

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. May 2008 issue.

www.garysd.com

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

Be informed of what is going on in your town!

**Gary Historical Association June 7, 10:00 a.m. at the Fire Hall meeting room
Gate City Development Association May 15, 7:00 p.m. Fire Hall meeting room
Gary Community Club May 22, 7:30 p.m. at the Fire Hall meeting room
Memorial Day weekend men’s softball tournaments May 24-25
Gary City Council Meeting, June 2, 2008 at 7:30 pm at City Hall**

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

Down Memory Lane

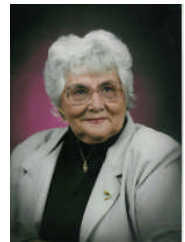
By Bernice Jensen

Dear Friends,

One of my granddaughters received her driver’s license and now has her first car. She called me the evening of the big even. Grandma! You won’t believe it, and then she told me her great news and asked me to tell her about my experiences in driving. I said it’s too expensive to tell you on the phone but go to your computer and look at the website for the Gary Interstate found at www.garysd.com. Click on Gary Historical and then on the Gary Interstate and you can read my experiences in the May edition of the paper.

My first advice is, have control of the car, stay within the speed limit, drive with the road conditions, and gravel roads are the most dangerous to drive on. Try not to drive in unfamiliar areas in the night time.

When I was learning to drive there was no drivers training. Your father or another adult would train you to drive. My father was my driver’s trainer. He said; now, watch everything I do, then coming home from town you can drive. As I watched him start the car, shifting the stick shift; I can still see it, neutral in the middle gear, teaching me the familiar H pattern for shifting up and down and to reverse. I got that down pat quickly. But you had to step on the clutch pedal every time you shifted gears. We went down the road, which looked simple enough. A bee got in the car; it seemed to be a little too friendly. Dad took off his straw hat to chase the bee out the window and drove right in the ditch! I said, dad is this part of the driving lesson; how to drive in and out of a ditch? We both laughed. He advised me to stoop when you have something else to do but driving the car. I drove several times with my father. He was very patient.



One Sunday I felt I knew how to drive well enough without an adult with me. I asked my parents if I could drive to Gary. Mother wasn't too sure but dad said sure. I got behind the wheel of the car, all alone, no one to say slow down, Toody! My dad called me that sweet name. I went by the way of the back road, when I got just past where Loren Pihl lives now. The road was not well maintained and the plow would just pile the gravel in the middle of the road or on the side of the row... I must have been going at a pretty good speed. The car hit the gravel and went out of control, from one side of the road to the other. I knew I was going to get killed, or worse to wreck the car. Finally after trying to get it under control, I slid off the seat and was half under the dash. It stopped. (Thank you, Jesus!) I looked around and the car was facing the way I was coming from, I was shaking. I made up my mind that I couldn't go home so soon. I will have to kill a little more time. I went north turned at the first road going east, not a busy road. I pulled over and just got my nerves under control again. When I arrived home, the family said that I was home so soon; didn't I like to drive? Yes, I like to drive but there was no one in town. I will clean my room and rearrange it. I went upstairs and thanked God that I was alright and that dad's car was not wrecked. My room seemed so peaceful.

Getting lost....I am the country's most confused person driving in unfamiliar country. When I went to school in Sioux Falls about 48 years ago, I was coming home on Christmas Eve to see my children and parents. A young man from Hendricks asked me if he could ride home with me. I had never been to Hendricks. He said no problem. I will give you directions. He told me the way to Hendricks and when I let him out at his parents' home, he said to turn around and take the highway north but there will be a place to take a right; be careful you don't turn to the wrong right. Now I was puzzled. When you are not familiar with the area, how do you know which is the right turn and which is the wrong right turn???? So I drove and there was a right turn, I turned and drove and drove; I knew I had something really wrong. It was Christmas Eve and everything was not well with me. I saw a farmyard light to the left. I will drive in and maybe those folks can tell me where I am, but when I turned and drove to far to back up, I realized too late, that there was a slough with water on both sides slapping up against the road. When I got to the farm it was vacant. I was so thankful there was not a locked gate. I drove in the yard, turned around and started back down that long drive way with water so close to my car. When I reached the road, I stopped and thanked My Lord and just made up my mind that I had to find home before I ran out of gas. I looked to my left and there was cars going north and south. This should take me somewhere safe. I drove and found Highway 75, took a left and drove into Canby, now I knew where I was. When I arrived home, it was so good to see my family. They were worried. I told them I got a lat start and I did get lost. They were happy we were all together and we had a great Christmas.

I will tell you of another time I got lost in the day time. I and another lady were coming home from Canby after shopping at Jims Market. We went north, I said let's turn here; it looks like we are parallel with Burr. We could see the elevator. We took a left and drove; all of a sudden nothing looked right. I said are we lost? Yes, we are. We came to a highway and I thought it was the highway west of Canby so went across on to more unfamiliar areas. I said I have no idea where we are so let's drive. We might get lucky and find somebody we know, we came across another black top road, I looked to the right and we were one mile south of the Eveready station south of Marietta. How can anyone leave Canby and get that far off the destination? I can! I found out that the road around Canby goes at a diagonal direction.

Well, my dear granddaughter this is just a small bit to keep in mind when you drive. You have had drivers training and you are a very responsible young lady! Enjoy your new car and I know you will always take the Lord with you.

MEMORIES FROM THE HEART

By Betty Schaefer McCormick

Last weekend we took some time and spent a mini vacation in Door County, Wisconsin, considered to be the "Cape Cod" of the Midwest.

We wandered into the many shops. Some are just opening for the summer season so the inventory is all new and exciting to look at. I am always attracted to the textiles. There is just something about a beautiful piece of cloth. I like to look at the thread count, and the designs and the finish of it. Thanks to my Home Economics instructors, Mrs. Cochrane and Mrs. Pylman for instilling this into my mind and teaching me correct construction of clothing. There are many times when I am sewing or decorating that I can hear them telling me exactly what to do, or telling me what I did wrong. From my many mistakes, I learned much, and have a deep gratitude for what those two ladies taught me.

As we wandered around, we decided to have coffee in one of the coffee shops and sat and talked about all the beautiful scarves and other clothing we had looked at. A thought brought me back to this time of the year, when the farmers would be buying their feed and farm feeds and all the beautiful sacks that those products would come in.

The women would use those sacks for the sewing of many items: towels, pillowcases, sheets, dresser scarves, clothing and many other uses. The designs were beautiful and I know the women in my family just loved to sew and decorate with those beautiful sacks. Every now and then I discover an item made from an old sack or even the old sack in an antique store and marvel at the quality of the item. I still like to buy flour sacks for drying my dishes, especially my China. When I can find some good sacks, I usually stock up on them. I was fortunate enough to buy some Russian flour sacks and they are wonderful to put over our homemade breads when they are rising. Jim is an Artisan Bread Baker and dearly enjoys his flour sacks for covering his baking. I usually pick up a few extra to give out for a gift along with a loaf of homemade bread or jam.

So if you happen to come upon a good old flour sack at an antique store or even an auction, think of the fun the women had deciding what to sew from it and all the joy it brought a family.

Just another "Memory from the Heart."

Please do not forget our Veterans this Memorial Day. Please pray for our soldiers serving here in America and in foreign countries. Please buy a poppy or two, display our American flag, thank a Veteran, and God Bless America.

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.

From the April 30, 1959 issue of the Gary Interstate

No doubt many of you are interested in the progress being made in the circulation of the Petitions on the referendum on the proposition to move the School for the Blind from Gary to

Aberdeen. The Committee is very happy with the results attained so far. Just yesterday afternoon I talked with Mr. Webber, and he told me that the demand for Petitions had been so great that he had just gotten another thousand printed. We have had letters, cards and telephone calls asking for petitions almost every day, and these have some from various parts of the State. Last Friday we had a man from Sioux Falls pick up a large number and the day before we had a man from the north part of the state who picked up a good supply. These people were not asked to circulate petitions- they asked for them and volunteered to do the job. We expected a good sign-up in Deuel County, of course, but the tremendous interest in other parts of the State is what surprised all of us. The recent statements by the heads of the two political parties and of the governor as well as the editorial of the Argus-Leader seem to have intensified the feeling of a large number of people who were disinterested before. It is something that could have been expected, however. The people of South Dakota are independent, do their own thinking and have always been fair minded enough to feel there should be no dictation from any source. A right guaranteed by our constitution and by our legislature is not one to be lightly cast aside, and I can think of no issue which could more properly be put before the voters than the matter of moving a state institution. If the School for the Blind at Gary could be moved without a vote of the people it is certainly not too much to suppose that another attempt would be made to move the Teachers College out of Springfield, or the State School out of Redfield, or any other of a number of State institutions, away from their present locations.

By Gordon Gunderson

50TH REUNION, GARY CLASS OF 1937

Originally written by R.V. Kurtenbach and donated to the paper by Iona Schulte.

The 1937 graduates of Gary High School weren't rich, but they have rich memories of their years attending school during the Depression.

The classmates now live in places like Skokie, Illinois, Woodburn, Oregon, Bethel, Alaska, and Gary, South Dakota. They gathered Saturday and Sunday, May 23 and May 24th, 1987, at Gary for a reunion. They got re-acquainted and shared some old stories, some smiles and laughs, and some tears.

Their freshman year, forty-four had enrolled, their tuition paid by the local school districts. Twenty-three of them graduated. Their ranks included one, Bernarde LaPoint, who had come from Canada and first had to learn English.

The story goes that Carl Rood sometimes would wiggle his ears in public speaking class, and then Myrtle Shepherd would crack up laughing. Not to be outdone, Myrtle told how Carl began watching "Frankenstein" alone in Gary's Garden Theatre. He passed out, she said.

To the class of '37, a good thing was "swell" or just "duddy." "Oh, yeah," was a favorite expression, too, and "holy cow," "gee whiz," and "hot dog" were popular.

Harry Schulte liked Chevrolets and George Hornstein favored Fords. They used to argue the mechanical merits of such features as knee action suspension. By just listening to an approaching car, one could know if it was a Ford or Chevy, George recalls. That changed when eight cylinder engines were installed. And his remark Saturday about how, after Ford, Chevy **finally** came out with an eight cylinder? Well, it brought no rebuttal from Harry, who drives Volkswagens anyway.

Their fun was cheap. Harry said they'd see who could drive the **slowest** from the State School to the Lutheran Church. They'd retard the car's distributor spark, sometimes as low as 200 rpm's, and then chug along the course.

Some walked to school. Evelyn Borba learned to drive her dad's car, but she and her sister, Jolenta, walked the five miles to school when snow drifts blocked the roads. Owning a car as a teenager was unheard of. If they drove, it was their parents' vehicle. Harry rode horseback and George rode a bicycle to school.

They enjoyed homespun fun. In the pre-TV era, people learned "the art of conversation" according to Phaye Peck's husband, Irvin. The class of '37 recalled listening to the radio programs like Amos 'n Andy, Fibber McGee and Molly, Jack Benny and others. Jolenta's husband, Art Hinsvark, had the area's first Monopoly game.

For the senior skip day, they motored to Granite Falls; a big trip to them, and spent the day at the park. When friends gathered, Margaret Saltee brought enough of her mother's "goop," for the group. The recipe? Macaroni, tomatoes, hamburger and onions.

Times were tough. Deloris Corcoran said her mother used 10 cents worth of hamburger in a hot dish that fed their family of four. Times were tough, but today they smile about it. Eva Oberg's husband, Leo, told of the jam sandwich. "You'd take two pieces of bread and jam 'em together," he said.

During "Gary Days," featuring a carnival, Phaye Peck said she was allowed 25 cents, enough for one ride and a treat. A movie ticket was 10 cents. Harry said a dollar would buy six gallons of gas. Gerald Huffman described their basketball team as "lousy," and added, "We couldn't win a game." But the school orchestra was outstanding, according to Iona Schulte, first chair violin. Mr. Gorman, and instructor at the State School for the Blind, also directed music at the high school.

Myrtle said the orchestra's music was "straight classical, the harder the better." She said they played a very difficult piece in competition, only to have a Wakonda orchestra defeat them with variations on "Turkey in the Straw." She still hasn't gotten over that.

Harry said Gary's population of 500 would nearly triple on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Farmers would bring their eggs and cream to town and buy groceries. Some were then content to sit in the car and watch others walk by. The girls would go "gadding," Mildred Reinhardt said. They'd walk three abreast with arms around each other, looking for boys, she said.

For Gary's largest graduating class, college wasn't in the picture. Several joined the service. (See "From our Files for Jerald's story.") Phaye worked in Europe as an Army nurse. Four became country school teachers. They got jobs, married, raised families and, in general, made their mark in life during the last five decades.

Margaret said what's interesting about the Class of '37 is the amount of progress in technology they've seen in a lifetime. Myrtle said the class has "the best memories of any of the classes in Gary."

The class of 1937, who and where they are:

Eva Bailey Oberg attended commercial college at Mankato, Minnesota. Worked at the Federal Reserve and as a teacher's aide. She lives in the Twin Cities. **Bernard Beaudry LaPointe** worked 15 years as a hairdresser, housewife and mother. She divides her time between Montreal and Phoenix. **Viola Carlson Mankhe**, widowed, lives and works in Seattle, Washington. **Leo Donaldson**, married, lives in Fargo, North Dakota. **Phaye Golly Peck** raised a family and

continues working as a nurse. **Katherine Harkins** taught school. Lives at Clear Lake, South Dakota. **Myrtle Hendrikson Shepherd** cooked at Gary School. Lives in Gary. **Margaret Hinsvark Saltee** worked as a teacher, postmaster, and bookkeeper and bank vice-president. Also a mother. **Berwin Thomas**, deceased. **Esther Thompson Denekamp**, farmed with her husband and raised a family east of Gary. **George Hornstein**, married, Navy, worked as electrician, lives in Minnesota and Florida. **Gerald Huffman**, married, 14 years, Navy, electrical engineer, Bloomington, Minnesota. **Evelyn Keimig Borba**, Widow, mother, worked as a respiratory therapist.

Jolenta Keimig Hinsvark worked as a teacher, then raised 12 children. Lives in Alaska. **Lillian Limberg Boyd**, widow, mother, worked in banking and at post office. **Deloris Merrill Corcoran**, mother, also worked as a teacher, bookkeeper. **Iona Miller Schulte**, Mother, also worked as telephone operator. Is with community action program. **Madelaine Paulson**, mother, worked as beautician. Operates café in Onamia, Minnesota. **Carl Rood**, widower, service, worked as an electrician 26 years and musician 58 years. **Mildred Rowland Reinhardt** taught school, now writes children's stories. **Harry E. Schulte**, service, farmed, built homes in Florida, operated Gary hardware store, worked for H-D Electric, lives at Gary. **Virginia Schuttler Roush**, married, Elkhart, Indiana. **Emma Stangeland Synstad**, widow, Seattle, Washington.

Pioneering in Dakota Territory

A reprint from an autobiography by John Stanley

Contributed by Diane Bartels Doyle

Arrival of Spring

Along in April Old Sol began having an effect upon the accumulated snow. The higher points of the Coteaux showed that terra firma was still there. Pools of water formed in lower places; rivulets found their way along natural courses; streams overflowed. But because the first heavy snow came so early in the fall (October 15th) the ground had not frozen, much of the melting snow sank into the ground, soaking it thoroughly-offering a cheerful prospect for a bountiful crop.

The latter part of April word was received that a train would arrive from the east on a certain day. It promised to be a scene similar to the arrival of a circus for the children. Old and young gathered at the station out of curiosity to again see a moving train-one which was hoped might bring needed supplies. Snow plows, pushed by a couple of large engines, had gone over the track to throw out the drifts, which still remained in the cuts-and that was no small affair, for those five or six months of solid drifts, hardened by winds, and with thawing and freezing, now softened somewhat by warm sunshine and spring winds, required the power of those two engines at full speed to clear the track.

Then followed the first long train, consisting mostly of immigrant cars, greatly to the disappointment of the people who had expected the arrival of a train with all sorts of foodstuffs. Father seemed to quickly observe the situation and went alongside the train after it came to a stop-and I trailed with him. However, those immigrant cars were mostly filled with household goods, machinery, a team or two, and sufficient necessaries of life to last a few months. Father conversed with some of those and finally prevailed upon one to sell him a sack of 'white flour, a ham, coffee and a few other provisions such as we had not seen for months. They were now real luxuries. What a feast we had that evening-hot biscuit, butter, ham, potatoes and real coffee.

Warm weather prevailed from that time on, trains continued to arrive with regularity, new settlers arriving, many stopping at Gary but larger numbers going on west to Watertown and to the numerous new towns that had sprung up like mushrooms, all the way to Redfield, in the Jim river valley.

Dakota Soil Soaked

Probably never before, and certainly at no time since, has Dakota received such a soaking from melting snows-promising wonderful crops for that year at least, and with the occasional rains that came for a few following years., that new region of the west was settled and prospered. Although that "hard winter" of '80 and '81 was the longest and worst insofar as shutting people off from the outside world, the winter of '87 and '88 brought more severe blizzards and caused the loss of more human lives and live stock. The winter of '80 and '81 was not severely cold, and the blizzards seemed to come invariably at night, when people were safely at home, while that of '87 and '88 was bitterly cold and frequent storms came suddenly and mostly during daytime when children were at school and older folks were going about engaged in outside occupations. Hundreds of lives were lost, together with great numbers of livestock.

For a few years following that "hard winter of '80 and '81"-as it was referred to for a long time by those who experienced it-that portion of Dakota Territory became fairly well settled and all felt that they were happily establishing themselves in permanent homes. Father continued his medical practice in town, and in addition had been chosen county treasurer. Our farming operations were attaining some proportions, so that a "hired man" was employed.

Gary Historical Association Newsletter from the President

Our April 2008 meeting was held on April 26 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 has found a sound system for us 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 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 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. The Gary Historical Association has developed a brochure that can be placed in the wayside rests around the state and in other tourist information centers. 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.

Roger Baer, President, Gary Historical Association

Elizabeth “Lizzy” Hauger, 89, Ivanhoe, died May 1, 2008 in a care center at Ivanhoe. Funeral serviced will be held today May 3, 2008 at 10 am in St. Peter’s Catholic Church at Gary, SD. Elizabeth Bertha (Keimig) Hauger was born Feb. 15, 1919 in Creston, Nebraska to Adam and Anna (Weiser) Keimig. She received the sacraments of baptism, First Communion and confirmation at St. Mary’s Country Church in Humphrey, Neb. She was the fifth of eight children.

On June 30, 1942, she married John Paul Hauger of Gary in St. Peter’s Catholic Church at Canby. They bought the Hauger family farm and together with two of John’s brother’s, Philip and William, established the Hauger Brother’s Farm. She raised a family of five and worked along side the Hauger brothers her entire married life.

She was a member of St. Peter’s Catholic Church in Gary, St. Peter’s Altar Society and taught CCD for many years. She was involved in the Gary Gate City Senior Citizens and American Legion Auxiliary in Gary. She enjoyed baking and cooking and was always the first to make sure no one went away hungry. She also enjoyed gardening, growing flowers, and sewing, cross stitching, crossword puzzles, and playing cards. Her greatest joy was music and dancing. She could always be seen tapping her fingers or feet to the beat to the music.

She was preceded in death by her husband, John. Survivors include five children, Russell Hauger of Canby, Wayne Hauger and special friend, Cookie Buchert of Russell, Eileen (Brad) Brooks of Minneapolis, Dennis “Tom” (Julie) Hauger of Watertown, SD and Rita (Brian) Fleahman of Ivanhoe; 11 grandchildren; 15 great-grandchildren; one brother, Louis Keimig; two sisters, Loretta Meyen and Bernita (Joe) Weber; and one sister-in-law, Margie Keimig.

MY WRENS

They are such a tiny bird that live within their house,
Where nothing can molest them, like a larger bird or pesky mouse.
They sing their cheery message, just at the break of dawn,
And through the day till sunset, till the twilight time is gone.
They make one forget their troubles, with their pretty little song,
As they gather worms and insects, thru the summer days so long.
Soon their fledglings will be leaving, and be out upon their own,
Where they’ll be out in all the danger, and miss the mother’s care they’ve known.
Then I’ll miss their morning greeting, and the happy notes it sends,
As nothing can chase the blues away, like my pair of little wrens.

By Mrs. Marietta Thomas

Selma Remembers From the Gary Interstate 1984

The New Gary School... which had only two years of high school at one time. The first four year gradating class was in 1916 with Marion Inlagen, Esther Jensen, Lydia Meinberg, and Naomi Matthews. This graduation was held in the Bartels Opera House. Many in those years went out of the eighth grade and went to teacher’s institute in Clear Lake. If they passed the exam, they could go into the country and teach at \$35 a month. They had to build fires in their schoolhouses and board with farmers. Some, even after two years of high school and a normal course at Canby, taught country school too. All 1916 graduates are deceased.

The State School for the Blind: Those of us who were at the meetings when trying to keep the State School for the Blind here know we tried. But we can be thankful we had it here for 56 years. We got to know all the pupils. We watched them weave rugs, make brooms, and baskets and do art weaving. We got to see all their programs – many musical. They could walk uptown, shop and also go to their churches. Farmers took them home with them over the weekend. The people of Gary mended their clothes and furnished clothes when needed. Some who graduated came back, after years away, to the last class reunion at the school. A childhood romance was renewed at that time between Miss Sonora Brusevin and Mr. Reiter. They were married that fall.

Selma Remembers:

Old Time Courtin' Verses.... When girls were modest and boys were bashful and shy, and were too timid to tell their sweethearts their love, girls had a verse book. They would have their fellers write their verses in. Verses like these: If you love me like I love you, No knife can cut our love in two, when you are old and cannot see, put on your glasses and think of me. Or this: Your hair is curly, your eyes are blue, but I just love you because you're you.

Your age: I've decided it's just a number; it has nothing to do with how old you are. One thing about becoming 90 years old is that you are not subject to much pressure, as a great grandmother, I was asked how I've managed to keep so young at 90 years. I replied, "It takes time to get old and I've never had any."

The early day cook stove....It was busier than anything else in the house. It had a stovepipe on the back that went up between two warming ovens. A reservoir on the end for water and four lids on top for feeding it with coal or wood. It had a large oven to bake in. The coffee pot was always on the back of the stove. It was so good to open the door in the winter time and warm your feet. It was hard to keep clean because it was always so busy.

The bookkeeper... I remember him perched on his stool, green eye shade tilted, and a quill for a tool. He wasn't too fast, but nowhere in town did you hear the excuse that 'our computer is down!'

The handcar men... They used a fur-wheeled car propelled by hand on the railroad. These men could be heard running their car on the Gary railroad. They were keeping the rails and ties in repair. All they received for pay in the early years of the 1900's was a dollar a day. Working in the hot summer was really bad and it was hard to find shade where they could eat their noon lunch.

The Dr. Fonger hospital... In the early 1900's this hospital was upstairs in what in now the Senior Citizens Building. The many different rooms are still as they were then. Dr. Fonger's father had a drugstore downstairs. Ardis Griffing, RN, and Hilda Benner, PN, worked with Dr. Fonger.

I remember the time you couldn't buy a loaf of bread, because you had to bake it; the time there were no trucks on the highway. If you wanted to move, all furniture shipped by the railroad had to be crated. Chopped up tansy and sour milk was used to cure poison ivy; and your curled your hair with a curling iron heated in a lamp.

The memories of my childhood world.....It was full of peace and goodwill. Then we played “Run Sheep Run” by the light post on Second Street. There were no radios or TV so we made our own fun. At Christmas time I delivered English fruitcakes made by Grandma Collins in Gary. One winter the city of Gary let us ride on a bobsled from the Standard Station to the State School. This didn’t last long as it was too hard to pull the sled back up the hill. Margie Gould tells me she was on the sled also.

Ladies 1914 bathing suits.....It was made of knit sweater material. All the skin that could be seen was your face, arms, and legs below the knees. They even put a skirt over the hips to the knees so the body shape couldn’t be seen. A popular beach item was a parasol.

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.