

*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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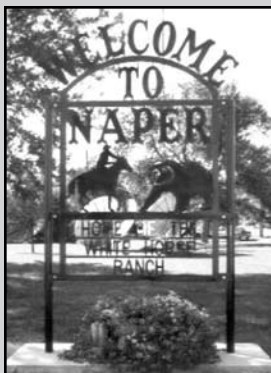
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REMEMBERING OUR VETERANS

By Marilyn Sieh

A few months ago, Beth Tielke, Ruby Dobias and Ms. Beck, from O'Neill and Atkinson, stopped at our café to have coffee and rolls before going to Winner, SD. The coffee table group invited them to sit with us and introductions were made. Beth remembered me because our VFW Auxiliary donated money for postage to send packages to our troops overseas.

Beth, with support of donations from the generous local citizens, has made it a personal goal to send these packages. The soldiers write thank-you letters back to her, which she puts in

the local papers so everyone can read them.

On this particular day, our table had two veterans sitting among us. Beth took their names and histories. On the way back from Winner, their vehicle now loaded with homemade blankets, the ladies left three at the café. Merle Riesselman (pictured, below left), an Army veteran who served in Viet Nam and Duane Sieh (below right), a Navy veteran of the Korean War, received two of the quilts. The third one was given to Herman Bendig, who had served in the National Guard.

The blankets were very much appreciated. ■



Coming Soon to Naper!

The Outlaw Trail Scenic Byway (Highway 12) meeting is scheduled at the Naper Lounge April 19. Lunch will be served at noon followed by the meeting. Then Marci Broyhill and Teresa Kay Orr will be sharing "Songs and Tales Along the Trails." There will be a free will donation to benefit the White Horse Ranch Museum, the OTSB and the entertainers. It's guaranteed to be an entertaining and educational afternoon. Put it on your calendar.

And all of you "Fivers" — heads up! Your classes will be honored at the 62nd annual Naper Alumni Banquet scheduled for May 23 (Memorial Day weekend). Letters will soon be sent to all graduates living out of Boyd County. If you graduated in 1945, 1955, 1965, 1975, 1985, 1995, 2005, or 2015, you'll be receiving a letter from a representative of your class. The food is good, the amusing stories are never-ending, and there's always room for one more—come on down! ■



The Circuit Rider

Winston Stahlecker: Adventures and opportunities for a Naper boy

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 bumped into an old pal willing to share his story for this issue:

“I wonder if I'll ever get out of here.” This was my thought in 1992 when I went to Anshan City, China, for a two-week lecture/training tour. I arrived with my Chinese guides at midnight by train from Beijing. It was dark, and in 1992, seemed rather ominous as we pulled into the hotel built by the Russians after WWII. Just as in some of the black and white movies about WWII, my room was lighted by one bulb hanging from the ceiling.

Lecturing on strategic marketing to twenty middle managers of Anshan Steel Company in 1992 was one of the many opportunities I've had in my career as a professor of business. While there, I was able to walk on "The Great Wall" and visit Tiananmin Square where the Chinese people had earlier demonstrated against the Chinese government.

In 1995, I went to Taiwan to teach in WTAMU's MBA (Masters of Business Administration) program where I taught a graduate seminar in Marketing Management during the month of June. These are examples of the many

opportunities/adventures I've had as a "wimpy, little kid" from Naper, Nebraska.

My college/university career started in Spearfish, SD, at Black Hills State College. After finishing my Ph.D. at Arizona State University in 1972, I taught in various states at different universities in California, Minnesota, Montana, and Texas. My 42-year teaching career was completed after my tenure at West Texas A&M University in Canyon, TX.

One of my specialties in teaching was small business and entrepreneurship which gave me additional opportunities as the president of a national organization of teachers of small business and entrepreneurship. Through the various programs I was able to travel to many different places including Singapore and Hawaii. During this time, I was also able to receive a grant from the U. S. Government Small Business Administration to write a manual to get SCORE (Service Core of Retired Executives) and small business programs in college and universities to work together to train future small business managers.

For nine years as a consultant, I taught seminars for Bell Helicopter supervisors at

the Amarillo plant where the Ospreys are assembled.

After teaching and being Department Head of Management and Marketing at West Texas A&M University, I retired in 2000. Since that time, I have found various ways to spend my time including lecturing on cruise ships which visited Alaska, the Caribbean, Australia and New Zealand. Currently, I also serve as a trained mediator in family law.

My years of retirement have been filled with many ways to fill my time. And to think it all began at little Naper High School where I graduated in 1953 with five other classmates: James Dawson, Neil Helenbolt, LaVerna Broekemeier, Velva June Vogt and Marlin Dummer.

Growing up on a farm around Naper and going to a "tiny" school made me realize—opportunities are there for the taking if you are willing to recognize them, even for a small-town kid from Naper, Nebraska.

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wstahlec@suddenlink.net

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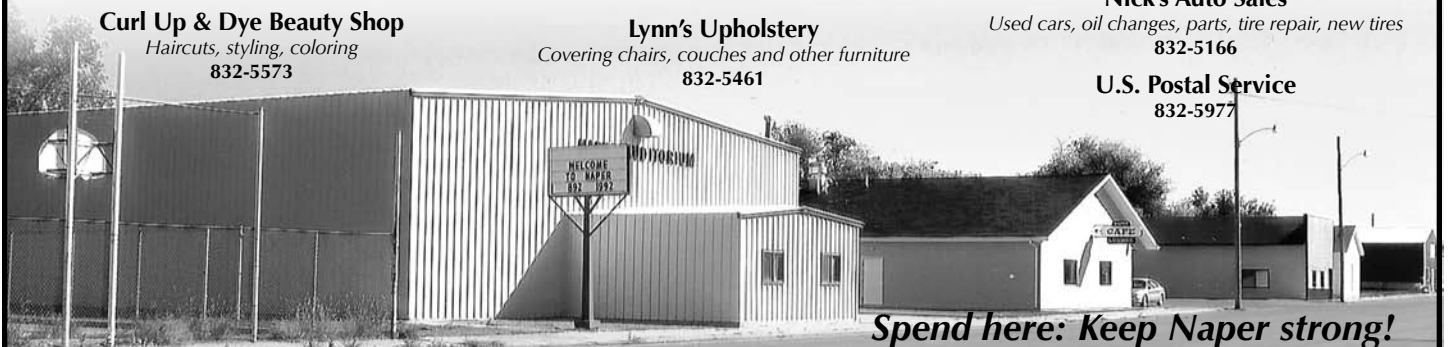
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Spend here: Keep Naper strong!

THE PONCA CREEK FLOOD OF 1944

By LaVonne Klien Boes

It was a Sunday afternoon and we had visitors. They left as a rain storm was coming. Mom said we would eat supper early and do chores after the rain. And it did rain very hard! Mom looked out the windows and told Dad the water was coming down the road. Dad told us to get in the car (a Model A) but we didn't get out of the yard as the car flooded out in the high water.

Dad carried Mom (Sarah), Adella, Lyle and me in waist deep water across the road to the west on higher ground. He went back through the water to get his John Deere B tractor. Just a half turn on the fly wheel and it took off. The water was so deep, it was up to the fly wheel. Mom holding Adella, Lyle standing on the side by Mom, Dad on the other side driving, and I standing on the drawbar behind the seat, hanging onto the seat and crying—we went all the way up the hills through two pastures to a house where it was raining almost as hard inside as outside.

I was crying because my Uncle Tom Thomson had made me a kitchen cupboard complete with a flour bin and glass door. What a beauty! I thought the water was

going to take my cupboard. I'm happy to say I still have my prize cupboard today.

We stayed at this house until Dad went over to Carl and Ed Vogts. We stayed there overnight. Alnard Heermann had two houses on their place (where Jerry Heermann now lives) a half mile from Carl and Ed. Later we stayed there for some time.

However, there were bees under the house. Dad and Alnard were going to get rid of them so they made a fire to smoke them out. Some of the bees didn't like that. I remember Dad and Alnard laughing and counting their bee bites. It took them two long evenings to melt the honey down and they got a lot!

Dad took the team of horses and wagon through water that was up to the knees of the horses to get some new posts so the water wouldn't wash them away. I can still see the water flowing fast around the horses' feet. Water was close to the chicken house so they put the little chicks (about a month old) upstairs in the bedroom where Mom had just finished papering the walls and varnishing the floor. Never could get the smell out of the boards and we never got our new bedroom! Dad

moved the garage across the road in the pasture and we lived in it most of the summer.

Henry Alford lived on the place where Kelly Bendig lives now. Their cows were on the south side of the Ponca. They had two grown daughters who walked across a swinging bridge to milk the cows (only once a day) and carried milk down to the garage where we lived to separate. They took the cream home with them and Dad fed the milk to the hogs.

Dad bought the place on top of the hill, fixed the house and moved the hog house, the big barn and the granary up on the hill. Dad and Mom lived there until 1960, then sold it to Lyle and Margaret. In 1962 a tornado took the place and Lyle and Margaret moved to Ainsworth.

I wrote this as I remembered it. I'm sure there are others who lived along the Ponca who also remember the flood.

A big thank you to Jerry Heermann for a very delightful afternoon taking the Klien girls down to the home place. Thanks from Lavonne Klien Boes, Adella Klien Mausbach, Kathy Klien Hausmann and Sandy Klien Hoffman. ■

Growing Up in Naper

By Joyce Blakkolb

One of Frieda Blakkolb's childhood memories involves a white cow they had. The Indians from the Ponca Reservation often took part in the local celebrations. They would come into town and pitch their tents north of the ball park, which was then located across the road west of the present ball park. As payment for their dancing, the Indians were given a beef.

One time, Frieda was one of the kids watching the Indians butcher an old white cow. Frieda was horrified because they had a cow just like the one being butchered. She ran home crying hysterically. When her mother got her quieted down, she asked Frieda what was wrong. Frieda sobbed, "The Indians are killing our old white cow!"

It took a little while for her mother to convince Frieda that their cow wasn't the one ending up as supper for the Indians—that their cow was very much alive out in the barnyard.

Otto "Toe" Blakkolb told a story about wine tasting in Naper, not Napa.

Anyone who has tasted dandelion wine

knows that it can pack quite a wallop, especially if you happen to drink it on an empty stomach! Toe's grandfather, Solomon Blakkolb, had some of this wine in his cellar and he told Toe to go up and drain the barrel. Toe took Toe Statsman and Fred Putnam with him. Now boys will be boys and they had a sample or two, and before Fred knew what had hit him, he was feeling no pain. The two Toes didn't know what to do because Fred's girlfriend was coming to town to visit and with the state Fred was in, he wasn't ready to meet anyone, let alone a girlfriend!

The boys knew they had to get Fred out of sight until he sobered up, so finally, out of sheer desperation, they dragged him out into a nearby cornfield where they left him to sleep it off for several hours.

The delay evidently had no adverse effect on the romance because Fred and Alice eventually got married and went on to have a long, happy marriage.

Every time Toe told this story, he laughed so hard it made us laugh just to see his enjoyment in recalling this experience. ■



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...

And here's The Ol' Homesteader, just a-checkin' and reportin' what's goin' on in and around our town...

December 16 was a sad day for Betty and Herman Neumiller, who lost everything when their house burned. On January 11, the firemen sponsored a fund raiser to help with living expenses (picture at right). Over 250 people attended, ate a lot of good food and supported the Neumillers with their kind words and free-will offering. Betty and Herman had lived on that farm since they married July 1, 1950, and built the house themselves.



Firemen on duty at the grill: Lee Cadwallader, Hoyt Cline, Dan Ahlers, Kevin Neumiller.

THE KIDS ARE BUSY IN AND OUT OF SCHOOL:

Austin Koenig (son Kevin and Staci, grandson of Jeff and Rindy Zink), Jesse Cline (son of Hoyt and Julie, grandson of Marvin and Judy), Kelli Mashino (daughter of Dustin and Tammy, granddaughter of Gaylene Mitchell), Ridge Higgins (son of Lavern and Brenda, grandson of Margaret Klien Schmitz and Lelia Higgins), Evan Reiman (son of Casey and Lisa, grandson of Jack and Jean Reiman and Wayne and Virginia Schonebaum Ahlers) and Amber Bendig (daughter of Kelly and Monica, granddaughter of Herman and Grace) were on the honor roll. Wyatt Heermann (son of Casey and Jill, grandson of Jerry and Dorothy Dummer Heermann), Preston Brewer (son of Kip and Rachel, grandson of Jerry and Dorothy Heermann), Austin Cadwallader (son of Lee and Stephanie, grandson of Tim and Bonnie Whitley), Brett Koenig (son of Kevin and Staci), Camden Brewer (son of Kip and Rachel), Isaac Koenig (son of Kevin and Staci), Austin Koenig, and Evan Reiman had perfect attendance.

Amber Bendig, Jessa McCarthy (daughter of Darrin and Connie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine Windmeyer McCarthy) and Kelly McCarthy (daughter of Kevin and Angie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine) are playing basketball for Boyd County Spartan girls. Gina McCarthy (daughter of Darrin and Connie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine) and Hannah Drueke (daughter of Tony and Beth, granddaughter of Vern and Linda Goodman) are on the seventh grade team. Ridge Higgins, Jesse Cline, Blake Ahlers (son of Dan and Tara, grandson of

Wayne and Virginia), and Justin Drueke (son of Tony and Beth, grandson of Vern and Linda Goodman) are playing Spartan boys basketball.

SOME NEW FACES:

Ramona Bentzen has three (yes, three!) brand new great-grandchildren. Jeff and Jessica Hofmeister are parents of Ivy Lou born November 21. Ray Bentzen and Elaine Bentzen of Omaha are grandparents. Shane and Tammy Bentzen Schechinger welcomed Brynn Kaylin on December 30. Her grandpa and grandma are Mike Bentzen and Linda Bentzen. Lee and Karen Bentzen Richardson are the grandparents of Holden Reed Richardson born to Erin Richardson at 11:11 am on December 11, weighing 7 lb. 7 oz. With that combination

of numbers on his birthday, he is one lucky boy! And lucky to have all the grandparents also.

Denny Jorgensen and Margaret Ludemann are happy to announce the birth of Wright Thomas Jorgensen to Chad and Holly Jorgensen on December 31.

JoAnn and Delmer Jons are now great-grandparents. Josh and Heather Jons Kitzen welcomed Isen Arthur Kitzen on November 6. Arlen Jons and Diana Jons are grandpa and grandma.

Holly and Willie Drueke's son Hodge was born December 16. He shares Uncle Ryon Vogt's birthday. He shares his grandparents Bryon and Sharon Vogt and great-grandparents Jim and Mabel Sattler with big brother Wes.

Continued on next page



Five-generation photo: Violet Horst (seated) holds her great-great granddaughter, Chelsea Dawn Ciserella. Standing are Violet's great-granddaughter Jessica Boettcher, granddaughter Deb Vogt and daughter Gaynell Mitchell.

The Ol' Homesteader (continued from page 4)

OTHER CONGRATULATIONS GO TO:

James and Ruth Katzer Lewis who celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary December 19.

The winners in the ninth annual Frozen Foot Ice-Fishing Contest sponsored by the Naper Café on January 24 were Scott Raterman (largest bass), Frank Heagnery (largest perch), Bennie Raterman (largest crappie), Chris Nordquist (largest bluegill) and Scott Raterman who had the greatest total weight. Forty anglers competed that day and a large crowd enjoyed eating their harvest at the free fish fry at the café that evening. Raffle winners were Dave Reiman, Naper, who won the ice auger and Tela Hutchinson, Burke, who won the fish finder.

Bob Fuhrer, Blair, NE, celebrated his 95th birthday January 16.

Amanda Camin Schochenmaier celebrated her 100th birthday with family and friends at TLC in Burke on March 1, 2015. What a milestone!

AND SAYING GOODBYE:

Neal Windmeyer died in Norfolk on November 10. He was a 1957 graduate of Naper High School and a veteran of the U.S. Army.

Janet Sattler, age 104, died December 18 in Gregory. She was the last surviving member of the Frank and Anna Cerny family who lived east of Naper. She had been a teacher for many years. The *Naper*



Happy 95th birthday to Bob Fuhrer!

Paper, Volume 10, Issue 1 (4th Quarter of 2011), featured a picture of her with one of her classes in Naper.

Mervin Higgins died at the age of 85 on January 20. He and Helen Schmitz were married in 1950 and had lived on the ranch southwest of Naper for 64 years.

Herman Bendig died February 4. He had lived in the Naper area his entire life except for time in the National Guard. ■

WE TOLD YOU SANTA WAS COMING ...



Right: Santa gets acquainted with Landon and Aaron Melton, sons of Shelby and Heidi Melton.

SING-ALONG WITH THE METHODISTS

By Diane Schochenmaier Petersen and Dorothy Richardson

The fourth annual Old-fashioned Christmas Sing-along was held December 7 at the Jamison Methodist Church. Our guest pianist and song leaders were Steven Swanson and Kenly Udd. The Christmas Scriptures were read by Dorothy Richardson. Collin, Courtney and Carter McCarthy recited Christmas poems. The closing prayer was given by Pastor Mark Turner. After the singing, the ladies of the church served lunch. Everyone had a great time celebrating the reason for the season with good music, good food, and good fellowship.

The Christmas Sing-along began in 2011 as a result of the church's financial problems. A meeting had been called and the district superintendent had set a closing date for the Jamison church. However some members of the congregation were determined not to let that happen without a fight. One of them came up with the idea of inviting everyone in the community to the church for a party to sing the old traditional Christmas hymns. We decided to serve homemade cookies and have a free-will offering.

Our first sing-along made just enough money to pay the pianist but it accomplished much more. It brought us much closer as a church and a community. So for the past four years, we have invited the community to join us in celebrating Christmas in song and Scripture.

If you enjoy the Christmas story and good music, we hope you will join us for our December 2015 Old-fashioned Christmas Sing-along. ■





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

Ed. Note: "Letters! We get letters! We get lots and lots of letters!" Is anyone out there old enough to remember the little song from the Perry Como Show? Yes, I hear you saying, "Perry who?" Or was it Dean Martin or Dinah Shore? Well, we get lots and lots of letters too, and some writers choose to remain anonymous. The following letter is one of those. (We received permission to print after some editing.)

First—please do not put this letter in the *Naper Paper*. I'm shy but wanted to send a donation for the paper too, so part of this is for the museum and part for the paper. Also note my last name is spelled with two "i"s. That means I can see better than most of my cousins!

I am so glad all you people take time to publish this paper—it is such a joy to read. I lived within the town limits until I was about 10 and then we moved to the farm. In fact I was a street kid for about five years and enjoyed the night life and being able to play with other kids. So when we moved to the farm—what an adjustment! Couldn't play cards with Ted. No place to ride bike or roller skate or see people. No electricity. In bed early and NO ONE to play with. My dad said, "You're like an owl—want to hoot all night and sleep all day!" Ah, good memories.

I try to come down and go to my folks' graves on a regular basis. When I'm there, I try to see my aunts and cousins. It seems with all the snow I may not get there for Christmas. Anyway, best wishes for the holidays and the best new year to you all.

Anonymous

Enclosed is a donation to the *Naper Paper*. My father, Stanley McLaughlin, grew up in Naper. He shared the most recent copy of the *Naper Paper* with me. I would like to receive a copy in the future.

I make it up to Naper a few times a year to hunt, visit my grandma and grandpa Velda and Duke Stahlecker, and eat at the Naper Café. Some of my favorite childhood memories are from Naper. My great-grandmother Hertha Sieh once raced my great-uncle Loren Sieh down Main Street. Grandma Hertha smoked him! I couldn't have been more than five or six

years old, but I remember it like it was yesterday.

When I was a kid it always felt like the trip from Elkhorn to Naper took forever. My family and I would stop in Norfolk at Double K for some fried chicken and then finish the trip. We usually stayed at my uncle Gene McLaughlin's house. (Aunt Twila passed away before I was old enough to remember her.) I still smile when I see that yellow house.

I have fond memories of Naper. Driving into town and seeing Uncle Loren's gas station, the Krotter Company, and Cline's Bar along Main Street always told me I was there and the trip that seemed like forever (but was really only three hours or so) was over.

I appreciate your work to keep Naper in the news.

Mark and Meredith McLaughlin

As usual, we enjoy getting the *Naper Paper*. Every time it comes in the mail and after we read it, we always have to talk about the "old days" of Naper! We remember the "old times" that were there when we were growing up!

Enclosed is a check to be used wherever it is needed. Keep up the good work and thank you to all involved that make the paper a success.

Larry and Karen Juracek

I didn't live in Naper but I have learned a lot of history from reading the paper. Keep up the good work.

Leta Shelden

Here at the Sandhills Chapter of Thrivent, as we near the end of 2014, we have some funds that we have decided to share with recipients of the projects in our local area that Thrivent has helped throughout the year. Enclosed you will find a check for the recipient of your project. Please forward the check on to them. May you continue to do the good work that you have begun. Have a blessed year in 2015.

Chapter Board of Sandhills Thrivent

I want to thank you folks for all you do to inform most of us living away from the Naper area on past and present activities. I am very proud to tell people where I grew

up—God's Country! They say it takes a village to raise a child and I believe that is true, and I am thankful to have been raised in the Naper area. I don't get back there as much as I would like but my heart is always there. Birds have to fly and I did ... but I still know where the roost is!

Please accept this donation to help the paper or historical society. Many thanks.

Mike Bentzen and family

Thank you for your business this year. Please accept this donation to your organization. Wishing you all a very merry Christmas.

Witt Construction—
Roger, Roberta and Darrin

Our profound thanks to those that make the *Naper Paper* happen. The enclosed check may be used as you determine.

Wayne and Neita Andersen

Thank you for all your hard work on the *Naper Paper*. Your stories about the history of the community are wonderful. Please accept this donation and keep the printers running. Thanks.

Joan Higgins Waring

Enclosed find a gift to help defray expenses. Always look forward to the *Naper Paper*.

Bernie and Carol Ludemann

We both sure enjoy your paper. Looking to see what is going on now and years ago. Keep up the great work and here is a check.

Marlin and Zelda Dummer

Thank you so much for the newspaper. I seem to know of many in the Naper area.

My grandpa Fred Adam used to operate a grocery store in Naper. My grandparents Julius and Grace Kortmeyer lived southwest of Naper. I am one of the triplets born to Gus and Mabel Adam south of Naper [Ed. Note: where Bryon and Sharon Vogt now live] in 1930. I was a first grader in Naper school when Janet Cerny was the teacher. We moved to a farm north of Jamison while I was in the first grade.

Almon Adam

Ernest E. Graves, son of Clifford C. Graves, son of Julius Graves of Naper, born in Butte on January 6, 1932 [writes]:

We moved to Page in 1942. In my early years my Dad would carry us to

Continued on next page

Letters

Continued from page 6

Naper to visit Grandpa Graves. Memory holds our playing with cousins Lucille Vogt (my age) and her brothers Fritz, Ed and Don.

Nostalgia which affects us older ones sometimes attracts me to reading the periodical *Naper Paper*. I graduated from Page HS, class of 1950; entered the US Air Force for a 20 year career which included tours on Air Force One with DDE [President Eisenhower] 1956-1960 and subsequently JFK [President Kennedy] 1961 until his decease 22 Nov 1963. After completing my 20 years with the USAF, I was afforded the opportunity of working for the secret service from 1971-1992, primarily escort duties with visiting heads of state and government. After my USSS experience, I was privileged to work for King Hussein I of Jordan and King Abdullah II from 1993 to 2007. I now live in a senior citizens' retirement community in Springfield, VA. I have vivid memories of visiting Uncle Claus [Vogt], Aunt Daisy and cousins during those early days of my life.

Ernie Graves

Enclosed is a check to keep the paper going. We do enjoy it very much.

LaVonne Boes

SOME ADVICE FROM MOTHER GOOSE

Hey, diddle, diddle,
 I'm watching my middle—
 I'm hoping to whittle it soon.
 But eating's such fun
 I may not get it done,
 'Till my dish runs away
 with my spoon!



MURPHY'S OTHER LAWS...

We all know Murphy's Law—anything that can go wrong, will go wrong. Well, there are several additional Murphy's Laws. You might recognize the truth of some of them.

1. Light travels faster than sound. That is why some people appear bright until you hear them speak.
2. A fine is a tax for doing wrong. A tax is a fine for doing well.
3. He who laughs last thinks slowest.
4. A day without sunshine is like, well, night.
5. Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine.
6. The 50-50-90 rule: Anytime you have a 50-50 chance of getting something right, there's a 90% probability that you'll get it wrong.
7. If you line up all the cars in the world end-to-end, you can be sure someone will pull out and try to pass.
8. If the shoe fits, get another one just like it.
9. Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day. Teach a man to fish and he will sit in a boat all day drinking beer.
10. Most flashlights are cases for holding dead batteries.
11. God gave us toes so we could find furniture in the dark.
12. When you go to court, you are putting yourself in the hands of twelve people who couldn't figure out a way to get out of jury duty.
13. A bumblebee is considerably faster than any tractor without a cab.
14. Your fences need to be horse high, pig tight and bull strong.
15. The best sermons are lived, not preached. ■



Observed in a local club...



Naper Paper

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... AND MUCH MORE!



He'd have won the Frozen Foot Fishing Contest

Alfred Windmeyer loved to hunt and fish. This picture was taken by his sister in 1936.