

# Phelps Helps



Volume 19, Issue 2

Summer 2011

Meetings held at the  
Nebraska Prairie  
Museum  
on the first Monday  
of the month at  
2:00 PM.

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## Correction To The Ancestral Lineage of Vicki Louise (Erickson) Westcott

by *Kenneth Freeman Mosman*

*\*This is an update to the research on the Erickson lineage that Kenneth Mosman donated to the Donald E. Lindgren Genealogy Library.*

The Andrew Erickson identified in APPENDIX I (page 21) of the has been determined to be an incorrect Andrew Erickson. This incorrect Andrew Erickson flourished with his wife, Matilda in Kearney County, Nebraska until their deaths, he in 1929 and Matilda in 1940. They are buried in the cemetery in Salem Township in Kearney County as is indicated in the referenced issue of the Phelps Helps newsletter.

The father of Henry Erickson, grandfather of Vicki Louise (Erickson) Westcott of Holdrege, Phelps County, Nebraska, is also named Andrew, But his life was quite different from the Andrew Erickson of Kearney County. This Andrew Erickson moved to Center Township in Phelps County, Nebraska and is there in the Nebraska State census of 1885 with his wife also named Mathilda. This Mathilda is enumerated in 1885 with

Andrew's children, her stepchildren, including Henry Erickson. She is not the Mathilda who is buried in Salem Township in Kearney County. Rather she and her husband, Andrew, migrated from Phelps County to Idaho after 1885 where she died at Idaho Falls on 09 April 1911. After Mathilda's death, Andrew moved to Turlock, California with a new wife.

Andrew died at Turlock, California on 25 October 1922 and is buried in New Sweden Cemetery in Idaho Falls, Idaho (N.B. This distinction between the two Andrew Erickson's was discovered by Willard S. Moore of New York City. He wrote an article entitled ERICKSON DESCENT which details the Swedish origins of Andrew Erickson. That article and supporting evidence is the source of the data recorded in this page of correction. The article and evidence is filed at the Donald E. Lindgren Genealogy Library at the Nebraska Prairie Museum in Holdrege, Nebraska.)

## Westlanda Swedish Evangelical

*This information is from a history written in 1923*

### The Organization of the Church

The western part of Phelps County was settled between 1879 and 1884. The majority of the settlers were Swedish people from Varna and Altona, Ill. A few families came direct from Sweden. About five miles north of the present site of Bertrand a post office, named Axelson was erected. Rev. J. E. Swanborn and Olof Hedlund visited the settlers and held services in the vicinity. The Westlanda church was organized April 16, 1883. Rev. J. P. Nyquist served as chairman and Rev. J. E. Swanborn as secretary. By a unanimous vote it was decided to organize a

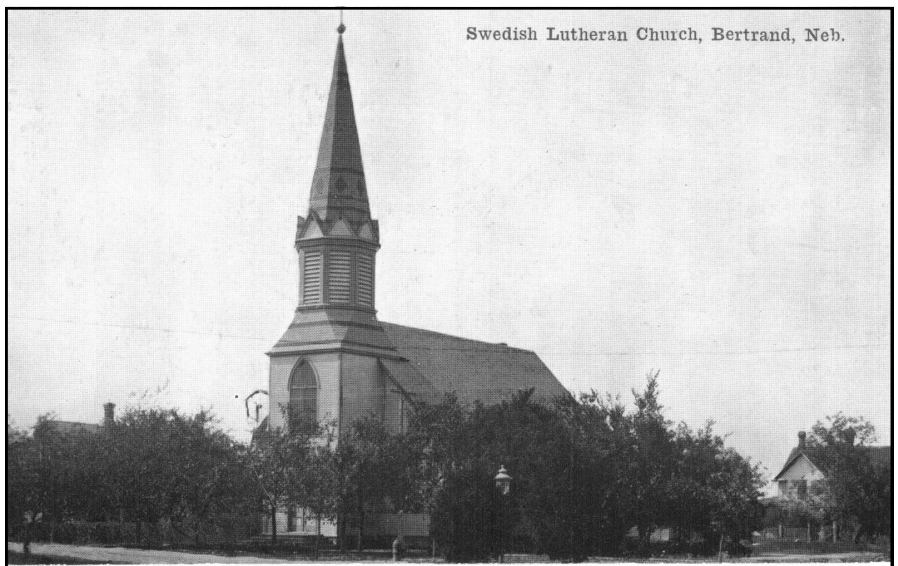
Swedish Lutheran church to be affiliated with the Augustana Synod. The charter members numbered seventy-five. Of these the following

seventeen yet members: Mrs. Hevig Sophia Peterson; Mrs. Beata Holmquist, August Holmquist; Mrs. Amanda Freeberg; Mrs. Ingrid Sandstrom; Andrew Sandstrom; Nils Nilson Peterson; Mrs. C. J. N. Carlson; C. J. Carlson; Mrs. Charlotta Carlson; John Nilson; Carl Hög; Mrs. Inga Person.

### Churches and Parsonages

When the church was organized, a school house about six miles this side of Kearney was purchased, cut into twelve parts and hauled to the place, three miles north of the present site of Bertrand, where Westlanda cemetery is now located. The deed for the land was given by Carl Person. At an extra meeting, October 8, 1893, it was decided "to buy a table and to build a platform for the pastor." This shows how primitive conditions were. At a business meeting,

April 11, 1887, it was decided by a small majority to move the church at least three miles to the northeast. It was planned to have two churches in the congregation. The resolution was not carried out immediately. Meanwhile, the following year, the Adullam Church was organized, and this congregation secured the old church building. The story was told by John Carlson, that it was planned to move the building to the knoll of the south side of the road a few rods west of the present site, but the oxen would not stop, but continued down the incline, and so the building was placed instead at the northeast corner of the section. Directly south of the present church. The further story of this building belongs to the history of the Adullam Church, but nevertheless, we add here, that the new congregation built an addition to the church and that



Swedish Lutheran Church, Bertrand, Neb.

later was sold at auction to S. P. Crantz on whose farm it has done duty since then.

### Westlanda Moves to Bertrand, Nebraska

At an extra business meeting. March 1, 1887, the congregation decided to build a new church in the village of Bertrand which had been founded in 1883, and through which the railroad had come in 1885,

*(Westlanda Continued on page 3)*

*(Westlanda Continued from page 2)*

bringing a great increase of population. Land was donated by the Lincoln Land Company, through the good offices of Rev. Berquist and August Peterson. Subscription was taken up, and the church board was empowered to borrow money, but the stipulation was made, that “no large sum could be borrowed for any length of time at more than 12 % interest.” It was a time of great activity. Delinquent

membership fees were collected, and the yearly fees were raised to \$10 for men and \$5 for women. Board meetings were held every week, and many congregational meetings were called during the year. The cornerstone was laid March 31st by Rev. Berquist. Quick work indeed! Only thirty days after the decision to build the church. The building was completed the same year. It was formerly dedicated in 1894. The debt was paid off in 1891. The pews and bell was installed in 1894. In 1904 an addition

## Annie Mary West & Franklin Alonzo Morgan

*A wonderful history of the Weston and Morgan family has been donated to our Library. It was sent by Jean Perney of Indianapolis, Indiana. In this genealogy is a history written by Dr. Nellie Zeta Thompson Wheeler, called “The Westerling.” Below is part of the Phelps and Harlan County history she has written about.*

**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.

opportunities.

The four Weston daughters—Annie, Rachel, Nellie, and Jennie – moved westward with the vanishing frontier, seeking new opportunities. The paths they

followed led to Phelps County and Box Butte County in Nebraska, to cities in Wyoming and Montana, and to California on the shores of the Pacific. These able daughters had their brief instant time.

Walt Whitman called their generation pioneers, for like their parents, they too, in a sense, were breaking new ground. “All of the past we leave behind, we debouch upon newer mightier world, varied world, fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march, Pioneers! O pioneers.

### Annie Mary Weston- Franklin Alonzo Morgan

The first born of Penelope Ellson and Edward Weston was Anne Mary Weston. She was only six years old when her parents made the long journey across the Atlantic and westward to a locale near the present town of Orleans, Harlan County, Nebraska. Some of her earliest memories were those of wearing

### WESTWARD LOOK

In “Kinship with the Stars: (Golden Treasury) Arthur Hugh Clough wrote: “Say not the struggle naught availeth, But westward, look, the land is bright!” And a generation, leaving behind everything dear, haunted by wistful memories of a Europe that was gone, moved deliberately and hopefully toward a confrontation with elemental forces to tame the land, Edward and Penelope Weston among them.

At the close of the continental frontier Fredrick Jackson Turner observed, “The existence of an area of free land, its continuous recession, and the advance of the American settlements westward, explain American expansion westward with its new opportunities, its continuous touch with the simplicity of the primitive society, furnish the forces dominating American character.” The sons and daughters of the immigrants flowed westward of new

*(Morgan Continued on page 4)*

*(Morgan Continued from page 3)*

her prettiest dress for a visit to North and South Kilworth to bid goodbye to her grandparents and to her Aunts Emily Weston and Helen Weston before boarding the big ship. Vivid in her memory too was a scene of oxen grazing quietly near the circle of prairie schooners at twilight along the Oregon Trail.

When Annie was 15 she was married on 16 January 1882 in Phelps County to Franklin Alonzo Morgan who had been strikingly handsome, tall lean figure astride a horse on the long trek with the Weston's from the Morgan home in Wisconsin to Harlan County. They, with her younger sister Jennie, who was to live with them as a companion and helper) bound woolen scarves over their faces and climbed into the buckboard wagon of household goods and supplies. With feet of straw to ward off frostbite, they waved farewell. Franklin cracked the reins and wheels crunched over the frozen ground, headed for a homestead claim between present-day Bertrand and Loomis.

The young people were undaunted by the bleakness of the chosen country lying north of present day Holdrege, about which another homesteader wrote: "There is no east or west, no north or south. Nothing but limitless miles of level land charred black by prairie fires. Countless thousands of bleaching buffalo bones lie stark white over the blacken plains. There is not a sign of human habitation except where land agents for the railroad company are building an Emigrant House and digging a well for anticipated colonists. (From Portrait of Progress in Phelps County, 1973.)

Early settlers of Phelps county had to go the long distance to Bloomington on the Republican (two days each way) when they had business at the Government Land Office. They could stop overnight at Walkers Ranch (a road ranch) in Kearney County. Carl Peterson occasionally gave refuge to a wayfarer in his sod house six miles southwest of Holdrege. Mr. Anderson (who later donated Moses Hill Cemetery

three miles north of Holdrege.) and a few others who did their trading at Melrose (a town before Orleans, Nebraska) stopped there enroute.

### **Other Settlers In The Area**

Most Phelps County homesteaders travelled to Kearney for their trading. On the Old Kearney Trail that they used, Nels Anderson from Sweden had settled in 1877. He hauled his water from a Spring Creek and burned corn stocks and sunflower stalks for fuel, but settlers were always welcome to get a cool drink or warm themselves at his fire.

John Fraser had located on the Oregon Trail four miles south of Elm Creek, a site he had viewed and chosen while sitting his horse inadvertently atop a dug out roof. His claim was a stopping place on the trail and was designed as a post office called Williamsburg, to which mail was brought by horseback and buckboard. He marked his road with a furrow to the shallowest place of the mile-wide Platte for fording. The round-trip from Fraser's place to Kearney took four days.

No sooner than Fraser's sod house was completed, there came a deluge for four days and nights. The rain came through the sod and willow roof. The ridge pole cracked with the weight of the wet sod. The roof caved in. The family and furnishing were covered with muck. He carried his wife and child a mile away to his grandparents' house only to find them catching water from their leaking roof with tubs.

In Westmark Township, Phelps County, the Munson family built a two-story sod house having four rooms downstairs and a dormitory upstairs. The house boasted wooden floor, whitewashed interior, and the luxury of both a heating and a cooking stove. Yet snow seeped through chinks in the roof and walls badly the first winter. Despite such misfortunes, neighbors along the Old Kearney Trail were unfailingly hospitable. (See Biographical Souvenir; Buffalo, Kearney and Phelps County, 1890)

*(Morgan Continued on page 5)*

*(Morgan Continued from page 4)*

In 1883 Phelps Center was moved from the northwest and Sacramento from the southwest—rolled over the prairie on logs – to a site along the Burlington Railroad to be named Holdrege for a company official.

Wisconsin companions of the Weston's on the trail westward, Hugh Dequine and his son Del Dequine, who had homesteaded near Keene and Wilcox in Kearney County, were land agents for the railroad. (A few years later Del was to marry Jennie Weston.) By the end of the year there were 100 buildings in Holdrege, and 6,000 guests had registered at the Hopwood Hotel (renamed the Arlington Hotel.) The only source of water was a well (later a windmill) owned by J. B. Johnson, a homesteader, some distance west in the present City Park off Highway 6.

When the first train arrived on 10 December 1883, Holdrege presented rows of false front stores with porches only a step above the muddy street, outside stairs leading to shuttered upper floors where the proprietors lived, and hitching posts or racks across the front for the convenience of the customers.

Frank Johnson had the first mercantile store in Holdrege. His sign read: "Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, and Shoes." Sacramento's population of 200; along with its wagon maker, dressmaker, hardware and implement store, livestock company, livery stable, and newspaper came in 1883. Postmaster Charles Morgan (no known connection) stayed on at Sacramento. By 1887 there was a harness maker, the Empire Roller Mills and the Martin Johnson & Co. Brickyard which made all the brick for the forty-room Hampton Hotel, showplace of the 1890's.

While County Clerk Hedlund was away from Phelps Center duck hunting, men of the new town of Holdrege took the official records from the



*Left to Right*

***Franklin Alonzo Morgan 1853-1921***

***Lucy Victoria Morgan 1884-1956***

***Elva Mae Morgan 1890+1967 Jackson to be***

***Anna Marie Morgan 1867-1953***

county seat, dispersed them to prevent them being taken in a raid, and maneuvered Holdrege into supremacy as the county seat.

Fourteen miles northwest of Holdrege the Lincoln Land Company platted and purchased town site for Bertrand along the April 1885 railway survey. Within a year there was a population of 200 with 25 stores, 3 lumber yards, a grain elevator, a bank, and first-class hotel, the Hopkins, distinguished by its mansard roof, three chimneys and vine covered porch. In front of the Fowler and McGrath Hardware and Implement Company, the

*(Morgan Continued on page 6)*

*(Morgan Continued from page 5)*

livery stable in the dirt street awaited the customers' horse drawn carts and wagons. A windmill, the town's water supply, stood in the middle of the main street. Yet When A. J. Sandstrom freighted the first load of lumber to Bertrand with his ox team, he spent two hours searching in the tall grass for the corner stakes of Nelson's lot where it was to be delivered.

In 1887 wind and dust blew three days from south and three days from the north. The hot winds scorched the young wheat and tender corn and made tinder of the grassland. A prairie fire roared out of the south and burned the town to the ground.

Later in 1885 railroad land was platted for another town site to be name Loomis for a railroad official. The Morgan homestead lay approximately equidistant between Bertrand and Loomis.

In Loomis, A. W. Johnson and J. W. Jackson, pioneer settlers, were the town's first merchants. The former had a general merchandise store and was a stock shipper; the latter had a lumber yard and was postmaster. Within a decade there were several false front stores including Fairchild and Pedley Drugs, Johnson Drugs, Nelson Drugs, Anderson General Store, Grandlund and Magnuson General Store, Kiplinger Bank, Bodman Elevator, Barber Elevator, and Editor Breard's newspaper office. Among the dominantly Swedish inhabitants were carpenters, smiths, and cobblers.

Sunday school was held in a billiard hall. Above the wheezy organ hung a sign; No practicing aloud." Revival meetings were held at the school.

Ministers on the circuit were supported by uncertain donations of money, food and clothing from their sponsors in the East. Preachers hunted, gathered fuel, and worked in harvest fields to help support themselves. Their wives sometimes did baking or sewing to augment the family income. If located in one vicinity for a practicable period, the family planted a garden. Church members aided, if

they could, by donations of food and invitations of Sunday dinner.

Franklin killed and dressed a deer or antelope late in the fall and hung it on the clothesline to freeze. He dug a trench in which Annie could bury cabbages head down with roots showing. Annie spread sheets over the tomato vines to protect them from grasshoppers, but they ate holes in the sheets to get the vines. It seemed that one crop or another was always at risk from heat or cold, lack or overabundance of moisture, wind or hail, or pestilence of worms or beetles.

Green cottonwood had to be thawed and dried in the house before it could be used for fuel. When the pile was low, a dead plum thicket was cut down. Huge bundles of the brush was roped, dragged over ice and snow to the dooryard, and chopped to usable size. Corncobs made a clean hot fie but burned quickly, so many baskets of them had to be carried to the house from the snow-covered pile in the barnyard for kindling.

Jennie helped with these outdoor chores as well as those indoors. The young girl nursed Anna during two confinements and infant deaths. She helped care for Lucy and Elva, entertaining them with cornhusk and clothespin dolls, teaching them to count with grains of corn.

Annie and Jennie enjoyed an occasional literary meeting and readings, recitations, and orations at the schoolhouse, a popular community entertainment for social satisfaction and cultural uplift on the frontier. When it was possible to attend a church service the family did.

Neighbors occasionally gathered for Sunday noon dinners, usually pot luck so that the hostess would not be burdened with the work and expense of preparation. Prairie chicken or home-cured ham, potatoes and gravy home-grown vegetable, raisin pie, stewed dried apples, and layer cake frosted with wild plum or wild grape jelly were the customary

*(Morgan Continued on page 7)*

*(Morgan Continued from page 6)*

fare.

The Nylander family closest neighbors of the Morgan's, remained lifelong friends into the second generation, as only people who had shared the pioneering experience with all its hardships could do. Ralph and John Nylander served as pallbearers for Annie, years after she had retired to town, and the Nylander girls were ever close and dear friends of the Morgan girls.

The Morgan's experienced hardships of pioneer days similar to those of fellow homesteaders. They remembered the awe of great blizzard of 1888. The drought year of 1894 left a painfully lasting impression.

Fifty teams pulling desperate families and their possessions eastward as a result of the drought passed through Kearney in any single day during 1894. Crops had dried up. Horses were too weak to work without hay. Cattle were starving due to the lack of grain and grass. Pigs could not be fattened without corn. A dry milk cow could be given away. Chickens stopped laying eggs. There was nothing to barter for groceries. Prices of staples had risen beyond reach – potatoes to \$1.00 a bushel, flour to \$2 a hundredweight. Prices for clothing had soared far above their 1890 levels of 25 cents for children's shoes, 75 cents to \$1.40 for men's shoes, \$2.00 to \$3.00 for women's shoes; \$1.50 for boy's pants, \$19 for men's suits; 7 cents to 22 cents a yard for gingham, 11 cents for calico, 7 cents for muslin, 10 cents for flannel.

Some of the men went east to Illinois to husk corn and find other temporary work to tide them over. Many never returned. For those who stayed, relief in the form of food and clothing was sent by religious and charitable organizations in the east.

Similarly in September 1908 four hard-working settlers of the area, hoping to improve

their lot, set out in a covered wagon drawn by a span of mules to look over newly available homesteads in the Indian lands of Dakota. Not liking the land any better than what they had, and not lucky in the lottery, they returned a month later. They agreed that the 1000 mile trip had been economical, their only extravagance having been sleeping in a haymow over the livery stable on frigid night.

Being extremely economical and using credit at the mill and elsewhere sparingly, the Morgan's survived the lean years, only to have the cycle of drought and crop failure repeat itself. Renting the land on shares in the 1930's, Annie found her one-third amounted to scarcely enough to pay the taxes and keep her kitchen range supplied with corncobs.

In the depth of the Dustbowl Depression in the 1930's, after the death of Franklin, the Tri-County System made water available for the homestead land. Wisely Annie mortgaged her town property to raise the cost for irrigation and thereby enhanced the value of her 80 acres. When it was sold around 1970 the going price for irrigated land was about \$1000 an acre.

Unfortunately Franklin and Annie did not live to benefit by the increased yield and value of the land. But they did see the unbroken prairie change to a cultivated and potentially fruitful country.

Franklin Morgan's parents were laid to rest in the Morgan plot in about the middle of Bertrand's Highland Cemetery. His father James Albert Morgan, a farmer, was born in Genesee County, New York, 15 June 1816. He first moved to Ohio, where in 1842, he married Jerusha Payne, who had been born there 20 September 1821 and was a school teacher. In 1846 they moved to Cold Spring, Jefferson County, Wisconsin.

—End



## By Andrew M. Brown—Mayfield, New York on His 90th Birthday—Sept. 1965 ~ Part 3

*This is the final Part Three of the story of homesteading in Nebraska by the Hollenbeck and Mortimer families, as told in reminiscences to his wife, Edith.*

Another vivid recollection of my small boyhood comes from a Fourth of July celebration in Holdrege or Kearney. Were on the street, a homesteader's kid come to town for the big day, perhaps only pennies in my pocket, if I had any money at all. I felt a strong hand on the back of my neck which came on over my head and pushed my hair down in my eyes. I looked up to recognize a tall man from the Adirondack foothills north of Johnstown in New York whose name was Lou Spahr. We talked, and all at once he said, "Let's celebrate." What a time he gave me. He bought me all the celebration treats for my stomach, fireworks and the best possible of gifts, a cap pistol which had two negro roustabout figures on the top which butted their heads together when the gun was fired. I kept it for years. Folks said Spahr was a professional gambler that he drifted from town to town where he could find card games and horse races. I don't know, but I remember him warmly for his kindness to a shy boy in giving him a day to remember for more than eighty years.

Even after they moved to Colorado, we saw Halsey quite often. My sister Lura was the attraction. One time when we came for a few days, Mother and Dad thought they would like to take him back, as they would like to see the country and visit the folks. As they were driving along leading Halsey's saddle horse, they saw a team approaching. Halsey said, "One of those horses is my horse, and I think the other is John's. Dad said, "Yes, that is John's horse; I sold it to you before you moved." When they met the man Halsey jumped out of the wagon, took the horses by the head and asked, "Where did you get these horses?" They had bought them at Stoneham.

Halsey said, "I don't believe my brother would sell my horse and his. You will have to go back to Stoneham." After some argument, he turned back, and Halsey rode with him. Mother and Dad followed and expect they kept an eye on that man every moment. When they got to Stockham, they put the horses in the livery barn. The livery man said he thought the man was all right, but they put him in jail, although the sheriff let him out later. Halsey rode over to see if his brother John sold the horses, and while he was still there some men identified the wagon as belonging to a man who was working for the railroad. That was the only time we got mixed up with horse thieves, but we did hear of cattle being stolen. There was something fishy about this happening, and it was different from where we lived, because there folks were all honest, hard-working people.

After this, Rob Mortimers and Whitneys, sold the land back to the government, Uncle Rob settled at Kersey, Colorado, a village east of Greeley. He built a nice home, a large blacksmith shop, and worked very successfully at his trade.

In 1888, Uncle George and Aunt Sade sold out and moved back to New York State. The Putman family came back to Johnstown at the same time. They were very much missed in Nebraska; they were a musical family and were very much in demand to play for parties and dances. Uncle George had poor health, and Aunt Sade did not like Nebraska. I came with them and stayed two years, but at the end of that time I got homesick. I came back to Nebraska and went to work at anything I could find to do.

In 1894, I went to the World's Fair in Chicago. As I was about to leave the train in Holdrege, I met a man named Whitaker who asked me where I was going, and told me his nephew would be on that

*(Hollenbeck Continued on page 9)*



*(Hollenbeck Continued from page 8)*

train, that he had asked his nephew to meet him in Holdrege. The nephew was going to the fair on an excursion ticket, and was going to get off the train and see his uncle for a few moments while the train was stopped. Mr. Whitaker asked me to look up his nephew after the train got on its way. I didn't think I would, but it was night and I got lonesome, so I started walking through train and saw him. A nice appearing young man who looked so much like his uncle that I knew him immediately; he was sort of looking for me too.

We talked and he told me about his work in the mountains of Idaho. He drew material from a mine to the railroad. It must have been very dangerous work. The roads were steep and in some places like a shelf on the side of a mountain. That didn't mean much to me, for I had never seen anything like mountains, but the foothills in the Adirondacks. He told me how his teams of mules were trained to take the sharp turns where it was hundreds of feet down.

As we sat talking, a couple of well-dressed men came along. I expect they thought we were a couple of green kids. They asked us if we would like a game of cards; when we agreed we would like to play, they said it wasn't any fun if we didn't play for money. We said that was all right with us. We won enough they didn't want to play any more.

The young man had been to Chicago, and knew his way around, so we stayed together and saw the fair. He went back to Idaho, and I went on to New York. I never heard from him afterward.

When I arrived in Mayfield, I found that Uncle George was sick and that things were not going at all well with them. They had taken care of me since I was a baby, and I thought now they needed me, so In 1929, we, that is Edith and Myself, Letha, Wendell, Aunt Sate, Mort and Esther went to Nebraska for a visit. One day we went with Lura and

Jake for a ride. We had dinner at Bloomington, saw Keens Ranch, and went to Turkey Creek. We thought Aunt Sate would enjoy seeing the place where so many years ago they had farmed with Smith. Of course, it was much changed. No one could convince Aunt Sate it was the same place. We went on to Colorado to visit the Mortimer family. Aunt Sate stayed with Aunt Martha Jane while we went up to Cheyenne for the Frontier Days celebration July 23 to 27th, and on to Yellowstone Park.

From there, Mort and Esther went to California, but the others of us went back to Nebraska for a family reunion at Lura's home in Holdrege on Sunday, August 18. All the family was there, also Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Rettig and Mrs. Florence Cobb. That was the last time these pioneer women met. The day meant a great deal to all of them to recall the good and bad times of homesteading on the prairie. We left for home August 20. We had to be home for school opening, as Wendell was going to school in Johnstown at the time. We came by way of Sault Ste. Marie crossed St. Mary's river by ferry into Canada and back into New York at Niagara Falls.

I am very much indebted to my niece, Effa Whitney Huff, Sister Lura's daughter, for her help in setting me right on many dates. She has sent me many newspaper clippings and other reminders which have put my recollections in the right order of time and enabled me to recall related happenings. We are grateful too, to another niece, Ethel Hollenbeck Clingerman, brother Hub's daughter, who has helped us put Edith's manuscript into this form, and added the explanatory notes. Andrew Brown Hollenbeck

—End

# Welcome New Members!

Marilyn A. Gustanski  
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Mary Olson,  
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# Nebraska Trivia

1. Where is Nebraska's largest body of water?
2. Which is the correct spelling?  
A) Kearney or B) Kearny?
3. What three counties in Nebraska are named after animals?
4. Where in Nebraska is the Nebraska River?
5. What is the county seat of
  - a. Kearney County
  - b. Lincoln County
  - c. Seward County
  - d. Grant County
  - e. Arthur County
  - f. Scotts Bluff County?



1. The Ogalalla Aquifer under our feet.
2. Both. Two e's = the town; one e = the fort.
3. Antelope, Buffalo & Garfield (I know that's just a cartoon cat, but it is an animal. :-)
4. That was another name for the Platte River.
5. a. Minden  
b. North Platte  
c. Seward  
d. Hyannis  
e. Arthur

ANSWERS:



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PO Box 164  
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