

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

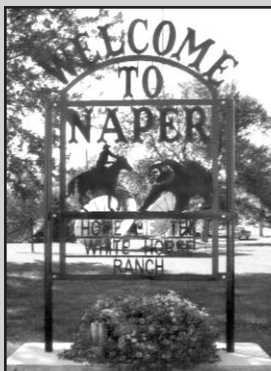
**The Naper
Historical Society**

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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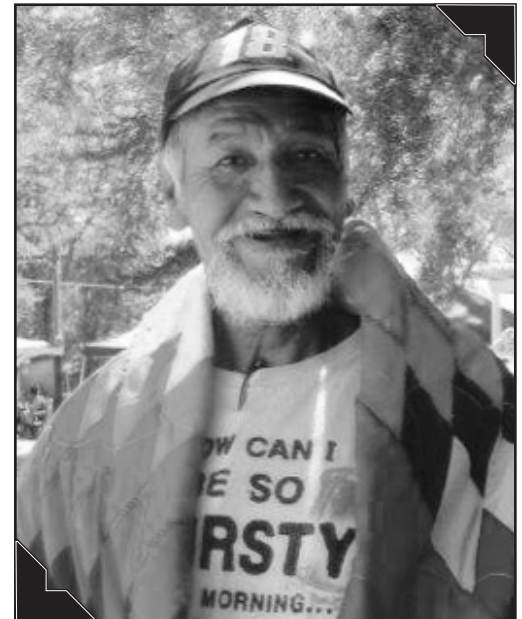
Winter 2015

MILKS CAMP POWWOW HELD

Folks gathered the last weekend in July for the annual Milks Camp Community Wacipi, three days of song, dance and family celebration that includes vendors, food service, ball games and lots of visiting.

Charles White Pipe, Sr., a Lakota Code Talker in World War II, was honored this year. Several Sikahe code talkers received the Congressional gold medal, the highest honor awarded by Congress.

Dave Primeaux was presented with a star quilt made by Judy Hansen in appreciation of all the work he has done on upkeep of the grounds. Marla Bull Bear presented a shawl to a young woman from Omaha. Among others whose lives and service were honored were Gary Buckman, Steve Tamayo, Joe Star, and Todd Bearshield. ■



Dave Primeaux with quilt

AUXILIARY HOSTS POW /MIA REMEMBRANCE

by Marilyn Sieh

The Naper VFW Ladies' Auxiliary hosted their annual POW/MIA Remembrance at the Naper Café on September 18. Cookies and bars were served to everyone who attended.

All of the symbols express grief and hope: the roundness of the table-everlasting concern for the missing; the whiteness of the tablecloth-the purity of motives of those who answered the call to duty; the single red rose-a reminder of the lives of each of the missing; the red ribbon-continued

determination to account for the missing; a lemon slice-reminder of the bitter fate of those captured and missing; a pinch of salt-the tears endured by the missing and their families; the Bible-the strength gained through faith; an inverted glass-their inability to share in the day's toast; the empty chair-to express their absence; a solitary candle burning-the upward reach of their unconquerable spirit. ■

From left: Velva June Blum, Charlotte Nicolaus and Velda Stahlecker at the table set with all of the symbols.



**THIS IS
YOUR
PAPER!**

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

AMANDA SCHOCHENMAIER TELLS HER STORY

I was born on a farm four and a half miles southwest of Naper on March 1, 1915. I weighed five pounds and was a bottle baby. There were no hospitals in those days. I was the oldest of eight children—five girls: Amanda, Edna, Delma, Ruth and Pauline; three boys: Alfred, Howard and Dennis. My father, John Camin, lived on this farm which was within walking distance of the Keya Paha River. He married my mother Emma Bettcher March 29, 1914, and brought her to his farm. They had a small house, one bedroom upstairs and one bedroom downstairs. The house had a big front room which also served as the dining room. It had a very small kitchen. There was no bathroom or running water in the house. Our water was hauled by the barrels from the river to wash our clothes.

Every Saturday we would take cream cans to Naper to get drinking water. We kept the water cool in the cellar. Our first cellar was a dirt cellar. We kept our potatoes there. It was very dark down there and we had to be on the lookout for snakes and lizards when we went down in the cellar. It was scary!

My grandparents and parents talked the German language. Grandma Bettcher never talked anything but German, but my Grandfather did learn to speak English. My sister Edna and I were a year apart in age and started school together. When we started school, we spoke German and learned English after we started school. We were lucky our teacher understood German. My mother learned to talk English from us kids. I can't speak German anymore but I do understand it. We walked a mile to our country school. The school sometimes had as many as 20 -25 students attending. I was my dad's hired man. When the chicken house needed cleaning, my dad would drive the spreader up to it and I would have to clean it. I also did the raking of the hay with an old-fashioned rake that was pulled by two slow horses. When it was time to shock grain, everyone helped. We had many hot days and little rain. I also had to chop wood for the cook stove and milk the cows, sometimes as many as 12 cows. We all had our after-school jobs to do. I especially hated the days when we butchered hogs. In those days, we didn't skin the hog. We had to have lots of hot water in barrels. We hung the hog in a tree and we all pulled on the rope to bring the hog up and down in the hot water. Then we had to scrape the hair off. The crackles were used to make soap. We used lye to boil it on

the stove.

My mother had asthma very bad so I was the one to make bread. In those days, you mixed it up at night. We used that good old-fashioned yeast. You can't even buy it now. Saturday was baking day. We didn't make pies or cakes, we made kolaches. They were made with dried apples, apricots, or prunes and cottage cheese.

As we got older, we never missed Sunday church unless it rained or there was a blizzard. We had a "Sunday buggy" and a team of horses. After services we always went to Grandma and Grandpa Bettchers for dinner and supper. We never missed a Sunday. It would be dark when we got home and we would have to milk the cows in the dark.

Christmas Eve was always the prettiest night of the year. There always seemed to be a full moon and snow on the ground. There would be so many stars in the sky. In those days we used a team of horses and a buggy to get to Christmas Eve church services. Right before we would leave to go to church, my dad would say he forgot something. He would then go back in the house and put out our Santa Claus gifts. During the church service two men would have to watch the candles on the tree so it wouldn't start on fire. After the program, the gifts were passed out and we all received a sack of goodies. We then climbed in the buggy and headed for home. Dad always put the horse blankets over us so we would stay warm. The horses ran all the way home because they were cold after they lost their blankets!

When we got home, Santa Claus had come while we were at church. Our Christmas gifts were things my mom had made us by hand. The girls got dolls made from men's oxford socks and they had a painted tin head. The boys each got a pocket knife. We believed in Santa Claus and the Easter bunny until we started school. Then everything was ruined for us.

At the country school, we had a Christmas program and drew names for a gift exchange. We had a box social after the program. On the last day of school, we had a picnic on Sunday. There was homemade ice cream and lots of food. We made up our own games. There were no sports in the country schools. When it snowed we played fox and hound. We also played annie-i-over the school house. I was surprised we never broke a window. In the spring we played ball, boys against the girls.

Only once Dad had to get us from school because a snowstorm came up. Luckily by then there were phones. Mother called and told the teacher to keep us there. The teacher stayed overnight in the schoolhouse.

The teacher was responsible for seeing there was water in the cistern. A neighbor would haul water from their place and fill up the cistern. The teacher went early to school to get the wood stove going before the kids got there in the winter. By dinner time our lunches in our pails would be frozen, so we would set our pails around the wood stove. Our main meal would be syrup bread. By the time it was lunch time, it would be soaked up with the syrup. Our best dinners were on Mondays. We had chicken drumsticks or peanut butter sandwiches with fruit or cake for dessert. This was left-over food from the weekends. We did our homework at the kitchen table using kerosene lamps for light. We walked one mile to school every day. It was uphill going to school. ■

John and Emma Bettcher Camin on their wedding day



Back row left to right: Pauline Camin Stoltenberg, Amanda Camin Schochenmaier, Edna Camin Aylin Revilak, Alfred Camin, Delma Camin Correa, Ruth Camin Compton Front row: Emma Bettcher Camin, Howard Camin, Dennis Camin, John Camin



The Circuit Rider

REMEMBER THE BENCH?

There's a magazine out there called Working Ranch that some of us see every few months. Not long ago, someone wrote about an old bench that survived a break-in at an old log house. That story and picture sparked memories for Linda Davis who wrote the following story.

Linda Groom Cline Davis shares. . .

In 1975, Dennis and Linda Cline bought the Naper Bar from Bill Moody. It was built by Art and Elsie Wentz in the beginning. Over the years some improvements were made, but all in all, it was pretty original, with the attached living quarters.

The living quarters were small and a family with four children (Joy, Melody, Leslie and Angel, with father and mother) made do. One thing was lacking—enough chairs to sit at the family dining table, so Joy, the oldest, had a chair along with Dennis and Linda; Angel, the youngest, had a highchair. That left Melody and Leslie to sit on chairs from the bar with Sears and Montgomery Ward catalogs plus some throw pillows on them so they were up high enough to hit their mouths.

Since this was a temporary fix, Linda asked around if someone could build a

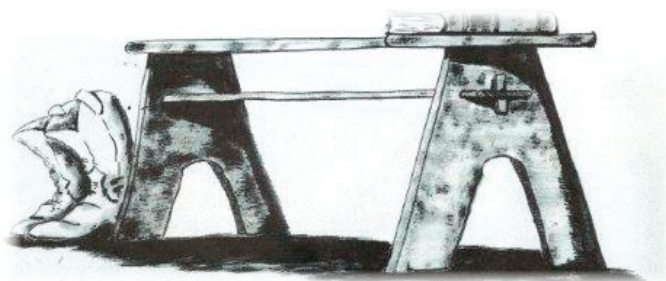
bench long enough to sit under the table and high enough too, so the legs could be sawed off as the three children grew into chairs. The table and chairs grew a wedding present from Linda's parents.

Well, she found that special someone to build the bench—Wilbert (Uncle Bill) Cline. It would be a surprise Christmas gift since it was so close to Christmas. While Uncle Bill built the bench and finished it with varnish, Linda made a long pillow cushion from the backs of some of Dennis' old Levis to cover the seat. It was wrapped with a big red ribbon and set under the table after the children went to bed and were all tucked in on Christmas Eve. The next morning the children were up early to see what Santa had left them. They each got three presents but the big surprise came when breakfast was called.

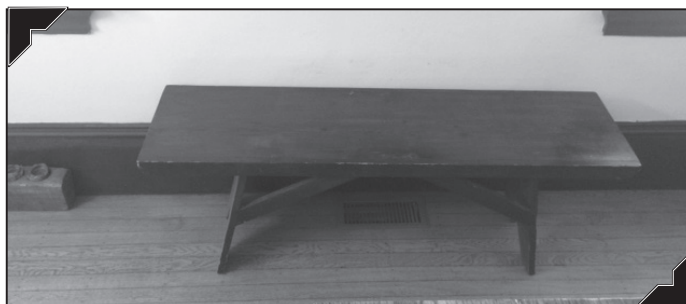
The children were delighted but the fight began—who was going to sit on what side of the bench. Mother told them to

stop in their tracks—sit like you always do: Melody on the right, Les on the left, Mother on one end, Father the other end, Angel on the left of Mother and Joy to the left of her. With that happy ending, the bench remained there for six more years and then it found a new home in the bar on the back side of the card table where it remained until 2006.

And just like the story in Working Ranch, that bench saw it all! Two or three robberies and more. It never ever had to be refinished throughout its lifetime and now it sits in Angel and Bryan Nelson's foyer. Linda's father Frank said, "It's perfect! Isn't that a dandy!" The bench looked exactly the same as the one in the picture in the magazine. ■



Compare the actual handmade bench with the illustration from the magazine.



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Spend here: Keep Naper strong!



The Circuit Rider

DELMA DALLDORF TURGEON RECALLS HER LIFE AT NAPER--AND ELSEWHERE

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..."



Delma Dalldorf Turgeon as a high school student

I was born on a farm north of Naper to Albert and Doris (Brown) Dalldorf and had one older sister. While I was a baby, we moved into town to the Herra house, more recently

owned by Violet and Hank Stahlecker. I guess that I must have been a mischievous child. One day I ran away and when my mother and sister located me, a Mr. Anderson was bringing me, a crying child, home as I had been in Johnson's store trying to buy candy with rocks.

In due time we moved across town to the old Wakefield house next to the Catholic Church. I recall having some terrible dust storms and my mother would cover the beds with newspaper when she saw the dirt coming across the field. One exciting event was when my mother discovered a fire on the side of the house. A call went out and someone rang the big bell that was used for such purposes. The town men came running! Gene Putnam was coming across town and discovered he had his overalls on backwards. He stopped and turned them around but the fire was out by the time he got there.

And then it came to pass that we were able to buy the Seasongood place which was later owned by Bud and Vivian Alexander. To supplement our income, we had a few cows and a flock of chickens. We delivered milk and sold eggs. I hated to gather eggs and I was always afraid there would be a snake in the nest.

I remember some of my teachers—Janet Cerny, Alice Putnam, Lester Andersen, and Mildred Determan. I remember Miss Determan as she entered me in the annual

spelling contest in Butte. I knew I had won the written part of it as I was watching the graders and she jumped up and down when they were through grading the papers. I liked to walk home with Mr. Andersen at noon for lunch. He took such big strides that I had to run to keep up with him.

After my sister got a job at the drug store owned by Fred and Alice Putnam, I inherited the baby sitting job for Denny and Barry Blakkolb, and I think I got 25c each time I sat. When I told my mother I had heard steps on the cellar door, she stood by the corner light, but I never knew she did that until much later.

There were many good times as a "gang" of us would gather in the evenings and play games. We used Main Street as the dividing line. No one ever feared for his life, and it was the best of times. Then my folks purchased the "Drug Store" from Putnams. Fred Putnam was the manager of Krotters and was transferred to Spencer. I loved working in the store and preferred that to doing household chores—my excuse for never learning to be a decent cook, etc. I always knew I wanted to follow in my sister and mother's footsteps by becoming a teacher, but I had my heart set on elementary education. My mother prevailed however and I changed my mind in preference for secondary education. I set off for Wayne State College with that in mind. Imagine my surprise when I started classes and the first thing professors would ask me was, "Are you related to the Miss Dalldorf that I had in class?" Of course I confessed and they would say, "She was a very good student." I was proud but concerned that I wouldn't live up to expectations. I was also proud to have been chosen senior homecoming queen attendant which capped off my college career.

My first teaching job was in Brunswick, NE. By that time I had met a young man from Bonesteel at a dance and his dancing skills impressed me so we became an item. After two years in Brunswick I married Will Turgeon, the young man from Bonesteel. There was no future agenda for us as he was drafted four months later. I had a contract at Bonesteel so stayed on to

complete the year, then followed him to Ft. Riley, KS.

What a drastic change in my life as I obtained employment as a secretary but the cloud of Will having to go overseas hung over our heads and sure enough, he was sent to Germany for his tour of duty. I returned to Naper and was fortunate to fill in at the school for my sister who was moving—poor kids, as I was ill-prepared for the job. Most of the kids were patient and I remember that a group of senior girls (Jan Blakkolb, Virginia Schonebaum, Carol Peterson and Joan Fuhrer) serenaded me early one morning.

Well, my rollercoaster ride began as I went back to Bonesteel to teach as Will would be home during the year. Finding employment for him was difficult and he finally found work at Neligh, NE. It broke my heart to leave Bonesteel as the kids were so good. In fact, just this year, one of my former students contacted me to invite me to attend the alumni banquet with them. On to Neligh where we spent one year, then on to Grand Island as Will was transferred there. He decided insurance claims work was the type of position that would suit him. To start this line of work, he was sent to Alliance, NE, for training which meant I had to stay in Grand Island alone to complete my teaching contract. A contract is a contract not to be broken unless you don't want another job. I was fortunate to obtain a teaching position in Alliance but before the year was over, Will was transferred to Lincoln. I reluctantly stayed behind to complete the school year. The rollercoaster ride continued as I obtained a teaching position at Lincoln Southeast. Will was offered a position with Farm Bureau of Nebraska—a good deal, but he was moved to Sidney and the old story of fulfilling a contract was repeated.

I decided that weekend marriages were hard to take, but a tempting offer came from a small school near Sidney and I finally settled down for nine years in the same school.

All was great until Will was going to be transferred to the home office in Lincoln. About that time an insurance claims office

Continued on Page 5

LISTEN TO GEORGE

George Kramer grew up on a farm northwest of Naper. Their closest neighbors were George and Gertie Ahlers. He attended Sunnyside school until 8th grade where some of his elementary teachers were Lilee Zink, Fern Klien, Chester Claussen and Hilda Riesselman Halbur. He graduated from Naper High School in 1941, the only member of his family to do so. After high school he worked as a hired man for local farmers. In 1943 George went to the service along with Ray Fuhrer and Walt Ahlers. They attended the Aeronautical School in Omaha. George was in the Navy from 1943 to 1946, stationed at Dayton, OH; trained at Wright Patterson Airborne; joined

Patrol Bombing Squadron 199; and then assigned to Whidby Island for two years. George and Geraldine Koenig were married in Fairfax in 1949 and lived in Lake Andes, SD.

How many heads of hair could one cut in 60 years? If George had kept track, he could tell you because he barbered in both Lake Andes and then Omaha until his retirement. He now lives in Palm Springs, CA, with his son Joe. He loves to visit and keep in touch with people and has a great memory.

His advice for young people? Work hard and have faith. Sounds like good advice for all of us. ■



Above: George Kramer enjoying a cool beverage last summer.

HISTORY DISCOVERED ON ROADS LESS TRAVELED

John Waelti writes a column in the Monroe Times (Monroe, WI). In July, he took a trip with his pal Tom from St. Paul across I-90 to Mitchell, SD, then turned south on SD 37, west on SD 46 and crossed the Missouri River at Ft. Randall Dam. They turned south after a few miles and hooked up with US 12, known as the "Outlaw Trail" and headed west toward Valentine.

They decided to stop in Naper to have a sandwich and that's where the story gets interesting. While having their sandwich, they asked the waitress, Dazee, what tourists do around here. One of the local coffee drinkers asked if they'd heard of the White Horse Ranch and John replied they hadn't. When their sandwiches and coffee were consumed, Mabel Sattler took them on a tour of the White Horse Ranch Museum on Main Street. They also learned about the Naper 28 Memorial honoring the pilots killed in the crash on the Sattler farm west of Naper August 3, 1944. Mabel's husband Jim was a young boy at the time.

The last few paragraphs of his column (Monroe Times, Friday, August 7, 2015) read:

"It was a fascinating afternoon in that sun-scorched small Nebraska town, all stemming from a yen for a sandwich and coffee in a mom-and-pop restaurant and an innocent question.

We Midwesterners get a bit chagrined when East- and West-Coasters dismiss the Midwest as 'flyover country.' Along the same lines, I have little patience for the notion that traveling across the Great Plains is 'boring.'

Nonsense, the region is rich with history. All one has to do is pause, look around, and ask a couple of questions. You will be surprised at the interesting history you will discover."

After John's return to Monroe, he wrote this letter to Mabel:

"Dear Mabel:

I just returned from my trip to New Mexico. The unscheduled visit in Naper was a highlight of the trip.

I really appreciate your interesting local history and the time you spent reviewing it.

I have enclosed two copies of my column regarding the visit. Please give one to Dazee.

I note that one of your newsletters discussed threshing time. By coincidence, I had just completed three columns on threshing in our neck of the woods—similar, yet somewhat different because around here we had to quit at 5 pm to milk the cows.

Thank you again for your hospitality. ■

AND MORE ABOUT DELMA

Continued from Page 4

came up for sale in Alliance which just suited us to a T so we went into business for ourselves and I became an office manager.

All was well with the world. Definitely, the highlight of my life was the adoption of our darling three-month-old daughter. What a pleasure it was to see her grow and mature in her own right without Mother's constant teaching advice. She excelled in volleyball, track and cheerleading and

finally as majorette before graduation from the University of Nebraska. She lives in Cincinnati, OH, with her husband and my precious grandson.

Then it was time for us to make retirement plans. Will was enticed to this 55 and older park in Bullhead City, AZ. We were charmed with the place and became involved in activities. Will was called "The Fred Astaire of Riverview." He passed away

of cancer in 2008 and since I really didn't have a place, I just stayed put for a change. I am quite content now and have a dear friend from Washington state who is my companion. Riverview Resort is where I will stay until my ashes are sent to Knoll Crest Cemetery in Naper. The full circle will have been completed for me. ■



The Ol' Homesteader

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

The Ol' Homesteader's tryin' to keep up with the goin's on around here...

NEW FACES

Gaynell Rockholm Keller is great-grandma again and happy to announce the birth of Layton James Leriger, son of Ryan and Karla Keller Leriger, born August 17. Tim and Rita Ahlers Keller are grandpa and grandma.

Grayson James Vogt arrived August 21, the son of Ryon and Emma Lechtenberg Vogt. Jim and Mabel Sattler, Joy Vogt and Darlene Lechtenberg are the great-grandparents; Bryon and Sharon Sattler Vogt and Frank and Lisa Lechtenberg are grandparents.

CONGRATULATIONS!

Chanel Marie Helgason and Travis Heermann were married in Morrison, CO, May 29.

Katie Sachtjen Andrews graduated from Sinte Gleska College in August with her LPN degree and is now working at Mike Durfee State Prison in Springfield, SD.

BUSY KIDS

Daydra Zeisler (daughter of Mark and Tiffany, granddaughter of Richard and Sheryl), Natasha Zeisler (daughter of Jesse and Kimberly, granddaughter of Richard and Sheryl), Austin, Isaac and Brett Koenig (sons of Kevin and Stacy Zink Koenig, grandsons of Jeff and Rindy Zink), and Gina McCarthy (daughter of Darrin and Connie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine Windmeyer McCarthy) did extremely well at the Boyd County Fair. Several of their projects were sent on to the state fair!

Hannah and Justin Druke (children of Tony and Beth Goodman Druke, grandchildren of Vern and Linda Goodman) participated in the Mike Trader Basketball Camp.

Blake Ahlers (son of Dan and Tara, grandson of Wayne and Virginia Schonebaum Ahlers), Evan Reiman (son of Casey and Lisa Ahlers Reiman, grandson of Jack and Jean Reiman and Wayne and Virginia Schonebaum Ahlers), Kelly McCarthy (daughter of Kevin and Angie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine), and Jessa McCarthy (daughter of Darrin and Connie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine) ran cross country for Boyd County.

John Higgins and Lisa Reiman were the coaches.

The Boyd County team and Blake Ahlers (as an individual and as a member of the team) did such a fine job they went to state cross country in Kearney where Blake came in 25th out of 151 runners! The team came in 14th. Awesome performance on a very challenging course!

Janet Ahlers (daughter of Dean and Roxie) and Kelly McCarthy were candidates for homecoming royalty at West Boyd. Kelly was crowned queen and Jerry Neumiller (son of Brent, grandson of Lester) was a junior attendant. Just as importantly, West Boyd won the homecoming game! Justin Druke, Austin Koenig and Ridge Higgins (son of LaVerna and Brenda Kline Higgins, grandson of Lelia Boucher Higgins and Margaret Kline Schmitz) played football for Boyd County.

AND BUSY OLDER FOLKS TOO

The Historical Society held a fundraiser October 4 to help finance new siding on the south end of Heritage Hall. Lots of folks ate lots of pancakes (thanks, Cheryl Nicolaus, for doing all the flapjack cooking) and sausage and visited the country store. And those historical folks walked ditches October 12 to pick up trash.

The annual gun show was held October 17 and 18 in the hall. Terrific weather for gettin' together.

The Naper Craft Fair is scheduled for November 14—this is about the 20th year for that event! But that can't compare with the VFW Mountain Oyster feed, also scheduled for November 14. They've been serving those goodies for many years—this is the 48th annual event. Rumor has it that some newbies were told they were eating "chicken chunks" last year. Could that be right?

The Naper Firemen have started serving their steak suppers again, the third Sunday evening of each month, October through March. If you have no place to go on those Sunday nights, you'll find good food and good company at the VFW in Naper!

The Book Club members keep the library open and welcome visitors on Thursdays from 1-3 pm. The coffee is on and snacks are ready! Come on in and see all the new books.

SAYIN' GOODBYE

Irene Forsch Green, who graduated in 1946 from Naper High School, died August 26. She had lived in Norfolk for many years and was a faithful attendee of the alumni banquet.

Alice Bennett Hansen, a 1943 graduate of Butte High School and a 1973 graduate of Chadron State College, died January 13, 2015. Her grandma Etta Bennett and her uncle Harry Bennett were long-time residents of Naper and Alice wrote an article for the Naper Paper some time back.

Ray Fuhrer, a 1941 graduate of NHS and a lifetime resident here, died October 15. He loved those Wednesday afternoon pitch games at the café.

AND THEN THERE WERE . . .

Four old retired guys walking down a street in Mesa, AZ, where they saw a sign that said "Old Timers Bar—all drinks 10 cents." They looked at each other and went in, thinking the sign couldn't be right.

The fellas each ordered a martini and when they were served, the bartender said, "That'll be 40 cents."

They were happy to pay the 40 cents—so happy, in fact, they ordered another round and when they were served, the bartender said, "That'll be 40 cents, gentlemen."

Wow! They've each had two martinis, shaken not stirred, and it cost them less than \$1!

Finally one of the men says, "How can you afford to serve such excellent martinis for only a dime apiece?"

"I'm a retired tailor from Boston," the bartender said, "and I always wanted to own a bar. Last year I hit the lottery and decided to open this place. Every drink costs a dime, whatever it is—wine, whiskey, beer, it's all the same."

"Quite a story," says one of the men, "but what's with the guys at the end of the bar? They don't have drinks in front of them and they haven't ordered a thing the whole time we've been here."

"Oh, them," the bartender says. "They're old retired farmers from Nebraska, waiting for happy hour when drinks are half price." ■



E-MAIL CONTACT:

If you need to contact Naper Historical Society, you can e-mail papabear@threeeriver.net. Check out the website napernebraska.org and see what we've got!



Keep those cards and letters comin'

Send your cards and letters to:

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

Thank you again for the tour of the White Horse Museum on the day we dropped in on our way to Gregory. My name is Paula (husband Karl) and my folks ran the Ben Franklin store in Gregory.

I've been looking high and low for the picture of my mom on the White Horse Patrol from Sioux City, IA. Wanted to let you know I haven't forgotten. Just haven't been able to find it. Will keep looking and send when found.

The disc we bought works in our computer.

Paula McPherson Koy

Enjoy the paper very much. Keep up the great work.

Celebrated my 85th birthday on May 2, same day as the Kentucky Derby. Family had a party for me in our back yard. The gents wore their bow ties and ladies their big hats. I'm still today buzzing from the party. Thanks a million to all who sent me greetings.

Clement "Beezie" Cerny

I've moved so please change my address. I really enjoy that paper. I'm sending a few bucks to help keep you going!

Lorraine Creasey

I have read every copy of the Naper Paper and enjoy them so much that I have kept them and reread them from time to time. I always wanted to get back to Naper for a visit, but it looks like that won't happen. It is great that you people keep Naper alive. Keep up the good work.

Delma (Dalldorf) Turgeon

I'm passing along some pictures from a "stash" found in the late Irene Forsch Green's many totes full of mostly unmarked photos.

Janet Cline Eggert

ED NOTE: Thanks for the photos. We hope to get some of them identified and published.

Love your paper. Thanks.

Mary Ellen Vogt

I've enclosed a check for the paper. Enjoy getting it. You do a good job.

My mother was Audrey Mayer, daughter of Abe and Minnie Mayer. I have

a new address.

LaVon (Goeden) Green

Got the paper today! What a good time we had reading it—all the good news of then and now. The pictures of the alumni were very good.

Would like a copy of the Naper Centennial cookbook. I thought I had it but I don't. Enclosed is a check.

Keep up the good work!

Lavonne Boes

Enclosed find a donation for the Naper Paper for my mother Amanda Camin Schochenmaier. Mom's eyesight no longer allows her to read the paper, so I read it to her and I have become a big fan of your paper also. I remember visiting my grandparents John and Emma Camin and going to Naper with them. Keep up the great work.

About 15 years ago, my mother and I spent an afternoon together and she told me all about her life. I wrote every word down and made it into a book for her. We have so enjoyed reading it over and over. I have enclosed a copy of it. I don't know if you are interested but please feel free to use all, some, or none of it. Thank you.

Donna Skalla for Amanda Schochenmaier

ED NOTE: You'll find the first installment of Amanda's story in this issue. Thank you so much for sharing.

Enclosed you will find a small donation to help defray expenses for the Naper Historical Society. How we all enjoy old and new news. Though some of our family and friends got a better offer from the Lord, our Almighty Savior, they leave us happy memories, more often untold.

We wish you much success in the future years with the Naper News. Now you need to send me a copy as Joy or Les always share theirs with me. I started sharing reprinted copies with sister-in-law Carol Cline Wegoner in Mississippi until she started getting the Naper Paper. Thanks.

Linda (Cline) Davis

Enclosed is a donation for Naper Historical Society and the Naper Paper.
Maxine Windmeyer McCarthy

Just a little to help out with the expenses of putting out the paper. Enjoy reading it.

Dan Duffy

We know there is no subscription fee for the Naper Paper but there have to be many expenses so here is our donation. Please continue to send copies to our three grown children who still call Naper "home" in spite of growing up in Colorado and now are scattered to Bayfield, CO and Alameda, CA.

Wayne and Betty Cline

I am enclosing a check for the Naper Paper in memory of my brother, DeWane Dummer, and Jerry's sister, Linda Heermann Ahlman. We really enjoy your paper and they did, too.

Jerry and Dorothy Dummer Heermann





Naper Paper

Naper Historical Society
PO Box 72
Naper NE 68755

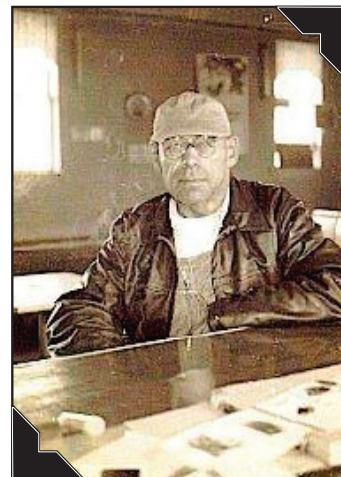
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IN THIS ISSUE...

- Milk's Camp Pow-Wow
- POW/MIA Remembrance
- Amanda Schochenmaier
- Remember the Bench
- Circuit Rider
- George Kramer
- Plus: The Ol' Homesteader, Letters

... AND MUCH MORE!



Long ago but not far away, Clarence Mayer and
Chris Neumiller had their pictures taken.