

The
Gary Interstate

Established Sept. 6, 1878; the only newspaper in the world solely interested in the welfare of Gary, SD and vicinity.

Owned and Published

By The

Gary Historical Association

A monthly newspaper with news of the past and present. August 2008 issue.

www.garysd.com

“The opinions in this paper do not necessarily reflect the views of the Gary Historical Association.”

Be informed of what is going on in your town!

Gary Historical Association Tuesday, August 12, 7:30 p.m.

at the Fire Hall meeting room

Gate City Development Association August 7, 7:00 p.m. This is the annual meeting to be

held at the Fire Hall meeting room

Gary Community Club July 28, 7:30 p.m. at the Fire Hall meeting room

Gary City Council Meeting, August 4, 2008 at 7:30 pm at City Hall

**Do you have an obit for anyone buried in Grandview Cemetery? Can you get a copy to us?
We would like to do a short history of each one buried there. Thanks for your help.**

Down Memory Lane

By Bernice Jensen

Dear Friends,

I looked at the calendar this morning and I can't believe August is just and a half weeks away. Oh, my goodness, school is starting soon.

I went to school and my children, school started after Labor Day.

I am sitting here thinking of each one of my children and what a sad day

Mother to send their child to school. We lived in the country, south of

Pipestone, Minnesota when our first child started school. Craig, both of

parents pride and joy was ready to go to school. I took him to visit the

country school about a mile and a half east of our farm site. Craig, as well as all my children,

enjoyed people. I knew he would be okay. The spring and summer passed and September was

coming up. With just a little money to spend and school clothes to buy, it was still a lot of fun.

The first day of school arrived, and both his mother and his father had a part in dressing him in

blue trousers, white polo shirt and a light blue jacket and red baseball cap. His lunch pail was

well stocked with a good sandwich, his favorite, peanut butter and jelly, cookies, cake, fresh fruit

and a thermos of milk. His father took him to school. They were both so proud. I watched them

leave down the long driveway lined with trees and met in the middle.

As I watched them leave, I thought, my little boy is growing into a little man. I wondered how hard his journey would be. He seems so secure now with his family, dog, brother and sister. A

mother would be happy if her children were always sage and comfortable in this ever competing

world. As the day went on, he was ever on my mind, hoping the children would be good to him

in the little country school where every one was related in a good way to each other.



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Around 4:15 pm, Richard, my husband, came in the house with a big smile on his face. He stated that he saw Craig walking down the road, and then he disappeared. This led to great concern, so Richard drove over to the road and called his name loud and clear. Craig jumped out of a big culvert; one you could stand up in. Richard asked why he was in the culvert? Craig said Mother gave me so much lunch, I could not eat it all, so I finished it before I came home; I didn't want to hurt her. She would think I didn't like her lunch. His father asked him if he wanted a ride, "Oh, no, I will walk home." Richard came ahead and told me not to ask questions. Finally, Craig came home. The first thing after greeting his family, he said that sure was a good lunch, Mom. Did you eat all of it? Yes, it was really good. He liked the oatmeal cookies. He changed clothes and he and his brother Reid got at their chores, gathering eggs, fire wood, and water for the house with small pails. They talked about school, Craig seemed proud to share his school experiences with his brother. All the children in the school made this comfortable for him. Three years went by and it was Reid's turn to start school. Our lives had changed so much since Craig's first day of school. We left the farm and moved into town. I worked in Lang's Drive Inn as night cook. It came time for Reid's first day of school and Reid, more like his mother, Yours truly, was not happy to start this new adventure. We shopped for school clothes, but his taste was different from mine. He thought a Davey Crockett hat would just hit the spot. Reid was a warm kind little boy with such beautiful big eyes, but sometimes got into trouble with his friends. His school wardrobe was similar to Craig's, only he would like to carry a cap gun in his pocket, so he and his friend Joe Crow, a native American boy, could play cops and robbers at recess time. Mother said that you can't do that.

The first day of school, I had a big lump in my throat, thinking of my precious little Reid, who just told me last week that if people never went to school, everyone would be too dumb to start wars. Everybody would be the same, Dumb!!

Well, I saw to it he was properly dressed and looked at that beautiful little boy. He would soon be a man and he would go out into the world and maybe serve in a war. He looked up at me and smiled the most beautiful smile, and asked if he could bring one of those beautiful apples to his teacher; I had polished them to a shine. Sure you can take one to your teacher. He picked out a nice one and with a big smile he waved and met his friends at the back gate, bearing a gift for his teacher.

When he arrived home, he was anxious to tell about his day. I asked if his teacher liked the apple. Oh yes, she said it was good. I know it was because I took a couple of bites out of it. Why??? Well I was hungry for an apple and I wondered if she would like it. I called the teacher the next day and apologized. She was so nice and laughed. She said that she will always remember the apple treat from Reid and she will never forget, Reid with his warm, loving personality.

Later that fall we moved from Pipestone to Gary, my home town. It was Richard and my home area. He and his family moved from Tripp, SD and he later joined the Navy. I felt we were home and loved it. After a year in Gary, a tragedy happened in our family that changed my life and the children's forever. Paula had a couple of years till she started school. We were living in a house in the south part of Gary. Paula loved her life in Gary; the Oswald children were a big part of her everyday playing. She and Kay Oswald would play all day with their dolls and playhouse and with her brothers Mark and Steven. Those memories are so beautiful I want to cry.

Paula's first day of school was very memorable. She was very quiet that morning and it took her so long to get ready to go. She had gone to visit Kindergarten and I went with her to visit,

thinking everything was alright. She walked out the door with a tear in her eye; I knew how she felt when I remembered my first day. I operated a beauty shop. I just opened the door and there was Paula. I am hungry; I want a large bowl of oatmeal and toast. Sure, I thought, a large bowl of oatmeal takes longer than dry cereal. Honey, that oatmeal is not going to make you feel better. You don't want to leave home, right? Okay, I'll leave a note on the door for my first customer and take you to school and we will walk, because that's what you will do. That's real nice, Mom, and we arrived at the school. I talked to the teacher and explained the change in our family. She lost her daddy and her sister. All three of us and myself, have had a sad time. Paula came home walking with a nice little boy names Randy Stangeland that she met in her grade. Randy said he would walk her every day to school and back and I promised to have an afternoon treat; always cookies and milk.

These are beautiful times to remember not only the children in our homes but all the neighbors were so kind and good. What ever part of Gary I lived in, the neighbors, and your friends were like family, the Oswalds, Earl and Mary Jones, Earl and Mary Gordon, Marietta Thomas, Eric and Lorraine Engeseth, Elmer and Hilda Rehder and Harvey Nelson; when one of the boys wanted to help him in the station, and my dear parents who had a burden of their own. I don't know how they did it. My good friend Agnes Helmbolt, who was always there with a positive attitude. I kind of got carried away with this writing and made myself cry.

Hang on to your happy memories; find the best in a terrible experience.

A quote from one of my nurses, the best memories are the ones that are so beautiful they make you cry.

Continued next month

MEMORIES FROM THE HEART

By Betty Schaefer McCormick

The other day my granddaughter was helping me hang clothes on the line. She mentioned that she wished her Mother would do this. I told her I was brought up helping with the wash and hanging clothes on the line. We hung them out all the seasons. In the winter the clothes would freeze dry. We would bring them indoors to finish drying and the house would smell so fresh and the extra humidity always helped to keep things moist and drying out. There is just something wonderful about going to bed with fresh sheets and pillowcases that have dried on the line. Plus you never have yellow colored clothes or clothes with deep stains. The sun and glare of the snow will fade them out. I do have a dryer but still enjoy hanging out clothes. So my granddaughter probably went home and asked her Dad to make her Mother clothes lines, because that is what Grandma told her to do.

I also miss the nice winds that would blow into my windows during the summer days. The curtains would blow so lightly and let the most beautiful smells into our house. Now with all the homes being air conditioned, many people don't get to enjoy those beautiful fresh smells. I even open my windows a bit during the winter just for a few minutes to let the fresh smell indoors. The breezes we have here in Wisconsin just aren't the same as those breezes in South Dakota. I still enjoy hanging sheet white curtains on my windows during the summer months. It brings back many memories of my room in Gary. My cats just love it when the windows are open all the time and they can sit on the sill and watch the birds and chipmunks. When we go away and must shut and lock the windows, they are not too happy with me. When we return home and they hear the sound of the windows going up, they come running.

The other thing I really miss from my childhood is the rain barrel. When we knew it was going to rain or a storm was on the horizon, the rain barrels would have their lids removed. The water was so wonderful for washing my long hair. The texture was just beautiful and I received many compliments on my hair. The clothes would be so soft because we rinsed our clothes in the collected rain water. When we drive through the Amish areas of Wisconsin, I can see they still have rain barrels, white clothes on the lines and sheer curtains on the windows. So as I am typing this little memory, my clothes are hanging on the line, the sheer curtains are blowing in the breeze, but I don't have a rain barrel.

Just a few "Memories from the Heart".

If you live in Gary and have your abstract handy, the Gary Historical Association would appreciate a list of the owners of the legal description that you live on starting with the railroad to present. We would like to do this for the whole town. Thanks for your help.

Pioneering in Dakota Territory

A reprint from an autobiography by John Stanley

Contributed by Diane Bartels Doyle

Entering Newspaper Work

Taking up my new job with Old Conk, I was despaired over the "copy" he gave me to "set", as it was almost impossible to read. But I finally managed to decipher it and was able to turn in satisfactory "proofs" of his editorials. At the end of the year he offered a considerably increased salary and suggested that if I remained with him I might become a part owner, making payment out of my salary over a long-term period. But I had already learned that good-hearted "Old Conk" was prone to making promises that were not kept and by that time I was impressed with the probability that some of the competition he had might seriously affect the success he was enjoying at that time-which proved true.

In the spring of 1883 the Gary Inter-State-which I consider as my "alma mater" in newspaper work, changed ownership and I was offered the full management, doing all the work from editing on down, if possible. With family ties and other friendly interests pulling on my young heartstrings to go back home, I accepted the job. Accordingly from the spring of 1883 to the spring of 1886 I conducted the Gary Inter-State. It was hard going at first due to the arrival there of an older, experienced and well publicized newspaper man from North Dakota, who had relatives in the town and was induced to start another paper there and was also encouraged by the fact that the owner of the Inter-State was a non-resident. He started his paper and told his friends he "would soon have the field to himself as that kid of the Inter-State was too inexperienced in the game to keep going." I was much scared and worried over the situation because I had never before experienced competition especially with an old and experienced newspaperman, and realized that a town of the size of Gary could not sustain two papers. This was a real challenge which I fear-fully accepted. To my own surprise, and no doubt to the surprise of the community, my paper prospered and the circulation grew, along with my confidence. No bitter editorial newspaper "fight", such as was customary in those days of journalism, had developed, but after one year's effort the rival paper closed its shop and moved to another nearby town that was just being established.

Enjoyed Becoming a Publisher

I greatly enjoyed the next two years there in Gary, though it was devoted to long hours of hard work, doing all of the work myself-mechanically and otherwise. But all the while I was keeping an eye open for some place where I might establish a paper of my own. Dakota Territory was being rapidly settled by homesteaders and all towns were fairly prospering. I had not forgotten what I had heard while in Watertown about the great possibilities of the Black Hills, where the extensive Homestake gold mines were being developed. A young lawyer from Rapid City (John Shrader) had been a speaker at the banquet of the Masonic Grand Lodge when it met at Watertown and had told of the great natural mineral resources, the beauty, the superb climate, and of the vast stock raising and agricultural advantages of the

Black Hills region. His eloquence in describing the charm of that area resulted in Rapid City being selected as the next meeting place of the Grand Lodge, and had certainly aroused my own interest. By the spring of '86, by correspondence and by talking with people who had been there, I had become sufficiently familiar with the Black Hills to want to go there and find a place to establish a newspaper of my own.

So it was that in April 1886, I resigned my job with the Inter-State, having managed during the previous five years to save enough from my meager wages to buy an "army press" and some type. At that time there were no railroads crossing Dakota Territory to the Black Hills, the nearest route being south through Sioux City, Iowa, then west through Nebraska, and north to Buffalo Gap, that being the end of the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railway line building into the Hills. From Buffalo Gap to Rapid City and Deadwood stagecoaches provided the transportation.

It was a dark, dismal April morning when I departed from Gary and my heart was heavy. I realized that for the first time I was leaving the environment of family and friends, going out into a new world with which I was unfamiliar. At the station I vividly recall how father sought to cheer me, finally remarking: "You must burn the bridge behind you." At the moment I wasn't so sure that I wanted to burn any bridges behind me, though down in my heart I was convinced I was making the right move. Being a publisher of even a small country newspaper was, to me, (still in my early twenties,) a big undertaking, especially as a "tenderfoot" out beyond the end of the railroad in the wild and woolly west. I knew I would be close to being broke, financially, on reaching my destination-but in any case I would have my little army press and type, which was all that mattered. For anyone having the courage of his convictions the undeveloped west was a great place to put them to work.

Gary Historical Association

Newsletter from the President

Our July 19, 2008 meeting was held on that date at the fire department meeting room.

The new front door for the Jail House/Information Center has been installed. We will also be stocking the information center with three new brochures that Travis Baer developed for us. These were printed by the DNB Bank. They have several old pictures of Gary. There is also a pamphlet on the railroad and one on what we have at our museums for the visitors to see. These will be free to the public. Jeff Nothem has also completing the electrical system for us. We are also working with others in town to put permanent signs at the east and south edge of town that will give a WOW effect for those that drive by. We want them to remember Gary, SD. The sign by the Catholic Church is complete.

The cemetery histories are going well. We're getting contributions of obits from individuals in the community as well as alumni. It will make a great history presentation when it is done. We are also putting our best foot forward to help this community make the Lac Qui Parle Creek a real asset for the community.

The "Knob Hill" trail and picnic area are making progress. Did you know that one of the oldest oak trees in the area is at the top of that hill? Recreating some of the past and making it an asset to the community is our endeavor. We hope that you will enjoy it when finished. Carolynn Webber has donated the steel to make the bridge going from the park area to the Knob Hill area. Do you remember the bridges that used to go across the creek way back when? Just ropes, boards and sticks.

We have received donations of \$625 so far for marking some of the unmarked graves at Grandview. Donations were given by E.M.S., Cliff Viessman and Gopher Sign. Darren and Jessica Houseman have also indicated that they will donate six markers from Clear Lake and six markers from Canby funeral homes. These will be small markers that will probably be set flat in concrete at each of those sights. We will work with the City of Gary and Mike Nosbush on this. We thank them all for their help with this project.

This was our annual meeting, so we had election of officers. Those elected were as follows: Roger Baer, President; Ray Wiese, Vice-President; Will Stone, Secretary, Pat Denelsbeck, Treasurer and Travis Baer to a three year term as director. Eldeen Baer was chosen the Outstanding Senior Volunteer for Yellow Medicine County. We need to get the monument and flag pole at the museum site moved to a better location and we will need new steps going into the post office at the park. Our next meeting will be on August 12, 7:30 pm at the fire hall. Roger Baer, President, Gary Historical Association

The Whistle

Now again we have a whistle, with which so long we went without,
And so many missed its signal, of that statement there is no doubt.
Tells the children that its meal time, so each can scurry to their home
Sometimes it is quite a distance, for in summer, children like to roam.

Tells the grownups that it's noontime, and to be on their merry way,
Or it's time to cease their labor, at the end of a busy day.
In the evening there is a curfew, to tell the younger ones to go
To their homes and to their parents, and they are safe there then will know.

Sort of nice to hear a whistle, that doesn't call the fire engines out,
Then we know there is a heartache and tragedy somewhere about.
It's another nice improvement, in our city of Gary here,
Which can keep the new advancements, with any little town that's near.

It will never be a ghost town, like many little towns out west,
For all those I've known and lived in, this is the town I like the best.

--By Mrs. Marietta Thomas

Selma Remembers From the Gary Interstate 1984

Hair care.....If you were living in the early year of 1900 and born without curly hair, there was only one way to get curls. That was to wet the hair, take long strings of rags and tie them close to the head. Then the hair was wrapped around the rags. When dry, they were unwrapped and you had curls. Later they came out with water wave combs, bob rollers, barrettes and marcellars. Then we boiled flax seed to make a wave setting lotion. Now a curling iron was invented that you heated in a lamp to curl the hair. In the late 1930's the first permanent machine came out. It was so heavy that it looked like a milking machine. It got so hot that the operator stood there and fanned your head. When it was finished you had fuzz. You really suffered through all of this. Thank goodness for today's perm operations. Progress over all the years has been so interesting to me.

Mother's Proverbs...Family proverbs grew out of incidents and family sayings. "Thou shalt not steal," "You have too many irons in the fire," "Curiosity killed the cat," "It's never too late to learn," and "Too many cooks spoil the broth." Mothers used these when needed.

Cabins on the lake...I remember the time there were only two cabins on the shore of Lake Cochrane. One was the Rowlands and the Stevens and the other was Art Bartels. They were on the southeast corner of the lake. There was also a dance pavilion on the east side of the lake.

Some of the 1930's years....These were the years of the drought, dust storms, bank closings, and cattle dying from want of feed. Poor cattle were driven north of Gary and shot. Good ones were killed and given to people for food. Many lost their farms in those years. Now in 1985, there's plenty of feed.

Collar Boxes...These boxes were trimmed beautifully. Men's dress shirts had no collars in the early days, just a band. Collars were made of colloid or stiff bucrum. They fastened on the collar band with collar buttons. The collars were taken off or kept in these collar boxes.

Box Socials...In the early years these were held in Gary for worthy causes. People filled decorated boxes with good food to be auctioned off. The buyer ate lunch with the person who prepared his box. If a boy thought his girlfriend brought a certain box, it went plenty high. Many times he got fooled. An evening program was held before the auction.

Boys introduced to trousers...Remember the time when adolescent boys were first introduced to long trousers; when professional sports on Sunday were taboo in many states; when respectable ladies always wore hats in church; when barbershops were exclusive male domains, when flappers rolled their hose below their knees; when the first ladies slacks had a band below the knee and were called knickers.

The SD School for the Blind in Gary operated for more than 60 years and served as the state's rehabilitation facility for blind children. It was a beautiful place at the time.

From the files of the Gary Interstate from long ago----- Local news and ads 1922 era

Gary school opens- The Gary School opened Monday morning with a full complement of teachers. It being Labor Day, studies were assigned, and the school closed for the day. Chris Jensen will again act as janitor and none better can be found. The west route will be covered by R.V. Wentworth and Ras Anderson will have charge of the route southwest of town.

Sunday dinner at the City Café, September 11

The following bill of fare will be served at the City Café next Sunday and your presence is invited for roast duck with dressing, mashed potatoes, brown gravy, scalloped corn, pineapple salad, fruit pudding, pie, ice cream, coffee, milk and tea. Your attention is called to the ad of the City Café this week. You will find this a nice clean place in which to eat, and everything neat and tasty.

A small boy from the State School, little Barney Eckhartt was coasting on the street last Saturday, when the auto dray came along, and there was a mix-up. Barney was hit and run over, the rear wheel of the truck passing over his body at the hips. He was picked up and a doctor examined him. It was thought best to take him to Canby for more thorough examination. He suffered a good deal of pain and there was some swelling, but as far as could be ascertained no bones were broken. The other little boy was run over by the truck, the wheel passing across his

neck. Aside from being bruised and the skin somewhat scratch, he was apparently all right. It was a mighty close call for both boys.

The same day Paul Bartels and a son of Dr. Pinard came near having an accident of the same character, but they escaped without a scratch.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

This remedy is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. From a small beginning, its sale and use has extended to all parts of the United States and to many foreign countries. This alone is enough to convince one that it is a medicine of more than ordinary merit. Give it a trial and you will find this to be the case.

The Methodist church of Gary is to be congratulated on its recent passage of resolutions condemning the appointment of Rev. Herron, the free love advocate, as a member of an investigation committee across the waters which appointment was made by President Wilson. Such men as Herron have absolutely no right to be placed in such responsible positions, and his appointment should be annulled at the earliest possible moment.

Who's Who in 1948

"Who's the lad working behind the counter in Ding's Café?" Why, it's "Cuff", naturally. Robert Cuff was born in Browns Valley, Minnesota on April 1, 1928. He began school in Beardsley, Minnesota and moved to Gary in December of 1944. He entered school as a junior. He immediately found his place in the social activities of the School. He was one of the first five on the basketball team for the past two years, was elected captain of the team this year, and played football last fall. Bob played the part of "Johnny" in "Johnny, Get Your Girl", the junior class play, and last but not least, he is president of the senior class. His favorites are bananas, driving the "40", hunting (with a gun), and the color blue and is most peeved by the opposite sex. He listens to "It pays to be Ignorant" on the radio, and the movie Ramono. His favorite actor is Bing Crosby and state is Minnesota. His favorite saying is "Are you bragging or complaining?" His particular dislikes are blondes and the new hairdos. Bob would like to own an exclusive men's clothing store or become a paratrooper in the army.

A poem found in the Gary Interstate, contributed to us by Ruby Stangeland

Her Grandpa

My gram'pa is a funny man, He's Scotch as he can be,
I tries to teach him all I can, but he can't talk like me.
I've told him forty thousand times, but tain't a bit of use,
He always says a man's a "mon", an' calls a house a "hoose."

He plays with me most ev'ry day, and rides me on his knee;
He took me to a picnic once, and dressed up just like me.
He says I am a "bonnie bairn," and kisses me and when
I asks him why can't he talk right, he says: "I dinna ken."

But me an' him has lots of fun, he;s such a funny man,
I dance for him and brush his hair, and loves him all I can.

I calls him Anjrew (that's his name), and he says I can't talk.
And then he puts my plaidie on, and takes me for a walk.
I tells him forty thousand times, but tain't a bit of use,
He always says a man's a "mon", an' calls a house a "hoose."

Charles D. Stewart, in Chicago Interior

NEWS ARTICLES BY Briana Hoffman, Coordinator for Regional Development for Deuel County

As many of you are aware, Clear Lake conducted a Community Assessment in November in 2006. The process resulted in a list of statements describing the team's perceptions of the community and handful of recommendations regarding future actions. A planning team emerged after this process and ultimately recommended that Clear Lake's future and its near-term planning and action should unfold with the Rural Learning Center (Howard, SD) to facilitate development and implementation of a county-wide community and economic development initiative. The Rural Learning Center's staff has been meeting with individuals and organizations across the county and the following represents early stage thinking regarding possible regional development initiative responses to the specific elements noted in the assessments conducted across the county.

Business Development

The assessments found that local business support is crucial, shopping locally is a high priority, and increased business activity on Main Street is needed. Expanded business hours and increased selection of basic items was also suggested by residents. In response, the RLC is exploring a collaborative research project to address business owner and community expectations, perspectives, and perceptions of local business and Main Street activity. Programs such as Design South Dakota and the National Main Street Program are currently being considered to develop a future vision for Main Streets within the county. The RLC is also in the process of developing strategies for the recruitment of professionals from outside the area.

Industrial Development

The assessments determined that Clear Lake wants more industry and should focus recruiting efforts on industry that complements existing industries. However, the current workforce is not adequate for the existing industry as approximately 75 – 100 jobs in Deuel County sit open. In response, the RLC is exploring a business alliance across the region to support existing businesses and assist with marketing functions.

Entrepreneurship

The assessments found that a strong sense of entrepreneurship needs to be encouraged by community leaders. In response, we will identify necessary community investments for entrepreneurial support i.e. infrastructure, financing, training, counseling, etc. In addition, a building inventory is being conducted to identify available assets such as existing facilities, locations, and infrastructure suitable for new business development.

Planning

The assessments identified that long term planning for the area is seen as important to local residents, however comprehensive planning, communication and coordination is an issue. In response, the community design project that is currently being considered that would establish a future plan for the region while simultaneously facilitating organizations and leaders to work together, and provide clarification on organizational purposes and activities.

Youth

Youth are an important part of our community. The assessments found that we need to effectively engage youth in meaningful work and provide suitable opportunities to work and life in the area. A community design project would provide youth with an important role in community design by engaging them in the future development of this area. We are also in the planning stages of coordinated youth participation in a main street / local business development project.

Housing

Affordable housing is a clear need in the area, as are financing programs to assist low income families to attain home ownership. In response, we seek to involve the area in a state-wide rural housing collaborative which can assist the area with a community analysis and coordinated resources to identify specific needs and implementation strategies.

This is an exciting time in Deuel County. The emerging regional partnerships promise a bright future utilizing our many assets across the region.

You are encouraged to voice your dreams and ideas for regional development in Deuel County. Please contact Briana Hoffman on 605-881-2036 or briana.hoffman@rlcenter.net.

Up coming events:

“Lovers Lane” walking trail. Do you remember where that would be?