and dumped on a street in Bertrand. Royal Hanson, the sheriff, had to call a halt to the activities for fear someone would state a real kidnapping.

The major parade sponsored by the celebration was emblematic of the early history of the county. Without my knowledge, or any of the other man in town, the women in Holdrege organized their own parade. A takeoff of the men, it

was as good as the official parade and without cost.

Then on the last Saturday Mrs. D. J. Fink, who came from a pioneer family, organized a school parade. Every School District in the county was represented by floats. Early students, then much older, rode as passengers. To many, and to me, this was the greatest achievement of the entire celebration for it was contributed by the folks living in their school district. I only wish Mrs. Fink could read this tribute: maybe in that other world she can.

In the early part of the Tri-county movement I was very active, associated with George Kinsley of Minden and C. W. McConaughy of Holdrege. Unfortunately for me I attended a senate committee hearing in Washington which was arranged by Senator George W. Norris. The meeting was publicized in the Omaha papers and my name was included as one of those attending from Nebraska. So many land owners were so violently opposed that rumors were spread that I was to be met at the train by a mob.

Father had just passed away in the previous December. The following morning my sensible old mother called me to her home and reminded me that I was responsible for the business and asked me to retire from the Tri-County activities, due to the intense feeling against irrigation. I do not suppose that many feel the same way now for this project that has meant so much to Phelps County and they do not realize today the price the early promoters had to pay so that the present generation could enjoy their benefits.

I know that others contributed money and their time in the projects which Holdrege sponsored. We all worked together unsparingly to keep Holdrege in the sun and, at the same time, had a lot of fun doing it.



Mary Lou Abramson Volunteers in the Library

The museum benefits a great deal from the vast information our volunteers have learned through the years. Mary Lou Abramson knows a great deal about Holdrege's history. If Mary Lou doesn't know the answer, she may ask her husband Evald.

Photographs are a window into our past, but only if you can identify its contents. Here, Mary Lou is searching through our photograph archive for businesses that were once on Third and West Avenue. One of Mary Lou's projects is to identify all businesses that have been on that street. She came with a lot of firsthand information as Abramson Appliance has been in business there for 93 years.

Mary Lou's favorite projects are to do newspaper research for the library. She has gone through many issues of the Holdrege Progress and Holdrege Citizen newspapers.

A few months ago, we had a request for research on the Ben and Clara (Hammon) Johnston family. We realized that this researcher must be a distant cousin to Mary Lou, because she had donated a photograph of a Phelps Country school house where some of the Johnston's had attended school. Mary Lou has provided a vast amount of information to her distant cousin and they are currently trying to document if this family is part of the Mayflower descendants.

Thank you Mary Lou for the many volunteer hours you have given to the Don O. Lindgren Library.

Charitable Challenge

The Phelps County Historical Society Board of Directors has accepted a Charitable Challenge from Roy and Mary Pearson. The challenge is a 2 to 1 charitable financial incentive for the improvement of the building and grounds of the Nebraska Prairie Museum. For every \$2 raised by the Phelps County Historical Society, Roy and Mary Pearson will donate \$1.

The money raised through this challenge will go toward an upgrade to a 96% efficient heating and cooling system, improvement of the entrance to the Nebraska Prairie Museum and the surfacing of the parking lot with asphalt or concrete. Currently the furnace system at the museum is over 30 years old and

60% efficient. The cost to heat and cool the facilities will improve with new and better efficient system. The entrance and parking lot to the museum will provide a welcoming atmosphere and attract the tourist off US Highway 183.

YES! I want to help the challenge.

Enclosed is my check for \$_____.

Name _____

Address: _____

City/St/Zip _____

Please mail to:

The Nebraska Prairie Museum
PO Box 164, Holdrege, NE 68949

Memorials
to
The Phelps County
Historical Society

January 8 - April 6,
2007

IMO Pearl Anderson

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Nelson
Mr. and Mrs. Larry Lindstrom
Mr. and Mrs. John Abrahamson
Mr. and Mrs. Warner Carlson
Joanne Carlson
IMO Dean McClymont
Mr. and Mrs. Warner Carlson
Mr. and Mrs. Dean Orcutt
Joanne Carlson
Harry Dahlstrom
Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Samuelson
Mr. and Mrs. Jim Ostgren

IMO Marlene Hanson

Eileen Schrock
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stroup
Mr. and Mrs. Russell Burbach
Mr. and Mrs. Larry Lindstrom
Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Samuelson
Mr. and Mrs. Jim Ostgren
The Bridge Club

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Carole Peterson
Joan Burbach
IMO Willard Wilson
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson

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Faye Peterson
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Donald and Jane Quinn

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IMO Norris Carlson

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Mr. and Mrs. Don Lindstrom

IMO Helen Schreiter Johnson

Theone Winkler

IMO George Nelson

Mr. and Mrs. W.P. Nelson
Theone Winkler

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Mr. and Mrs. Jim Ostgren
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