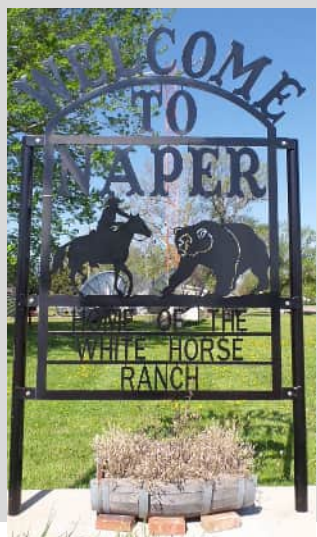


A PUBLICATION
FOR AND ABOUT
THE TOWN OF
NAPER,
NEBRASKA,
PUBLISHED BY
THE NAPER
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY.

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.

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Naper Paper

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Winter, 2022

What's for Lunch?

How often do you stop at the Naper Café? The Café is open every day except Christmas, from 8 am until closing, so you have many opportunities.

There have been a lot of eating places in Naper over the years but one of the earliest that locals can remember is a small café on the east side of Main Street operated by Barney and Bertha Smith and later by Clara Bechtold.

In due time, Louis and Midge Kortmeyer built the café on the west side of the street in the early 1950s. It was a split foyer and had a bowling alley in the basement. High school students stopped by after school and had Coke or Pepsi with peanuts. How does that sound to you?

Other owners/operators of the café on the west side of the street were Leo and Liz Blum, Gerald "Snooks" and Shirley Blum, Lenora Klein, and Ben and DeLores "Pete" Fuhrer.

Ben and Pete moved a school house from east of town into the area south of Tony and Beth Drueke's house. After a few years, they added living quarters on the north side of the café.

Every Saturday night, card players would gather around the table and enjoy some games of pitch. The café was open every day and stopping for ice cream on a Sunday afternoon was a real treat.

After Ben closed the café, Naper was without an

eating place for a while. The Centennial celebration in 1992 managed to raise some money, several folks in the community made donations and in the summer of 1993, the new café took shape.



The floor plan is simple and efficient. The east end of the building is the lounge, the west end is the café. The middle section has the kitchen, coolers, a hall way and bathrooms. It opened for business early in 1994 and is still the gathering place for many folks after church on Sunday.

The building and fixtures are owned by the village of Naper. Some of the fixtures and equipment were purchased from the Brass Buckle in Fairfax when it closed.

Dee Timm was the first person to manage the café. Over the past nearly 30 years, a lot of individuals have managed or leased the business or worked as cooks, waitstaff and bartenders in the lounge.

Mike and Tanya Stangle leased the building for a time in the late 90s. A dart league was organized.

Deb Leibel leased it

next and started the Frozen Foot Ice-Fishing Tournament which drew in many fishing participants and many more folks who enjoyed the fish fry that evening.

Terry Sachtjen continued the Frozen Foot competition and promoted Naper Cruise Night which has been a very successful summer event. Terry has been operating the café for 15 years.

A lot of names came to mind when thinking of café employees over the years—Vivian Alexander, Sharon Vogt, Linda Schultz, Jean Baumeister, Jenny Burke, Angie McCarthy, Trista Vogt, Heidi Vogt, Kara Peppel, Sego Berg, Desiree Lawrence, Amber Karnes, Sharon Vogt (yes, there are two Sharon Vogts), Pam Muller, Chandra Muller, Judy Reiser, Deb Vogt, Tymber Higgins, Scott Whitley, Ashley Hanson, Loren Sieh, Jennifer Hamling, Diane Peterson, Grace Bendig, Barb Wentz, Cindy Fryer, Tara Ahlers, Kelly Nolan, Kendal Zeisler, Trudy Waterman, Abbie Reiman, Connie McCarthy, Katie Sachtjen, Harley Clausen, Deb Lamp, and probably many more we don't remember. Jean Baumeister wins the longevity award even though she won't share how long it has been or how many pounds of potatoes she has peeled.

Naper Café is famous for its pizza; REAL mashed potatoes; hot beef sandwiches; Indian tacos and ribs. Stop in sometime and try it!

NAPER PAPER CONTRIBUTOR, EVELYN TANNER, MEETS RELATIVES

On September 28, the card players at the Naper Café were engrossed in their game of five-point pitch when a woman from Florida came in asking for the Naper Paper. She was Evelyn Tanner's daughter, Sharon, and her mother wanted to see where the Naper Paper was located. Evelyn has had several articles about her childhood in Naper and Anoka published in the Naper Paper.

In a matter of a few moments, Evelyn had met the Naper Paper folks and relatives she didn't know she had! Evelyn's grandparents were Orlando and Willis Allpress Sprenkle.



Above: Melody Kapsa (Ann's daughter-in-law), Ann Anderson, Evelyn Tanner, Bob Allpress, Evelyn's daughter Sharon and granddaughter Amy.

They lived northeast of Naper, a farm later owned by Ed and Frieda Nicolaus, then Lester and Arlene Neumiller. Willis Sprenkle was a great-aunt of Bob Allpress. Evelyn's aunt, Hazel Sprenkle, married Soren Rockholm, Ann Anderson's uncle.

EVELYN'S STORY CONTINUES

At the Anoka School, we were all friends and liked each other no matter what our differences were. I had a special friend, as poor as Miss June was well off! (No one was rich at this time.) Her name was Bobetta Yocum. She had a good number of siblings. Her family moved into our old house on the Ponca Creek, which gave us a feeling of belonging to each other. She had an older brother who didn't attend school and we lovingly called him Li'l Abner. We took small gifts and made valentines for her little brother and sister. One day we attended school with lookalike dresses made by the Women's Sewing Circle (W.P.A., the one my mother worked at earlier). We were not ashamed! We were twins and nothing seemed better than that.

About this time trouble was brewing over in Europe and we were not able to get news like we do today. World War II started and we were sending troops overseas. A lot of things

were being rationed—sugar, coffee, clothing, shoes and silk stockings.

Everyone was helping with the war effort! If we turned in one aluminum item, we could see a free movie! We children visited the county dump regularly to find something useful. Mama had to keep a sharp eye out for her pots and pans.

My grandmother, Sarah Huffman, was not doing well. She had fallen down steps going to the cellar under the kitchen. When neighbors missed her, they found her sometime later. She wasn't seriously injured but because of this fall, I was chosen to stay with her and attend Newman Grove High School my ninth year. I loved her and she loved me and we got along fine. She had only a small pension so I know it was hard for her to make ends meet. One day she presented me with the biggest box of crayons you could buy at that time and I cried (as I am now, just thinking about it!).

But sadder things were about to happen. I'd been attending school for only a few months when they announced that Japan had bombed Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. The high school was let out to go to the theater and see it all on film. I had never been in the theater before or afterwards. We were now at war.

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(Evelyn Tanner continued)

I was able to go home to Anoka at Christmas and be with my family for a few days. I really missed them—especially my two little brothers. My father was attending a sheet metal school in Norfolk, about 50 miles from my grandmother's home. So once or twice that year, my mother and the two boys came by train to Norfolk and I went by bus from Newman Grove. We were able to spend a few hours together—eating a lunch my mom had brought with her. These were special times!

I enjoyed my year of school in Newman Grove! Made a lot of new friends and had some very good teachers. Arriving back home, I found out we were all becoming Catholics—not something I had suspected or imagined in my young life, after attending the Lutheran Church with my friend June and going to the Methodist Church with my grandmother. I sort of balked at making this change. I was still under my parents' roof and I wished to please them. I went through all the motions and rites but it was against my very being. I read scripture every night when I stayed with my grandmother. And what I was expected to do as a Catholic—was not in those scriptures—it was totally opposite. Not once do I remember my father attending Mass. After we graduated and were on our own, my sister Donna Lou and I went a few times before we both quit.

The war was still on and jobs were valuable, working in plants making ammunition for the fighting men and women. We moved to Trumbull, Nebraska, near Hastings, where an Ammunition Depot had been built. My mom, dad, sister Donna and at times our two boarders and other family members all worked at the Ammo Depot. I worked in the PX for a short time after I graduated. My dad helped to build the igloos that the ammo was stored in. They were not made of snow! They were covered with dirt and had grass planted on top so they couldn't be seen from above if the enemy reached that far into the United States.

When we first came to Trumbull, we had little furniture—slept on the floor of an empty farm house and walked to school. My brother Willard and sister Donna both graduated from Trumbull the first year. Willard had already gotten his call from Uncle Sam, but they let him graduate. He enlisted in the Navy. I attended my tenth and eleventh year in Trumbull. We moved about ten miles away to Doniphan where I attended my twelfth year.

I couldn't finish my fourth year of

math. The 12th graders were studying algebra I had in ninth grade. I helped them with their math and I took Latin as my other subject. Who would have believed it?? Well, I graduated with a scholarship to an all-girls Catholic college in Omaha. I did attempt to learn some more, but was unable to go but a few months. I worked (not too hard) for my board and room and loved this family. They had a ten-year-old son who was adopted. He took me shopping for a new coat and to the movies, etc, but the money I had earned the previous summer didn't last long.

My family had moved to Washington when I stayed in Nebraska to go to college. My daddy had always wanted to be the second Johnny Appleseed to go to Washington. After buying the big silver bullet house trailer, getting extra work done on the car to go over the mountains, caring for the rest of the family and getting settled in Yakima, they didn't have funds for me to get out there. I made it back to Hastings and lived with my Aunt Hazel, Uncle Soren, and cousins Virginia, Loretta and June.

I got a job right away working in the city clerk's office where I took dictation, typed, sent letters, prepared notices for the newspaper. This was 1945! The machine I used was like a cylinder that turned in a pan of soft jelly-like stuff to do the printing. I was replacing someone who had been on vacation, sabbatical or ill. When they returned, I was without a job. A city commissioner who had learned of it hired me to come to their home and care for their two children. If I remember correctly, their daddy was president of Standard Oil Company.

Virginia and I had gone to a movie one evening and met a serviceman I knew from before going to college. He had a buddy with him and my cousin and I double-dated these two young sailors. This buddy and I became soulmates. My family was in Washington and his in Florida. We both were far from home and lonely. The inevitable happened. We were in the family way. He was too young to be married in Nebraska so he took leave one weekend and we went to Kansas and got married. My sister Donna had married Marvin Sparks, so we rented the room over them. My husband, Roscoe, had to return to Great Lakes Naval Station. When he had a weekend leave, I met him in Chicago at the train station and we headed to Florida.

It didn't take long for me to realize I was in a different part of my own country. We boarded a bus to finish our trip to Florida. It was loaded with both white and black people so I headed to the back of the bus to sit down.

My husband tells me I cannot sit there! They are for colored people? I'm beginning to wonder what have I got myself into here? So I put down my small suitcase and pregnant me sits on it to the next stop. Roscoe stands. No first come, first served service here. Later, when I thought about this, I understood and knew that those black men would have offered me their seats if it wouldn't have caused a ruckus. Before the war, we knew only one black person—an old darkie slave who lived in Butte. My grandmother always took him chicken soup at Christmas. Needless to say, I had a lot of changing of the mind ahead of me. My husband took me to his parents' home and carried me over the threshold into a new way of living.

His father had worked at James Goethe's Sawmill most of his life near Dennellon, Florida. My in-laws lived next door to Mr. Goethe and Roscoe's dad was in charge of running the mill.

Roscoe had to get back to the Naval Station but left me with his family. He was able to muster out of service and be home when our first daughter Betty was born in Ocala, Florida. We moved out to the forest to cut trees, living off the land—plenty of rabbits, squirrels, fish, sassafras tea, swamp cabbage from the palm trees. I learned to love most of the food down south—no brains or chitterlings for me though!

Roscoe wanted to learn how to weld and there was a welding school in Yakima where my parents lived so we decided to head out that way. My parents were returning to Nebraska to move my grandmother to Washington. We arrived in Hastings, staying with my Aunt Hazel and her family. Our second daughter arrived three days after we got there!

We met my parents in Newman Grove and sold my grandmother's things. Then we headed for Yakima. We had a small trailer to pull behind my dad's car. My mom, dad, younger brother Donnie and grandmother rode the train. Roscoe and my sister Anna drove the car, pulling the trailer, with myself, our two little girls and my brother.



The author, Evelyn Sprenkle Tanner

NAPER HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS HISTORY - FINAL UPDATE

by Stan McLaughlin

The Naper High School Sports History is now complete (except for the NHS Basketball History as outlined below) and the napernebraska.org website has been updated accordingly. NHS basketball team's won-lost records are still missing or incomplete for 1951-52 through 1953-54, 1955-56 and 1956-57, 1967-68, 1973-74 and 1974-75, 1977-78 and 1978-79, 1980-81 through 1984-85, and 1986-87 and 1987-88. The total number of wins presently shown on the website for the missing years are all that can be documented so far and will remain unchanged followed by a question mark until such time as the teams' actual won-lost records are obtained. **I am asking anybody that knows the won-lost records for any of the missing years to please provide them to me.** The basketball section does contain a significant amount of new information since the first posting on the website late last summer.



Larry Ahlers holding the District Championship trophy (1967) and Bill Peppel with the Butte Invitational trophy (second place)

The NHS Cross Country, Football, and Track and Field Histories are substantially the same as posted on the website in September with only a few minor changes. The NHS Best Athletes section has been updated with some additional information for some of the 12 original individuals recognized in the Autumn 2022 edition of the Naper Paper, photos of all the best athletes, and includes the addition of the profile for Mike Sieh (Class of 1983) who has been added to the list.

Researching and composing the NHS Sports History has been an enjoyable and rewarding experience. I would like to thank

the NHS alumni and interested readers who contributed to this effort with special thanks to Ann Anderson (editor of the Naper Paper), Dennis Jorgensen (www.napernebraska.org website contact), Jeff Stone (manager of the www.napernebraska.org website), Kelly Wollman (editor of the Bonesteel Enterprise) and Gary Hostert (1984 Butte High School graduate presently with the O'Neill Public Schools) for their excellent support for this project.

The NHS Sports History is permanently maintained under the "Sports" heading on the www.napernebraska.org website. Any suggestions, comments, documentation, or corrections should be submitted to Stan McLaughlin at sjmclaug@aol.com or by USPS at 4011 South 173rd Circle, Omaha, NE 68130-2216.

sssst E A M

By Donna Windmeyer Luehmann

Much as been written about the sports at Naper High School but I haven't seen much about the cheerleaders. I graduated in 1959 and was a cheerleader for at least three, possibly four years. We had a very enthusiastic pep club to support us and the team. I remember when the pep club had white corduroy Eisenhower jackets which they wore with red skirts. The pep club was comprised of girls but some of the boys would cheer with the pep club, especially at the tournaments.

The first team cheerleaders would wear red sweaters and white corduroy gored circle skirts which were usually made by Mrs. Heerman. She wouldn't have a pattern; with her mouth full of stick pins, she would just measure us. The second team would have the opposite—white sweaters and red skirts. I remember one year we had red pompoms pinned to our white skirts. They were a pain to take off when we had to wash the skirts, which was probably after each game.

One Saturday, we cheerleaders went to Vermillion to USD to join many, maybe 100 or more, other cheerleaders in several "big group" cheers at the half of the football game. I can't remember who the U played but I can remember one of the cheers: **sssst sssse ssssa ssssm What's that spell? sssstTEAM!**

I can't remember when the boys started playing football, either our junior or senior year, but I do remember that we cheerleaders didn't know enough about football to even know what or when to cheer!

The picture below is our group, taken at the Boyd County tournament in 1959 in Spencer. We must have been singing the school song, as everyone was standing and clapping! I recognize Jan Schultz Hysell, Karen Reber Juracek and Mike Stahlecker, the basketball player.



Win or lose, we really did love our Naper Bears!

Above: Naper Pep Club in 1952



BACK ROW: Norma Keller, Iola Tech, Shirley Vogt, JoAnn Putnam, Velva June Vogt, Nola Dummer
MIDDLE ROW: Myrna Gosch, Carol Peterson, DeLoris Serr, Joan Fuhrer, Betty Zeitner, Delores Putnam, Virginia Schonebaum, Janet Davis, Charlotte Karnes, sponsor Ioan Reber
FRONT ROW: Betty Stoltenberg, LaVerna Broekemeier, Louise Neumiller, Benita Schmitz, Janis Blakkolb

HOW DID KAHLERS AND SCHOCKS GET TO NEBRASKA?

Alvin Kahler was born in Strasber, Samara, Russia, January 22, 1868, to Albert and Anna Katrina Kahler. His sister Agnes Keller Briske immigrated to Canada.

Christina Maertins was born of German parents in Smavropal-Guberniy Colony, Romavka, Russia, March 5, 1876, to Samuel and Mary Magdalena Sandau Maertins. She had brothers Michael, Karl and Gustav; sisters were Amalia Molly and Minnie Marie.

Christina and Alvin and their five daughters (Rosalia, Mathilda, Agada, Olga and Agnisa) left Rotterdam, Holland, June 4, 1907, on the Potsdam and arrived at Ellis Island, New York, June 19, 1907. Agnisa died and was buried at sea. A son Gustav had died before leaving for the United States.

There was a bad storm while they were on the ocean and many people were seasick. Christina helped in the kitchen to get milk for the girls. She said she cried when she saw the Statue of Liberty. Because some of the girls had got measles during the voyage, Christina and the girls were taken to the hospital to be quarantined after their arrival in New York. Alvin remained on Ellis Island. Christina again worked in the kitchen to purchase food for her family.

After three weeks, the quarantine was lifted and the family was reunited. They traveled by train to Herrick, South Dakota. Mike Maertins, Christina's brother, met the family and took them to live with him and his family in the two-room sod house near Naper.

All Christina and Alvin had was a few clothes, a feather tick, some bedding and \$50 sewn into the lining of Alvin's horsehide coat.

After a time, they moved into Naper where Alvin did blacksmith work with William Schultz. **Marie** was born in October, 1907, while they lived in Naper.

Later they moved onto a farm at Lucas, South Dakota, and farmed. Two boys, Ted and Leo, and a girl, Annie, were born. A hail storm took all their crops so they had a sale and moved into Herrick where Alvin started his own blacksmith shop. Two more boys, Riney and Fritz, were born. Alvin worked hard to feed the ten children but his health began to fail so he sold the shop. They moved to a farm southwest of Naper where he farmed and did some blacksmith work.

They became United States citizens in 1917. Alvin died November 11, 1928, at the age of 59, and is buried in the Herrick, South Dakota cemetery. Christina and her children

who still remained at home moved to California in 1935. She died in Lodi, California, January 13, 1968, and is buried beside Alvin in Herrick.

Henry Schock was born in Russia in 1867. His grandfather was anxious for the family to get to the United States but felt he was too old to make the trip. The family took his advice and migrated to an area near Odessa on the Black Sea.

The family, parents Michael and Rosina, daughters Eva, Rosina, Dorothea, Elizabeth, and Kathrine and sons Jacob, Henry and Daniel, took passage on the USS Main. Brother Michael was born during the journey.

With the Old World behind them, they were told that immigrants would be left at Ellis Island to prepare for entry into the United States. It was very difficult to get enough food. The family made its way to Scotland, South Dakota, where John was born.

Henry worked at anything that would provide a living. He drove a team pulling a freight wagon from the railroad at Stuart or Herrick. He had to ford the rivers or creeks since there were no bridges.

Henry applied for and was granted a patent by President Theodore Roosevelt for a homestead on the tableland west of Naper. On January 1, 1897, Henry married Maria Mayer who had been born in Russia. They had three children: Hulda Kathrine, **Gottlieb William** and Emma Rosina. Marie died January 5, 1905. Henry's sister Dora came to care for the three small children. He donated two acres of land to the Baptist Church and cemetery. The church building was later sold and became an addition to St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Naper.

Henry was an ambitious man and a diligent worker. He installed a light plant and wind charger. His homestead became the first in the area with electric lights and indoor plumbing. He built a huge barn which could house 28 horses, mostly Percherons, in double stalls. The hayloft rose 48 feet from the ground.

Hulda Schock lived on the Schock farm until she moved to California to live with her sister Emma who was a classroom teacher for 40 years. They are both buried in Bakersfield, California.

Bill married Marie Kahler in 1926 and they moved to the Schock farm in 1943. Their children were **Donald, Vivian, Neita and Phyllis**. They are all Naper High School graduates.

Thanks to **Vivian** for this story.

LET'S TAKE A ROAD TRIP TO BROCKSBURG!

On March 8, 1901 Henry Brockman deeded land for the village of Brocksburg, on the north side of the Keya Paha River. In time there were several dwellings and a few retail businesses including Ed McCumber's store with a cream station in back, Este Felton's hotel, a church, a school, Ed McCumber's livery stable and lumber yard, a store and post office run by the Gibson family and Lige Wanker's blacksmith shop. Although there was no medical facility, Nate Jefford's mother performed midwife duties and delivered dozens of babies in homes up and down the river.

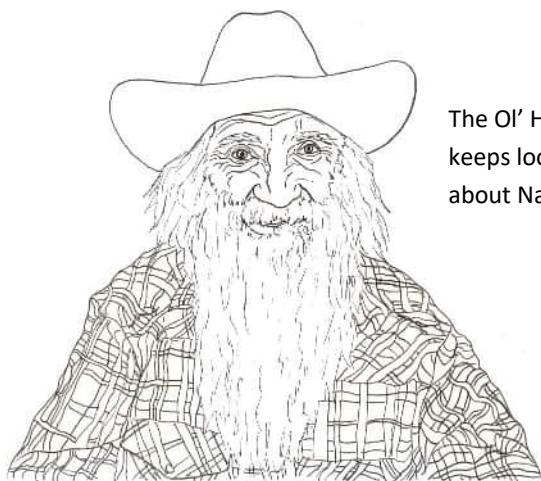
Jim Doyle grew up south and east of Brocksburg and remembers some good times there. Dances were held on the second floor of McCumber's store. When everyone was dancing, the floor moved up and down and the whole building probably moved in and out. It was lighted with a few kerosene lanterns hanging on hooks along the wall.

At a later date, E. S. Lingo owned the store. He could get anything during World War II, even things that were strictly rationed, such as tires, flour, sugar and cigarettes. He'd go to Sioux City in his truck and come home with all kinds of bounty. One trip home, someone tried to hi-jack his truck by pulling along side in an attempt to force him off the road. Lingo put his truck in second gear, caught the bumper on the villain's car, spun it around on the road so it flew into the ditch, and Lingo continued his trip. When people were destitute and desperate for groceries, Lingo would extend credit and maybe put a few extras in the grocery boxes. However, when they were solvent and ready to pay their bill, it may have been just a bit inflated.

The church was torn down and the lumber was used to build the Four Corners Rod and Gun Club a few miles southeast of Brocksburg. It was the site of many community gatherings, the annual game feed and dozens of ball games every bit as exciting as the World Series! The section line that went by Four Corners would turn into a trail that ended in Herrick, South Dakota.

Jim used to take his rifle and skate on Oak Creek, then head up the river to Brocksburg, over a mile away. Sounds like a lot of work, doesn't it?

Thanks to **Jim Doyle** for the good stories and the memories.



The Ol' Homesteader
keeps lookin' for news
about Naper!

CONGRATULATIONS!

Zander Kluckman (son of Jim and Blair Vogt Kluckman, grandson of Kelly and Lois Nicolaus Vogt and great-grandson of Don Vogt) was crowned homecoming king at Boyd County Schools.

SCHOOL NEWS

Zander Kluckman, Evan Brewer (son of Kip and Rachel Heermann Brewer, grandson of Jerry and Dorothy Dummer Heermann) and Brett Koenig (son of Kevin and Staci Zink Koenig, grandson of Jeff and Rindy Zink, great-grandson of Louise Neumiller Zink) played football for Boyd County. Zander and Brett were named to the all-conference team.

Natasha and Ethan Zeisler (children of Jesse and Kimberly Zeisler, grandchildren of Sheryl Zeisler) and Kaci Koenig (daughter of Kevin and Staci Zink Koenig, granddaughter of Jeff and Rindy Zink, great-granddaughter of Louise Neumiller Zink) ran cross country for Boyd County. Natasha earned a trip to state cross-country in Kearney! She and Ethan were named to the all-conference team.

Paige Drueke (daughter of Tony and Beth Goodman Drueke, granddaughter of Vern and Linda Goodman) played volleyball for Boyd County and was named to the all-conference team.

Boyd County honor roll included Zander Kluckman, Natasha and Ethan Zeisler, Paige Drueke, Brett and Kaci Koenig, Shaeden Polenske (daughter of Guy Polenske and Trudy Waterman).

SOME FAIR WINNERS

Some local 4-H members did very well in shooting and archery sports at the county

fair: Lane and Cash Nordstrom (sons of Bob and Jamie Zeisler Nordstrom, grandsons of Craig and Stacy Zeisler), Brett, Kaci and Baleigh Koenig, Natasha and Ethan Zeisler.

Brett, Kaci and Baleigh Koenig, Natasha, Ethan and Savannah Zeisler, Emerson Higgins (daughter of Skye and Allison Higgins, granddaughter of LaVern and Brenda Kline Higgins, great-granddaughter of Margaret Vogt Schmitz), and Lanie, Jaylee and Ally Lechtenberg (daughters of Shane and Beth Nelson Lechtenberg, granddaughters of Ivan and Nancy Wentz Nelson, great-granddaughters of Bob Wentz) won awards and ribbons in the livestock division.

WELCOME TO THE WORLD!

Kevin Stanley Haglund arrived September 16 and was welcomed by his sisters, Elsie and Nicklin, his parents Cory and Jessica Cline Haglund, his grandparents Keith and Lora Sieh Cline and his great grandparents Marvin and Judy Hoyt Cline and Marilyn Smith Sieh. Quite the welcoming committee for that young man!

SAYIN' GOODBYE TO OUR OLD FRIENDS

Jean Reiman died September 21. She and her husband Jack raised their family "between the rivers". Ellen, Milton, Matthew, Lawrence, and Casey graduated from Naper High School. David and Jeanne graduated from Butte.

Barbara Stoltenberg Wentz, NHS class of 1960, died October 12. She and her husband Bob Wentz (class of 1958) had lived in Naper most of their 60 years together. Their three daughters (Nancy, Brenda and Tammy) graduated from Naper and two

The Naper Paper is your paper. We rely on you, our readers, for support, both financial and "a 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!"

granddaughters (Mindy and Katelyn) graduated from West Boyd.

Mary Schmitz Berg Fuhrer died October 16, just a few days short of her 102nd birthday. All five of Mary's children graduated from Naper: Jim, Karen and Eileen Berg, Lonny Fuhrer and Lisa Fuhrer.

TO THE ALUMNI:

Thanks for the Naper Paper!

There is so much information to keep me up-to-date. Many familiar names and some not so familiar, but just as important.

We have seen so many changes with the years that have passed. I feel privileged to have been a part of the Naper community, past and present, so keep the paper coming.

Enclosed is a long overdue donation. Keep up the great work.

Larry Stoltenberg and Velma

Have you looked at the Naper Historical Society website? (napernebraska.org)

You'll find every issue of the Naper Paper (photos in color on the website!), photos of all the classes from Naper High School, stories of Naper history, the White Horse Ranch, businesses, cemeteries, and historical photos.

If you need to contact the historical society, you may:

call 402-832-5471,

mail to Naper Historical Society
Box 72
Naper, NE 68755

e-mail at papabear@threeriver.net

LETTERS, LETTERS, LETTERS

I was in the sixth grade when Naper consolidated and we were bused to a new school.

During my seven years there, we had very good lunch ladies who cooked and baked our lunches. But my favorite one was Violet Stahlecker. She really enjoyed making meals fun and special, like her Easter bunnies of bananas and marshmallows. I especially loved her potato soup and pigs in the blanket.

She agreed to bake and decorate our wedding cake almost 59 years ago. It was beautiful, an art piece. She copied every detail on our invitation and color scheme of red and white.



I hope she realized how much Larry and I appreciated her hard work.

Carolyn Honke Swanda

Keep up the good work with the Naper Paper! I really appreciate receiving it.

Donna Windmeyer Luehmann (1959)

Thanks for such a good job on the paper!

Vivian Schock Alexander

Enclosed is some money. I enjoy the paper so much as I know a lot of people there.

Melba Cook

EVELYN "JANET" NELSON PEDERSEN

My mom, Evelyn "Janet" Nelson Pedersen, was born in Omaha in 1933 and moved to Iowa City in 1939. She started riding lessons with Mr. Witt when she was eight or nine. She had riding privileges in exchange for working at the barn. (Photo at right)

My grandfather was regional manager for A&P stores so they went back and forth between Omaha, Plattsmouth and Iowa City.

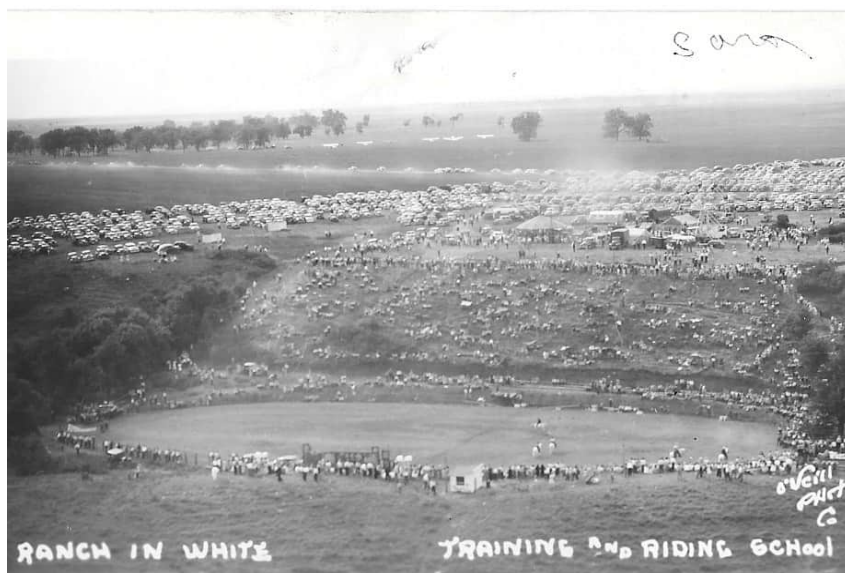
My mother always talked of the White Horse Ranch, her Tennessee Walker training and Roman riding. Her dad didn't want a horse. Times were tough.

She was a trained horsewoman who went to the White Horse Ranch where she learned to ride four horses side by side, holding the reins and standing barefoot on their butts! She was only 15 years old.

She graduated from Iowa City High School and attended the University of Iowa for almost two years. My grandfather, Sig Nelson, had to move to a drier climate for health reasons and they moved to California.

My mother is still living. She's had Alzheimer's disease for almost ten years, but I can always bring up horses and she loves it and remembers.

Kathy Pedersen Nadler



Above: Notice how many cars are parked near the bowl—1948

NAPER PAPER

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NAPER HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM 1949-1950

Back row: Neil Helenbolt, Bill Cerny, Jim Talmage, Paul Neumiller, Marvin Neiman, Art Neumiller, Clinton Davis, Coach Dan Duffy

Front row: Duane Sieh, Harley Nicolaus, Jake Boucher, Franklin Fuhrer, Charles Putnam