

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

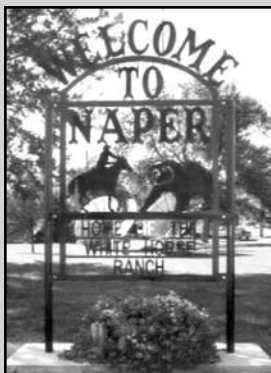
**The Napier
Historical Society**

Our Mission:

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

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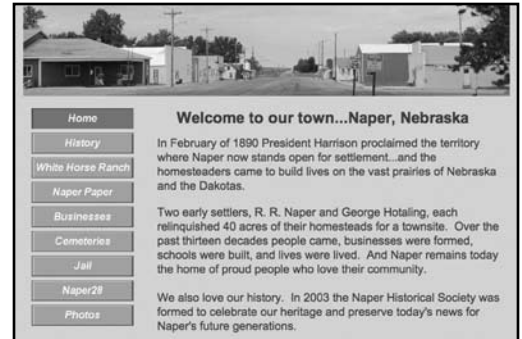
Napier Paper

Volume 10, Issue 4

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YES! A WEBSITE FOR NAPIER

Hooray! The website for Napier/Napier Historical Society is up and running. You can access it by typing napernebraska.org into your search engine. You'll see lots of photos, have access to the published *Napier Papers*, get some information and find links to other good sites. We hope you enjoy it. ■



THRESHING TIME: THE NOT-SO-GOOD OL' DAYS

Not many remember the threshing machine rumbling down the road from farm to farm. Fewer still can say they actually fed the hungry beast or hauled the grain away after the separator had done its job.

Sixteen farms made a good-sized threshing crew which was generally organized by the owner of the machine. The farmers on the crew would gather at his home and decide on the threshing run (schedule), bundle haulers, grain haulers, the spike pitcher. The spike pitcher was an extra hand who could unload bundles or scoop grain, wherever he was needed. It worked well if there were eight men with teams and hayracks to haul bundles. They could pitch bundles into the feeder on both sides of the machine. Oats or other small

grain came out of one spout on the machine and straw and chaff came out of the blower to build the straw pile. Usually three grain haulers could keep up with the machine. Grain was hauled in a 50-bushel (or smaller) wagon to the granary where the hauler scooped grain into the grain bin. There were no augers, no elevators, only muscles to do the work.

When the actual day of threshing dawned, work started when the grain was ready. If there had been a shower of rain, the shocks had to be pitched apart so the bundles would dry. Then the bundle haulers started their work, rotating who had to be first in line every day. They walked along side the hayrack, pitching the bundles on

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In this photo taken in 1939 is Martin Vogt with Velva June Vogt Blum holding her dolly. Ed Vogt is on the machine and an unidentified man is in the hayrack.

THRESHING TIME: THE NOT-SO-GOOD OL' DAYS

Continued from page 1

board. When they got to the machine, woe be unto the inexperienced or sloppy pitch fork man who threw a bundle in butt first and slugged the machine. The separator man was well able to blister the culprit's ears with his words. John Staack once told a youngster, "You sure as ---- ain't the bundle hauler your dad is!" If the farmer himself couldn't haul bundles, or if he needed additional help, he could hire neighborhood youngsters to help. In the mid-1930s, a young man furnished the team, a hayrack, his labor and in return received 50 cents a day plus food for him and his horses.

Bundles could be thrown into the feeder from either side but it was very dangerous to come in from the belt side, according to Albert Allpress. He remembers men and teams being injured by getting too close to the open spinning belts. One gruesome tale, heard by more than one young bundle hauler, recounts the story of the horse switching flies whose tail was ripped off after becoming entangled in the belt.

Many local farmers, among them Jake Blum, John Staack, Gilbert Blele, Ben Herrmann, Jacob Boes, Ed Nicolaus, Gust Weickum, Martin Vogt, Fred Thoene, and John Schock, owned threshing machines and the huge tractors needed to power them. It took two men to operate the threshing machine, one of whom was the separator man in charge of keeping the threshing machine running, getting the straw pile started, checking out those strange noises. The other fellow was the engineer, in charge of the tractor, filling it with fuel, checking the oil and water, and keeping the belts at the proper tension. Rudy Becker remembers Gilbert Blele owned a huge old Advance Rumley tractor, in itself something to behold, and Gilbert was both engineer and separator man.

Before the invention of smaller, more powerful gas engines, the earliest threshing machines were steam operated. Running fired boilers and maintaining steam power was always risky in the dry grain fields. On top of fire dangers, there was always the chance of the boilers over pressurizing and blowing up.

It wasn't all back-breaking, mind-numbing labor. Pranksters were behind every shock of grain it seems. John Schock once found a snake in the tool box he used on his machine. Another time Swede Lund made rattlesnake noises that were so realistic, the tractor man grabbed a pitch fork and chased him! Pat Vance never succumbed

to the boredom of the day--he had his deck of cards ready to deal every time there was a break in the action. While unloading, it wasn't uncommon to tug at the bundle with your pitchfork and when it wouldn't budge, you'd discover someone had tied it to the rack. A separator man who liked to stand on the grain wagon because he loved to feel the grain run on his hand (feeling his oats?) was uncommonly surprised one day when a small snake came down the spout with the grain and dangled from his fingers! Someone had put the reptile in the return elevator and from there it was carried into the flow of grain into the wagon. Needless to say, it was the last time the separator man was seen standing on the wagon.

An engineer on one of the runs liked to keep a bottle of spirits in the tool box on the tractor. The bottle disappeared into a badger hole one day but he found it anyway. Another separator man had a set line in the Keya Paha River and was surprised to discover a bottle of beer on the line instead of a fish!

A fellow named Big John was a laborer on a crew east of Naper. At the end of the run when the last bushel of grain had been threshed at the last farm on the run, some pranksters on the crew told him everybody was going to throw his straw hat into the machine before it was shut down. Big John did just that, but no one else did, and his hat became just a few shreds on top of the big straw pile.

Albert Allpress had more stories about the pranksters. Snakes were always a good prop. Mice hid and fed in the shocks, which in turn attracted snakes. Tying a dead snake to a bundle was a common trick. Rattlesnake country was always touchy work. He remembered one time as a bundle hauler, he was on one windrow and the other hauler was in the next windrow over. The call of "rattlesnake" came and Albert grabbed his pitchfork. On his way to the guy ahead, he saw a second snake slither between the first guy's feet. He was able to kill that one and the first hauler dispatched the originally seen snake.

At the end of the run, the crew had to settle up with the owner and each other so they all felt they had been treated fairly. The owner of the machine usually had an end-of-the-run party in his yard. Some times it was watermelon, but sometimes it was a beverage that the not-old-enough-to-imbibe-legally laborers got their hands on and sneaked away with.

Not all of the activity was in the grain field. Women rose before dawn to prepare food for the hungry crew. In the days before REA, women had to kill and butcher chickens so they could fry them for dinner. Some folks might drive to Herrick to Butch Fortchner's butcher shop and buy a roast to prepare the next day. The food, including several varieties of pie, had to be prepared on a wood-burning kitchen range. There were no fans or air conditioners to cool the kitchen while the women were working. Rumor has it there was some competition among them to see who could prepare the most, the best, the tastiest food for the men. Because it took so long to get things set up and running, dinner was a mad dash. One got in, washed up and to the table where the food was gobbled down and then right back to the field. There was no time to leisurely enjoy a good meal during threshing.

As soon as the dishes were done from the noon meal, cakes and sandwiches were assembled for lunch. The women would load the kids, the food and a blanket in the car and head to the field. When they arrived about 4 pm, much to the joy of everyone working, they'd throw the blanket on the ground and serve lunch as there would be more hard work until the grain got "tough" due to condensation early in the evening. Occasionally a farmer didn't have a wife or a sister to do the cooking so he relied on his own expertise in the kitchen. One fellow served the threshing crew a loaf of bread and a ring of bologna for dinner. The farmer's father, too old and handicapped to work in the grain field, got to drink the juice the bologna had cooked in. "If you don't work, you don't eat."

As Rudy Becker says, "I don't think too many people were sorry when that era ended and combines took over. That way, when your harvest was ready, there was no need to wait for the machines and the crews BUT you likely missed those huge dinners and lunches that had been prepared in the old days."

Today's combines can do in a few hours what it took many men several days to accomplish. All one has to do is figure out how to pay for them! ■

Many thanks to the men from the threshing crew and the women from the kitchen who shared memories, particularly Albert Allpress and Rudy Becker. Thanks to Velva June Vogt Blum for the picture.



The Circuit Rider

CHUCK HERMSEN: Memories of a Navy man and Naper teacher

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..."

The Circuit Rider's rounds included a stop to visit with a former friend in the teaching profession. This friend attended the same college in the earlier years as the Circuit Rider; however, the paths changed directions. Chuck Hermesen spent some years teaching in the Naper Public School system. Mr. Hermesen's story will be of interest to his former Naper students and friends. His story follows:

I was born November 11, 1931. I and all of my siblings started this incarnation in the southwest corner of the "great room" in our house in St. Charles. That's the main reason it was bought and restored. My earliest memories were of that house, the neighbor kids, and my uncle Clint's blacksmith shop which he later moved to Naper. My uncle Clint [McLaughlin] and sons moved their houses and Spec Whitley had the mail and dray business between St. Charles and Naper. Spec used to take me over to his station and to Clint's shop. Clint and the two boys moved to California later.

I was blessed with two grandpas who had pretty much "been there and done that." Grandad Hermesen had been in the Sandhills when the last Indian wars were fought. He remembered the "cannons." He was a Naper resident for many years. Grandad Mac had done everything from sailing through Hell's Gate to building the

Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.

I grew up in St. Charles where there has always been a large number of Indians. I knew several dozen very well. Some of them like Charging Hawk and Black Bull worked for us. One invoked terror in my heart. He was Peter T. Crowhead, better known as Ol' Pete Thompson. He always insisted he needed a little white boy like me and would pretend he was trying to catch me. He tied his team of white ponies to the rack on the south side of Jake's store. I always watched for them if I wanted to go downtown. When I drive by there, I can still see Pete's buckboard tied there.

My teen years were a time of almost carefree enjoyment with a lot of hard work as a farm kid. There were always a few hours every night when you could sleep or go messing around. One of my favorite places to go was Naper and the old open dance floor to dance to Johnny or Alice, but it all came to an end when I turned 17 and decided to get my military obligation out of the way by joining the Navy.

I joined the Navy in November 1949 and spent the next nine months going to school in San Francisco. I was assigned to a destroyer that swept mines and was sent to Korea where my first encounter was an invasion. The next 17 months were spent in North Korea, destroying everyone and

everything of value. We then came home and I saw my folks exactly two years to the day from our last meeting. We spent six months in the shipyard and returned to North Korea for six more months of the same. Upon our return, they gave me the service medal with seven stars and a commendation and bid me farewell. I quickly turned this military time into a college education.

With my degree and three years of experience, I arrived in Naper where I spent four years. After 30 years of school involvement, I still remember Naper as one of the most enjoyable experiences of my life and the 200 or so kids I met as the greatest, especially some like Darrel and Willard who were as all boy as you can get. I remember Marjorie who helped with school and college work and Claudia who, when she saw something needing to be done, dived in and went to work. I shouldn't have started this naming business because there are too many to do justice. Thanks for all the memories, you old folks who were once kids.

After a couple hours of reminiscing, the Circuit Rider has to head out—more fine folks down the road. Maybe one day he can have another cup of coffee with Chuck and his wife Lorraine, at their home in Schuyler, NE. ■

HAPPY, HAPPY 104!

One Nebraska pioneer celebrated past the century mark. Can you imagine the differences in lifestyle for this man and family? From a team of mules pulling a wagon to a TV, a computer, a cell phone—this pioneer's culture experienced a lifetime full of changes.

On August 22, Albert J. Allpress celebrated his 104th birthday. Born in 1908 in a half soddy, half converted corn crib, he has outlived eight siblings and one great-nephew. Albert shares the same birth year as General Motors, the Model T, and Oklahoma, the 46th state.

Albert is currently living in Avera Care Center in Gregory, South Dakota. He has been a compliment and a credit to Nebraska. ■



Above: Albert at 10— (left to right) Albert, Howard, Glenn, Bertha (seated), Minnie, Harry and Lloyd. Taken around 1919. Left: Albert at 100.

AN INTERVIEW WITH TRAVIS HEERMANN, AUTHOR

Travis Heermann grew up east of Naper. His great-grandfather, John Ludemann, homesteaded the farm in 1894. Travis' grandparents, Alnard and Hilda Ludemann Heermann, and later his parents, Jerry and Dorothy Dummer Heermann, operated a dairy farm for many years. Travis' brother Casey and his family live in Spencer, his sister Rachel and her family are in Plato, MO, and brother Cody and family live in Brookings, SD.

After high school, part of the second-to-last class to graduate from Naper (1987), Travis attended University of Nebraska at Lincoln (Go Huskers!) and came away with a B.S. in electrical engineering. In 2010, he received a Masters degree in English from the University of Nebraska at Omaha.

What did you do after graduation?

When I graduated from UNL, I worked as an electrical engineer for a couple of years in Lincoln, and then got laid off. The ups and downs of life brought me back to Naper to try dairy farming with my parents in the mid-'90s. When that didn't work out, I went back to Omaha, where I spent a little over six years working as an engineer. That was enough time to realize I didn't like engineering or the corporate world very much. So I went to Japan to teach English. I spent three years in Japan, loving every minute of it, earthquakes and all, and when I came back I launched a career

as a full-time freelance writer. I worked at that for a couple more years, before I went back to graduate school at the University of Nebraska at Omaha. After I graduated from UNO, I stepped into a position in the English department and served as an instructor for two years. By the end of four total years teaching freshman composition, I was pretty sure that I was not interested in spending the next couple of decades grading freshman writing. So I moved to the Denver area, where I have gone back to writing full-time.

How did you get to Japan?

In about 1999, while I was living in Omaha and working as an engineer, I had started writing the story that became *Heart of the Ronin*. I had always been fascinated by Japanese history and culture, particularly samurai history. I stumbled across some old samurai films on Ye Olde Satellite Dish (remember those?) back when I was in high school, and I was hooked. So the more I wrote of this story, the more I realized how ignorant I was about some critical aspects of Japanese culture, so for research and for fun I enrolled in a night class at UNO to learn basic conversational Japanese. I loved it, and I found I had a facility for languages. My teacher told me about the JET Program, Japan Exchange Teaching, and that idea took root in my brain and wouldn't let go. So I applied, I got in, and I ended up in exactly the part of Japan where the book I was writing takes place.

When did you start writing?

I remember writing some stories in grade school with Mrs. Lechtenberg encouraging me, and I drew my own comic books, but what really turned me into a writer was a book I found in the school library when I was either in 6th or 7th grade, a dual hardcover of *Swords of Mars* and *Synthetic Men of Mars* by Edgar Rice Burroughs. This book set me on fire. I immediately got Mom's old Smith-Corona manual typewriter and started writing my own novel, which was of course a thinly veiled rip-off of Burroughs, but I wrote over 250 pages, complete with maps and colored-pencil illustrations, over the next year or two. Through high school and college, I wrote a few other stories that are now probably stuck in a box somewhere in the old house.

Ever since that time, being a novelist was all I ever wanted to be, really. The engineering degree turned out to be a mistake, because it was never who I felt I was. I had an engineering job to pay the bills, but inside I was a writer. What I didn't realize until years later was how much damage that did.

During high school, I started writing *The Ivory Star*, a book that was later published. One would think that would have been a good thing, but it basically derailed my writing efforts for several years. On my blog www.travisheermann.com/blog under "Cautionary Tales for Writers," there's a full account of that whole mess, but suffice to say that *The Ivory Star* involved some "literary agents" who did 4-5 years in federal prison for fraud, and a publishing company where the CEO looted the entire company of every dime and fled to the Bahamas, where he still lives in hiding.

Publishing can be a hugely dirty business. ■

NEXT ISSUE: How to get a book published and a listing of Travis' books.



Travis Heerman

NAPER PAPER INDEX ISSUES 21-31

Each issue contains the Ol' Homesteader and Letters

#21 Volume 8, Issue 1: Murder of Caroline Holton; Russell Reber interview; Fred and Mary Herrmann's Story; Graves Family Story; Naper 28 update

#22 Volume 8, Issue 2: First National Bank of Naper currency; Avis Daldorf Breyer interview; Where in the World Are We? (part 1)

#23 Volume 8, Issue 3: Ghosts of Naper; Frieda Ahlers Voll interview; Joe and Catherine Becker story; Alumni banquet; Where in the World Are We? (part 2)

#24 Volume 8, Issue 4: Dance at Milk's Camp; Vernelle Peppel Kibby interview; Rudolph and Zelma Becker story; Where in the World Are We? (part 3)

#25 Volume 9, Issue 1: New Sign; Bob Rowan interview; Anton and Mavis Becker Hambeck story; Where in the World Are We? (part 4)

#26 Volume 9, Issue 2: Library News; Town pasture; Gaynell Rockholm Keller interview (part 1); Christian Kulm story; Rebekah Lodge; Where in the World Are We? (part 5)

#27 Volume 9, Issue 3: Chief Yellow Horse; Gaynell Rockholm Keller interview (part 2); Alumni Banquet; Cemetery stories; Cruise Night

#28 Volume 9, Issue 4: Albert Dalldorf and truck; Jon Dyer interview; Bruce Mills; Maylon Kern story; Rural School review

#29 Volume 10, Issue 1: The Wright Way to Build a House; Florence Wetzler Porter; Letters from the Boys in the War; Winston D. Stahlecker story; Grand Rapids Bridge

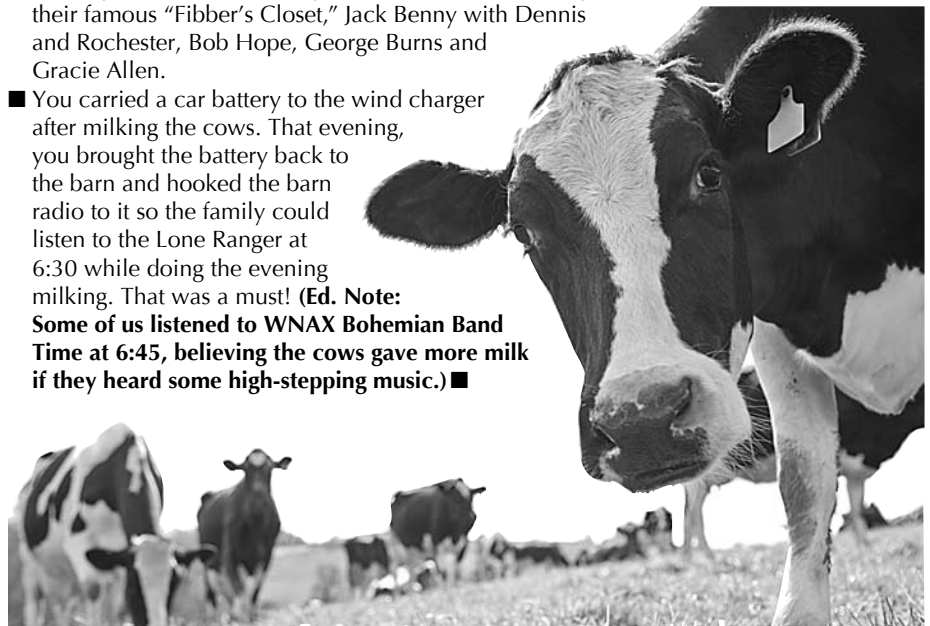
#30 Volume 10, Issue 2: Naper Updates; Hazel Cady Blake Memoirs (part 1); Crossing the River; What's Goin' On?; Who's Here?

#31 Volume 10, Issue 3: The Rock; Hazel Cady Blake Memoirs (part 2); Nathalie Sattler Taranto. ■

Remember When?

By Marilyn Sieh

- You bought a bottle of Pepsi (maybe some had a Coke) and added a small package of Planters peanuts. Yum, yum.
- You drove to school in a Model A Ford.
- Getting a permanent meant going to the beauty shop, sitting under a contraption (how else can I explain it?) which looked like a canopy on a stand. The canopy had dangling wires with metal clamps on the ends which attached to the rollers of hair. The heat was turned on and behold! A curly permanent. Then home permanents, first with the name Toni, hit the market. You could have a home permanent then which I am sure saved quite a bit of money for the family.
- You took your lunch to school in a bucket. The first buckets were empty corn syrup cans with a bail. Later we could buy lunch buckets at the store, black rectangular metal boxes with two easy fasteners on the front and a hinge on the back. There was room for a thermos bottle for liquids in the rounded lid. Eventually came the lunch boxes decorated with pictures of movie stars and cartoon characters. Most of these were rectangular boxes with room for a small thermos inside. Many were decorated with pictures of Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, Lone Ranger, Sleeping Beauty—and they are in great demand as collectors' items now.
- You listened to your favorites on the radio—thrillers like *The Whistler*, *Inner Sanctum* (the horrible-sounding squeaky door), *The Shadow* ("Only the Shadow knows"); comedy like Amos and Andy, Fibber McGee and Molly with their famous "Fibber's Closet," Jack Benny with Dennis and Rochester, Bob Hope, George Burns and Gracie Allen.
- You carried a car battery to the wind charger after milking the cows. That evening, you brought the battery back to the barn and hooked the barn radio to it so the family could listen to the Lone Ranger at 6:30 while doing the evening milking. That was a must! (Ed. Note: **Some of us listened to WNAX Bohemian Band Time at 6:45, believing the cows gave more milk if they heard some high-stepping music.**) ■



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*If we don't support our local
merchants... who will?
Spend here:
Keep Naper strong!*



The Ol' Homesteader

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

There's always somethin' happenin' in and around our town...

CONGRATULATIONS!

Andrew Linnaus, son of David and Wanda Blum Linnaus and grandson of Velva June Vogt Blum, received his degree as Doctor of Medicine from University of Nebraska Medical Center in Omaha on May 5.

On August 17, Alicia Blum, daughter of Kevin and Rogena Blum and Velva June's granddaughter, received her white coat recognizing students going into medicine, also from UNMC in Omaha.

Tymber Higgins received her practical nursing pin from Mount Marty at a ceremony August 3.

Erin Richardson and Aaron Kimbel were married at Dr. Fitch's Chapel October 13. Erin is the daughter of Lee and Karen Bentzen Richardson and granddaughter of Ramona Bentzen.

Dale and Melvina Goodman celebrated their 50th anniversary with an open house at the town hall September 8.

Jerry and Janet Goodman and Paul and Betty Vaughn both celebrated 50 years of marriage in November.

Deb and Vern Vogt are grandma and grandpa again and again. Ross Vogt and Christina Herring are parents of Hannah Elise, born June 23.

Auston and Abbie Vogt welcomed daughter Anston September 6.

Baleigh Gracyn Koenig arrived November 9. Proud parents are Kevin and Staci Zink Koenig; grandparents Jeff and Rindy Zink; great-grandmother Louise Neumiller Zink.

Katelyn Haney was a candidate for West Boyd Homecoming queen.

Jamie Warnke (daughter of Jolene Bechtold Warnke and Bruce Warnke), Mandy Keller (daughter of Randy and Carol, granddaughter of Gaynell Rockholm Keller) and Teresa Goodman (daughter of Vern and Linda) did very well at the adult special Olympics in Lincoln.

Jerry and Dorothy Dummer Heermann's grandsons Wyatt Heermann (son of Casey and Jill), Evan and Camden Brewer (sons of Rachel and Kip Brewer) won several prizes at the bicycle relay races at the Boyd County Fair.

Casey Heermann won first with his 1929 Ford in the car division of the parade.

Kyla and Gina McCarthy (daughters

of Darrin and Connie, granddaughters of LeRoy and Maxine) took honors with the largest cucumber and largest zucchini.

Also at the fair, Isaac and Austin Koenig, sons of Kevin and Staci Zink Koenig, grandsons of Jeff and Rindy Zink, great-grandsons of Louise Neumiller Zink, received awards in archery, photography, BB gun shooting sports, and sheep. Austin had two pictures going to state fair, one of which you'll see next issue!

Jory and Jaylon Zeisler, sons of Mark and Tiffany and grandsons of Richard and Sheryl, won honors with dairy animals, beef animals and swine.

Dylan Reiman (son of Casey and Lisa Ahlers Reiman, grandson of Jack and Jean Reiman and Wayne and Virginia Schonebaum Ahlers), Kelly McCarthy (daughter of Kevin and Angie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine) and Jessa McCarthy participated in cross country for Boyd County Schools. Dylan ran in the state meet in Kearney October 19 and did well.

Macy Ahlers (daughter of Dan and Tara, granddaughter of Wayne and Virginia), Amber Bendig (daughter of Kelly and Monica, granddaughter of Herman and Grace) and Samantha McCarthy (daughter of Darrin and Connie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine) were busy playing volleyball for West Boyd.

Students on the honor roll at West Boyd are Jesse Cline (Hoyt and Julie's son, Marvin and Judy's grandson), Kelli Mashino (daughter of Dustin and Tammy Mitchell Mashino), Ridge Higgins (son of LaVern and Brenda Klien Higgins, grandson of Lelia Higgins and Margaret Schmitz), Amber Bendig, Jamie Mashino (daughter of Dustin and Tammy) and Henry Ahlers (son of Dean and Roxie Ahlers).

Perfect attendance at West Boyd honored Alexis and Christian Gosch (daughter and son of Pastor Justin and Amy Gosch), Zander Kluckman (son of Jim and Blair Vogt Kluckman, grandson of Kelly and Lois, great-grandson of Charlotte Nicolaus and Don and Gloria Vogt), Jesse Cline, Jessa McCarthy (daughter of Darrin and Connie), and Dylan Reiman.

WHAT'S WHAT AND WHO'S WHO . . .

Bev Zink was installed as postmaster in Spencer in August 17.

Sharon Vogt is now OIC (Officer in Charge) in Naper and Katherine Davis

is PMR (Postmaster Relief). After several months of wondering what's happening, it has been announced that the post office will be open six hours a day Monday through Friday and one hour on Saturday morning. Rural delivery remains unchanged.

The Historical Society sponsored a taco bar fundraiser for the volunteer firefighters who have put in some long hard hours this year. Cheryl Nicolaus won the quilt Ramona Bentzen had made and donated. After expenses, \$6,075 was given to the firemen.

The VFW Auxiliary again sponsored the POW/MIA Remembrance Friday, September 21 at the Naper Café.

The Historical Society picked up trash October 13.

The third annual Gun Show was in the hall October 20 and 21.

The firemen started their cycle of steak suppers October 21 — third Sunday every month during the winter. Good grub!

The VFW held their 45th annual mountain oyster feed November 10.

The Centennial + 10 Committee has Naper Centennial Cookbooks for sale again. This is the third printing which means there are over 1,000 of those books in circulation.

GOODBYE TO OLD FRIENDS. . .

Melvin Fuhrer, who farmed west of Naper as a young man, passed away September 3, 2012. He was 86, had lived in Bonesteel since 1952 and is survived by his wife Loretta and five children.

Raymond Sieh was born November 16, 1914, in Naper and passed away September 28 in the Denver area.

Ray loved to dance and traveled a lot following his favorite bands. His children Ronald (NHS 1957), Lorna (NHS 1958) and Kenneth survive him.

Russel Reber, a 1939 graduate of NHS, had moved to Georgia where he passed away June 27. Word of his passing came from another Virginia resident, Gary Bentzen, Jr., Ramona Bentzen's nephew.

Duane Zeisler, age 79, passed away October 14 after a courageous battle with cancer. He is survived by his wife Joan, children Craig, Jane (Schmitz) and Jim.

Iona Stahlecker Lutz passed away October 22. She grew up west of Naper and has lived in Gregory for many years.

Richard Stanek passed away November 10 at the age of 98. He was featured in the *Naper Paper* Volume 5, Issue 2, 2007. ■



Letters and More Letters...

Send your cards and letters to:

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

Dear Duke Stahlecker:

Just a note of thanks for your time showing us the White Horse Museum. It made Clarence Schultz' day. Clarence at the age of 15 decided to run away from home and join the White Horse Show, thinking he could miss school for a year then he, at age 16, could quit school. Little did he know that the Thompsons kept in touch with his parents all that time, letting them know how he was and their location. At that time they were in Kendallville, Indiana. He met them first in Kalamazoo, Michigan. Days before school, Clarence's father woke him up one morning and [he was] back to Michigan and back to school. He rode Cover Girl—she was on the cover of *Life* magazine August 13, 1945. At the age now of 80, he remembers it well.

Thanks again.

Clarence Schultz

To whom it may concern:

Please accept my donation to the *Naper Paper*. I do have ties to the community, as my uncle, Felix Malek, was born east of town in 1899 on the property now owned by Ed and Kathy Peppel. My mother was related to the Cerny family so I remember many family stories of the time.

In past years I have known a number of the people you write about, but their stories are new and very interesting.

Keep up the good work!

Dr. C. N. Zidko

Thank you for your dedication to keeping Naper history alive. It was a nice place to grow up. It looks like it continues to be that.

Greg Stahlecker

Really appreciate all your hard work of putting the *Naper Paper* together. I especially enjoyed the "Nathalie Sattler Taranto: Childhood Memories Abound" letter. Nathalie was older than me, probably in the eighth grade when I was in the first grade when we both attended District 18. How well I remember how kind she was to play tic-tac-toe and other games with a little red hair boy at recess time.

Thanks.

Duane Kibby

I still enjoy the *Naper Paper* even tho so many names have changed. Older folks die (my generation), new ones take their place. Keep it coming—have enclosed a contribution.

Is Russell Reber still alive? Class of '39.

Ruth Horn

Ed. Note: Russel Reber passed away June 27, 2012.

Just a note with our donation for the paper and to say thanks to all that work to put this paper together. We so enjoy happenings of the past. Some I remember and am surprised with joy when I do remember the forgotten happenings. A big "Thank you" to all. Have a question that maybe your readers will be able to help me find this book! Was written by Inaz Zeigler in the 1880s or 1890s. It's a pioneer novel. Book name: *Nell's Prairie*. Thanks again and God bless you all.

Esther (Gentele) and Ern Nelson

Ed. Note: *Nellie's Prairie* is available at Amazon.com.

Continue to enjoy each issue of the paper and appreciate all of the effort that goes into publishing it. I am enclosing a contribution.

We have not been able to take the trip back to the Midwest these last two years. Especially wanted to attend the Alumni

Banquet as my niece, Geneene Kulm Sand, was in the honored 50th anniversary year group. Enjoyed the pictures included in the last issue. Always brings back a lot of wonderful memories.

Naper and the surrounding area will always be special to me. And I enjoy reading about those days—some even long before I was born, which make up the history of this place. And your finding those people who can contribute these stories and put them into print.

Really appreciated the visit of Geneene, her husband, daughter and two granddaughters this summer. Next best thing to visiting back "home."

Keep up the good work. Thanks,

Frieda Ahlers Voll

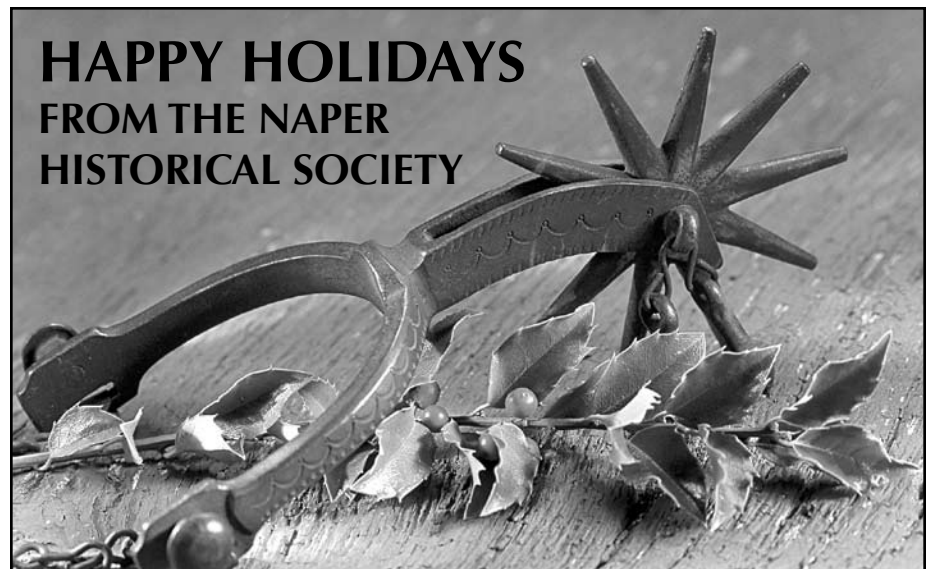
Please accept this donation on behalf of the family of Helen Zimmerman Farrin. Helen was the daughter of Homer Zimmerman, the niece of Doc Zimmerman, and the granddaughter of Jacob Zimmerman. Thanks to Ann for all of the photocopies, emails and time she spent.

When I visit my relatives in Lincoln, I hope to visit Naper. I am Helen's son-in-law.

Bill O'Connor and Margo Farrin
O'Connor

Always enjoy the *Naper Paper*. Read it from front to back and enjoy all the interesting past and present articles, along with the photos. It amazes me how many articles you are able to condense in eight pages. Keep up the good work and we're enclosing a donation to help with your costs.

Gene and Joan Grimm



**HAPPY HOLIDAYS
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Naper Paper

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IN THIS ISSUE...

- A Website for Naper
- Threshing Time
- Circuit Rider: Chuck Hermsen
- An Interview with Travis Heermann, Author
- Remember When?
- Plus: The Ol' Homesteader, Letters

... AND MUCH MORE!

SUMMERTIME

By Marilyn Sieh

Members of our generation (ages in the 70's) last year experienced the mildest and driest winter we can ever remember. The past summer was the hottest and driest we can ever remember also. West of Naper the temperatures and precipitation figures were:

May: total rain 0.5 inches

June	July	August	September
4 - 86	1 - 100	1 - 0.1 rain	1 - 100
5 - 87	2 - 100	2 - 1.0 rain	3 - 102
6 - 92	3 - 103	3 - 0.3 rain	10 - 94
7 - 90	4 - 107	4 - 0.4 rain	12 - 0.3 rain
8 - 90s	5 - upper 90s	5 - 89	13 - 47
16 - 82	6 - 100+	7 - 100	
17 - 99	7 - 89	8 - 90	
18 - 100	8 - 100	10 - 85	
19 - 100	9 - 100	11 - 70	
20 - 0.4 rain	10 - 98	12 - 61	
23 - 0.2 rain	11 - 96	13 - 85	
24 - upper 90s	12 - 93 and 0.1 rain	14 - 88 and 0.4 rain	
25 - 100	14 - 100	16 - 73	
26 - 99	15 - 100 at 5 p.m.	18 - 81	
27 - 97	16 - 105	22 - 99	
28 - 99	17 - 107	23 - 90s	
	18 - 95 at 6 p.m.	24 - 66	
	20 - 106 and 80 at 8 p.m.	27 - 96	
	21 - 110 and 0.2 rain	28 - 105	
	22 - 105	29 - 110	
	23 - 102	30 - 95	
	24 - 100	31 - 93	
	25 - 93		
	26 - 98		
	27 - 99		
	28 - 100		
	29 - 101		
	30 - 101		
	31 - 105		

Ed. Note: The heat was the same but precipitation south of Naper was only 2.1 inches from May 1 until October 25. October 25 we had about 1.5 inches of SNOW!