

Your  
May  
2025

# Country Neighbor

Free!  
Take One



Sweeten your Coffee Break with these Voices and Views from the Valleys of the Nemaha River.



PSC News pages 6 & 7



Nebraska City Pioneers High School Marching Band, Arbor Day 2025

## NEW! Historical Fiction!



*A Prairie Love Story*

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“Your Country Neighbor” is delivered to the following communities in Southeast Nebraska & NW Missouri.

**Auburn • Brownville • Cook • Falls City • Johnson • Julian • Nebraska City**

**Nemaha • Papillion • Peru • Rock Port • Syracuse • Tecumseh • Verdon**

## *Your Country Neighbor*

*Voices and Views from the Valleys of the Nemaha*

Publisher & Photographer, Stephen Hassler

P.O. Box 126  
Peru, Nebraska 68421

countryneighbor@windstream.net

**www.yourcountryneighbor.com**

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Thank You!

*“Do not go where the path may lead, go instead  
where there is no path and leave a trail.”*

Ralph Waldo Emerson

*“People will forget what you said, people will forget  
what you did, but people will never forget how  
you made them feel.”*

Maya Angelou

*“Whatever you do will be insignificant, but it is very  
important that you do it because no one else will.”*

Ghandi

### **Welcome to Medicare Class Offered May 20th**

Medicare can be a complicated topic. Worse yet, misinformation can lead to decisions that may result in penalties and a delay of benefits. In order to avoid mistakes, you are invited to learn about the basics of Medicare and what you need to consider as you approach Medicare eligibility.

Topics discussed include enrollment, eligibility, Medicare coverage, prescription drug plans, deductibles, Medicare Supplements, and Medicare Advantage plans. Information presented will assist about-to-be Medicare beneficiaries in making decisions regarding leaving an employer group health plan, Open Enrollment opportunities and answers to the question, “Why am I getting all this stuff in the mail?”

An in-person Welcome to Medicare class will be offered on Tuesday, May 20, 2025, 5:30-7:30 p.m. at Southeast Community College Learning Center in Nebraska City. There is no cost to attend—the Nebraska SHIP [State Health Insurance Program] will cover the cost. Visit [doi.nebraska.gov/ship](http://doi.nebraska.gov/ship) to register, or call 402-471-2841 to register for the class; deadline is one week prior to the class in order to prepare adequate handout material.

Article written by Mary Ann Holland, Medicare Counselor, Nebraska SHIP

## **May's Magic Moments**

May arrives in full bloom, ushering in the warmth and color of late spring. Gardens are waking up, trees display their new leaves, and wildflowers brighten the landscape with color. The air carries the scent of lilacs and freshly cut grass, reminding us that summer is just around the corner.

It's the perfect time to be outdoors, whether it's a leisurely walk along a country road, a drive through rolling farmland, or an afternoon spent in the garden. The birds are singing, the days are growing longer, and the world feels alive with energy and renewal.

This is also the month when some local farmers' markets come back to life, offering fresh, local produce. It's the perfect time to grab a basket, stroll through the market, and savor the flavor of the season. Whether it's asparagus, rhubarb, or those first tender greens, May brings food that tastes like freshness.

So take a moment to step outside, breathe in the fresh May air, and enjoy the beauty of the season. Whether you're planting new seeds, planning a road trip, or simply savoring a quiet morning with a cup of coffee, May can inspire you.

And while you're at it, enjoy “Your Country Neighbor” with its unique blend of magazine articles, poetry, small-town news, and stunning regional photography. Omaha-area readers can find a copy at Bureikou Tea & More in Papillion, Nebraska, formerly known as Diana's Tea Shop. Visit them online at <https://www.bureikouteaandmore.com/dianas-tea>.

I hope you have a beautiful May! And don't forget to clip the Valentino's coupon on page 10, because a good meal is always in season!

See the article on page 23 for creating a butterfly (pollinator) garden.

## A Prairie Love, Chapter One:

Dust and Dandelions, May 1923

Lyle Sutter stood with one boot on the front step and one in the dirt. The screen door creaked behind him as he glanced at the road. She was coming. He'd shaved that morning with his father's old straight razor and combed his hair with lard to keep the curls down.

He held the small bouquet behind his back, three dandelions and a sprig of lilac, all for Cora Ann.

The breeze carried the scent of fresh-turned earth from the south field. His mother's pie was cooling on the windowsill, and somewhere out by the barn, the windmill groaned, slow and steady. Cora Ann's family had taken the north parcel last Fall, and since then, she'd appeared like Spring itself: a flash of bright ribbon in her hair, laughter where silence had settled.

Today, they were going walking. Just the two of them.

When she arrived, her cheeks were already pink from the sun, and her boots were dusted white from the lane. He handed her the flowers, and she tucked them in her satchel without a word. But she smiled, and that smile stayed with him.

They wandered the pasture trail, where cow paths crisscrossed the hills like forgotten stories. He showed her where he'd carved his initials in the cottonwood when he was twelve. She told him she wanted to be a teacher.

"It's not all dishes and diapers for me," she said. "At least not only."

He didn't laugh. He just looked at her like he might be seeing the horizon for the first time.

Back at the house, as the sun stretched low, she turned on the step and said, "Next time, I'll bring you something. A trade."

"A kiss?" he asked, teasing.

But she only grinned and said, "A poem. That's better."

And she was right.

To be continued... in June.



They wandered the pasture trail, where cow paths crisscrossed the hills like forgotten stories. He showed her where he'd carved his initials in the cottonwood when he was twelve. She told him she wanted to be a teacher.

### **NEW! Historical Fiction!**

*“A Prairie Love” 3*

*“Westward with the Corps” 4*

*“Letters From The Prairie” 22*

In a time before telephones and radios, diaries and personal letters were vital links among immigrant families and pioneer settlers across Nebraska and the Great Plains. It is in that spirit that these stories are offered, to add warmth and enjoyment to your reading experience.

Although my name does not appear on these new entries, they are mine, under my copyright, and guided by my love of history and storytelling. These articles are fictional, crafted through a collaboration between myself and various sources, and are inspired by authentic immigrant histories and letter-writing traditions of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. I have drawn from historical records, personal accounts, and my own direction to create these storied presentations. I hope these stories give you something special to linger over.

# Diary of a Part-time Housewife

Merri Johnson

Lately, it seems like Hubby and I have been in a competition to see which of us can commit the worst mess-up. I got things rolling by hitting the garage door...for the second time in three years, I'm embarrassed to admit. Both incidents were backing situations, but that's where the similarity ends. The first incident led to replacing both doors at a four-digit cost. We did upgrade to doors with windows, so that was some consolation.

The second incident turned out to be pretty minor, but I was shaking in my boots for a while. I somehow backed up crooked and caught the side-view mirror of the pickup on the overhead door track, bending the track, but managing not to damage the mirror at all. For the life of me, I don't know how that's possible. The track was bent to the point that I knew the door wheel could not possibly stay in the track if I tried to close it. I took a pliers to it in a futile attempt to straighten it. Hubby was not home at the time, so I taped a LARGE note on the door opener button to prevent any accidental activation of the motor.

I 'fessed up as soon as Hubby got home and suggested that he might be able to straighten it, big strong man that he is. I expected his reaction: "That steel track is way too rigid for me to bend back into shape. I might as well call the garage door company right now. This has to be fixed right away. It's going to be a big hassle."

I countered with my usual, patient, optimistic logic. "Now, you haven't even tried yet. Don't panic until you try." Can you believe Hubby bent that track back into proper alignment with his bare hands? Believe it. I got out of that scrape scot-free!!

Now, on to Hubby's fiasco.

It was his second occurrence, too, of a previous goof-up. I won't go into all the details except to say that if the water company is monitoring our usage, they may be giving us a call to ask if we have a leak somewhere. Well, yes. We did have a "leak"...for a little while. We have taken steps to eliminate the cause of that problem, so Hubby doesn't need to worry about that anymore.

I don't know what to do to address my deficiencies in backing, however. Does anyone know of a Patron Saint of people who back into things?

# Westward with the Corps

(A Fictional Journey with Lewis & Clark)

## Chapter One: *The Winter Before the River*

December 12, 1803, Camp River Dubois, Illinois Territory  
by Narrator, Elias LeGrand

I am not the kind of man folks remember in portraits or speeches. My name, if spoken at all, rides low in the throat and vanishes before the smoke clears. But I was there—at the start, when we hammered timbers into the frozen soil of Illinois, shaping walls tall enough to shelter dreams and doubts alike. The great Captains, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, would chart the western wilds, but men like me were tasked with the first steps, building the very place from which we would launch.

My name is Elias LeGrand. French by blood, raised on the edges of Kaskaskia where language tangled with fur and frontier. I was a blacksmith's apprentice before I was a soldier, and a better shot than most. I'd fixed wagon axles, shoed mules, and pulled a bullet from my own thigh during the skirmish at Fallen Timbers. When I heard Captain Clark was gathering strong hands and sharp eyes for a secret expedition beyond the Mississippi, I signed my name without hesitation. Not for glory. Not even for the \$5 monthly pay. But because I have always hungered for what lies beyond the edge of a map.

Camp River Dubois was no fortress when we arrived—just a stretch of timber near the mouth of the Wood River, across from St. Louis. Cold bit hard that winter, and the Mississippi ran thick with ice. We built fast—cabins, a blockhouse, a mess hall, and stockade walls. Every swing of the axe rang with more than muscle; it rang with purpose. The Captains supervised everything. Captain Lewis, serious and quiet, eyes always searching the horizon. Captain Clark, red-haired and steadier, quick with orders and quicker to help lift a log.

We were thirty-some men then, hunters, frontiersmen, watermen, smiths, and scouts. Each one hand-picked, each one tested daily. There were arguments, frostbite, and a near mutiny when the whiskey froze in its barrel. But no one left.

The fort held us tight, and in the evenings, we spoke of what we'd heard. Tales of the Mandan, of buffalo herds like oceans, of rivers flowing west to the sea. Most of us had never been farther than Vincennes, but Captain Lewis had notebooks full of promises from President Jefferson himself, maps, latitude readings, strange creatures, and Indian nations with silver trinkets and smoke-bent tongues.

I watched those pages once, when Lewis stepped away from his journal. Words I barely understood: "botany," "mineralogy," "astronomical observations." But I caught the edge of a sketch, a bear larger than two men and a river so wide it had no opposite shore. That was enough for me.

On cold nights, with wind leaking through the chinks in the walls, I'd dream of that river. Of how the oars would feel in my hands when it was finally time to push off.



Model of the keelboat in the Lewis and Clark expedition.  
See at the *Lewis & Clark Visitors Center* in Nebraska City.



Ribbon Cutting for the new Diamond Building, which includes restrooms and concessions as well as facilities for ball players.

PSC Baseball won 4 games of 2 double-headers  
the weekend of April 5th & 6th.  
PSC v Graceland University; 5-2, 7-6, 3-2, 9-3





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PSC v William Penn University  
PSC won both games of Sunday's April 6th's double-header;  
5-4 and 4-3



The new Diamond Building includes concessions and restrooms and as well as facilities for ball players.



# MEMORIAL DAY



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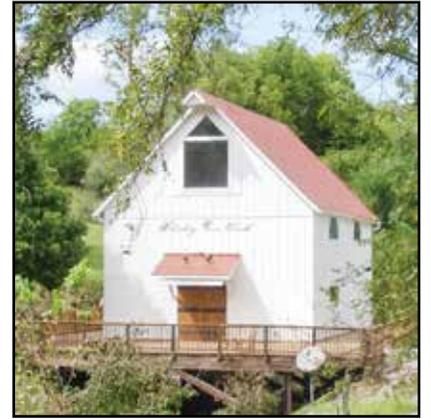
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## It's Time To Conserve Water

Marty Peregoy

As I write this, there are a couple of violent storms headed north of us, and we're definitely going to be getting some rain on Sunday, but much of the usual spring rains aren't so usual this year. In fact, the usual winter snows weren't so usual either. That has put many of us who love to garden or do some home exterior spring cleaning in a bind.

The City of Auburn, with whom Peru contracts for water, has declared a water emergency for both Auburn and Peru. That means that outdoor water use is banned, including lawn and irrigation water, and waste of water is prohibited. The Board of Public Works wells are below normal levels, and we are being asked not to use water except for essential activities.

So, what do you do when you're a gardener or a neat freak? Well, you comply, of course. And then you find ways to re-use water or to access water that doesn't come from your taps or spigots. One such way is to invest in a rain barrel. A rain barrel captures water shed from your roof and saves it for use at another time.

Located under your gutter down spout, rain barrels are typically made from 50-80 gallon plastic drums, and not only do they keep runoff water from leaving your property, they also provide you with the means to water plants, wash cars or clean outdoor tools and equipment. Water from a rain barrel is NOT suitable for drinking.

The typical pre-fabricated rain barrel runs in the \$100-\$200 range. Making your own can bring down the price considerably. If you go with an open-ended, previously used 55-gallon drum with an old screen for the top, your out-of-pocket expense is likely to be in the \$10-15 range. Many 55-gallon drums are listed on Facebook Marketplace. You'll want to invest in some tablets to keep mosquito larvae from hatching in the open water if your drum/barrel has an open top.

If you choose to make a closed rain barrel, complete with spigots, drains, and a direct attachment to your downspout, the rain barrel kit will likely cost you an additional \$30-40 and about

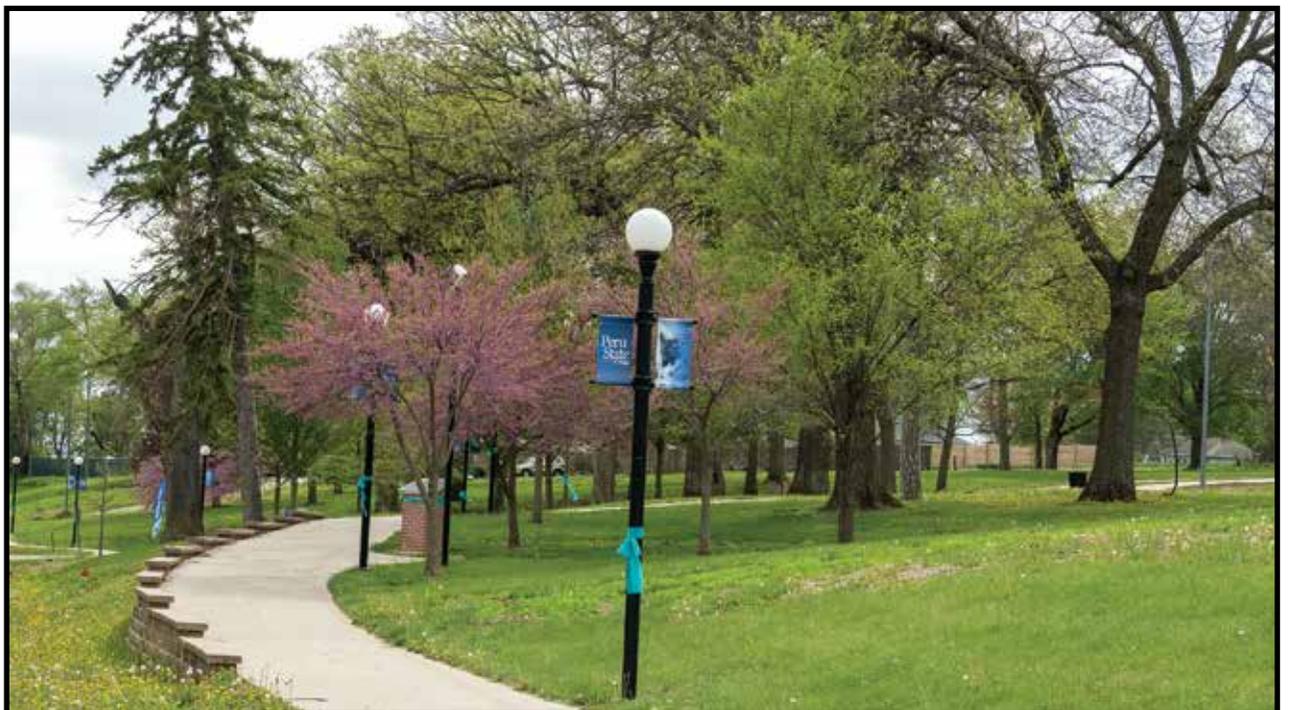
*Continued on page 14 >>>>*



Barrels are generally available for \$10.00-15.00 on Facebook Marketplace.



New Sign on Park Avenue



Walkway along Park Avenue connecting one of the college dormitories to PSC campus



## The Tomb Of The Unknown Feline

Marty Peregoy

Right around St. Patrick's Day, my son Devin Patrick and I went to Eugene T. Mahoney State Park for corned beef and cabbage and live music with the other folks in our family who celebrate our Irish genes on the Mullen side. Following a great evening, I dropped him off at his duplex in Nebraska City and returned home. The next morning while shopping with a friend in Nebraska City, I received a panic-stricken phone call. Devin's indoor cat, MowMow, was missing. I drove to his duplex to help look, certain we'd find her snoozing peacefully in the dryer, camped out under the dust cover on the bottom of the mattress, or locked in the pantry. Nope. She was NOT in the house. I reassured my son that she would probably return home and that she couldn't be far away.

At this point in the story, you need to know why I was so confident in MowMow's eventual return. MowMow was not Devin's first cat. Just six days after he got 10-week-old Nekko in June, she escaped. And after nine days of looking for her everywhere, we figured she couldn't have survived, so he got MowMow. As luck would have it, Nekko was found two days after MowMow joined the family, so Devin had two cats.

When MowMow disappeared, we knew what we had to do. We placed notices on lost and found pet sites and on Otoe County Swap & Talk on Facebook, we called veterinary clinics, and we drove up and down the streets calling her name and asking everyone we saw if they'd seen her. And then we waited.

On day four, someone from Otoe County called Devin and said they had seen her a half a block over and four blocks down. She was alive. But by the time Devin got to her, that was no longer the case. She had been hit by a car. When Devin called and said, "Hey, Mom. I found MowMow," his voice told me what my next question should be.

"Is she dead?" I asked. And he told me the sad story. He was devastated, and I was too, but I asked him, "Did she have her collar on?"

"No," he replied. But it was her. Same length of hair. Same coloring. Her face was damaged,

*Continued on page 10 >>>>*

## Tragedy Strikes Peru

### Part 1

John C. Chatelain

William L. Nicholas received his master's and doctorate degrees from Colorado State College. Born in a sod house at Mason City, Custer County, Nebraska, he had served as principal and superintendent at schools in Tryon, Nebraska and Oshkosh, Wisconsin; as dean of men at Kearney state Teachers College; and as Director of Occupational Information and Guidance in the Nebraska Department of Vocational Education. He joined Peru as President in 1946. 1

Planning for the ebbs and flows of student enrollment at Peru was a serious challenge for Nicholas. The GI Bill of Rights, signed into law just 16 days after D-Day in 1944, transformed college campuses nationwide. The program provided about \$500 yearly for tuition, plus a living allowance, sparking a surge in college enrollment. The Peru campus was crawling with newcomers by 1946. Nicholas scrambled to find instructors to fill out his faculty roster, which had been depleted by the war years. Service discharge and termination of defense industry jobs accounted for much of the inflow of students. Freshman made up half of the student body for the 1946-47 school year. 2 By the early 1950s, however, the enrollment bubble had burst, dropping from 397 in 1950 to 269 in 1951. 3

Faced with the unsavory task of downsizing the faculty and offering fewer classes, Nicholas approached the department heads inquiring about positions to eliminate. One of those department heads was Dr. Paul A. Maxwell. Before joining Peru State College in 1929, Maxwell had taught high school math and science in the east. He was a member of many professional and community organizations. He had written a book and several articles on education. As an aside, I recall the Maxwell family residing in the English style cottage at the northwest corner of 8th and Washington, later occupied by Paul and Loretta Kruse.

On May 19, 1949, Dr. Maxwell wrote to Nicholas reporting some elective and low enrollment courses were being dropped from the education division, thereby making it possible to cut one professor's position.

Barney Kinley Baker came to Peru College in 1926 as a part time associate professor of science and education. He had served as principal and superintendent of secondary schools in Missouri, Oklahoma and Kansas and had been assistant professor of education at Pittsburg State Teachers College at Pittsburg, Kansas from 1922 to 1924. Baker took a leave of absence from teaching to earn his doctorate at the University of Kansas, becoming a full professor of psychology at Peru in 1933.

Baker usually taught fifteen hours each semester, while other professors averaged from seventeen to twenty-six hours of course work. He served on a single committee, while other faculty members generally participated in three or more committees or group sponsorships. He resisted extra-curricular duties such as working at sports events. After 1948, Baker allegedly became uncooperative at meetings of the education division, remaining silent or giving only negative comments, behavior that apparently irritated Maxwell. On June 23, 1949 Maxwell and Nicholas met with Baker to discuss the possibility of his dismissal. 4 TO BE CONTINUED!

1. Nebraska's First College: Shaping the Future Since 1867: 110

2. Ibid: 111

3. Ibid: 136

4. Nancy Handy Moran, "Tragedy at Peru State College: The Murders of William Nicholas and Paul Maxwell," Nebraska History 69 (1988): 131-141



## Tuesday Literary Club Reads

DiAnna Loy, Tuesday Literary Club

Staying with our theme of senior authors, Fran Eltiste chose Braiding Sweetgrass by Robin Wall Kimmerer for her book talk in April. Kimmerer is trained as a scientist and is a member of the Citizen Potawatomi Nation; as such she brings both of these together to look at the world in a unique way that brings the best of both worlds together.

In the opening parts of the book, Kimmerer gives the Potawatomi words for many things. One of the things that concerns her is that her native language has been mostly lost. She has gone to many gatherings of elders that are held for the purpose of speaking the Potawatomi language. She has gone so far as to take lessons to bring this native language into her life; even exposing her students in their classroom projects. This brings the reader into her story in a real way, but it also adds a degree of difficulty to the reading. It slowed me down, causing me to struggle with the unfamiliar words. I finally decided to read past these native language words. I thought I might regret it as I continued to read on, but it worked out fine. It would have been different if I had been read the material as part of a class. Fran solved the problem by getting an audio copy of the book and listening to the book as she read her paper copy. She was pleased with the way that worked.

This book is divided into sections that while relating to the whole, could certainly be read separately. I normally read very quickly but I was unable to do that with this book. I was enjoying it, and it was calming as I read. When Fran mentioned that it might be kept and read a bit at a time, I thought that would be perfect. On a bedside table or by a favorite chair to pick up a read a chapter here and there would be a perfect way to read this book. It would never get old and the goodness and calmness I felt while reading would last for a longer time.

One of the sections in the book involve the process of making maple syrup in the time-honored way of tapping the maple trees, hanging buckets from the spikes, collecting buckets, carting them to the sugar house, boiling them to concentrate the syrup, and packaging the syrup for storage. The author went into great detail and explained why with each step. She also told how some of the people had started doing things in different ways to make it faster and easier.

In another section the author talked about buying an old farmhouse on an acreage with a pond. Her purpose was to provide a home for her daughters where they could roam, have horses, and swim in the pond. Once she got started on the algae choked pond, it took her 12 years to make it so someone could swim in it. By then her daughters were grown and no longer interested in either swimming or the pond. This section was especially interesting as she talked about all of her gardens and the things she did so that she would not have to use chemicals to enhance her harvest.

Still another section talked about making baskets. It was extremely detailed and interesting. From felling the trees, turning the tree into splints, and actually weaving the basket. There's another section on harvesting Sweetgrass and which method is best for the grass, so it continues to grow and prosper. Oh, and another section is about...

Obviously I cannot talk about all the sections of the book, but they are all worth reading whether you decide to read it all at once, or a bit at a time.

``Happy reading!``

<<<< Feline *Continued from page 9*

but I'm sure it's MowMow. I want to bury her at your place, next to Cinders." It was 9:30 in the morning, and I was expected to help with a funeral dinner at 11:00, but I told him I'd come get him and get out all the shovels, wheel barrow, etc. He'd have to bury her on his own. Once he was armed for the sad work ahead, I said goodbye to MowMow for one last time in her wrapping of old sheet, and then I left Devin to his task, while I went to fulfill mine. Afterwards, I took him home. He was very quiet, but he assured me that he had buried her well and had prayed for her.

Later that evening, while I was sitting on the sofa, I again remembered that MowMow wasn't wearing her collar. And then I had that niggling suspicion parents sometimes get: What if he buried the wrong cat?

I actually called my friend Cate and asked, "What am I going to do if we have the Tomb of the Unknown Feline in my back yard? I suppose I'll have to build a cenotaph and let people in to watch the ceremony."

The next morning, my phone rang again. It was Devin. "Mom! Guess what!"

"MowMow came home?" I replied. "How did you know," he asked?

"It was the missing collar!" I explained. "But I didn't say anything to you in case I was wrong. Where was she?"

"In the landlord's garage," he said.

"When I went up to pay the rent, his wife told me my cat was in their garage. I told her she couldn't be, because we had buried her the day before, but she insisted I look. When I called her name, she came out from under one of their vehicles."

We talked for a minute or two about "the miracle" and about how Devin had said prayers over a cat he had never met, and how that cat was now buried in my back yard. "I know," I said. Let's call it Who. That way, when people ask, "Who's buried there?" We can say, "Yep! Who is buried right there."



## You, Too, Can Become a Parli-Pro – Part V

Marty Peregoy, Peru

This is the final installment of a five-part series on the basics of parliamentary procedure. The first four articles focused on main motions, subsidiary motions, incidental motions and general consent. This article focuses on the amending of motions.

Amending a motion has a couple of different purposes. It can be used to weaken or kill a motion, which we will not be discussing here, or it can be used to improve a motion. Many times in a meeting, a motion will be stated that has some great points but is not perfect. For example, someone might say, “I move that we contribute \$150 to the XYZ charity.” Suppose that your group has contributed to the XYZ charity each year for the past several years, but due to inflation, you feel that the amount of the donation should be higher. That is when you might move to amend the motion. Amending a motion is a bit tricky, because the person who made the first motion “owns it” up until the point that the chair repeats the motion, and the maker’s permission must be asked before it can be changed. If the motion has already been seconded, then the permission of the person who seconded the motion must also be asked before it can be changed. Once the chair restates the motion, the motion no longer belongs to the maker of the motion but to the group, so the group must second and vote on any amendments.

That is why discussion following the making and seconding of a motion is so important. During the discussion, members of the group might decide that they would like the motion better if parts of it were changed. They can either vote against the motion when voting takes place, or if they feel that others feel that a change would save the motion, they can move to amend it. Here is what that dialogue might look like.

**Move to Amend:** The person asking for an amendment to the previously made motion of “contributing \$150 to the XYZ charity” might state, “I move to amend the motion to contribute money to the XYZ charity by replacing the amount of \$150 with the amount of \$250.” Start the motion to amend by saying, “Move to Amend” followed with “by striking the words ABC,” “by inserting the words ABC,” or “by replacing the words ABC.”

If the chair has not yet restated the motion, the original maker of the motion will then be asked by the chair, “Do you consider this a friendly amendment?” In other words, are you okay with the change? If he is, he replies in the affirmative, then the seconder of the motion is asked if he considers this to be a friendly amendment. If he agrees, then the proposed change of words takes place, and the motion now before the group is whether or not to contribute \$250. Discussion and voting then take place, and the meeting continues.

- If the seconder of the original motion does not consider the amendment to be friendly, then a new second for the motion must be found or the motion will fail due to lack of a second, and the meeting will continue.

- If the maker of the original motion does not consider the amendment friendly, he will respond with, “No, I do not consider this a friendly amendment.” In that case, the original motion will continue in its original form but will be delayed. The chair will then ask if there is a second to the amendment. If there is none, the amendment fails, and discussion and the vote on the original motion continue, followed by the rest of the meeting.

- If the amended motion receives a second, then discussion and voting on the amended motion must take place before discussion and voting on the original motion. If the amendment passes, then the original motion ceases to exist. If the amendment does not pass, then discussion and voting on the original motion occur, and then the meeting continues.

- As you can see, this takes up a considerable amount of time when the purpose of parliamentary procedure is to streamline meetings. And keeping all the differing parts of the amendment process in their appropriate order is difficult, especially if more than one amendment to a motion is made. If you have an amendment, it’s best to make it only when you are certain that the majority of the group, including the maker of the original motion, will be in favor. Otherwise, wait for the vote on the original motion before the group, and if it fails, then make your motion.



St. Clara’s Catholic Church  
604 6th Street

Pastor Fr. Timothy Danek  
Mass - Sunday 8:30 am

Confessions - Sunday 8:00-8:20 am



Northridge Church  
808 5th Street

Pastor Daniel Hutchison  
Services - Sunday 10:00 am



Peru Community Church  
520 Nebraska Street

Pastors Raymond & Rebecca Girard  
Services - Sunday 10:45 am

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<<<< Conserve Water *Continued from page 8*

an hour's work per barrel. Either way, the homemade version will be much cheaper, but not as decorative as the pre-fabricated barrel, and all barrels need to be emptied and stored for winter.

Never waste water by allowing it to go down the drain while you wait for it to warm up or cool down. Do you have an on-demand water heater or a water heater that takes forever to heat up? Then a bucket or two to capture the warming water prior to stepping under the shower is a good idea. The clean water can be used for dishes, animal bowls, washing vegetables, home cleaning, etc.

Keep a pitcher of cold water in the refrigerator rather than letting the tap run, and cut down on dirty dishes by giving everyone their own glass to use throughout the day rather than getting a new one each time. Rinse hand-washed dishes in a tub of water that can be taken outside afterward to water plants. Wash dishes in a tub of soapy water that can be used to kill unwanted plants.

Take a military style shower by limiting it to five minutes and running the water only to get wet or to rinse off. Turn the shower off while soaping. Turn off the tap while brushing your teeth. Use less water in your tub and do as they did in the old days: cleanest to dirtiest family members bathe in order, using the same water.

You can even keep a gallon plastic jug of water on your picnic table to warm during the day, then use it to take a military style shower. Be sure to test the water before using it - it can get uncomfortably warm after a day in the sun. Give kids their own jug and let them decorate it - old vinegar or bleach jugs work great. All they need to complete their shower is a soapy sponge and a towel.

Doing laundry? Only run a full load. Wear clothes more than once if possible. And we all know the toilet water conservation poem. The gist is that liquids can wait, but solids need to be flushed immediately. If possible, run your dishwasher less often.

Do you run an air-conditioner or a dehumidifier? Both of those put off excess water that can be saved in a container and used for watering plants. And a well-mulched plant can go much longer without water, so invest in some mulch or reuse your grass-clippings or compost.

Do you have additional water-saving ideas? Post them on Facebook for others to benefit from your wisdom. I'm sure that sooner or later we will have too much rain or too much snow and will be able to complain about them again. In the meantime, do what you can for the betterment of your community.

A 55-gallon drum remade into a rain barrel can provide hundreds of free gallons of water per year. "Water from this barrel will be used for rhubarb, strawberry, and blackberry gardens."

Conversion cost is \$40 on Amazon



## Vietnam Wall

Bruce Madsen

Now this is what's left, my name on a wall  
It's all my life amounted to, that's it, that's all  
Not much to show for my short time here  
The Hopes and Dreams that I had, just disappeared

You know, I had wonderful parents, I had a Great Life  
I grew up happy, no fears, no strife  
I had so many friends, just so much fun  
So many girls that I knew, I wanted to hug and kiss each one

But the news of the day was all about war  
In a little skinny country that was so far away  
And many like me were part of the build-up  
The Draft was on, and our numbers were up

I was a boy when I left, head strong and invincible  
But I soon realized that I was, definitely expendable  
With bullets flying, I was scared to death  
Not knowing when I would breathe my last breath

And then one day it came in the fiercest of fights  
I never felt nothing, just the loss of light  
Didn't get to say good-bye to anything I knew  
Death was instant, and painlessly.....true

But the eyes of my soul hover around the letters of my name  
Over the years I've seen everyone that came  
To remember us who died and gave their all  
We're the ones that didn't run, the ones that didn't hide, the ones that answered the call

People came from everywhere around  
They would search and look until they found  
The one remembered, the one they still loved  
And offer a prayer for his soul to the one up above

My Mom and Dad are gone now, but once they came and found my name  
Among all the others that did not survive this deadly game  
My Mom stood close to me, she prayed and wondered why  
My Dad stood by her side alone, bowed his head and cried

And I remembered an old man who walked with a limp  
Walked up to the wall and stood there.....silent  
Found my name and caressed it with his fingers  
While his mind went back to a memory that still lingers

I knew the guy, his name was Bill  
He was right there beside me when we fought our way up that hill  
We were close friends at the time and we made a pact  
To watch out for each other, and protect each others back

Now, again he's with me, just like before  
When we were just young kids fighting in a war  
He stood for awhile, until his body went weak  
Then I saw the grief on his face, and I saw the tears on his cheeks

My friend made it home and I was glad to see  
That his name was not included on this wall like all the others and me  
He got his chance to fulfill his dreams  
He got his chance to be part of life's great scheme

You know, we all wanted to come back in one piece and alive  
And not be part of some military archive  
But the names of the many engraved on this wall  
Will hopefully be remembered and respected in the hearts of us ALL!

# ARBOR CITY NEWS

## *Morton-James Public Library Calendar of Events May 2025*

All activities held at Morton-James Public Library (unless otherwise noted) 923 1st Corso, Nebraska City, NE 68410

For questions call 402-873-5609 or visit [morton-jamespubliclibrary.com](http://morton-jamespubliclibrary.com)

### **Chess Club**

Every Thursday

4:00-6:00 PM

### **Humanities Nebraska Program**

Joan of Arc: Saint, Witch, Madwoman, Hero?

Presented by Carole Levin

Thursday, May 1

7:00PM

### **Voices from Ellis Island with Pippa White**

The Gateway to America, the front door to freedom, the Island of Tears.

From 1890 to 1930, Ellis Island was the first experience of life in America for millions of immigrants.

Their stories are amusing, frightening, inspiring, and true.

Sunday, May 4

2:00PM

### **Lego Club**

Must be 8 years and older to join.

Monday, May 5

3:30-5:00PM

### **Story Time – Picnic**

Wednesday, May 7

10:00AM

### **Yarn Crafters Club**

Join us to work on your crocheting or knitting skills and projects. Club is for all levels of crafters. Bring your own hooks, yarn, needles, whatever you need to make your yarn craft. Club members will be here to help those beginning.

Free to attend. Everyone welcome 15 and older.

Wednesday, May 7

1:30-3:00PM

### **Library Closed for Training**

Friday, May 9

All Day

### **Many Books, One Community, Watercolor Program**

All ages are invited to join us at the Morton-James Public Library to celebrate the art theme of MBOC with a watercolor program. We will have watercolors available with various textures and papers for you to create a unique piece of art!

Saturday, May 10

10:00AM

### **Library Board Meeting**

Wednesday, May 14

4:00PM

### **Writers' Workshop**

Join us to get feedback on your own writing and to learn more about the craft of writing.

Saturday, May 17

10:00AM

### **Puzzle Tournament**

Sunday, May 18

Check in 12:30PM

Competition 1:00-4:00PM

### **Lego Club**

Must be 8 years and older to join.

Monday, May 19

3:30PM-5:00PM

### **Day Book Club**

*The Housemaid* by Freida McFadden

Tuesday, May 20

2:00PM

### **Story Time - Butterflies**

Wednesday, May 21

10:00AM

### **Evening Book Club**

*In Five Years* by Rebecca Serle

Wednesday, May 21

5:30PM

### **Nebraska Author Visit**

Author Tammy Marshall

Mystery, Crime and Suspense Writer

Thursday, May 22

6:00PM

### **Library Closed**

Monday, May 26

All Day

### **Adult Craft Class - Dried Flower Mark**

Register 402-873-5609

Wednesday, May 28

7:00PM

### **Farmers Market Booth**

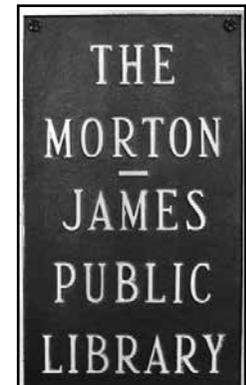
At Veterans Memorial Building parking lot 810 1st Corso.

Stop by to pick up a free bookmark craft kit and other fun giveaways.

Kids can play at the bubble station!

Thursday, May 29

4:30-5:30PM



# ARBOR CITY NEWS

*News from Nebraska City*

## NEBRASKA CITY MUSEUMS AND ATTRACTIONS OPEN FOR SEASON

While a few of Nebraska City's museums and attractions welcome visitors all year long, the rest opened for the season on Arbor Day weekend at the end of April. A few of the sites have special events to showcase for 2025.

### **KIMMEL ORCHARD & VINEYARD**

Kimmel Orchard & Vineyard (5995 G Road) is celebrating 100 years in 2025. Opened in 1925 by Richard and Laurine Kimmel, the orchard grows apples, cherries, and other fruits and vegetables. Crowd favorites include apple cider and fresh apple donuts. Kimmel Orchard is also focused on hands-on learning options for youth and is home to the Pollinator Playground. Kimmel Orchard has events planned throughout the year to commemorate their 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary; they kicked it off in March with an American Architecture Quilt Workshop and hosted a car show in April. The rest of the year is as follows:



MAY 3: Apple Blossom Dinner (reservation only)  
MAY, JULY, AUG: Third Friday Wine events  
JUNE 21: Antique Tractor Show  
SEPT 20-21: Applejack Festival  
SEPT 27-28: Applejack Festival & Build Your Own Scarecrow Workshop  
SEPT 27-OCT 11: Scarecrow Festival (Haunted Hayrack Tours Oct. 4 and 11)  
OCT 11: Outdoor Movie Night  
NOV 11: Armistice Day Video Salute to Kimmel's 100 Years  
NOV 29: Christmas at Kimmel, Santa's Workshop  
DEC 5-6: German Christmas Market & Enchanted Twinkle Tours

Details about all Kimmel events can be found at [KimmelOrchard.org](http://KimmelOrchard.org).

### **KREGEL WINDMILL FACTORY MUSEUM**

The Kregel Windmill Factory Museum at 1416 Central Avenue recently received designation as a National Historic Landmark by the National Park Service. An official unveiling of the plaque occurred on Arbor Day weekend.

The Kregel Windmill Factory Museum serves as a time capsule of factory life at the end of the Industrial Revolution. The Museum houses over one million artifacts and contains all the original equipment used in the production of ELI windmills, operating out of the same building from 1903 until 1991. The site opened as a museum in 2013. For more information, visit [KregelWindmillFactoryMuseum.org/](http://KregelWindmillFactoryMuseum.org/)



### **MISSOURI RIVER BASIN LEWIS & CLARK INTERPRETIVE TRAIL & VISITOR CENTER**

The MRB Lewis & Clark Visitor Center (100 Valmont Drive) sits on a scenic 79 acre wooded bluff overlooking the Missouri River. The Center focuses on the flora and fauna of the 1804-1806 Lewis & Clark Expedition and includes detailed hands-on displays and beautiful walking trails.

Since 2023, a group of volunteers has worked tirelessly to erect a winter lodging camp replica based on the design of what was built by the Corps of Discovery in 1803 near St. Louis. Named the "Wood River Fort", the site features five separate log cabins built by hand, each with working wood stoves or fireplaces. The Lewis & Clark Center hosts reenactors once a month on the second Saturday; those reenactors are dressed in period gear and demonstrate the skills that would have been used in the Lewis & Clark era.

The Lewis & Clark Center is open daily for tours; visit [LewisandClarkVisitorCenter.org](http://LewisandClarkVisitorCenter.org) for more information.



*Top Left:* Richard and Laurine Kimmel at Kimmel Orchard.

*Bottom Left:* Kregel Windmill Factory in its heyday.

*Above:* The Lewis & Clark Center Wood River Camp replica.

# ARBOR CITY NEWS

News from Nebraska City

Summer fun in  
Nebraska City!



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**NEBRASKACITY.COM**



“Floats” in Arbor Day Parade

# ARBOR CITY NEWS

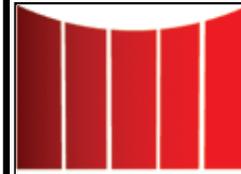
News from Nebraska City

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## NEBRASKA CITY'S FARMERS MARKET LOOKING FOR VENDORS

The 2025 Nebraska City Farmers Market is open to new vendors, specifically those selling produce.

"We are very interested in getting more gardeners involved," said Amy Allgood, one of the market organizers. "We advertise that the market features fresh produce, baked goods, and handmade items, but we are saturated with those last two and don't have enough of the first one."

The 2025 Farmers Market will begin for the summer season on **Thursday, May 22, and runs through Thursday, August 28.** The Market is open from 3:45 until 6 p.m. and encompasses the Memorial Building parking lot at the corner of 8th Street and 1st Corso and 8th Street itself from 1st Corso half a block north to the alley. Each week there is a Kids Korner with a special craft, story time, or educational activity offered free to children whose parents are visiting the market. The Kids Korner is from 4:30 to 5:30 p.m.

Any gardeners with produce to sell who have an interest in reserving a booth at the Farmers Market this summer should contact Allgood at [amy@nebraskacity.com](mailto:amy@nebraskacity.com)

Booth space can be rented weekly or for the entire season at a discount.

## Tea by Bureikou

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# ARBOR CITY NEWS

News from Nebraska City



The Mayor of Nebraska City speaks to the crowd attending the Windmill Historical Landmark Dedication

**THIS "ELI" WINDMILL**

The "ELI" windmill was the first one of its kind produced by the Regal Windmill Factory of Nebraska City, NE, in 1892. It was named after the great-grandfather of the Regal family, Eli Regal. The windmill was built by the Regal family and was one of the first self-running windmills of the late 19th century. It was the first of its kind to be built in Nebraska.

Established in 1879, by George F. Regal, the Regal Windmill Factory was one of the first to produce self-running windmills. The factory was built on the site of the Regal family homestead. The factory was one of the first to produce self-running windmills. The factory was one of the first to produce self-running windmills.

Windmills have been used for irrigation, pumping, and for lifting since the 19th century. In the early days of the United States, the development of the "self-running windmill" was the major factor that allowed farming and resulted in new areas that were otherwise deemed as nearly inaccessible areas. This self-running windmill was a major factor in the development of the "self-running windmill" and was one of the first to be built in Nebraska.

Recognition of this piece of Nebraska City's heritage was made possible by many partners including but not limited to the City of Nebraska City, The Regal Windmill Factory Museum, The SBOP Foundation, The Nebraska City Utility Company, & "Grandpa Eli" Windmill.



"Though most have fallen silent or been replaced by electric pumps, many still stand, either restored or weathered by decades of sun and wind."

## Whispers in the Windmill; Stories Carried on the Plains

To visit a historic windmill site today, such as the Windmill Historical Landmark at Nebraska City, is to step into a different era. Close your eyes and listen. You may hear the whisper of old voices: a grandfather telling stories on the porch, a mother calling her children to supper, a hired hand whistling a tune while pumping water for the livestock. The windmill was there for it all.

For over a century, windmills stood tall across the Great Plains—silent sentinels spinning in the breeze, lifting water from deep below to sustain life above. They were more than mere machines. To farm families, they were as essential as sunlight and as familiar as the front porch. Their slow, steady rhythm was the sound track of rural life.

In Nebraska and across the Midwest, the Aermotor and Dempster windmills became iconic. Farmers trusted their rhythmic creaks to signal that all was well. Kids learned to climb them, sometimes against stern warnings, claiming a view of the entire homestead from the dizzying heights. On quiet evenings, those blades turned like clock hands marking time, and their shadows danced on barn walls as the sun dipped below the horizon.

Though most have fallen silent or been replaced by electric pumps, many still stand, either restored or weathered by decades of sun and wind. Some are centerpieces in small-town parks or historical farms. Others rise unexpectedly from tall grasses like steel daisies from a bygone season.

These relics of utility now serve a new purpose: connection. They invite reflection on a time when life was slower, rooted, and wholly dependent on nature's rhythms. They also inspire us to preserve the stories of those who lived under their turning blades.

Whether you're traveling through the countryside or attending a local festival, keep an eye out for these quiet giants. Pause beneath one. Listen carefully. The wind still turns them—and in that turning, perhaps, they still speak.



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# Window On Fifth Street

Stephen Hassler, Peru

Sometimes I recall memories by gazing out my window on Fifth Street. It was a three-hour drive to our farm from Omaha, and Papa had never learned to drive. So every so often my mom would take the old Ford to Omaha to fetch her father and bring him out for a week or so. As a ten-year-old, I don't recall much about his visits overall, but I do remember the day he asked if I knew a path we could take for a walk. I was thrilled. I knew every cow path on our farm by heart, those narrow, worn trails cut into the pasture from several directions, each one converging at the lane that led to the barnyard.

I immediately knew that the best route, the lane south of the house that led to the creek crossing. This was a traffic lane for farm machinery and it was powdered with soft dirt. Dirt that felt cool between your toes, or that burst into clouds of dust when you kicked it with your shoes.

Most of the time, the creek was a dry ditch meandering through the pasture from one end of the farm to the other. The pasture bordered both sides of the creek, undesirable land, good for nothing but grass and weeds, because after a measurable rain, the creek would overflow its banks.

But that creek was my seashore, my loch, my now-and-then river of dreams, where I poled my raft and sailed my clipper ship, a passage through a child's dreamscape. When looking down at the shifting ripples beneath me, I would feel a strange sensation, like the world was gliding past, though I remained still.

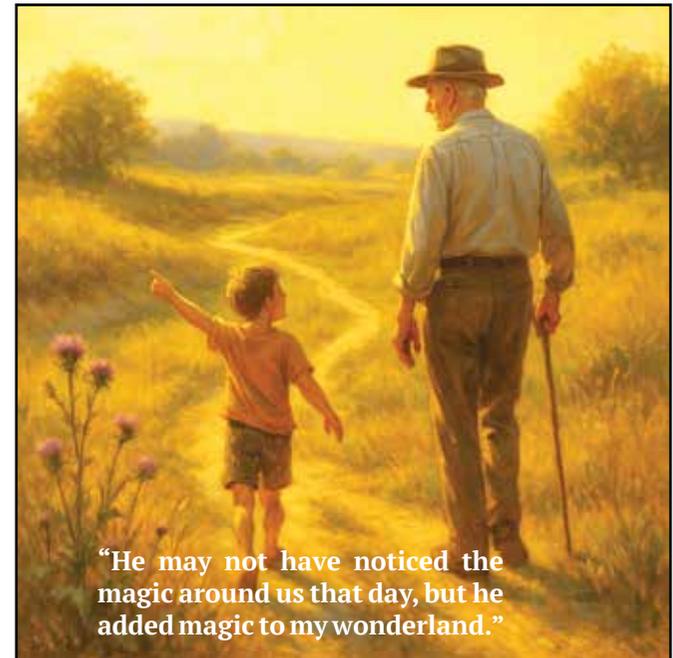
Before we reached the creek, I guided us to the right, beginning a slow arc that would take us back around the far west side of the farmstead. We were in the pasture, walking the narrow path the cows had worn into the ground on their way back to the barnyard, toward the water tank and the barn stalls where the evening milking waited.

I was an enthusiastic tour guide, pointing out the Canada thistles where I chased butterflies, and the deep bend in the creek that was the last spot to dry up between thunderstorms. I rambled on about the treasured spots around me, like the shallow stretch of creek water where children could walk through with rubber boots on, scooping up crayfish and tadpoles with a kitchen strainer. And the wooden plank bridge my father built to drive the tractor across to the fields.

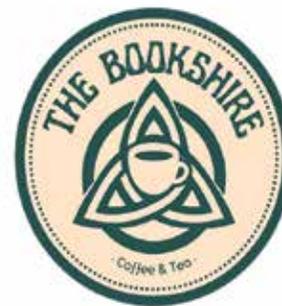
By this time, I realized that Papa was not paying a whole lot of attention to me. I was trying to show him what a magic land we were walking through. But he was looking straight ahead, walking briskly with his cane. Perhaps he was tiring, or was deep in thought. I wonder now what might have been on his mind. I'm not sure he ever knew how much that walk meant to me.

We followed the creek for a few hundred yards before turning right again, up the gentle slope toward the lane the cattle took each evening. Our semi-circular tour ended with a final stroll downhill to the farmhouse. I wish I knew if he had said something to my mother about the walk, perhaps a passing remark about his guide or perhaps nothing at all.

He may not have noticed the magic around us that day, but he added magic to my wonderland. Grandparents might not always realize what sticks, but this one time, it was a walk in the country that has stuck in my memory for a lifetime. Even if it's a bit fuzzy now, through my window on Fifth Street.



"He may not have noticed the magic around us that day, but he added magic to my wonderland."



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**Call Lydia at 402-274-5460**



# P o e t r y

by Devon Adams, Nebraska City

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## DREAMING WITH THE MOON

Summer curtains at your open windows are breathing in and out with a little breeze. A cricket chirp comes inside your dream and your mind shifts to a long ago date with a crush from high school. You are there under a silver moon, wishing time would stop and stay there forever. And it is still there, saved in your heart.

## DARK SKIES

A gentle spring day, with soft sighs of air currents carrying sweet scents from blooming bushes and trees, can change into a black shadow of destruction. In seconds, puffy popcorn clouds will rise and grow an anvil top that reaches for miles around. Angry lightning flashes from the bottom of the storm mountain, as a sickly greenish light tints the dark gray of a hail core. Chaos erupts, as bullets of ice grow into killer cannon balls that will break anything they hit. A nightmare of ruin remains.

## SHORT CIRCUITS

Do you have some frayed connections with old friends? Time is not your friend. It will trick you into thinking that you will call tomorrow. But that doesn't happen. One day doesn't always follow another. At some point people run out of days. What is more important than having close ties? Money can't buy them. Neglect won't keep them. Call today.

## By Artist, Devon Adams PENCIL AND WATERCOLOR PORTRAITS OF

PEOPLE, ANIMALS, & BUILDINGS

*Drawn from your photographs.*



### PENCIL

8x10 mat: \$25  
11x14 mat: \$35  
16x20 mat: \$55

### WATERCOLOR

8x10 mat size: \$45  
11x14 mat size: \$70  
16x20 mat size: \$100

### Send to:

Devon Adams

1220 Oak Street, Apt. A, Box 9 Nebraska City, NE 68410

adamsdevon07@gmail.com 402-209-9377

## BEE CAREFUL

If we listened to bees, they would tell us that we are part of a circle of life that is a chain with many links. Broken links break little lives, but without those lives, the system weakens until it fails. People aren't smarter to control with chemicals, they just have more power to make the wrong decisions.

## RIVERS AND RAIN

Some rivers run, always, and others walk, slowly. The mighty muscles of the Missouri River reach their long tenacles far away across the plains and into the mountains. But little rivers are local, and beg the sky for rain. Wells drink deeper, and last longer. Sometimes the old way is the best.

## Letters from the Prairie

Spring, 1887

Nemaha County, Nebraska

(See explanation, page 3)

Letter from Anna Wilhelmine Bauer to her sister Klara in Germany.

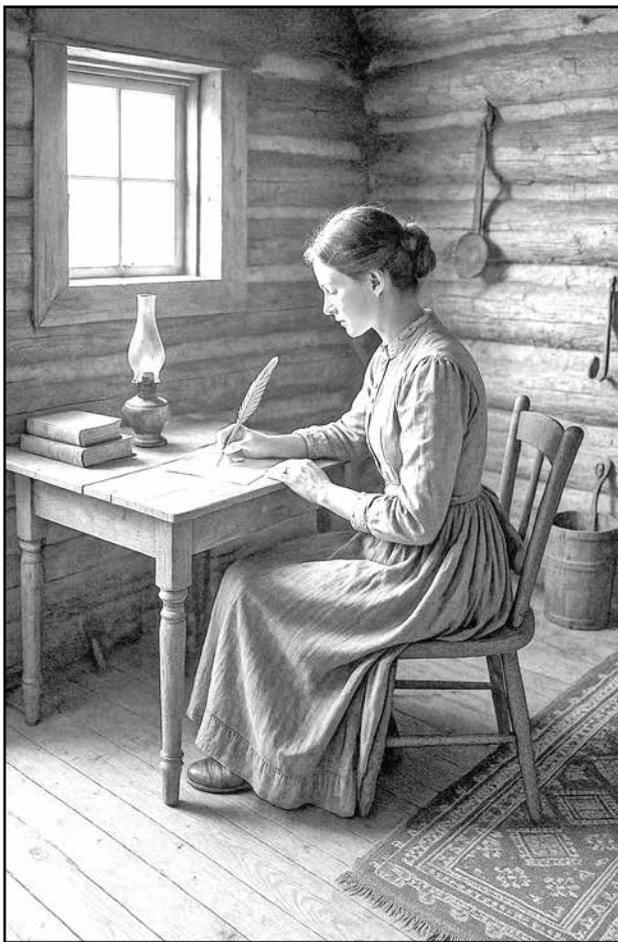
My dearest Klara,  
The lilacs are beginning to leaf, and the snow has melted into the ditches like spilled milk. I stood barefoot in the garden yesterday morning, yes, barefoot! The soil was still chilled, but I needed to feel it beneath me, to remember we are alive and growing. Johann is building a new fence for the south pasture. He says we might keep a third cow if this year's hay is strong. I sewed new straps for the harness while the baby napped. The windmill sang overhead, and the rusted blades turned like old dancers in the breeze. It comforts me, that sound. Like time moving forward.

The children have grown so tall since Christmas. Lena reads the Psalms aloud before bed now, with hardly a stumble. Emil found the nest of a meadowlark in the fence row and left a thimble of cracked corn nearby. He is gentle that way.

The land is harsh but honest. It punishes laziness and rewards patience. Last week, we lost our first planting of beans to a frost. But the second planting is through the soil now, and Johann says this is how it is: you begin again, always.

I often think of you. I wonder if the streets of Frankfurt still bustle at the hour before dinner. Here, that time of day is our quietest. We stand by the barn door and watch the sky dim behind the cottonwoods. I close my eyes and listen for home. But then I hear the hens or the pump creaking or the windmill humming, and I know I am home after all.

With all my heart, Anna



## Letters from the Prairie (Based on diaries, letters and other historical records.)

The letters from Anna Wilhelmine Bauer to her sister Klara in Germany are fictional, but they are inspired by authentic immigrant histories and letter-writing traditions of the late 19th century. These types of personal correspondences were common among German immigrant families who had settled in Nebraska and the Great Plains. Many families retained close ties to relatives in the old country and shared accounts of weather, harvests, family events, and local developments, just like Anna does in her letters.

Anna's character is a fictional composite meant to evoke the real voices of women who built homes on the prairie. Her stories, emotions, and surroundings are rooted in historical detail, including emotional and spiritual ties to both the homeland and the new land.

***I want to continue Anna's letters each month. Do they remind you of your grandparents' stories? Please send your comments to;***

***countryneighbor@windstream.net***

Or use the mailing address on page 2.

*Thank you!*

## Letters from the Prairie

Summer, 1887

Nemaha County, Nebraska

Second Letter from Anna Wilhelmine Bauer to her sister Klara in Germany.

My dear Klara,

The summer sun climbs early and lingers long. I rise with the hens, just as the sky begins to pink, and I find time at day's end only now to write you. The wheat stands nearly to Johann's waist—such a sight! He says if the weather holds, we may have our strongest yield yet.

Yesterday, I traded a loaf of rye bread and a jar of gooseberry preserves for three duck eggs and a bolt of gingham. The peddler from Brownville stopped by with news: there's talk of a railroad spur heading south toward our valley. Johann is skeptical, but I let myself hope. Fewer miles to town would mean so much.

Little Lena bruised her shin while chasing the dog near the old ash tree. She cried more from embarrassment than pain. Emil comforts her like a grown man, placing cool cloths and telling stories. I can scarcely believe how they've grown. There are days I see my mother's eyes in Lena's face and I must turn away, overwhelmed by memory.

Do you remember our own childhood garden? Papa with his pipe, turning the soil by hand? I tried a second planting of carrots this year, this time shaded better. The wind here is so constant, it dries everything quicker than I expect. But oh, the sky! It stretches forever, Klara. And at night, the stars burn so bright it feels like I could reach and pluck one from the heavens.

Write to me. I need your words more than you know.

In love and hope,  
Anna

## Planting with Purpose: How to Build a Pollinator & Butterfly Garden

Pollinator gardens are more than just beautiful bursts of color in the landscape—they're a vital resource for some of nature's hardest workers. Bees, butterflies, hummingbirds, and other beneficial insects depend on a steady supply of nectar and pollen, especially as natural habitats shrink. With a little planning, anyone can turn a patch of yard—or even a few containers—into a haven for pollinators.

### Start with the Right Spot

Choose a sunny location, as most pollinator-friendly plants thrive in full sun (at least 6 hours per day). Good drainage is also important, so avoid low spots where water tends to collect and sit.

### Focus on Native Plants

Native flowers are best adapted to your region's climate and soil, and they provide familiar food sources for local pollinators. In most areas, plants like milkweed, cone-flowers, bee balm, black-eyed Susan, goldenrod, and blazing star are big hits with both butterflies and bees. The "Swamp Milkweed" is one variety of milkweed that is not invasive, and is wonderfully fragrant. Order plants or seeds through Amazon.

### Include Host Plants for Butterflies

To make your garden especially inviting for butterflies, include host plants where they can lay eggs and caterpillars can feed. Monarchs, for instance, rely on milkweed. Other great choices include parsley, dill, fennel (for swallowtails), and violets (for fritillaries).

### Choose a Variety of Bloom Times

Aim to have something blooming from early spring through fall. A succession of flowers ensures a continuous buffet for pollinators throughout the seasons. This requires some creativity to get it right.

### Skip the Pesticides

Even organic sprays can harm bees, butterflies, and caterpillars. Instead, attract natural pest controllers like ladybugs and birds by planting a diverse mix of flowers and herbs.

### Provide Water and Shelter

A shallow dish with pebbles and water offers a safe place for pollinators to drink. Flat stones give butterflies a place to sun themselves, while patches of bare ground and small brush piles offer shelter and nesting spots. Google "puddler for butterflies." Puddlers provide minerals and moisture for butterflies.

### Think Small or Large—Every Bit Helps

Whether you've got space for a large garden or just a few containers on the porch, every plant contributes to the larger pollinator ecosystem. Even window boxes can help!

### Let It Grow a Little Wild

A tidy lawn has its place, but pollinators thrive in a bit of wildness. Leave a corner unmowed or let dandelions and clover bloom in early spring—you might be surprised at the life it attracts.

"We make a living by what we get.  
We make a life by what we give."  
Winston Churchill

Dear Friend of Mt. Vernon Cemetery,  
It takes a lot of hard work and dedication to keep our cemetery the scenic beauty that it is. The Mount Vernon Cemetery Association is a board of unpaid volunteers tasked with managing the perpetual care of the cemetery. The board members include: Theresa Westfall, Chair, Shirley Robbins, Secretary & Treasurer, Ray Girard, Ronda Hamilton, David Pease, Marty Peregoy and Phil Wemhoff. The seven board seats are held in perpetuity.

Groundskeeping was not the cemetery's largest expense in 2024, though it typically is. This year over \$14,000 went into repairing the Chapel's roof, fixing the brick and installing new glass brick windows to allow natural light in. After years of neglect the chapel is coming back to life! Today a new front door was installed that cost over \$6000! We hope you are as excited as we are to see the progress, but there is still a lot of work to do and a lot of money to raise. Your continued support in restoring the chapel is needed as we need to replace the basement doors, repair the walkway around the chapel, fix the interior walls and flooring and frame everything. We hope someday to be able to open the chapel to use. In addition to the chapel, the road has some large cracks and needs to be sealed to prevent continued deterioration. The road will cost an estimated \$15,000 to repair.

The Peru Cemetery Auxiliary exists to help raise money for the care and upkeep of Mt. Vernon Cemetery and to help the Peru community in times of need. The volunteers spend many hours every year making and serving funeral meals in support of community members after the loss of a loved one. These funeral meals are prepared and served at no cost to the family, but donations are encouraged. Each year the auxiliary donates a portion of funds raised to the Mt. Vernon Cemetery to support the cemetery's upkeep.

This year donations continue to be critical. The Peru Cemetery Auxiliary was able to give over \$17,000 in 2024 toward repairs of the chapel, new flags and in support of the groundskeeping, all because of caring people like you! We started Donation Recognition in 2024 that is posted on Facebook and will be posted at the interment list (we hope to move it inside the chapel once it is finished!). We will continue this for 2025, so get your donations in for the 2025 Donation Recognitions, Platinum Level for donations of \$1000 and up, Gold Level for donations of \$500+, Silver Level for donations of \$250+ and Honorable Mention for donations over \$100.

We are excited to announce that our Annual Memorial Day fundraiser will again include a Pancake Feed on Sunday, May 25th from 8 am – 11 am at Peru's City Hall. All are welcome and donations will be accepted at the event. Pancakes, sausage, eggs, juice & coffee will be served. Please consider donating to help complete the restoration of the chapel and the road at the cemetery and help preserve the beauty of our cemetery for generations to come! Memorials and donations are always accepted at any time throughout the year and may be mailed to:

Peru Cemetery Auxiliary  
c/o Theresa Westfall  
Peru, NE 68421.  
Thank you.



Nebraska City Middle School Marching Band, Arbor Day Parade

“Your Country Neighbor” is delivered to the following communities in Southeast Nebraska & NW Missouri.

**Auburn • Brownville • Cook • Falls City • Johnson • Julian • Nebraska City**

**Nemaha • Papillion • Peru • Rock Port • Syracuse • Tecumseh • Verdon**

**100<sup>th</sup> Third Friday Wine**  
KIMMEL ORCHARD & VINEYARD

Friday, May 16, 2025 from 6:00pm - 9:00pm

**Live Poetry!**  
 Enjoy poetry readings 6:30-7:30 pm  
 by Nebraska poets:  
 Allen & Angelica Stevenson  
 James Basken  
 Zedeka Poindexter  
 DJ Flyness

Special Guest Appearance  
**Jewel Rodgers**  
 Nebraska State Poet

**Meet & Greet**  
 6:00pm-6:30pm

**Trivia & Game Night!**  
 Test your knowledge about Kimmel Orchard & Vineyard's rich 100-year history. Or take your turn at lawn and table games including Cornhole, Connect 4, Bocce, Chess, Jenga and Tapple with family, friends, and neighbors.

Receive a **FREE 100<sup>th</sup> Year Anniversary WINE TOTE** with your purchase of four (4) bottles of wine.

Available to purchase  
**Charcuterie Box**

5995 G Road, Nebraska City, NE 402-873-5293 [kimmelorchard.org](http://kimmelorchard.org)



Snowy Egret



American Bald Eagle

Loess Bluffs National Wildlife Refuge, April, 2025