

The
Gary Interstate

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

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WELCOME TO THE GARY INTERSTATE

It seems almost impossible to think that since the last time I wrote the paper that Halloween and Thanksgiving are already past us and we are only a couple weeks away from Christmas.

It always seems to creep up on me so suddenly even though I check the calendar, the days just seem to fly by.

With no snow to speak of on the ground, I am afraid as the old timers used to say, "It looks like it is going to be a black Christmas."

I do believe everyone wants at least a white covering and the farmers are in hopes that we get snow. If we don't, it can affect their crops next year. Since this is the upcoming of the Christmas Season, I wish all of you a wonderfully blessed Christmas and a happy and fulfilling New Year

A STORY FROM 1914

Mr. S. T. Bereman, who lived a couple miles up the railroad track from Gary, went to look for his cattle one day. While walking up the creek, he noticed a man's hat floating in the water. He decided to investigate so he went up the creek where the railroad crossed and there he found a man hanging in a tree about 20 feet from the track and about the same amount of feet below the railroad tracks. As soon as Mr. Bereman could, he called W. W. Knight, county attorney and Dr. Richards, coroner of Clear Lake and told them about his discovery. They at once went to the scene as well as about 50 people from Gary. Knight and Richards made a thorough examination of the premises. They discovered that the man's tracks went up to a fence and they found a piece of the barbed wire had been broken off. The man had fastened it to a tree and round his neck and had jumped from the abutment of the bridge.

Much inquiry was made as to whom the man was. They found out that he had worked for Mr. Grotjohn who lived east of town. Mr. Grotjohn said that his name was Schute and was from Nebraska. A message was immediately sent to the Schuyler family in Nebraska but nothing was heard from them.

Knight and Richards worked on the case and after talking with many people, found that the man had been in the Harkins Restaurant and ordered oysters but did not wait to be served. He had been past the Henry Dumke home. Henry Runge had also seen him earlier that day. Others that had seen him that day said that he had moved around in a demented state. A small bag of the man's belongings had been found but it didn't hold any further information as to his name or place of residence.

It was decided that the man was insane at the time of his death and he was buried in the Grand View Cemetery. According to Mr. Grotjohn, the man was 28 years old, five feet eleven inches tall and weighed about 180 pounds. He was of light complexion with a light colored mustache and the balance of the face was shaven.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

"The opinions in this paper do not necessarily reflect the views of the Gary Historical Association." Can you make a donation to keep this paper going?

FIVE HOURS IN SNOW BLOCKED CAR

Mrs. Bernard Ladwig and Miss Marilyn Sanden had an experience in a snowstorm in March of 1952. The Interstate tells of their experience.

It was a day which they wish not to repeat. They were stalled in their automobile four miles south of Gary from four o'clock in the afternoon until rescued by a snowplow at 10:30 in the evening.

The two ladies were nurses at the Canby Hospital and had left Canby and went west without much difficulty in the swirling wet snow but as they turned north towards the Cobb Creek Gulch, they got stalled in a snowdrift.

Mr. and Mrs. Leshner, who likewise had to leave their car, but were able to go afoot to their home on the shore of Lake Cochrane, phoned Gary, giving the information that the young ladies were stalled in the storm.

Mr. Ladwig made two attempts to get there, the last time he got as far as the tree claim corner three miles south but he walked to town, changed clothes and during which time Adolph Sanden secured James Cole to start up the highway snowplow.

Mr. Ladwig and his partner, Sheldon Lokken, accompanied Mr. Cole in the plow and after some bucking of heavy and clinging snowdrifts reached the car containing the two young ladies. They had remained in the car after a futile attempt to make further progress.

On the return the men freed the Lokken car stalled at the three-mile corner and they drove it back to town, while the young ladies had the ride home with Mr. Cole in the cab of the snowplow, reaching home a few minutes after 11 o'clock.

THE INDIAN TROUBLE

The following article was taken out of a November 11 1887 issue of the Gary Inter State.

Crow Indian Agency, M.T., Nov. 8. – At 6 o'clock Saturday morning Scout Campbell and Interpreter Tobacco Jake were sent to the Indian village, ordering the chiefs to come to Gen. Ruger at headquarters. Pretty Eagle harangued the camp and then took Wrinkle, Crazy Head, Iron Fork, Dancing Woman, Kearney, Two-Belly and Spotted Horse and rode before them to Gen. Ruger's quarters. The following parley then took place: Gen. Frank Armstrong – "I have been sent by the great father to settle the trouble; you must give us everything and turn over the chief, besides the men; Gen. Dugger will settle it his way. That's all."

Pretty Eagle – "We are willing to give up Sword Bearer, but can't give up the others."

Gen. Ruger – "I want all the bad young men. You must bring them by twelve o'clock. (to Crazy Head) I want your boy, too."

Pretty Eagle – "We will go back to our camp."

Gen Ruger – "The great father sent me to take the bad young men, and I must have them. They shan't be hurt, but must be punished."

Pretty Eagle – "We will go back and talk to Medicine Man."

Gen. Ruger – "That is all I have to say."

Pretty Eagle – and other chiefs then returned to their camp. The cavalry was drawn up in full field order on an eminence fronting the Indian position. The Indians soon began riding about and singing war songs. At the end of time allowed the Indians to come in with the bad young men the cavalry advanced, the infantry took position, and the Indians opened fire. At the first volley Corporal Charles Sampson, of troop K, First cavalry was shot dead; Private Eugene Mollorick, of troop K, was wounded four times. The Indians took a position in rifle pits and in bush. The Hotchkiss rifle planted its first shot beyond Little Horn. The next fell in the Indian camp and one Indian and a horse were killed. The cavalry now advanced upon the Indians, driving them into the brush. Sword Bearer was killed, being shot twice in a skirmish fire by G troop, First cavalry. Crow Scout Firebug also claims to have fired the fatal shot. Nearly all of them came into the agency, only about twenty escaping to the hills. The later are now being pursued by the cavalry. The above names cover all the casualties except one man, who was slightly disabled by a fall. Five Indians are reported dead. The escaped Indians will be caught!

Library Notes

For those who enjoyed the Beverly Lewis "Annie's series," "The Brethren" is now available. Added to the "Miford Series" by Jan Karon are "A Common Life" and "Shepherd's Abiding". Jill Nelson, Madison, Mn, has published her first book "The Reluctant Burglar", soon to be at the library. Hours are Tuesday - 10:30 AM to 6PM and Fridays - 3:30 to 8PM Vera Meyer, librarian.

News Items in December 1943 Gary Interstate

George Wolfe, who acquired the old barn structure in Clear Lake and sold by the county, a couple of months ago has completed the work of making it into a 18X32 cattle shed. The roof of the building was "folded down" and in this way was trucked from its place a block east of the Clear Lake creamery to his farm about ten miles north of Gary.

Frank Helmberger has done the carpenter work necessary to make the building into just what was wanted at the Wolfe Brothers farm.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHRISTMAS ANTICIPATION

Remembering how Santa came into the town of Gary was a magical moment for many children. Many adults were also anxious to go into town as they tried to guess who was portraying Santa Claus.

Betty McCormick recalls how busy the town was and especially at this time of year when everyone had that secretive, mysterious look about them.

The adults would shop in the Westgard Store, Hinsvark Hardware, Vans Variety, Heaton's Grocery and Drug Store, Red Owl Grocery, etc.

Many lovely gifts and clothes could be purchased at these stores and a few pieces of candy were always put into your package as a surprise for the children.

Van's Variety was a dry good store with clothes and shoes for men, women and children and they also would give lollypops to the children.

Hinsvark's Hardware, had hardware, small appliances; a great place to buy a gift for a man that had most everything.

The big day that Santa Claus was to come into town was the day the town was full and was always a Saturday afternoon. Bags of candy were handed out to the children and at that time they could tell Santa Claus what they were really hoping he would bring them. When Santa was done handing out candy he would then go and hand out bags to all the shut-ins. It was a great time for Betty and for many others.

One day, she had to go into one of the other bedrooms upstairs and got the surprise of her life. Low and behold, there hung Santa Claus' suit. What a shock!! Betty always thought Santa Claus was real until that day and then she knew she was living in a magical Christmas world. She put two and two together and just knew it was her father. He wasn't real but yet, she couldn't tell anybody.

Each person has to experience whether Santa was real or not for themselves. She just couldn't ruin it for all the other people. He is real and at the same time he is this magical person who appears and makes our world just a little more special at Christmas.

I know that Christmas is about the Christ Child's birth and all the beauty of the Nativity, but there is also something magical about Santa.

Betty says, "I am so glad my mom and dad were able to let us believe in Santa Claus and have this bit of magic once a year that makes Christmas so special." There is a lot to be learned living in such a small town such as Gary. Such wonderful memories I have of those days.

BETTY CUTTING BOUGHS

by Betty McCormick

The other day as I was cutting boughs in our yard, I related back to a Christmas when we were very poor. I knew there would be no money for a Christmas tree. My nephew, Craig and I just decided we would have a tree, one way or another. So we decided to make our own. We took three pine boughs and tied them together and put them in a pail of sand and decorated it. We thought it was beautiful. We were pretty young, maybe nine and eleven. On the last day of school before our Christmas vacation, I was helping my teacher clean up the room and take down the tree and she asked me if we had a Christmas tree? I told her, "no" but how my nephew and I had made our own tree. She asked if I would like to take the tree from our school room home to use since it was now undecorated and would be thrown out. I was so excited and said, "yes". I finished cleaning up and got bundled up for the walk home from school. On that day, I did not walk, I ran with my books and pulling a Christmas tree behind me. I ran down the hill from the old Gary School to my home. It was on the flat. In Gary, you lived on the hill or on the flat. Needless to say, our homemade tree was removed as the main tree and taken outside and a new tree had taken its place.

It is a Christmas I will never forget. It is probably one of the reasons a Christmas tree means so much to me. The simple beauty of it, I love to walk in the Christmas tree forests we have in Wisconsin and just look at the trees. With just a bit of snow on its branches, it is a work of art. Each tree will be beautiful when decorated. It is just so difficult to choose and cut just the right one. Every tree we have cut has been just the right one for our family.

**This article was given to us to print from
an older Gary Interstate.**

In retrospect

By buck asher

This information was passed to me by a former classmate at the July 4th All School Reunion. It is incredible to think of the many changes that have taken place and affected our daily lives in a comparatively short span of years.

WE ARE SURVIVORS!!!!

Consider the changes we have witnessed.

We were born before television, before penicillin, before polio shots, frozen foods, Xerox, plastic contact lenses, Frisbees and the pill.

We were born before radar, credit cards, split atoms, laser beams and ball point pens. Before panty hose, dish washers, clothes driers, electric blankets, air conditioners, drip dry clothes. Before man walked on the moon. We got married first and then lived together. How Quaint can you be!

In our time bunnies were small rabbits and rabbits were not Volkswagens. Designer jeans were scheming girls named Jean or Jeanne, and having a meaningful relationship meant getting along with our cousins.

We thought fast food was what you ate during Lent, and outer space was the back row at the Gary Theater. We were before house husbands, computer dating, dual careers and computer marriages. We were before day care centers, group therapy and nursing homes. We never heard of FM radio, tape decks, electric typewriters, artificial hearts, word processors, yogurt, and Dear Friends,

We are in the Christmas Season. I enjoy thinking back to the Christmas of my childhood 1932, with family members and friends visiting us, Mother's favorite Norwegian heritage and Dad's German background. My father was an orphan at the age of six and consequently he did not have many memories of home cooking. I remember Mother having Lefse, sugar cookies, fudge, date filled cookies, fruit cake, and pop corn balls. Rosettes were on hand through out the holidays. We enjoyed a great meal of lutefisk,

guys wearing earrings. For us, time sharing meant togetherness – not computers or condominiums, a chip meant a piece of wood, hardware meant hardware and software wasn't even a word! In our youth made in Japan meant junk, and the term making out referred to how you did on your exam. Pizza, McDonalds and instant coffee were unheard of.

We hit the scene when there were 5 and 10 cent stores: where you actually bought things for five and ten cents. Ice Cream cones were a nickel or a dime. For one nickel you could ride the bus, make a phone call, buy a Pepsi, package of gum, candy bar or enough stamps to mail one letter and two postcards. You could buy a new Chevy Coupe for \$600. but who could afford one? A pit, too, because gas was 11 cents a gallon in our day. Cigarette smoking was fashionable, grass was mowed, coke was a cold drink, and pot was something you cooked in. Rock music was a Grandma's lullaby and aids were helpers in the Principal's office.

We were certainly not before the differences between the sexes was discovered, but we were surely before the sex changes: we made do with what we had. We were, maybe, the last generation that was so dumb as to believe you needed a husband to have a baby. Last, but not least, we made it through three wars and a depression.

No wonder we are so confused, and there is such a generation gap today!! But we survived!

CHRISTMAS

That time of year is here again
When there's Christmas in the air
And all are with their spirits high
And forget each worldly care.

The streets are decked in boughs
of green
And bright light are twined
within
And folks are busy buying things
For friends afar and next of kin.

The trees are decked in colors
bright
In many homes around
Where parents and their children
are
And friendship and love abound.

The Christmas chimes ring out
afar,
We hear the carols sung,
The church bells tell the message
same
As the many years have rung.

It is the birthday of our Christ
This joyous time of ours
When we have the many things
to eat
And spend many happy hours.

We should so very happy be
At a merry time like this
When the air is full of Christmas
cheer
And nothing should seem amiss.

So we wish the many folks
around
Whether near or far away,
The very best of everything
On this Merry Christmas Day.
---Mrs. Marietta Thomas



in
foods

oyster

stew, roast goose or ducks were our Christmas dinner and entrees and much much more.

In the rural area there was no electricity but we did have a real tree and the smell of pine was a real treat. Our home was simply decorated with the tree in front of the East window and a huge Christmas cactus in front of the south window. It would bloom every Christmas season. Simple gifts were under the tree. Mother's sister's gifts were always predictable. Aunt Martha made us stick horses with beautiful heads with a mane. Aunt Ida made sock monkeys. The socks had a red heel which served as a mouth. Rag dolls and doll cradles made from oatmeal boxes cut and covered with fabric.

Going into Gary was a special treat. Bartel's store was a child's paradise. The toys were made so well and had moving parts: thrashing machines, trains, motorcycles with a side car, tractor farms sets with animals made from hard rubber, fences and everything to make it look like a farm yard all to delight the boys. For the girls fancy were: dolls, doll buggies, washing machines with a crank that you turned and it washed clothes, cradles, and cribs for your doll. One wished they had been good enough to receive some of this good stuff.

Gary was decorated so pretty. The lamp posts were decorated with lights. In the intersection was a very tall Christmas tree with lights and decoration. There were good sized boxes wrapped in colorful paper and tied in real boxes, and of course Henry and I thought that they were real.

On Saturday Santa Claus came to Gary. The streets were lined up with parents and their children. The parents were great and appeared to be as excited as the children. It seemed like there was always a lot of snow. I remember our Father saying, "Maybe he is stuck in the snow." There is so much of it. Finally down the hill came Santa in a sleigh pulled by a handsome team of horses. Santa was so happy and friendly. As I think back, Gus Miller was Santa Claus, with a lot of HO, HO, HO. He gave us a huge bag of candy, nuts, and fruit. After everyone received a bag, Santa waved his hand with a "You all be good! I will see you next year," and up the hill went Santa.

The school program was the highlight of the Christmas season in the neighborhood. After I started school, it was more exciting to watch the preparation, practicing for the program, setting up the Christmas tree in front of the school, taking the costumes out of a storage box, building the stage and putting the curtains up, practicing our parts, and so much excitement the night of the program. Parents were all supposed to group and tell us not to be afraid of the crowd when we spoke and to speak loud enough to be heard. When we entered the Church, the gas lamp smelled good as we had kerosene at home. Everyone was dressed up carrying the gift for the name they had drawn and a gift for the teacher. I can still remember my first grade program. A little boy stood up in front and played his violin. The little boy was Martin Fitzpatrick.

The Saturday before Christmas after Santa Claus's visit, the groceries were purchased for the Christmas dinner.

Once a year we always had grapefruit, fresh oysters, bags of nuts, apples, and oranges, mince meat for pies, and sweet potatoes. This was the depression years and money was scarce. We raised the rest. Christmas eve Uncle Joe and Aunt Ida were visitors for oyster stew, homemade ice cream, and potato soup for the kids. Mother had her homemade candy, cookies, and popcorn balls. We enjoyed setting around for a good visit and playing games, and then said our goodbyes and will see you tomorrow.

Santa would come in the night and fill up our stockings with fruit and nuts to be found in the morning.

Christmas Day the Aunts and Uncles would come over, kids carrying their gifts from Christmas morning. A great meal was enjoyed and the kids played until the day was over.

What a great time to remember the great times that we had. Mother was so right; you are never alone when you have good memories. Come along with me down Memory lane.

Writers comment: I chose that Christmas because Mother became very ill and the next year she was in the hospital from the day after Thanksgiving until the second week in March. Everyone have a great Christmas and remember, JESUS is the reason we celebrate.

Remember you are never alone if you have good memories.

Come along down Memory Lane and we will have a great time.

GARY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

NOVEMBER 2006 NEWSLETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

The Gary Historical Association had a nice brunch fund raiser for the benefit of the 135th Celebration committee. We were able to raise \$396 for them.

The Gary Historical Association 40 year history committee is meeting to put the history of the Association together. When that is complete, we can mark off another GOAL that we agreed to do.

The Gary Interstate is being delivered to nine businesses for distribution and two libraries. Some are being mailed and delivered to individuals and City Council for a total of over 200 copies printed.

We have decided to have two reminiscing programs during the celebration next year. They will be in the late afternoon and early evenings of July 2 and 3. These reminiscing programs are a lot of fun and can include items of interest for young and old. If you would like to participate let us know. Questions? Just send me an email.

Some items in the December 1959 issues of the Gary Interstate:

Funeral Services Held Friday Afternoon for Louis A. Olsen

Louise Gilbertson and Robert Jesme Wed

Funeral Services held Wednesday for A.C. Benner

For Sale: 1951 Ford Convertible. Motor completely overhauled. \$200 Alan/Maynard Cochrane.

For Sale: Baled Alfalfa hay. Will deliver. Frank Sander, Gary.

Canby Theatre: 30 FOOT BRIDE; ASK ANY GIRL and SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL



As you can see, on Wednesday, November 15, 2006, we did get the concrete poured for our machinery line. The pad is about 30' x 70'. A huge thank you to the City of Gary, Mike Nosbush, Robert Wynn, Leon Pederson and Mike Miller. For their help in this project. Will Stone and Roger Baer also helped from the Gary Historical Association.

FROM A DECEMBER, 1959 TIGER TALES: Meet the Seniors: Bang! That was a gunshot. It was Loye Russell January riding his horse and shooting at his favorite foods, squirrels and cotton tails. Loye was born to Mr. and Mrs. John January on August 1, 1942 at Clear Lake, SD. He has hazel eyes, brown hair and is 5'4" and weighs 135 pounds. Loye's subjects this year are: English, American History, Chemistry and Ag. II. His activities have been library and physical educating. Some of Loye's favorites are subjects: Ag and English; actor, Rock Hudson; singer, Johnny Cash; actress, Marilyn Monroe; song, The Tennessee Stud; book, the Yearling; movie Sequia; color, green and saying Big Deal. Loye gets very disgusted when the school bus has to wait for anyone and of course Loye is always on time! When Loye finishes high school, he plans to go in farming.

New Students: Tommy Krause, a sophomore and Terry Krause, a 6th grader. They came from Colorado. Also, Barbara Jean Knipe, a seventh grader and Sharlotte Rae Knipe, a third grader. They are from the Philippines.