

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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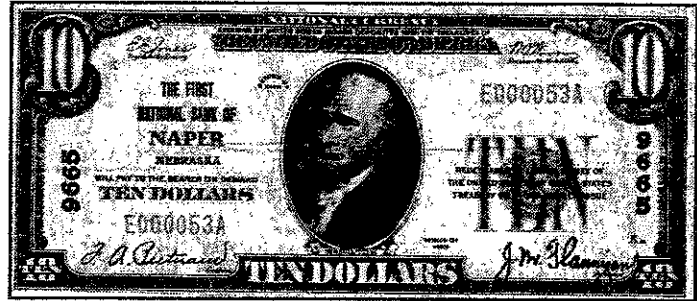
Naper Paper

Volume 8, Issue 2

News of 1st Quarter 2010

First National Bank of Naper National Currency

Have you ever seen one of these? Kathy Policky from Yutan, Neb., found one in her mother-in-law's safety deposit box after Lucille Policky passed away. Ms. Policky began to investigate just what the bill was, and with help from several people including Jim Sattler, Bob Allpress, Ann Anderson, and Manning Garrett, a banker in South Carolina, this is what was discovered.



The First National Bank of Naper (yes, the same one that was robbed—story in Issue 13 of the *Naper Paper*) was chartered Dec. 15, 1909, the 9,665th national bank to be chartered in the United States since 1865. Notice the charter number printed on the bill. Between 1863 and 1935, provided a town had a population of 3,000 people or less, banks in that town could nationalize with as little as \$25,000 in capital. The bank could buy government bonds on which interest would be paid. When the bank deposited the bonds, they would get currency issued at up to 90 percent of the value of those bonds. (The 10

percent was a buffer in case the bonds lost value.) The bills would have the name of the bank, the bank's charter number, signatures of the bank officials and serial numbers. This money was available for lending to local customers, again with interest to be paid to the bank. The bank officials' signatures on this note are F.A. Putnam and J.M. Flannigan.

When the First National Bank of Naper closed on Dec. 12, 1930, several of the bills were still in circulation. They are now collectors' items and worth many times more than face value. If you find one, you might want to research its history on the Internet. Just type "national currency" in your search engine and see what you can learn. ■

White Horse Troupe to Show With Gene Autry Rodeo

(The following story was published in the *Bonesteel Enterprise*, July 2, 1942.)

Cal & Ruth Thompson and Troupe of trained Albino Horses with students from The Ranch in White Training & Riding School, will be showing in Soldiers Field in Chicago for a full week with the Gene Autry Rodeo, beginning July 23rd. Due to war conditions, the West coast contracts were canceled and they are now being booked by W.L.S. Artist Bureau of Chicago.

Local interest and desire to cooperate on the gas & tire situation has warranted the sponsoring of the 4th of July celebration at The White Horse Ranch again this year which will be held on July 4th only.



The White Horse Ranch Museum recently had some water damage due to the snow and nasty winds from last winter. Thanks to Bryon Vogt, Craig Zeisler, Joy Vogt, Jim Sattler and Mabel Sattler, the repairs have been made and

the "mess" cleared away. Stop in when you're in town and see the interesting items on display. T-shirts, DVDs telling the White Horse Ranch story, cups and postcards are all for sale. ■

BROCKSBURG BRIDGE

Was the Brocksburg Bridge was the scene of one disaster or two?

From the book *Naper 1976*, "In the spring of 1917, as the ice was going out of the Keya Paha River, the bridge near Brocksburg was taken out. Mrs. Elizabeth Wakefield, Miss Sylvia Wales and Jack Stewart, who were standing on the bridge, lost their lives. Another person, Mrs. A. Hudson, was saved by the quick action of Ed McCumber who rode his horse in and saved her." Rudy Becker says his mother remembered the incident. This seems to be a different event than the one Alfred Camin described in the last issue. Any other memories about the Brocksburg Bridge? ■



The Circuit Rider

Avis Daldorf Breyer: Some reminisces of my life

A former Naperite shares some memories with 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..."

My life began—at home—on a hot July 25th in 1925. My parents were farming on the place where most recently Edward and Doreen Peppel lived. My sister was born in 1929 on the same farm, but that same year, we moved to a house in Naper, once owned by Hank and Violet Stahlecker. At the time we moved there, it was known as the Herra place. We were living there when I started school.

One of my first memories of school is a day when one of those swift-moving Nebraska snowstorms rolled in. Superintendent Williams was tall and slender and, truthfully, I was a bit scared of him. I can still see him standing in the doorway of the room where I was a 5-year-old first-grader. He was telling my teacher, Alice Putnam, that school was being dismissed early. The problem, of course, was getting the kids home since there was no phone at school, but many parents, having decided to be prudent, began to arrive to pick up their children. My mother often told how nervous she was thinking they would surely let school out early and how could she get me since she couldn't leave my sister to come after me. As she kept looking out the window toward school, she soon began to see this shadowy figure approaching through the snow. Mr. Williams was carrying me home.

When I was in third grade, I missed three consecutive weeks of school. First I was sick with chickenpox for two weeks. By the time I was ready to return to class, I awoke one morning and said, "Mom, my neck

hurts." My mother said, "Go back to bed. You have the mumps." So I missed another week. My teacher, Alice Putnam, was very good about keeping me busy with my school work during the time I was gone so I didn't have a lot to make up. When I was in fourth grade, I won the county spelling bee, first in both oral and written. I remember going to different rural schools in pre-competitions and meeting a lot of kids that I became better acquainted with later in life. My elementary teachers were Alice Putnam, Margaret Katzer, Vera Stahlecker and Lester Andersen. In seventh and eighth grades, we had to take the county exams, which I think we all hated. Besides the aversion, the only thing I remember from that experience was that I surprised myself by getting 100 in Mental Arithmetic.

Jobs in Naper were never very plentiful, but for several years during my teens, I babysat Denny and Barry Blakkolb on Wednesday and Saturday nights while their parents worked in the store. I worked at the telephone office the summer Marilyn Smith (Sieh) was a baby. Following that, I worked at the drug store for Alice Putnam until I went away to college.

I had always loved teaching—never wanted to do anything else—and played school all by myself when my chores were done after school. When it came time to go away to college, I almost backed out but told myself that I had wanted this all my life. Of course, there was always the question of funds, but having graduated as valedictorian of my class of only seven

girls (1942) meant I received a scholarship to Wayne, so between that and work, I was on my way. My freshman debut was something less than stellar, as there was no other way to get there but by my dad's truck, and providentially, my dad had a load of hogs to take to Sioux City that day. By the time he got his load and we got on the road we were already pushing for time. I was supposed to be there at a certain time in the afternoon to get my work assignment. Well, we arrived a bit late. My mother told me to get out and go to my meeting. I had no idea where it was, and besides, I was quite embarrassed about that smelly load of hogs from which I had just descended. I did find my destination, only to find the meeting was over but that my assignment was to work for the Dean of Women. I certainly gulped at that, wondering if I was up to the challenge, but went on to work for the Superintendent of the Training School, the Director of the Placement Bureau, and the Dean of the College in succeeding years. I rode along in my dad's truck many times on Sunday after having been home for the weekend. I caught the bus to Wayne at Allen Junction—if we made it in time. Otherwise, I had to go in to Sioux City and catch the bus going back to Wayne. Remember, it was war time by then, and we had to "make do" in a lot of ways.

Mentioning the war brings back the memory of my first trip home for the weekend, about two weeks after I went to

Continued on page 3

Support Our Local Merchants

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

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

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

Drucke Trucking
Local and long-distance grain hauling
832-5610

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

Lynn's Upholstery
Covering chairs, couches
and other furniture
832-5461

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

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

Naper Grocery
832-5276

Naper Transport
Sand and gravel hauling
832-5955

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

U.S. Postal Service
832-5977

*If we don't
support our local
merchants...
who will?*

*Spend here:
Keep Naper strong!*

Avis Daldorf Breyer

Continued from page 2

Wayne. I had no idea where the ride I had caught was going, but certainly Orchard must be closer to Naper than Wayne was, so my folks met me there. I was so excited about school, I talked all the way home. When we got to the junction south of town, Naper was in the midst of a practice blackout. We had to wait there until the "all-clear" before we could proceed into town—and I was still talking.

I finished my college education in three years and three summers. My first objective was to finish two years so I could teach in elementary school. At the end of that, things were going well enough that I continued until I finished my BA in business. My first teaching job was in Spencer. I taught there two years and was honored when the class I sponsored invited me back for their 50th anniversary in 1997. I taught in Naper several years and had to teach some things I was ill-prepared for because we had to choose subjects we had enough books for, such as agriculture. Some of the activities were especially enjoyable, like our chorus. We had a lot of laughs, too. One of the memorable stunts involved two young male students who swept up the floor in the vacant room and put the sweepings in the superintendent's pipe tobacco, which he thought he had secreted there.

I gave up teaching when my children were little but worked as a church secretary for seven years. When I returned to the classroom, I pursued teaching in local business colleges and was teaching at the community college when I decided to retire.

Marlen and I met in 1943 when my parents had taken me to Spencer to a dance. Mildred Fuhrer was working at the grocery store there, so she and I went to the dance. Who should we run into but the Breyer boys—Dale and Marlen. Dale hadn't gone to the service yet, and Marlen was just home from flight school. We were having a good time when my folks came to take me home at midnight. The boys offered to take me home so we could finish out the dance, so that was great. Once the dance was over, we left Spencer but hadn't gone far when we encountered some friends having car trouble. We took them to their home somewhere around Butte, then started out once again. It didn't seem like we had gone far when we had a flat tire. Dale put on the spare and we were on the road again, but before long

we had a second flat. They patched that one. Would you believe that we got as far as the cemetery hill southeast of Naper when we had a third flat! By that time, we had to confer on what to do next, so we decided Dale should go to Naper and get my dad out of bed. Dale was a good walker, so that's what he did. It wasn't long until a car approached from the west. It was Fritz Weickum from the filling station, my dad, and Dale. Of course, they were having a huge laugh. It was 6 a.m. by the time we got home, and when the boys got to their home, their parents were doing the milking.

I visited Marlen in Florida in 1944 and visited him in South Carolina in 1945. That's where we were the day the war was over. We were such revelers that we walked around the park while the church bells rang, horns tooted and train whistles blew. That was August, and the next time we saw each other was in October when we got married. Marlen was headed to Japan with the Army of Occupation. I was teaching in Spencer and had to have my father's permission to get married because I was 20. After seeing my husband off at the end of a week, I continued with my job in Spencer until after his return.

We lived around Naper for the next few years—first, out by the Twin Buttes. I drove to school in Naper from there. Then we moved out to what was called the Weickum (now Reber) place. Our oldest daughter, Sharon, was born in 1948 and in 1952, we had another girl, Nancy. Shortly after that we moved to Neligh where our son, Lindsay, was born. We couldn't seem to be able to find our niche, so Marlen went back into the Air Force. We were stationed in Denver, where we learned to love the mountains. From there we went overseas to England, where our third daughter, Mary Sue, was born. Our three-year tour was split, half in England, half in Germany. We wanted to return to the mountains and considered ourselves lucky to return to Colorado Springs, where we have lived for more than 50 years. Marlen took an isolated tour to Thailand the year our oldest graduated from high school. We were disappointed that he had to be gone that year, as she graduated valedictorian of her class, but that's the nature of service life. Marlen had more than 30 years in service when he retired.

The most fun we had as a family was when we bought a lot in the mountains accessible to several fishing lakes and built

our cabin. We spent a year drawing up our plans. One day in May when Marlen was on leave and staying in the travel trailer that we had parked on our lot, a semi arrived with all the building materials. Marlen hardly knew where to begin. He had two weeks' leave, and by the time it was over, we had it all framed and enclosed. We worked weekends finishing the interior, and it was very enjoyable to go there to fish and relax with the children, then eventually, the grandchildren.

I'm proud of the fact that my girls have continued in the teaching profession begun by my mother. They all went to UNC at Greeley. Sharon and Mary Sue are math teachers, and Nancy taught business like her mother. The older two are retired. Our son went to the University of Colorado and School of Mines. He's an environmental consultant. The girls live close to me, and we spend a lot of time together. Our son lives in Arvada and works at a lab in Boulder. I have four grandchildren—three college age and one in high school. Marlen passed away in 2003. Approximately the last five years of his life, he suffered from Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, and was legally blind. I live by myself in our "homestead" and enjoy reading, needlework, playing on the computer and going to lunch. I continue to try to keep my house and yard presentable and have two dogs who are my best companions. Life is good at 84! ■

DID YOU KNOW ...

The Naper Paper is a reader-produced publication? This means that we thrive only when we hear from you! Got a great story? A memory? A joke? Maybe a bit of history of the region? Or do you know someone in the area that has something interesting and exciting to say? How about an upcoming event that you want to publicize? Write and let us know!

The Naper Paper
c/o The Naper Historical Society
PO Box 72
Naper, NE 68755

Where in the World Are We?

At the time of the Naper Centennial (1992), Dolores Schock gave a tour of the town and told the history of the houses and lots. The list has been revised to reflect what's going on in 2010. How many do you remember? Today we're in beautiful downtown Naper.

Beginning on the east side of town, south of Main Street, heading north:

The original building on this site was the trading post owned by R.R. Naper. A two-story house was built that was home to many different families over the years, including Broekemeiers and Genteles. The present house was built by Claus Vogt, and was later home to Don and Gaylene Mitchell and Mark and Lauri Zink. Tony and Beth Drueke have remodeled the house and built outbuildings for their trucking business.

Cross the street north to see a building that was originally a grocery store, then Bentzen's filling station, later sold to Traphagens, to Harley and Dale Nicolaus, to Cenex of Fairfax, then Naper Supply and Repair (Dale Vogt and Kevin Neumiller), now owned by Kevin Neumiller. The house just north of the station was moved to Naper from Anoka by Jack and Ella Bentzen. It has been occupied by the Jack Bentzen family, Dale Nicolaus family, and now Kevin and Carol Neumiller.

A&M Enterprise is a new building constructed by Alan Nicolaus. Jake Boucher built and operated a grocery store and meat market here; then run by John Schonebaum; then Spec Whitley who expanded his business to include appliances, hardware, and propane. His ditching and plumbing business was purchased by Dan Cerny and Charlie Humpal, then by Len Fuhrer. That building was torn down. Alan provides plumbing and ditching services.

The lot north of A&M was Paul Stoltenberg's hardware store, then Ike's Hardware. Harry and Hazel Helenbolt operated the Naper Locker from that building which was later destroyed by fire.

Carl and Donna Ludemann's home and garage is in the space where the two-story Woodmen of the World Lodge stood. Lots of dancing took place in the upper floor. Barney and Bertha Smith had a package liquor store in that building and Bertha ran a café. Gerald and Sarah Schmitz had a cream station there for many years. The house Carl and Donna live in was built east of Naper by Leonard and Thelma Schmitz and then moved to its present location by Gerald and Sarah.

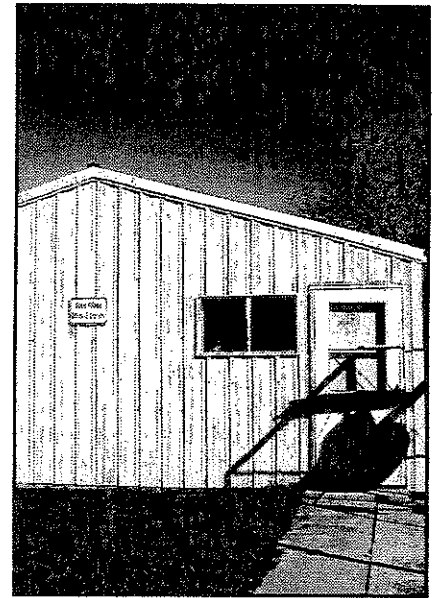
Bob and Barb Wentz's storage building is the former District 2 (Sunnyside) schoolhouse, which was located on the corner south of the farm where Al and Louise Faatz lived. Before the storage building was in this space, Dr. Seasongood had an office there, later Adams had a store, then it became a café operated by several different people including Alvina Herrmann and Clara Bechtold. In an adjoining building, Ivil Bodine barbered.

Service Gas Building, formerly Naper Gas, started out as People's Bank. Later, Ivan "Swede" Hansen sold cars there. Several people operated a bar from that location before Tim Whitley bought the building for Naper Gas.

Crossing the street to the north, we see the Naper Café and Lounge built in 1993. This location at one time was home to the First National Bank, then the Post Office, and in the back of the first floor, a barber shop and a small apartment occupied at various times by "Butch" Boucher, Junior Wilhelmsen, Wayne and Virginia Ahlers. The upper story was home to Given and Jule Reber when he was postmaster; Dan and Mildred Duffy when he taught at Naper and sub-let to Jim and Velda McLaughlin when the Duffys were away at summer school; then Everett and Frances Smith for several years.

In the lot north of the Café, Ben Herrmann built a brick building where he operated a hardware store, shoe shop, and canvas and shoe repair shop. After he retired from that business, he carpentered for many years. Bill and Marie Layh had the White Horse Bar in the building. After Tim Whitley bought it, it was torn down.

The next building on Main is the Auditorium. The first auditorium Naper had was a frame building on the west side of the street north of the fire hall. It was destroyed by fire in 1931 and a new one was built on the same location. I'm sure many basketball players of that era can recall how tiny the court was and the danger involved in getting too close to the huge coal stove located in the corner. The first Naper Alumni Banquet was held in that hall—a building that had no running water and no kitchen! Water was carried in in cream cans. The Congregational Ladies Aid cooked the meal, and it was served on Blakkolb Store dishes. Those beautiful floral dishes were received as a premium, and ladies in the community brought them to the hall for the banquet. They were initialed on the bottom with red nail polish. After the banquet, all the dishes went to



Naper Office and Library

Velda McLaughlin's home where she sorted and returned them to the owners—all 15 boxes of them! In 1955, a larger hall was built on the east side of the street where the present auditorium stands. The 1955 hall was destroyed by fire in 1983. The community pulled together and built the present auditorium in 1984.

Just north of the auditorium is the Bowery, built and operated by the VFW in 1947. When in its heyday, there was a covered bandstand on the north side where the musicians played. The bowery was donated to the town for a basketball court and has been revamped several times.

City Office and Library on the corner is located in a building Ruth Thompson of the White Horse Ranch had built as her office and museum in the mid 1980's. She donated the building to the town. In this location formerly, there was a gas station/cream and egg buying station operated through the years by Pauline Davis, Nate Jeffords and Spec Whitley.

The next block is the Naper Village Ball Park. At one time the east half was a school playground and the west half was farmed. Lights were installed in 1968 and a chain link fence in 1986. Other improvements include bleachers, crows nest and lunch stand. Ted Wentz climbed the stairs to the crows nest and announced the ball games countless times.

Across the road from the ball park is the home formerly owned by Dave Briggs, Thompsons, Albert Stahlecker, Anna Leslie, Joe Juracek, John Rabe, Bill and Anna Ulrich, and now Mike and Tammy Haney. ■

Remember When?

By Marilyn Sieh

Remember when we enjoyed the thick, rich, wonderful taste of fresh cream? First the cow had to be milked. The milk was carried directly to the cream separator or taken to the house and placed in the refrigerator where it was left to cool so the cream could rise to the top. It would then be skimmed off which left the skim milk in the jar and thick, rich golden-yellow cream in the cream pitcher.

Remember when your grandparents poured extremely strong coffee into their everyday large coffee cups? Sometimes we wondered if the spoon would stand on end in that coffee because it was so strong. Then came the pouring of the cream. We would watch the yellow cream as it slowly curled its way down through the blackness of the coffee and see that same spoon stir and blend the two together.

Remember whipped cream--the good old-fashioned kind? Oh, my! What more can I say? So easy to make--combine cream, sugar and vanilla and whip until thick and you had the best ever topping to put on your slice of homemade pie or cake. What could be better?

You could make the tastiest ice cream imaginable. So rich, that the ice cream coated your spoon as you ate. If you yearned for a change, top with fresh strawberries from the garden. Homemade chocolate syrup was also great. There was work involved in the making of ice cream. You needed an ice cream freezer consisting of a wooden bucket holding a metal container with a paddle inside. Cream, milk, sugar, eggs and vanilla went into this tall, round container. The space between this metal can and the wooden bucket was filled with ice. The ice was chopped from a dam or stock tank, put into a gunny sack to be pounded into smaller pieces, then placed in the tub and layered with salt. After the ice was in place, a top with a handle was locked down and someone began turning the crank which in turn moved the paddle inside the can. We knew when the ice cream was firm enough to eat because turning the crank became very difficult! In recent years, the hand crank was replaced with an electric motor.

Don't forget the butter made with that versatile cream. We'd spread it on fresh homemade bread or drizzled it over freshly popped corn. Cream had to be churned much the same way ice cream was made, but no ice and a different container. The

cream was poured into a large glass jar. The lid with attached paddles and crank was screwed on top. You were ready to make butter with buttermilk as a by-product. After making the butter, salt was added and the yummy yellow spread was ready for the table.

Of course, we can go to the grocery store and buy cream, but it just isn't the same, is it? Now that I've finished this, I think I'll go find something to eat . . .

NAPER
by Judy Cline

Naper is my hometown;
It's a great town to live in;
I've been here most of my life.
When I'm away I'm happy to get back.

N—Neighbor
A—Always helpful
P—Pleasant place to be
E—Everlasting memories
R—Relaxing in the evening

Now you know
How I feel
Naper is the town
For me!!! ■

JIM AND MARY STARK

By Marilyn Sieh

It's believed Jim and Mary Stark were the only two African-Americans to live in this area. Their parents were slaves in the South. Jim and Mary were separated when they were very young. It would be interesting to learn how they became reunited. When they arrived in this part of the country, they possessed a team and wagon and two cows.

Jim played the violin and Mary played the guitar and sang. When attending a social event in the community, they would entertain the crowd with their talents.

Jim and Mary lived in various abandoned buildings before moving to Boyd County and settling in a house owned by Otto Bentzen, located just west of Herman and Betty Neumiller's home. The county paid for their rent because they had no money. They did, like most folks in those days, raise a large garden.

Mary's mind started affecting her stability, and she was reportedly sleeping with knives under her pillow. Eventually, she was admitted to the state hospital at Norfolk. During the harsh winter of 1949, a neighbor found Jim in his bed. He had died either of natural causes or from freezing to death. He is buried in Knollcrest Cemetery east of Naper, the middle grave in Lot 19. ■



Left: This four-generation photo features Norven D. Mayer, Jeremy D. Mayer holding Grant D. Mayer, and Alan D. Mayer. All have the same middle name: Donley. They also all wore the same baptismal gown when they were baptized. Grant is Norven's first great-grandson.

Right: Santa is ignored by Kayla McCarthy.





The Ol' Homesteader

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

Folks just don't quit havin' fun and workin' hard around here. Just wears me out a-thinkin' about it. Phew.

■ **HAVIN' FUN:** Fifty adults and several youngsters were dippers and dabbers whilst ice fishing Jan. 30. Naper Café and Lounge sponsored the event. Kasey Jons, Bonesteel, was named "King of the Ice." Bryon Vogt, Naper; Bob Cihak, Burke; Sally Heying, Stuart; Wade Broome, Burke; Brad Kohle, Atkinson; and Mike Ronfeld, Lake Andes, were other winners. Youth winners were Duane McDaniels, Dalton Jeffreys, Blake Ahlers, Lexie Schroeder and Colton Schroeder.

Circle of Friends are playin' bingo every month.

A bunch of old grads got together to plan the Alumni Banquet happenin' May 29.

Special Olympic folks had a silent auction, bake sale and yummy pancake breakfast one Sunday.

VFW Auxiliary hid eggs again—s'pose they found 'em all?

The firemen fed us again at their steak supper—last one of the year. Hope you didn't miss it.

■ **WORKIN' HARD:** Richard Zeisler was selected as the 2009 Philip H. Cole Distinguished Dairyman. He's been workin' with those Happy Holsteins for 46 years.

Jon Alford (son of Jim and Becky, grandson of Edward and Lois) was named to the second team and Kendall McCarthy (son of Kevin and Angie, grandson of LeRoy and Maxine) received honorable mention on the Niobrara Valley Conference Basketball Honors.

Kinley Riesselman (daughter of Jeremy and Shannon, granddaughter of Merle and Leola) received a gold medal for completing her reading goals and got to be part of Curtis Tomasevicz' (Yeah, the Olympic gold medalist from Nebraska!) bobsled team to show the rest of the school how a bobsled run works.

Amber Bendig (daughter of Kelly and Monica, granddaughter of Herman and Grace) and Macy Ahlers (daughter of Dan and Tara, granddaughter of Wayne and Virginia) are participating in junior high track at West Boyd.

Daydra Zeisler (daughter of Mark and

Tiffany, granddaughter of Richard and Sheryl), Christian Gosch (son of Pastor Justin and Amy), Isaac and Austin Koenig (sons of Kevin and Stacy Zink Koenig, grandsons of Jeff and Rindy Zink), and Jesse Cline (son of Hoyt, grandson of Marvin and Judy) had perfect attendance third quarter. Yessir, Ol' Homesteader remembers never missin' a day of school—or a homework assignment—or a meal...

Dylan Reiman (son of Casey and Lisa Ahlers Reiman, grandson of Jack and Jean Reiman and Wayne and Virginia Ahlers), Jon Alford, Amber Bendig, Alex Bendig (son of Kelly and Monica, grandson of Herman and Grace), Luke Zeisler (son of Richard and Sheryl), Kendell McCarthy, and Brooke Reiman (daughter of Casey and Lisa, granddaughter of Jack and Jean, Wayne and Virginia) all were named to the honor roll for third quarter at West Boyd. Yup, Ol' Homesteader remembers that honor roll thing too...

■ **CELEBRATIN' GOOD NEWS:** Jeremy and Victoria Bernt Griebel are parents of Eden Faith, born Feb. 8. Grandparents are Bill and Linda Schultz.

Dana and Chandra Kuhl are parents of Mecca Alexandra, born Feb. 16. Grandparents are Steve and Ellen Reiman Boshart, great-grandparents are Jack and Jean Reiman.

Dalton Daniel Muirhead arrived March 3 to Dan and Tracy Zink Muirhead. Grandparents are Jeff and Rindy Zink; great-grandmother is Louis Zink.

Ramona Bentzen received a very special birthday gift this year—a great-granddaughter, Piper Joy, born to Jeff Hofmeister and Jessica Bentzen of Ashland, Neb., on March 23. R.C. Bentzen is grandpa.

Taylor Ann Zeisler was born April 8. Parents are Jon and Ashley, grandparents are Richard and Sheryl.

Holly Vogt and Willie Druke will be married May 21. Holly's parents are Bryon and Sharon Sattler Vogt; grandparents are Joy Vogt and Jim and Mabel Sattler.

Haily Cline and Jordan Wickersham will be married June 5 in Newport. Haily's dad is Hoyt Cline; grandparents are Marvin and Judy.

Wayne and Betty Cline celebrated their 50th anniversary Feb. 17. They live in Fort Collins, Colo.

■ **SAYIN' GOODBYE:** John Schonebaum, the "Voice of Naper" over KBRX for 43 years, passed away March 9. John had played in dance bands in the area for many years, served his community as clerk and treasurer of the village board, served as secretary to the school board and as a member of the board, ran the Krotter store for 37 years, and was an active participant in church affairs at St. Paul's Lutheran Church. John would have been 100 years old in October.

Ella "Bud" Bechtold passed away March 29. Ella was one of those people you go to when you need help—cleaning chickens, painting, babysitting, wallpapering, caring for others—she was able and willing. Ella celebrated her 100th birthday March 11.

Bob Putnam left us March 28, in Meridian, Idaho. After graduating from Naper, he joined the Navy, then lived in California for many years.

Bertha Nagel left this world Sunday, April 18. She would have been 99 in June and had lived in Naper for more than 50 years. ■

IN MEMORY: ROMAINE T. PESICKA

Many readers will remember an energetic red-haired teacher and coach at Naper High School—Romaine T. Pesicka. Mr. Pesicka passed away Jan. 5, 2010, at the age of 82. He graduated from Tabor High School in South Dakota and from Southern State Teachers College, now a part of the University of South Dakota system, in Springfield, S.D. He started his teaching career at Naper and continued at Niobrara, Neb., and Tabor. He served as superintendent of schools at Tabor, Hordville, Neb., and Shelby, Neb.

He was dedicated to his students and rejoiced in the success of each and everyone of them. He followed the success of the Huskers and their basketball, football and volleyball games. He attended whenever he could. He substituted in the area schools and enjoyed contact with young people.

He was a veteran of World War II. He is survived by his wife, Carmen, of Shelby, Neb., daughter Lori Frasch of St. Joseph, Mo., and grandson Tyler. ■



Love the Letters

Send your cards and letters to:

The Naper Paper, c/o The Naper Historical Society,
PO Box 72, Naper, NE 68755

Please use the enclosed memorial in memory of our brother Bob Putnam. Bob enjoyed the Naper museum and especially the *Naper Paper*. He loved keeping in touch with home folks through the paper. Bob died on March 28, Palm Sunday.

From: Brother Chuck; sisters Mavis, Dee, JoAnn, Gwen; brother-in-law Denton Colfack; sister-in-law Darlene Putnam; and the family of Marie Pretzer

Once again the paper is a burst of sunshine. Keep up the good work. Hope everyone has a great summer.

Orland Cline

Just a note to let you know we had a chance to go through the museum last July on a trip back there. Duke and Velda took us through and showed us—very nice. It brought back a lot of memories. Enclosed is check.

A. and V. Stahlecker

We enjoy reading the paper and know just about when it will be in the mail. We are sending a check to help keep it coming.
Marcelle Danielson and Lillian Wallace

I always enjoy reading the *Naper Paper* as I know a lot of the people that lived in Naper. My family and I lived in Naper for approximately three years; had a lot of relation there. So keep up the good work.

Norven D. Mayer

Enclosed is a check for the *Naper Paper*. I remember the '49 storm when my dad (Adolph Klien) and Alnard Heermann went to Blakkolb's Store at 12 midnight to get what we needed. Roads were almost blocked by the time they started home. There were other farmers there. Just like Wal-Mart at midnight! We so enjoy the "news" from Naper, old and new.

Lavonne Klien Boes

Enclosed is a check to help with the *Naper Paper*—keep it coming—it's just great!

Mrs. Harold (Dolores Serr) Taliaferro

I enjoy the *Naper Paper*; it brings back so many memories—good and bad. I did not want to be a farmer's wife, so I came to California. Here's a donation. Thanks again.

Edna Camin Aylin Revilak

Thanks again for the *Naper Paper*. Enclosed find a small donation to help keeping it coming. My precious husband went to be with the Lord after 69+ years, so I live alone but have a great family to depend on. I have a request—could you tell me if many of the class of '39 are still alive? I enjoyed the article from Russell Reber. Thanks again for the paper.

Ruth Kibby Horn

(Ed note: Russell Reber and you are the only ones left of the Class of '39.)

My sister Lillian ordered the *Naper Paper* for me and I really enjoyed it. Thanks.

LE Herrmann

Dear friends,

I hope everything is going well for you folks. I am fine and keep busy. Brother Albert is in a home in Pierre where his daughters live. His wife, Darlene, has passed away. Sister Alice has passed away. I want to get back to Naper and explore soon. Thank you.

Almon Adam

(Ed note: We're looking forward to seeing you. You might want to explore the museums while you're in town.)

Thank you for the interesting *Naper Papers*. I enjoy it very much and the stories are great. The Russell Reber story was very interesting as my now-deceased husband also served on the USS Helena in 1955-1957. We were also stationed at Pearl Harbor. He retired as a Master Chief Petty Officer in 1974 with 23 years in the Navy. Small world. Thanks to all who work to keep the paper coming.

Donna Ludemann Vroegh

Thank you for the *Naper Paper* and especially the 4th Quarter 2009 issue, which included the Circuit Rider's story of my life. I also want to thank Velda Stahlecker for her help in putting the basic information together. I still have very good memories of living my younger days in Naper. I truly wish I could get back for a visit but am unable to travel at this time. I am sending a donation for the society and the paper. Keep up the great communications.

Russell Reber

(Ed note: Remember the picture on the back page of the last issue? Here's the answer!)



The man in the picture is Jay Primase. He lived on Clare Stanford's place (now owned by Bohnet family) for two years, I think 1935 and 1936. He farmed with mules and was the only man

in the country who could hitch them up like that. He moved to the Dustin Store territory and we lost track of them. I do not know where the picture was taken.

I still enjoy the paper very much. Here's a little bit to help you out a little. Use it where you need it most.

Helmuth Holmgren

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER

by LaDale Herrmann

I enjoyed your paper very much, the Memories of 1940 to 1945, especially the article of my parents, Fred and Mary Herrmann—except they didn't get it finished.

Dad was killed in '38 while in Minnesota in a logging accident. He left five children under 10 and four more under 20. The four older ones could get along by themselves, but the five under 10 was another problem.

As we got older, each had to do what he or she should to get along and help out. They are all alive today, except for my eldest brother who was killed in the second World War. We who are still alive are between 70 and 90 years of age.

Beings I was the one that was 10 and not in the service like my older siblings, I was the first one out of the box to go work out in the world. I lived with three different uncles until I was 12. And then, because of the war, the farmhands were all in the service, so it was up to the younger kids to do the farm work. At 13, I was hired by Charlie and Lowell Kern. I worked for the Kerns for three years. They didn't pay me, they paid my mother, but I got more than money. I learned the value and responsibility of a day's work and being recognized by my first name as an adult, and it made a punk-kid feel ten feet tall.

I will never know how my mother did so much with so little. Single mothers of today, for whatever reason, wouldn't make a shadow of my mother.

I hope you can find room in the paper for this. It's like Paul Harvey's "The Rest of the Story."

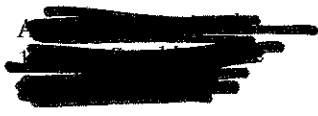


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- Where in the World Are We?
- Remember When?
- Jim and Mary Stark
- Tribute to a Mother
- Plus: Circuit Rider, Ol' Homesteader

... AND MUCH MORE!



Guests at Shirley Vogt Neumiller's wedding shower held at the home of Edith Windmeyer, July 1957. Standing: Emma Quest, Bertha Nagel, Vee Schonebaum, Arlene Neumiller, Annie Sieh, Daisy Vogt, Frieda Nicolaus, Leatrice Bennett, Ida Maertins, Ioan Reber, Hazel Helenbolt. Seated: Brent Neumiller, Marcia Neumiller, Etta Bennett, Joy Vogt holding Vernon, Shirley Vogt Neumiller, Marjo Schonebaum, Sharon Vogt, Lena Weickum. In front: Dolores Vogt, Lucille Sieh.