

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. March 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!**

**Meetings and Events in March**

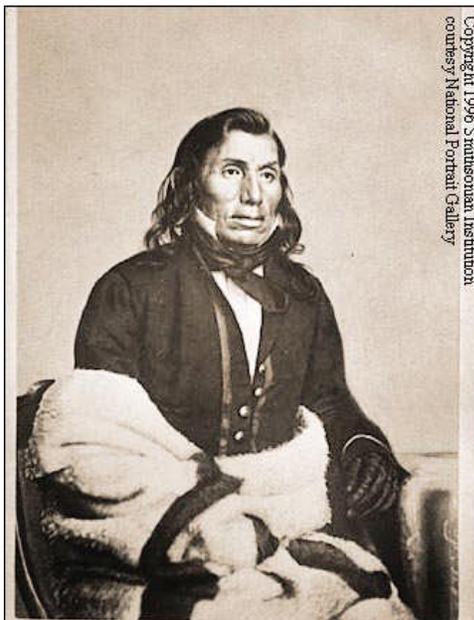
Gate City Development Association March 20, 7:00 p.m. Fire Hall meeting room

Gary Historical Association March 15, 10:00 a.m. at the Fire Hall meeting room

Gary Community Club March 27, 7:00 p.m. at the Fire Hall meeting room

Gary City Council April 7, 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 1863,  
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 later. 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:

**Continued:** Taoyateduta was forced to flee from the fighting about a month after the conflict began. He briefly stayed in [Canada](#), but soon returned to the area. He was killed on [July 3, 1863](#) near [Hutchinson, Minnesota](#) while gathering raspberries with his teenage son. The pair had

wandered onto the land of white settler Nathan Lamson, who shot at them hoping to collect the bounties. Taoyateduta's

skull and scalp were removed from his body, and were set on public display in [St. Paul](#), where they so remained until 1971.

Lamson received an additional \$500 reward for his efforts; Taoyateduta's son (who was captured in the incident) was at one time condemned to die, but later had that sentence commuted to a prison term.

By the 1880s, a number of Dakota had trickled back to the Minnesota River valley, notably the Goodthunder, Wabasha, Bluestone, and Lawrence families. They were joined by several families from the Wahpekute Dakota who had been living under the protection of Bishop Whipple and the trader [Alexander Faribault](#). The small [Lower Sioux Indian Reservation](#) was reestablished at the site of the Lower Sioux Agency near [Morton](#), and in the 1930s an even smaller [Upper Sioux Reservation](#) (little more than a square mile in size) was established near [Granite Falls](#).

Many Dakota did not join in the attacks, choosing to aid and protect settlers and to serve with the Minnesota soldiers who responded to the attacks. The Yankton Sioux chief [Struck by the Ree](#) deployed his warriors for this purpose. Monuments to their actions were erected in the 1890s on the river bluff opposite the Lower Sioux Agency. Even so, Struck by the Ree's people were not judged "friendly" enough to be allowed to remain in the state after the war.

A monument in Reconciliation Park across from the [Mankato](#) library where the execution occurred, commemorates the 38 Dakota hanged.

### ***Aftermath (Euro-American)***

The [Minnesota River](#) Valley and surrounding [upland prairie](#) areas were largely abandoned as a direct result of the [war](#). Many of the surviving families who fled their farms and homes as refugees never returned. Following the end of the Civil War, however, the area was re-settled by European immigrants and United States migrants, and became a flourishing agricultural region by the 1890s.

By the late 1920s, only a handful of eyewitnesses remained to provide a first-hand account of the **Sioux Outbreak**, and the conflict passed into the realm of [oral tradition](#). Eyewitness accounts were communicated first-hand to individuals who survived into the 1970s and early 1980s. The images of innocent individuals and families of struggling pioneer farmers being killed by marauding bands of Dakota, often in horrific and inhumane ways, have remained in the consciousness of the prairie communities of south central Minnesota. See, for example, the Euro-American family oral histories referred to in Part 4 of the [Minnesota Public Radio](#) program referenced in the bibliography, below, and the memories of both Indian and white descendents of participants in the battle at [Slaughter Slough](#) in the references, below).

Contemporary accounts by percipient (white and mixed-blood) observers or victims of the Uprising included graphic and sensationalistic descriptions of what it was like to witness one's own father, mother, siblings or children slaughtered by "enraged savages". An example is the book-length compilation by [Charles Bryant](#) entitled "Indian Massacre in Minnesota", initially published in 1863 and frequently reprinted thereafter. Statements such as the following excerpts no doubt reinforced the perception of diabolical savagery on the part of the Sioux that continued into the 20th century in some parts of rural Minnesota:

"Mr. Massipost had two daughters, young ladies, intelligent and accomplished. These the savages murdered most brutally. The head of one of them was afterward found, severed from the body, attached to a fish-hook, and hung upon a nail. His son, a young man of twenty-four years, was also killed. Mr. Massipost and a son of eight years escaped to [New Ulm](#)." (Bryant, at p. 141).

"The daughter of Mr. Schwandt, enciente, was cut open, as was learned afterward, the child taken alive from the mother, and nailed to a tree. The son of Mr. Schwandt, aged thirteen years, who had been beaten by the Indians, until dead, as was supposed, was present, and saw the entire tragedy. He saw the child taken alive from the body of his sister, Mrs. Waltz, and nailed to a tree in the yard. It struggled some time after the nails were driven through it! This occurred in the forenoon of Monday, 18th of August, 1862." (Bryant, at pp. 300-301).

This genre of eyewitness description now requires a preface that explains the extreme [prejudice](#) and [racist](#) points of view of the victims (see, e.g., the introduction to the Tolzmann reprint of Mary Schwandt's [eyewitness account](#) of her family's killing, published in 2002), and is now considered over-done and unreliable. More modern commentators generally omit such viscerally compelling personal recollections of white victims while emphasizing the abuses and neglect perpetrated by the governmental reservation and trading system. These later accounts sometimes fail to convey sufficiently the widespread panic that resulted from attacks suffered by isolated frontier families during the uprising.

A number of local monuments including the [Acton](#) monument to the initial attack on the Howard Baker farm, near [Grove City](#) in [Meeker County](#), the Guri Endreson monument in the Vikor Lutheran Cemetery, near [Willmar](#), in [Kandiyohi County](#), and the [Brownton](#) monument to the slain White family in [McLeod County](#), serve as permanent reminders of the innocent men, women and children on isolated farms and hamlets who were the initial victims of the Uprising.

**To be continued next month.....**

**Be on the lookout** for your mailing of dance and raffle tickets from the Gary Fire Department. They have been mailed.

**If there are senior citizens in Gary that can type** and would like to do some typing for the Gary Historical Ass'n **and be paid for it**, please let the Gary Historical Ass'n know. We need the help. There are income guidelines. Contact Mary Nosbush or Roger Baer.

## **Down Memory Lane** by Bernice Jensen

**Continued from the story in the February issue:**

Doc Christopher, my Grandfather, after returning to his home in Southern Iowa and later moving to Brull, Iowa, worked at the family farm with his father. He broke horses for farmers in the area, and worked with a veterinarian and purchased books about animal health. I remember when he mixed medicine in the back of our house, like Blue Vitral, which was a strong vicious part of one of the remedies



mixed with some other drugs and mineral oil to cure diseases of animals. He would tell us about the war his father and grandfather fought. They would come home tired, torn and very hungry. They should stay home till they regained their strength and health, then pack their horse and go back to fighting the war. Would this be the War between the North and South? He always told many stories that were always told in the same way. They later moved to Brill, Iowa and there he met my grandmother, Lavina Hunt, daughter of Mortimer Hunt.

The Hunt family moved to the Moritz area. Grandpa and Grandma lived east of Gary, one mile south, the farm on the east side of the road. That is where my grandmother was hospitalized and passed away in 1935. Grandfather maintained his own life style. He still cared for sick animals, set broken bones and called himself a horse doctor. He played an important role in the sleeping sickness epidemic in the area horses. In the 40's, at the Madison County Fair, The Veterinarians in the area were honored for their work in trying to save horses. The Veterinarians asked Grandpa Christopher to join them on the stage, and presented him with a medallion on a ribbon for him, as well as for the veterinarians on the stage. He was proud as well as his family. I often think if he would have formal education what a help he could have been to society.

Grandpa lived in a trailer house and one evening when we lived on what they called the tin building place, Dad was coming from the barn with a pail of milk in each hand and coming down the road south of our home was Grandpa, with a long legged and long ears standing straight up, with a donkey. The donkey put on the brakes on all fours and would not move, but let out a strange noise that I had never heard before. My dad told me it was a donkey braying. Dad said what in the h--- has Doc got now. When he came on the yard he said he traded his horse for the donkey and a road cart. He worked at the Crystal Springs rodeo ranch for Andrew Anderson on his ranch north east of Clear Lake. He was in his 70's still riding bucking broncos and got bucked off and broke some bones and went to the hospital. He lived in Madison, when he had a small trailer house and loved to have his family visit him and he was proud to make us coffee and a treat. He had a Dalmatian Dog that he named Peggy. She had a litter of puppies and Gramps gave me one when I was in the hospital. I had her named Peggy after Grandpa's dog. She lived to be an old dog and we found her dead one morning. I will never forget Peggy. Grandpa likes to catch turtles and make turtle dinner. That I could never understand. He called turtles, toudles. He did not care for material things but he did purchase a Model A which he couldn't drive. He came down the road and in the ditch. He never swore but he would say B. God. I didn't know what to do so I headed for the ditch. We were taught to love our parents and Grandparents unconditionally. Grandfather had a bad habit that I don't want to talk about, it hurts too much. He was a kind, honest, and intelligent man. Every snow storm he would gather us kids around him and tell us stories of his life. He would travel long ways with his parents who would tie a can of cream under the covered wagon and when they arrived at their destination the cream was churned into butter. He loved to argue with his family, especially on politics. He was a Democrat because Roosevelt gave him an old people's check. He would ask if I was Republican after he said he was a Democrat and I would say no, Grandpa. He would say I was fickle minded. His check was \$65 a month and he enjoyed it. He did remember his grandchildren with small gifts. He had 5 children, Tom Christopher, Ida Johnson, Martha Lentz, my mother, Clara Schaeffer and Art Christopher and Julie passed away as a young child. And he had 18 grandchildren. Grandfather passed away in May of 1951. My husband Richard and myself and son Craig lived on a farm in the Pipestone area. My mother called on a Sunday morning letting me know Grandfather had passed away. I felt a rush of sadness and guilt. I sat in the living room and thought why I had not taken more time to tell Grandpa how proud I was of

him. His energy as a child to get the neighborhood children together and entertain them, his bravery at 15 to go away to Colorado and bring back horses, Bald Tiger his spotted stud horse which he brought to this area. How hard he studied from the books he purchased so he could care for the sick animals and the role he played in the cure for sleeping sickness. Many times us kids would set on your lap especially at the times of snow storms and you would tell us stories of your life and how you and your sister Bell raced horses back in the Oklahoma Land Rush and staked your claims. It's been 57 years since Grandpa passed. He is still in my memory. Some loving and some not so nice, but when ever I see a spotted pony I think of him and wonder if that is Bald Tigers blood passed down through the generations. I wish I would have inherited the stamina from him. I am 80 yrs and 3 months old, grandpa was riding Bucking Broncos and I have a hard time getting out of my recliner.

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

### **Tiger Tales- Senior Who's Who 1946**

Bernice Schaefer is eleventh on our list of Seniors of '46

She was born on Thanksgiving Day November 24, 1927, on a farm northwest of Gary.

Her first eight years of schooling were spent at District 76 schoolhouse. She entered Gary High School when a Freshman. She served as class treasurer that year.

This year, Bernice's school hours have been filled with studying Typing, Sociology, English and Bookkeeping. She was given a part in the senior class play recently. Bernice' pet peeve is anklets with high heels. Her favorite movie was "Thrill of a Romance," and her book is "Grapes of Wrath". Her Song is "Oh, What it seemed to be" and enjoys reading. She likes to ride her bike and her color is red. Her saying is Oh, for Pete Sake. Bernice likes to watch her favorite actor and actress, Jack Carson and Betty Hutton. She likes to take pictures and enjoys typing in school. Her favorite radio program is Jack Green and likes the Marines. Upon graduating, Bernice plans to become a beautician by taking a beauty course. Good luck, Bernice.

### **Fifth and Sixth Graders news 1946**

The winners of the spelling awards for the best daily work were Shirley Limberg, Betty Gordon, with Paul Eng and Patty Priest tying for third place. Those earning 100% in the six weeks test in Spelling are Curtis Wiese, Paul Eng, Lois Riekens, Betty Riekens, Mary Ann McMahan, James Denekamp, Richard Cuff, Virgie Reihe, David Peden, Floyd Archer, Shirley Limberg, Patty Priest and Elizabeth Bekaert.

Betty Gordon, Jean Reihe, and Mary Ann McMahan won the prizes for reading the most library books this semester. Pupils in our room for this year have given a total of 241 book reports of which 68 were given oral.

We are busy reviewing for semester finals which come on Wednesday.

## **MEMORIES FROM THE HEART**

**By Betty Schaefer McCormick**

We have just survived Snowstorm Isabella, the ninth major storm of the season and about number 13 as far as a measurable amount of snow. In the Green Bay area we have now received about eighty one inches of snow this season. It has brought back memories of the major snows we had in Gary during the mid to late 1960's. I remember the snows during my high school years, 1961-65, they were major. About this time of the year our school was readying for the

basket ball tournaments, and we had some awesome basketball teams. We students always enjoyed attending the out of town games and cheering on our players. Our bus drivers had to put up with an excited bus load of teenagers, mind the hazardous roads and get us safely there and back. Driving to South Shore, Waverly, Strandburg, and other towns I just can't imagine that as being an enjoyable job.

I remember one storm in particular, it must have been the winter of 62-63 and Jack Hentges and Pete Hults and Barney Potthoff drove buses to South Shore. My Dad was very concerned about me attending this game, but I just felt I had to attend. He did finally let me go and even I, as a teenager, was worried once we were on the roads. Thanks for our drivers, we made it successfully. The weather was absolutely the worst coming home. Once again, we made it and my Dad was waiting for me at the school along with many other parents. The main thing, Gary Tigers won the game, we were all home safely, and gearing up for another tournament game. So my salute goes to our wonderful bus drivers: Ted Put-off, my very first bus driver when I was a first grader and also our school janitor, and then Barney, Jack, Pete, Harvey Nelson, and Thorvel Engessor. I hope I didn't leave out anyone, but if I did, I salute you. All bus drivers past and present deserve our very best respect because I really don't know how you manage. You were and are terrific and leave us with many memories of our school activities. All the crazy songs we sang, the stupid without you, we would never have enjoyed high school to the extent we did. In the schools, my children attended, there were no spectator buses. It is up to the parents or students to get themselves to events. Jokes, the cheering, and the messes we left behind. I would never have been able to attend an event that would have been the rule in Gary. Only player buses go to visiting schools. So thanks drivers, you made high school a "true memory from the heart."

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  
Successive Blizzards**

A reprint from an autobiography by John Stanley  
Contributed by Diane Bartels Doyle

It proved to be a winter of successive blizzards, snow storms and wind, but with many bright sunny days-and shut off from the outside world way out there in that sparsely settled prairie region of Dakota. With those long six months without train service and with no additions to the mercantile supplies to the stores, practically all staple necessities gave out-including flour, meat, sugar, kerosene, etc. The trials and hardships that were endured by many all over that vast region in Western Minnesota and eastern Dakota was a history-making epoch-though not recorded and therefore now practically unheard of. All wild animal life had either made its way out to where better conditions prevailed or had starved to death-becoming extinct. There were no wild-game animals left to provide meat. After all supplies of flour were exhausted everyone resorted to coffee mills and ground their own whole-wheat flour. Most farmers fortunately had plenty of grain stored away, for winter had come before they had marketed all their crops. This coffee-mill grinding process kept some member of the

family busy a good part of the time, and I would like to pay my respects to the value and popularity of the whole wheat products of those days-bread, muffins, pancakes, etc. The coffee mill was worn out, and now in later years we regret it was not saved as a souvenir. Those who chanced to have vegetables, a few pigs and possibly their own beef considered they lived high and handsomely. The situation was met without much complaint, and after it was over and with no loss of life, all seemed to think they had enjoyed the new experience, for they kept in perfect health, and were largely occupied trying to provide themselves with foodstuffs and fuel, while those who had plenty of books and magazines were indeed lucky. The local weekly newspaper finally exhausted its print paper as well as the town's supply of wallpaper. Many families had to twist hay and straw into compact "sticks" for fuel, although that particular part of eastern Dakota, Deuel County, had many creeks that were bordered with some kinds of timber. Fortunately father had purchased a couple of acres of such timber, mostly elm, on Cobb's creek, two miles distant from our home, at the bottom of a canyon, probably 50 feet deeper than the surrounding prairie, and had several cords cut (four foot sticks) which had been nicely corded up early in the fall. The subsequent blizzards and the drifting of the immense amount of snow filled this canyon almost full to its edges. We had to guess where the wood was piled, but by using a long pole, prodding down into the snow, we finally located a pile-they being somewhat separated. The excavating of the snow that covered the wood was a big job. Aside from throwing the wood to the surface, Will and I each then carried a four foot stick of 'wood, sinking step by step knee deep into the snow, at least fifteen rods to the top of the gulch where we had managed to bring the team and sled. Although the snow was packed hard enough in places to hold up the team and loaded sled, there were many spots where the snow was not sufficiently packed to hold up the horses. That wonderful little team would soon become exhausted by breaking through the crust, sinking to their bellies. After plunging, desperately struggling to keep going, they would sit down on their haunches like a rabbit, until they were rested, then of their own accord would go on again as far as they could. Thus the two miles were covered, and a load of about a half cord of wood (mostly green elm) was delivered at home. This wood, after cutting it into stove lengths and splitting, had to go through a drying process keeping the kitchen oven full constantly. besides scattering sticks over the stovetop. After that only a part of the moisture contained in the green elm was cooked out, it would burn fairly well by being coaxed along with twisted hay, so that it helped provide sufficient fire for the heating stove in one room and the cook stove. Another of the minor "incidents" that developed was making a substitute for coffee, and mother was equal to it. As I recall the process, this splendid coffee substitute was made by moistening barley with sorghum, then roasting it and grinding. Fortunately we had grown some sorghum and a neighbor had an old-fashioned sorghum mill, and the juice was processed into a fine, palatable syrup.

One of the daily chores first thing each morning, was shoveling the drifted five or six feet of snow out of the entrance to the stable-which was completely covered. The entrance was made by digging a "stairway" down to the stable door, the snow becoming so hard that the horses and cattle could walk up and down the snow steps when taken out to water, and they did it like circus-performing animals.

Added snow came occasionally-from a few inches to a couple of feet at a time. All gulches and low places were finally filled, making the whole area a vast apparently

level plane-whereas that "coteaux" region was rough, with some gulches 30 to 50 feet deep. Under such conditions the frequent breaking of new trails to town and to the wood supply was an endless task. The ridges of the hills were lowed as much as possible, where the snow was not so deep, the wind blowing it off into lower places. Using the same trail finally packed and kept it in such condition that wind did not disturb it, furnishing during the latter months of the winter a well packed snow road.

There was not much excitement during those days and months-the same routine being followed from day to day. However, our leisure time was well spent, our family having a number of good books on hand.

## **GARY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION**

### **Newsletter from the President**

Our February meeting was held on February 16 at the fire department meeting room.

We will soon be able to start the work on the Jail House Information Center again as the weather warms up. We hope to be able to finish the new ceiling and also start stocking it with literature and interesting information for the visitors to see.

Pastor Mueller is still working hard at finding just the right speaker system for us. It will be a great addition for doing all the events that we do here in the community.

Randy Meyer is in the process of getting the sign painted for the three mile corner. We want to do our best to attract visitors to Gary in an effort to help our town economically as well as to show everyone what the Gary Historical Association is doing for 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 to 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.

The Gary Historical Ass'n 40 year history is still being worked on. It will be fun to see that report when it is complete.

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 are in hopes of being one of the hosts of the Helga Estby presentations this summer. Her family homesteaded about six miles east of Gary. There has been a book written about her and that is the basis of the presentation. The presentation will be around June 13 and 14. Watch for details on that special occasion.

The Gary Historical Association is working on a brochure that can be placed in the wayside rests around the state. We need to do our part in promoting Gary and the community.

Roger Baer, President, Gary Historical Association

## **EASTER**

When springtime comes with all it's song, of many things it brings,  
Of grasses green when Easter comes and every church bell rings.

We think of Easter at a time, when the rabbit hops around,

And hides the eggs of every hue, which by children are soon found.

We think of pretty dresses and coats and bonnets too  
That go with Easter outfits, of things that are so new.

But all these things are nice to have, at this glorious Easter time,  
But let us think of our Lord Jesus, who died for your kin and mine.

How he was nailed upon the cross, in that time so long ago  
And the long hours that he suffered, for the Bible tells us so.

Then upon that morn of Easter, there was Resurrection from the dead,  
And He lives and watches o'er us, that our lives from sin be lead.

So when in the House of Worship, when Easter Morn is here,  
Be thankful that you are living, and that our good Lord is soon near.

By Mrs. Marietta Thomas

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

**Some early occupants of the Bartels Building (the former post office):** The north part had the Grinols Hat Shop in the front. The telephone office and post office were in back. The south part had the opera house upstairs where we had silent movies, plays and dances. Bill Tietjen, Edgar Rawlinson and Marion Inlagen played music for all of these things. Downstairs were saloons at different times. Beer was sold in six quart bottles for a dollar. Later it housed a creamery.

**L.A. (Legrant) Houghton, our pioneer banker:** He came here about 1900. His wooden bank was north of the Odd Fellows Building. He had five grown children, Claude, George, and Ashley worked in his bank. He was a great help to this growing town. His wife Miraha, often took many of us children up into the Gulch. He lived where Elmer Heiserman lives now. He stayed here till about 1917, and then moved to Eugene, Oregon. They were packed to move and his wife died. Her remains were shipped to Eugene, Oregon.

**Our Trains:** At one time we had four passenger trains and two freighters in here every day. There was a stockyard west of the depot. Many cattle were shipped out of here. Tramps rode these freighters from town to town, stopping off and asking for food at homes. The crossing on Coteau Street was flagged by my brother Ben for years for these trains. Goods were delivered from the trains by Harry Helmbolt and his white horses with brother Ben helping him. Later on, Ben got a Model T truck and was a drayman in Gary for 35 years.

### **PROMOTE GARY AND DEUEL COUNTY**

**Irons:** They were used for ironing clothing. In the older days these were called sad irons. You had three of them and one wooden handle that could be used on all three. These irons were heated on the kitchen range, fueled by wood or coal. Then came the gas pressure iron, then the

first electric iron that was so heavy that it was hard to iron with. Then came the lighter one and the steam iron.

**Halloween in the early days:** This was a fun time in Gary, but people never went out for tricks or treats as they do nowadays. There was no destruction. A few outhouses were tipped over or a buggy on top of a garage. Women and children dresses up and ran Gary's streets, ending up at Ethel Bartel's for pictures and popcorn. Only one bad thing happened- some boys put a calf in the school house through a window and gave it some hay. In the morning it was laying peacefully in the hay.

**If you are enjoying reading this paper, maybe you would like to send a donation to help cover the costs of getting it into your hands. Our address is the following:**

**Gary Historical Association, P.O. Box 83, Gary, SD 57237**