

A PUBLICATION
FOR AND ABOUT
THE TOWN OF
NAPER,
NEBRASKA,
PUBLISHED BY
THE NAPER
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY.

The mission of the Naper Historical Society is to preserve, interpret, display, communicate, promote and honor the 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.

IN THIS ISSUE

- PONCA CREEK CHURCHES
- WHO IS AXELL?
- FROM WALKING TO SEMIS!
- SOME WERE DANCING
- LITTLE BOY LOST
- ROOKIE CALVING
- LETTERS



Naper Paper

Volume 17, Issue 1

www.napernebraska.org

Spring, 2019

CHURCHES ON THE PONCA CREEK

On your back-roads trips around the Naper area, have you discovered some out-of-the-way Indian churches and cemeteries?

The most easily accessible church yard and cemetery is St. Francis Xavier Catholic Church. It is north of Naper four miles and two miles west. For some time they held services in the home of Kenneth Red Hill until a building was moved from St. Elmo (south of Herrick) in 1907. In 1946, a small church was moved from Bull Creek near Hamill and used for more than 50 years. Early members were Mark and Ella Stone Arrow and their son Ernest who played the organ. That church has now been moved away but the cemetery remains and is well cared for.

Continue on the road north of the St. Francis Xavier Cemetery across the Ponca Creek, turn west at the top of the hill, follow the trail to the bottom of the hill and you'll see the All Saints Ponca Creek Episcopal Church. The church was built in 1873 or 1874 and moved to its present location in 1903 or 1904. Early members were families named Antoine, McKenzie, Godfrey, Primeaux, Milk, Ellston and Miller. The cemetery is on the hill northwest of the church. The earliest grave is Chief Milk's daughter. Chief Milk, for whom the camp was named, was buried there in 1903.

After leaving the Episcopal church, follow the trail to the south and southwest and you'll find the Ponca Creek Congregational Church which was started in 1876 by Rev. Thomas L. Riggs. The building was moved to the current location in 1891, with the first service held October 2, 1891.

The first paid resident mission pastor was Francis Frazier, whose son George became a doctor who served the Naper community for many years. Early members of the Congregational Church included the Andrews, Antelope, Cane, Buckman, LaPointe, Stars, and Charging Hawk families.

The Issue House was moved to Milks Camp in 1907 and then moved to the Ponca Creek Congregational Church site for use as a community center in 1958.

Judy Andrews Hanson provided a church record book, 1934-1951, maintained by the church secretaries with entries in both Lakota and English, written in beautiful cursive handwriting. In 1934, Phillip LeClair was the secretary and noted there were 39 adults and 12 children at the Thanksgiving service. The offering was \$0.72. In 1939, church goers enjoyed a Thanksgiving dinner and plans were made for December 24, with services both morning and evening, and for December 25, with a service in the morning and dinner following.

In 1942, they bought a gas lamp for the church and collected \$1.25 from "willing givers" to cover the cost.

On March 16, 1943, the congregation voted to sell an allotment of 80 acres for \$510 to E. G. Bloomquist. Minutes of the meeting May 7, 1943, indicated they planned to call a missionary/pastor for \$10 per month. Also in 1943, a resolution was passed stating only members could be buried in the cemetery.

In 1951, Howard Frazier, a nephew of Francis Frazier, became the pastor with a salary of \$20 per month. Through the years many others served as missionary/pastors including Hampton Andrews who served from 1974 until 2016. The congregation built a new church and a community center west of Bonesteel in 1993. Currently Ken James is the missionary pastor and services are held on Sunday at 11 a.m.

The well-maintained Ponca Creek UCC cemetery is on the hill south of the church. Mary (or Leader), wife of Paul Yellow Horse and daughter of Chief Red Cloud, is buried there.

Many veterans of the armed forces are buried in the three cemeteries. In fact, an inquiry about the burial place of John Bluebird, a World War II veteran, is what prompted this story.



Ponca Creek UCC in 1974, workers from Ft. Thomas, Kentucky [See photo of the new church, page 4.]

WHO IS AXELL? AND WHERE IS SHE FROM?

Axell Bosio is from Bressanone, Italy, and a senior in Boyd County Schools. She's spending this school year with Mike and Dustie Roth in Naper.

Another student from Italy, Lorena Aluas, is hosted by Jim and Cheryl Hiatt in Spencer. They have been placed by STS Foundation, an exchange student placement sponsor based in Burwell, Nebraska.

Axell (pronounced ox-ELL) ran cross-country last fall. In fact you would see her running along Highway 12! She also participated in basketball, FCCLA, FBLA, and one-act play. She'll be running track in the spring.

Her parents are both engineers and her older sister was an exchange student in Wisconsin last year. Axell's parents run triathalons in Italy. While living at home, Axell likes handball and orienteering, using GPS to find hidden objects.



Axell and her host family:
Back: Mike and Dustie Roth, Axell,
Middle: Michaela, Brooklyn
Front: Jace



Axell in cross-country competition last fall

FROM WALKING TO SEMIS

By Marilyn Smith Sieh

I remember Dad talking about when he was a young man in the early 1900's, he and his family would WALK their hogs to the closest market to be sold which was Herrick, South Dakota.

They began their trip from where they lived on the south side of the Keya Paha River southwest of Naper, moving the hogs halfway the first day to the Vern Green farm along the Ponca Creek, continuing the next day to Herrick.

A Mr. Zorba who had thriving businesses in Herrick, would meet them before they got to town to make an offer to buy the hogs before they reached the railroad. It is hard for me to even imagine herding hogs that far—period!

Later, hogs were hauled in wagons until a new means of transportation came into being—the straight truck and the pickup. Straight trucks were owned by a few farmers to haul their livestock and grain to the market and once in a while you will still see one on the road.

Pickups were a necessity to the farmers for many reasons. The farmer would put a rack in the pickup bed and haul their livestock this way. Today, pickups (called "trucks") have much more power under the hood and you see lots of them pulling stock trailers of all sizes hauling livestock to anywhere they need to go.

Many local farmers own their own semi to haul their crops wherever the precious cargo needs to be. You see them out in the fields waiting to be filled and driven away. There are also many semis that haul bales, round and square, of alfalfa and prairie hay. Makes you wonder if the old-timers would shake their heads and say, "Wow! How times have changed!"

[Ed Note: Some farmers who lived southwest of Naper would trail their hogs to the Rockholm farm two miles north of Naper and bed them down before continuing to the railroad in St. Charles the next day.

During a particularly bad winter years ago, a farmer north of Gregory loaded a boar to haul to the sale. After sashaying through all the drifts and swerving right and left to get to town, he arrived at the sale barn with a pickup, a rack that had shifted almost a quarter turn in the box—and no boar! The boar was found wandering around waiting for a ride home.]

SOME WERE DANCING

Violet Sieh Stahlecker wanted her students to get more than facts and figures from books so she brought her accordion to school (District #4, Basin School) and taught the students to square dance. She would not only play the music for the dance but call the squares as well.

The girls wore dresses made by their mothers. After the students became semi-professional, they toured the neighboring area and danced in Herrick, Burke and around the water tower in Dallas.



Back row: John Peterson, Kenneth Stoltenberg, Maylon Kern, Kenneth Katzer
Front row: Patty Peterson, Mary Jane Riesselman, Barbara Stoltenberg, Mabel Riesselman

For the picnic on the last day of school, Violet went to Naper to get ice cream. The students were supposed to be hiking to the Twin Buttes where they'd meet Violet and get their treat. Maylon and Ken (Katzer) convinced them to lie down and hide when they saw Violet's car coming. Mabel says the boys had to test Violet until the very end!



Basin School students about 1954

Back row, L-R: Barbara Stoltenberg, Maylon Kern, Kenneth Stoltenberg, Patty Peterson, Kenneth Katzer, Ruth Katzer
Middle row, L-R: Margo Kern, Mary Jane Riesselman, Carolyn Honke, Mabel Riesselman, Verlyn Stoltenberg, LeRoy Ahlers, Shirley Honke
Front row, L-R: Merle Riesselman, Duane Fernau, Denny Fernau, Myrna Katzer

A LITTLE BOY WAS LOST

By Dwaine Hoffman

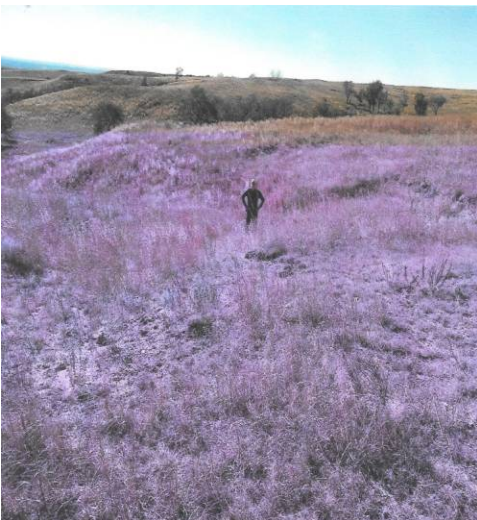
One cool morning when I was four years old, I decided to go on an adventure. Dad's hounds and I set out. By noon the weather had changed drastically from sleet to snow. At the time, our family lived west of Naper on the farm some will remember as "Bunker Hill." I was found almost two miles southeast of that farm, wearing only a short denim jacket for warmth. I huddled with my hands in the pockets trying to stay warm.

Gerald Balcom was looking at a farm to buy located two miles south of Naper. After looking over the property, he went back to Naper and asked what all the commotion was about. They told Gerald there was a little boy lost with some dogs. Due to the weather, getting a plane in the air was out of the question.

He remembered seeing some dogs and went back to the farm south of Naper. He found me in a low spot very cold and wet. He picked me up and took me to his Jeep and put a bucket between his seats so I could sit closer to the heater. On the way back to Naper, the first car he met happened to be Mom and Dad.

When we got home I was so embarrassed when Mom took my wet clothes off by the oil stove in front of all the ladies!

I never had the opportunity to meet Mr. Balcom again, but if anyone knew Gerald Balcom or his family, please let me know. I'd like to have an opportunity to thank them for Gerald saving my life.



Above: Photo of Duane in the area where he was lost at age four.

Another experience I had was when Dad and I went to Platte, South Dakota, and bought six Shetland horses.

One was bred and had a grey dappled stallion colt which I named Champ. One spring day Champ was ready to be broke to ride. Dad just put me on his back and led him around a few times and then turned me loose to ride in the yard.

One day when Dad was out hay- ing, I decided that I had Champ broke so I opened the gate and away we went out to the hayfield. Dad was upset, but I just told him, "Well, Dad, I got Champ broke."

By late summer, we rode the hills as one. Dad and I would race home the last half-mile. Dad would take the road in the pickup and I would cut across the pasture racing up and down the hills, down the hill to the dam and up the hill, listening to Dad roaring the pickup and shifting gears with the finish line being the house. It was pretty much a tie.

When I was a little older, but still too little to help work cattle, Lee Odenbach's dad came to help. Lee and I were riding horses and came upon a dam. We wondered if horses could swim. Well, we decided to just find out and in we went. The horses went under except for their heads. I remember floating off the saddle and hanging onto the saddle horn all the way across the dam. Boy, was that awesome! Even more awesome when you consider I didn't know how to swim!

We had a big barn with a 50-foot peak with a lean-to. My brother Jerry and I thought that if we got to the peak, we could squat down and slide down the roof like a ski slope, which worked just great until we got to the end which dropped off 10 feet. And we wonder why Mom's hair was white!

When my buddies and I would get to town on Wednesday or Saturday nights, we had a fine time climbing on the roofs and sliding down a lot of the buildings in Naper. There might have been a splinter or two.

Since Dad bought and sold horses, I had a lot to pick from, some broke and some not broke. Merle Riesselman and I would ride a lot on Sundays, all over, even to the Twin Buttes with anyone that wanted to ride along.

When Dad would buy more horses, he would unload them in the pasture and neglect to tell Mom. Later, when she would ask if that was a new one, his reply was that he had them for quite a while. I don't think he fooled her for a minute.

Dad got acquainted with Cal Thompson of the White Horse Ranch. We would take the pickup out to see the hors-

es. The beautiful white mares with their little white colts got me enthused even more about horses.

[Ed. Note: At the time of Dwaine's adventure, Gerald Balcom and his family lived on a farm north of Bonesteel.

On the day Dwaine was lost, after Gerald returned to the farm to look for him, the dogs were gone. When Gerald located him, Dwaine was worried about the dogs and wondered where they were but Gerald assured him they'd find their way home.

As Dwaine said, the first car they met on the road was the one with Dwaine's parents Bill and Betty. Gerald said they nearly tore the steering wheel off in their haste to get to Dwaine and see if he was all right.

Gerald's daughter Esther and her husband Bob Waddell now live in Bonesteel in the same house once lived in by her grandparents and then her parents. This adventure had been told and retold in their family many times. Gerald was grateful to have been a part of a story with a happy ending.]

COMING

EVENTS

May 25, the annual Naper High School Alumni Banquet will be held, honoring those whose graduation years ended in 9. Letters will soon be coming.

Memorial Day services May 27 at 10:15 a.m. at the Hall.

THE ROOKIE'S FIRST CALVING SEASON

By Ken Moreland

Week One

It's a cool winter evening
 With a breeze out of the west.
 I just love this ranching life
 And I love calving time the best.
 I see the little calves
 As they wildly romp and run,
 Then lie down on a grassy hill
 For a short nap in the sun.
 Every hour, on the hour,
 I jump lightly to my feet,
 And hustle to the calving lot,
 Another baby sure to greet.
 I rub him down with a sack
 And put him in a stall.
 I just want to make sure he sucks
 For I'm a rancher after all.

Week Two

The weather, which was balmy,
 Has now turned bitter cold.
 I know it's only been two weeks
 But this calving is getting old
 There's a calf in the barn
 That simply will not suck,
 While another's in the calving lot
 At the hips he is really stuck.
 The vet is on his way again.

He knows the way by heart,
 They always said the first two weeks
 Would be the hardest part.

Week Three

I've got another prolapse
 And I tried to get it back.
 Try to push ten pounds of Jell-O
 Into a five pound sack.
 The vet had to come out again,
 It went back, just like he said.
 Everything was looking good
 But, by now, the cow was dead.

Week Four

It's snowing hard again tonight,
 The wind chill's ten below.
 I'm going to need a wrecking bar
 To pry that calf up from the snow.
 I pulled four calves today,
 Since breakfast (which I never had).
 I got knocked down by a cow. . .
 She hurt me pretty bad.

Week Five

I overslept again last night
 And missed my shift by hours.
 I guess there'll be two less calves
 That won't up and die from scours!
 I've got another head cold.
 My knee is swelling bad.
 This month of March has got to be
 The worst month I ever had.

Week Six

I'm so sick of calving,
 I've never been so tired.
 No sleep and too much coffee—
 I've never been so wired!
 I've been sleeping in my clothes
 For over four days now.
 My banker never mentioned this
 When I bought this bunch of cows.
 Don't know how ranchers do it.
 This calving has got me down.
 Call the sale barn, woman!
 These cows are going to town!

(Thanks to the ranch woman who passed this one on. If you've been there, you know it's true and if you haven't been there, you missed a good time!)

Ponca Creek UCC, located west of Bones-
 steel, built in 1993.



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KEEP NAPER STRONG

BUY LOCAL WHEN YOU CAN



Back: Ed Briggs, George Alexander, Herman Windmeyer
 Middle: Corbett Fee, Ab Sherman, Given Reber, Earl Smith
 Front: Grover Wilson, D. R. Smith, Artie Stevens

“JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE”

by Marilyn Smith Sieh

This picture brings up several questions: What year was this taken? How old are the players? Where did they live? Where was the game played? What day of the week was it played? Why the difference in attire? Who were their descendants? This is what I came up with.

As I have no date for this picture, I am assuming the ball players were not married at this time. There is a caption on the bottom that states “Just before the battle.” I assume, because of the five men in Riverside uniforms, there was one main team with others recruited to play.

The name Riverside, I believe, originated from living along or close to the Keya Paha River. Herman Windmeyer, Maxine McCarthy’s uncle, lived south of Naper along the river where Maxine now lives. Earl Smith, my grandfather, lived southwest of Naper along the river as did my great uncle, D. R. (Dorwin) Smith. Corbett Fee, my great-uncle lived a couple of miles north of the Smiths. Given Reber, Duane Sieh’s uncle, lived a couple of miles north of Corbett Fee. Grover Wilson, grandfather of Shirley Kibby Blum (wife of Gerald Blum) and Sandy Kibby, lived on the north side of the river across from the Smiths. I haven’t found out where George Alexander, father of George Jr. (Bud) and Shirley Bohnet, grew up but it was somewhere in the country. Ed Briggs was probably associated with the livery barn in Naper which leaves Ab Sherman and Artie Stevens who are still questions marks.

Notice the head covering of the players—only three wore baseball caps. Dorwin Smith and Artie Stevens wore dress clothes. Artie also is wearing a tie and has a baseball glove on his hand.

Where was the game played? The field looks like tall pasture grass so I assume it took place in someone’s pasture.

Now on to the spectators. I am now assuming this was on a Sunday afternoon because they were dressed in what appears to be their finest. The women passengers in their curtain-top buggies wore very fancy hats. One man is wearing a white shirt, tie and hat. One team of horses has fly nets on their backs and another horse has a white blanket on its back. Another reason for believing this game was played on a Sunday afternoon was because this would be the only time they had for a game and of course, there were no night games.

I’m adding a baseball story of a generation later. Dad (Everett Smith) told me about the country team he played for. He was the pitcher and Martin Vogt was the catcher. They made a very good combination. He said they played in a pasture using cow chips for the bases. The Naper boys also had a team and had a nice ballfield. The Naper boys invited the country boys to come to town for a game. Dad said, “And we beat them!!” And he would sit and laugh about beating the Naper town team!

WHY I HONOR THE AMERICAN FLAG

by Brynn Almgren, First Place, Seventh Grade, Boyd County Schools

The American flag is a symbol of freedom. For over 200 years, soldiers have fought and many soldiers have died defending our rights and freedom. The American Flag helps to unite our country as we stand, salute or sing together because we are proud of our country and history.

Our freedom, unfortunately, is not free. The United States military forces have fought many wars and been involved in many conflicts. The flag has been there for them all. Francis Scott Key wrote our national anthem, Star Spangled Banner, about our flag. He wrote it as he watched Fort McHenry being bombarded by the British. “Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.” Can you imagine how amazing that must have been to see the stars and stripes that next morning after a long hard battle.

The flag has 13 stripes that represent the first 13 colonies. It has 50 stars that represent the 50 states. The colors also have meaning: red represents valor, white signifies purity and blue signifies justice. The flag has changed multiple times over the course of our nation’s history. The current flag design is the 27th version.

Prior to the media pointing out that a few professional athletes are disrespecting our country, our flag and our military, I had never really thought about the true meaning of the flag or the anthem. I was trained to stand up when a flag was passing by in a parade or for the national anthem, putting my right hand over my heart. It was an expected behavior due to my parents both serving in the military. I now have a better understanding of the many sacrifices made and lives taken in order for us to be able to enjoy our freedom. So as the anthem is sung or the flag is raised or carried by, I will proudly and confidently stand. I will stand for those that cannot. I will stand for those who will not. I will stand and honor the American Flag. “The land of the free and the home of the brave” because I know that I live in the best country in the world and I am blessed to be able to enjoy my rights and freedom.

[Through their Americanism program, the Naper VFW Auxiliary sponsors Voice of Democracy for juniors and seniors in high school and Patriot Pen for sixth, seventh and eighth graders. This year, the Patriot Pen winners were Brynn Almgren (seventh grade) first place, Amelia Haki (seventh grade) second place, and Carson Haun (sixth grade) third place.]



SOME NEW FACES!

Evan Hansen was born September 19 to Tom and Sandra Bernt Hansen, Wayne, Nebraska. His grandparents are Bill and Linda Schultz of Naper and Ron and Joyce Bernt of Butte.

Silas Wayne Menning was born October 18, 2018, to Steve and Sara Bentzen Menning of Brookings, South Dakota. John and Jan Bentzen of Tabor, South Dakota, are grandparents and Ramona Bentzen is great-grandma. Silas is her 18th great-grandchild, born on the 18th of the month in the year of 2018. Seems as if 18 will be his lucky number!

Nicholas Evan Kapsa-Shockley arrived December 13 in Omaha. His parents are Melissa Kapsa and Gary Shockley and grandparents are Dave and Melody Kapsa. Larry and Ann Ludemann Anderson are great-grandparents.

KIDS ARE BUSY . . .

Evan Reiman (son of Casey and Lisa Ahlers Reiman, grandson of Jean Reiman and Wayne and Virginia Schonebaum Ahlers) and Hannah Drueke (daughter of Tony and Beth Goodman Drueke, granddaughter of Vern and Linda Goodman) are playing basketball for the Boyd County Spartans.

Austin Koenig (son of Kevin and Staci Zink Koenig, grandson of Jeff and Rindy Zink) was one of the winners of the Nebraska Chiropractic Physicians Association and Nebraska School Activities Association All-State Award based on academic excellence, leadership and significant contributions made to their NSAA activity. He received his award for cross-country.

Natasha Zeisler (daughter of Jesse and Kimberly Zeisler, granddaughter of Richard and Sheryl Zeisler) and Preston Brewer (son of Kip and Rachel Heerman Brewer, grandson of Jerry and Dorothy Dum-

mer Heermann) were winners in the Knights of Columbus free throw contest in Spencer and competed in District competition in O'Neill February 10.

GUESS WHO WAS ON TV

George Kramer, 95-years-young, a 1941 graduate of NHS and a Navy combat veteran of World War II, was interviewed at the National Finals Rodeo in Las Vegas on January 4. He was the Cooper Tire Fan of the night and received a trophy belt buckle. He told the rodeo clown who interviewed him that he had attended lots of rodeos while living in Nebraska and South Dakota.

BRAD VOGT HONORED

US Bank Great Performer Awards honor employees nominated for their outstanding contributions to Northeast Community College. Brad Vogt was recognized for teaching excellence. He's been an IT instructor at NECC since August 2000.

SAYIN' GOODBYE TO OLD FRIENDS

Edward Alford died November 30 in Wagner where he and his wife Lois had lived for a few years. He had lived almost all of his life northeast of Naper on the Ponca Creek. His children and grandchildren attended the Naper School.

Eileen Vance Erikson, a graduate of Naper High in 1943, died December 13 in Florida. After high school, she had taught in rural schools and ran the Naper Theater for a time.

Gertie Fuhrer Ahlers died December 16 in Iowa. She and husband George lived northwest of Naper and their daughters Donna and Clarice both graduated from Naper.

Kenneth R. "Bobcat" Martin died New

The Naper Paper is your paper. We rely on you, our readers, for support, both financial and "pat on the back". We count on you for stories and ideas about what we need to write, print, explore, photograph. We appreciate you and want to say "Thanks!"

Years Day in O'Neill. Many of you may wonder about his nickname. Bobcat loved to trap and fish. He heard of someone in Rapid City offering quite a bit of money for a live bobcat so when he caught one in a live trap, he wanted to show the cat to some friends in Cline's Bar. He gave the cat a shot of starting fluid (ether) and the cat went to sleep. He showed the cat in the bar and every time the cat roused himself, he got another shot of ether. Now you know the rest of the story.

Carol Peterson Helenbolt, valedictorian of the class of 1954 from Naper High, died January 4. She and husband Neil (NHS 1953) lived in Stuart for many years and owned an insurance and tax preparation business.

Diane Broekemeier Wonenberg grew up on a farm west of Naper and graduated from Naper High School in 1964. She died in Sioux Falls February 7.

MORE LETTERS . . .

Happy New Year! 2019 brings a new home for Howard Camin, news we received from his great-niece Sarah. 2018 brought a fall, a broken hip and a move from his home in Calistoga (California) to a skilled nursing facility in Santa Rosa. At Hanna House, Howard got the proper nourishment for mind, body and soul and the tools he needed to get strong enough to move closer to his sister Ruth and her extended family. As of January 26, he resides in Gilroy, California. It may be far for some of you but he would love visitors. Of course, cards and letters (and maybe some See's Candy) are always welcome. Thank you for all your beautiful Christmas cards and well wishes. We (Howard and family) wish you and yours a prosperous, healthy and happy new year.

LETTERS

LETTERS

LETTERS

Enclosed is a check to help with your paper—your articles are always interesting and it's nice to read about the OLD-EN DAYS!

Riney's brother Alvin died in October. He was 91 so Riney is the last of the Adolph Stahlecker's family. Alvin always enjoyed your paper.

Riney and Virginia Stahlecker

Sending along a check to help with publishing the Naper Paper.

Carol Ludemann

Thanks for sending the Naper Paper. We enjoy reading it—a lot of nice articles.

Best wishes to everyone for the holiday season.

Gerald and Shirley Blum

Just a note to let you know I enjoy the Naper Paper. Went to high school in Butte, class of 1960. Remember playing basketball against some of the Naper boys—Dennis Wentz. Lots of old memories from back then.

Terry Fried

I enjoy reading the paper even though I left Naper when I was eight years old. I recognize a lot of the names.

Enclosed is a donation so that I can continue to enjoy the stories of Naper, new and old. I would also like to add a couple of names to the list to receive the paper.

Roy Ludemann

We are especially mindful and thankful for Christmas this year because Patty is still with us. She was diagnosed with ALS two years ago. She is really hanging in there. She keeps busy knitting caps for newborns and cancer patients.

I have finally retired, believe it or not. I have had a number of different jobs, high school science teacher, computer programmer and my last job—driving a concrete mixer truck. I am 77 years old but I like to think of myself as being in the early sixties. For my 77th birthday last May, I ran a mile in 10 minutes.

Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Patty and Duane Kibby

Here's a check to help keep the Naper Paper coming. It's always an interesting read.

Does anyone remember a parade in Naper in the late 1960's? This stands out as one of my most memorable events during my high years. Mary Ludemann and I rode two of her family's horses in the parade. That was thrilling, exciting, and as I said, most memorable for me!

Keep up the publication of this fun little paper.

LouAnn (Ahlers) and Bill Pribil

[Ed Note: How about it, Mary Ludemann? Can you help us with this story?]

Thanks for the great Naper Paper. You do a great job for all to enjoy. We enclosed a check to help.

Janice Schultz Hysell

Please accept this donation for use in any way you see fit. My family recently spent a few days in Naper to celebrate the life of our beloved grandmother, Velda McLaughlin Stahlecker. As always, the people of the community came together to put on a deserving memorial service and a fantastic luncheon. I know my father, Stan McLaughlin, appreciated not having to worry about the meal after the service.

As a young boy, I spent a lot of time in Naper. I can't count the amount of pizzas I ate from the Naper Super Service or the packs of Beeman's gum I purchased at the grocery store. My siblings and cousins and I would play tag and "jailbreak" on Grandma Hertha's (Sieh) front porch. I learned how to drive in Naper. As I grew older, especially into college, I didn't make it up to Naper as much as I should have.

Now that I am grown and have a family of my own, I try to get up there once a month or so, more than that in late fall. My two young boys (Brooks-5 and Harris-4) were devastated when it was time to leave to head back to Kearney on the Sunday following the service. I couldn't help but smile and laugh because that is how I always felt as a kid when it was time to head back home.

My wife Meredith and I are looking forward to our next trip up to Naper. I know you can't get a burger as good as the burgers that come out of the VFW on Saturday nights around here in Kearney. We can't find any place with as good of company as the Naper Café on Sunday morning.

Thank you for all you do to document the history of Naper. More important-

ly, thank you for all you do to keep Naper around so my children and children all around will have an opportunity to write in decades down the road.

Mark McLaughlin

HAPPY NEW YEAR! Though I give that greeting, New Year celebrants espousing New Year resolutions sound, to me, like the tedium of graduation speeches at which an elder sage or sageette drones on while the shining, new, techie smart graduates just want to get on with their lives.

"Getting on with life" has been on my mind since reading the latest Naper Paper (Winter, 2018) wherein I learned and was much saddened to read of the death of some of my near contemporaries. (Sincere condolences to the families of those whose deaths were reported.) Those mini-obituaries brought thoughts of mortality. We (meaning my age grouping) are the 1st of the 30's children born during the Great Depression and the Dust Bowl era and who have some memories of WWII—ration books for everything from sugar, shoes, gasoline ("*Is this trip really necessary?*" reminder) to tires and more. We had no televisions or smart phones. Nevertheless, our imaginations grew as we acted out the radio programs to which we listened. With the unlikely virtue of naivete and a rising economic tide, we simply stepped out into the world of opportunity and made our mark. Good for us!

Transitioning to a totally different subject, in case you haven't already discovered it, I am recommending a book, which some of you who like history of the upper Midwest and high plains may enjoy. The title: *Prairie Fires: The American Dream of LAURA INGALLS WILDER*, is a thoroughly and extensively researched bio by author Caroline Fraser. It seems to me this author lays out a much less romantic and less upbeat life for Wilder than she herself depicted in her *Little House on the Prairie* books and as her works were interpreted for the TV series. However this author's history of educational deprivation and terrain descriptions leave one with vivid memories.

Here's hoping the *Naper Paper* goes on forever—from generation to generation. While I recognize fewer and fewer of those named therein, it's still a joy to read of and be reminded of my roots.

Thank you!!

Nathalie Sattler Taranto

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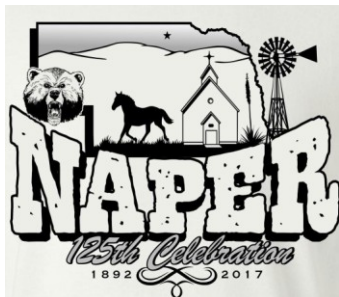
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IN THIS ISSUE:

- PONCA CREEK CHURCHES
- WHO IS AXELL?
- FROM WALKING TO SEMIS
- SOME WERE DANCING
- LITTLE BOY LOST
- ROOKIE CALVING
- OL' HOMESTEADER
- LETTERS



Grades 5-6-7-8, 1947-1948

Back row L-R: Delores Putnam, Benita Schmitz, DeLoris Serr, Kenneth Herra, Raymond Blum, Harlan Stahlecker Betty Ulrich, Lucille Martin

Middle row L-R: Paul Kramer, Shirley Kramer, Janis Blakkolb, Janet Davis, Marjorie Stahlecker, LuVerna Broekemeier, Louise Neumiller, Virginia Schonebaum, teacher Marguerite Ludemann

Front row L-R: Clinton Davis, Winston Stahlecker, JoAnn Putnam, Delbert Forsch, Wayne Faatz, Gerald Blum, Ronald Hunter, Adrian Cline, Neil Helenbolt, Russell Whitley