

*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. June 2008 issue.**

[www.garysd.com](http://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 June 27, 7:00 p.m. at the Fire Hall meeting room  
Re-enactment of Helga Estby's Walk June 14 at 5 pm with potluck in Gary Park  
Gate City Development Association June 19, 7:00 p.m. Fire Hall meeting room  
Gary Community Club June 26, 7:30 p.m. at the Fire Hall meeting room  
July 3 starts the annual celebration with kiddie events, talent show and dance  
July 5 is car show, art show, soap box derby, bed races and work horse show  
Gary City Council Meeting, July 7, 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.**

**\*\*\*Don't miss the presentation in the Gary Park on June 14, 2008.\*\*\* The Gary Historical Association is sponsoring the Re-enactment of the historic walk of Helga Estby and her daughter across the United States. Event starts at 5 pm with a potluck picnic supper for all who attend. Free will donation. Bring your own chairs.**

**Down Memory Lane  
By Bernice Jensen**

Dear Friends,

I was visiting with a 13 year old young man a couple of weeks ago. I was telling him the things we just don't see or hear much about anymore. The packaging of food was not in the packages we use today, but was sold in bulk. Cookies were in a box with a clear window. I remember one day in particular where my parents had a carload of relatives that came to visit us. My father and I went to the Jack Sprat grocery store. He picked up a peck sack of cookies, a variety pack for \$1.00. It cost no more that one dollar for any one purchase in the grocery department. The Raleigh salesman would visit our home. Roy Pool from Madison was the salesman that visited our home. He would come in with his cases of the best smelling stuff. One of his cases held cosmetics and bath articles like lotions, creams, powders, etc. My Mother could not afford much, but she would purchase a hand cream or face powder occasionally. Then there was the medium case that held cough syrups, salves and other heath aids, another case with nectar for



cold drinks, gelatins, and pudding bases, a regular grocery store in the three cases that were brought right to your home. And he always had a treat for the kids.

We had a salesman that showed woolen blankets, and jackets too. His name was Lou Wells, a man who was a real gentleman and carried a top line of woolens. Ten to fifteen dollars was the average price of a blanket and fifteen to twenty for a jacket. Money was hard to come by and this was luxury items. Much of the bedding was put on a shelf for company. Cars sold for as low as \$500 to 600 dollars. Neighbors Charley Kelly's and Fred Sauers left one morning to purchase a Studebaker from the car dealer. About 4 pm they came down the road with Kelly's driving a two-tone brown and tan car and the Sauers driving a two-tone green car. The buzz in the neighborhood said that they cost about \$500. 30 years ago a new car could be purchased for \$3000. Gas was as low as 20 cents a gallon. Yesterday I paid close to \$4 for a gallon of gas. No burden to me as I don't drive that much. I feel for the working people. A family south of Madison built a new home in the early 40's. It was a big family and a good sized home with a lot of character and cost a little over \$3500 to build it with 2 baths.

The farmers sold eggs for \$3.00 for 30 dozens case of eggs. Cream was 10 cents a lb. And butter 10 cents a lb.

Things we don't see much of anymore are a tire patching kit. It was a tube with patches, glue and metal piece to roughen up the part of the tire to be patched. Fly strips and fly paper are no longer used very often. Also inexpensive perfumes like Blue Waltz, Ben Hur and several more brands but the good stuff was Evening in Paris. An antique dealer will pay big dollars for a full set in the lined box that was never used and full bottles in good condition.

Most libraries have reproductions of the old catalogues. If you enjoy the history of yesterday, check one out. You will have a great time.

My little friend wishes we had those times back. No, you don't. You would not want to only make about one dollar a day for working a job. I made five dollars a week for a seven day work week. Today is the best, if only we would have peace in the world and our troops could be back home with their families. Also if the gas prices were not so high, it would help the families to afford to live without that added strain to their budget. When I think back, I don't know which time is really the best time. My time was very comfortable; neighbors were closer and visited back and forth. Company was not a treat like it is today, but you expected family and neighbors to stop by unannounced and you were always ready to invite them in for lunch and coffee.

## **MEMORIES FROM THE HEART**

By Betty Schaefer McCormick

Summer is right around the corner, so we all hope, and it is that time of the year for ice cream. I remember as a child we would make homemade ice cream and how excited we would be waiting for the churning to be done so we could taste its creamy goodness.

When my husband was stationed at Ft. Riley, Kansas, one of the fellow Captains, who happened to be from Georgia, would treat us to fresh Peach Ice Cream. The officers and their spouses would gather once a week and have cookouts and Captain Forrester would churn the peach ice cream. His family would bring fresh peaches from their orchard. It was a real treat.

Also, as a child it was so much fun to visit my Uncle John and Aunt Martha Lentz's home as he would make homemade root beer. How delicious that frothy drink was on a hot summer day. I still enjoy a good root beer over ice on a hot day. However, it is not as good as Uncle John's.

In fact, there is a Micro Brewery here in Green Bay which is famous for their homemade root beer, made famous by the owner's Grandmother. Once in awhile, we will venture down to the old depot which is the Micro Brewery now and have a good cold root beer.

Burr Store was another of our family's favorites to go and get a good old fashioned ice cream cone on a Sunday afternoon. We kids would be so excited to go for a ride. Dad would drive and look at the crops in the field and I would wait for the stop at Burr Store. I believe Cherry Nut was my favorite.

Then who could forget Mason Station for their ice cream. Rose and Gerald would be so generous with their portions. I remember my nephews being so excited when I would drive them to Mason's Station in my convertible and we would have ice cream cones. Good thing my seats were leather as we always had some drippings to clean up.

Those are some good memories and I think this year would be a good time to drag out the old ice cream freezer and treat the grandchildren to homemade ice cream. With the economy so tight and gasoline prices so high, it is time to get back to basics and making homemade ice cream on a Sunday afternoon sounds really good.

Just another "Memory from the Heart."

### THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU .....

We would like to say a **BIG thank you** to **Gus Van Steenberg** for his **generous donation**; **Ray Wiese** for all his help in replacing the tin ceiling with the new panels this spring. We would also like to thank **EMS** and **Joe Kolback** and **his staff** for their donation of printing the Gary Interstate for us. Thank you to **ITC for their generous donation** to the Gary Historical Association for our special projects fund and to **Cliff Viessman, Inc.** for their donation. Also anyone else that has helped us in any way.

**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

### ***Hail Storm Destroys Crop***

By this time we had about 75 acres ready to plant. Occasional snow and later rains had put the ground in fine condition for planting and all crops came forward marvelously. By August our 50-acre wheat field promised a wonderful harvest. It was a beautiful August afternoon that father had us boys get the binder out ready to cut the crop. After all was in readiness to go the sun was considerably passed the meridian and it was decided to wait and begin the harvest fresh and early next morning. Soon after making that decision dark clouds began gathering in the east then raindrops fell, coming down thicker, heavier; suddenly a devastating hailstorm was covering the land as far as the eye could reach. After ten or fifteen minutes of that terrible pounding hail, just as suddenly as it started there was a lull and we started out to investigate the damage. The wind shifted and the storm came back, hailing harder, if possible, than before. It roared, fiercely pounding the fields of grain into a flattened mass of straw. It was a shocking, sickening

experience-to have our seasons labor all lost in a few minutes, that wonderfully promising crop destroyed when the family was so desperately in need of the proceeds. The prospects seemed hopeless, but many clouds have a silver lining, and within a few days the straws of grain began to straighten up and sufficient heads of wheat showed themselves to encourage us to bring the mower into use. The wheat field was cut (exceedingly close to the ground) raked and threshed, and to our delight yielded ten bushels to the acre (leaving the other possibly forty bushels scattered over the ground.)

The framework of a large shed was built with heavy posts sunk in the ground, the roof being made of poles and tree limbs, while around and over the structure an immense amount of straw was stacked-that being saved from threshing the hailed-out wheat field, making it a wonderfully comfortable place in the winter for the cows and horses, even though there could be no windows for light.

### *Pondering Over the Future*

Thus going along for a couple of years I found that with possibly occasional assistance my help could be dispensed with and I felt free and was anxious to further my education, by attending the University of Minnesota. The only obstacle was the lack of funds. While pondering over the matter I was offered an opportunity to become the "devil" in the local newspaper office, the Inter-State. Of course I was totally ignorant of what the job meant, but one of my "chums" was an employee of the paper, a good printer, and he promised to make a printer of me in short order. In considering arrangements with the publisher of the paper I found that he thought I wouldn't be worth to him more than three dollars a week, board and lodge myself, also must contract to stay one year. I might have earned much more than that at any sort of work, but concluded that I might become a fair printer-and possibly a "newspaper man" someday, instead of what I had cherished most in the professional line. So I became a "devil" -doing all the menial things about that little country print shop, and finally was given added duties to the extent of my ability in helping in the post office, copying official documents into the records of the register of deeds office, my employer occupying the triple position of being publisher, postmaster and county register of deeds. There had been no specifications entered into about hours for work, so that from 7AM. to 8 and 9 PM. was not uncommon. Within about three weeks time my printing instructor decided to accept a position on a Duluth, Minnesota, daily paper, and had to quit forthwith. The publisher was also a printer and I thought I would have his instructing assistance. I got along fairly well, until another three or four weeks passed by, when suddenly the "boss" was called to Washington, leaving me alone to operate the publication. I was a badly flustered kid but I had agreed to stay one year and the thought of quitting did not enter my head, though inwardly I feared I was unequal to the task. But the two weeks of the boss' absence was probably the best thing that could have happened to me, for it gave me confidence and convinced me that someday I could operate a newspaper of my own. My ambition had been aroused. Upon the return of the owner he seemed to have forgotten that he had a newspaper, quite to my disgust at the time because I felt he was treating me unfairly (at \$3 a week) by not offering to do some work, at least on his own newspaper. But I stuck to my job, as agreed, but at the end of the year I served notice that I was going to quit to accept a job at \$10 a week on the Watertown "Dakota News" - a pioneer newspaper established by S. J. Conklin, a prominent editor of those days. He was familiarly known as "Old Conk", and had come from Wisconsin where he had been

recognized as an outstanding "scrapper" in the profession. His Dakota News had already become a sensation in the territory and had a wide circulation.

## **Gary Historical Association**

### **Newsletter from the President**

Our May and June 2008 meetings were held on May 10 and June 7, at the fire department meeting room.

We have been able to finish putting in the new ceiling at the Jail House Information Center and it looks great! We will also start stocking it with literature and interesting information for the visitors to see. Travis Baer is presently working on a couple of these.

Our sound system has been delivered and we will put it into use for the coming summer events. It will be a great addition for doing all the events that we do here in the community.

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 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 creek will be stocked again this year. Now we will need to start promoting it.

We will be one of the hosts of the Helga Estby presentations this summer. Her family homesteaded about six miles east of Gary. The presentation will be June 14.

Some of our members led by Mary Nosbush and assisted by Angel Oeltjenbruns and others have been getting a walking trail and picnic area put together on "Knob Hill". We will let you know where that is when it is finished. 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.

We will be having another celebration this year. Some of it will be the evening of July 3 and the rest will be on Saturday, July 5. We will let you know the schedule as soon as possible.

Roger Baer, President, Gary Historical Association

### **!!!REMEMBER!!!**

#### **HELGA ESTBY PRESENTATION SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 5 PM IN GARY**

#### **The Old Depot**

Another landmark is soon to go, when they tear our old depot down,

Another building to be razed, in our own progressive town.

Just a reminder to us all, that a through railroad will be no more,

No more to hear that whistle blow, no trains go through as once before.

Our ways of travel have been changed, in this last new modern pace.

Here, railroad travel is no more, and cars and planes to take its place.

How many times I've waited there, for that old train to rumble in.

To meet a friend of long ago, or a dear face or next of kin.

The many tears that have been shed, when many said that last goodbye,

And the train was lost around the curve, and the smoke curled against the sky.

Why obliterate the iron horse? Old timers hate to see it go;

I'd love to see it round the curve, and hear again, that whistle blow.

By Mrs. Marietta Thomas

## **Mayme Cole Celebrates Her 90<sup>th</sup> Birthday On November 4, 1984**

Submitted to us by Francis Miller

### Mayme Recalls the "Olden Days."

Mayme Helena Cole was born on November 4, 1894 to Tom and Martha Naig of Paulina, Iowa. She is the youngest of 3 children, having two older brothers, Oscar and Maynard; however, her father had two children of a previous marriage to Martha's cousin, who died on the way emigrating from Norway. Mayme was very close to her half sister Carrie and half brother Pete. They felt closer than half sister and half brother and enjoyed the fact that they were cousins as well.

When Mayme was six years of age the Naigs came by train to Gary, South Dakota and settled on a farm 7 miles north of Gary. Mayme attended country grade school in Antelope Valley thru 8<sup>th</sup> grade, and when not in school helped her parents with the many farm chores. After finishing grade school she worked as a cook at Herrick's Hotel for Mrs. Hilsley. Mayme was only 17 years old then, and there were 12 roomers and other people from around town ate at the hotel too. One time, when Mrs. Hilsley was ill, Mayme had to do all the cooking for two or three days and it scared her to death. She also would stay with families and sew for them while there, and she did just about anything she could do to earn extra money.

One day, while walking on a country road, she recalls finding a wedding ring made of 18 carat gold. After talking about it, she and Glenn (whom she married in 1915) decided to use it as their wedding ring. She's still wearing the ring. Mayme and her husband, Glenn Harley Cole, attended grade school together. They grew up one and one-half miles apart, until Glenn went to live in Gary with his grandmother, to go to school there. When interviewed for her 63<sup>rd</sup> wedding anniversary, in January 1978, she was asked if they were childhood sweethearts. Mayme said, "No, he was just a neighborhood boy, in fact I thought he was a pill." "He was a tease and pestered the girls to his glory," she said. Nevertheless, the Coles got married on January 29, 1915, after Glenn had come back from Montana where he worked for the government at an experiment station, where they grew many, many acres of wheat. While out there, Glenn had taken up a claim on 620 acres of Land near Grass Range, Montana. After the wedding, Glenn and Mayme took the train to Montana and then proceeded via an open coach to their homestead, 34 miles northeast of Grass Range, near the Village of Valentine. The coach was heavily loaded and pulled by four horses. It was the 1<sup>st</sup> of February, and as cold as the dickens. It took all day to get there. At first they had not very much more than the clothes on their backs – had brought one trunk each. They managed to acquire a team of horses and worked the land, seeding grain and corn. They built a 14' frame house. During the time the house was built they stayed with friends in a sod house. Everyone had sod houses there. Glen and Mayme were the only ones to have a frame house, and when they sold it, the County bought it for a school house. Another friend of theirs who had a herd of cattle loaned them two dairy cows in return for feeding them, so Glenn and Mayme had milk and other dairy products. Mayme had a garden with vegetables and they bought 5 hens. The next year they bought fertile eggs and raised chickens. Five months during the year they could go on furlough, and still hold the homestead. During the summer of the 1<sup>st</sup> year, Glenn's father was injured on the farm outside of Gary, during threshing time. Glenn went home to help and Mayme stayed on the homestead to "hold it." Glenn's best friend helped her out by bringing the mail and groceries. She was there alone about 3 months –

the closest neighbors were about 2 miles away. She too went to Gary around the 1<sup>st</sup> of November. It was there that Catherine Ann was born, on December 7<sup>th</sup>, 1915.

The following year in March, Mayme went back to their homestead out there. Glenn had left Gary for the homestead in January. Mayme recalls some of the hard life. Glenn made them furniture out of pine wood, even a bed. She said, "one could really feel the pine boughs on the bed." It was a simple life. "Those days you didn't have anything fancy in groceries," she recalls, "just the bare necessities, like flour and sugar, the staples," everything else grew in the garden and then she had the chickens and the dairy products.

After three years in Montana they proved up on the homestead and owned the deed for it. Then they sold their house and horses and came back to Gary. They got \$10 per acre which was real good money in those days. That gave them \$6,200 with which they made the down payment on a farm four miles southeast of Gary. This was in 1919. It was there, where on January 25<sup>th</sup>, 1922, their second daughter, Francis Martha, was born, and about 10 years later the late comers, their son David Glenn, on October 10, 1930 and the "Wee Bummer," as Mayme calls her, Fae Nadine. She was born on January 24, 1932. "It was a good life on the farm," Mayme said, "I sold butter and eggs and poultry and vegetables out of my big garden that I had down the creek bottom." There was a drought, so the creek made it possible to have a garden when many others couldn't. In 1936, when Fae was only four years old they were hit hard by the depression and lost the farm. It was hard to find a place to move to so they felt lucky to move 1½ miles away to the Asher place and stayed there for 3 years. After the depression, Glenn and his brother, John bought a farm near Canby, Minnesota, (about 5 miles west of Canby.) Fae was about 6 years old then, so it must have been in 1938. Glenn retired from farming in 1957 (actually semi-retired, said Mayme), because he helped out a lot after his son, David, took over the farm. During his years of farming and also afterwards, Glenn taught agriculture classes at Gary, a knowledge which he attained at South Dakota State College in Brookings, in 1913, before he went to Montana to work for the government. Mayme recalled one of the highlights of their life was that they went to Washington, D.C. in 1958 to visit Glenn's brother John, although the occasion was sad, John's wife had passed away. They stayed there for three months. In 1967 they moved into Gary, where they had bought a house.

On November 4, 1979 they celebrated their 65<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. Actually, it should have been celebrated on January 29, 1980, but due to the inclement weather that they have sometimes during the winter months, it was decided to celebrate their wedding anniversary on Mayme's 85<sup>th</sup> birthday (November 4, 1979). Mayme's husband, Glenn, passed away on March 17<sup>th</sup> 1980 at the age of 88, at the Hendricks Nursing Home in Hendricks. He had been quite ill and it was impossible for Mayme to take care of him herself. In 1981, Mayme, Catherine and Fae flew to California, where they stayed with Jennie Cole, who was living with her son Jean and his wife Mary. Jennie Cole was a childhood friend and was the wife of Earnest Cole, Glenn's brother. Jennie was 93 years of age at the time. One of the highlights of the trip was a Cable Car ride 8,000 feet up into the mountains at Palm Springs, California.

Mayme is a member of the United Methodist Church in Gary. She also is a member of the Star Lodge and the Rebekahs Lodge, who still meet at Mayme's home. She is also an active member of Senior Citizens and the Burr Ladies, Aid; and Mayme's artistic quilting work and needle work is displayed in her home, her children and grandchildren's, homes. Mayme is also a member of the Legion Auxiliary and the VFW auxiliary. A 16x15 braided rug that she made out of wool coats lies on her living room floor, "the last round on that rug," she said, "took three coats."

With 4 wonderful children 13 grandchildren, 33 great grandchildren and 1 and one-half great great- grandchildren; and with her good physical and mental health, and last but not least her faith in God and the friendship and love of so many people.....Mayme Helena Cole is a very rich woman.

### **Selma Remembers From the Gary Interstate 1984**

**Popular Music from the First World War...**The number one song was "The Rose of Nomansland." Number two was "Old Frenchy." Others were:" If I'm not at the Roll Call, Kiss Mother Goodbye for me, ""Little Blue Star in the Window," "Over there," and "K.K.Katy." Now in 1984, this is a question in the game of Trivial Pursuit. Bill and Selma played this music during the First World War

**Thanksgiving Memories...**I can see all of us after Thanksgiving dinner. Thank the good Lord again for that day when the Pilgrims arrived in this country with His blessings along he way.

**Whistling...A lost art...**When have you heard anyone whistle? It used to be a welcome to a sing-a-long. In olden days, professional whistlers traveled the vaudeville circuits of the day. "Listen to the Mocking Bird" and "Danny Boy" are two songs I remember. At one time there was a Chicago whistler's society.

**"Ode to the Commode"...**The most durable item I own by far, Is my mother's earthen slop jar. Not only was it their port in a storm, But on cold winter nights, in was indoors and warm. Then, flushing commodes came into style, and Ma and Pa stashed it away for awhile, 'Till I brought it forth and polished its face' Now it sits on a pedestal, a beautiful vase... I've been told, "Hang on to that antique vase; we may some day revert to the flushless commode."

**Women's lib 1913...** Today they think this women's lib is something new. We didn't have a name for it in 1913, but just the same, women got out and did the things men were always accustomed to doing. And they didn't make a big fanfare of it.

**Circuses...**Many summers in the early days Cole Brothers or West Brothers came to Gary by train. Their tent was put up where Kallhoff's Lumber is. All children stood along the tracks to watch it unload. They always had a parade in the morning. One day during the parade the lion got out of its cage and jumped on a Shetland pony that was pulling a calliope (musical instrument). Some men went into a hardware store, got a gun and shot the lion.

**Early Barn dances...**People in the older days who built a barn had a dance before the animals took possession. It really was a fun time for all neighbors. The owners always served lunch. The popular dances in that era were: the waltz, the fox-trot, the two-step, the schottish, and the square dance. Margaret Potthoff Bierne played piano for many of these dances.

**Gary's names...** Gary's name was changed several times through the early years. The first name on record was Headquarters, because it served as a place of operation for Col. DeGraff, the railroad contractor. The next name was State Line, due to the fact that it was located on the Minnesota-South Dakota border line. The Gate City was finally named Gary in honor of H.B.Gary, an early day mail agent.

**“Don’t Try, Selma”**...I’m not going to try to stand up any straighter this year than I did last year, which is a little bent over. It surprises me to consider how long this body lasts. Until I broke my leg, I did all things with it for a long time without much servicing. I’m told these wrinkles I have are jewels of survivors. Also that they create character and depth. I hope so!

**Ice...**Lac Qui Parle Creek that runs through First Street was dammed up in the fall. When it froze solid, Jim Donaldson and his men workers cut it into blocks of ice. This we loved to watch at the first school house by the creek. Blocks of ice were hauled away, packed in sawdust, and sold to people and stores for their ice boxes, as there were no electric refrigerators at that time. Pupils who watched with me were Robert, Herbert, and Arthur Benner; Gladys McPeck; and Lottie Young. Some Gary people will remember these pupils.

**Aprons...**In the old days a long apron was the most popular and useful. It tied around the waist with a pocket on one side. If outside and you had no baskets along, you picked up the two bottom corners and it carried in eggs, chicks and vegetables from the garden or sticks of wood. Fancy aprons with embroidery were used for company serving. Little girls wore aprons called pinafores to protect their school or Sunday dresses. Seems no one wears aprons nowadays, so they’re not welcomed as a gift.

**Watch for more details on the Re-enactment of the Historic Walk across America** that Helga Estby and her daughter made. The story of her life is written in the book, Bold Spirit, which is available in the library in Gary. Helga and her husband lived a few miles east of Gary, SD. This re-enactment is planned for Gary on June 14, 2008 sponsored by the Gary Historical Association. It will start at 5 PM with a potluck supper, followed with the presentation by Kathryn Lindstrom.

Millard, Frank E.

Among the first pioneer settlers of Deuel County was Frank E. Millard. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour and was born in 1857, in Ionia, Michigan. When a young man, he moved with his parents to Beaver Dan, Wisconsin, and from there to Dakota Territory where he took up a homestead three miles northwest of Clear Lake in 1879.

He was married to Alice A. Lake at Goodwin in 1880, and they made their home there four years while Mr. Millard owned and operated an implement store. He moved to Gary and was elected Sheriff of Deuel County in 1883, and served until 1890. He was the first sheriff of Deuel County.

While residing in Gary, he and Doan Robinson were instrumental in locating the School for the Blind there. The original court house at Gary served as the School for the Blind after the county seat was moved to Clear Lake. The grand opening of the South Dakota School for the Blind was held March 1, 1900.

In 1902, the Millard family moved to Canby, where Mr. Millard entered the real estate business. He was a leader in civic and community affairs and served as the Mayor of Canby for three terms, secretary of the Commercial Club, and city assessor for several years. He was also a member of the Minnesota Livestock Breeders Association for many years.

Frank Millard was a member of the Presbyterian Church, Eastern Star and had been a Mason since 1884. Mrs. Millard also served as one of the first Worthy Matrons of the Gary Chapter.

Members of the Millard family still residing in Deuel County are their daughter, Mrs. L.J. Byer (Julia) and her two daughters, Mrs. Vincentia Schutt, and Mrs. Emmett Splinter, all of Clear Lake.

Frank Millard was the sheriff of Deuel County in 1880 and lived in Gary. His deputy was Jay Bentley. This story was told by a son of Jay Bentley, Joe Bentley, of Toronto.

Mr. Millard wanted to see South Dakota so he took off on foot and walked from Gary to Deadwood. Before he started home, he decided he didn't need to see it that well again. He traded his watch for a horse and rode back to Gary.

F.E. Millard operated the Sirloin Ranch near Clear Lake at the time that he was the first elected sheriff of Deuel County, Dakota Territory, circa 1870. He later moved to Canby, Minnesota and was a long time Secretary of the Minnesota State Fair Board and he loved trotting horses.

Up coming events:

Unveiling of Welcome to Gary signs

“Lovers Lane” walking trail