

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

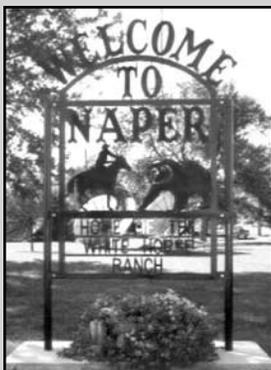
**The Naper
Historical Society**

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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Winter 2014–2015

THANK YOU, EVERYONE!

As you know from our last issue, the Historical Society needed some \$\$\$, so a taco/hamburger supper fund raiser was held October 5. Bill and Betty Joseph of Econolodge in Valentine donated two nights lodging to be raffled. Larry and Ann Anderson won one night and Rick and Ann Carr won the other night. Bob and Nancy Allpress donated a Kitchen Ninja to be raffled, which was won by Chassity Sachtjen. Over \$1,200 was donated to the Historical Society that night. In addition to the donations, matching funds for part

of the amount were received from Thrivent. The Niobrara Valley Electric Goodwill Fund also sent a generous gift.

Our thanks to the VFW for donating the use of the facility and letting us use the grill; Kelly and Monica Bendig who did grill duty; Bob and Nancy Allpress for the Ninja; Bill and Betty Joseph for the motel rooms; Thrivent and NVE Goodwill Fund for their donations; and all the folks who showed up with food and an appetite to help make the evening successful. ■

Naper Events Barrelcast

Those of you who used to live here and have moved away; those of you who have never lived here but have visited; those of you who would be hard pressed to find Naper on a map; have you ever wondered how a village the size of Naper gets information dispersed in the community? Have you heard of “the barrel”?

Whenever something is happening (a softball tournament, a special TV show, an open house, mowing the cemetery), the message is displayed on a big piece of paper on a 30-gallon barrel placed in the intersection on Main Street. It gets results! If you don't get the message read on one trip down the street, just make a U-turn and try again.

For events that have a few days to percolate through the coffee shop, signs are hung on the bulletin boards in the Post Office, A&M, the library, the café and the lounge.

A signpost with a marquee atop was erected by the Lions Club in front of the new hall built in 1984. Events that affect the entire community are advertised there, such as fund raisers, community suppers, BIG birthdays, wedding dances, and seasonal messages.

So if you don't know what's going on in this town, you just aren't paying attention! ■



NAPER STARS ON TV—AGAIN!

Once again, the White Horse Ranch Museum, Heritage Hall and the Naper 28 Memorial starred on television. Zack Richie of KHGI-TV in Kearney was in Naper in September filming and interviewing local residents. You can access the four segments by typing www.nebraska.tv.com in your search engine, then looking for “One Tank Trips.” If the segments aren't listed individually, look for Trips in 2014. Zach heard about Naper from Vivian Alexander, who lives in Kearney and attends the same church. ■



The Circuit Rider

Vivian Schock Alexander: Still going strong

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..."

This ongoing story begins in the farmhouse located on the Ponca Creek eight miles south of Burke, SD, on a cold February day. A neighbor, "Grandma" Frank, was the midwife. Dr. Quinn arrived after I had been born.

After my brother Donald started school, I remember standing on the top of the cellar and watching down the creek for him to come home. I was about four years old and by this time I had a baby sister, Neita. I faintly remember the dust storms, when the wind blew and a black cloud of dirt came rolling over the horizon. Rags were stuffed in all the windows to keep the dust out. We were scolded if we pulled the rags out because they were full of dust.

Grasshoppers were everywhere eating up the crops. The ducks and chickens ate them until they were tired of them. A poison that looked like bran flakes was put along the fields and we were told to leave it alone. Thistles were plentiful during those dry years and in the fall the wind would blow the dry tumbleweeds into the fences. One day, before I was old enough to go to school, Donald was burning a pile of thistles and I decided to help. I leaned over to throw a thistle into the fire and my wool dress caught fire. I started to run and Donald caught me and beat out the fire with his hands. That same day, a traveling salesman had a flat tire on the highway. He borrowed a tire pump to plow up his tire. He gave Dad a quarter for the use of it and Dad gave it to Donald for putting out the fire. Twenty-five cents was a lot of money in those days!

A dry well in the middle of the yard served as a cooler in the summer. Milk and butter were put in a bucket and lowered with a rope into the well. Dad made an icehouse by digging a hole 8-10 feet square and lined it with straw. The neighbors would come for a day, cut blocks of ice out of the dam, put them in the hole and cover them with more straw. The ice was used in our icebox and it was my job to empty the can under the drain. If I forgot to do it, it would run over and I would get scolded. That happened quite a few times. There would usually be enough ice left by the Fourth of July to make a freezer of ice cream.

Saturday was shopping day. Sometimes we would get to go along and have a nickel to spend. My choice was a box of cinnamon

gum—10 sticks for my five cents! Most times, however, we had to stay at home. Donald would make fudge and sometimes it would set up and sometimes not. It was good anyway. We entertained ourselves by trying to keep our balance as we walked around the top of the feed rack in the corral, which was made of 2 x 4's on edge. We also walked on stilts that either Donald or Dad made. Our "slides" were the haystacks—we would just climb to the top and slide down.

I finally was able to go to school when I was five years old. It was a one-room school with no running water, outdoor restrooms, and a barn for the horses. Our mode of travel the two miles to school was by foot, bicycle, or horseback.

I was in seventh grade when we moved to the Schock farm near Naper. By this time sister Phyllis had joined the family. The schoolhouse was now three-quarters of a mile from home and Irene Fischer was our teacher. It was necessary for all the eighth graders in the county to take a final test at the county seat to determine if they were ready for graduation to high school. Eva Barnes, county superintendent, was in charge of the test administered to the freshman hopefuls. Diplomas were presented at the Boyd County Court House.

The Naper School was two stories with three rooms upstairs and three rooms downstairs, only two of which were used for classrooms. Heat was furnished by a coal-burning stove in each room, and air conditioning was unheard of. Glenn and Alma Brown carried the coal up the stairs and the ashes down the stairs. Drinking water was also carried by Glenn and Alma and put into crock dispensers. A lot of notebook and tablet paper was folded and ended up as drinking cups.

Seniors were allowed a sneak day toward the end of their four years. The class of 1948 went to Omaha and on to Lincoln to Morrill Hall and the Capitol. Graduation found eight resolute persons ready to face the world.

I entered Wayne State Teachers College. My first school was District 44, with a monthly wage of \$75. I was 17 years old. Later, I taught District 70. I was the "number please" person at the switchboard on Wednesday and Saturday nights. My next adventure was to become the lunchroom cook after the new school was

built in Naper in 1956.

George and I were married on May 21, 1951. The reception was in my parents' house on the farm. The living room never seemed so small. After a few years, Ethel Ann was born, and so began another chapter.

I joined the Postal Service as clerk when Lester Andersen was postmaster. I assumed the position as postmaster when Mildred Fuhrer retired. After 32 years, I retired from the postal service, a retirement that lasted only three months. I couldn't stand it, so I started a new adventure as village clerk. I'm now employed at the Archway in Kearney.

George died in 2003. He had served in the Philippines during WWII so I was able to join the VFW Auxiliary. As an Auxiliary State President, a National Color Bearer and later as a National Council member, we were able to travel to all of the states, several times to Washington, DC, and a few foreign countries.

As the sun goes down, the Circuit Rider's destination is to visit with another Naper resident who can be counted as an asset to the great community of Naper and continue the great spirit of that community. ■



The Class of 1948 as sophomores in Naper High School: (back row) Lucille Vogt, Arlene Siewert, Velda Sieh, (middle row) Vivian Schock, Twila Heimeyer, JoAnn Cerny, DeLoris Zeitner, (front row) Roy Goodman, Lester Neumiller, and Pat Vance.

MORE NAPER NEWS AND NOTES ...

COAST-TO-COAST RIDERS STOP

Five young people (Yasmin Burtally, George Hardcastle, Billy Copley, Kiran Jay Babla, and George Batchelor, pictured at right) from different cities in England left New York City to bicycle to the West Coast and back. They stopped at the Naper Café August 21 and Mabel Sattler took their photo. You can access their blog at <http://cyclingeasttwestcoast.wordpress.com>. You'll see photos of Elsie Eilers (Monowi) and Loren Nicolaus (Butte) taken when they stopped in those towns.



THANK YOU!

Every three months, copy for the *Naper Paper* is composed by the staff and then entered into the editor's computer. The photos are scanned, the pages numbered, the copy is proofread (we hope) and then sent electronically to Kristy Anderson in Sioux Falls, who uses her skill as a graphic designer to make this publication look amazing! Take a bow, Kristy, for working your magic and making us look so good. Thank you.

Kristy sends it on to O'Neill Printing Company in O'Neill, NE, and they print 760 copies of the paper. Yes, that's right—760 copies, and usually there are only half a dozen left to take to the café for the enjoyment of the customers. This issue will be mailed to 753 folks! Thank you to all at the printing company who have done so much to make our paper extra special.

There is no subscription fee, but if you would like to support our efforts, any donation would be appreciated.

A NEW OLD BOOK DONATED

Helmi Ludwig who had a vacation home in Naper for a few years sent excerpts from Nebraska, A Guide to the Cornhusker State, compiled and written by the Federal Writers' Project of the WPA, sponsored by the Nebraska State Historical Society, 1939. The excerpts are now in the reading room at Heritage Hall.

AND SPEAKING OF BOOKS...

The library continues to grow with donated books. Many popular authors are represented—Louis L'Amour, Tom Clancy, Nora Roberts, John Grisham, Sandra Brown, Nebraskans Mari Sandoz and Willa Cather, and hundreds of others.

A coveted out-of-print Naper Centennial Book (1992) was donated to the library by

Violet Stahlecker's daughter Laura Gorham. It is displayed in a prominent place and must be used in the library—no checking out of this valued item!

Teresa Goodman, Mandy Keller, Andrea Frasch and Tammy Guthmiller presented an art show at the library August 27 and 28. Cookies furnished by the Reading Club made the show even more enjoyable.

If you visit the library and see books on display that say "Help Yourself", it means we have duplicates or the books have been removed from the shelves because of limited space. You may help yourself to those books. A free-will donation would be appreciated but isn't a requirement.

It's worth your time and effort to stop in and check it out—pun intended. Library hours are from 9-1 on Wednesday. ■

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

Grammy and Pop's Hole-in-the-Wall Mart

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

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

U.S. Postal Service

832-5977

Spend here: Keep Naper strong!

A PICTURE IS WORTH ...

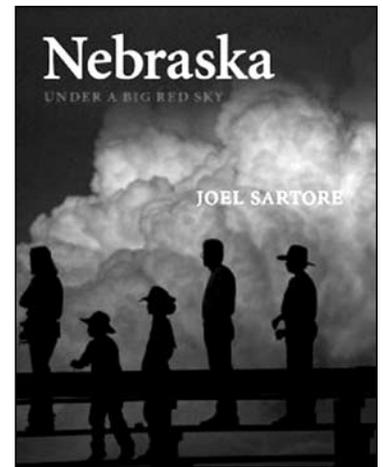
By Nathalie Sattler Taranto

I know all of you are able to finish that famous adage attributed to the late Arthur Brisbane. I refer to it because I've discovered an exceptional photo publication by author, lecturer, teacher, adventurer, freelance National Geographic magazine photographer and a Nebraskan—Joel Sartore.

I am plugging and recommending his publication *Nebraska: Under a Big Red Sky*. Sartore travels throughout Nebraska, taking pictures of everything—an endangered beetle, rodeos and the cowboys who compete in them, pheasant hunters and fishermen, the crane migration, Carhenge and more—much, much more. Sartore honors his craft, as he captures the warm traits of Nebraskans throughout this book. There isn't a lot of writing—just enough to describe what's happening with each photograph.

This book is "soul food" for those of us who live outside the state but still want to enjoy the warmth of our homeland. It's the kind of book you can pass around amongst your family at Christmas time. Even better, it would make a super gift for someone special or your favorite library. The book is published by the University of Nebraska Press and may be purchased from the publisher or anywhere books are sold.

Sartore lives in Lincoln with his wife Kathy and their three children. His web address is www.joelsartore.com. Enjoy! ■



DISTRICT 60 (ABOUT 1948)

Back: Gerald Kulm, Myrna Gosch, LaVerna Broekemeier, Ronald Kulm, and Marlin Dummer. **Front:** Shirley Schoenefeld, Nola Dummer, Harvey Dummer, and Wayne Schoenefeld.

Students of District 60 and students of District 88 (Keya Paha County) cooperatively presented a Thanksgiving program that year. Darlene Mayer Sieh was the teacher of District 60 and Ilah-Lee Staack Willuweit taught District 88, whose pupils were Chuck Doty, Jeanie Besmer, Darrell Besmer, Alvin Besmer and Neil Burkinshaw.

MORE NAPER NEWS FROM 2003

(from the Naper Attendance Center newspaper)

- Jon Alford, Alex Bendig and Macy Ahlers were the first students to read 2,000 pages this year.
- Rob Johnson is the mailman. We baked rolls for Rob because he brings us good things like rolls, donuts, and blizzards from Dairy Queen.
- For two weeks, we've been going to the hall to practice basketball. Mr. Vaughn is a retired basketball coach who has been helping us.
- We are going to have Hoops for Heart and Jump Rope for Heart on February 10, 2003, at the Naper Auditorium at 7 pm. We will have homemade ice cream which will be good for your heart.
- Amber Bendig came to school (kindergarten) on January 6.

HELP!

Last year Al Schochenmaier was in Naper looking for information about District 48. Who knows something about that? Can you name some families who lived in that district? Some teachers? School board members? Years of operation? The building itself? Send your information to Box 72, Naper, NE, and it will be forwarded to Al. You can also e-mail information to papabear@threeriver.net.

And speaking of school information, Marilyn Sieh shared documents pertaining to her grandmother (Edith Windmeyer) and her mother (Frances Smith), their training and their employment as teachers.

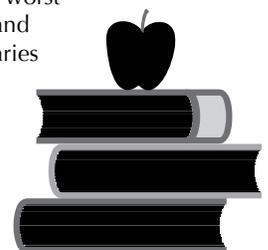
In 1916, Edith M. Fast was hired by District 44 for \$50. The district agreed to keep the schoolhouse in good repair and to provide the necessary fuel, the books and supplies. Edith held a Second Grade Certificate and was hired for eight months. The contract was signed by J.A. Snider and Dan Zeitner. In 1917, she was hired to teach in District 23 for \$55 a month for an eight-month term. This contract was typed, rather than hand-written, and signed by R.W. Springer and John Nicolaus.

In 1930, Edith was hired to teach again at District 23 for \$90 a month.

In 1928, Frances Fast agreed to teach District 70 for \$70 per month. That's \$630 a year! The contract was signed by Reinhold Mayer, Dave Fischer and John Schock. She held a Third Grade Elementary Certificate, issued by the State of Nebraska Department of Public Instruction, at a cost of \$1.

She must have done a good job because she was rehired for two more years and her salary increased by \$5 per month each contract.

As low as those figures seem to be, the worst was yet to come. During the depression and dust bowl years of the '30s, teachers' salaries dropped as did everyone else's salary, if they were fortunate to be employed. In 1934, Edith was hired to teach District 71 for an eight-month term at \$30 per month—that's \$240 a year! Her contract was signed by Chris Kulm, Jacob Forsch Jr., and Chris Fedde. ■



MORE HAZEL BLAKE HISTORY

In the Summer 2012 and Fall 2012 issues of the *Naper Paper*, Bob Allpress provided us with excerpts from Hazel Blake's history. To continue:

At a celebration in 1903, I saw the first horseless carriage with solid tires and headlights made from kerosene lamps. It cost 25¢ to ride in it, and who had 25¢? Not us! It would go 10 miles an hour! At the celebration, a balloon was launched by filling it with hot air. This filling took hours. There were also horse races and a ball game to watch.

We had two bad accidents in our family. Luverne got kicked by a horse as he was driving it into the barn. He was kicked through a barbed wire fence, cutting his face wide open. He still carries the scars to this day. Father rode to Naper (eight miles) on horseback and got Dr. Zimmerman, who rushed out with a team. It took four hours to make the trip. We other children were so worried, we sat down by the barn and cried. The doctor put Luverne on the kitchen table, gave him chloroform, and sewed up his face. His face was wrapped in bandages made from old sheets. He had to drink soup through a straw. It seemed weeks before his face healed. This was in 1901.

On April 15, 1902, Harry was riding a small mule when one rein came loose and he fell off, breaking his arm just above the elbow so that the bone came through the flesh. Dr. Zimmerman again! In the fall (October 23), Harry had the same arm broken below the elbow. Dr. Zimmerman was away at a medical convention; the only available doctor was a lady from Butte. She failed to set the bone in the arm, so Harry suffered terribly with it. By the time Dr. Zimmerman got home, the bones had grown together in his elbow and the arm was stiff. Grandma Cady came and took him back to Iowa City for treatment. His arm was rebroken but was too badly mashed to be helped, so to this day he has a bad stiff arm. Because he suffered so and was so sick, the

folks would buy a treat for him—some Grapenuts, among other things. We other children wished we could get our arms broken so as to have Grapenuts. Our parents couldn't afford to buy for all of us. They were 20¢ a box.

On July 12, 1904, we got a baby sister who they named Dorotha Alta. Again Dr. Zimmerman was called to our house. A neighbor came and stayed while our father rode to Naper for the doctor. Those days a new mother had only crackers and tea for two days, was kept in a dark room, and not allowed to turn over in bed or sit up for ten days! Some different from these modern days! **[Ed. note: Dorotha Alta married Elwood Reber and raised four children: Milo, Galvin, Lyle and Reta Rae.]**

The Herring brothers and their mother lived seven miles southwest of us on the Keya Paha River. Frank and Elmer were bank robbers, gathered up cattle, and ran a still making moonshine from pie plant [ed. note: rhubarb] of which they had ten acres. Theirs was a thick-walled stone house like a fort. It had pipes through the wall to shoot from.

In August 1905, we moved to the Schrove place one mile west of Jamison where the milestone on the Dakota line said 17½, five miles west of our homestead. There was a two-room sod house on this place a mile west and a shed for a barn, but as we moved that day in August, I can well remember a peach tree with a few peaches on it, a few morning glory vines, with flowers still in bloom by the door.

We found out later that a horse thief and cattle rustler had been hung on the tree in the yard at the Schrove place. As the law came through, these men that helped with the hanging and other killings became afraid and were anxious to get out of the country. That is the reason Father was able to trade horses and a little cash and get the 576 acres so cheaply. Had we known this we would not have enjoyed the tree so much. It proves that "what you don't know doesn't hurt you." ■

WHAT A LINE!

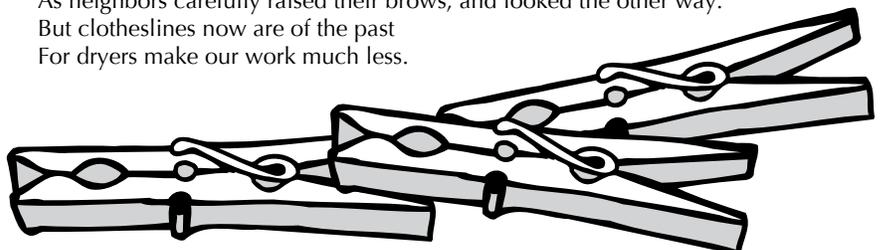
By Marilyn Sieh

I have a clothesline! I hang out our clothes as early in spring as possible and as late in fall as possible when the weather is warm enough to dry the clothes. It is so pleasant and relaxing to be hanging out clothes in the early morning fresh air while listening to all the many kinds of birds singing their own unique song. When I bring the dry clothes in, the house smells soooo good! That is the only way to explain the fresh scent. A clothes dryer just can't cut it! I've been told that a town even the size of Norfolk bans clotheslines. Why would this be? Does anyone know the reasoning behind this?

A couple of years ago we published "The Basic Rules for Clotheslines." I watched an ad for detergent on TV lately where the shirts were hung on the line by the shoulders. Apparently they did not read Basic Rule 3: "You never hung a shirt by the shoulders, always by the tail! What would the neighbors think?"

A CLOTHESLINE POEM

A clothesline was a news forecast to neighbors passing by,
There were no secrets you could keep when clothes were hung to dry.
It also was a friendly link for neighbors always knew
If company had stopped by to spend a night or two.
For then you'd see the "fancy sheets" and towels upon the line;
You'd see the "company table cloths" with intricate designs.
The line announced a baby's birth from folks who lived inside—
Brand new infant clothes were hung so carefully with pride!
The ages of the children could so readily be known
By watching how the sizes changed, you'd know how much they'd grown!
It also told when illness struck as extra sheets were hung;
Then nightclothes and a bathrobe, too, haphazardly were strung.
It also said "Gone on vacation now" when lines hung limp and bare.
It told "We're back" when full lines sagged, with not an inch to spare!
New folks in town were scorned if wash was dingy and gray,
As neighbors carefully raised their brows, and looked the other way.
But clotheslines now are of the past
For dryers make our work much less.





The Ol' Homesteader

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

What a pleasant surprise! When the Historical folk gathered to pick up roadside trash on September 17, so many workers showed up that it took some time to get everyone assigned to a spot. Loved it!

The VFW Auxiliary again sponsored the POW/MIA Remembrance coffee and cookie hour September 19 at the Naper Café. The table, the tablecloth, the red rose, the red ribbon, a lemon slice, a pinch of salt, a Bible, an inverted glass, a solitary candle and the empty chairs all symbolize the grief and hope felt by the families whose loved ones have not been accounted for.

A group of bikers, Harley and Honda riders, who travel east, west, north, south, depending on the weather, have noted that almost every year when the group leaves in August, it has been DRY in this area. Two years ago it was a severe drought and prairie fires. Last year it had been six weeks since the last measurable rain. Same song, next verse, for 2014. After the bikers leave, it rains! So they are thinking perhaps some folks in the area would like to subsidize their annual trips. Any takers on this proposal?

The volunteer firemen are firing up the grill at the VFW and serving their super suppers on the third Sunday night each month this winter. Folks come from miles around to enjoy the good food and good company.

The annual Naper Craft Fair was held November 15, but Mother Nature plotted against the vendors and crowd. We were blessed with 10 inches of snow, a lot of wind and very cold temperatures. The VFW postponed their 47th annual mountain oyster feed until the next weekend, November 22. That's a lot of oyster-shucking over the years. Wait—you don't shuck mountain oysters, do you?

Santa is expected to visit Naper December 21. Amazing how that old boy gets around, isn't it?

GOOD ADVICE

Never approach a bull
from the front, a horse
from the rear, or an idiot
from any direction.

SCHOOL IS BACK IN SESSION

Kelly McCarthy (daughter of Kevin and Angie), Blake Ahlers (son of Dan and Tara), Evan Reiman (son of Casey and Lisa) and Jessa McCarthy (daughter of Darrin and Connie) did very well at cross-country meets. Their coaches were Lisa Ahlers Reiman and John Higgins. Blake, as an individual, and Jessa and Kelly as members of the girls' team, made it to State Cross Country at Kearney! Congratulations!

Amber Bendig (daughter of Kelly and Monica) and Janet Ahlers (daughter of Dean and Roxie) played volleyball for Boyd County. Ridge Higgins (son of Lavern and Brenda), Justin Druke (son of Tony and Beth) and Jesse Cline (son of Hoyt and Julie) played football for Boyd County Spartans. Austin Koenig (son of Kevin and Staci) played for the junior high team.

Amber Bendig and Nolan Reiman were crowned Queen and King of Homecoming for West Boyd. Kelly McCarthy was a junior attendant and Adrienne Bengston (daughter of Matt and Ellen) represented the freshman class. Janet Ahlers was one of the announcers for the event.

Isaac Koenig (son of Kevin and Staci), Gina McCarthy (daughter of Darrin and Connie), Jessa McCarthy, Natasha Zeisler (daughter of Jesse and Kimberly) and Daydra Zeisler (daughter of Mark and Tiffany) received purple and blue ribbons at the Nebraska State Fair in Grand Island. Jessa's photo of the White Horse Ranch sign at Naper was chosen as one of 78 photos displayed in Lincoln for a year. The other exhibits will be displayed in the Boyd County Courthouse for a year.

NEW FACES

Mark and Meredith McLaughlin of Kearney, NE, are the proud parents of two sons, Brooks James McLaughlin, born January 27, 2013, and Harris Patrick McLaughlin, born September 21, 2014. Mark is the son of Stanley McLaughlin (NHS, 1966) and Barbara Hughes McLaughlin, formerly of Rose, NE, and a 1970 graduate of Rock County High School, Bassett. Mark is a teacher and head high school football coach at Gibbon, NE, and Meredith teaches elementary school in Kearney. Great grandmother is Velda Sieh McLaughlin Stahlecker. Thank you, Grandpa Stan, for this information.

Eloise Ava Cline, 7 lb. 10 oz., was born August 24, 2014, to Kurt and Cindy Cline.

Keith and Lora Sieh Cline are grandparents; great-grandparents are Marvin and Judy Hoyt Cline and Duane and Marilyn Smith Sieh. Keith and Lora flew to California to meet her.

Skye and Allison Higgins' daughter Jayden Lynn was born October 9. Lavern and Brenda are grandpa and grandma; Margaret Vogt Kline Schmitz and Lelia Boucher Higgins are the great-grandmas. Lots of folks to cuddle that baby.

MORE NAPER 28 INFORMATION

Sgt. Orson H. Hutslar, the C-47 crew chief, was killed in the crash. Sgt. Hutslar and his wife, Madeline, were parents of Danny Hutslar, who writes that he was six years old when the plane crashed. He is now 76 years old.

And another letter to Mabel and Jim Sattler regarding Naper 28:

Thanks so very much for the newspaper articles. I've sent copies that you made to my two sisters. Especially thanks for your time that you spent with us, taking us out to the crash site. It meant so much to each of us. You both were great guides and salt of the earth Nebraskans who made our trip an unforgettable experience.

Please accept these checks as a small token of our gratitude for your hospitality and a lasting appreciation for the honor that you have given our uncle [Arthur Johnson] and the Naper 28 crew/passengers.

We, Evelyn and I, have committed to sending the Historical Society an American flag each year. You may fly it, or display it, as you wish.

God bless, and thanks.

Carl and Evelyn Johnson
(nephew of Arthur Johnson)

GOOD BYE TO OLD FRIENDS

Peter Leroy "Junior" Wilhelmsen died August 4, 2014. He graduated from Naper High School in 1949 and lived in Burke for over 50 years.

Ray Dennis Vaughn, "Coach" to his hundreds of student athletes, died August 11. He taught at Naper for many years, then Butte and later at Bonesteel, influencing countless young people through the years.

Elsie Wentz died at the age of 96 October 5. She and husband Art operated Wentz's Bar for 28 years. She was noted as a local historian and had many photo albums to document Naper. ■



Letters — Keep ‘Em Comin’!

Send your cards and letters to:

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

Have seen a copy of the newsletter from Naper Historical Society and thought it very interesting. I am enclosing a donation and would appreciate receiving the newsletter from you whenever you send them out. Please include me in your mailings. Thank you.

Vern Hartl

A productive and happy summer to NAPER and its people, to all of you which always will remain part of my memories from such a limited time period visiting there and trying to make “That Old House” livable but, a time worth having and I remember it with a smile when the *Naper Paper* arrives.

Today I’m sending you a small contribution for keeping up the interesting work of interacting in print with your many readers. It’s great to see and read about new and known faces, who were then children when I had known them five or more years ago. My own granddaughters are college age now.

I had fun writing this letter and thank you again for the *Naper Paper*.

Helmi Roling-Ludwig

Enclosed is a check to help with the paper. What an effort for you fine people to keep it going. I do look forward to receiving it.

Always like to hear comments about “The Wall” since my folks kept it in good shape for many years. I don’t suppose many of you remember me but I remember so many people in Naper.

Please know that I appreciate your continuing efforts. Sorry for my penmanship—tremors, you know, which come with old age!

Delma Dalldorf Turgeon,
Class of 1946

First, we gave up and moved in to an assisted living place. So we have a new address.

I enjoy your paper very much. It brings back a lot of memories—working with horses, grasshoppers, dust storm days, good old schools, just everything old.

You can count Nola, my sister, in on this as she loves the paper. I am sending a little something to help out.

Helmuth Holmgren

Enclosed is a check for the paper—we always enjoy reading about the old times and were sorry to hear about losing one of your long-time residents, Elsie Wentz.

Riney and Virginia Stahlecker

Please keep the paper coming; it’s so fun to read. We are sending this check in memory of my dad, Fred [Rockholm] or “Cliche”—is that spelled right? How’d he get that name anyway?

Cathy and Terry Crawforth

Ed. Note: Most of the Rockholm kids had nicknames but how Fred got to be Clee-Chee is a mystery.

Enclosed is a donation—keep up the good work.

Shirley Bechtold Olivier

I enjoy the *Naper Paper* so much. Thank you. Enclosed is a check to help with the paper.

DeLoris Serr Taliaferro

Got the *Naper Paper* and you have a nice story on the plane crash. I remember it well. We heard about it when it crashed. It was a very bad storm that night. So the next morning after we had chores all done, milking and feeding the pigs, chickens and all that on the farm, we went down to see it. It was real sad to see how bad it was. I can still see it in my mind today. I was 17 years old.

Sending a little gift along to keep the paper coming.

Alvin Stahlecker

Enclosed is a check to be used where needed. Sorry we didn’t get to the benefit.

Thanks for all you do. We appreciate the *Naper Paper* and your other efforts.

Ed and Lois Alford

GREAT MEMORIES!

I was real fortunate to grow up in Naper. All the school and sports activities that we participated in are real fond memories for me. This is where kids learned work ethics and respect for their elders which seems to be lacking today.

Enclosed is a contribution to use wherever needed. Keep up the good work!!

Stan Stahlecker

It has been quite a while since I have given a gift to the NHS. I am the widow of Gregory C. Kulm who died 12/9/2004. He was the son of Lester Kulm.

I love reading the paper, love the stories and you all do such a great job researching and putting the stories to print.

Jeanne Kulm

The *Naper Paper* always has items of interest that call up special memories of our childhood in Naper. In the last issue, I was caught up in the article about the air crash. It doesn’t seem possible that it’s been seventy years since this tragic event happened. I was in our grocery store with dad Bill when we heard the news. We went out to the crash site before the army officials got there and were among the first to get down into the gully where a devastating scene met our eyes. Aside from the mangled parts of the plane, the thing that touched me most was the heap of dead soldiers piled up on one another and scattered all over were the personal items belonging to them because of their moving from one base to another. It is most fitting that a permanent memorial has been erected to honor and remember these servicemen.

Another news item, not tragic, that warmed our hearts was the 104th birthday of Janet Cerny who was one of our elementary teachers. She certainly touched the lives of many young people during her years of teaching!

Even though Kathy and I have lived in California for many years, Naper is still home for us and we appreciate the time and effort of the dedicated people back there who are keeping Naper on the map.

Use the enclosed check to help with expenses.

Greetings from the Blakkolb “girls”,

Joyce and Kathy

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 storytelling talents, please write to us at:

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c/o The Naper Historical Society
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- Naper Events Barrelcast
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- A Picture Is Worth...
- More Hazel Blake History
- What a Line!
- Plus: The Ol' Homesteader, Letters

... AND MUCH MORE!



1952-1953 GRADE SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM
Naper never had LeBron James or Michael Jordan, but they did have: (standing) John Schmitz, Bobby Cline, Coach Romaine Pesicka, Neal Windmeyer, Melvin Bentzen, (seated) Dennis Cline, Harry Swallow, Ronald Schonebaum, and Bob Wentz.