

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

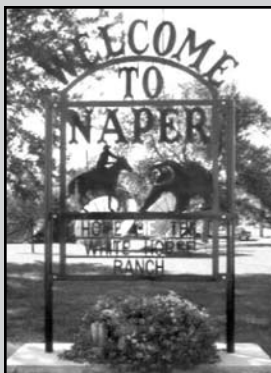
**The Naper  
Historical Society**

**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

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## DID YOU KNOW...

**D**erek and Gayle AuClaire purchased the former school building (shown below) and have remodeled and repaired it to be ready for business. They have cleaned and painted the building from the south door to the north door and are refurbishing classrooms one at a time. Their "Garage Sale on Main" merchandise has been moved and displayed.

They have groceries, antiques, flea market items, a community use room, storage facility and an ice machine. Future plans include an ATM and gasoline! Wow! They were open for business during the Bargain Buy-Way weekend April 25, 26 and 27 and had many customers stop by. And the name of the new business—Grammy and Pop's Hole-in-the-Wall Mart! ■



## Naper News

**F**rom September 1999 to May 2003, students at Naper Attendance Center (which closed in 2003) had a newspaper which was sent home with each child and distributed to the businesses in Naper. Students wrote the stories, Mrs. Anderson edited and students assembled and delivered the paper. From September, 1999:

**NAPER BEARS STARTED by Junior Corkle**

The Naper students formed a club on September 12, 1999, and the meeting started. We have to pay one cent each Wednesday for dues. We might have a garage sale. We are selling Humani-tees for our club and prizes. We have 15 cents already.

We had penalties if you didn't dress up for Spirit Week.  
 We are going to make a flag for our club.

**CLUB CAMPAIGN by Krista Vogt**

The pupils of Naper started campaigning on September 1 and voted on Monday. First, we got into two different parties: the Vipers and the Gadgets. Holly and Marcus were running for president; Kody and Skye were running for vice president; Kelsey and Mindy for secretary; Katie and Logon for treasurer. Marcus was elected president. Kody was elected vice president. Mindy was elected secretary and

Katie was elected treasurer. Then we voted on how much money we were to bring. The money choices were 25, 10, 5 or 1 cent. We selected 1, so we each bring a penny to the club meeting.

**THE INJURY LIST by Skye Higgins**

The students in Naper School need to be more careful.  
 Logon Vogt fell down the laundry chute.  
 Logon Titus got glass in her foot.  
 Junior sprained his ankle.  
 Marcus had to get stitches because he was goofing around on the trampoline.  
 Marc was pitching and hit Ms. Heyden. ■



What's  
NEW?



The Circuit Rider

## Alberta Boucher Breyer: 'Life has been good'

*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 had an opportunity to visit with Alberta Boucher Breyer, who now lives in O'Neill, NE. Alberta's fond memories follow.**

I was born near Wewela, SD, and our family moved to Naper in 1934. My twin brother Alfred and I started school in Naper and graduated in 1946. Growing up through World War II was not fair—if we got a good teacher, he might be drafted and his wife would go with him. In 1946, we had only two teachers in high school, and I still feel as if we got cheated.

I earned a third grade teacher's permit and I enjoyed teaching, especially the lower grades. I stayed with a family on their farm and walked to school. I was 17 and had one student who was 14! The next year I had a student who had a dog he trained. I was afraid of his dog—and the dog came to school every day.

Everett Breyer was born at Pierce, NE, and moved to Boyd County at age six.

They lived near the Nebraska-South Dakota state line and he attended a one-room school. Later they moved to the McCulley District where Everett finished the eighth grade. He started high school but his dad decided he needed help plowing and so ended his school days. He loved to learn and he continued reading and playing his accordion. He loved to come to rural schools and play after programs and that's how I met my husband—he came and played at the school I was teaching northeast of Naper.

Anyway, in 1948, Everett suggested we get married and we did. We moved to a three-room house and started with no electricity or water system, but in 1952 REA turned our lights on—what a blessing. Everett was a good carpenter. He started building and built an entire new farmstead, the farm where Glenn and Beverly Zink now live. We have four children and Everett insisted they were all going to high school and college. All four graduated

from Naper High School. Marla chose business school, Gloria is a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley, Randy has an engineering degree from UNL, and Lynnelle has a PhD in food science and technology.

We farmed and ranched for 36 years. Due to health problems, we moved to O'Neill to be closer to doctors, but Boyd County is still home. Everett developed Alzheimer's disease. He stayed home for seven years until I needed some heart surgery and he had to go to a nursing home. He didn't do very well there. Everett died September 27, 2011. He had told us he wanted to have his funeral in Naper at the Lutheran Church, which he had helped build, so that's where it was held.

I'm living in our house here in O'Neill and I surely miss Everett. We had a good life. We traveled on bus tours and saw a lot of the country. We flew to Hawaii on our 25th anniversary and to Alaska shortly before our 50th. Life has been good. ■

## The Small House

*From A Brief Appreciation of Boyd County, Nebraska, Its People and Institutions by John H. Sexton. Printed in 1903, published by Hensen and Brown, Publishers and Bookmakers, Naper, Boyd County, Nebraska. (Many thanks to Marilyn Sieh, owner of the book)*

JOSEPH W. SMALL was born in Ogdensburg, New York, on September 12, 1842. He was in such a position that he was obliged to help with the work at home to the extent that he had no time for schooling during the first eighteen years of his life.

When he was 19 years of age he went to Illinois, moving from that place to Iowa, where he lived for six years.

In the spring of 1885 he came to Nebraska and settled in Holt County, Nebraska, until 1891, when he moved to Boyd County to the place in the Keya Paha valley where he now lives.

His original purchase has been enlarged and improved, and at the present time he



owns a fine ranch in this famous valley that consists of 369 acres of fine-heavy soil. The improvements that have been made upon the place are extensive and a large number of cattle are being fed on the place every year.

Mr. Small's life has been one of varied experiences and among the other things

that have occupied his attention, he was for nine years a sailor on the lakes in a schooner belonging to his father-in-law.

In 1864 he was married to Miss Susan McKenzie or Nettle Creek, Illinois, and they have a family of seven children all of whom are living at the present time in the state of Nebraska. ■



## SOMEDAY

Someday is very elusive,  
There doesn't seem to be anything conclusive.  
It is a word we attach to things we want to get done,  
Too often much time passes and we don't do even one!

No matter how hard we try,  
Time just keeps passing by.  
We try to make plans to get back on track,  
But too often something disrupts our plan of attack!

Our someday plans can sometimes seem small and full of strife,  
But very often they may have a very important effect on our life.  
So when we use the word "someday" don't always take it in jest,  
As sometimes it may bring out in us "the best"!

As we go along life's way  
and think of "someday"  
as something that is certain,  
We don't know when we will face the final curtain!

**Poem and photo by Dennis Green, June 2006**



## THIS OLD HOUSE

This old house looks so forlorn,  
With its shingles all tattered and torn.

Its paint is worn and peeling,  
You could imagine there may even be holes in the ceiling!

Its windows and door are all boarded up,  
To help protect it when the storms get abrupt!

But if you think of it, I am sure,  
At one time it had great allure.

For years it was called HOME,  
And in the yard children would roam.

As in any home, I'm sure it saw tears,  
But I'm quite sure it also heard cheers!

The porch was used for family and friends to sit,  
To discuss the day's work, or maybe gossip a bit.

So when you see it, don't just think of how rough it looks,  
Think of the happy times it had, and maybe some great cooks!

**Poem and photo by Dennis Green, April 2013**

## 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

# TIMEPIECES AND PIECES OF TIME

By Annette Feistner (granddaughter of Louis and Marjorie Boucher Kortmeyer)

The maintenance of memories is very much like having to wind a pocket watch. In order to enjoy the memories, you have to visit them with regularity. I'm now 46 years old. Louis Kortmeyer passed away on his second grandson's birthday the year I was a sophomore in high school. Here are some snapshots of memories of my grandparents and me that have survived three decades.

My memories of grandpa are rare and probably getting rarer. Fish, eggs, PBS, "power" steering, cottonseed fluff, and pocket change: these are the trigger points to memories of my maternal grandfather.

I remember catching sunfish with Grandpa at a local pond. Louie would load the hook with the squiggly worm and I would hold the rod. He probably did the casting and the reeling. But, I remember the awe of catching fish on those hidden hooks while sitting under a tree. He'd scrape off the scales on a makeshift counter-top created by a strip of lumber in the backyard; grandma cooked them. We all ate them.

One summer, Grandpa's actions baffled me. Louie had taken eggs OUT of the FRIDGE and put them IN the COOP. So, while he was busy in the chicken coop, I grilled Marge with my questions. Grandma explained that he was trying to get the hens to hatch a brood of chicks. But they laid only one egg every so often and wouldn't be bothered to sit on a lone egg to hatch it. So, grandpa had tried to prolong the value of the fertilized eggs by refrigerating them. I don't remember if he got any chicks from that experiment. But, upon occasion I cook with farm-fresh, fertilized eggs and recall my shock of grandpa working the eggs in reverse.

He served in World War II and he watched many hours on PBS of sea battles that had been filmed live. He told me of the koala bear that his Australian unit rescued. One of the men taunted the animal and was bitten. The military ordered the animal destroyed and tested for rabies so that the man might not have to be treated. I think I have a very vague memory of seeing a picture of that unit and the bandaged koala. Beyond that story, he never talked to me about serving in the War.

Louie built much in my youth. One memory involves 'driving' his ditch digger. I don't remember how old I was, but he

let me sit on his lap and 'steer' while he operated the gas and brake. Had it not been for turning at corners, to this day I might have been fooled into thinking he really let me control it. When I started driver's ed, though, the memory of that stiff turning was still with me.

The tool shed in their yard was designed as a playhouse. It had a small front porch, side windows, and a back door. When my sister and I would visit, Grandpa would empty the shed so that we could play in it. We girls would walk the streets of Naper and collect cottonseed fluff. This became mashed potatoes, whipped cream, ice cream, and anything else we could think to put on the menu. His sweat equity provided many hours of outside indoor fun.

My dad was in the military and we moved more often than my civilian peers. But, grandparents visit no matter where they need to go. And so, with their visit ended, the kid who lost a bedroom to the grandparents would find grandpa's pocket change on the dresser! And he was covert about it. When we'd line up to help load the car, the dresser would be bare. In hindsight, he probably did it while we helped carry the lighter luggage to the car.

Memories of Marge—my grandma—are not so old and involve activities I still enjoy today. She worked at teaching me to knit, sew, and crochet. I returned to knitting just a couple years ago. When I visited YouTube to refresh my memory on how to cast on, I realized that grandma must have taught me how to cast on—by the way, knitting was not her favorite activity—based on her own fragmented memories. So, I have yet to remember how she taught me to start. But I still have my mom's needles and grandma's desire to work yarn. Before her dementia became a noticeable feature, she and I spent a long Labor Day weekend in the early 90s machine quilting a queen-sized quilt. One more frozen Minnesota night will be warmer because of her love of quilting.

And cribbage. She told me stories of her youth where chores were picked by the kids based on how well each did in cribbage. For a while during my fifth grade year, I lived with them. She and I played many hours of cribbage so that I could practice mental math without the drudgery of empty repetition. To this day, I still count cribbage points in the same order no matter how my opponent counts.



Louis and Marjorie Boucher Kortmeyer, 1942

Grandma had cooked for the Naper cafe' that she and grandpa owned. As a teen, I enjoyed watching her cook. And I really liked eating the results. Her vanilla custard kuchen was so delicious! Once, I asked her for the recipe and she started to bake it. She gave the flour in 'handfuls,' which didn't daunt me. I knew I was in trouble only after she said something like, "...and mix all that to about this consistency." How was I to put THAT on a recipe card?! But, that is how she cooked. After all those years of cooking for a community of people, she cooked by pinches, handfuls, and consistency from recipes in her head. And that is a talent my bread machine and I will never master.

Grandma canned everything she grew that was not eaten fresh from the garden, including her grapes. While I was in college in the late 80s, she had sent Katherine [my mother] home once with many jars of homemade grape juice. Mom still had about a dozen or so quart jars when we opened one that was a wonderful Nebraska champagne. It was so enjoyable that emptying the jar was a bittersweet moment for me. Not because the fermented stuff was gone but because

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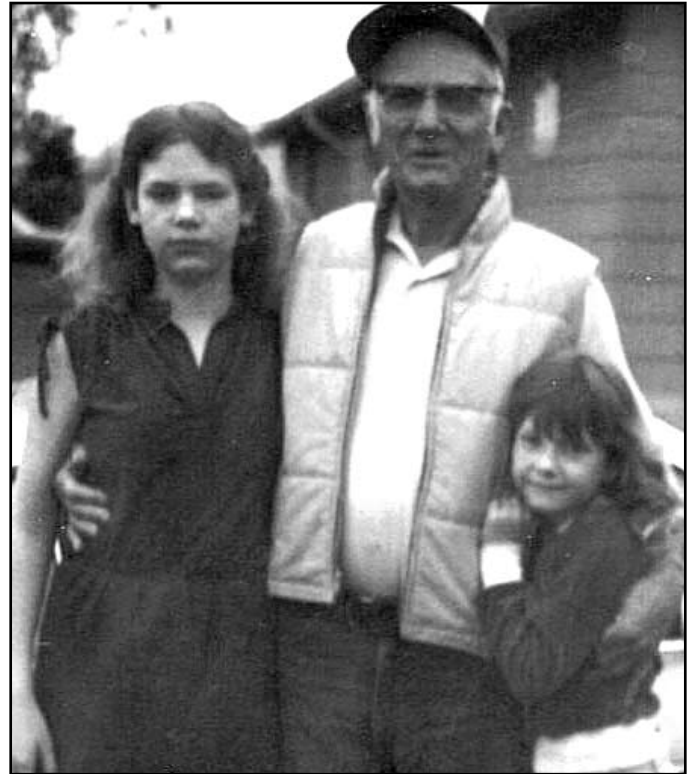
## TIMEPIECES AND PIECES OF TIME

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we figured it was a one-of-a-kind thing—that perhaps the jar somehow had not been sterilized properly or perhaps one grape in the cluster had been bad. And so we enjoyed the next two or three jars of grandma’s delicious juice with peanut butter, spaghetti, stir-fry, and what not. Then we opened a second jar of that Nebraska champagne. Knowing how great that first jar was, this second jar was a treat for us. But we knew that greatness was only a quart away from being gone. So we relished it all the while wondering what had made those two quarts special. When grandma made her grape juice, she canned the whole grape with the juice. And this became key to identifying the very last jar of Nebraska champagne amidst the remaining bottles of juice: The grapes floated in the sealed jar!

Grandma’s garden was precious and nobody was allowed to just wander among the rows. Entering the garden meant weeding, harvesting, or otherwise working the dirt. So, when she realized a rabbit had moved in, she took action. One Sunday while I was staying with them, Grandpa brought me ‘home’ from church to fried chicken. Only after I declared that it was finger-lickin’ good chicken did she tell me that it was the rabbit that had been evicted from her garden. Nobody’s chicken has beat grandma’s fried rabbit. But, then she’s the only one who ever served me finger-lickin’ good rabbit.

Now it’s your turn. Pour some coffee or cocoa, bake a great desert, and maintain a few memories with those you love about the ones you loved, warming body and heart during a cold, polar winter. Or pour a glass of tea, dish up some ice cream and have some cool memories of those folks during the summer. ■



Annette, Louis, and Audrey early 1970s

## More Stories From the Store

by Joyce Blakkolb

Very often, Indians would stop to get supplies on their way to the White Horse Ranch. Once when I was in the store alone while Dad was home for dinner, Peter Crowhead Thompson, who still wore long braids and moccasins, came in the back door dressed in full Indian regalia. For a moment, I was startled by his appearance. He had to be some ghost of the past! He was no Twentieth Century Indian! Before me was a powerful chieftain—I saw the eagle feathers in his headpiece. I noticed the splendor of his beaded deerskins. I beheld his catlike stealth as he approached on moccasin-clad feet. I saw the war paint on his face! Indians no longer traveled along the warpath, descending upon unprotected villages, did they? But in his hand, he was clutching something tightly—surely, not a tomahawk! Panic-stricken, I watched him approach. What evil cruelty lit his eyes? Directly before me, he paused. I shut my eyes, waiting for the blow which surely

would come. Shades of the mighty buffalo and Chief Red Cloud’s ghost. Oh, Great Spirit—the end indeed had come.

“Fill ‘em up—ginger ale.” I wasn’t sure I had heard right. Again, I heard the words, “Fill ‘em up—ginger ale!” My eyes flew open. Before me still stood the great chief, his upraised hand holding—an empty jug! “Fill ‘em up—ginger ale!” he demanded again. He did not need to repeat his command. I grabbed the jug and hurried to “fill ‘em up!”

When I was a kid, the old light plant controlled the night life in town. It was housed in a small white building on the site of Vern Goodman’s present home. Jon Quest ran the plant and it was fascinating to get a chance to go in occasionally and see the big wheel go around. The only time you had lights during the day was on Monday when every good housewife in town got that old Maytag washing machine plugged in to do the weekly wash before the lights were extinguished at noon. In

the evening the old plant started chugging at dusk and lit up the village until eleven o’clock when there would be a couple of blinks to warn you it would soon be “lights out!” If you planned to stay up longer, you made a wild dash for the kerosene lamp. On “town nights”, the lights stayed on until 12, and if there happened to be a dance, they stayed on until one a.m. We really thought we had graduated to the ultimate in modern technology when at last the village bought a bigger plant and twenty-four hour electrical service lit up our lives.

But that wasn’t the end. Later our dad [Bill Blakkolb] worked diligently to bring rural electrification into the area. He spent many hours driving throughout the countryside after store hours getting sign-ups and the land right-of-ways needed for the construction of the REA lines. His time and effort paid off! Lights eventually lit up the whole countryside. He became the first president of the Niobrara Valley Electric Corporation, a position he held for many years. ■



## The Ol' Homesteader

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

**T**he Ol' Homesteader is out lookin' for news...

### CONGRATULATIONS TO: Marcus and Candice

Alford of Brookings, whose son, Lucas Allen Alford, was born September 28, 2013. Grandparents are Gary and Beth Binder and Jim and Becky Alford; great-grandparents are Ed and Lois Alford.

Jeremy and Joy Beranek of Ashland, NE, who have a new baby boy, born February 28. Ray (R.C.) Bentzen is grandpa and Ramona Bentzen is great-grandma.

Dustin and April Vogt Dummer, whose daughter, Piper Olivia, was born March 19. Grandparents are Roland and Deb Whitley Dummer and Randy and Bonnie Klien Vogt. Great-grandparents are Don and Gloria Beem Vogt and Margaret Vogt Schmitz.

Michael and Dustie Roth, who welcomed Jace Michael March 27. Ralph and Belinda Roth and Val Rolf are grandparents; Dale and Melvina Goodman and Roger and Benita Schmitz Roth are great grandparents. Dustie is the "in-charge" person at the Naper post office.

Sara Bentzen and Steve Menning, who will be married in July in Brookings, SD. Sara is the daughter of John and Jan Bentzen and the granddaughter of Ramona Bentzen.

Margaret Ludemann, who was named to Coldwell Bankers International Presidents' Circle, a membership awarded to the top 6 percent of all sales associates and representatives world-wide in the Coldwell Bankers system.

Janet Cerny Sattler, who celebrated her 104th birthday April 26. She grew up east of Naper on the farm where Leonard and Thelma Schmitz live and taught in Naper several years. Look for more about Janet in a coming issue.

### BUSY KIDS IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL...

The Boyd County Powerlifting team went to the Class D State meet and came home with three trophies, including the girls' championship. Jessa McCarthy (daughter of Darrin and Connie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine Windmeyer McCarthy) got third in her weight division and Amber Bendig (daughter of Kelly and Monica, granddaughter of Herman and Grace Faatz Bendig) got first in her division. Evan Reiman (son of Casey and Lisa Ahlers Reiman, grandson of Wayne and Virginia

Schonebaum Ahlers and Jack and Jean Reiman) won second in the Boyd County Spelling Bee. Jessa McCarthy and Amber Bendig were awarded the March of Dimes Triangle Mission of Excellence at the state FBLA Leadership Conference in Omaha. Jamie Mashino, Blake Ahlers, Ridge Higgins, Jesse Cline, Justin Druke and Kelli Mashino enjoyed success and honors at the state FFA convention in Lincoln April 9-11.

Jesse Cline (son of Hoyt and Julie, grandson of Marvin and Judy Hoyt Cline), Kelli Mashino (daughter of Dustin and Tammy Mitchell Mashino), Ridge Higgins (son of Lavern and Brenda Klien Higgins, grandson of Margaret Vogt Schmitz and Lelia Boucher Higgins), Dylan Reiman (son of Casey and Lisa), Jamie Mashino (daughter of Dustin and Tammy), and Evan Reiman were all named to West Boyd Honor Roll. Zander Kluckman (son of Jim and Blair Vogt Kluckman, grandson of Kelly and Lois Nicolaus Vogt, great-grandson of Don and Gloria Beem Vogt and Charlotte Karnes Nicolaus), Isaac Koenig (son of Kevin and Staci Zink Koenig, grandson of Jeff and Rindy Zink), Evan Reiman and Ridge Higgins had perfect attendance! Yessir, the ol' homesteader's name was on the teachers' lists many-a time.

Amber Bendig has been named Girls' State representative. Macy Ahlers, Dylan Reiman and Jamie Mashino graduated from West Boyd School May 10.

The West Boyd Spartan Marching Band will perform at Walt Disney World Resort in Orland, FL, June 4. They were selected from an audition by the talent division of Disney, Inc. Local marchers are Janet Ahlers (daughter of Dean and Roxie), Macy Ahlers (daughter of Dan and Tara, granddaughter of Wayne and Virginia), Justin Druke (son of Tony and Beth Goodman Druke, grandson of Vern and Linda Goodman), Ridge Higgins, Jessa McCarthy, Kelly McCarthy (daughter of Kevin and Angie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine), Dylan Reiman, and Evan Reiman. Yeah, the ol' homesteader did his share of marchin' and blowin' the horn and beatin' the drum, just not always in the band.

Jonathon Alford (son of Jim Becky, grandson of Ed and Lois) was named to the dean's list for fall semester at Dakota Wesleyan University.

### OTHER FOLKS...

The Naper Historical Society Fantastic Four picked up trash in the roadside ditches April 26, aided and abetted by a strong south wind.

The children's section at the library has been reorganized. Stop in and see what's new and moved. Teresa and Mandy sponsored an Easter coloring contest. Winners were Juliana Cline, Brooklyn Roth, Aaron Melton (ages 2,3,4); Austin Cadwallader, ReNae Kluckman, Noah Corrado (ages 5,6,7); Mataya and Mikah Hollingsworth (ages 8,9,10). The summer reading program will be held every Wednesday from 10:30-11:45, June 4, June 11, June 18 and June 25. There will be crafts, games, reading fun and SNACKS!

Bob and Nancy Allpress joined a number of others in the CIA (Cowboy and Indian Alliance) in the Keystone Pipeline protest April 22-28 in Washington, DC. Bob was featured on the front page of the Omaha World Herald.

Linda Goodman is now the rural letter carrier for Stuart which means she no longer drives the Naper school bus. She'd been hauling kiddies for 21 years!

If you haven't been in the Naper Café and Lounge lately, it's time to stop by. New paint, new carpet, new decorating—it's looking good! And by the way, the food tastes as good as the building looks.

### SAYIN' GOODBYE TO OLD FRIENDS...

Loraine Hermesen passed away January 20, 2014. She taught school in Naper several years ago and most recently lived in Schuyler.

Darlene Mayer Sieh graduated from Naper High School in 1943 and taught country school for three years. She lived west of Naper most of her life and passed away March 6 at the home of her daughter in Wayne.

Donald Swallow, a 1956 Naper High graduate whose parents had the telephone office in Naper for many years, left us April 5. He had been a resident of Pierce for many years.

Gary Reber, a 1963 graduate, passed away in Crofton, NE, April 24. He attended his class reunion last year. ■



## Love Those Letters!

Send your cards and letters to:

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

I would like to let you know how much I enjoy getting the *Naper Paper*. You do such a good job of putting so much information and great stories and history in it.

I'm enclosing a couple of poems with pictures that you can put in the paper if you want to. I take the pictures and then write poems to go with them. One is of Rapid Creek here in Rapid City and the other one is of an old farm house on Old Folsom Road not too far outside of Rapid City.

Keep up the good work!

Dennis Green

This donation is given to the Naper Historical Society in memory of my mother, Lillian Herrmann Wallace, former Naper resident and graduate of Naper High School.

About three years ago, my wife and I made a special trip to Naper and S. Dakota with my mother and two of her sisters, Marcelle and MaryLou. Mom wanted to see all the relatives and the old homestead "one more time."

Everyone we met made us feel so welcome! Duke and Velda even opened the White Horse Museum and graciously played tour guides for us! It was easy to see why people who no longer live in Naper still call it "home."

Although Mom has passed on, we would like to continue to receive the *Naper Paper*. We have always enjoyed reading about life in your town, but after our trip to Naper, we enjoy the paper even more.

With warm regards,  
Marlan and Valerie Wallace

Enclosed is a check to go for our subscription to the paper and for one for Jerry and Jenny Penry. Use the rest for whatever you need it for—the paper or to help with repair work on the siding on the hall. Please send Jerry and Jenny a copy of the latest issue. Thanks so much and keep up the good work.

Joyce and Don Stukel

Hi, Naper People:

I just finished reading the *Naper Paper* and I always enjoy reading them as I grew up near Naper on the South Dakota side of

the state line. Naper was our home town over the years; sold our cream and eggs and got our groceries there at Blakkolb's Store.

I still am a member of the VFW at Naper, being a life member. I joined the Legion here in Norfolk when we moved here.

Keep the *Naper Paper* coming; am enclosing some \$\$ to help on costs and things.

Norven Mayer

All—

We really enjoy the *Naper Paper* and appreciate all the work you people put into the Historical Society. Keep up the good work. Please use the checks for some of the expenses.

Russ and Sandy Whitley

Naper Historical Society—

Just a few lines to let you know we get your paper and enjoy it very much.

I remember the Saturday nights that we would go to Naper and get our weekly supplies at Blakkolb's Store. We always had fun as young teens, so when we get the paper it brings back a lot of memories.

Am sending a gift so you can keep the paper coming.

Al and Verdella Stahlecker

Hello, everyone,

Another year slips by, but we are still here and soaking up the sunshine.

Received the *Naper Paper* last week so better get a note off to you before I forget. Do appreciate the work and dedication that go into the paper. Enclosed is a check for the paper, museum, and Heritage Hall.

Hope everyone has a healthy and prosperous year.

Orland and Carolyn Cline

Thank you for putting the *Naper Paper* together and keeping all of us informed of the past and present Naper news.

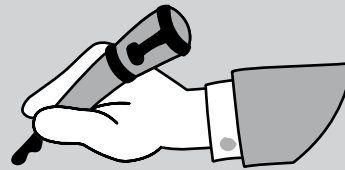
I have fond memories of my adolescent years in Naper and still consider it "home." And with my brother Dan still living on the family farm, I do get a chance to visit once in a while

Keep up the great work with the *Naper Paper* and Heritage Hall. Enclosed is a donation to help keep these things going.

Steve Ahlers

Hey, you folks do a great job with the *Naper Paper*! We always enjoy reading it from cover to cover. Keep up the good work. We are enclosing a check to help with expenses. Wishing everyone a good year.

Jack and Jean Reiman



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- **Plus: The Ol' Homesteader, Letters**

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**NAPER'S MAIN STREET, LOOKING NORTH, 1910**  
(from postcard owned by Loren Sieh)