

A Publication for
and about the
town of Naper,
Nebraska

The Naper Historical Society

Our Mission:

The mission of the Naper Historical Society is to preserve, interpret, display, communicate, promote and honor history, original structures, special places and artifacts of the people and culture of Naper, Nebraska, and the surrounding area. The Naper Historical Society intends to accomplish this mission by operating a museum, publishing a newsletter, sponsoring events, and in other appropriate ways. The Naper Historical Society will initially focus on four themes: School Days, Life in Naper Through the Years, White Horse Ranch, and Naper 28 Plane Crash.

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Naper Paper

Volume 5, Issue 3

News of 1st Quarter 2008

HOW MY FATHER ESCAPED FROM RUSSIA

Written by Frieda Bitterman Fischer in 1966

When Czarina Catherine the Third (of German descent and at one time a German Princess) was ruler of Russia, she offered the people of Germany homesteads to those who wanted to escape the German Military service. She allowed them to remain Germans. She gave religious and educational freedom. In Southern Russia there were entire German villages, with their German schools and churches. The German language was spoken universally in the little villages, except when forced into contact with Russians.

In later years when Alexander the Second came into power, this prevailing sense of freedom was lifted. A law was passed but it would take ten years before it went into effect, a law which would force the people of Russia into similar automatic military service, the same as in Germany. Every second son was drafted for war, but this law would not go into effect until 1874, providing 10 years in which to migrate to other lands if they wished to escape the Russian military service.

My father, August Bitterman, son of George and Margaret Bitterman, was born November 2, 1854, at Worms, South Russia, in the Ukraine; an area of Russia with some of the richest wheat-country in the world. He had six brothers: George, Phillip, Jacob, Fredrick, Christian, and Balthaser, and two sisters: Sophia Lauer and Catharina Lagge.

My father was the first in his family that was drafted into the Army. He was drafted in 1875 and served five years. He was then discharged but was in the reserves and could be called any time needed. He married Frederica Hartmann and had three children: Margaret, August and Jacob.

August was called to report to the Army in July, 1885, when Russia and Turkey had trouble. It was harvest time, but before his time to report, Russia and Turkey had come to a settlement. After this, he sold what little they had and wanted to get out of Russia.

Still being a soldier in the Reserves, August could not get a pass to leave the country. A Jew figured out how he would be able to leave the country. He had Grandfather Bitterman apply for a pass in the name of John Ullrich

Hartmann who was dead. He had never become a Russian citizen but was a German citizen. So my father left Russia as John Ullrich Hartmann.

When they got to the Russian border, they were inspected and found that not all of the children were listed so they were required to go back and update their travel papers.

You can imagine what their feelings were. If he went back, he would be arrested and sent to Siberia or shot. So he asked the conductor if there was any way he could correct it there; he said he would, for eight dollars.

He divided the children amongst other passengers and when the last inspection was made, the Gendarmes passed the inspection. So that is how my father got out of Russia.

They landed in New York, stayed there a few days, and then went on to Chicago which was as far as their money took them. My mother's brother John Hartmann and his family came too. So among the two families, they had enough money for one to go to Sutton, NE.

Sutton was their destination because they had some friends there who could loan them money for the rest to come to Sutton.

While waiting in Chicago, the hotel man asked them why they didn't stay in Chicago. He said there wasn't anything out west, it was just a settlement. But they said, "Oh, Chicago is nice, but what will Sutton be like?"

The families arrived at Sutton October 31, 1885. They lived with distant relatives and friends until they found work. They had a lot of courage to come to a strange land without any money or anything except a few clothes and some bedding. They were disappointed in Sutton as it was just a new town and often wished they had stayed in Chicago.

They went through many hardships. More children were born, namely: Christian (who died when a year old), Frieda, Sophia (who died at age six), Ferdinand, Carl, twins Wilhelm and Wilhelmina who died when three and four months old, and Alwinna Johanna who died at three months.

My father lost his left eye while driving a nail into a rafter. The nail head split and hit his eye, so it weakened his other eye. He was handicapped for the rest of his life.

We lived in Sutton for 16 years and then came to Butte, NE, October 1, 1901, where

Continued on page 3

The Circuit Rider

A House Made of Straw and Mud Blocks

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..."



Clarence Mayer was born August 5, 1922, on the farm where he still lives. The house was made of straw and mud blocks. This was replaced with a new house in 1976. He was the fourth child of six born to Hattie and Reinhold Mayer.

One of Clarence's earliest memories was when he was four years old. The older brothers and sisters were in school so this youngster sneaked off the farm to be with them. His parents tried to keep him home but he'd sneak off anyway.

The teachers suggested that the parents permit him to come to school, so Clarence finished first grade at the age of four. Thus when he was only 12, he had finished grade school.

After graduating from high school, he obtained work on the neighbor's farm in the spring. Later in the summer, he worked for one of his uncles. This busy young man also took correspondence courses by mail and clerked in Blakkolb's Store on Wednesday nights that summer. Two younger sisters and Clarence were the only ones who graduated from high school. One of his regrets is that he didn't take more music in high school because he loves to sing in the church choir and for weddings and funerals.

Edwin, Clarence's brother, was drafted in World War II and was killed at the age of 24 while serving in France. His body was shipped home and is buried in the Lutheran Cemetery.

Memories of the "dirty thirties", the dark clouds that came in from the northwest and the dust storms still remain. At times in the afternoons, it became so dark that lamps had to be lit. The grasshoppers came in and did much damage to the crops. There wasn't much feed so Russian thistles were stacked and fed for cattle feed.

In 1935 and 1936, when Clarence was a freshman in high school, there were many blizzards and quite a bit of snow, so he had to stay in town. It was a rough winter and many roads were blocked.

There was no school for two weeks because, the railroad being blocked, the town was without coal. The train was derailed between Herrick and St. Charles. Word is there were 30 days with below-zero weather.

As Hattie was one of 15 children, there was always an abundance of company. This circuit rider recalls going to the Mayer farm and Clarence would saddle up Roxy, a great little horse. All the cousins would take turns riding Roxy.

Three-day celebrations were held in Naper with carnival rides provided by the Art B. Thomas Shows. The streets would be closed and the carnival set up.

Movies were held outdoors using the sides of big buildings as screens. Large crowds attended, driving up and watching the movies from their autos.

Growing up, Clarence's favorite sport was baseball. After World War II, there were lots of teams and crowds gathered to watch the teams play.

Stock car racing and football have since replaced baseball for entertainment.

During the summer of 1962, a tornado did much damage on farms east and south of Naper. Clarence helped clean up the debris on several of the farms. He used the tractor and post hole digger to help repair fences that were wrecked.

Clarence helped build the Lutheran Church in Naper. Thirty-two inches of rain fell that summer and it was so cool that the corn didn't mature; it had to be fed to hogs to salvage it.

Clarence remembers renting some land from a fellow in Winner and telling the man that there wasn't much harvest. He remarked "when there isn't much, you want to get it all." Clarence still reminds his own two

sons of this today.

In this farming area, farmers helped other farmers in need. Clarence would take his farm-hand and help neighbors hay. Often he was called on to help the neighbor pick corn and provide other types of aid as they didn't have too much help in those days.

Clarence helped his parents on the farm until he was 36 years old, and then took over the farm when his dad, Reinhold, went on Social Security.

When Clarence reached age 63, his two sons were through high school so Clarence quit and let the boys take over, still helping out when he could.

Clarence currently owns his grandparents' home. The land was homesteaded in 1893 by one of his great-uncles. It is one of the few 100-year-old farms still in the family. The family lives on the farm along the South Dakota border, which joins his grandfather's farm.

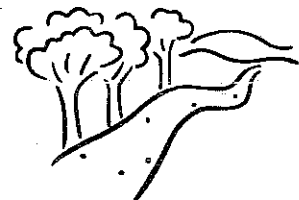
On his 80th birthday, Clarence was showered with birthday cards and notes which he appreciated and enjoyed.

Now 85 years old and in good health, Clarence enjoys his life. He says they didn't travel much but made several trips to Idaho to visit sister Leona and her husband (who has been hospitalized with MS for a number of years). They also drove to California to visit the wife's relatives.

This circuit rider is proud to have the Mayer family as his cousins. Now it's time to ride on to the next visit with someone else in this great community.

Until next time, my friends...

Keep 'em riding!



OLD WINTER STORMS

By Marilyn Sieh

Imagine living in a time when there were no radios, televisions, or telephones. In other words, no weather warnings of any kind for people to rely on to prepare for storms. Now imagine a nice sunny day in January with a balmy, southerly wind which sounds like a day to really enjoy. In fact people were doing their chores in light work clothes while their children went to school for the day.

Now imagine that at 11am, without warning, an ominous-looking, fast-moving storm appeared in the northwestern sky. Approaching with all its fury, the storm sent the mercury from 60° to -26° in only four hours! This was the beginning of the Blizzard of 1888.

The storm raged far into the night, with snow so fine it took people's breath away and penetrated clothing to the skin. Visibility was zero.

People were caught away from home. The storm came so fast they wondered how and where they could find any kind of shelter. One man found shelter in a hog barn, climbed inside and spent the night among the animals to keep warm.

Others attempted to dig a hole in a haystack (no easy task) which worked well, but some froze their feet and legs. One group found a fence, followed it, and accidentally bumped into the house. One man found shelter in an empty house and burned the lath from the walls to stay warm. His nose, ears and face were frozen.

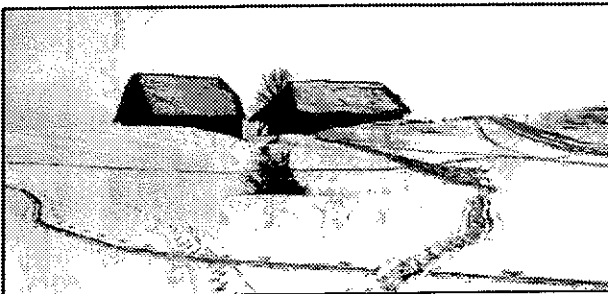
Later in the day farmers found it impossible to get from the house to the barns to do chores. Horses were sometimes the heroes by being given the lead and taking their owners home.

Pupils and teachers were caught in the schoolhouses. One teacher tied her students together in a line and led them to a farmstead close to the school. Other teachers opted to keep their students in school. When their supply of coal ran out, they burned anything possible to keep warm; even desks.

The next day was clear and -40° with the snow belly-deep to a horse.

These are a few of the stories of people who made it through the storm but there are also tragic stories of those who froze to death. We sometimes complain about weather forecasts on the radio, television and weather radios, but at least we have a very good picture of what's on the horizon. We are so fortunate that we can be prepared in case a storm does come our way.

Remember: always be prepared!



Record snowfall for the Blizzard of 1888 coated the Nebraska Plains and made for mighty difficult living that year.
Photo by Archive s/Getty Images)

Escape from Russia

(continued from Page 1)

we lived until March 1, 1902. We then went to Fairfax, SD, where we lived on a farm until the Rosebud Indian Reservation was opened for settlement in 1905.

My father bought a relinquishment and filed on a homestead six miles south of Herrick. We were all happy to know we had our own home at last. It's wonderful to think back and remember how the land was broken for farming and how the buildings were put up one-by-one.

Later, each of us children married and established homes of our own. That left Ferdinand alone with the folks until he was called into the Army.

The folks moved to Herrick. Mother had a stroke in 1921. Father kept house and took care of her until her death on May 22, 1922. Father lived alone for a while and lived with Ferdinand, and also spent time with us and Jake. He died on January 8, 1929.

Our parents were honest and upright. This is the heritage they left us and we are proud of them.

This is the end of my story.

(Frieda was married to Dave Fischer and lived on a farm three miles northwest of Naper until they retired and moved to Naper. This article was submitted by her daughter Irene Garrison of Boise, ID, and her grandson, Del Fischer of Houston, TX.)

THE GOOSE ON THE SATTLER FARM (A Poem) by Connie Sattler and Nathalie Sattler Taranto

On a farm near Naper long ago,
Lived a gosling as white as the snow.
She was cute and very special,
And grew to be a vessel
Of love to a woman she grew to know.
She would waddle and trail
Behind the woman she'd never fail
Everyday
Everywhere
Wagging her tail.
Now the outhouse at night was a problem
As she'd wait by the door like a goblin,
And quack through the night.
It was a terrible fright
For the dogs and the cats who were hobbling'.
Into the coop she would waddle
Causing the chickens to throttle
But when the cows saw her there,
They'd have a fit of despair
And Emma would have to take care.
But unlike the rest
The poor thing grew to be a pest,
Her foible was no fable
Ending up on the table.
That's the end of the goose in the stable.

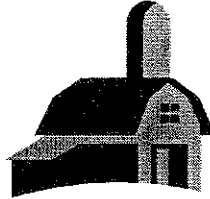


THE CLAUS VOGT HOMESTEAD

The Naper Paper continues its exploration of farms that have been in the same family continuously for more than a century.

Claus Vogt was granted homestead ownership of 160 acres east of Naper on September 26, 1902.

Claus was born August 13, 1871, near Hamburg, Germany, and came to America at the age of 14. He married Barbara Stahlecker on January 18, 1900. Barbara was born September 17, 1878, in Columbus, NE. They lived on the homestead for several years, then moved to a farm about five miles north of Gregory, SD.



The family moved to Naper where Claus had a mortuary and furniture & grocery business. In 1918, they returned to the homestead east of Naper until retiring in 1942.

Claus passed away May 1, 1951, following a stroke. Barbara passed away May 10, 1965. They had seven children: Henry, Paul, Edward, Mary, William, Martin and Carl.

Edward and Carl, with Carl's wife Margaret, as partners took over operation of the homestead. They eventually purchased the homestead along with additional land.

Carl and Margaret had three children, Wayne, Clyde and Ella. Clyde and wife Jane moved back in 1971 to assist on the farm and raise their sons, Gale and Brad. Ed passed away March 12, 1983, Carl on October 9, 2003, and Margaret on August 3, 2004.

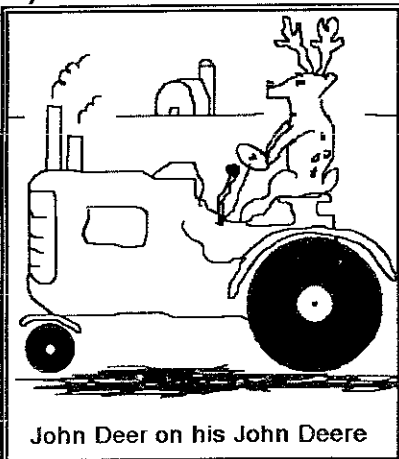
A tornado in 1962 destroyed all 16 buildings. It took many years to recover from this storm as there was very little insurance. They rebuilt in a new location, north in the Ponca Valley. This was more centrally located, with sandy soil and a better water supply.

Many have benefited from Claus and Barbara's dream. Most share a love of the rugged beauty of the Ponca landscape with its abundant wildlife. The homestead is still a favorite hangout and provides new experiences to blend with old memories. The coffee pot is always on!

2008 Naper Calendars Still Available!

Great keepsakes as well utilitarian items. If you missed the 2007 calendar, there is a limited supply of them also available. Calendars are \$10 plus \$2.50 shipping costs for a total of \$12.50. Order them from Naper Historical Society, Box 72,

KORNFIELDS By Kevin O'Connor



John Deer on his John Deere

STILL BEAUTIFUL AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!



One of Naper's Best & Brightest, Ms. Opal Becker MacFayden, Class of 1937, enjoys the fine food and fond remembrances at the 2007 Naper Alumni Banquet.

Support Our Local Merchants

A & M Enterprises
832-5388
Trenching, pump installations, backhoe work, plumbing.

Bob's Auto Body
832-5766, Box 223
Auto body repair.

Curl Up & Dye Beauty Shop
832-5573
Haircuts, styling, coloring.

Goodman Farm & Ranch and Lynn's Upholstery
832-5461
Covering chairs, couches and other furniture.

M & L Lawn Service
832-5422
Mowing, trimming, fertilizing, tilling, seeding, spraying

K & S Mobile
832-5125
Welding & equipment repair; on-site service

Naper Café and Lounge
832-5272
Breakfast, dinner, supper bar.

Naper Grocery
832-5276
Full line grocery store

Naper Gas
832-5381
Propane Sales.

Naper Transport
832-5955
Propane delivery, sand & gravel hauling

Nick's Auto Sales and Dish Satellite TV
402-832-5166
Used cars, oil changes, parts, tire repair, new tires

U.S. Postal Service
832-5977

If we don't support our local merchants...who will? Spend Here: Keep Naper



The Ol' Homesteader

Ol' Homesteader returns with another heap of news and happenings from in and around our fair town...

Well, that durned ol' calendar flipped again and here we are in 2008. Don't ask where the years go—we know they go to the hips and the belly.

CONGRATULATIONS

Jerry and Dorothy Dummer Heermann celebrated 40 years of togetherness with an open house and dance at the VFW in December.

Lyle (Red) and Esther Neumiller Fuhrer hit 60 years in January! What an accomplishment! They also celebrated with an open house at the VFW.

Leah Claire McLaughlin (daughter of Velda Sieh Stahlecker and the late Jim McLaughlin) and Stuart Folk were married in Phoenix November 23.

Shane and Beth Nelson Lechtenberg welcomed Jaylee Justine November 5. Grandparents are Russ & Susan Lechtenberg and Ivan & Nancy Wentz Nelson; great-grandparents are Lawrence & Mildred Zink Lechtenberg and Bob & Barb Stoltenberg Wentz; great-great grandmothers are Elsie Wentz and Theresa Stoltenberg.

BUSY KIDS

Elizabeth Honke (daughter of Keith and Gina Honke, granddaughter of Gertie Honke), Erica Engelhaupt (daughter of Leonard and Karen Bechtold Engelhaupt, Kayla Colfack (daughter of Steve and Crystal Colfack, granddaughter of Benita Schmitz Roth), and Samantha McCarthy (daughter of Darrin and Connie McCarthy, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine Windmeyer McCarthy) are all making points on the basketball court for West Boyd Spartans.

Brooke Reiman (daughter of Casey and Lisa Ahlers Reiman, granddaughter of Wayne and Virginia Schonebaum Ahlers and Jack and Jean Reiman), Luke Zeisler (son of Richard and Sheryl Zeisler), Jon Alford (son of Jim and Rebecca Alford, grandson of Ed and Lois Alford), Alex Bendig (son of Kelly and Monica Hausmann Bendig, grandson of Herman and Grace Faatz

Bendig), Paul Honke (son of Keith and Gina, grandson of Gertie), Alix Mashino (daughter of Dustin and Tammy Mitchell Mashino), Brian Abeyta (grandson of Roger and Verna Cline Campbell), Elizabeth Honke, Katelyn Haney (daughter of Mike and Tammy Wentz Haney, granddaughter of Bob and Barb Stoltenberg Wentz), Erica Engelhaupt, Kendall McCarthy (son of Kevin and Angie McCarthy, grandson of LeRoy and Maxine Windmeyer McCarthy), and Kayla Colfack all hit the honor roll at West Boyd! Way to go!

Hannah Drueke (daughter of Tony and Beth Goodman Drueke, granddaughter of Vern and Linda Goodman), Gina McCarthy (daughter of Darrin and Connie), Evan Reiman (son of Casey and Lisa), Kelly McCarthy (daughter of Kevin and Angie), Amber Bendig (daughter of Kelly and Monica), Alex Bendig, Brian Abeyta, Erica Engelhaupt, and Brooke Reiman had perfect attendance at West Boyd. Nice goin', kids!

Kelsey Zink (daughter of Jeff and Rindy Zink, granddaughter of Louise Neumiller Zink) received the American Degree at the national FFA convention in Indianapolis in October. Alex Bendig also attended the convention.

BUSY OLDSTERS

Several folks were seen cutting a rug and shakin' a leg in the Naper Café when Rick and Ann Carr gave dance lessons. A good time was had by most.

Visitors to the Naper Post Office enjoyed some good cookin' and good eatin' when they stopped in at the Christmas Open House.

Naper Historical Society had a table at the annual Naper Craft Fair. The crowd was kinda scarce cuz the weather was ag'in us.

The old boy with the white whiskers was in Naper December 22 and presented all sorts of treats and presents to youngsters and oldsters alike. And again, some good eatin' thanks to the village board and wives.

Bingo the first Saturday of every month at the VFW, thanks to the West End Club.



SO LONG

Linda Heermann Ahlman (daughter of Alnard and Hilda Ludemann Heermann) passed away in December in Norfolk.

Michael Broekemeier (son of Delbert Dean and Julie Berg Broekemeier) died in Central City in October.

Dale Breyer who lived southeast of Naper for years passed away in November.

Clara Ahlers Kulm Neumiller left us in November.

Terry Ahlers was the victim of a tragic house fire at his home in December.

Terry Vraspir (son of Alvin and Dorothy Higgins Vraspir) passed away after a lengthy illness and was buried at Oakdale Cemetery in January.

We'll miss all those good people.

*Until next time, my friends,
I remain forever yours,*

The Ol' Homesteader



Y'ALL TAKE NOTICE!

Please notify the Naper Paper staff if you move and change your address.

It is costly to have the papers returned and then resend them. If for some

reason you decide you no longer want to receive the paper, please

notify us. There is no subscription charge but we gratefully accept donations.

Thank you!

Adrienne's Day in "Naperhood"

By Janet Cline Eggert

This is a true story about a day in the life of my granddaughter. We are so blessed to have her in our lives, to watch her grow up in this town among relatives and friends who welcome her in for a snack and listen to her innocent wisdom, then send her safely on down the street to brighten someone else's day.

Memories are made out of such simple everyday happenings. It's a shame that I waited so long before I looked and listened for these "God moments." They were always around me. What happened?

I watch as Adrienne struggles to climb the steep slippery side of my root cellar. Before long she reaches her goal: the top of the cellar door. From seven feet up, she has a whole new perspective on her surroundings. Now what, I wonder. Suddenly she spreads her feet wide, puts her hands on her hips and shouts, "Now I can see all of the Naper hood!"

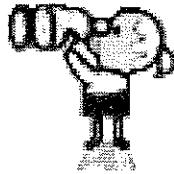
Adrienne's day began earlier, around 9 am when she set out to find a playmate. School was out the day before; already she missed her classmates. Everyone at her house was too busy to play and even her dog Chip preferred chasing cats and rabbits to playing "school" or "house."

Her first stop was across the alley at Phyllis Camin's house. A short chat revealed that Phyllis expected her granddaughter to come visit any day now, so she hopped on her bike and headed south on 1st Street to Joy's house. Joy treated her to a brownie, "No milk, please, thank you", and the news that "the granddaughter would be here next week."

On next to see Aunt Verna and Uncle Roger. They have one of those refrigerators with the ice maker and water in the door. What is better than that? Adrienne learned how to get her own ice water just hours after it was installed, and educated everyone else!

Aunt Verna has asked her to keep all the twigs and branches in the front yard picked up this summer. This morning there is not one thing to be picked up. No quarter for her fat pink piggy bank today. Back on the bike and time to head for the west side of town.

The little bike just flies as she pedals fast and hard. She notices that Uncle Marvin and Aunt Judy are home. She keeps remembering her Grandpa Wilbert who used to live there. She likes to stop and pretend that he's asleep in the



bedroom and not in Heaven.

Her classmate Jesse isn't there today. "Maybe tomorrow", they tell her. Aunt Judy offers her a little plastic jug of red juice. Who can resist that? Adrienne draws one more artistic original picture for the fridge and carefully signs it. Now no one will think those monster drawings from Jesse belong to her!

Grandpa Will and Grandma Sally live right next door. It's noon and Grandma Sally is always good for a grilled cheese sandwich and bowl of tomato soup; Adrienne's favorite. All goes well until Grandpa Will moves toward his favorite recliner and announces, "Nap time for everyone." Everyone includes Adrienne so she's out the door and off down the alley. After all, she is seven now and her mom told her to be home in an hour.

Her next step is just one block north. She and her bike know the way so well. That is where Grandma Jan and her Yorkie, Charlie, live. Charlie runs out to meet her. At last a playmate who never tires of playing and never gets bossy!

As for Grandma Jan, watching Adrienne and Charlie play as the summer afternoon slips away is an almost painful reminder of how good life is. It is a time truly orchestrated by God to remind her that life is so exquisite and simple. The peaceful afternoon with her thoughts and prayers won't last long.

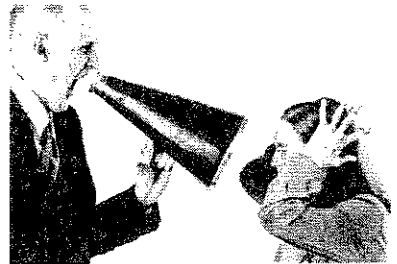
Her meditation time scatters like the fuzzy clouds overhead when Adrienne shouts, "I CAN SEE ALL OF THE NAPERHOOD."

Big news!!!

The material to repair the exterior of the Krotter Building/White Horse Ranch Museum has been ordered. As soon as it arrives, volunteers will begin the Big Fix. Thanks to everyone who has shown interest in the building and supported us with donations and good wishes.

Just for Laughs...

A MAN'S MAN



Clint was so excited. He had just come from the library, where he had finished reading a book called How to Be a Man's Man, which taught him how to take charge of his household, and demonstrate to his wife just who was the boss.

Clint drove straight home, parked his truck, slammed the door and marched right into the kitchen to lay down the law. He found his wife, Luella, sitting in the kitchen, sipping her afternoon tea.

"Luella," he announced in a gruff and manly voice, "There are going to be a few changes around this house.

"When I get up each morning, you will have breakfast on the table, ready to eat. You will not go into town each day, spending my hard-earned money at the shopping mall or the beauty parlor. Instead you will stay here and make sure this house and yard are spotless, and that the livestock are properly fed and tended to.

"When I get home from a hard-day's work, you will have a hot meal ready for me to eat. When I take my bath, you will scrub my back and make sure that the beds sheets are turned down and ready for me to sleep in.

"And tomorrow morning, do you know who is going to groom my hair and shave my whiskers?"

Luella paused for a moment, set down her cup of tea, smiled, looked Clint directly in the eye, and calmly replied, "The funeral director..."



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 am sending a check for expenses. Doris and I enjoy reading your paper. You asked in one issue if anyone knew the names of the Yocum boys. They were Moe and Moses.

Al Camin

I'm ordering three calendars and enclosing a little extra to keep the paper coming.

Lorna Sieh Dillon

Keep up the good work! A donation toward expenses is enclosed. Thanks!

Bob and Nancy Allpress

We look forward to each issue and appreciate all the efforts that go in to make it possible.

Bernie and Carol Bechtold Ludemann

Enjoyed the write-up on Dan Duffy. I was in high school when he was superintendent. I graduated in 1954. Enclosed is a check for expenses.

Marjorie Stahlecker Zauner

I am enclosing some money to keep the Naper Paper coming. I enjoyed the article about loan and I. Thank you.

Clint Reber

Here's a check for the calendar. Apply the rest of the check to the Naper Paper. The calendar and paper are very well done. Thanks.

Leroy Ahlers

Thanks for sending a calendar. I enjoyed the one I got last year and I don't want to miss out on this one.

Lois Kibby Chittim

Dear friends,
The Naper Paper came today and I immediately read it from cover to cover. I appreciate getting the news updates. Keep it coming. I hope I'm not too late to receive a 2008 calendar. Enclosed is my check for the order and the rest may be used to cover the costs of mailing of the paper.

Albert Holmgren

Your last paper was the greatest. I especially enjoyed the part about my sister Betty singing with Almon Adam at the McCumber School south of Burke. My parents were very proud of her. She and my mother were the only ones in our family that could sing. I tried it in first grade at Becker School, District #60. I was to sing The Marines Hymn. When the curtain went up and I looked at the crowd, I said, "I'm all choked up and can't do this." I walked off the stage. I don't think my teacher (Violet Sieh Stahlecker) was very happy with me. Keep up the good work. Always a joy to come back to Naper. My sister Elva and I ate supper in the bar when we were down for Clara Neumiller's prayer service.

Myrna Gosch Beauchamp

Just got the paper. Hope you can get the calendars out for Christmas. Hope everyone on the staff and around Naper has a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Orland Cline

Thank you for the Naper Paper.

Jim and Ruth Katzer Lewis

Enclosed is a check for the enjoyment of the Naper Paper. The Vance family farm, now owned by Janet and Keith Cressman (my son), was established in 1903. I am also enclosing a check for a 2008 calendar. Naper will always be home even though I don't get back very often.

Eileen Vance Erickson

Have meant to send an order for the 2008 calendars but the flu decided to take up most of my time. I'm enclosing a check for a 2008 calendar and one from 2007 if you still have them. If not, just keep the money toward the paper. Thank you for all the wonderful work you do. I love the stories and later I may be able to add a few of my own.

Bernice Stahlecker Spitzenberger

Dear Friends at Naper,

I have been meaning to send you something for some time. I enjoy the Naper Paper. I want to get back over to Naper again. My grandson Joe Reiser and I have been trying to locate my great-grandmother's grave. She was married to a Ludwig Siewert when she died. She was at Naper, having come over from Russia after her husband died. She was the mother of my grandma, Mrs. Fred (Amelia) Adam. They ran a grocery store in Naper, right near Swede Hansen's business. Anyway, thanks and keep up the good work.

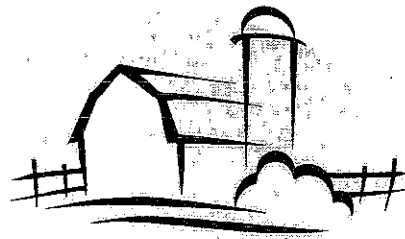
Almon Adam

Sorry about the health issues. We did miss the paper. Enclosed is a check for four calendars.

Clint and Jo Davis

Just received another Naper Paper and enjoyed it so much. It reminded me to send another donation so it can keep coming. We go to Naper quite often to see relatives and friends and to see how my little home town is doing. I go to the alumni quite often. This last time saw so many people I hadn't seen in a long time. We talked about olden days and how we used to go to dances in the old hall, etc. Oh, yes, please send me a calendar. Here's my check for the calendar and donation.

Irene Forsch Green



The

Naper Paper

Naper Historical Society

PO Box 72

Naper, NE 68755

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