

A Publication for
and about the
town of Naper,
Nebraska

Naper Paper

Volume 4, Issue 3

News of Summer 2006



Naper to Receive White Horse Ranch Memorabilia

Wow! What great news for Naper. Betty Ruth Whipple and other heirs of the White Horse Ranch have agreed to donate the vast majority of memorabilia to the Naper Historical Society to preserve and display. While no one in Naper looks forward to the closing of the White Horse Ranch as we know it, townspeople are thrilled that Naper was selected as the home for these treasures, and as keeper of the remarkable story of the ranch. That story is well known by everyone connected with our town, and we will retell much of it in the next issue of the *Naper Paper*, along with an interview with Betty.

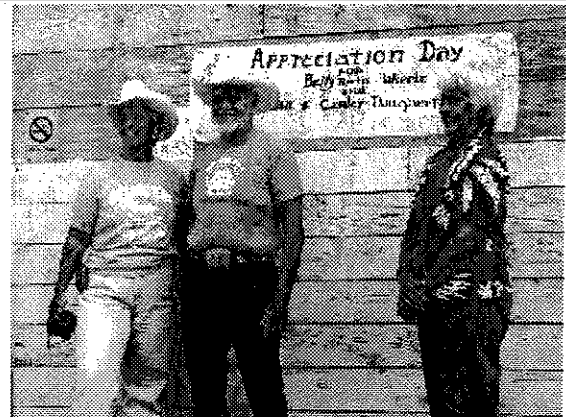
Plans for a WHR Museum

One of the reasons why Betty and other family members selected Naper is because of the success of the Naper Historical Society and its Heritage Hall Museum. Heritage Hall is a beautiful repository of all things Naper, and in particular the artifacts and stories of "Naper Through the Years", "School Days", and the "Naper 28" air disaster.

The fact is, though, that Heritage Hall is nearly full. So, our success will require us to create a separate museum for the White Horse Ranch. The historical society is considering two sites on Main Street, both of which offer high visibility and easy access; and both are worthy of preservation and restoration. By the *Naper Paper's* next issue we should be able to advise you of the future location and plans for the White Horse Ranch Museum.

How You Can Help

Creating an outstanding museum for the White Horse Ranch will be expensive. Extensive repairs and modifications of a structure on Main Street will be required, and displays must be created for inside. Please send whatever you can to help the Naper Historical Society create this wonderful addition to our town. Checks should be made out to the Naper Historical Society, and they may be mailed to Box 72, Naper, NE 68755. Please indicate that the contribution is intended for the White Horse Ranch museum. Your contributions are tax deductible. Thank you!



(L to R) Carley and Dean Daugherty, Betty Ruth Whipple receive big cheers at the Gala Appreciation Day for White Horse Ranch.

The End of a Western Era: A Salute to Dean and Carley Daugherty

By Duke Stahlecker

As the sun sets on the White Horse Ranch during the quiet of an evening, the spirits of Cal and Ruth Thompson can be imagined riding into that Nebraska sunset.

No longer will the applause and the cheers be heard in the White Horse Bowl during the annual Father's Day Celebration. Betty Ruth Whipple, niece of Ruth, and other heirs are closing the White Horse Ranch operation. The NAPER HISTORICAL SOCIETY MUSEUM will be the guest home of the White Horse Ranch trophies, artifacts, and memoirs. Betty Ruth and her family are presenting all these on loan to the Museum.

As this transition takes place, the Naper community will lose Carley and Dean Daugherty, honored members of the area. Dean and Carley are packing for their move to their home in Arizona near Phoenix for a well-earned retirement.

Their association with the White Horse Ranch began with Carley at age 6, Cal and Ruth became her legal guardians for 3 years. Carley was very young when she first began touring with the group. It was very exciting to Carley since most of the time there were 20 to 30 kids around on the ranch from all parts of the country. Carley's Mom was assistant cook for the ranch and rules were firm and education positive. Ruth was Carley's teacher during the 3rd grade.

Cal is remembered as strict, kind and humorous, "God-father." When Dean first showed up on the ranch courting Carley, Cal pulled Dean aside and spoke, "Dean,

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Farm and Home Telephone Company Marilyn Sieh Smith

Trade and local economy are the driving forces that keep small towns like ours alive. The Naper Paper continues its salute to businesses from Naper's past and present.

In 1910, Dorwin Smith and wife Elsie purchased the Farm and Home Telephone Company. The office was located on Main Street. Realizing the need for 24 hour service, they moved it to their newly purchased home on Lots 7 & 8, Block 21, which is a corner lot on the second block east from south Main. Elsie purchased this property from Jennie and Ray Logerwell, and the deed reads that it is subject to a mortgage of \$1,000 payable in installments of \$75 quarterly with interest at 6%. It was a white house with outbuildings, a white picket fence, and an AT&T sign hanging by the front gate. DR, as he was known, had the help of his 3 daughters, Mildred, Reba (Blakkolb), and Amy (Small) in operating the switchboard. Among other things, DR was an auctioneer, and my husband, Duane, remembers going to auction sales with his dad, telling me that many people came to hear DR "cry" the sale because of his humor and wit. Occasionally this same humor spilled over through the telephone lines while working with his subscribers. He became a widower and eventually followed his daughters to California. I remember in the '50's how we welcomed his yearly summer visits, and that was when I became acquainted with my great-uncle. He loved Naper, and he is buried here in Knollcrest Cemetery.

In 1937, DR sold the business to his nephew, my dad, Everett and Frances Smith. At that time the monthly bill was \$1.00 or \$1.35. I don't know who was the bookkeeper in the family, but Dad would stuff the monthly bills into his pocket to deliver and collect the money on "town night". He kept the telephone lines and equipment in running order, while Mom, Dad and eventually I operated the switchboard. I remember the day I was deemed ready to handle my first long distance call for a subscriber. Did I ever feel "grown up" when that event occurred! Since the early years, numerous high school girls were hired to operate the switchboard when needed. The folks sold the business to Cecil Swallow family sometime around 1950. Later, when the Rural Telephone Association purchased it, they asked us to operate the switchboard from our home above the Post Office until they completed the new system that exists now as Three River Telco. So again we operated the switchboard from our home.

Now to explain how the system worked. The switchboard was 50 line, battery

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The Hoyt Family Ranch

Dust storms, depressions and volatile markets have all had a hand in the turnover of family farms and ranches. Survival was the name of the game. However, a few generations managed to hang onto these early claims even after 100 years, and these are still in the family name. The Naper Paper continues its look at local farms and ranches still owned by the original families.

Samuel Hoyt was born in 1812. Samuel's family ran a wagon factory in Chicago. He married Mary Van Tassel in New York. Samuel and Mary had 6 children: Ella, John, Charlie, William, Bert and Anne.

In 1878 Samuel explored the region along the Niobrara River from Niobrara, Nebraska to Long Pine Creek. He homesteaded beside his son Charles in Turtle Township, presently Basin Township. A great-great uncle, John Hoyt, had homesteaded also on April 20, 1884. In 1985 the Hoyt family received the Ak-Sar-Ben Pioneer Family award for the ranch being in the family for over 100 years. There have been Hoyts living on the ranch for 6 generations.

Bert Hoyt married Ella Kirst. They lived their entire married life on the Hoyt Ranch in the southwest corner of Boyd County. Bert & Ella had 6 children: Jesse, Violet, Marvel, Mary, Garold and Clesson. Jesse and Garold operated the ranch together. Jesse married Zada Myers. Garold married Ruby Juracek. Garold & Ruby had 3 children: Garry, Judy, Roger. Garry married Diane Jamison. They have 3 sons: Jeff, Jim and Joel. Judy married Marvin Cline. They have 5 children: Keith, Scott, Hoyt, Shelda and Pamela.

After 6 generations the Hoyt Ranch is still owned and operated by the family.

End of a Western Era Continued from Page 1

we're not running a matrimonial institution here!"

Dean and Carley were married in 1957. Carley's wedding gift from the White Horse Ranch was a white stallion.

Dean was born and reared in Omaha. The Air Force claimed him for (5) years. Another stint was with the Omaha Police Department from 1962 through 1965. Law enforcement kept Dean another 20 years as he was Deputy Sheriff of Maricopa County, Arizona. Here he was in charge of the Training Academy. He also worked with the Department of Internal Affairs. Dean wrote the manual for jail operations taught at the Sheriff's Academy.

For the last 18 summers, with a contract to manage the Historic part of the White Horse Ranch, Dean and Carley's goal has been to keep Ruth's and Cal's dream alive. This was to permit many youth groups such as FHA, vacation Bible groups, tourists, kids and parents to visit the ranch at no charge.

1963 was the last official show held at the ranch. Rancher Reo Ludemann and the Naper village council presented an "Honorary Citizens" plaque during the year of 1992 to Dean and Carley with ice cream and cake on their anniversary.

The legacy of the White Horse Ranch is remembered with emotion by Dean and Carley. Carley was at Ruth's bedside when she passed away.

The Daugherty's are very happy that Betty Ruth Whipple and her family have chosen to make Naper and its Historical Society the home of the White Horse Ranch treasures.

In the future, you might find Carley in the loft of their Arizona home painting which she intends to make a full-time hobby. She is quite a talented artist.

To find Dean, you might have to go to the shop. Dean plans to make a genuine "Hot-rod" from a 1950 Chevy. This will take some time as the plans are quite complex.

Dean also is a licensed Baptist minister and devotes time to Christ.

Around them in Arizona will be members of their family of six children and spouses. They will enjoy them and their grand children.

Both of them assure us that they will not forget Naper and it's good citizens and will be back to visit.

May God Bless them as they ride into the Arizona sunset.



An Interview With Albert Holmgren

By The Circuit Rider

At sundown a mysterious rider is seen drifting along the horizon. Old timers believe he's a Sandhills Ghost or Spirit who's trying to keep the Pioneer Spirit alive. His mission: To interview favorite long-time residents of Naper, in order to help us remember our noble past. No one can actually point to specifics, but all swear, "He's out there..."

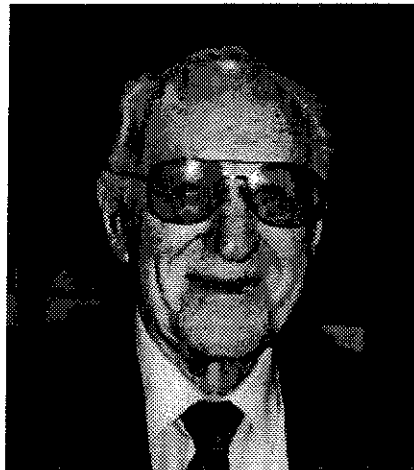
During the "old days" when the phrase "Neighbor Helping Neighbor" built many close knit farm communities, the name Holmgren was prominent. Born October 19, 1917 at home, Albert was the 8th of 9 children which included 6 brothers and 2 sisters, and he is the sole survivor of his family. Albert's dad expressed all his sons had different personalities and he fondly remarked, "I never had to get one of them out of jail." In the rush of getting 6 of 9 kids ready for school, a comment was made, "Mom, you just had too many kids." "Well", said mom, "which one of you shouldn't I have had?"

The Philipp Holmgren farm west of Naper was a perfect place to grow a family. Albert was never without a horse. His earliest remembrance, at age 2, was being held in his brother's arms and given a horseback ride. When Albert was too small to get on a horse by himself, he was put on a horse to watch the cattle so they wouldn't go beyond the fence lines. With a gentle, patient horse, Albert was able to entertain himself on its back and make many maneuvers.

One morning brother Henry was preparing to check cattle on another farm while driving the family's Model T, and 3 year old Albert begged to go with him. Arriving at the vacant farmstead, Henry gave Albert strict orders to remain in the car while he walked through the wooded area to look at cattle. Disregarding Henry's instructions, Albert panicked when he saw a bull snake in the grass. Albert crawled out of the car and quickly put distance between himself and the snake as he ran toward home 3 miles away. Passing the Ludwig Sievert farm, he was recognized by Dan Sievert who invited him in for breakfast. Dan was able to determine where Albert had come from, and took him back to the car where Henry was frantically searching for him.

The County Fair was a big celebration. Albert recalls his Dad gave him 25 cents which at that time was a lot of money. This presented a quandary to Albert because he had never had so much money of his own. Talk about exciting!

Meals were "no nonsense" times. No one ate until Albert's dad said a prayer. If the table had guests, the younger children had to



wait for the second table. One mealtime Albert complained about the quality of the food. He saw another side to his mild-mannered father and learned a lesson never to be forgotten.

The Holmgren kids attended the Naper school system. Reba Smith Blakkolb was Albert's first teacher. John Quest and Holt Martin were two of the first janitors. At the close of each school year, there was an all-school picnic along Squaw Creek. Indian Chief Yellow Horse would show up to enjoy the food and fellowship.

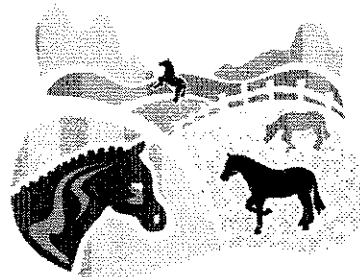
Farming was done with horses, and as the older boys left home they were given a team of horses. Eventually Albert's dad bought a "Titan" tractor which was used during threshing time. Albert's dad also furnished and drove a relief team of horses for Dr. Ed Seasongood, the local doctor who made house calls.

After Dad Holmgren homesteaded, he always tried to add more land so each of his boys would have some land of his own. The Great Depression of '29 ended that practice. Albert remained on the farm with his father until he was 21, at which time he moved to Iowa. When the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, Albert was inducted into the Army and sent to Camp Dodge, Iowa. While there he escorted new inductees to various training camps throughout the U.S. Then he was reassigned to a supply company in the desert in California, and then shipped to the East

coast where he boarded the Queen Elizabeth, a cruise ship converted to a transport ship, to carry soldiers across the ocean. Under "blackout" conditions, the ship was towed into Scotland Harbor. He traveled by rail to southern England and then across the English Channel to Utah Beach. He spent 18 months overseas during this occupation. Albert was in the service for 3 years, 6 months, and 13 days.

Albert met Martha May Williams while stationed at Camp Dodge. He asked her to marry him just before he went overseas. Martha wanted to get married right away, but Albert told her if she would wait until he came back, she could have a preacher at the dock when his ship came in. Albert was discharged on March 3, and they were married March 9, 1946, and had 49 years of marriage until Martha passed away in 1995. 4 children were born to this union: Margaret Ruth who died at age 3, Martha Diane who lives in North Dakota, Mark Edward who lives in Topeka, and Beth Louise who lives in Cheyenne.

Albert was great to visit, and has a good sense of humor. He retired from the John Morrell & Company plant in 1982 after 40 years, and lives at 321 N. 17th Street, Estherville, IA 51334. He welcomes friends and loves to hear from them. He represents the true example of a "Neighbor Helping Neighbor". Once again, it's time to tighten the cinch on the saddle and head out to visit with the next "Good Neighbor."



A Trip Up the Niobrara in 1878

By Samuel J. Hoyt

Samuel J. Hoyt was the operator of saw mills at Niobrara and Paddock. He made this trip 128 years ago, and submitted this well written story to a local newspaper. The copy provided to the Naper Paper is typed, and you notice there are several clarifying notations in parentheses throughout the story. This editor suspects that these notations were added later and thus may not have been a part of the original Hoyt story. Readers, enjoy this rare first-hand account of this area so long ago.

Having just returned from an extended trip up the Niobrara Valley and its branches, I thought a description of the country through which I passed would prove interesting to the many readers of your paper. (Note from Naper Paper editor: We do not know which paper Mr. Hoyt's story is referring to, however it is obvious he submitted his story to a newspaper.) Accompanied by my son, his wife, my daughter and two men, we started our journey on April 30. We passed some of the best pieces of grain I ever saw at this season of the year. So good was its growth we thought it was winter grain, but on proceeding farther we found it all alike, and upon inquiry it proved to be spring sowing.

One of the men expressed his surprise at the structure of the bridges across the creeks running into the Niobrara, especially the one constructed across the Verdigris by Messrs. Raymond and Campbell, which he said was a credit to the county and builders. The next thing of interest was the little stream 8 miles from here called Little Giant, which was appropriately named.

Reaching Schindler's Bottom (Dukeville), we found crops looking very fine, and a larger amount than usually sown. The first night we camped on the lower end of Pischelville bottom, beside a stream of clear, sparkling, cold water. We passed beautiful groves of timber and pure, clear creeks running over sand, clay and rock bottoms. The second day at 11:00 we arrived at the famous Cottonwood Creek (Red Bird). As a dance was to take place that evening, the young folks participated in it. It proved to be an enjoyable affair, and the supper served up for the occasion would have done credit to a first class hotel.

In this section there are large bodies of good cottonwood, oak, ash, cedar, basswood, walnut, hackberry, coffee bean, willow and ironwood timber. In this timber is a stream saw mill owned by a Messrs. Palmer & Company, who are doing a good business. Here is a very fine country and the crops are looking very healthy. The next morning we started again, first taking a view of John Hoyt's timber. It is a body of 75 acres of timber so thick that a man can scarcely get through it on foot. That night we stopped with our old friends, Buck Benner and Mike London,

who live on one of the most beautiful spring branches I ever saw, which was a fountain head sufficient to run a mill.

The next night we stopped at Brush Creek. We passed some very fine country and bodies of timber similar to those at the Cottonwood. The fifth night we camped 12 miles above the mouth of the Keya Paha. We passed a town of about a thousand inhabitants called - a prairie dog town. You can see these dogs running to and fro from house to house, set in the mouth of the hole and bark, each time giving their tails a wild jerk, but on your near approach they will all disappear and their town becomes as silent as death.

The next day we crossed the Niobrara, leaving the wagons on the south side of the river and leading the horses. The girls started to wade and received a good ducking. We remained here 2 days, built a house, 14 by 16, and returned to the south side. Thence we started up the river leaving one of the loveliest spots on earth - excellent timber, high grass, durable plow land and pure, delicious water; and it wanted only hands of industry to make many happy homes. This day's travel brought us up the Warner and Co's bridge (Morris Bridge) and Ricker's Ferry. We passed some of the most lovely spots on God's footstool through which beautiful clear streams ran. One we named Dead Man's Run, near which we found a fresh grave, where is intimated a horse thief repented of his evil doings in dust and sackcloth. Nearby is one of the beautiful (bodies of water) in America which, from its beauty and bright, sparkling water, we named Silver Lake (Turpin Lake). It contains about 20 acres, and from its blue appearance, must be very deep (it was not). Fish and ducks - in abundance. The surroundings are beautiful and newcomers have taken it, who have gone right to work making valuable improvements, which will show that they are not connected with the labor reformers of the east.

The bridge across the river is built of abutments on the south side, with piles on the upper and lower ends, the cap mortised to them and resting on the cribs; the north end is piling, worked down by hand and capped. The day we were there 27 teams crossed.

On Long Pine Creek are large quarries of lime rock, the top of which is very hard and is well adapted for building purposes. Beneath this it is

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strong.*

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A Trip Up the Niobrara

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softer and the deeper into the pit it is worked the softer it becomes until it is similar to slacked lime. I think it represents a specie of lime half way between gypsum and lime marl. Between the bridge and Long Pine are a good deal of timber and thousands of acres of as good land as ever laid out of doors. There are many large bodies of pine that are easy access and in the canyons a team can be driven from bottom to top. The creek is large enough to drift logs down for 12 miles, and all the timber in the gulches can be gotten to the creek very easily. There is timber enough to make millions of feet of lumber.

Three is an abundance of wild fruit consisting of plums, grapes, gooseberries, currants, strawberries, a very superior quality of chokecherries, jarvish berries (service berries or June berries), raspberries, and last and not least, the sand cherry, which is about the same size as tame cherry and very delicious.

Between Niobrara and Long Pine there are 9 creeks, large enough to run from two to six run of burrs, and many smaller ones which will run one run of burrs and light machinery. There are fine groves of timber all along the creeks; any quantity of luxuriant hay lands; and in the creeks an abundance of fish.

I thought as I viewed this vast country of natural advantages that if the children of Israel had had such lands, they could have lived without going to Egypt to buy corn, for they could have grown grain here in the most unfavorable seasons. And then again, I thought of the old saying -- "The South shall raise the cotton, the West the bread and pork, and New England shall do the finer work", but northern Nebraska can do all but raise the cotton. It can give homes to the millions, its streams can run the machinery, and it's hardy and industrious settlers can do up the finer work.



Sad Time for a Country School Marilyn Sieh Smith

During WWII, Charles Alexander and Elsie Robertson fell in love. When Charles came home on leave for 14 days he and Elsie married, spending those 14 days as man and wife.

He shipped out on a submarine, and she never saw him again. Elsie was teaching at District #88 in Keha County when she received word (by post-cards) from the U.S. Government that he was missing in action. The days she received those mailings she would become devastated, her pupils would be understandably upset. This would result in the dismissing of the school for the rest of the day. This made a huge impact in her pupils' memory of her because she was so well liked.



The Ol' Homesteader

The Ol' Homesteader returns with more news and reviews of what's been going on in Naper, Nebraska.

Lots of meetin', greetin', and eatin' goin' on here--

Lots of folks were here for the 53rd annual alumni banquet May 27, and most everybody noticed how the other folks had aged. Marie Bunch flew in from Torrance, CA, to represent the class of 1926! During the weekend, there were garage sales, lots of coffee drinkin', some church goin' and a Memorial Day service. You probably saw the pictures of the good lookin' folks in the last Naper Paper. The Stahlecker family had a reunion August 12. You can bet there was some good food there and lots of visitin', too!

In the churches--

Pastor Wilbur Bullock was guest of honor at a farewell potluck supper June 18. He served the Naper and Fairfax UCC churches for nearly seven years. Carley and Dean Dougherty once again welcomed youngsters to the White Horse Ranch for Vacation Bible School July 11, 12 and 13. Then Pastor Justin and Amy Gosch had a kid's campout in their back yard. Who do you s'pose had the most fun--the grown-ups or the kids?

Hard workers--

Lovera Reber's granddaughter Amanda Schoenefeld received her masters degree in Business Administration. Lots of book learnin' there. A bunch of bikers did some sweatin' and pedalin' to raise money for "Wheels-For-Life." Phew--Ol' Homesteader's too old for that stuff.

Congratulations

Bill and Karen Peppel celebrated 30 years together June 11. Maxine and LeRoy McCarthy celebrated 40 years!

Jack and Jean Reiman's granddaughter Chandra Boshart married Dana Kuhl June 10. Gertie Honke's grandson Michael Lindeman and Paula Faber were married August 5. Ed and Cathy Peppel's son Mark married Bria Christensen June 24. Craig and Stacy Zeisler's son Derek and Amanda Hausmann were married in an outdoor ceremony at Craig and Stacy's home August 12--sorta in-between showers and gusts of wind. Shane and Beth Lechtenberg welcomed Lanie Ann on May 15. That lucky little girl has so many grandpas and grandmas--let's see: Ivan and Nancy Wentz Nelson; Russ and Susan Lechtenberg; great-grandpas and grandmas Bob and Barb Stoltenberg Wentz and Lawrence and Mildred Zink Lechtenberg; great-great grandmas Elsie Wentz and Teresa Stoltenberg. Now there's opportunity for some REAL baby-spoiling.

And good byes...

Findrew Nelson passed away May 10; he was married to Edna Neumiller who preceded him in death. June Sieh Smith left us June 26; she is survived by brothers Earl, Duane, and Marlo Sieh. Wayne Faatz passed away July 4 after a short illness. Doreen Peppel passed away July 28 after a courageous battle with cancer. Albert Nicolaus died July 30 at age 90. And just as this edition of the paper was going to press, we were saddened to learn of Wilbert Cline's passing.

Until next time...

Best hang it up for this time. Ol' Homesteader is enjoyin' the green grass the recent rains produced, even if it means we gotta get the mower goin'. Better get some rest.

Ol' Homesteader

Farm & Home Telco

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This antique telephone switchboard, used by local phone services like Farm & Home Telco at the turn of the century, is now on display in the Naper Historical Society Museum.

operated and hand cranked. One long ring was for Central or Operator. When the operator answered with "number please", the subscribers gave the number or name of the party to be called or asked for a long distance call naming the party and place, which we recorded in a notebook. The operator called the toll center in Winner, SD, which was operated on a commission basis. We also timed the length of the outgoing calls. Telegrams were relayed from the Bonesteel train depot to our operator and we relayed them to our subscribers. If you were without a telephone a \$0.10 charge was made for a messenger to notify you to come to the office for a call. In case of an emergency call, the lines were plugged in, lines opened and a rapid succession of "rings" was sent over the telephone lines for the subscribers to respond. From 1937 to 1950 the list increased from 100 to 200 subscribers which encompassed a large service area with miles of lines to maintain. The area (rectangle) stretched from the SD state line south to the Niobrara River, from the Twin Buttes east of Naper to near Mills in Keya Paha County on the west.

As I look back, I realize how fortunate our family was to be involved in a business that is part of Naper's history and, at the time, was something I really enjoyed. I am surprised how many people remember their old phone number, and they are always ready to share a story. When you come to Naper, be sure to visit the museum which is the new home of the old switchboard that served the Naper community for so many years.

Bits & Pieces



LUDEMANN REUNION

In 1886, John Ludemann left Kellinghusen, Germany and came to the U.S. where he settled in northern Iowa and worked for farmers. His parents, Johann and Katherine Runge Ludemann, his brothers, Carl, Wilhelm, Henry and Fred, and his sister, Anna, remained in Kellinghusen. In 1892, he was joined in Iowa by his brother Carl. John came to Boyd County in 1894 and settled on a farm 5 miles east of Naper where he lived until his death in 1946. His grandson Jerry Heermann now lives on that farm. Carl moved to the Mills community in 1900. He patented two quarters of land south of Mills and lived there until his death in 1943. Henry Ludemann came to the United States in 1910 and then returned to Germany. He accompanied his brother Fred and family to Nebraska in 1911. They lived near John and his family for a time and then moved to a farm west of Naper. Ludemann descendants gathered in Naper for a potluck dinner September 3, 2006 to celebrate their common ancestors. The day was spent meeting, greeting, eating and reminiscing.



On August 26 Naper showed its appreciation to our friends at the White Horse Ranch with a well-attended potluck supper. Pictured left and below are White Horse honorees along with several friends and guests of the potluck supper.



This Bell Tower Memorial is dedicated to absent friends and family members who dedicated their lives and service to the White Horse

MCCARTHY ANNIVERSARY, KULM REUNION

LeRoy & Maxine McCarthy celebrated their 40th anniversary in July. They also hosted a McCarthy picnic at their place south of Naper for 63 relatives. People attended from Washington, South Dakota, Colorado and Nebraska. Gary & Donna Luehmann of Lewiston, MN and Leland & Sandra Wade of Colon, NE all went to Twin Falls, ID for a Kulm reunion along with the McCarthys.



Letters to the Naper Paper

Send your cards and letters to:
The Naper Paper c/o The Naper Historical Society PO Box 72 Naper, NE 68755

I have many memories of "town night" at Naper. On Saturday nights my mother, Christina Windmeyer, would do her "trading", then sit and visit with the other ladies on the benches in front of Blakkolb's or Maertin's. Meanwhile the Windmeyer girls, Sandra, Maxine and myself (Donna) would be off for an evening of adventure. We usually went to the show with friends. I can remember when it cost 14 cents for me to get in. When my allowance was 25 cents I could get a bag of popcorn for a dime and have a penny left to get a pack of Chum Yum gum at the store. If it rained Mother would come in to get us girls because we had to hurry before the roads got too muddy. If we didn't go to the show, we could get a float for 15 cents at Dalldorf's Drugstore or buy a comic book for a dime. If the cover was torn off, it would be a nickel. We would trade bags of comic books with our friends. We would sit on the cement wall in front of the store and talk with friends. I remember the men would sit in Bodine's Barber Shop waiting to get their hair cut. My dad, Alfred, would play cards in Wentz's Tavern. When we had spent our allowance sometimes we would get our courage up and go ask Daddy for more money. When I was in the "big room" (grades 5 - 8) at the old school, we had Miss Enid Galbraith for a teacher. She and one of the Fuhrers, either Mel or Cal, can't remember which one, were "courting" and for some reason they would sit in the pick-up on Main Street. We kids would walk up and down the sidewalks and giggle when we saw them. It seemed like every Saturday night there was a dance in Naper. The Ponca Valley Trio would play, and also Alice. I remember Bobby Layne played for our prom in 1959. The dances were so fun but so were the intermissions! It was always exciting to see if a certain boy would ask you for intermission. We would get hamburgers at Midge's (Kortmeyer's Café) and I won't go into the rest. I was at a recent Alumni Banquet and dance, and a group of us were visiting. I remarked rather wistfully, "Intermissions sure aren't what they used to be." Jim Sattler looked at me with my streaks of grey and my no-longer youthful figure, and made the comment, "Neither are you!" Sometimes a group of us would go to Judy Bentzen's house next to her dad's filling station, and play the latest rock 'n roll 45's and practice our dancing. How we loved to dance with our can-cans flying under our full skirts. My skirts were sometimes made from feed sack material. I remember starching my can-can with sugar water to make it really stiff. Does anyone remember the "Bowery"? It was a cemented area outside about where the Naper Auditorium now stands, and it had an enclosed stage for the band. I can vaguely remember Saturday night dances there. This is way too long, but it is fun to reminisce. I really enjoy the Naper Paper. Thanks to all the people who make it possible. I especially enjoyed the interview you did with my mother.

Donna (Windmeyer) Luehmann
Lewiston, Minnesota



Enjoy the paper very much. Naper is still home. I have lived in Hoskins 45 years but it will never be home. Enclosing a check to help keep the paper coming.

Clint Reber

I really appreciate all the work and time you put into the paper - it is very interesting! It is also very interesting to Leatrice Bennett (Mrs. Harry) who lives in our nursing home here in Wayne. She thoroughly enjoys every article and asks questions about people in Naper. I'm so glad I can pass my paper on to her. It makes her day!

Lynette (Sieh) Carmichael

Greetings! Who could forget those "town nights" in Naper. I wonder how many trips my friends and I made up and down the two blocks of Main Street? Always brought your week's cream and eggs to be sold and used the money to buy the next week's groceries. We always had to get to town early so my Dad (Grant Reber) could get a chair at the card table playing pitch, and my mom (Ethie Reber) could get a place on the bench at Blakkolb's store. Those Naper dances were great fun, and there were always big crowds. We enjoy the Naper Paper so much, and we usually have a little tiff the day it comes as to who will get to read it first! The little community always seems to have some event going on. And you all working together make things happen. Thanks to all involved at keeping the Naper Paper coming. Am enclosing a check to help with expenses.

Larry & Karen (Reber) Juracek
Classes of '59 and '60

Here's a donation to help support the best little paper in Nebraska.

Walt & Betty Ahlers

Thanks again for the Naper Paper. We really enjoy it. Enclosed is a check.

Betty (Stoltenberg) Bentz

Hello folks in Naper. First of all I'm not a good letter writer. But I would like to thank Jim Sattler and his wife for taking me out to the airplane wreck. I remember it. We went out there the night it happened, and went back the next morning. I also want to thank Art Martin and his wife for taking me through the museum. The write up in the last Naper Paper which I liked is about the brothers who lived on the Point. I think they were the Yoakum boys. I would like to add to the paper fund. The weather here is hot and dry. Have a nice garden and enjoy retirement. As ever,

Naper Boy Harold G. Stahlecker

A PUBLICATION FOR
AND ABOUT THE
TOWN OF NAPER,
NEBRASKA

The Naper Paper
PO Box 72
Napier, Nebraska, 68755

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