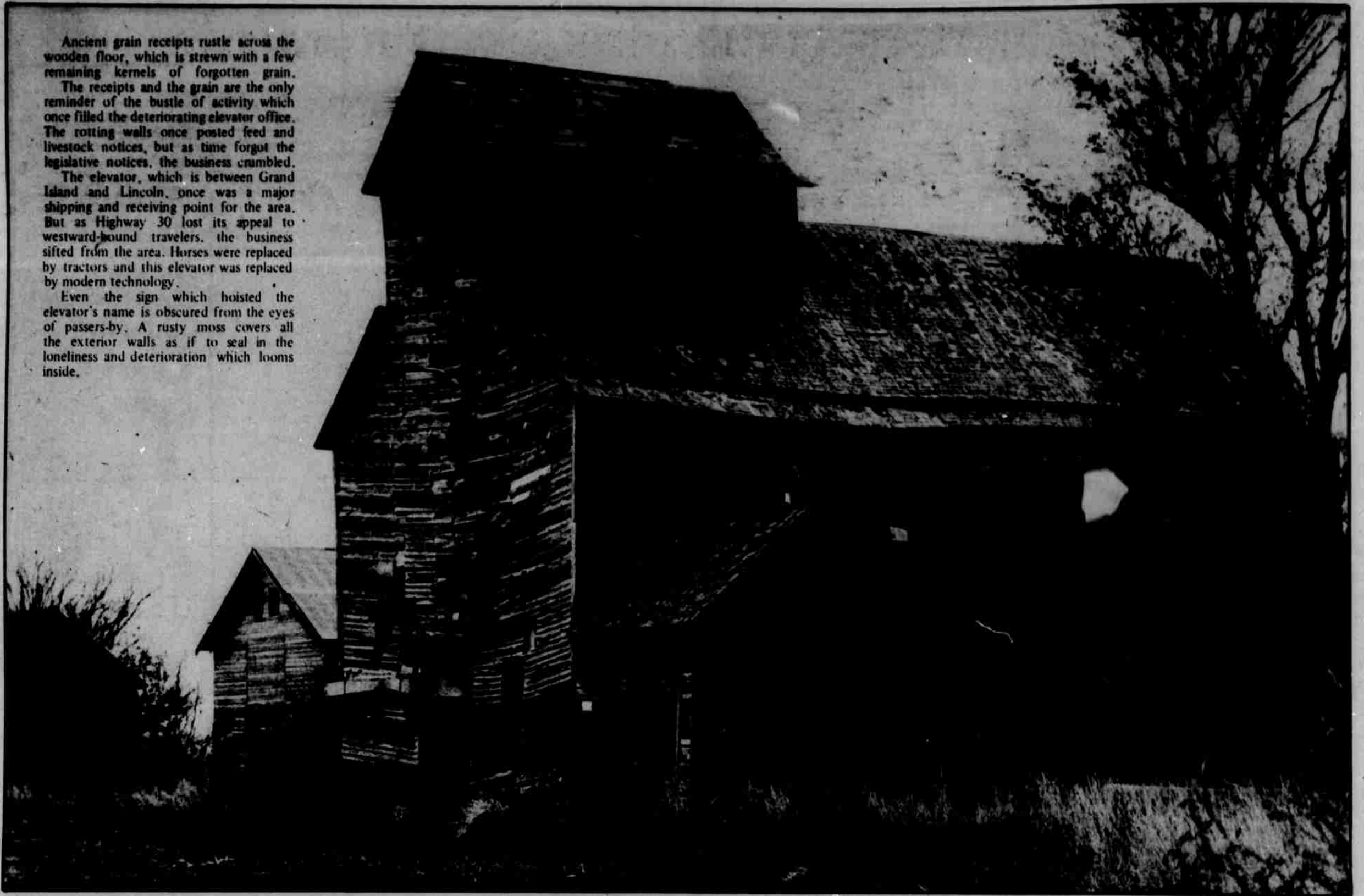
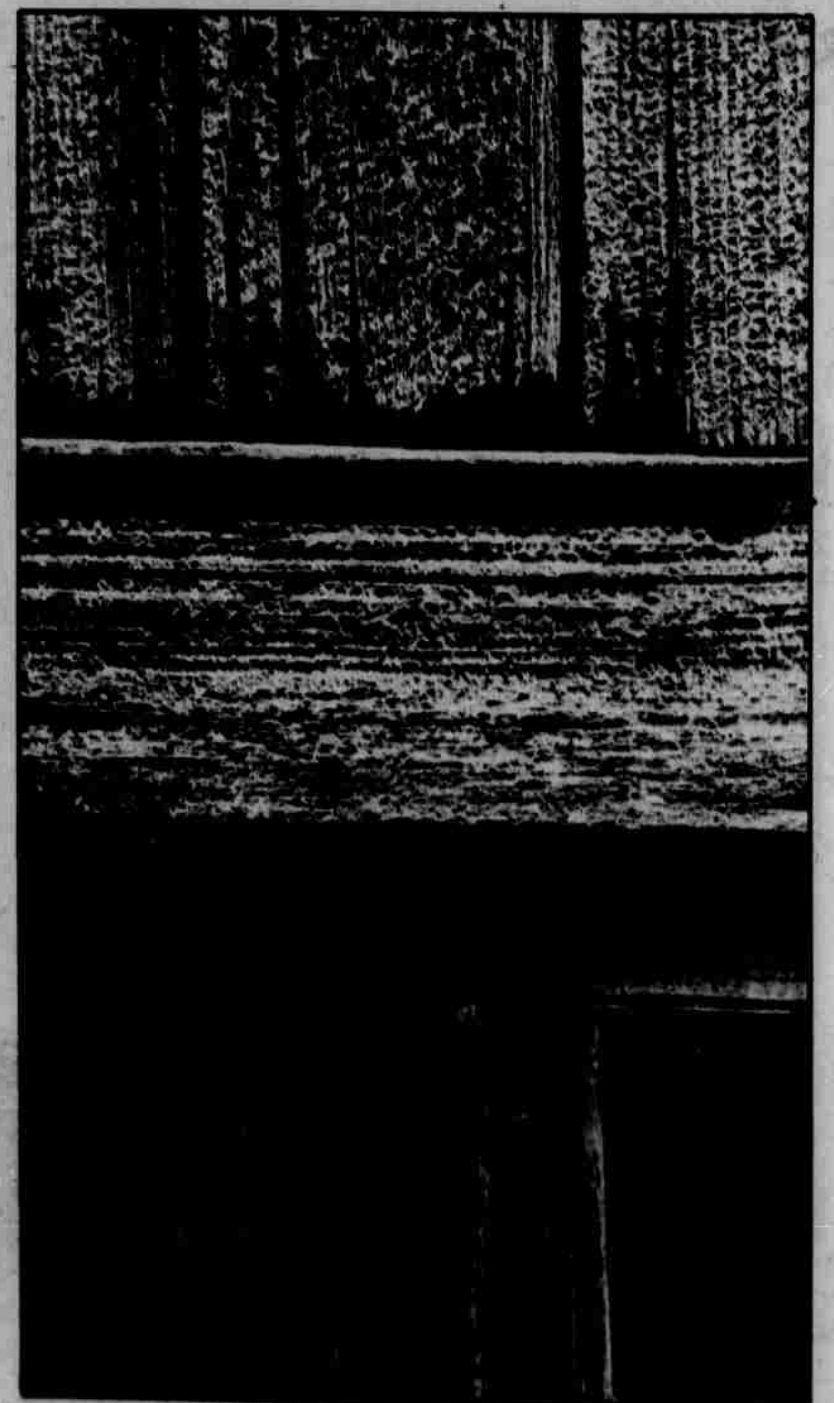
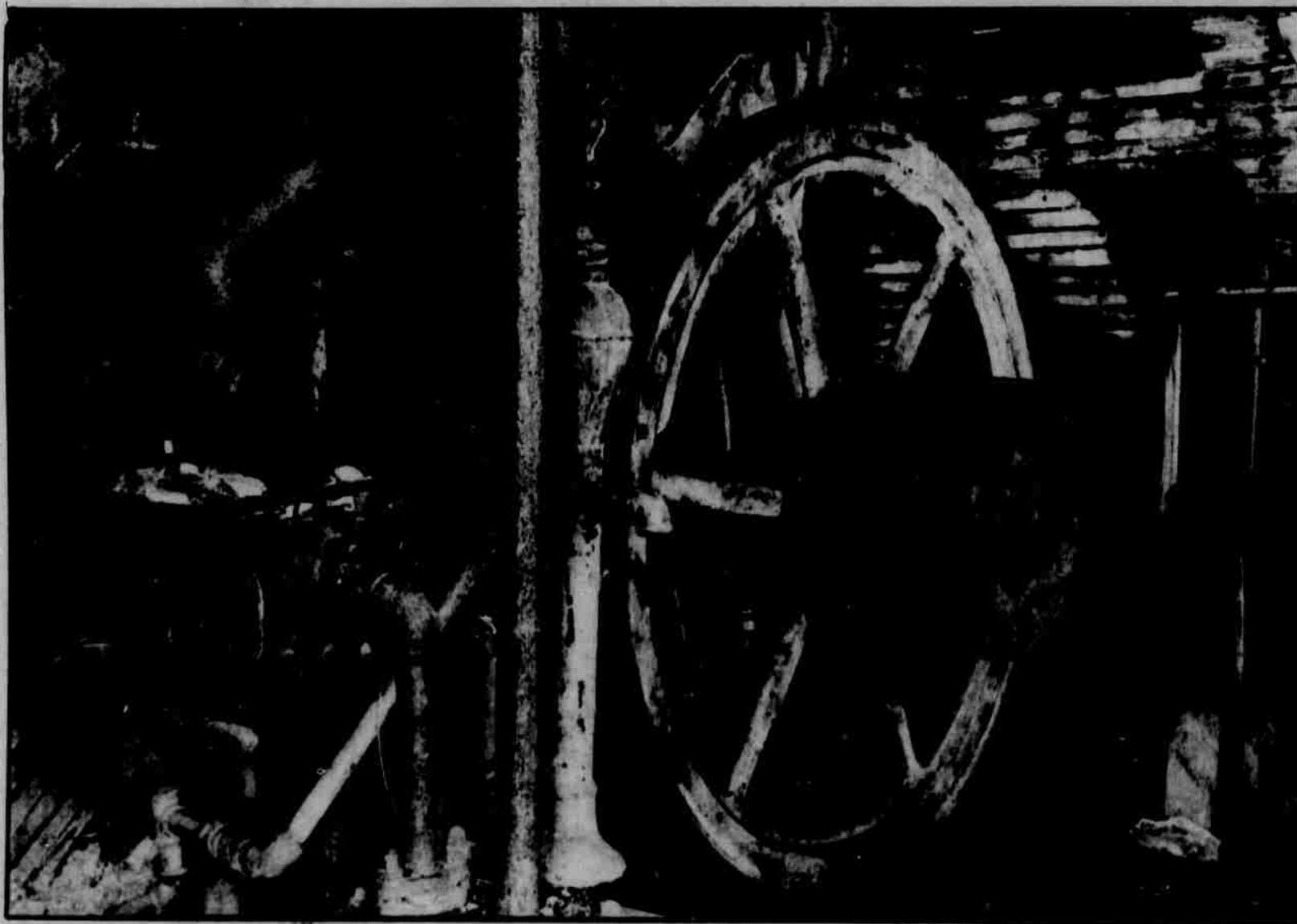


Ancient grain receipts rustle across the wooden floor, which is strewn with a few remaining kernels of forgotten grain. The receipts and the grain are the only reminder of the bustle of activity which once filled the deteriorating elevator office. The rotting walls once posted feed and livestock notices, but as time forgot the legislative notices, the business crumbled. The elevator, which is between Grand Island and Lincoln, once was a major shipping and receiving point for the area. But as Highway 30 lost its appeal to westward-bound travelers, the business sifted from the area. Horses were replaced by tractors and this elevator was replaced by modern technology. Even the sign which hoisted the elevator's name is obscured from the eyes of passers-by. A rusty moss covers all the exterior walls as if to seal in the loneliness and deterioration which looms inside.



# Grains of time



Photos by  
M. Billingsley  
and  
Jon Natuig