

**A publication
for and about
the town of
Naper, Nebraska**

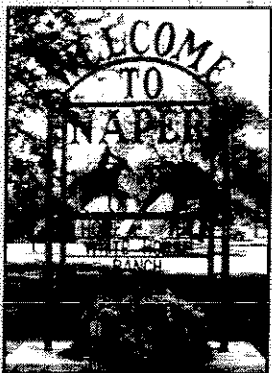
**The Naper
Historical Society**

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 10, Issue 1

News of 4th Quarter 2011

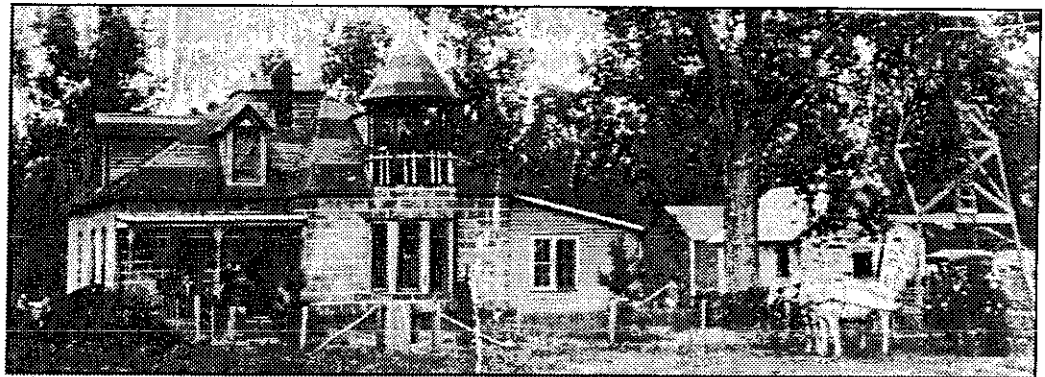
The Wright Way to Build a House

In 1879, John Henry Wright and his wife Lizzie arrived in Nebraska in two covered wagons with their children Lily, Richard, Rose and baby Sarah (Sally). They settled near "The Point" where the Niobrara and Keya Paha Rivers meet. Their first home was a log house with one big room downstairs and one big room upstairs. Four more children (Chloe, Elmer, Johnny and Edward) were born after they moved to Nebraska. Many years later, they built a large brick and cement house on the south side of the Keya Paha River where Darrin and Connie McCarthy and their family now live.

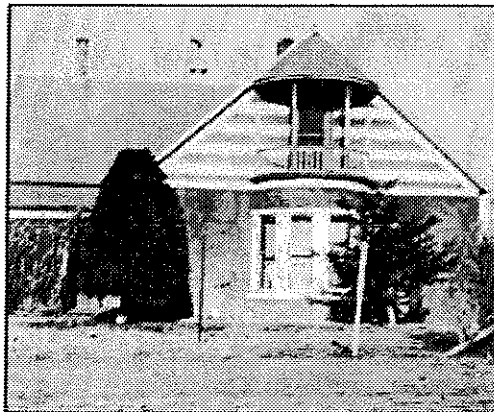
The Wrights' daughter Sally married Frank Green in 1902 and moved to a farm two miles west of Naper. About 1904, Sally and Frank built a house similar in appearance to her parents'

home. The house is still standing, although in poor condition. The walls are two feet deep, made of stacked rock (reportedly gathered from the Twin Buttes area) and then covered with stucco. It appears they were mortared with sand. The windows were set in arched spaces. There was a large bay window on the east with a balcony overhead. There are two staircases inside the house, one on the north and one on the south. After Sally and Frank moved to a home in Naper, their daughter Dottie and her husband Billy Goodman lived in the house with their eight children until Billy's death in 1962. The home has been unoccupied since then.

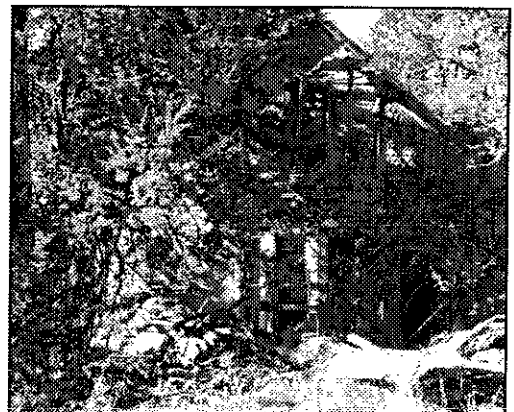
Thanks to Samantha McCarthy and Jerry Goodman for information used in this story. ■



The home of John Henry Wright just south of the Keya Paha River; son Richard and daughter Sally stand by the buggy. Those on the porch are unidentified.



The home of Frank and Sally Green soon after its completion, circa 1904.



The Frank and Sally Green home in 2012. It has been unoccupied since 1962.



The Circuit Rider

Florence Wetzler Porter: Making it through the rough times

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..."

Many years have come and gone since the Circuit Rider last visited with Florence Wetzler Porter. Florence's parents were neighbors to the Circuit Rider's parents. During the threshing season, the ladies traded help with each other, cooking for the bundle pitchers and grain haulers and crew. So, again, it is a pleasure to visit with a neighbor from the past.

Florence's granddad, Jacob Wetzler, was born in 1866 at Modesea, South Russia. Florence's father, Gust, was born in Russia in 1892 and came to America on the ship "TRAVE." They arrived May 23, 1894, at New York. They settled on a homestead just 3 miles west of Naper. Florence's mother was born in 1896 to Conrad and Anna Stahlecker at their home northwest of Naper. Gust Wetzler and Lydia Stahlecker were married in March 1917. Florence was born May 18, 1924, in a four-room house with Dr. Zimmerman as her doctor. He charged \$40, and Florence still has that check! Florence's brother, Arthur, was born five years earlier.

Florence grew up on the farm helping with whatever there was to do. When she was 4 years old, she started school at the "Sunshine" school about a mile north of the Schock farm. Every morning that older brother Art went to school, she insisted that she go, too. Mrs. Edith Windmeyer was the teacher and agreed to this. At this time, she couldn't speak "American," so Art would explain to the teacher and then back to Florence. After that, there was no more German speaking at the house. They walked a mile and a half to school except in bad weather, and then Gust would drive them in the top buggy.

One of Florence's memories goes back to the '30s, when brother Art had already passed the eighth grade and she was walking home alone. A big, black dust storm came up from the northwest. She couldn't see a thing, so she grabbed the barbed-wire fence and followed it about a half mile to the next corner. She knew the school house wasn't too far from there and made it to the school.

During these rough times, they carried buckets of water to the potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers and cabbage plants to keep them alive. Mrs. Wetzler raised chickens so they had eggs, and Mr. Wetzler raised a



Gust Wetzler courting Lydia Stahlecker on a Sunday afternoon. Their daughter, Florence Wetzler Porter, still has the wheels from the top buggy.

butcher hog. They had two cows that gave blue milk because they had no grass to eat except thistles.

Florence spent her teen years on the farm. Her folks lost their farm where she was born and moved to the Geide place

about a mile and a half northwest of Naper. (Florence's grandson Guy, his wife, Trudy, and their daughter, Shaeden, now live there.) Brother Art was drafted into the Army in World War II, so she worked for Mom and Dad as a hired hand. During the summer, her mother became bedridden, and while taking care of her, Florence also took a Commercial Extension Course through the mail.

Her parents said she was too young to go away from home to work, so she took jobs in a couple of restaurants, where she met Dick Porter, her future husband. He was a ranch hand but soon enlisted in the Navy. He served his country for three years and fortunately suffered no injuries in spite of having been involved in five naval battles. Dick came home in January 1946, and they were married in February of that year. They spent many years farming and feeding cattle. They later found work in the Norfolk State Hospital. Florence also worked as a licensed practical nurse for 10 years.

Old-time neighbors were the glue that kept a rural community alive and strong. The Circuit Rider hopes this bond will be maintained among the newer generations. Once again, it's time to saddle "Old Paint" and head for the next visit, the good Lord willing. ■



Back row, left to right: Trudy Waterman and husband (Dick and Florence's grandson) Guy Polenske, granddaughter Chelle Polenske Green, son-in-law Larry Polenske, daughter Renee Porter Polenske, grandson-in-law Rich Green. Front row: Great-grandson Ty Green, Florence, Dick, great-granddaughter Rachelle Green.

Letters From the Boys in the War

Following is a letter written from Australia by Robert J. Moody, one of the Boyd County boys serving in the armed forces to home folks here. (Newspaper copy from *Butte Gazette* and supplied by Maylon Kern. Robert Moody was Marge Moody Kern's brother.)

Somewhere in Australia
June 4, 1942

Dear Ones at Home:

Just a few lines to let you know that I received your letter of April a few days ago, and was sure glad to hear from home. I only hope you are as well as you were then as our mail is a long time getting to us.

I may be able to give you a little idea of this country. The people are like our own people—a little old-fashioned in our eyes but just plain white people who go to church on Sunday and start sinning on Monday. They talk a little strangely, which was hard to understand at first—not really any harder than some of our own foreign-born people though. We get on pretty well now.

And another thing that was hard to get used to, they drive their cars on the left side of the road or street and the people do the same on the sidewalks, which was confusing at first but after a few mix-ups, you finally learn which side to walk or drive on.

Everything you might want to buy is rationed here it seems. Even our cigarettes are carefully meted out. We are allowed only one pack a day which should be enough but it seems I am always out. So I have taken to my pipe again to make them last.

There are some beautiful parks and landscaping in this country and I enjoy them very much. The girls are very nice and all the people are good to us so we can't kick.

I guess I am lucky as I have been stationed right in town which is a lot better than many of the other boys have had. As long as my job calls for it, I might as well be the one.

We are having winter now. It is a little cold but not what I have seen for winter weather.

I am feeling fine. Tell all the kids hello for me. I am having a good friend and "buddy in arms" typewrite this for me which explains why it is typewritten. The reason it is in red is that he is conserving the black half of the ribbon for official use.

Your son and brother, Robert J. Moody

"And finally, here's a copy of a letter from my Uncle Lester Andersen, married to my aunt Delilah, Lowell's sister. Besides the original on WWII military stationery, I also have that 'cateyes' he mentioned. Think of it,

he's in the South Pacific during WWII and he wishes me luck! Those that knew him would probably say, 'That pretty well sums up Lester Andersen.' " /s/ Maylon Kern, NHS '59

*United States Pacific Fleet
South Pacific Force
U. S. Naval Advanced Base, Russell Islands
British Solomon Islands*

18 Nov. 1945

Dear Malen:

I hear that you were caught with the measles. That is one thing that all of us men must get some time or another. I hope that by the time this letter reaches you, you will be up and all well again.

If I have good luck I should be able to see you before too many months are finished.

You should see our tent today as one of the boys was trading sugar (Gov. Stock) to the natives and we've got two great big bunches of bananas and all kinds of pineapples hanging here. We have a few tomatoes too. This is a great life and your Uncle Lester hates it.

I'm enclosing a bill for you to use the next time in town—you can treat your baby sister to a chocolate bar—First ask your Mom!

I've written some a half a dozen times asking them about the two Scotties. Are they out at your Grandpa's place?

This shell I'm sending is the lid off of a sea animal. The natives call them cateyes and when the foolish Americans first got here, they made a fortune selling the cateyes for \$3 or \$2 at least.

Must close and get to work and hope that all of you are well.

Lots of luck, Uncle Lester

Avis Dalldorf Breyer shared some information gleaned from the *Butte Gazette* issues during World War I:

Henry Sibbel, Corporal Robert L. Wills, Lynn Stockwell, Archie Hale, Heinie Tienken, and Herman Andersen are "over there" as part of the 89th Division, and landed in England. (Robert Wills was killed in action November 9, 1918.)

Theodore Sieler is a sailor at the San Francisco Navy yards.

J.A. Ford is in England with an aviation. J.J. Fernau is with "Jack" Ford in England.

Carl Cunningham, well-known at Naper and at Butte when a small boy, is in France.

Carl Black and Ruel Reber have arrived "overseas."

(In the fall of 1917, Albert Dalldorf was



**Robert
"Bob"
Moody
and
nephew
Maylon
Kern**

drafted into the Army from Iowa. He had gone there with his parents to visit family and upon their arrival found Army recruiters looking for him. He left from there, never even returning home before reporting to Camp Funston. His desire to "get out of this camp" was answered and he spent the better part of two years in France, returning home on May 21, 1919. He participated in many of the major battles fought in France.)

October 30, 1917

Dear folks,

I got your letter and was very glad to hear from you. I am not doing anything today because I was inoculated and vaccinated yesterday and I feel kind of sore. Otherwise, I have been feeling fine.

The weather has been kind of cold here. We have had some rain and last Monday morning we had some snow. Just enough to cover the ground and it is about all gone now. It is too bad the potatoes froze, but I guess it could not be helped. How is the corn? Is there very much of it soft? I bet it will be some long job to pick all of the corn alone and I hope you get it out before it snows much. I never get to see any corn or animals down here and I haven't had a ride in anything since I came here.

The company I was in at first went to Mexico. Harry Vance went with it. I don't know whether I will get out of this camp or not but I guess not until the spring some time.

Wish you folks would send me a good sweater; it would feel mighty good some of these cold mornings. Also send some handkerchiefs. The reason my shoes looked like they did was because I wore them to drill in before I got my others. We had the picture of our whole company taken the other day. I have not seen them yet so cannot tell whether they are good. I will have some taken of myself soon and will send you some. This will be all for this time and write soon.

*Your brother and son, Albert Dalldorf
Co. D, 355 Inf.*

Camp Funston, Kansas ■

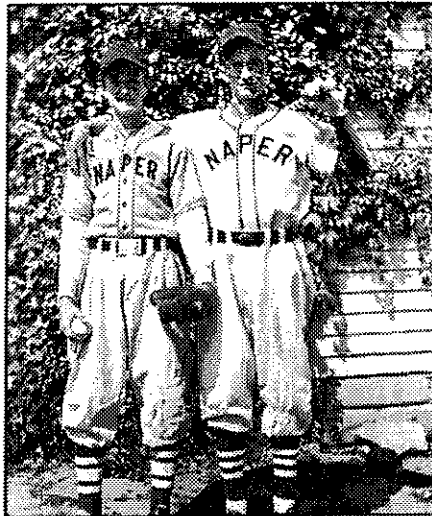
WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE THEY?

Winston D. Stahlecker graduated from Naper High School in 1953—one of six graduating seniors including Neil Helenbolt, LaVerna Broekemeier, James Dawson, Marlin Dummer, Velva June Vogt and Winston.

After graduating from high school, Winston attended Southern State Teachers College (Springfield, SD) where he majored in Business Education. Winston was the first to graduate from college on both sides of his family. He went on to obtain his master's degree in business education from Colorado State College in Greeley, CO, and a Ph.D. in business from Arizona State University.

Winston's academic career consists of teaching four years in high school in eastern South Dakota (Canton and Tyndall) before he started his college career at Black Hills Teachers College in 1960-67. After leaving BHTC, he started his PhD at ASU, leaving in 1968 for St. Cloud State University in Minnesota where he spent the next 11 years as a professor and department head of marketing. While at St. Cloud State, Winston was one of the founders and president of the national organization of Small Business Institute Directors (business faculty members who worked with students of business as local business consultants).

He was granted a Small Business Administration fellowship in the summer of 1979 when he spent ten weeks in Washington, DC. In 1979, he left for West Texas where he was department head of management and marketing at the University of Texas of the Permian Basin. While in this position, he began consulting and training for Taco Villa, a regional fast-food chain. An offer of Vice-President of Marketing



Winston and Harlan "Duke" Stahlecker in the summer of 1952.

caused Winston to switch careers for the business world where he was responsible for marketing and advertising for the regional fast-food chain. After two years however, he missed the academic world and sought out another position, this time in Billings, MT, where he taught for three years at Eastern Montana State College.

Between his tenure at EMSC and West Texas A&M University, Winston spent a year as a visiting professor at California Poly State University in San Luis Obispo, CA. He was professor of Marketing and Department Head of Management and Marketing from 1986 until retirement in 2000 at West Texas A&M. During his time as professor at West Texas A&M, Winston traveled to China where he conducted seminars on marketing and entrepreneurship at Ashan

(the "Pittsburgh" of China), located in what had been Manchuria Province during the Korean War. During his time at Texas A&M, he was also privileged to travel to Singapore and several cities in the United States where he delivered various papers on marketing. He also published articles on entrepreneurship and marketing in professional journals. Winston's career in academia and business spanned more than four decades.

Since his retirement, Winston continues his consulting and training endeavors as a trainer for Bell Helicopter's assembly plant in Amarillo, TX, where they assemble the V-22 Osprey for the military. He also conducts self-enhancement and destination lectures on various cruise ships including Princess and Royal Caribbean. As a cruise ship lecturer, he has traveled to Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, the Mexican Riviera, the Panama Canal, the Caribbean, England, Spain, Portugal, Italy and the French Riviera.

Winston was married to the former Kay Mann of Springfield, SD, for 42 years when she died in 1998 of Lou Gehrig's Disease. He remarried in 1999 to Karen Hays who died in 2004 of cancer. Kay and Winston had two sons, Darrell, who died at age 16 of heart surgery, and Dale, who lives in a group home for the mentally challenged in Canyon, TX.

Winston resides at 55 Cottonwood Lane, Canyon, TX, 79015; and would appreciate hearing from past friends and acquaintances. His e-mail is wstahlec@cox.net. He has many fond memories of his days in Naper including walking to school with "big brother" Sonny, the blizzards and dust storms. ■

REMEMBER WHEN ...

By Marilyn Sieh

You could buy a 6 x 3-inch bag of candy corn for a nickel and have so much candy you could hardly twist the top of the sack shut? Sometimes we bought a bottle of Pepsi and a small bag of Planters peanuts—then put the peanuts in the neck of the bottle and enjoyed the taste of the pop and salted peanuts mixed together. Mmmmm ...

We wore penny loafers, shoes that had a strip of leather across the top of the shoe with a wide slit in which you could place a penny. Girls wore saddle shoes, too—white shoes with a band of color going over the top part of the shoe where the shoelaces were



strung. Boys in high school would put "taps" on the heels of their shoes. They were supposed to keep the heels of your shoes from wearing unevenly but that most likely was not the reason for tacking them on their shoes. Girls would sometimes put little "jingle bells" on their shoestrings.

Girls wore yards and yards of tiered net under their wide, wide skirts. The net came in many colors and many of the "can-cans," as they were called, were stiffened to give them even more flare. At this same time, the girls wore "poodle skirts" over their can-cans. They were named poodle skirts because when they were introduced to the public, the skirts had a poodle sewn on the skirt which was usually made of felt, a heavy non-woven material needing no hem. These skirts were full circle with a band at the waist. Most of our skirts were homemade. ■

A TRIP THROUGH NEBRASKA

Author Unknown

This past summer, I traveled through the colorful state of Nebraska, in search of a **Blue Hill**, a **Red Cloud**, or a **Silver Creek**, but what I stumbled across was **Clay Center**, **Brownville**, **Greenwood**, and **Roseland**.

I began my trip by traveling **Inland** and then headed south to **North Loup**, then north to **South Sioux City**. I got turned around in **Loup City**, headed the wrong direction out of **South Bend**, and back on track at **North Bend**. It was then I discovered that **West Point** is in the east, **Central City** was off **Center**, **Malcom** isn't in the middle and the **Brady** bunch lived east of **North Platte**.

Several towns along the way really rocked—**Guide Rock**, **Rockville**, **Table Rock**, and **Keystone**—but to my **Surprise**, there was no rock at **Plymouth**.

The weather cooperated for the most part, but after a heavy rain, the flood **Gates** opened and flooded the **Valley** with

Clearwater. I was stuck in **White Clay** for a day. **McCool Junction** was like . . . **Burr!**

The trip was not without **Hazard**. I had to **Dodge** a **Beaver Crossing** the **Wood River**, probably on his way to **Beaver City**. Had the **Dickens** scared out of me by an **Archer** with a **Broken Bow**, was chased up an old **Oak** tree by a **Bassett** hound, suffered an allergic reaction to **Angora** wool, was kicked by a **Holstein**, fell from a **Butte**, was stung by a **Bee**, had to wade through **Broadwater**, was pooped on by an **Eagle**, pricked by a **Rose**, attacked by a **Gibbon** and experienced the **Pierce** of an **Elkhorn**. I took a bad tumble in **Falls City** but was back on my feet at **Rising City**. I had to fight my way out of **Battle Creek** and nearly met my **Waterloo** when they tried to **Lynch** me, and then almost drown in **Weeping Water**.

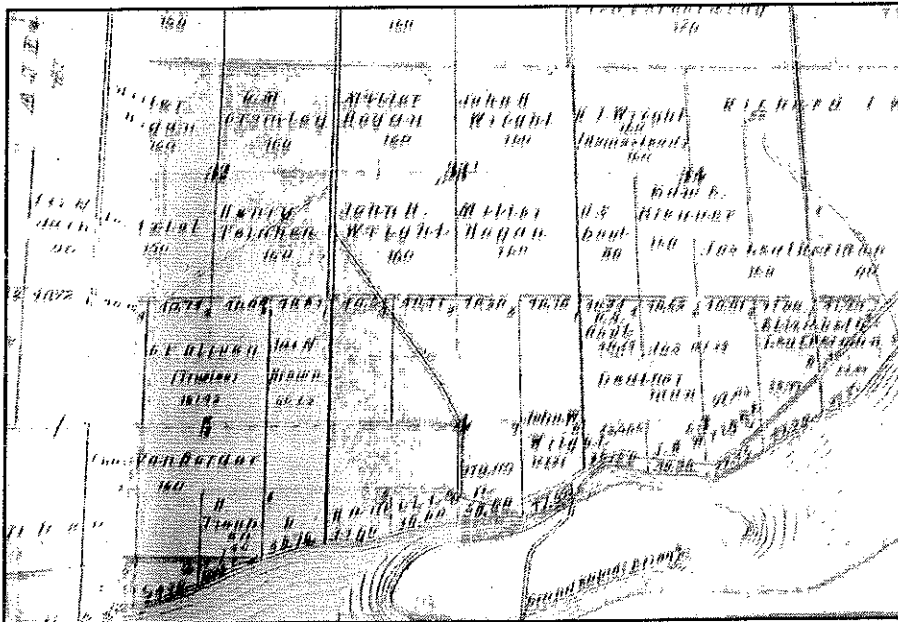
Although I didn't have time to visit every **Nebraska City**, I was able to **Foster** an **Alliance** with many a new **Friend**. The

people in **Laurel** and **Hardy** really made me laugh, but those in **Crab Orchard** were a bit grumpy. Folks in **Homer** were a big hit. At times, I was treated like a **Champion** and shown the **Royal** treatment. I received a nice greeting in **Valentine**, but the town I was most attracted to had to be **Magnet**.

I had plenty of food and drink along the way—everything from **Concord** grapes to **Bartlett** pears, black **Angus** steaks to **Hershey** bars. Never had to **Cook** and never had to open a can of **Worms**.

The Nebraska nights were awesome—**Auburn** sunsets and **Sterling** moons—from the **Flats** in the east where the **Aurora** borealis unfolds into **Plainview** to the **Western** hills where you can see the **Sparks** coming out of **Chimney Rock**.

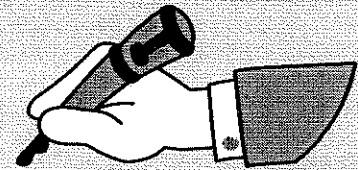
The entire Nebraska adventure was like a **Page** out of history. After passing through **Colon**, I realized my trip had just come to . . . the end. ■



GRAND RAPIDS BRIDGE

By Marilyn Sieh

When the early settlers came to our area, there were no bridges across our two rivers (Keya Paha and Niobrara). The first bridge constructed across the Niobrara River eight miles south of Naper was called the Grand Rapids Bridge. It was located approximately one mile southeast of the present bridge. In the middle of the river was a large island with rapids on both sides. A wooden bridge came across from the north bank to the island with a road crossing the island to the south side and another wood bridge spanning the rapids to the south bank of the river. It was used often by big freight outfits bringing supplies. In 1912 the south span of the bridge washed out and a makeshift ferry was used to transport the traffic, otherwise traffic would have to go to Jamison or Butte. There was a town on the south side of the river named Grand Rapids, which had a post office from where we most likely received our mail.



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



The Ol' Homesteader

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

The Ol' Homesteader reports on who's who and what's what.

Lyle and Carolyn Karnes celebrated their 50th anniversary in October.

Lane Cecil Nordstrom arrived December 12, 2011, in Lincoln. Parents are Bob and Jamie Zeisler Nordstrom, grandparents Craig and Stacy Zeisler, great-grandparents Duane and Joan Zeisler and Dorothy Frank.

Brody Michael Spencer was born November 28, 2011, to Joe and Mindy Haney Spencer. Grandparents are Paul and Laurie Spencer of Bristow, Mike and Tammy Wentz Haney of Naper; great-grandparents Bob and Barb Stoltenberg Wentz; great-great-grandma Elsie Wentz.

Dustin and April Vogt Dummer welcomed Archer Ray on March 2, 2012. Grandparents are Randy and Bonnie Klien Vogt; Roland and Deb Whitley Dummer; great-grandmother is Margaret Schmitz.

SCHOOL NEWS...

Jon Alford, son of Jim and Becky Alford and grandson of Ed and Lois, was crowned king of the West Boyd Winter Ball. Alix Mashino, daughter of Dustin and Tammy Mitchell Mashino, was Princess. Kelli Mashino (daughter of Dustin and Tammy), Janet Ahlers (daughter of Dean and Roxie

Ahlers), Amber Bendig (daughter of Kelly and Monica, granddaughter of Herman and Grace Faatz Bendig), Jamie Mashino (daughter of Dustin and Tammy), Dylan Reiman (son of Casey and Lisa Ahlers Reiman, grandson of Jack and Jean Reiman and Wayne and Virginia Schonebaum Ahlers), Alix Mashino, Jon Alford, David Engelhaupt (son of Leonard and Karen Bechtold Engelhaupt), Ridge Higgins (son of Lavern and Brenda Klien Higgins, grandson of Lelia Boucher Higgins and Margaret Vogt Klien Schmitz), Alex Bendig (son of Kelly and Monica, grandson of Herman and Grace), were on the honor roll at West Boyd.

Jaylon Zeisler (son of Mark and Tiffany Zeisler) and Kelly McCarthy (daughter of Kevin and Angie McCarthy) were winners in the Knights of Columbus free throw contest. And speaking of free throws, Samantha McCarthy, Macy Ahlers and Amber Bendig played basketball for the Lady Spartans. Jon Alford, Alex Bendig and Dylan Reiman played basketball for the Spartans, who went to the state basketball tournament in Lincoln! Congratulations on a terrific season!

Alexis Gosch (daughter of Pastor and Amy Gosch), Wyatt Heermann (son of Casey and Jill Heermann, grandson of Jerry and Dorothy Dummer Heermann), Zander Kluckman (son of Jim and Blair Vogt Kluckman, grandson of Kelly and

Lois Nicolaus Vogt), Christian Gosch (son of Pastor and Amy), Austin Koenig (son of Kevin and Staci Zink Koenig, grandson of Jeff and Rindy Zink), Hannah Druke (daughter of Tony and Beth Goodman Druke, granddaughter of Vernon and Linda Goodman), Evan Reiman (son of Casey and Lisa), Jesse Cline (son of Hoyt and Julie Cline, grandson of Marvin and Judy Hoyt Cline), Dylan Reiman, and David Engelhaupt were on the Perfect Attendance list.

Macy Ahlers, Alix Mashino and Janet Ahlers did very well at the FCCLA STAR competition January 25.

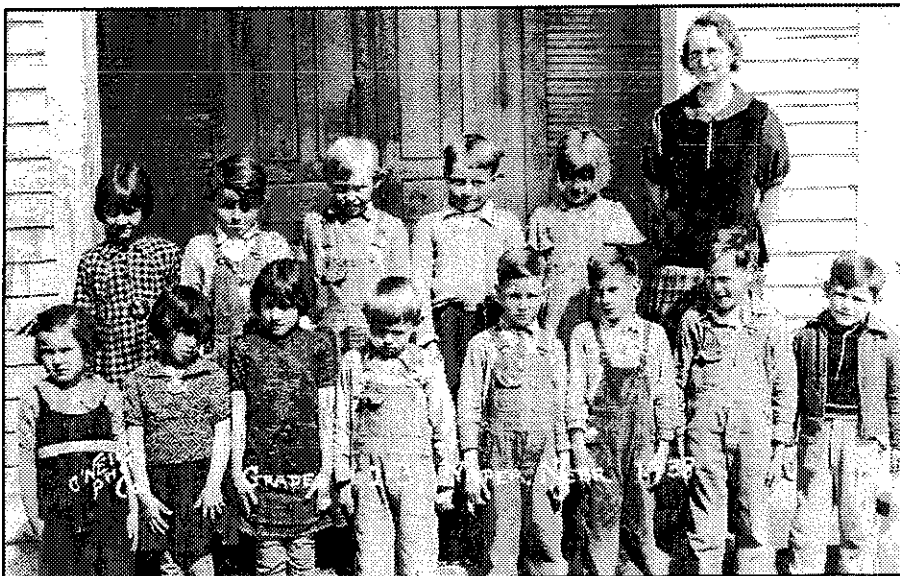
Dylan Reiman, Alex Bendig and Alex Mashino were recipients of the Nebraska Chiropractic Physicians Association Academic All-State Awards. Congratulations!

Dakota Wesleyan University awarded a Trustee Scholarship, the university's highest academic honor, to Jonathan Alford. Wow!

OTHER GOIN'S ON...

The Naper VFW Post 8256 once again (44th annual!!) served mountain oysters November 12.

Esther Gentele Stahlecker passed away December 11, 2011, in Omaha. She grew up northwest of Naper. Harold Stahlecker, who sent so many goodies for our fund raisers, passed away in California. He grew up south of Naper. ■



Janet Cerny and her primary students 1938. WE NEED HELP! Are any of these names correct? Back row: Unidentified, Paul Cunningham, Almon Adam, Chuck Putnam, Alice Adam and Janet Cerny. Front Row: Unidentified, Unidentified, Helen Schmitz, Albert Adam, Leonard Schmitz, Pat Vance, Jake Boucher and Wayne Andersen.

SOLD!

Naper Historical Society
is sponsoring a
COMMUNITY AUCTION
April 22 on Main Street
in Naper.

Items can be donated or consigned.
Hope to see you there!



Keep Those Cards and Letters Coming!

Send your cards and letters to:

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

We enjoy your paper! My husband and I both read it cover to cover. I'm enclosing a check for expenses. Thanks for all you do to keep Naper alive in our hearts.

Craig and Joyce (Blum) Mohling

Merry Christmas! Enclosed is a check to help fund the memories you share with us through the *Naper Paper*. Always enjoy receiving it.

Bernie and Carol (Bechtold) Ludemann

Greetings from California!

We appreciate the work of the Naper Historical Society in keeping our old hometown alive.

Enclosed is a check to apply to the cemetery fence project. The "Let's Locate the Cemeteries" article in the *Naper Paper* was informative and interesting. We have

several generations of Blakkolbs and Stahleckers buried beneath the sod at Knoll Crest and it's always nice to see how well the cemetery is kept up. Thanks to those who make an effort to keep it that way!

The *Naper Paper* has articles that bring back memories of our childhood. The article on Chief Yellow Horse reminded us of Peter Crowhead Thompson, Mark and Ella Stone Arrow, the Chasing Hawks and the Antoinies, all of whom used to shop at our store.

Keep up the good work.

Best wishes from the Blakkolb "girls,"
Joyce and Kathy

Thank you so much for sending me the paper. I really enjoy it. One of my favorite enjoyments is small towns and their hard work to stay moving ahead. I take my hat

off to wonderful people of Naper and all small towns. Thank you. And here is a donation for the paper.

Gene Twiford
Department Commander,
American Legion

I always look forward to the *Naper Paper*. Thanks! But in the latest edition (Volume 9, Issue 4), the middle pages were missing. If you have an extra, could you send it to me? It sounds like it contains interesting info. Thank you.

Leroy Ahlers

(Ed. Note: We received a few letters indicating there had been a glitch and we hope the folks who needed copies got them. We are increasing our printing to 750 copies this issue!)

Been wanting to send you something to keep the paper going, as we always read it from cover to cover upon receipt and find it so interesting and enjoyable. Thank you for putting your many hours into its production. Check enclosed.

Ray and Gene (Kulm) Sand

Naper Updates: Cemetery fence project, post office and grocery store

KNOLL CREST CEMETERY FENCE PROJECT

The Knoll Crest Cemetery fence project is nearing completion. About 25 panels remain to be installed and the main gate needs to be rebuilt. So many persons in the community have given of their time, talent, material and equipment to get the job done. Of course if so many had not responded with monetary gifts, the fence would still be in the planning stages. As of publication date, \$10,000 has been paid for the fence and about \$4,000 is in the bank, to be paid upon completion. If you haven't had the opportunity to drive by and look at the project, a picture is on this page so you can see how it looks. We still have a way to go to pay the whole bill, so contributions are still solicited and gratefully accepted.

POST OFFICE UPDATE

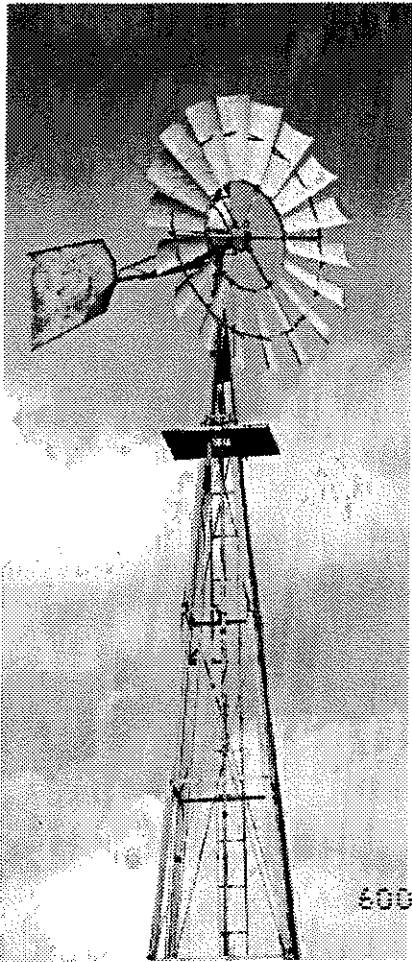
The Naper Post Office is still on the list of potential closings. No action will be taken until May. There have been many letters and phone calls to various postal service personnel hopefully with positive results.

GROCERY STORE CLOSES

January 28 was the last date for the Naper Grocery. It was a sad day for our little town. ■



Ann Anderson presents a check from Niobrara Electric Good Will Fund to Ramona Bentzen and Charlotte Nicolaus.



Naper Paper

Naper Historical Society
 PO Box 72
 Naper NE 68755

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IN THIS ISSUE...

- The Wright Way to Build a House
- Letters From the Boys in the War
- Where in the World Are They?
- A Trip Through Nebraska
- Plus: Circuit Rider, Ol' Homesteader, Letters

... AND MUCH MORE!

SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO ...

July 1936 temperatures, as reported in the Gregory (SD) Times:

| | | | | | | | |
|------|------|------|--------|------|-----------------------|------|-----|
| 7/1 | 105° | 7/11 | 105° | 7/21 | 100° | 7/31 | 94° |
| 7/2 | 104° | 7/12 | 104° | 7/22 | 112° | | |
| 7/3 | 107° | 7/13 | 108° | 7/23 | 108° (Rain: 0.75 in.) | | |
| 7/4 | 113° | 7/14 | 98° | 7/24 | 112° | | |
| 7/5 | 112° | 7/15 | 109° | 7/25 | 110° | | |
| 7/6 | 104° | 7/16 | 114.5° | 7/26 | 107° | | |
| 7/7 | 100° | 7/17 | 108° | 7/27 | 108° | | |
| 7/8 | 103° | 7/18 | 110° | 7/28 | 98° | | |
| 7/9 | 109° | 7/19 | 108° | 7/29 | 88° | | |
| 7/10 | 110° | 7/20 | 102° | 7/30 | 89° | | |