

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. January 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!

Meetings and Events in January

Gate City Development Association January 17, 7:00 p.m. Fire Hall meeting room

Gary Historical Association January 19, 10:00 a.m. at the Fire Hall meeting room

Gary Community Club January 24, 7:00 p.m. at the Fire Hall meeting room

Gary City Council February 4, 7:30 p.m. 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.



Copyright 1996 Smithsonian Institution
courtesy National Portrait Gallery

WHITNEY. **LITTLE CROW,** ST. PAUL.
A Sioux Chief and Leader of the Indian Massacre of
1862, in Minnesota.

Entered according to Act of Congress, by J. E. Whitney, in the year 1862,
in the Clerk's Office of the U. S. District Court for Minnesota.

Have you read the book that Bill Stone wrote entitled “Gary, South Dakota, Gate City to the Dakotas 1872 – 1972? As some of you may know, on page three there is a picture of Bill standing in front of three former graves out on Indian Lookout. Have you ever wondered what he was pointing at looks like? We will be visiting about that latter. There is a lot of history associated with the Gary area and part of that history has to do with a famous Indian by the name of Little Crow. There have been books written about him and all are very interesting. According to the records, he used to visit our area in Dakota Territory. Trying to find out more about this person we went on the internet and have found the following information:

Little Crow

Little Crow (1810 - 1863) Little Crow was an important figure in Minnesota history. His father and grandfather (also named Little Crow) had been leaders of the Kaposia band. As a Dakota chief himself, Little Crow served as a diplomat for much of his life. He was a spokesman for his people, and worked peacefully to prevent the destruction of his culture.



Little Crow was also involved with the fur trade, and got to know many white traders. Because of his position, Little Crow was asked to sign a treaty in 1851 with the government, ceding nearly all his people's land in Minnesota. Although he was not happy with the agreement, he still abided by it for many years.

By the 1860s, the Dakota tribe was becoming restless because of broken treaties and lack of freedom. With the start of the Civil War in 1861, the native people saw an opportunity to reclaim their land. Little Crow, however, told his people not to fight.

Finally in 1862, Little Crow gave in to his warriors and led the Dakota to war against the Americans. The Indians were not successful, and at the end of that year, 38 Dakota were hung in Mankato. It was one of the largest mass executions in U.S. history.

Little Crow was not among those who were hung. He was banished from Minnesota with the rest of the tribe and went to Canada. In 1863 when he returned to Minnesota for supplies he was shot by a farmer. The farmer was given a \$500 reward.

Mdewakanton From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Mdewakantonwan (singular: **Mdewakanton**) are one of the sub-tribes of the Isanti (Santee) Dakota ([Sioux](#)). Their ancestral home is [Mille Lacs Lake](#) in central [Minnesota](#), which in the [Dakota language](#) was called **mde wakan** (mystic/spiritual lake).

The Mdewakanton are no longer a single unified Tribe but all their successors inherent ensure their Mdewakanton components survive within their respective communities. In the [United States](#), the Mdewakanton survive in part on the [Santee](#), [Flandreau](#), [Sisseton-Wahpehton](#), and [Upper Sioux](#) reservations as [Dakota](#), and on the [Mille Lacs Reservation](#) as [Ojibwe](#); in [Canada](#), the Mdewakanton survives as part of the [Sioux Valley Dakota Nation](#). Mdewakanton-only communities are [Lower Sioux](#), [Shakopee-Mdewakanton](#) and the [Prairie Island Indian Community](#) in the [United States](#). The [Mendota Mdewakanton Dakota Community](#) is a non-federally recognized Tribe who are currently petitioning the US [Department of the Interior](#) for recognition.

Treaty of Fort Laramie (1851) From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

For the 1868 treaty, see [Treaty of Fort Laramie \(1868\)](#)

The **Fort Laramie Treaty of 1851** was signed on [September 17](#) between [United States](#) treaty commissioners and representatives of the [Sioux](#), [Cheyenne](#), [Arapaho](#), [Crow](#), [Shoshone](#), [Assiniboine](#), [Mandan](#), [Hidatsa](#), and [Arikara](#) nations. The U.S. government promised control of the [Great Plains](#) which was the bulk of Native American territory, for "as long as the river flows and the eagle flies". The Indians guaranteed safe passage for settlers on the [Oregon Trail](#) in return for promises of an annuity in the amount of fifty thousand dollars for fifty years. The Native American nations also allowed roads and forts to be built in their territories. The [United States Congress](#) later unilaterally cut appropriations for the treaty to ten years' annuities, and

several tribes never received the commodities promised as payments. The treaty produced a brief period of peace.

Dakota War of 1862 From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia



Settlers escaping the violence. John Other Day (background left, with rifle and dark coat), a Dakota who lived among the settlers, led this group of around sixty to safety.

The **Dakota War of 1862** was an armed conflict between the [United States](#) and several eastern bands of the [Dakota people](#) (also called the [Santee Sioux](#)) which began on [August 17, 1862](#), along the [Minnesota River](#) in southwest [Minnesota](#). Skirmishes in the following weeks claimed hundreds of lives. The number of [Native American](#) dead is unknown, while estimates of settlers who died range between 300 and 800—one of the largest tolls on American [civilians](#) to ever occur.^[1] The conflict also resulted in the largest mass [execution](#) in U.S. history, when 38 Dakota men, convicted of [murder](#) and [rape](#), were [hanged](#) in [Mankato, Minnesota](#). This was the first major armed engagement between the U.S. and Dakota, though it would not be the last. It is also referred to as the **Sioux Uprising**, **Sioux Outbreak of 1862**, the **Dakota Conflict** or the **U.S.-Dakota War of 1862**.

Background

In 1851, the U.S. and Dakota leaders negotiated the [Treaty of Traverse des Sioux](#) and [Treaty of Mendota](#), ceding vast amounts of land in [Minnesota Territory](#). In exchange for [money](#) and [goods](#), the Dakota agreed to live on a twenty mile (32 [km](#)) wide [reservation](#) centered on a 150 mile (240 [km](#)) stretch of the upper Minnesota River. The deal immediately began to turn sour as the [United States Senate](#) deleted Article 3 of each treaty during the [ratification](#) process. Much of the promised compensation never arrived, was lost or was effectively stolen due to corruption in the [Bureau of Indian Affairs](#) and wrongful conduct by traders.

As [Minnesota](#) became a state in 1858, representatives of several Dakota bands led by Chief [Taoyateduta](#) (commonly known as [Chief Little Crow](#)) traveled to [Washington, D.C.](#), to make further negotiations. Again, events did not turn out in the Indians' favor. The northern half of the reservation along the [Minnesota River](#) was lost, and rights to the [quarry](#) at [Pipestone, Minnesota](#), were also ceded. This was a major blow to the standing of Little Crow in the Dakota community.

In the meantime, the ceded land was quickly being divided up into [townships](#) and individual plots for settlement. The traditional Dakota yearly cycle of [farming](#), [hunting](#), [fishing](#), and gathering [wild rice](#) was unalterably interrupted as the [forest](#), [prairie](#), and other wild lands were stripped of [timber](#) to make way for new farms plowed by white settlers. In addition, wild game like [bison](#), [elk](#), [whitetail deer](#), and [bear](#) had been hunted so intensively that populations were tiny compared to the populations before Euro-American settlement. The Dakota people of southern and western Minnesota relied on the sale of valuable furs to American traders to earn cash needed to buy necessities.

Payments guaranteed by the treaties were not made, due to Federal preoccupation with the [American Civil War](#). Most land in the river valley was not [arable](#), and hunting could no longer support the Dakota community. Losing land to new white settlers, non-payment, past broken treaties, plus food shortages and [famine](#) following crop failure led to great discontent among the Dakota people. Tension increased through the summer of 1862.

To be continued next month.....

Down Memory Lane **by Bernice Jensen**

Dear Friends,

Christmas and New Years are over and now, with Christmas Vacation ending as well, the young people are back to school and busses are running the grade school and high school students back and forth to school. The black topped roads are now open in a day and very rarely do schools close for a whole day due to blocked roads.



In the 30's and 40's the parents took their children to the country school. Usually after the New Years, we had a good snow storm and very cold weather several times until at least March.

I remember when the road past our house and past the school was blocked. Parents took their children to school in sleighs, bob sleds, or on a snow cutter. That was different and fun for awhile but usually meant that the mail was not able to be delivered for a day or two. I wonder how people would react to the hardships today that we faced.

Usually the well would freeze up and this would cause real hardship to the farmer. Our house was very cold (about 200 years ago ;) The outside buildings were much better. It would get so cold that the water in the kettle was frozen. My father would sit up half the night keeping the heating stove stocked with wood to keep the fire going.

The snow banks were so high that my father would make steps in the snow so that we could get to the barn to bring the milk into the house and shoveled out a big path to the water tank and a path for the company to bring their horses to the barn when they came over to play cards and visit. A path to the outhouse was really important. (No indoor plumbing in those days.) We always had company after a storm and there was not a phone in every home, so usually company came with something for coffee. A farmer's wife would have something in the pantry to eat with the coffee.

The parents would play cards and sometimes the women would cheat and get caught. They would laugh about it, and the kids would play card games, Chinese checkers, and checkers for entertainment. There was hardship in those years, but there also were a lot of good times. There was no television, but we loved the radio with Fibber Magee and Molly. Henry Aldridge, Mars Candy Company, put on a great game show, and the big win was \$65. I think it was called the 65 Dollar Question. I remember well the daytime show, Our Gal Sunday, Ma Perkins, and WNAX gave us Wynn Spece (Your Neighbor Lady) of Yankton, SD. There was a lot of family sharing that we have lost with television and more money to enjoy away from home.

The old house and the hardships were taken in stride. Now that I am older, I sometimes wish it would have been possible to purchase the old farm site. The house looks better in my memory than it did then. The front porch and yard was great. With today's equipment, it would have been a beautiful place. The site is now owned by the State for wildlife preservation.

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

MEMORIES FROM THE HEART

By Betty Schaefer McCormick

Have you ever received a Christmas gift that is just so important and so valuable that you can or never will part with it?

Mine is the sled that my parents gave me fifty two years ago. It still has the price on it, \$3.99 purchased at Hinsvarks Hardware. It has moved with our family all over the country and is still used by our family for sledding.

Luckily, this year we have plenty of snow so it will be put to good use. It is a smaller scale sled to be used by one person but as a kid two of us rode on it. On Sundays we would go sledding in the pasture where David Denekamp used to live, then occupied by Elmer Fritz, behind Clyde Helmbolt's house. The pasture was full of kids just sledding and having a good time. We would get so cold and luckily my home was just across the street so I could run home, warm up, and go back for more winter fun.

Winter fun was fairly cheap fifty two years ago, a sled, snow and friends. No television, I Pod, computer or other fancy electronic toy was needed. I often think of those days spent sledding with my friends. I think of them also as one of our kids take the old sled down the hill at our house. After their sledding, they come in for hot chocolate and probably play a computer game or watch a movie on television.

Some days I just long for good cheap fun--a sled, snow and my childhood friends.

Just a few more "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

Expanse of Treeless Prairie

A reprint from an autobiography by John Stanley

Contributed by Diane Bartels Doyle

The third day the immigrant car was rumbling over that endless expanse of treeless prairie, where settlements were sparse, with only occasional homestead shacks and spots of broken prairie land to relieve the monotonous vastness. We began to wonder if father's apparent enthusiasm over that portion of the west to which we were going had not somehow got the best of his usually good judgment. However, as we sped along later in the day the country looked better to us; there were occasional little streams of water, bordered with timber, and there were indications of real farming in spots, but the land was still unattractively level. Where we were going was described as rolling hills-the "coteaux"-and we hoped to see that change before night again overtook us. In that we were disappointed, but some time after darkness had come and we were sitting upon our bed trying to figure out from our railroad timetable when we might be crossing the Dakota line, our train stopped. We had been warned not to make a practice of getting out of the car at stations, and especially never to do so at night. Therefore, at this stop we had not planned to alight, but looked anxiously out of our car door observing the movements of many people

about the station platform-among them immigrants like ourselves. We noticed the station sign read Canby. We knew that was the last station in Minnesota, and we would soon be crossing into Dakota and landing at our destination. Our hearts were beginning to palpitate more enthusiastically, and while the long train lingered at Canby a man stopped at our car door and a kindly voice called out, "Hello boys, where are you going?" It was an unusual occurrence for us, no one, excepting the train men, had talked to us in all that three-days' trip, and as we bounced to the car door there stood a strange man, with a smiling, pleasant face. We told him our destination was Gary, where our father was expecting us. Learning our name he said, "Oh Dr. Stanley's boys?" What a thrill it gave us to hear him speak that name, way out so far away from where we knew anyone. He said he was a real estate man, and that he knew father very well, his name was Sam Bowman. He cheered us by saying we were going to a very attractive part of the west.

Pioneering in Dakota Territory

Pioneering along Railroad

A reprint from an autobiography by John Stanley

Contributed by Diane Bartels Doyle

Incidentally, Mr. Bowman had been pioneering along the railroad as it built westward-locating settlers, dealing in real estate, etc. The next year he moved on ahead of the railroad to the Jim river valley, to what developed into Spink county, where he established the town of Ashton. Later when the railroad reached the Jim river valley it missed Ashton and started the town of Redfield several miles away. A contest of course was on at once for the location of the county seat. The railroad won and Ashton remained just an ordinary prairie town without a railroad. But Sam Bowman was not a man to be downed, even though sometimes he did not win. He later became state commissioner of school and public lands, and for several years, both before and after his election to that office, he was connected with it in an official capacity and selected a large portion of the school and state lands west of the Missouri river, including thousands of acres in Fall River county, (to which we had moved), that came into the hands of that department as a grant from the government.

Our train moved on west from Canby and about ten o'clock that night reached Gary. Never were there two happier boys-greeted at the station as we were by all of the family. After a quiet night's rest in a real bed, Will and I were up with the sun, delighted to see such a pretty valley through which flowed Lac Qui Parle creek bordered by a considerable growth of elm, oak and cottonwood trees whose leaves were being beautifully tinted by autumn frost. We had not expected to see much of a town, and were not disappointed, but it was growing, a new schoolhouse being built, and a spirit of hope and enthusiasm was prevalent. My elder sister was chosen as one of the teachers and all of us children of school age attended-for the time being in the upper part of a store building, there being only two departments. It seemed very much like a demotion for us youngsters coming from the fine schools for which Wisconsin was always famous.

GARY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

Newsletter from the President

Our December meeting was held on December 8, 2007 at the Gate City Lodge.

An exhaust fan has been purchased and has been installed in the jail house information center.

We also decided to purchase a 10' step ladder to be use in our facilities.

We still need to install the new front door at the jail house information center and to keep in contact with Pastor Mueller on the purchase of a speaker system for our public events. Randy Meyer has agreed to paint a new sign for us to be placed at the three mile corner south of Gary. The cemetery history project has started. We are gathering information on all that are buried at Grandview Cemetery so that we can know a little about each of them. If anyone can share information in the form of a copy of an obit on a family member buried there, we would appreciate it.

Some of the new shades for the school house and the jail house information center have been installed. The rest will be taken care of as time permits.

We continue our efforts to make contacts with state officials on our part of the creek cleanup. We want to do our part to help make the creek the only trout stream in eastern South Dakota. Our membership decided to have a bake sale during the open house being held by the Gate City Lodge on December 15. We also decided to sponsor a fishing derby on Lake Oliver in February. That project will be headed by Will Stone.

There were reports from the cemetery committee, the cemetery history committee, and the land title history committee.

Roger Baer, President, Gary Historical Association

The Weather

The weather is the queerest thing; it so often changes its mind,
But it can jot please all people, as they have much fault to find.

When it is bright and sunny, and the sun is piping hot,
Then we wish it cold and freezing, and the wind to blow a lot.

When winter comes so cold and icy, and we face the chilly breeze,
We would like it hot and humid; People are so hard to please.

Each one has their own opinion, what the weather man should do,
And it's hard to please all people, and to know this to be true.

But if we had no kind of weather, that would change from day to day.
What would we use for conversation, when we wish few words to say?

No matter if it's hot or chilly or the wind blows east or west,
Let us take it with a cheery greeting, for the weather man knows best.

Mrs. Marietta Thomas

To Make It Pay

Story written by Mildred Reinhardt about Selma Tietjen

Selma, my mother's dearest friend and my good friend, had a way about her, a philosophy that was merry and packed with wisdom. When she was in her nineties and still living efficiently by herself, she made the best of all things. She refused some of the allotted time of assistance from Home Health Aids. She told them, "Give some of my time to an 'old' person who needs it more."

Her theory was always 'to make it pay'. When she spotted a stray scrap of litter on the carpet for instance, she would get down on or at least near the floor and pick up whatever it was; she might also straighten a magazine rack that was awry, dust the legs of a table or wipe up a spill she'd noticed. She had singleness of purpose that got the most out of every hour of every day.

"When I was a child we were poor as dirt," she said. "But I didn't know that we were poor. I had no basis for comparison. I had gone nowhere or seen anything different. My sister and I spent the fullness of nature in our yard and along the creek that streamed softly past our house. We were happy. And we watched our mother's simple methods and learned from them. Oh, she was always singing!"

During the Depression Selma saved and saved and ‘made do.’ She turned the frayed collars of her husband’s shirts so they looked like new, for his business trips. When cooking she salvaged all surplus edibles and created delicious and nutritious foods for the table. She kept her modest home sparkling and in order.

While in her later years and alone she filled her hours with reading, knitting useful items for the needy, special festive items to offer as gifts. She used extra moments for calling the lonely and the ill, in writing friendly letters, praying for all those who in some way touched her life and for all those she felt, longed for support. Her faith was irrevocable. She had a total certainty in the power of prayer.

This remarkable lady was everlastingly cheerful. Not a moment of her life, I think, was wasted in regret, fear or doubt.

During one of her last months and living under nursing home care she told me, “The Lord must have spared me for a reason. I try to help the ones in here who are worse-off than I am. I do little chores for them and try to make them laugh. Oh, Laughter is good for the spirit!”

BECOME A MEMBER of the Gary Historical Association. It is only \$10 per year and you can be a part of growing organization. We believe in preserving land, buildings and artifacts pertinent to the preservation of the history of Gary, SD and community.

Be on the lookout for your mailing of dance and raffle tickets from the Gary Fire Department
Selma recalls local history

After 90 years of living, Selma Benson Tietjen, a Gary native, has many clear memories of the early days of the town.

She decided to share this information with the readers of the Gary Interstate in a weekly column called “Selma Remembers.” Each week, Mrs. Tietjen will report an interesting, brief note of early history about the town or explain why something was done a certain way.

“I feel that Gary should know about the early days,” she said. She was the daughter of Ole Benson and Thea Anderson, both Norwegian immigrants. Mrs. Tietjen had one brother and one sister. She said her earliest memories go back to 1901 when she was six years old.

Selma Remembers: March 22, 1984 issue

The town of Gary was first started with the Herrick Hotel built where David Denekamp now lives. The two story school house was where Warner Volk lives. The flour mill was where Clyde Helmbolt lives; the creamery and feed grinding mill to the north of the Benson homestead. The street going east and west in this area was known as “Mill Street.” Now it is Second Street.

Selma Remembers: March 29, 1984 issue

To be closer to the railroad, many business places were originally built in the southern part of the town. By 1909 both sides of Coteau Street and First Street had burned. The fire on the west side was in the day time and everyone that was able carried water from their wells. The Odd Fellows

building was all that was saved. The east side fire was at night. All of the street burned. "Selma Remembers" is written by Selma Tietjen, a 90 yr. old Gary resident.

Selma Remembers: April 5, 1984 issue

Gary's first school was built of wood in 1879. It had two floors and was on the corner of Herrick and First Streets where Warner Volk now lives. For years mother (Thea Benson) was the janitor in this school. It was on this location for 25 years.

In the fall of 1903 all pupils were moved upstairs in buildings west of the Odd Fellows building until the new school was finished. In January 1904, we moved to the present school location.

Selma Remembers: April 12, 1984 issue

The fires didn't stop the pioneers. They were determined to have a town. Long before the fires they set up a brick factory west and south of the Catholic Church so began to build with brick and wood. Soon many places of business had been built on the four streets and wooden sidewalks were put in. We ran on the sidewalks and got slivers in our feet when it used to be stone, bruises. People came and settled on farms. Some of the buildings that were built with brick are the Senior Citizens Building, the John Jenson home, the Bartels Building (former post office) and the Odd Fellows Building.

From the Files of the Gary Interstate. January, 1888

According to the decree of the ballot, the saloons of Gary closed their doors last Saturday night for all time. We trust that the last drop of liquor has been sold in Gary, but we are afraid that our people will find the blind pig a more formidable foe than the open saloon, and that to enforce prohibition will require the nerve of a large share of our community.

Deuel County afflicted by the worst blizzard known to her history Thursday, January 12.

Speaking of the blizzard of the 12th, a prominent citizen of Aberdeen said, "I have lived in Dakota and Minnesota thirty years and never saw or heard of such a storm. It was phenomenal, and such a one may not occur again in a hundred years.

From Tiger Tales January 1946 Pickens by Pauline

Pastimes of several students when on school vacation time:

Donald Banwarth- "Nothing until New Year's Day and then I prayed for a blizzard." (Happy thought!)

LaMorne Benner- "Work! My vacation began when I came back to school. Believe it or not"

David Goblirsch- "Visited among my relatives and friends in Minnesota."

Evelyn Walters- "I waited anxiously for school to begin again-I missed it so!" (There must be an it is for that one!)

Vacation found Herb Hunt "hunting, fishing, sleeping and eating" while Merlyn Christianson "trapped for a hundred mink, but never got any!"

Bernice Schaefer- "This, that and the other" (Must be an interesting pastime, et what?)

Darrell Case- “In the daytime I slept and at night, well I was covering the greater share of Northeastern South Dakota.”

Maxine Wells- “I planned on studying, but my plans didn’t materialize.”

Joyce Sass- “spent a very enjoyable vacation at home.”

Monty Pinard- “ A little of everything.”

The Huntings- “We visited for a short time at Mr. Huntings’ grandmother and then came back to Gary.”

**We hope that you will have a
Prosperous and Happy
New Year!**