

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

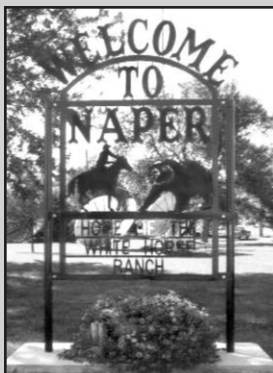
**The Naper
Historical Society**

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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LEARNING ABOUT BOYD COUNTY EDUCATION

by Bob Allpress

At one time there were 80 school districts in Boyd County, organized between 1891 and 1919. Many of the first school houses were made of sod. Most of the teachers had only permits to teach.

My grandmother, Mertie Kelley Allpress, was such a schoolmarm. She received her permit in Cedar County and was a teacher there at the age of 19 in 1900. Shortly after that, she came west where she met and married Henry Fred Allpress in May, 1903. She may have been teaching in one of the many country schools in central Boyd County but I have found no record yet. They originally rented a farm east of Naper before moving to a relinquishment southwest of Jamison. She never taught after that, but ensured her children had a good education.

These teachers often had as many as 50 pupils to herd through eight grades in these one-room schoolhouses. School terms were sporadic and were held more often in the early spring and fall with planned vacations for farm work and unplanned vacations for severe winter weather. Anything that could be brought from home for seats was utilized until later in the century when standard desks were provided.

In the early years of the 1900s, each pupil had to furnish their own books. Grading was not based on today's type of standardization, but was based on which reader they could read. Because of this, many children had to go from one district to another to finish their education. To be an eighth grade graduate was a lofty honor. Some students were 18-20 years of age before they completed all of the required readers. At that stage, they were still required to go through county examinations to prove they were qualified to go on to high school.

The average teacher's pay at the turn of the century was a dismal \$25 to \$30 a month. But unless they would take their pay in goods, they often had to take a 10 to 25% discount to get paid in cash. Often part of a teacher's pay was paid by boarding with different families. (This reminiscence has often been cited in Circuit Rider interviews and other Naper Paper stories.)

After World War I, wages became much better. Good teachers could earn between \$100

and \$150 per month. The next decade brought the Thirties and the Great Depression—teachers were to be had cheap. Many school boards would not hire married female teachers and instead relied on the "lowest bidder" selection system. During the 30's, school patrons had to take turns donating fuel for the school. If someone failed to provide their share, the teacher was forced to burn whatever was available or dismiss school.

The end of World War II brought many growing families into Boyd County. The increased need and interest in education required the county education system to reorganize in 1955. By the mid-1960s, there were four K-12 schools in the county—Naper, Butte, Lynch and Spencer.

In 2016, there are two K-12 schools in Boyd County. Lynch has both elementary and secondary in the same location. West Boyd School maintains the middle and high school in Spencer and the elementary school in Butte.



The class of 1946 was honored at the alumni banquet this year. Here they are as juniors 1944-1945.

Back row: Juliette Berg, Dean Broekemeier, Alfred Boucher, Mrs. Truman, Donald Schock, Alvin Forsch, Mavis Putnam

Front row: Jane Kortmeyer, Nellie Siewert, Delma Dalldorf, Alberta Boucher, Irene Forsch, Betty Gosch, Kay Truman

LEARNING EVEN MORE ABOUT BOYD COUNTY EDUCATION

The other day we visited with Duke Stahlecker who shared some stories about Naper High when it was a two story frame building with coal stoves. It was evidently difficult to hire superintendents (and other staff as well) in the late 1940s and early 1950s.

One of the “newbies” was C. W. Hughes, a small man, who quit mid-year. Early in the year, he consented to a boxing match with one of the seniors. He donned the gloves, went to an appointed spot in the schoolyard and said student promptly popped him. So long, Mr. Hughes.

The Rev. A. K. Hertler, pastor at the Lutheran Church, was recruited as a temporary replacement for Mr. Hughes. On his first day in charge, he was wearing

his college sweater, black with red trim. He removed the sweater, folded it and laid it on the desk. He looked over the “tough guys” in the assembly, called the bullies out by name and said, “Anyone want to try me?” There were no takers.

Clair Lotta was next in line. He was pretty tough, talked the talk and walked the walk. One day at noontime, he was patrolling the school yard when someone pulled up in their car and bumped Mr. Lotta’s car. He turned loose a string of words that let everyone know he meant business.

Dan Duffy, who had been superintendent in St. Charles, SD, came in 1950. Boys will be boys and Duke (among others) was called into Mr. Duffy’s office

to be remonstrated. Mr. Duffy said, “You boys had too good a time last night. You need to stay home and rest—don’t come to school tomorrow.” Duke was not keen on going home to tell his father he had a day off, especially since it was not for good behavior!

Duke’s dad, John, was carrying buckets of corn to the hogs when Duke got home and decided he had to ‘fess up. He told his dad he didn’t need to go to school the next day and the reason. John looked him over, gave his “nnnnff” grunt, and nodded his head. Duke was surprised at his calm reaction and later learned Mr. Duffy had called John ahead of time. The incident turned into a test of Duke’s integrity—and he passed! ■

MEMORIES, MEMORIES, DREAMS OF DAYS GONE BY...ALBERT AND DORIS BROWN DALLDORF

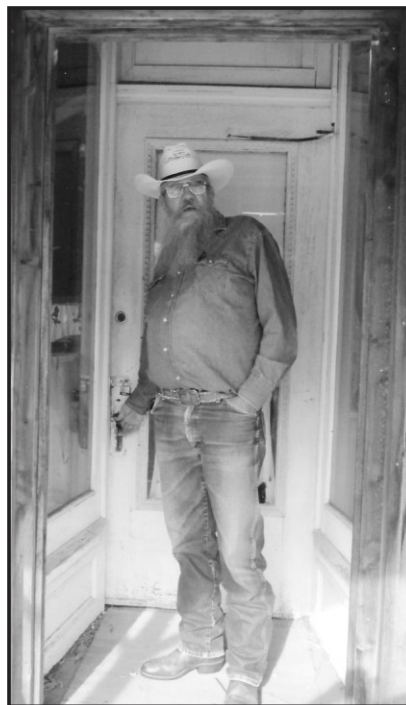
by Delma Dalldorf Turgeon

I have thought and thought for a long time about writing just a bit about my folks who lived their entire lives in Naper except for Dad’s tour of duty in World War I and finally I decided, “Why not?”

Mom was born on a ranch west of Naper, one of four or five siblings. The last I knew Merv Higgins owned that ranch. Times were hard and Mom’s mother died when the children were quite young. Mother “mothered” her siblings as best she could plus her share of outside chores.

When Mom was 15, she went to Butte to take a test qualifying her to teach at that young age. Of course she passed the test and began teaching in rural schools around the area. She rode a horse to school and even forded the Keya Paha River one year. She loved teaching and playing ball at noon with the kids wanting her on their team as she was a good hitter. I doubt that any of Mom’s students are alive now but some used to come in the store to reminisce. Mom recalled coming home from school and her dad still expected her to do inside and outside chores. After this was done and the family in bed, she did her school work for the next day by lamplight. One day when she opened the

stove door to light the fire, there sat a nice big owl. The mystery was how did it get



Jim Sattler standing at the door of the Drug Store.

there?

I believe that Mom’s dad, Dwight Brown, was a county commissioner at one time. His specialty was raising pigs and he used Mom’s monthly salary to buy more pigs; then they lost all of them to cholera, a peril of farming.

This is just a brief outline of her young life—then she met Dad at a dance and they became an “item.”

Dad was born in Iowa to a large family. When he was quite young, his family heard that land in parts of Nebraska was there for the taking so they moved, lock, stock and barrel, by train to St. Charles and then hauled it all to Naper where they set up a homestead.

Dad went back to Iowa to visit relatives and while there he received his draft notice during World War I. He didn’t even come back to Naper to say goodbye to his family but went directly to Ft. Riley, Kansas, for his boot camp training which didn’t take long. Then he was sent overseas and landed in France.

Dad served in most of the historic battles and at times could almost “see the whites of the enemy’s eyes.” I could never get Dad to talk about his experiences until

Continue Page 3

he was in his 90s and one day out of the blue he said, "I want to talk about the war" and I was ready to listen. The experience that stood out in his mind involved the troops going up a hill in battle. He saw a wounded American soldier lying beside his horse. The commander would not let them stop to give aid and when they came back down that hill, the wounded soldier was gone.

Finally the war was over and Dad returned to Naper. As I stated, Mom and Dad met at a dance and eventually married.

[Ed Note: In fact three members of the Brown family married three members of the Dalldorf family. Glenn Brown married Alma Dalldorf; Max Brown married Della Dalldorf and Doris Brown married Albert Dalldorf, the latter two couples being married the same day in a double wedding ceremony.]

Dad was in a quandary as to what to do with his life. His first endeavor was farming on the farm recently owned by Edward Peppel and where my sister and I were born. It wasn't long until we moved into Naper to the old Herra place and Dad tried his hand at running a garage

where the town hall now sits. That also was not for him so he bought a truck and built in the back of it. He hauled cattle to Sioux City, cleaned the truck and hauled groceries back to stores along the way home.

Eventually the opportunity to buy the Drug Store came up and the folks made their final move in Naper. I can't even remember how long we had the store, but the folks sold about everything including serum [veterinary supplies], wallpaper and eventually the soft ice cream which was popular. Then with the nature of progress, wallpaper and soft ice cream were about the "big" sales. Mom stubbornly kept the business open. We finally decided that she simply wanted to keep "The Wall" available because she knew that many people enjoyed it. She made Dad keep it in good repair for years.

The folks were "stewards" of Naper as my sister put it. Dad served on the school board for many years and also served on the town board. Mom served on the cemetery board for many years. The cemetery map got almost illegible so Mom had my sister make a new one. I have an idea it is still being used. Dad had the job of keeping the cemetery mowed with an antiquated mower and maintaining some

markers and the fence. I'll bet the folks enjoy that nice new fence.

Mom was a dedicated VFW auxiliary member. Her job was making sure there was a nice artificial plant for Harold Fischer to take to the hall to use in the Memorial Day service. It broke my heart that Mom missed her last VFW meeting as she was so distraught over her move the following day. She forgot the meeting night so missed receiving her 50-year pin. It made me sick that I didn't know and I never told her.

Dad seemed to be OK with their impending move from Naper. He seemed to have a problem finding his niche in life. Today they would call it PTSD but years ago, you lived with it!

Will and I loaded up our van and car with their necessities, but we had one last stop to make—Mom had to take an important paper to Harley Nicolaus.

And so our little caravan pulled out of Naper after 90+ years. Tears streamed down my cheeks and, thank God, I couldn't see Mom (and she couldn't see me) for the lampshade between us. Another era of Naper was over. ■

THE FIRE OF 1942

It had been a day like most other days for Naper. The weather was warm but not too windy, typical July weather in Nebraska. The stores which lined Naper's Main Street were closing for the day, the owners taking inventory, and thinking it had been a fairly good day for them.

Little did anyone know that by tomorrow some of those stores would be little more than a pile of burnt rubble and ashes.

The buildings located in the south block on the west side of Main Street were (from the north): Bill Maertín's grocery store, old Farmer's State Bank building, Gayhart Stahlecker's Shoe Repair, Ida Schultz's Café, Harold and Adolf Schultz's Bar, Jake Stahlecker's Furniture Store and Mortuary, Jake's Cream Station, Harvey Davis's Cream Station, an empty lot and then Krotter's Lumber Yard.

Because there was a lack of fire alarms and equipment, no one really knows what time the fire started but it is believed to have started around 1 a.m. in Jake Stahlecker's Mortuary. Since no one knew there was a fire until someone spotted the flames and there was no way of fighting

the fire until the neighboring towns came with their equipment, Jake's store was lost before anyone really knew there was a fire.

The fire seemed to travel south first burning down Jake's store and cream station and Harvey Davis's cream station. It must have been burning low because it never jumped the fire wall which is still standing, 18 feet high, 50 feet long, and a foot wide on the north side of Krotter's. After slowing down some, the wind picked up the flames and headed the fire north toward the remaining five buildings.

By now people were gathering and Bill Maertín had been told the buildings by his store were on fire.

Everyone was pulling together to save as much merchandise from Maertín's Store as possible since it was the only one far enough from the fire that they could enter. People carried flour, canned goods and a few dry goods out into the street. The men and older boys were trying to save a meat freezer but never succeeded. It got stuck in the doorway and the heat became too intense to get it out. It burned in the doorway where it was abandoned.

Since the stores were all wooden

structures with oiled floors, the fire took hold quickly and there was little the neighboring towns' firefighting equipment could do but keep the fire from spreading across the street or to the houses and buildings behind them on the west side of the block. Bill Maertín sold kerosene in his store which caused another problem for the firefighters. However through all this, they were able to keep things under control and by morning the flames were gone.

All that was left where the night before eight tall white buildings had stood was a pile of black smoky ashes and burned debris. ■

[Ed note: This story, which has been edited for publication here, was written by Mary Higgins when she was in high school. She thanked many local people for their help in writing the story. Shirley Stoltenberg found this story in some of her mother's treasures (Vera Schoenefeld) and shared it with the Naper Paper. Thank you all around—to Mary, Shirley, and all those who contributed information.]

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN...

Decisions were made by going “eenie, meenie, miney, moe.”

Mistakes were corrected by simply exclaiming, “Do over!”

“Race issue” meant arguing about who ran the fastest.

Catching fireflies could happily occupy an entire evening.

It wasn’t odd to have two or three best friends.

The worst thing you could catch from the opposite sex was “cooties”.

Having a weapon in school meant being caught with a rubber band and a straight pin.

A foot of snow was a dream come true—no school!!!

Spinning around, getting dizzy, and falling down was a cause for

giggles.

Someone else spun you around and around and you landed in a weird pose—“Pretty Girl”!

The worst embarrassment was being picked last for a team.

War was a card game.

Attaching cards with clothespins to the spokes of your bike wheels turned it into a motorcycle.

Taking drugs meant your mom pushed an aspirin at you. This was often combined with a good greasing with Vicks Vapo-Rub.

Water balloons were the ultimate weapon.

You had a special rock to use when you played “Hopscotch” on the school sidewalk. ■

GEE, THANKS FOR THE REMINDER...

Submitted for publication by Rindy Zink—who is a lot younger than some of us!

Another year has passed and we are all a little older.

Last summer felt hotter and winter seems much colder.

I rack my brain for happy thoughts, to put down on my pad,

But lots of things that come to mind just made me kind of sad.

There was a time not long ago when life was quite a blast.

Now I fully understand about “Living in the Past.”

We used to go to friends’ homes, football games and lunches.

Now we go to therapy, hospitals and after-funeral brunches.

We used to go out dining and couldn’t get our fill.

Now we ask for doggie bags, come home and take a pill.

We used to often travel to places near and far.

Now we get backaches from riding in the car.

We used to go out shopping for new clothing at the Mall

But now we never bother . . . all the sizes are too small.

That, my friend, is how life is, and now my tale is told.

So enjoy each day and live it up before you are to old! ■

I KNOW YOU’LL MISS THIS MAN...

This poem was included in the funeral bulletin for Ray Schmitz and is appropriate for all the farmers we know.

The Lord spoke to the heavy hearts that stood with hats in hand.
“Your sadness pains me deeply and I know you’ll miss this man. It’s true what you’ve been hearing, Heaven is a real place. That’s no small consolation; you should use that fact to face.

The emptiness his parting left seeps into your bones; Draw on it to ease your pain, for he is not alone. All his friends are up there and all his loved ones, too. It wouldn’t be heaven without each one of you.

Heaven for a farmer is just what you might expect--Tractors that need worked on, cows that need to be checked, Long days with a purpose and lanterns to light the way And a satisfying reason to get up every day.

It’s the farm he’s always dreamed of and never knew he’d find,
And if you think about it, you can see it in your mind—

Him sitting on the tractor with his seed cap on his head,
Contentment set upon his face like old quilts upon a bed.

The metal creaks a little as he shifts there in the seat. The plow continues turning dirt, even when he switches feet. You somehow get the feeling that he’s sitting on a throne, Gazing out on paradise just like it was his own.

I can promise you he’s happy, though I know you can’t pretend. You’re glad he made the journey; it’s too hard to comprehend. The earthly way you look at things can never satisfy. Your lack of understanding and the constant question, ‘Why?’

I offer this small comfort to put your grief to rest. I only take the best ones ‘cause my crew’s the very best. I know it might seem selfish to friends and next of kin. But I needed another farmer and Ray just fit right in.” ■

HOW DID THIBAUTS GET TO A LITTLE TOWN IN BOYD COUNTY?

By Gary and Jeanette Cline

Lewis Thibault was a homesteader in Boyd County, arriving via covered wagon with his wife Lille and two very young daughters, one being Verna who married Perry Cline. And here's the rest of the story.

Charles Thibault, Gary's third great-grandfather, was born June 22, 1805, at St. Thomas, Montmagny, Quebec. Charles married Luce Marie Dion February 21, 1832, in Montmagny. Seventeen children were born to this marriage. Luce Marie died July 20, 1855.

During this time, a large contingent of French Canadians including Charles and some of his children, emigrated from Quebec to Kankakee and Iroquois Counties in Illinois. Charles purchased 160 acres of land in Iroquois County on January 13, 1857. Charles' son Andrew, Gary's second-grandfather, born June 5, 1835, in Quebec, was one of those who moved to Illinois. In 1857, Andrew married Marceline Patras who had also been born in Canada.

In August, 1869, Andrew, his brothers-in-law Louis and Frank Patras, and several

other families moved to unorganized territory in Nebraska to homestead. They could claim 160 acres of land for a small filing fee and after proving up on the land for five years, they would receive a patent for the land. Although this area was later organized as Antelope County, in 1869 it was still "Indian country." The settlement they organized was "Frenchtown" and the first religious services were held at the home of Andrew Thibault. Later the Frenchtown Catholic Church and cemetery were established adjacent to Andrew's homestead. Andrew and Marceline are both buried in the Frenchtown Catholic Cemetery.

Gary's great-grandfather, Louis Thibault, was the sixth child of Andrew and Marceline. At age three, he moved with his parents to Nebraska. Louis married Lillie Foster at Frenchtown October 11, 1887. In the fall of 1891 when Boyd County opened for homesteading, Louis and his family moved by covered wagon to Boyd County to homestead 160 acres.

Verna Thibault, my grandmother, was the second of ten children born to Louis

and Lillie Thibault. She was born March 1, 1891, and was only a few months old when the family moved to Boyd County. Lillie Thibault was a midwife and assisted in delivering over 100 babies in the Boyd County area.

Lewis and Lillie had ten children: Vera who married Royal Zink; Verna who married Perry Cline; Ida who married William Cronk; Cecil who married Otina Jensen; Audrey who died at age 4; Harney who never married; Hazel who married Harry Helenbolt; Basil who first married Lenora Zitner and second married Rose Damero; Francis who married Birdeen Sondergard; and Drayton who married Alma Kulm (Elsie Kulm's sister).

Verna married Perry Cline April 27, 1909, at Butte. Six children were born to them, one being Gary's father Wilbert Cline on December 4, 1912.

Wilbert married Elsie Kulm March 16, 1937, at Naper. Seven children were born to this marriage—Janet, Wayne, Verna, Marvin, Orland, Gary (who supplied this article) and Keith. ■

A WORD (OR TWO) ABOUT THE CEMETERY

Knoll Crest Cemetery now has new fence all the way around, some trees have been trimmed and others removed, the weeds have been sprayed, and volunteers have been mowing as needed.

Although it is understood that families and friends want to honor and remember their loved ones, it is very time-consuming for those volunteers to remove and replace stones, flowers, stakes, lights, and other decorations each time they mow. The cemetery board requests that you remove all flowers placed for Memorial Day by June 10 and that you limit other decorations to one per grave. ■

READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY?

The book club members can recommend some good reading! A couple of them work at the library every Thursday from 1 to 3 pm. The book club meets on the last Thursday of the month and welcomes anyone who wants to join in the conversations.

There is a diverse selection of books including self-help books, biographies, gardening and craft books, local and regional history, world history and geography and of course many favorite authors of fiction including John Grisham, Nicholas Sparks, Nora Roberts, and Danielle Steele. The entire front room at the library is stocked with children's books arranged age-appropriately.

Right now you can stop in the café and pick up a book from the FREE BOOK box. These are books that haven't been checked out for a long time or there is a

duplicate on the shelf. There's another box of books for children to read while they are waiting to eat. Enjoy!! ■



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!



LETTERS—WE LOVE ‘EM!

Send your cards and letters to:

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

So enjoyed the Naper Paper as the story of my aunt Amanda was in it. She turned 101 March 1. Delma Dalldorf Turgeon was my teacher when she was in Bonesteel Enclosed a check for my paper and a paper for Dan and Diana Williamson. Dan grew up in Butte. They used to live on the Williamson farm on the river. Thanks.
Lavonne Boes

Sending you a donation to Naper Paper. I am related to Camins, Genteles and some Schochenmaiers. Enjoy reading the paper. I still live same place, same address and phone number. Tell my relatives to write or call! Please send the Naper Paper to my sister Lola Wooldrik. She'll be 80 years old April 7. Check enclosed for her. Thank you. Keep up the good work.
Janice B. Engelbart

A little money to help defray the cost of the "Great Naper Paper." Always enjoy getting it.
Leroy Ahlers

A little of the Fred and Mary Herrmann story from way back Naper. There are still six of the family hanging on—Marcelle 96, LaDale 87, LaVere 85, Mary Lou 81, Bud 79, and Fred 77. We will again spend three days this fall at the coast at our "eating, bragging and lying" yearly get-together. This has been going on ever since Mom passed in 1988. Altor, Luree and Lillian have all gone on and are waiting for our big reunion sometime in the future at a much better place. Enjoy the paper. Please keep it

coming. Thanks.
LaVere Herrmann

A little something in appreciation of the Naper Paper.
Wendell Muller

Please note my new address. Thank you—I always enjoy reading the Naper Paper.
Sharla Mills

Enclosed is a donation for the Naper Paper and Naper Historical Society. Thanks.
Jan Schultz Hysell

Thank you for faithfully sending me the UNIQUE Naper Paper when I am not as faithful to send you a donation. Volunteers are special people!
Donna Ludemann Vroegh

Enclosed is a check to help offset your cost of the Naper Paper. We recently received a request from the Thibault Association in Quebec, Canada, of which we are members to write up a short article for inclusion in the Thibault newsletter about how the Thibaults of Quebec ended up in a small town in Nebraska. Since Gary's great-grandfather Lewis Thibault was a homesteader in Boyd County, we thought you might like to publish all or part of the article in the Naper Paper.
Gary and Jeanette Cline

[Ed. Note: Thank you for your story (see

page 5) about the Thibault family of whom there are many descendants in the Naper area. We appreciate your efforts!]

Another year has ticked off. But Carolyn and I are still kicking around and enjoying life as it comes. Hello, everyone on the Naper Paper staff. Hope Naper folks are doing fine. Always look forward to the next paper. Enclosed is something for the paper.
Orland and Carolyn Cline

Enclosed is a donation in memory of our mother. Mom loved to read the Naper Paper. Her memory was very sharp and there was always an article that started a conversation of "I remember when." Thanks for the memories.
The family of Inez Schmitz

AND ON THE LIGHTER SIDE...

(gleaned from a magazine, not sent in a letter)

What's green, fuzzy, has four legs and would kill you if it fell out of a tree and landed on you?

A pool table

For our readers who love mathematics—or just a little puzzle:

Multiply your age by 3. Add 6 to the answer. Divide by 3. Subtract 2 from the answer. Did you get your age?

SUPPORT OUR LOCAL MERCHANTS

123 Main Photography Studio

Works by local artisans
832-5137

A&M Enterprises

Trenching, pump installations,
backhoe work, plumbing
832-5388

Bob's Auto Body

Auto body repair
832-5766, Box 223

Curl Up & Dye Beauty Shop

Haircuts, styling, coloring
832-5573

Druke Trucking

Local and long-distance grain hauling
832-5610

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

New items each week
832-5018

K&S Mobile

Welding and equipment repair, on-site service
832-5125

Lynn's Upholstery

Covering chairs, couches and other furniture
832-5461

M&L Lawn Service

Mowing, trimming, fertilizing, tilling, seeding, spraying
832-5422

Naper Café and Lounge

Breakfast, dinner, supper, bar
832-5272

Naper Transport

Sand and gravel hauling
832-5955

Nick's Auto Sales

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

Spend here: Keep Naper strong!

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

Ya know, I'm a-gettin' older every day and all the goin' ons around here just tucker me plumb out. Sure hope I don't miss any.

But I did miss a biggie last issue—Janet Ahlers was queen of the Winter Ball, not the Winer Ball. My apologies to Janet.

SAY HELLO TO SOME NEW FACES...

Gaynell Rockholm Keller has another great-grandchild—Mia Grace Schroetlin, born February 20, 2016, to Art and Margaret Schroetlin. Ron and Cindy Keller Schroetlin are the grandparents.

Haverly Scout Heyden, Brand and Megan's daughter, arrived December 29, 2015, making Bruce and Betsy Heyden proud grandparents.

AND THE KIDS KEEP ON KEEPIN' ON...

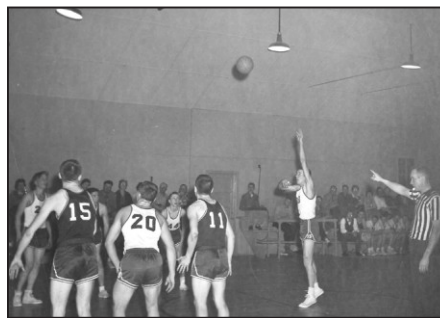
Kelly McCarthy (daughter of Kevin and Angie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine Windmeyer McCarthy) was named to the Niobrara Valley Conference All-Conference Basketball team. And as soon as basketball season ends, the tracksters are busy: Kelly McCarthy, Jerry Neumiller (son of Brent, grandson of Lester), Blake Ahlers (son of Dan and Tara, grandson of Wayne and Virginia Schonebaum Ahlers), Jesse Cline (son of Hoyt and Julie, grandson of Marvin and Judy Hoyt Cline), and Austin Koenig (son of Kevin and Staci Zink Koenig, grandson of Jeff and Rindy Zink). Evan Reiman (son of Casey and Lisa Ahlers Reiman, grandson of Wayne and Virginia) is on the golf team. Jesse Cline took second in his class in the Class D State Powerlifting meet in Lincoln. The Boyd County boys finished as runner-up.

And they do more than sports! Henry Ahlers (son of Dean and Roxie) was on the President's List at Mitchell Tech. Janet Ahlers (daughter of Dean and Roxie) and Kelli Mashino (daughter of Dustin and Tammy Mitchell Mashino) placed in the scholastic contest at Northeast Community College. Kelli also received an academic all-state award in speech.

Natasha Zeisler (daughter of Jesse and Kimberly Zeisler), and Zander Kluckman (son of Jim and Blair Vogt Kluckman, grandson of Kelly and Lois Nicolaus Vogt, great-grandson of Don and Gloria Beem Vogt and Charlotte Nicolaus) were first in their age group in the Knights of Columbus free throw competition held in Spencer. Later in the season, Alissa Brabec (daughter of Josh and Ashley Vogt Brabec, granddaughter of Vern and Deb Mitchell Vogt) placed first in the regional competition and did very well at state.

At the FCCLA state conference, Janet Ahlers, Kelli Mashino and Adrienne Bengtson (daughter of Matt and Ellen, granddaughter of Janet Cline Eggert) received honors for their presentations.

Kaci Mashino (daughter of Dustin and Tammy Mitchell Mashino), Kelli Mashino, and Ridge Higgins (son of Lavern and Brenda Klien Higgins, grandson of Margaret Vogt Schmitz) received honors at the state FFA convention. Honored at the West Boyd FFA annual banquet were Gina McCarthy (daughter of Darrin and Connie, granddaughter of LeRoy and Maxine Windmeyer McCarthy), Jory Zeisler (son of Mark and Tiffany, grandson of Richard and Sheryl Zeisler), Austin Koenig, Blake Ahlers, Jesse Cline and Kelli Mashino.



And this is how Jim Sattler did it when he was shooting free throws back in the day!

CONGRATULATIONS TO...

Blake Ahlers and Kelly McCarthy who qualified for the state track meet in Omaha! Wow!

Kelli Mashino who is one of three Girls' State delegates sponsored by the Spencer

American Legion Auxilliary.

Our 2016 graduates from West Boyd Schools: Janet Ahlers, Jessa McCarthy and Kelly McCarthy.

OLD FRIENDS ARE GONE...

Leatrice Bennett, who with her husband Harry, operated Bennett Hardware in Naper for about 30 years, died March 18, 2016, at Wayne where she had lived since 1997. Leatrice was 92.

Jack Reiman, age 83, died February 17, 2016. He and Jean raised their family "between the rivers" before moving to Butte in 2011.

Inez Schmitz died March 27, 2016, in Atkinson. She had lived in or near Naper until 2013.

Gloria Breyer Sims died at her home in California March 3, 2016. She graduated with the class of 1970.

Douglas Schochenmaier, a 1971 graduate of Naper High, died April 5, 2016, in Atkinson.

Harold Ulmer, who had lived west of Naper for many years, died April 10, 2016. He was married to Nola Dummer.

Irene Fischer Garrison died April 9, 2016, in Boise, Idaho. She was a 1937 graduate of Naper High School and taught school in and around Naper before moving to Washington and Idaho where she continued her teaching career.



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... AND MUCH MORE!



This is what the class of 1956 (honored at the alumni banquet this year) looked like as sophomores, 1953-1954.

Back row: Donald Swallow, Mardell Maertin, Earl Tech, Wayne Schoenefeld, Nina Bentzen

Middle: Margaret Vogt, Marilyn Smith, Janet Cline, Carol Bechtold, Elaine Peterson

Front: Ronald Kulm, Larry Stoltenberg, Dennis Heermann, Ioan Reber, sponsor