

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

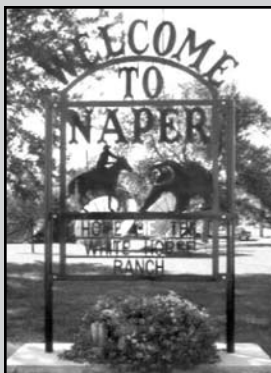
**The Naper  
Historical Society**

**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 12, Issue 1

[www.napernebraska.org](http://www.napernebraska.org)

Spring 2014

## ASK NOT FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS...

**P**rogress on the siding project at Heritage Hall has come to a halt due to inclement weather and a shortage of funds. However, when Roger Witt and Doug Koenig started work on the belfry, they uncovered the bell which had been concealed for some time. The bell was cast for Sacred Heart Church in Naper and bears the following inscription:

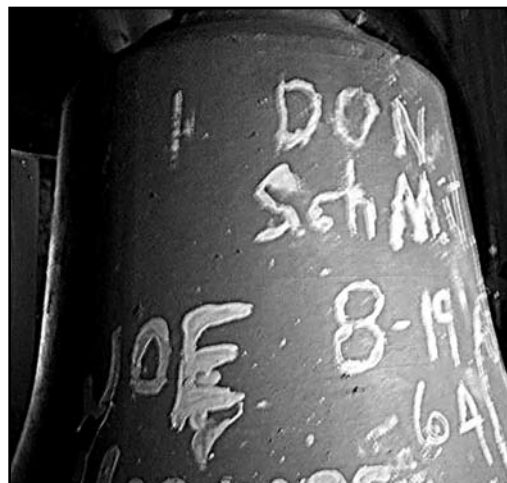
**H Y STUCKSTEDE B F CO  
ST. LOUIS MO  
1908  
PRESENTED TO THE  
CONGR OF THE CATH  
CHURCH OF NAPER NEBR  
BY ANTON S KANDYBA**

Anton S. Kandyba lived east of Naper. Joe and Bertha Schmitz purchased his property and later deeded a portion of that land to Sacred Heart Cemetery.

At various times when work was done on the church, workers autographed the bell. "Don Schmitz, Joe Higgins, Merv Higgins 8-29-64" is on one side of the bell and "Jerome Blum, Jim Sattler, 9-20-78" is on the other.

The cross was removed from the top of the belfry and is currently "resting" inside the church until a permanent display can be made. A collage of work-in-progress photos is on display at the museum.

Thanks to Mabel Sattler, Doug Koenig and Roger Witt for the photos. ■





The Circuit Rider

## Betty Wilhelmsen Fast: 'I have been blessed'

*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..."*

**In Naper during early times when walking home from school, a boy would walk past Pete Wilhelmsen's blacksmith shop. The sounds of the hammer on the anvil pounding on the plowshares bring back memories the Circuit Rider remembers 70 years later. Pete's daughter, Betty Wilhelmsen Fast, was invited to share the family story with Naper friends.**

I was born in our home in Jamison on December 29, 1931. One of my first memories was when my little brother was stillborn. Kate and Anna Willuweit made a little coffin out of a box. Dad and Rev. Grimm took it out to the cemetery.

There wasn't a lot for a kid to do in Jamison. I spent a lot of time making mud pies and decorating them with sunflower leaves and rocks.

Luther was born when I was nine years old. I got to be the babysitter while Mom was working in the cream station. We didn't have running water in the house, so in the summer time we would put a tub out in the middle of the yard and put water in it. By mid-afternoon, it would be warm enough to give Luther a bath.

Junior and I went to Spotted Tail School. We walked a lot of the time—two and a half miles. On our way home, we would cut across Blake's pasture. There was an old creek bed where people would dump their junk. We would look for zinc lids. We'd pound the glass out, put a hole in the center and string them on a wire. A couple of times during the summer, an old Jew would come to Jamison with his horse and buggy. He'd give us 5 or 10 cents for them.

We had to go to Brocksburg to take our seventh and eighth grade exams. We borrowed horses from Heydens and rode those seven miles. One time it was raining and we really got drenched.

One winter for Christmas, Dad made Junior and I a sled. He used car bumpers for runners. It wasn't the prettiest sled, but boy, could that baby go!

When Junior and I were ready for high school, Dad moved his blacksmith shop to Naper. I think he bought the shop from a Mr. McLaughlin. So every morning, the three of us would go to Naper in the old Model A with one window broken out. We really enjoyed Naper and our friends

in school. A favorite memory is when we would put on plays. I remember one was "Pleased Ta Meetcha." We'd go to Sally Green's house and get the props we needed. Junior and I graduated with a great bunch of kids—11 of us!

We helped Dad in the shop as best we could. The farmers used horses and wagons to haul their grain, etc. So periodically they had to have the wagon wheels "set." Dad had a large tank behind his shop and he would build a HOT fire in it. Junior and I also had tongs to help. Dad would put the rim in the fire until it was red hot. He had the wooden wheel on props. When the rim was ready and he said, "Now!" we had to jump! (Dad wasn't too patient when we were setting wheels.) The rim had to be on the wooden tire NOW. As soon as it was on, he ran it through water to shrink it to make a good fit. I used to watch dad sharpen discs. The sparks would really fly. We also helped him re-do the emery wheels. We painted them with a thick brown paste and then rolled them in a grit. When they were dry, Dad would put them on the emery stand and use them to sharpen and polish plow lays.

I believe it was our senior year in high school and our professor was Mr. Patterson. He decided the whole class had to take aeronautics. One day Wayne Andersen was REALLY acting up in class. Finally Mr. Patterson had had enough. He said, "In years to come, I will call Bill Blakkolb (who was on the school board) and say, 'Whatever happened to Wayne Anderson?' Bill will say, 'Wayne was killed in an airplane accident because he didn't listen to his aeronautics instructor.'"

After graduation, I worked at Blake's store. I worked six days from 8 a.m. until 10 or 11 p.m., depending on what time the farmers went home. I got \$18 a week. Junior worked at Blake's Implement.

Evelyn and Bob came home from Chicago in the summer of 1950. Evelyn convinced the folks to let me go back with them. Dad said if I didn't get a job in two weeks, I had to come home. I went to an agency and took a test. They placed me with the Acme Steel Co. as a ledger clerk. I started at \$37.50 a week. I gave Evelyn \$10 for staying there and put \$10

in the credit union. I tried to save that so I could home and see the folks if I wanted to. When I did go home, I would take the train to Omaha and another to Newport. I'd then ride with Dean Moore, the mail carrier, to Jamison.

I worked in Chicago for three years and loved it. When Bob Putnam was stationed at Great Lakes, he came and visited us once. Dad passed away in 1952. I felt that I should go home to be with Mom and Luther. It was a terribly hard decision to make, but it was the right one. Brownie Blake was instrumental in getting me a job in Winner at an insurance company. I saved enough money to buy a '49 Chevy for \$500 and then I could go to Jamison and visit Mom and Luther.

During the three years that I worked in Winner, I met and married Harvey Fast. We had two daughters, Kim and Lori. Harvey built the Drive In in 1950. We really enjoyed running it and working together, but on December 8, 2004, Harvey had a heart attack and in four hours it was all over.

People thought the Drive In would close... but Danes don't give up easily! I knew I could run the Drive In and I did. I just finished the 63rd year of the Drive-In. I do all of the cleaning, ordering, bookwork, starting the stand, etc. There's a lot of mowing to be done, so I bought a Dixon with a 50-inch swath. It takes me a day or even two if I do it all. I have a 35-gallon tank to pull behind the mower and spray the weeds in the ramps. But it's a labor of love. Kim and Larry live a mile from me and help. The Drive In is open four nights and Larry runs the machines two nights a week. Kim works in the concession stands. Mick and Lori live in Rapid City and help when they come home.

I get the film in on six or eight small reels. I have a splicing table. I take the film apart, splice it together and make one big reel to put on the platter. When the run is over, I take it all apart, put it back on the small reels and call for pick up. Now the theaters are going digital so I don't know what the future holds.

But I do know one thing, all things considered, that I have had a good life. I have four grandchildren and one great-grandchild. I have been blessed. ■

# The Store's Story

by Joycelyn and Kathryn Blakkolb

When we come back to Naper, we still half expect to see the old white Blakkolb Store standing on the corner of Main Street where the post office now stands. The store was a familiar landmark for many years and lots of our early memories are associated with it. In 1900, our great-grandfather, Solomon Blakkolb, moved to Naper from his farm near Bute to establish a hardware business. In 1909, for some reason or other, he sold the hardware stock to Sam Statsman (our mom's dad) and Karl Reichel with the condition that Solomon would no longer sell hardware in his store. Solomon and his sons, John and Jacob (our grandpa) then entered into a general merchandise business which became Blakkolb and Sons. The freight for the store came by rail to St. Charles, so at first wagons were used to bring it to Naper. Often, when farmers hauled their grain and cattle to St. Charles, they returned to Naper loaded with merchandise for the store.

After Solomon retired in 1911, John and Jacob continued with the business until 1922 when John and his family moved to Bonesteel, South Dakota, where he opened his own store. Jacob and Katie had four sons: William (Bill), Otto (Toe), Edwin (Bug) and Harry. When the boys were old enough, they often made wild trips in a truck they owned over a sometimes muddy

road to pick up the freight at St. Charles. Chief Yellow Horse, one of the last Indian chiefs on the Ponca, came into the store one day toward the end of his life and Grandpa sold Yellow Horse his first pair of leather shoes because he wanted a pair of white man's shoes before he died.

Bill remained with his dad to carry on the family tradition. Otto and Edwin worked in the store at different times before moving to California. Ruth (Edwin's wife) and Frieda (Bill's wife) filled in, too. Grandma Katie enjoyed slipping little bags of candy for the kids into people's grocery bags. Our grandpa spent 35 years in the business. During hard times for families, he never turned people away if they needed groceries and didn't have the money to pay for them immediately. Most of the time, he eventually got paid, but when he didn't, he managed to pay his bills anyway and he had the satisfaction of helping those in need, and Bill continued with this policy.

After Jacob retired in 1944, Bill and Frieda took over the business. We girls grew up working in the store as soon as we could see over the counter. On late nights when we were little, we often fell asleep on bags of potatoes, an empty shelf, or the old roll-top desk while waiting for people to pick up their groceries. Before we went "modern" with self-service, we wrote down the items people wanted and

ran back and forth filling their orders. Sometimes we were pretty tired by 11 or 12 o'clock at night! When Grandpa was still in the store, if we were lucky and he remembered, he would give us a quarter for a night's work! But we always had access to the candy case! Vera Lund, Pauline Davis and Lucy Herrmann were long-time clerks and Stanley and Greg Stahlecker and Earl and Mike Stahlecker were box boys.

When our folks retired in 1968 and sold the business to Albert and Dolly Bechtold, it climaxed sixty-eight years of a store under the ownership of the Blakkolb family. For all of us, it was a rather traumatic time because the store had been such a dominant part of our lives for so long. It was like losing a member of the family. It seemed strange to go into the store after it was sold. A little bit of history died when the old building burned to the ground on April 1, 1974. Some of you reading this had relatives who sat around the tall old coal-burning stove in the middle of the store or sat on the wooden benches in front of the store on a Wednesday or Saturday night, socializing and enjoying one another's company. Gone are those days, but the memories linger on.

Looking back, the Blakkolb girls learned a lot of things working in that old store. One of the most important lessons was that, in serving the public, we met and dealt with all kinds of people, learning to appreciate and get along with them, which has served us well through the years. ■

## SUPPORT OUR LOCAL MERCHANTS

### 123 Main Photography Studio

*Works by local artisans*  
832-5137

### A&M Enterprises

*Trenching, pump installations, backhoe work, plumbing*  
832-5388

### Bob's Auto Body

*Auto body repair*  
832-5766, Box 223

### Curl Up & Dye Beauty Shop

*Haircuts, styling, coloring*  
832-5573

### Druke Trucking

*Local and long-distance grain hauling*  
832-5610

### Garage Sale on Main

*New items each week*  
832-5018

### K&S Mobile

*Welding and equipment repair, on-site service*  
832-5125

### Lynn's Upholstery

*Covering chairs, couches and other furniture*  
832-5461

### M&L Lawn Service

*Mowing, trimming, fertilizing, tilling, seeding, spraying*  
832-5422

### Naper Café and Lounge

*Breakfast, dinner, supper, bar*  
832-5272

### Naper Transport

*Sand and gravel hauling*  
832-5955

### Nick's Auto Sales & Dish Satellite TV

*Used cars, oil changes, parts, tire repair, new tires*  
832-5166

### U.S. Postal Service

832-5977



# LUCIA AUGUSTA PEARSALL LESLIE

**Ed. Note: Karen Reiser, Butte News reporter for KBRX radio, found this obituary on the internet and submitted it. (The webpage is [www.usgennet.org/usa/ne/county/boyd1](http://www.usgennet.org/usa/ne/county/boyd1), and you'll find many items of interest there.) Although there were folks named Leslie living in the Naper area, no history could be found for them in either the Naper Centennial book or the Spencer Centennial book. The Saga of Ponca Land by Adeline Gnirk has the history of Willis Ernest "Bill" Leslie who was Lucia Leslie's youngest son and a barber in Herrick for many years. The most interesting aspect of the obituary is the descriptive language used. The obituary was edited by the NP staff.**

Lucia Augusta Pearsall was born near Belvidere, Illinois on June 18, 1845 and died at Naper, Nebraska on November 28, 1903. The above notice announces the passing away of one of the best and noblest women it has ever been the writer's pleasure to know.

She had enjoyed good health until 1900, when she became troubled with spinalese tumor. She consulted various good physicians without securing relief and then tried electric treatment at Lynch. It failed, and she underwent an operation at Lynch, by Dr. Salter of Norfolk, Nebraska, to whom she had [been] recommended as one of the foremost specialists in this line of

surgery in the west. The relief experienced from this operation was of but a few month's duration and she again underwent an operation at Norfolk, Nebraska, by Dr. Salter after which she went to Denver, Colorado for treatment, securing the service of one of the best surgeons in the west, receiving as before—temporary relief but no permanent cure. She then tried absorption treatment by Dr. Macumber at Norfolk, but this, as did others, proved unsuccessful, and as a final resort the x-ray treatment, which has worked so many and marvelous cures of diseases of this class, was tried at Naper, Nebraska under the supervision of Dr. Zimmerman. But nothing that human intelligence and skillful surgeons could do, availed naught, and as a last resort, with death in any event, but sure unless relief came soon, a third operation was performed Thanksgiving Day by Dr. Salter at Naper. She lived two days, but heart failure, occasioned by the necessary administration of chloroform, together with weakening influences of the tumor and her inability to eat, drink, or sleep ensured and from their combined effects she could not rally.

Mrs. Leslie was the youngest daughter of Horace and Lavinia Pearsall. Her oldest brother died of disease contracted in the Mexican War and her twin brother, Lucius, was killed at the siege of Vicksburg in the Civil War. Her father was a minister of

the Methodist church and she embraced the same faith early in life and remained at her death a consistent and worthy member of that organization. Her parents moved to Iowa in 1853 and settled near Independence, Buchanan County. Her primary education was received at a home school and finished at the Ladies Seminary of Epworth, near Dubuque, Iowa.

She moved with her sons to the Rosebud Indian Reservation in 1902 and remained there until continued illness required her nearness to a doctor's aid and she moved to Naper, Nebraska, in 1903, where she passed away on November 28 last. She was buried beside her husband, daughter and grandchild in Spencer Cemetery on November 30, 1903. At the same time occurred the services and burial of her granddaughter Lucia Lenore Leslie. They were laid to rest in the family plot in the Spencer Cemetery. Kind folks and friends both at Naper and Spencer lent noble assistance and sympathy during the illness, death and burial of these loved ones and this will always be warmly cherished by the bereaved relatives.

Additional notes: Lucia Lenore Leslie was the daughter of Lucius Leslie and Arvilla Harriman Leslie. She died of cancer of the eye. She also was treated by Dr. Zimmerman of Naper, Nebraska. She died the same day as her grandmother, Lucia Augusta Leslie. ■

## Waltzing Hilda

By Marilyn Sieh

Our coffee klatsch at the Naper Café happens twice a day, at which time many subjects are discussed—actually whatever happens to be mentioned, like the other day, the “old days” when there were house dances. The ones who had the experience of being at these get-togethers told their individual stories while the rest of us listened and asked questions.

My husband, Duane, told about his experience. His mother's family, the Beckers, would get together on a Sunday for their noon meal in Rudolph Becker's home northwest of Naper. There were many such family get-togethers in those days. Sometimes after the meal the family would move the furniture, roll up the rugs, get out their instruments and play for everyone's entertainment. Those who couldn't play an instrument or didn't want to play would dance if they so desired. One particular day, the family was at Rude's home. Rude (Annie's brother) played the violin, Gus Weickum (Annie's brother-in-law) a violin, Mavis Hambeck (Annie's niece) the accordion, and Annie (Duane's mother) played the piano. Until that day, Duane didn't know his mother could play the piano as they didn't have a piano in their home. The musicians played all types of music like waltzes, schottisches (had



George Sieh dancing with his oldest daughter Hilda Tietgen in the home of another daughter, June and Clayton Smith. Dora Zimmerman is seated to the left. Some little girl is enjoying an ice cream cone!

to look that word up in the dictionary!), two-step, etc. They had to make their own entertainment, and it would be such a treat to be able to go back and watch or join the family festivities. ■

## Paul Honke's Story Is Told

**Paul Honke, who passed away in 2003, was pilot of a B17 Flying Fortress during World War II. He completed 18 missions and was shot down during the 19th mission March 22, 1945. Ten crew members were on his plane and two survived. The others were killed by German gunfire while descending in their parachutes. Paul was captured and spent time as a prisoner of war until liberated May 17, 1945. The following story was written by Paul and submitted by his son Keith. It was printed in the *Butte Gazette* in honor of Veterans Day.**

**“O**n March 22, 1945, flying out of Foggia, Italy, our target was Ruhland, Germany. Our ship was hit by flak while on the bomb run making it necessary to feather No. 1 engine. No. 2 was also hit causing it to lose half of its power. Shortly after bombs away, No. 3 engine had to be feathered. We headed for Russian lines when approximately ten miles away, we were attacked by four German ME109 fighter planes. One of our gunners downed or badly damaged a fighter and it disappeared with smoke trailing. They shot out the No. 4 engine at about 9,000 feet, and with only one engine giving half power, we were

losing altitude fast. The next pass, they shot out the controls, A, F, C, E, and Trim Tabs, leaving no controls whatsoever. The electrical system was also shot out and the intercommunication systems. The instrument panel was hit badly and the cockpit and the bomb bay was on fire when I left the plane. I was strafed twice and grazed by a bullet while in my chute and again strafed twice after I landed. A few minutes later, I was picked up by German soldiers who later took me to an interrogation center. Spent two days in a POW camp and the remainder marching constantly toward the center of Germany until liberation.” ■

## ALUMNI BANQUET

**W**ay back when (1954), a group of Naper alumni decided it would be fun to get together and reminisce about the good ol' times they had in high school. Oh, my gosh, we're still doing that! That's 60 years! As noted in a previous Naper Paper, Sharon Sattler Vogt, class of 1984, and a

few other volunteers have done a great job of organizing and planning the banquet. She thinks she has retired from that job and the volunteers are trying to do it. By the time you get the Naper Paper, you will probably already have your letter. Letters are sent to all whose address is outside

Boyd County and to members of honored classes, no matter what your address is.

You'll have to be the judge of how well they did their job when you attend the banquet May 24. Happy hour is from 6 to 7 p.m. and the meal will be served at 7. We hope we see you there. ■

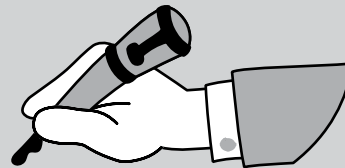
## Cemetery Markers Needed

**T**hanks to Darlene Doyle who provided us with the following information:

There are two unmarked baby graves in the Immanuel Lutheran Cemetery at Jamison, NE. The church board is making plans to provide markers for these two tiny graves.

A daughter, born to Gust and Julia Stahlecker, March 28, 1945, died on March 29, 1945. Gust and Julia are also buried in the Immanuel Cemetery. A son, born to John and Helen Serr, December 9, 1938, died December 9, 1938. Julia Stahlecker and John Serr were sister and brother. Their sister, Sophie McCarthy, is still living near Jamison.

If you would like to donate toward one or both of these markers, contact Rochelle Tietgen, 30143 345 Ave., Burke, SD 57523. ■



**THIS IS  
YOUR  
PAPER!**

The *Naper Paper* is a reader-produced publication. Your stories—and your donations—keep this paper going. We thank all our readers who have helped us out in some way.

If you would like to make a gift to the paper, or would like to share your story-telling talents, please write to us at:

**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...*

It's never dull in the little ol' town of Naper...

### CONGRATULATIONS TO: Bob and Lucille Fuhrer

of Blair, NE, who celebrated their 60th anniversary with an open house December 22.

Larry and Carolyn Honke Swanda, who celebrated their 50th anniversary January 18.

Randy and Bonnie Vogt, who have a new granddaughter, Emily Rose Covell, born November 10 to Krista Vogt and Austin Covell. Great-grandparents are Don and Gloria Vogt and Margaret Schmitz.

Art and Margaret Schroetlin, who announced the arrival of their son Max Arthur on December 18, 2013. Ron and Cindy Keller Schroetlin are grandpa and grandma; Gaynell Rockholm Keller is great-grandma.

Derek and Amanda Zeisler, whose son Zachary William arrived January 23. Grandparents are Craig and Stacy Zeisler; Greg and Kathy Hausmann. Great-grandparents are Joan Zeisler, Dorothy Frank, Don Hausmann.

I see some baby-spoiling coming!

### FROZEN FEET AGAIN???

The eighth annual Frozen Foot Ice Fishing Derby sponsored by the Naper Café and Lounge January 18 was successful in spite of the high winds the hardy fishermen faced. Winners were Jeremy Wollman, Scott Cumberland, Scott Raterman, Matt Hoffman, Charley Mlnarik, CeCeMlnarik, Doug Allpress and Vern Witt. Lots of folks came in to eat fish that night!

### SANTA CAME TO CALL

December 21 at the Naper Town Hall. He brought Mrs. Claus along and they distributed lots of gifts to the youngster and oldsters alike.

### CONGRATULATIONS TO THE KIDS, TOO

Boyd County Spartan boys basketball team came in third at the Creighton Holiday Tournament and first in the Boyd County Tournament. Dylan Reiman (son of Casey and Lisa Ahlers Reiman, grandson of Wayne and Virginia Schonebaum Ahlers and Jack and Jean Reiman) and Ridge Higgins (son of LaVern and Brenda Klien Higgins,

grandson of Lelia Boucher Higgins) play for the Spartans. The Spartan girls team came in second at Creighton, first in the Boyd County Tournament, and won the D-1-7 District Tournament so they are headed to State! WOW! Good work, Lady Spartans! Macy Ahlers (daughter of Dan and Tara, granddaughter of Wayne and Virginia), Kelly McCarthy (daughter of Kevin and Angie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine Windmeyer McCarthy), Amber Bendig (daughter of Kelly and Monica, granddaughter of Herman and Grace Faatz Bendig) are all members of the varsity squad, and Jessa McCarthy (daughter of Darrin and Connie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine) plays for the junior varsity.

Jesse Cline (son of Hoyt, grandson of Marvin and Judy Hoyt Cline), Kelli Mashino and Jamie Mashino (daughters of Dustin and Tammy Mitchell Mashino), Ridge Higgins, Amber Bendig, Dylan Reiman and Evan Reiman (sons of Casey and Lisa), Jessa McCarthy, and Austin Koenig (son of Kevin and Stacy Zink Koenig, grandson of Jeff and Rindy Zink) were on the honor roll at West Boyd.

Jamie Mashino and Kelli Mashino were both on the West Boyd Mock Trial team. Alex Mashino (daughter of Dustin and Tammy) was awarded the American FFA Degree on November 2. Alex Bendig (son of Kelly and Monica) received a Gold rating in sheep production from National FFA.

Dylan Reiman was named King of the West Boyd Winter Ball.

### GOOD BYE TO OLD FRIENDS

Betty Beem Petersen who operated the Bar M Corral in Dwight for many years passed away December 4. She graduated from NHS in 1961.

Sandra Whitley Sunde, a 1962 graduate of Naper High School, passed away December 18 after a year-long struggle with cancer. She had lived in Minnesota for many years.

Word was received of the death on December 27 of DeLores Henehan, Britton, SD, whose husband Robert Kenneth Bohle was one of the Naper 28 pilots. She was a supporter of the Naper 28 Memorial and was very interested in its development.

Delores Putnam Lampman, a 1954 graduate of Naper High School, had lived in Norfolk most recently and passed away January 9. ■



**Congratulations to Bob and Lucille Fuhrer on their 60th wedding anniversary.**



**Congratulations to Larry and Carolyn Honke Swanda on their 50th wedding anniversary.**



## Letters

Send your cards and letters to:

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

Thanks for the wonderful job you do with the paper. Please keep us on the mailing list. We do so enjoy reading it. Hope everyone has a great year.

Leroy (Tuffy) and Della Schrader

We always enjoy the *Naper Paper* and appreciate everyone's contributions that bring back pleasant memories. Please accept our enclosed contributions for the paper and the siding project.

Bernie and Carol Ludemann

Thank you for all the good work that goes into the paper. So many appreciate it.

Riney and Virginia Stahlecker

I'm sending you some cash as I'd like to renew my *Naper Paper*. I miss the news, how everyone is doing at Naper and the Naper history. I talked to my brother Edward Gentele. He said he sure enjoyed that paper. Merry Christmas and a blessed new year to all.

Velda Hannahs

To all who work on and contribute to the *Naper Paper*—you bring joy to so many of us throughout the year by reminding us of what a great community we lived in and how well it continues to progress. Thanks!

Jack and Lori Farr

I'm enclosing a small donation for the Heritage Hall project.

I just want to thank you all for making the *Naper Paper* and the Naper Historical Society such a success. Many small towns get smaller and smaller and just disappear. You Naper people really go the extra mile to keep the town going. Keep up the good work.

It's been quite a few years since I've left Naper, but I still think of it as "home." We have a family in Lewiston who has relatives in the central part of Nebraska. He is always telling how "boring" it is to drive through Nebraska. Well, I have been sending him articles about Nebraska, even taking some from the *Naper Paper* (hope I'm not breaking any copyright laws!), telling him about the White Horse Ranch, Kid Wade, the Outlaw Trail, etc. I guess he is getting the

idea that Nebraska is not such a boring place. I'm open to suggestions for other things to tell him about Nebraska.

Donna Windmeyer Luehmann

Evelyn and I took an RV trip to Rochester, MN. We had never been to Minnesota. On the way there, we visited the Black Hills and Mt. Rushmore. Even better, on the way home we stopped in this wee bitty town called Naper, Nebraska (population 42). It was in Naper on August 3, 1944, my uncle Art Johnson along with his entire squadron of P-47 pilots perished while flying in a C-47 through a severe thunderstorm. We visited the memorial called The Lost Naper 28.

After praying at the memorial, we went into town and met a wonderful gentleman named Arthur Martins. Artie told us that back in 1944, he was working in the fields and saw the C-47 fall from the sky. In fact, Artie was the first person to get to the scene which he described in detail for Evelyn and me. It was a very moving story, which made a powerful impression on both of us. We remain ever thankful to Artie for sharing this unknown part of our family history.

Jack and Evelyn Johnson

I'm enclosing a check as a memorial for my brother Gerald Kulm. The money may be used for the Airmen Memorial, the *Naper Paper* or other community activities. Gerald E. Kulm, born November 23, 1939, at Burke, SD, died November 7, 2008, at Stuart, NE.

Ralph Kulm

Pray you all had a blessed Christmas and may your new year be a blessing as well. We were blessed with our family being able to come for the holidays. Weather wasn't the best—very cold! But we bundled up and went to Christmas Eve services and Christmas Day. Got lots of snow (18 inches or more) then a rain shower on top of that. Had 30 below one night. Now this week we are to be blessed with 40s and 50s. I feel for those that are having worse weather than we are.

Had planned on sending this check before Christmas but wasn't fast enough!

(We) so enjoy the paper. Wishing all a very blessed New Year.

Esther Nelson

Hi, Naper Paper friends, family and contributors

Bill and I did not grow up in Naper or the surrounding areas. We enjoy reading about a small community that continues to grow and share its history.

My grandparents grew up around Naper area and we enjoy reading the paper when it arrives. We have so much fun when we join our relatives in Naper for the Rockholm reunion.

Enclosed is just a contribution to continue receiving the *Naper Paper*.

Thank you all and may you all have a wonderful 2014.

I almost forgot to remind everyone that Virginia (Rockholm) Walton has an upcoming birthday June 21, but I'm sure I had better not say how old she will be. Send her a card and a note. I'm sure she would love to hear from all of you. (409 So. Kansas, Hastings, NE, 68901)

Laurel Walton and Bill Walter

Always enjoy the paper. Keep forgetting to send a little \$\$ your way. Thank you! Keep up the good work.

Lauri Bentzen McNulty

### **Ed. Note:**

**We are very grateful for everyone's support. We use donations to print and mail the *Naper Paper*, buy flags, pay the electrical bills for the memorial and the museums, and repair the facilities. We are currently putting new siding on Heritage Hall, but the project is at a standstill due to lack of funds and inclement weather. We really appreciate your help, whether it is in the form of financial aid, muscle power, time, equipment, or kind words.**

***Thank you!***



# Naper Paper

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- Lucia Augusta Pearsall Leslie
- Waltzing Hilda
- Plus: The Ol' Homesteader, Letters

... AND MUCH MORE!



Marvin Cline, Ken Stoltenberg and Bob Wentz are ready to graduate, 1958.