

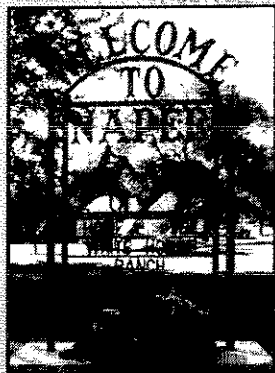
A publication
for and about
the town of
Naper, Nebraska

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.

In This Issue:

Remember When 1
Hazel Cady Blake
Memoirs: Part 2 2
Dictionary of
Naper English 3
The Circuit Rider 4
Alumni Banquet 5
The Ol' Homesteader 6
Letters 7
Five Generations 8



Naper Paper

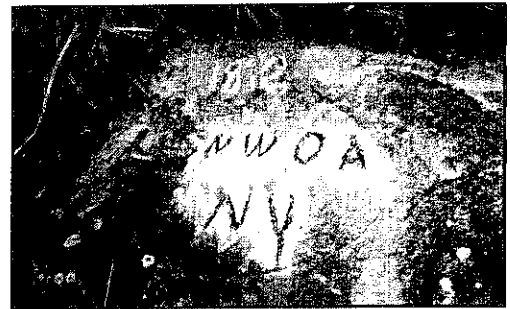
Volume 10, Issue 3

Fall 2012

REMEMBER WHEN...

By Marilyn Sieh

- Everyone in school used a Red Chief tablet?
- We couldn't travel east on old Highway 12 after a rain because of the lake beds? The lake beds are still there but present no problems now because of the changes to Highway 12.
- We used cloth diapers? This statement should bring up a number of scenarios.
- Cheerleader uniforms were made of satin? The skirts were full and long! Perhaps to the top of the anklets. Oh, yes, don't forget what anklets were.
- Our desks in school had a round hole in the upper right hand corner? We'd dip our pens into the ink bottle to write our penmanship lessons. However, most of our school work was written or printed with a lead pencil. We later used fountain pens which had a snorkle to suck ink into the cylinder of the pen so we could use the pen for quite some time before refilling. After those pens, ballpoint pens came into use and we've been using them ever since.
- We used the path from the house (or wherever) to the outhouse? You can explain this to anyone who asks! Don't forget to mention the catalog. ■



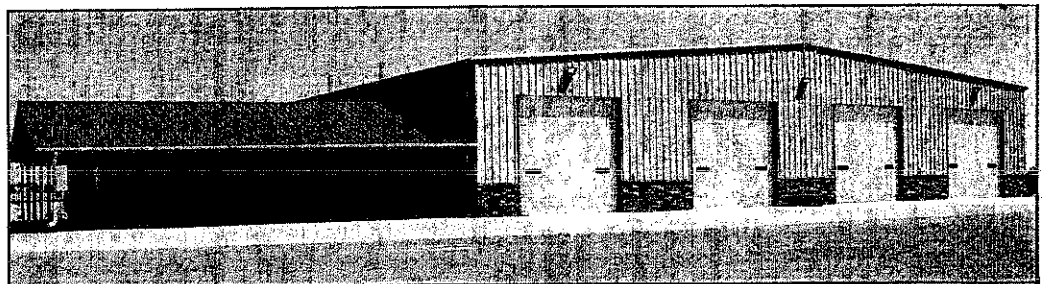
THE ROCK

Way out west, Kelly and Lois Vogt found this rock, originally discovered a few years ago by hunters. It is about four feet long and three feet wide with the numbers "1812" on the top row and the letters "NWOA" middle row and "NY" lower row. Lois used chalk to enhance the inscription. Does anyone have a guess as to the origin of the message and its meaning?



FOURTH OF JULY SIGHT

Visitors to the area during the Fourth of July holiday saw a large United States flag flying over the west Twin Butte. Thank you, Richard and Sheryl Zeisler. It was very impressive.



NAPER'S NEW ADDITION

Pictured here is the headquarters for Drueke Trucking, owned by Tony and Beth Goodman Drueke. On the north (left) side is the office area and to the south is the shop area. The building was constructed by Schonebaum Construction and put into use a few months ago.

HAZEL CADY BLAKE MEMOIRS: Part 2

Continued from last edition, edited and submitted by Bob Allpress

Ole Blele lived just east of the land and was trying to keep it covered up until one of his boys was old enough to file on it. My father talked to Ole Blele, and he told my father all about the land. It was located on the South Dakota state line 2 miles east of the Boyd and Keya Paha county lines. Monday morning my father drove 25 miles to Butte, county seat of Boyd County, and filed on the land. It cost \$11.35 to file; we had only \$14.50 so only had \$3.15 left in our family budget.

The next day the wagons were moved onto the land, 20 feet from South Dakota and the Indian Reservation. There was a milestone on the line. It said 22½ miles on the west side, South Dakota on the north side, and Nebraska on the south side. These stones were put up by the U.S. government. They started at the mouth of the Keya Paha River 22½ miles east. This was a strip of territory both Nebraska and South Dakota wanted to claim, so it was surveyed, and these stones put up by the government every half mile, and were numbered clear to the Missouri River on the east. Most of the stones are still standing, dividing South Dakota and Nebraska.

The next day the three older children started to school in a little sod schoolhouse, District #60, less than 1½ miles from our new home. The school had no floor, had homemade benches without backs for seats, an old cook stove for heat. Books, what few there were, were laid on the benches beside the pupil; there were only three months of school. A bad deal. After two years, with my parents to vote, a schoolhouse was built and [there were] six months of school.

My father borrowed a sod walking plow and set up a little wall with sod and put one of the wagon covers on it for us to live in and kept part of the bed in the other wagon. The wagon then went to Naper, eight miles, and got a job hauling freight from the R.R. at Stuart, 40 miles south, and thus got flour, syrup, and horse feed.

The day before Thanksgiving it turned so cold that the sod had to be cut with an ax as a dugout was made in a hill and sod was laid up on two sides. So in this way we spent the winter. The men went five miles north to the Ponca Creek and cut some logs and brush for the roof of the house and also made a dugout for a barn for the horses before winter really set in. These horses to haul freight were our only means

of getting food. We had bread and water gravy, but it tasted good. We had lots to be thankful for that we didn't freeze or starve to death.

It took three long days to make the trip to Stuart from Naper to the Niobrara River to a camp. Then on to Stuart, load up the freight from the C & NW depot and unload butter and eggs from the stores in Naper, then back to the same camp ground at night and on home the next day. I can hear yet those wagon wheels squeak in the snow and cold, and my mother waiting for them. We children had no fear and were happy. The men would have 50 pounds of flour, a gallon of syrup, some yeast, maybe a few bars of "Beat-em-all" soap, a spool of thread.

We children would go to the men's grub boxes to find a cracker or things the men might have left. They made coffee in a pail hanging on a rod over a campfire. A well was dug a quarter mile east of the house in a sand draw for our water. A stone boat and barrel (vinegar) was fixed to haul water to the house. Often we children carried it in syrup pails, drawing the water with a pail and rope by hand. The six years we lived on the place we used the same well without a pump. I can't recall a complaint from my parents; all was well. Grandma Cady would often send us a box or barrel, things by freight to Stuart. These boxes usually contained apples, canned fruit, candy, a calico dress, knit mittens or stockings she had made, overalls for the boys; [it] was just like Christmas every time a box came. There were no pasteboard boxes those days, just wooden ones. Even crackers were put up in wooden boxes.

That is how we got through the first winter, burning cow chips and twisted hay, even corn which was 10 cents a bushel. When spring came with rain, our log [and] hay roof leaked like a sieve. Mother used oilcloth to cover the beds to keep them dry. We children would also sit under the table to keep dry. My brother Luverne said once, "Let's get in bed and go to sleep, so when we drown we will not know it."

In the spring of 1900, my father started a bigger sod house on the level ground very close to the 22½ milestone. He would lay only a few rounds of sod at a time and let it settle. The sod flats were 1 foot wide and 3 feet long, which made a nice warm house. We had a homemade door on it and rough lumber with sod on it for a roof (also windows). The grass would grow

from the sod in the roof. Mother planted a garden on sod ground in the spring, and Father got a little corn crop in. We children wore underclothes made from flour sacks and went barefooted. What a job to wash our feet before we could get into bed! If we tried to get by, Mother would always catch us.

One of the things we had to contend with was black fleas from the sand. How they could bite! They were thick "like fleas on a dog." One night my father brought home some "Tanglefoot fly paper." Our parents rolled us over while in bed asleep and in five minutes the sheet of flypaper was black with fleas. The fleas made big welts on Mother and some of us children. (I was one of them.) Father and some of us children were not bothered by the fleas. By fall we moved into our new sod house with no floor and four bare walls, but we had a door and windows.

Two years later we had a board floor in half of the house and a board partition and a ceiling in the kitchen. Father also built a small blacksmith shop in our yard. He did lots of work for the neighbors, which helped our budget.

Rattlesnakes were another enemy; they were plentiful. We were taught to always carry a stick and kill them. When they rattled they could be heard. Dogs, cattle, and horses could hear them before we could, and thus warn us. During one year we collected a pint jar full of rattles we had cut off. Twelve rattles were the most we ever found on one snake, generally six to nine were the average.

I started to school in the new frame schoolhouse. James Trimble was my first teacher and there was six months of school. Uncle Joe would take us girls to school on a hand sled with a rope to the saddle horn when it was cold and stormy. He would go back and pick up the boys that had started to walk. We often fell off in the snow, but it was fun. Those three day blizzards were bad; we could not go out for the three days of wind and snow. When the men did have to go out for fuel or snow to melt, they would tie a rope around their waists so they could get back to the house. No trees or windbreaks, how the snow would blow across the plains!

The first job when the storm was over was to get the barn open to get feed to the horses. We stayed in bed all but five hours a day to keep warm, and had only two

Continued on page 3

HAZEL CADY BLAKE

Continued from page 2

meals a day. Everything would be frozen and had to be thawed out before Mother could cook a meal. We would have several of these storms a winter.

In the summer we children would gather cow chips while herding cattle out on the Indian Reservation, as South Dakota was still Indian Territory. The neighbors south of us would bring us cattle for us to herd for them. Two of us would herd at a time and bring the cattle up at night into a corral. We herded on shares of the calf crop, so we got a herd in time. This was the Rosebud Reservation for the Sioux Indians.

Five miles away on the Ponca Creek was our closest Indian family. We lived there one year before a white woman was in our house. Three of the families on the Ponca north were squaw men. Our parents visited with these families. I can remember one Sunday P.M. we drove to Ludermans and Mrs. L. had a butcher knife cutting wasps in two so they could not sting. It was fall and the house was full of wasps. These three families were Ludermans, Millers, and Ellistons.

There were lots of full-blooded Indians who would drive into our yard. My mother was afraid of them and would gather us children into the house when she saw them coming. They would have an old poor team of horses hitched to a wagon with the squaw sitting in the back on the floor and the buck on a board across the wagon box. They could talk only Indian language, so we children soon picked up some Indian words. They usually had some blanket or quilt or beadwork to trade for food. The Indian names were Rainwater, Medicine Bear, Swift Bear, Blue Eyes, and other such names. When a child was born, the squaw got right up, never missed a meal or a day's work.

A Government Issue House was located 6 miles north of us. Here meat and foods were issued to the Indians often. Every fall a big three day celebration was put on by the Indians at the Indian School, also one was put on at Naper. They wore war bonnets, feathers, bells, beaded gowns, and put on war dances. We children would get to go to Naper one day and have 10 cents to spend, 5 cents to ride the merry-go-round and 5 cents for candy or peanuts. This was the bright spot of our lives, as we would not get to go to town again for a year. ■

To be continued. . .

Dictionary of Naper English

Crick: Preferred pronunciation of "creek." Example: There's a little crick that winds through our place.

Dinner: If you use this word to invite a Naperite to an evening meal, they'll show up six hours early. Around here, "lunch" is "dinner" and "dinner" is "supper."

Drouth (pronounced "drowth"): The word used by survivors of the Great Depression and some other old-timers to describe a period of prolonged dryness. Example: The drouth was so bad, we had grasshoppers the size of gophers. Sadly, use of this word has nearly been replaced by the much less colorful-sounding "drought."

Fer: Preferred pronunciation of "for." Example: What can I do ya fer?

Head: An extra word that, for reasons not entirely known, is usually used when referencing a number of livestock. Example: We got 20 head of cattle. This is perhaps a distinction between the number of hooves and heads in a herd. Yet no one ever says "We've got 80 hooves of cattle," so it would stand to reason that saying "20" would be sufficient. Still, "20 head" is the norm.

Hills, The: Always and without fail, this is understood as a reference to the Black Hills. Example: We're going to The Hills for a weekend.

Hot beef: Rather than merely describing the temperature of beef, the phrase "Hot Beef" is used to describe a particular dish consisting of roast-beef sandwiches smothered in gravy and accompanied by mashed potatoes. This dish is consumed most often for dinner (lunch to you city-slickers) at small-town restaurants, and especially at cafes attached to livestock auction barns. And at the Naper Café, you get real potatoes!!

Hunnert: In many areas west of The River (see entry below) and even in some areas near The River, this is the correct pronunciation of "hundred." Example: There's a hunnert head of cattle down by the crick.

Kattywampus (also kattycorner or kittycorner): This word is often used when giving directions, to indicate that one thing is located in a diagonal direction from another thing. Example: Our house is just kattywampus from the grain elevator. It can also mean askew: I was fixin' on the tractor, and I got all kattywampus.

Oil: A commonly used description of an asphalt road. Example: Just take the county oil for three miles and then turn west.

Old girl: An adjective used to describe aged cows, mares, farm equipment, vehicles and women. Example: That old girl has pertinear had it. (Yes, "pertinear." See next entry.)

Pertinear (pronounced "pert-ih-near"): A combination of pretty and near, used to indicate the close proximity of one thing to another or the near completion of a task. Question: Are we there yet? Answer: Pertinear.

Pot: An acceptably shortened reference to a potbelly semitrailer, the lower deck of which hangs down like a potbelly. Example: I need a pot to haul pertinear a hunnert head of cattle.

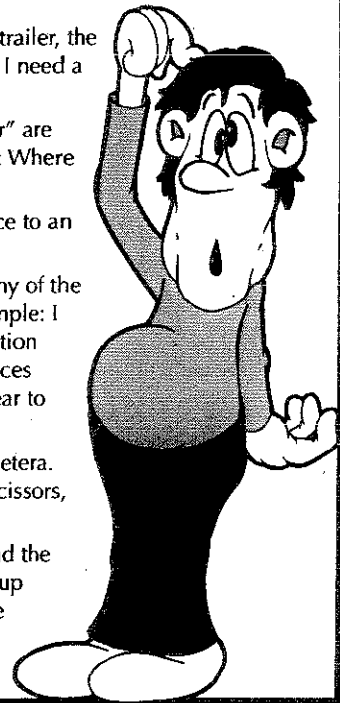
River, The: In northern Nebraska, references to "The River" are typically understood to mean the Missouri River. Question: Where ya gonna fish? Answer: The River.

Salty: Often used as a begrudging compliment, in reference to an adversary's toughness. Example: That old girl is pretty salty.

Warsh: The preferred pronunciation of "wash" among many of the cowboys, farmers and rural-raised people of the state. Example: I need to warsh my truck before I go to town. The pronunciation is consistent in other word constructions, including references to the state of Washington. Example: I have to drive pertinear to Seattle, Warshington, fer a wedding.

Whatnot: An acceptable and often-used substitute for et cetera. Question: What's in that drawer? Answer: Oh, you know, scissors, tape, the phone book, whatnot.

You guys: The Naper equivalent of the Southern "y'all" and the western Pennsylvanian "you'ns," used in reference to a group of people. Example: What you guys doin' today? (Note: The possessive form is "guyses." Example: Is that you guyses' truck?) ■





The Circuit Rider

Nathalie Sattler Taranto: Childhood memories abound

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 visited with former classmate Nathalie Sattler Taranto. In the past 50 years, many changes have taken place. Nathalie shares some of these stories, beginning with a few childhood memories:

"I don't want to die! I don't want to die!" I cried as my mother severely examined my red swollen face and eyes, then summarily announced that I indeed had "poison ivy." My older brother Connie and I were sent to play along the "bottoms" of the hayfield near the creek as our parents mowed, raked and stacked hay. But before we were released to play, we were sent off with what seemed to me to be a formidable life or death stern warning to "stay out of the poison ivy!" So of course when mother uttered the words "poison ivy," I took it to mean an instant sentence of death at the tender age of three.

As with many of us, much of my early life was spent walking over the hills to a one-room school (District 18 for me) where I was eager to learn. After thawing the ice in the drinking water bucket, carrying in wood to stoke the potbellied stove and getting the frost out of our fingers and toes, we turned our minds to the three R's, plus my least favorite subject, penmanship. (Who does that exercise anymore?) Recesses were a welcome break, but I did not excel at most of the activities and my feet were always (and to this day) too cold to enjoy being outdoors. Getting home from school was the best. Warm homemade bread would be waiting, spread with homemade butter and jelly. In warm weather I was instructed to go outside to have my delicious snack. Not paying good attention to my eating (probably drawing a picture in the sand with my bare toe), I would drop my bread and a chicken would snatch it up before I could react. Then the chase was on! But by the time I caught the chicken, if I did, the snack was far too dirty to be enjoyed by me. The chicken always won.

The Naper movie theater (yes, Naper did have a movie theater where the delicate film reels seemed always to need repair) was the venue for my first moving picture experience. It was an experience of

sheer fright. I don't recall the name of the movie, actors or actresses, or anything that happened in it. But at the time, I was sure that the MGM roaring lion was going to pop out of the screen and devour me!

My father told of some activities of my paternal grandparents, Constantine and Johanna, as they homesteaded the Sattler farm southwest of Naper. One story that still awes me is that of my grandfather walking from the homestead to the Missouri River, crossing over into South Dakota to find work among the farmers there to earn enough money to get a farm started, build a sod house and to marry. My grandmother told of how she would take a few hours off to have a baby and then go back to work in the field.

During my teen years, listening to "big band" music and dreaming of being a singer or dancer filled many hours. In reality it was milking cows, picking corn, carrying fire wood, pumping water, feeding the pigs, gathering eggs, and cleaning out the chicken coop (ugh). But it wasn't all bad. There were Saturday nights in town with dancing either on the bowery or in the town hall. There was strutting all two blocks of Main Street, always dressed to the nines, and cruising around with the boys who had cars. One of the best rides was with Fritz Vogt, who always seemed to have a nice new car, and his friends, among them Orion Fischer, Herman Neumiller and Wayne Ahlers.

Saturday and Wednesday nights were "town nights" for the families to go grocery shopping at the Blakkolb, Boucher or Maertin stores. Those nights were a chance to visit with neighbors and friends, either in the stores or on benches out front. It was also an opportunity to fill the cars with gas. Which brings to mind Jack Bentzen's service station. He would use a handle to pump gas, from an underground tank into a glass container at the top of the pump. When the glass container was full, he then used an attached hose and nozzle to let the gas flow by gravity into the car's tank.

The White Horse Ranch shows were always a teen summer highlight. Besides the daredevil riding, the attractive out-of-town boys were made more interestingly handsome in their colorful costumes.

During some of my teen years, I drove a Model A back and forth to Naper High

School. Driving that old car was not uneventful. In the winter, the water had to be drained from the radiator each night and then refilled each morning before I started off for school. One morning I must not have put the plug back into the drain hole securely. When I had gone about four miles, the car was steaming. Upon examination I found the plug gone and all the water drained out. I had stopped next to a ditch filled with ice-encrusted dirty water with a rusty can and a small tree branch nearby. I fashioned a plug from the branch and used the rusty can to fill the radiator with dirty ditch water and went on my way.

Another morning as I was driving to school, I saw a wheel roll past the car on the driver's side and continue down the road ahead of me. Soon the left rear of the car bumped onto the road. A farmer, I think Bill Schock, was tilling a field on the left side of the road and saw the wheel roll down the road. He stopped his work, fetched the wheel, put it back on for me and off I went.

In addition to my parents and siblings, three women, Luree Barnes, Joan Cunningham Reber and Avis Daldorf Breyer, were my role models and greatly influenced me during and after my teen years. Luree was county superintendent while I was in grade school, and how I looked forward to her school visits, many times to be a recipient of awards she distributed. Joan and Avis were my teachers in high school where I learned to respect and admire their levels of experience, knowledge and leadership. They were my inspiration and have been life-long, treasured friends.

During World War II, one of my vivid childish memories is of family, friends and relatives complaining that they could not buy bananas and pineapple—never mind sugar, shoes or gasoline. Not understanding the consequence of war and strongly disliking bananas and pineapple, I thought it thoroughly a waste of time to be unhappy about not being able to buy them.

Another memory is of a rationing sticker on the windshield of my parents' tan Ford car that had running boards and doors that opened from the front to the

Continued on page 5

The Circuit Rider:

**Nathalie Sattler
Taranto**

Continued from page 4

back. The sticker asked: "Is this trip really necessary?" At that time my paternal grandmother lived on a farm between Burke and Gregory, SD. The Sunday tradition was to go to Grandma's house to savor her to-die-for chicken noodle soup. It was homemade noodles in chicken broth that she said was made from the feet of chickens. On this particular Sunday, not only was the family going to Grandma's for her soup, we were delivering a pig as well. Said pig was in a wooden crate which was tied to the running board of the tan Ford. Gas must have been in short supply as when we got to the end of our land and before my father drove out onto the county road, he stopped and conferred with Mother as to whether we would have enough gas to make the round trip. They both were uneasy about whether "this trip was really necessary," but reasoned that the pig needed to be delivered. Being too young to understand the dangers of running out of gas on the road in cold weather, I mindfully and heartily thanked that pig for its significant influence in determining that I would not miss Grandma's chicken noodle soup.

While I did not understand the violent nature of war, as it was going on in the Pacific and European theaters, I did experience death as related to war when a military plane crashed on the family farm, killing all aboard.

My contact with the local Indians was limited to seeing them in the streets and grocery stores in Naper and occasionally visiting the Indian School north of Naper for special programs. I don't recall ever having been acquainted with gypsies. However, as a child, I was warned that they would "take" me and I would be gone forever, so I should avoid them at all costs. On the other hand, itinerant salesmen, such as the Watkins Man, abounded. We were warned against their "snake oil" tactics and products, but my parents felt reasonably secure in purchasing "bag balm" to treat the udders of the milk cows.

The Sattler Ranch, after 100 years, is still in the family. For the Circuit Rider riding through the hills, visions of a team pulling a wagon with a family in it and a milk cow tied behind the wagon are still powerful and inspiring. Let's hope the pioneer spirit lives forever. ■

ALUMNI BANQUET

The annual alumni banquet was held May 26. Honored classes were 1942, 1952, 1962, 1972, 1982, 1992, 2002 and 2012.

Left: Former Naper teacher AdaMae Moody, with 1941 graduates George Kramer and Lelia Higgins visiting in the background.

Below: Former District 70 students: Ralph Kulm, Genevieve Kulm Sands, Laverna Broekemeier Sieh, Myrna Gosch Beauchamp and Wayne Schoenefeld.



1950s ladies: Norma Keller VanderBeek (1952), Velve Vogt Blum (1953), Myrna Gosch Beauchamp (1955), Elva Gosch Nicolaus and Laverna Broekemeier Sieh (1953).



1962 grads: Genevieve Kulm Sands, Sandra Whitley Sunde and Mabel Riesselman Sattler.



The Ol' Homesteader

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

Reportin' on the goin's on around here...

A yee-ha to the alumni banquet (pictures on page 5)—still goin' strong since 1953, thanks to all the volunteers who plan, decorate and clean up, and to Mary Finnegan who cooks.

VFW and VFW Auxiliary again held memorial services at the hall on May 28, followed by a tribute at the Veterans' Memorial at Knoll Crest Cemetery. And following that—the annual potluck at the hall. Food makes an occasion unforgettable! June 23 saw Main Street as lively as it used to be with Cruise Night, street dance and karaoke goin' on until all hours. Due to the extremely hot and dry weather in July, the volunteer firemen had a lot of calls. Thank you!

KIDS ARE STILL WORKIN' ...

Alix Mashino (daughter of Dustin and Tammy Mitchell Mashino), Alex Bendig (son of Kelly and Monica, grandson of Herman and Grace Faatz Bendig), Jon Alford (son of Jim and Becky, grandson of Ed and Lois), Riley Bengtson (son of Matt and Ellen, grandson of Janet Cline Eggert), and David Engelhaupt (son of Leonard and Karen Bechtold Engelhaupt) all graduated from West Boyd in May. Alix was valedictorian and Alex led the invocation and benediction. David received a Cargill Community scholarship from FFA.

Jamie Mashino (daughter of Dustin and

Tammy) was inducted in the West Boyd National Honor Society.

AND PLAYIN'...

Jessa McCarthy (daughter of Darrin and Connie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine Windmeyer McCarthy) played on the Stuart 14 and Under softball team and competed in the Class D State Tournament in Hastings.

Makes the Ol' Homesteader dizzy in the head just thinkin' about Brad Vogt, Gale Vogt, Kendall McCarthy and Kevin McCarthy goin' around and around and around at the race tracks and doing well.

And that's not all they do to play—Kevin won several events at the Pancake Days Tractor Pull, as well as Kylie Bendig (son of Kelly and Beth, grandson of Herman and Grace) winning one of the pulls with a 5500 tractor.

CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER ...

Jessica Bentzen Hofmeister received her Master of Science nursing degree with high distinction May 11 from Creighton University in Omaha. Sheila Bentzen graduated with highest distinction from University of Iowa College of Law on May 11. They are the daughters of R.C. Bentzen and granddaughters of Ramona Bentzen.

Delmer and JoAnn Cerny Jons celebrated 60 years of marriage with an open house June 10.

In Lincoln, Marshal and Sarah Nicolaus Bachmann and their daughter Emma welcomed twins Ella Jo and Avah Lucille

on June 13, 2012. Grandparents are Dale and Cheryl Nicolaus and Linda and Sherman Vomacka. The girls were born on their great-grandmother Lucille's birthday.

Skye and Allyson Higgins' daughter Emerson Rae was born July 5. LaVern and Brenda Klien Higgins are grandparents; great-grandmothers are Lelia Higgins and Margaret Schmitz.

Sandra Rivera and Tom Hansen were married May 26 in Wayne. Sandra's parents are Linda and Bill Schultz and Ron and Joyce Bernt.

Ryon Vogt and Emma Lechtenberg were married July 28 in Butte. Ryon's parents are Bryon and Sharon Sattler Vogt. Emma's grandmother Darlene Lechtenberg taught upper grades in Naper for many years.

The Stahlecker families gathered in the Naper Lounge for their annual get-together. Lots of fun and hand-shaking took place—See you same time next year!

Ray and Geneene Kulm Sand celebrated 50 years of marriage with a dance and a lot of fun in Dallas.

Willie and Holly Vogt Drueke welcomed their son Wes August 20. Bryon and Sharon Sattler Vogt are grandparents; Jim and Mabel Riesselman Sattler and Joy Helenbolt Vogt are great-grandparents.

SAYING GOODBYE...

Mardell Maartin Ludemann passed away after heart surgery June 10.

Cheryl Sieh Gonzalez passed away June 26 after a courageous battle with cancer. ■

DID YOU KNOW...

The *Naper Paper* is a reader-produced and reader-supported publication? This means that we rely on you for both news and donations.

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*
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Just Lovin' Those Letters...

Send your cards and letters to:

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

A BIG Thank You to Naper for your hospitality! Twenty years pedaling through your beautiful Sand Hills from Arthur in the west and all the way to the Mississippi River in the east. We love your café, park, museums and kind people!

Thank you,
Anna and Burt Payne

Certainly enjoy the *Naper Paper*. Really brings back great memories. I always have felt fortunate growing up in Naper, knowing all the good people there. Enclosing a contribution to help with expenses. Keep up the great work!!

Stan Stahlecker

We picked up a copy of your *Naper Paper* at the café in Naper this spring—you are to be congratulated on a very interesting publication. Enclosed is a donation for future papers.

Bob and Brenda Prill

Mom wanted me to send this token to you to put in the Naper Museum. Not sure of the history behind it but she said it belonged to "Doc" Zimmerman. Hope this finds you well. Everything good here—HOTTER THAN **** today, but it is summer so what should we expect?

JoAnne Holcomb

(Ed Note: Many thanks to Wilma Rockholm Butler for sending the unusual Zimmerman medal to us. It is framed and hanging in the reading room in the special Zimmerman corner.)

Thank you so much for the *Naper Paper*. I really enjoy it. Cheryl and I loved reading it then talking about what we read in the paper. I send this token as my appreciation and for your expenses and in memorial of Cheryl Sieh Gonzalez. God bless.

Armando Gonzalez

Just a few lines—

My family lived on Ponca Creek northeast of Naper. I went to school northeast of Naper. In tenth grade, dropped out of school in Naper. Learned to dance on the concrete northeast on Main Street. The dance place was south of the old gas station on the north end of Main Street, pictured on page 5 last issue. We sold our cream at that station

1945-???. I met Pauline Davis when I was a kid. I am 78 years old now—where did the time go? I am planning on being in Naper on my 80th birthday. I'll come in July or August.

At one time I lived southwest of Naper on a place called Burt Hates' place and went to school down there. Moved southwest of Naper, don't know the name of the place, but was across from Siewert's place. We had a pond. Went to school below there by George Moody's place.

I'm sending you business cards [R & K Trolling Motor]. A trolling motor is the little motor on the front of the boat you steer by hand or foot—it's electric.

All for now. See you in July or August, 2014.

Roy Gossard

Thank you for sending the *Naper Paper*. We enjoy reading about the history of the area.

Rich and Bev Rubel

Enclosed is a check donation for the *Naper Paper* and would appreciate it, if you have available, a copy of the 4th quarter 2011 to send to my sister Janice. When visiting my aunt Esther Stahlecker at the Montclair Nursing Center, she told me about the *Naper Paper*, so I took it home and read it. She passed away December 1, 2011,

age 95 years. My daughter Gail Kassmeyer would check and visit her about every other day after work. She lived close by. Lila Schochenmaier sent me the *Naper Paper* with a picture of Herman "Hap" Gentele. He is an uncle to both of us. I enjoyed reading the paper so I decided to order it.

Barbara (Camin) Schochenmaier

(Ed. Note: We incorrectly reported Esther's death as occurring December 11 and apologize for the error.)

Here's a little donation to help with some of the costs. The whole family enjoys the *Naper Paper*. I was excited to see my childhood home on the front page of the Volume 10 edition. It has changed some since the Mitchell family lived there—but still very much "my house." Thanks for all your hard work.

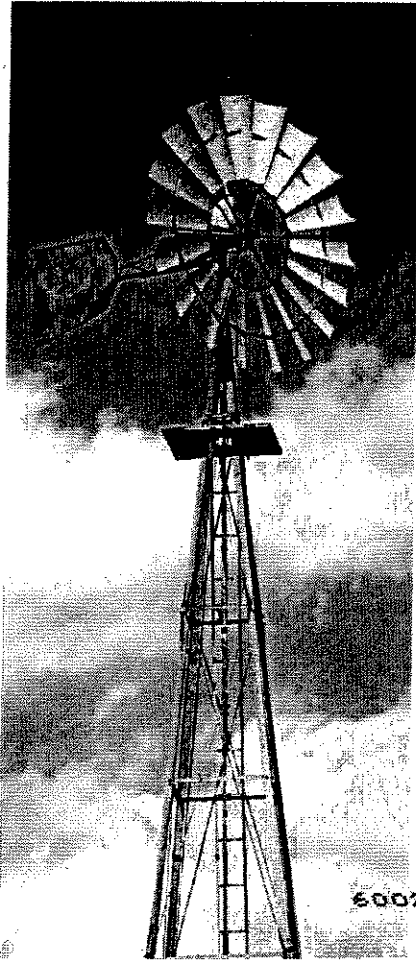
Tammy Mitchell Mashino and family



Pete Kramer and son Paul Kramer, home on leave from the Army about 1953.



Wild Rose School District 44, 1917, teacher Doris Brown Daldorf
Back row: Frieda Zeitner, Bill Bettcher, Ida Bettcher, Martha Ullrich and Annie Stahlecker
Middle and front rows: Frances Fast, Pauline Zeitner, Pauline Bettcher, Ellen Doyle, Henry Bettcher, Rudy Weickum, Leonard Iverson, Reinhold Ullrich, Harry Stahlecker, Leroy Black, Edwin Zeitner and Arthur Ullrich



Naper Paper

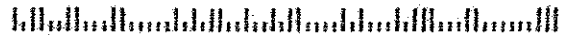
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IN THIS ISSUE...

- Remember When...
- Hazel Cady Blake Memoirs: Part 2
- Dictionary of Naper English
- Alumni Banquet
- Circuit Rider: Nathalie Sattler Taranto
- Plus: Letters, The Ol' Homesteader

... AND MUCH MORE!



FIVE GENERATIONS

Pictured are Tammy Wentz Haney, Bob Wentz, Mindy Haney Spencer, Brody Spencer, and great-great-grandmother Elsie Wentz (seated).