

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

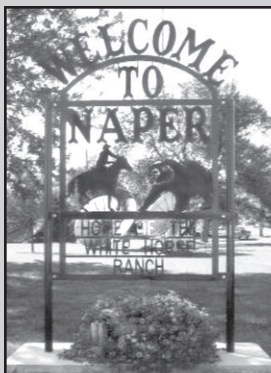
**The Naper
Historical Society**

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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EARL STAHLCKER SCRATCHES ONE OFF HIS BUCKET LIST

by Cheryl Stahlecker

I am writing this story because my dad wanted to share a little trip we took this past fall. He had commented on the fact I hadn't sent anything in to the paper, about a month ago; which means he wasn't going to do it. Hmm....

He knows how to use a computer. So, here I am writing about our trip.

My dad, Earl Stahlecker, the son of Walter and Vera Stahlecker grew up in Naper in the 1940's. There have been many times that we have sat at the table and talked about the many relatives. During one of our discussions, dad shared about two uncles who were killed during World War I and II. He was unsure of the whereabouts of either. So I did a little computer work and found their resting places.

His first uncle was Richard Stahlecker. He grew up near Naper in the 1800's, and then moved to Canada to enlist in the Canadian Army and served during World War I. He was injured during the war and died in France. He was buried with military honors in the Boulogne-sur-Mer cemetery in Nord-Pas-de-Calais, France. Well dad said it would be neat to see his stone someday. Well that someday came to fusion, when I worked with a travel agency and set up a trip for dad and me to go to France and Germany. We left for Paris, France, on August 8, 2015, for a journey of a lifetime.

The two of us really had no clue where we were going, but we were sure going to have fun. We caught a train in Paris and traveled to Boulogne, France. The sites along the way were awesome and we got to celebrate dad's birthday. I have to be the favorite daughter at

this point, because he got to have a glass of wine with me in France. Anyway, I was feeling a bit of apprehension because I had found Richard's stone on the internet, but wasn't completely convinced we were going to find him in France. We walked the rows of soldiers who had been killed and located him finally in the far corner of the cemetery. It was a solace to finally be able to thank him for his service and sacrifice. Dad brought flowers with him, and laid them on Richard's stone. This may have been the first time that flowers were placed on his grave by the Stahlecker family. Seeing the rows of soldiers who had lost their lives for our freedom was a sobering experience.

The next day we got on the train and headed back to Paris to meet up with our tour group.

We traveled to the beaches of Normandy; Omaha, Gold and Juno. We also traveled to Luxembourg, Belgium and Germany. While in Germany we were given an opportunity to see a castle named after the Stahlecker family. Though we didn't get to walk through much of it, I can say we at least got to see it. I want to take this opportunity to thank dad for going

on this trip with me and making it a remarkable journey around the world.

We located his other uncle, Harold Stahlecker, in the Philippines. He enlisted in the military and served with the Marines in the Southwest Pacific Theatre, Philippine Islands. He was captured by the Japanese, and while being transported on the POW ship, Arisan Maru, it was hit by a torpedo from the US warship, USS Snook, on Oct. 24, 1944. The ship sank four hours later. Harold was shot while trying to escape. Of the 1,790 POW's on board, only nine survived. ■



AMANDA'S STORY CONTINUES...

by Amanda Camin Schochenmaier

My mother made all our clothes. We even wore long underwear. We wore many layers of clothes during the winter to keep warm while walking to school. Before we would get to the top of the hill by the school, we would roll our underwear up so the other kids wouldn't see that we had on long Johns. Mother couldn't figure out why they never got dirty and were always clean.

We only washed once a week, on Mondays. It took all day to do the washing. Dad had to haul water in two vinegar barrels from the river for washing and scrubbing. My sister Edna and I would take turns staying home from school to help Mother wash. All the water had to be heated on the stove. Mother made our own soap from the crackles and tallow of a butchered beef or hog. She mixed it with lye and had to cook it. The smell was terrible! We hung our clothes outside on clotheslines, even in the winter time. They would freeze stiff as a board but smelled great when brought into the house. We would then hang the clothes all over the big living room to finish drying.

Every Wednesday my dad would take a ten-gallon cream can and go to Naper to get our drinking and cooking water from a well in town. We put that water down in our cellar to keep it cool. The cellar was so cold that it would set Jello! That cellar is still on the farm today.

We always raised a large garden and lots of potatoes. We had lots of fresh garden things to eat and did lots of canning. We only bought sugar and coffee. Everything else we raised.

One summer my mom raised 100 ducks. She dressed them and smoked all of the legs and hung them in a shed. Every day my dad would take his pocket knife and cut some of the meat off and eat it. Finally, all that was left hanging were the bones. Mom went out to get some and all she found were the bones! That was the end of smoked duck legs!!

We heated our homes using cook stoves and wood burning stoves. We also would burn corn cobs and coal. We'd have to go out to the hog pens and pick up the corn cobs before it rained or snowed on them so they would be clean. Those days were very hard working days. We didn't know what "going to town on a Saturday night" was. My folks went to town on Saturday afternoons while we stayed home and did our work.

Every spring my mother would feed us kids all garlic to purify our blood. We never seemed to be sick back in those days. We had colds and coughs but I don't ever

remember having to go to a doctor.

The years of the thirties were terrible. It was so dry and there were so many dust storms. When the storms came, it was dark like night. We had to go to the cellar to get out of the dust. After it was over, the sun would shine but there would be dust all over the house. There were no crops to harvest during this time. There were so many grasshoppers that they would cover a fence post. Mother's ducks and chickens wouldn't even eat the grasshoppers after a while. When Dad would see the dust cloud coming, he and the horses headed for home. Dad would turn the horses loose and head for the cellar, making it just before the storm hit.

When I was 17 years old, I started to work out to earn my own money. The jobs were all "baby" jobs. My first job paid \$1.50 a WEEK!! The jobs didn't last long. I would just help out until the mother was back on her feet and able to take care of her own home again. It seems I would just finish with one baby job and another would come right along. One job only lasted four days. The longest job I had was working for Fred and Lillie Thoene. I was hired to cook for their hired men and help with the housework. No baby job here!!!! They paid me \$4.00 a week during the summer months and \$3.00 a week during the winter months. I worked there for three years. It was at this job that I met my husband, Hank, who was working for Thoenes as a hired field man and also helped with the chores.

Henry Schochenmaier and I got married on December 12, 1939, in the Lutheran Church in Naper. We were married in an afternoon service with just my parents and Hank's parents. Our attendants were my sister Edna and Hank's brother Herman. My Aunt Martha snuck into the back pew of the church during the ceremony. We had a small reception at my folks' home afterwards. It was a warm and windy day, nice enough we didn't even have to wear coats.

The first place we lived was on a farm west of St. Charles, SD. It was a big house and very cold in winter. We lived on this farm for eight years. Our son Marvin was born during this time. He was born in the old hospital in Burke, SD, on January 16, 1947. When Marvin was two years old, we moved to a farm three miles west of Bonesteel. Our daughter Donna was born in the new hospital in Burke, on March 19, 1953. We continued to live on this farm until we retired and moved to Bonesteel in August of 1977. Hank passed

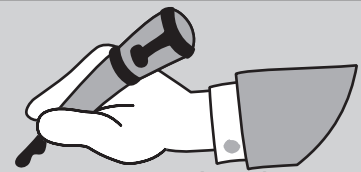
away September 24, 1989.

As for the home place southwest of Naper, my youngest brother Dennis and his wife Phyllis purchased it. Dennis is deceased as are Alfred, Delma and Edna.

The farm where Hank and I raised our family west of Bonesteel sets empty. The buildings are gone.

Marvin married Caroline Witherwax in June of 1969. They have two children, Tricia and Joseph. Donna married Gary Skalla in August of 1972. They have three children, Emily, Brad and Jeff. The grandchildren are all married and I have 11 great-grandchildren.

I now live at the TLC assisted living facility in Burke. I celebrated my 100th birthday this past March [2015]. I have been truly blessed with family and friends. ■



THIS IS YOUR PAPER!

We depend on you to provide us with stories, to give us feedback, to comment on stories, to support us financially. We appreciate all of those things so much! Thanks for letting us know if we have done something right. Thanks for correcting misinformation we've inadvertently published. Thanks for the \$\$ you send to keep our paper going. We have 760 papers printed and mail them four times a year. It costs about \$750 per issue so we are grateful for all the help.

If you follow our website, you will know we haven't updated in almost a year due to, as they say on TV, technical difficulties. A new website is under construction and we'll let you know as soon as it is available.

Thanks, readers!

ADAMAE VAUGHN MOODY



Adamae Moody with Lois and Edward Alford and Marguerite Ludemann at the 2008 Boyd County Fair where the Alfords and Marguerite each received awards for Pioneer Family Farms.

Adamae Vaughn was born January 11, 1929, and graduated from St. Charles High School in 1947. She attended Southern State Teachers College in Springfield, SD, and taught school before she

and Don Moody were married in 1948. Their four daughters all graduated from Naper High School: Carol in 1967, Mary Ellen in 1968, Bonnie in 1969 and Patsy in 1970.

Adamae "retired" from teaching for a few years while her daughters were youngsters. She returned to teaching in 1965 at the Hovey School in South Dakota and the next year began her career at Naper Public School where she taught for 27 years. After moving to Spencer in 1994, she was a substitute teacher for many years. Adamae was named Boyd County Educator of the Year in 1994 and Spencer-Naper Booster of the year in 1995.

Adamae loved to travel. On one of her trips in Bonnie's Opel, Mark Kapsa was a passenger. Before they left Naper en route to Belle Fourche, SD, and Sheridan, WY, the three of them agreed that they'd take turns sitting in the cramped back seat of the car. Whenever it was Adamae's turn, she paid Mark 50c and he would sit in the back seat for her. No one can remember how much money changed hands but it was a fine arrangement for all concerned.

Adamae took several bus trips, made hundreds of quilts, was a member of DIY extension club, belonged to the United

Church of Christ in Naper and sponsored the youth group there for 15 years during which they took a camping trip on the Keya Paha Rive. She loved to play cards and fried some of the best chicken in Boyd County.

One evening after serving some famous fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy to her guests, they began to play cards. Orion and Kay Fischer, Larry and Ann Anderson, Ray and DeAnne Vaughn were playing 10-point pitch with Don and Adamae. At one point, the jack of diamonds mysteriously disappeared from the table. What in the world happened? Because of their reputations as pranksters, Orion, Ray and Don were all accused of hiding the jack. They claimed innocence but weren't believed until Larry went to the kitchen for a drink of water and the jack of spades fell to the floor. Could it have been coincidence?

If you want to catch up with Adamae, stop by Butte Health Care Center and say "Howdy". She'll be happy to see you! ■

MINNIE WEICKUM WENTZ CROSSES THE MISSOURI

by Marilyn Sieh

This interesting story was narrated to Leona Wentz Lamb by her then 79-year-old mother, Minnie Weickum Wentz, in October, 1969. It describes some of the hardships of years past.

Minnie, at the age of 10, walked while moving with her parents William and Phillipine and two brothers, Gust and George, from Lesterville, South Dakota, where Minnie was born, to their new farm four miles west and one mile south of Naper (Milo Reber farm) in February, 1902. They moved in February so the ice on the Missouri River hopefully would be frozen solid and hold the weight of the wagons and animals. The trip took seven days to complete.

William hired an Indian guide who was hunting with a gun to guide them to the Missouri River crossing at Scalp Creek. On the bank of the Missouri, her father gave the Indian guide a 50 cent piece for his services.

Minnie remembered very well that her father took the lead across the ice with the wagonload of belongings. Next in line

was her mother with the spring buggy loaded with all the food, bedding and household items. Next came her two brothers with Gust walking and George riding his two-year-old mare with her colt alongside. The two brothers also drove 11 head of cattle across. (Keep in mind everything had to be spaced so there was an even amount of weight throughout the trip across the river ice so the ice would not break.) Minnie was the last of the family to cross and she was frightened to step out on the ice. She had a rope around her waist which her father handled from quite a distance so he could rescue her if she broke through the ice. The rope was extended across the river and she walked hanging onto the rope. She remembers the sun was just setting as she started across.

Minnie crossed the Missouri River two more times. In the winter of 1904 or 1905, she went to visit her sister who was married and had stayed in South Dakota. Her sister was so homesick for Minnie



Sod house on the homestead of William and Phillipine Wentz west of Naper.

and her brothers that her parents agreed to let Minnie go to Menno to visit her. Minnie was accompanied by her mother, her brother George and a cousin. They traveled by train from Anoka to Niobrara. At Niobrara, a horse-drawn stage took them to the Missouri River. Again Minnie was the last one to cross over to Running Water, South Dakota, then on to Scotland by train where they were met by John Wentz, Minnie's future husband, and other friends who took them on to their destination.

When they came back to Nebraska, Minnie was overwhelmed by the hospitality of the people while staying at a farm for the night. It was at this farm

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The Circuit Rider

TRAVIS HEERMANN WRITING IN A FOREIGN UNIVERSE

Travis Heermann, one of Naper's published authors, has moved to New Zealand from Colorado. This story was excerpted from the Taranaki Daily News, written by Helen Harvey, published October 13, 2015. It has been edited for publication here.

As the start of a promising writing career, it left a lot to be desired. Travis Heermann, 45, got the first novel he wrote accepted by a literary agent in New York, who sold it to a publisher. Unfortunately the agent and the publisher were both crooks and he "never got a dime." The agent ended up in jail, Heermann says, but it put him off writing for a couple of years.

His next foray into writing was a trilogy about the Ronin - samurai who didn't have a master and therefore hung out on the fringes of society. While he was researching samurai, he found "lots of really cool stuff" including some historical events, such as the Mongol invasion of Japan, that he thought would be fun to write about, he says. So that set the Ronin story in the 13th Century and opened up the way for a supernatural element.

"I wanted to approach it from the standpoint that people of that time believed the supernatural was real, that their ancestors came back and hung around family shrines and there were strange creatures in the woods, so I approached the supernatural as if it was natural." For the first volume he got a reputable, long-standing literary agent who was really good, he says.

"We had a couple of near misses with a couple of big publishers, they didn't quite jump onto it although they had good things to say. It eventually got picked up by an academic publisher that primarily focused on text books, but had a small fiction line. They published it in library edition hard cover, which was awesome, but it went out of print and there aren't many publishers who will pick up a series half way through unless the sales are in the stratosphere." So, he published it himself. "It's not burning down any forests, but it's selling enough. And I get

a couple of fan letters a week which sort of boosts my writer's heart. And the people who write to me really love it."

Heermann was never a fan of self-publishing, he says. "I'd seen so much stuff that's self-published that is utter crap - not ready, bad covers, bad editing, bad proofreading - that I really had a negative stigma against it for a long time." So, it took a huge "mental leap" to get to the point where he could do it himself, he says.

"I launched into it with the determination to do it as good as I can. I'm going to get an editor, hire professional artists and cover designers." But to do that he had to do some crowd funding, he says. "You put your project out there and if people like it they can give money to it and you can have a hierarchy of reward levels - you give \$20 and you can have a book." So the presales meant he had the money to go ahead and publish his stories.

But he doesn't have to raise any funds for

but at the same time I was paying attention. Publishing has a type of soul crushing with the constant rejection and the difficulty of getting into the business. But film making has its own brand of soul crushing." It's a much smaller industry, so the competition is stronger.

"Publishing houses send rejection letters. But you can send a screenplay to 100 different producers and agents in Hollywood and they don't bother to respond. I'd been focusing on the publishing side, but now I have the screenplay bug and dream of getting a screenplay produced at some point." In the meantime he is hopeful Death Wind may be the start of an ongoing relationship with the publisher, he says. "I have low expectations, but high hopes."

He will return to the US next July and the publisher is setting up appearances for him at major science fiction conventions in the US. Science fiction covers fantasy and horror. Heermann teaches science fiction literature

in an online course for the University of Nebraska at Omaha. And he does freelance work for companies in the US writing their newsletter content, which is his "basic bread and butter" and can be done from the other side of the world.

He has been living in Oakura with his wife Chanel and her 11-year-old daughter Kaya, for two months. Growing up in Nebraska he never saw a mountain until

he was 17 and he was 19 when he first laid eyes on the sea. "And that was the Gulf of Mexico. I grew up on a dairy farm, so driving around here I see Holsteins everywhere, so that's a lot like home."

Living overseas is a life changing experience and his wife wanted to do that, he says. "She thought it sounded like fun. And also for her daughter. One of the things she



his next book. Death Wind, a western horror story, has been picked up by a publisher and will come out next year. The novel started its life as a screenplay that, in 2012, won the grand prize at the Cinequest Film Festival in San Jose California. As a finalist he was invited to meet with a lot of producers, actors and directors, he says.

"It was fantastic. I was on this cloud nine,

really values is an international perspective on things." New Zealand was the "most exotic sounding English speaking country", so they came to New Zealand. Chanel Heermann is a doctor, so she can work anywhere, he says.

So can writers, especially if they are writing for online games. "The one I wrote for was called Eve, which was a science fiction one. I wrote something like 200 missions for them. Part of the game content is various missions and you sent get off to do things and you get rewards for that. In the course of that you can encounter other players." He is now writing a novel that is set in the game universe. "I'm writing a book for the BattleTech universe. They have a series of novels they put out."

Writing is emotionally difficult, he says. "Because, unless you have a contract you are writing for free all the time, hoping someone will buy something you have spent months working on. And if you get it to a publisher there is no guarantee anyone will buy it, so there's no guarantee you will write another book for that publisher."

People are buying his books and sending him fan mail, which is good - he looks for the wins where he can find them. "You have to believe what you are doing has value to other people, that someone would get enjoyment or fulfillment from what you do. But the first part is having a story you really want to tell."

Note from Marilyn Sieh: As Isabel Schultz and I, volunteers at the Naper

Library, were getting ready to close up one afternoon, guess who walks through the front door? None other than our Naper native author, Travis Heermann! AND he was carrying in his hand his latest book which completes the Ronin Trilogy. He has always been kind enough to donate each of his books to the library which is greatly appreciated. Earlier in the day, Isabel had questioned whether Travis had finished his last book of the three and wondered if it was in the library. She was anxious to finish the series to find out how it all ends but alas, she could not find it! Who would imagine that a few hours later, she held that very book in her hands and checked it out to take home to enjoy the final saga. ■

TRACI ZINK MUIRHEAD ACHIEVES NATIONAL AWARD

On December 19, 2015, Traci Muirhead was the Shinja Martial Arts University Hall of Honors recipient of the Female Black Belt of the Year award. She received this honor during the Nebraska School of Martial Arts (NSMA) graduation. NSMA is a chartered school of the Shinja Marital Arts University in Florida.

The word "Shinja" is Japanese in origin and translates as "Believer"; this translation is most widely associated with Christian believers or follower of Jesus Christ. Thus, being a Christian Martial Arts entity, the mission is "to provide quality martial arts instruction from a Biblical perspective, free of non-scriptural tradition- 'martial arts unbound'".

This mission includes building relationships with other Martial Artists for the purpose of building a solid Bible-life foundation and mutual respect for all styles and individuals regardless of their lineage or training background, while also providing distance training programs

and guidance for church groups, home schoolers and individuals that foster technical excellence, fellowship and character development.

All Inducted Members into the "Hall of Honors" are men, women and youth who are being honored for what they have accomplished in the martial arts and/or their communities. The inductees are nominated by their Masters/Instructors and voted in, based on the application, by the Board of Advisors at the annual event held in Sarasota, Florida.

Traci and her two sons Hayden and Dalton have been students at NSMA in Kearney, NE for the past four years. Traci has obtained her 2nd Degree Black Belt. Hayden's final test for his 2nd Degree Black Belt is in April and Dalton is working towards his green belt. Traci and her husband Dan, along with Hayden and Dalton, reside in Overton, NE. Traci is the daughter of Jeff and Rindy Zink of Naper. ■



Tracy Zink Muirhead (right) receiving her award.

AND MORE ABOUT MINNE WEICKUM WENTZ

Continued from Page 3

that Minnie saw her first cowboy and the guns frightened her. When they entered the farmyard, the cowboys came out to see who it was because there was still some danger of Indians. The cowboys made inquiries but William could speak only German. They held a lantern up to William's face to see if he was a white man. Bill Ellwanger who was with the

group translated for everyone. They were told to circle their wagons in the yard. The farmhouse had guns and knives all over and Minnie spent a frightful night as she was not used to guns. Minnie's group used the kitchen to cook their meals and then spread their feather ticks out on the floor to sleep where it was warm and dry. The next morning there was a blizzard, but

they pushed on.

On the fourth night they stayed at Ed Esterling's farm near Fairfax, SD. The fifth night they spent at Jake Ellwanger's farm near Anoka. The sixth night was spent at William's brother August Weickum's farm near Butte and they arrived home the next night. ■



LOVIN' THOSE LETTERS!

Send your cards and letters to:

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

This donation is being made in memory of Mabel Rothchild. It was her request the donation be used for the White Horse Ranch museum.

Scott and Ann Rose

Here is a donation for a very interesting paper. Darrell's grandparents, Frank and Theresa Stoltenberg, were from Naper. He enjoys reading your paper because so many of the names are familiar to him. I too enjoy the paper. Amanda Schochenmaier is my aunt.

Thank you for all your hard work. God bless.

Joann Bentz

Just a little donation for your paper. We always enjoy reading it!
Butte Farm Supply



Enclosed is a donation for your wonderful paper—also a couple of pictures of our farm home where the Herring brothers used to shoot from when the law came around! Hazel Blake informed us of that.

Thank you for all your interesting news.
Riney and Virginia Stahlecker

Enclosed find a gift to help defray expenses. We enjoy every three years the family reunion held in Naper. It's great

to hear the present and past news about Naper and surrounding area. Thanks for the hard work and we enjoy the Naper Paper.

Have a wonderful Thanksgiving, a blessed Christmas and a peaceful New Year.

Laurel Walton Walter and Bill Walter

I am writing because so much of my family history is in Naper. I wrote Mabel about 10 years ago and have been receiving the newsletter. I enjoy it and my mother (Alta Luree Sherman Billeter born 1914) really enjoyed it until she passed. She named all kinds of people from Naper just like it was yesterday. Dr. Seasongood, Blakkolb's Store. She was 93.

Above is a picture of her mother (my grandmother)



Myrtle Sherman Billeter. She was married in Basin, Boyd County, 1912. Your Naper Book mentions my great-grandfather Levi Billeter as a farmer owning white-faced cattle. I see on the homestead map the Linaberry land.

The bank was the bank my mother remembers peeking in the window on tiptoe to see a beautiful person working in the bank by the name of Luree Snider. She would peek in the window on the way home from school every afternoon. Luree was so respected and loved in the town that my grandfather (Park Billeter) thought to name his daughter after her. The name is also carried on as my daughter is named Luree Ann Scott. The story of the beautiful kind bank teller in Naper has been in my family forever.

Now after many years, we are making the way back to Nebraska to

visit Naper for the first time. . . My sister and I are coming from San Diego, CA to visit relatives and points of family history. Hoping to see the beloved town of "Naper". Would love to see a picture of Luree Barnes.

Jean Tonniges Scott

Ed. Note: Jean (El Cajon, CA) and her sister Judy Tonniges Billeter Jenner (San Diego, CA) visited Naper August 21, 2015, and were shown around the museums by Mabel Sattler.

Christmas is such a wonderful time, the best time of the year. Not much has changed with us. Patty is semi-retired which means she works when she wants to. Usually, a couple of days per month. I am still driving a concrete mixer truck and have lots of time off in the winter when it is too cold or snowy to pour concrete. I usually get a couple of months off in the winter. We have had about 10 inches of snow this season.

We sure enjoy visiting our kids, grandkids and other family members. This year we had three grandkids get married and one graduate from college which kept us busy and happy. . . we made it to all of them. Some of them will be here for Christmas.

We have our aches and pains as we get older but all in all we count our blessings for good health (for old people), good family, neighbors and friends.

Patty and Duane Kibby

Enclosed is a donation to help with the paper. I really enjoy the Naper Paper and recently moved to Lincoln so I'm sending you my new address so I don't miss any issues. Thank you to those who work hard to put the paper together.

Loretta Fuhrer

THE OL' HOMESTEADERS IS STILL HUNTIN' AROUND FOR NEWS . . .

JUST ONE MORE LETTER...

I am more than happy to contribute to a paper that doesn't focus on violence, crime or politics!

I had to chuckle when I saw the snapshot of my brother, Clarence, in the last edition. Back at that time, it was "cool" for a guy to wear a sporty hat and have a trusty Model A. I was fortunate to have an older brother who didn't mind taking my sister Darlene and I to his many baseball games that he played in around the area, to dances at Naper, Herrick, Bonesteel, etc., and the Sunday nite movies at the Bonesteel Theater.

Whenever we were in the car going out, someone would start singing and everyone joined in. We knew all the top songs because of the weekly radio program "The Hit Parade." It was not uncommon for us to serenade our milk cows as we milked in the barn or corral—such contented cows! Later we would sing our praises to our God in the church choir for years.

As Edith and Archie Bunker sang: "Those Were the Days!"

Iona Mayer Carstens

THE OL' HOMESTEADERS'S TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH THE GOIN'S ON AROUND HERE...

OH, THESE BUSY YOUNG 'UNS...

Yessir, it's basketball season and there are some fine ball handlers at Boyd County Schools. These high school girls--Kelly McCarthy (daughter of Kevin and Angie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine Windmeyer McCarthy) and Jessa McCarthy (daughter of Darrin and Connie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine)--will be doing their best. Junior high girls include Gina McCarthy (daughter of Darrin and Connie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine), Hannah Druke (daughter of Tony and Beth Goodman Druke, granddaughter of Vern and Linda Goodman) and Kaci Mashino (daughter of Dustin and Tammera Mitchell Mashino). Fifth and sixth grade girls include Natasha Zeisler (daughter

of Jesse and Kimberly, granddaughter of Richard and Sheryl) and Daydra Zeisler (daughter of Mark and Tiffany, granddaughter of Richard and Sheryl), all of them working hard and playing well!

And the boys work just as hard and play just as well. High schoolers are Ridge Higgins (son of LaVern and Brenda Klien Higgins, grandson of Margaret Vogt Schmitz), Justin Druke (son of Tony and Beth, grandson of Vern and Linda), and Evan Reiman (son of Casey and Lisa Ahlers Reiman, grandson of Wayne and Virginia Schonebaum Ahlers and Jack and Jean Reiman).

THEY DON'T SPEND ALL THEIR TIME SHOOTIN' HOOPS...

Kaci Mashino, Austin Koenig (son of Kevin and Staci Zink Koenig, grandson of Jeff and Rindy Zink), Blake Ahlers (son of Dan and Tara, grandson of Wayne and Virginia Schonebaum Ahlers), Kelli Mashino (daughter of Dustin and Tammera Mitchell Mashino), Ridge Higgins, and Evan Reiman were all on the first semester honor roll at West Boyd.

CONGRATULATIONS...

Alix Mashino (daughter of Dustin and Tammera) graduated mid-term from the University of Nebraska in Lincoln with a major in agricultural education. And she did it in three and a half years!

Janet Ahlers (daughter of Dean and Roxie Ahlers) was named Queen of the Winer Ball at West Boyd Schools on January 9.

Jennifer Higgins (daughter of Joe and Mary, granddaughter of Helen Schmitz Higgins) was named to the first semester Dean's list at the University of Nebraska at Kearney.

The Naper Lounge sponsored the tenth annual Frozen Food Fishing Derby January 23. Ten kids 12 and under participated as well as 35 adults! The top fisher in the kids' division was Kandra Raterman; the adult total weight winner was Jeremy Wollman, crappie winner Blake Ahlers, perch winner, Jason Titus, bluegill winner Lawrence Reiman and bass winner Scott Raterman.

The winner of the ice auger raffle was Lawrence Reiman and the FL 18 Vexilar Fish Finder was Jason Titus. All the fish that had been caught were cooked and served by volunteers. It was the largest crowd ever!

NEW FACES IN THE CROWD...

Bob and Barb Wentz welcomed another great-grandchild—Brigham Paul was born to Joe and Mindy Haney Spencer November 4, 2015. Mike and Tammy Haney are grandparents and Brody is the big brother.

Dan and Tara Ahlers are grandpa and grandma to Aizana, born to Logan Titus Ahlers and Micah Bratt on December 27.

SAYIN' GOOD BYE TO OLD FRIENDS...

Dorothy Cline was 84 years old when she died November 22, 2015. She had been an active member of the VFW Auxiliary and enjoyed the pitch games at Cline's Bar.

Lelia Boucher Higgins graduated from Naper High School in 1941, married George Higgins, and all four of their children graduated from Naper. She died December 14, 2015.

Larry Juracek, a 1958 graduate of Naper High, died January 23. He was married to Karen Reber, a 1960 graduate, and they had lived in Winner for many years.

Jerry Teichman died January 24 after a battle with cancer. He and his wife Rana lost their home in the west end of Naper and all their belongings in a fire January 9.



E-MAIL CONTACT:

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



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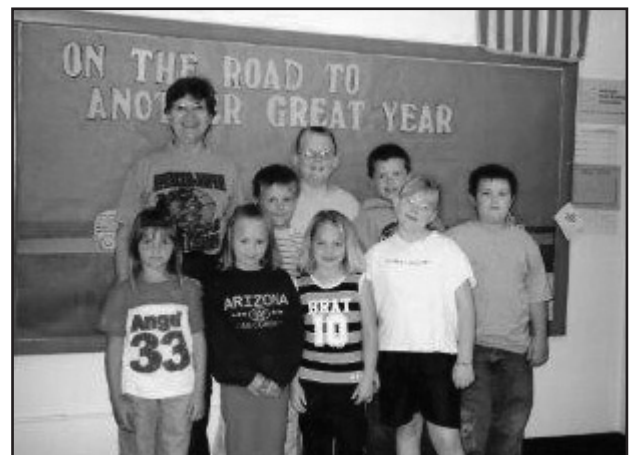
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- Earl Stahlecker
- Amanda's Story
- Adamae Vaughn Moody
- Minnie Weickum Wentz
- Travis Heerman
- Traci Zink
- Plus: The Ol' Homesteader, Letters

... AND MUCH MORE!



The last "first day of school" at Naper, 2002. Back row: Teacher Ann Anderson, Alex Bendig, Thomas Hamling, Jonathan Alford, Riley Bengtson; front row: Amber Bendig, Katelyn Haney, Macy Ahlers, Allyson Hamling.