

*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. November 2007 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 November and December**

Gary City Council, December 3, 7:30 p.m.

Gary Historical Association, December 8, 10:00 A.M. at the Lodge

Community Club, November 29, 7:00 P.M. at the Fire Hall

Santa at the Log Cabin and old time Christmas crafts in the Museum School House on December 9, 2007 followed by the Christmas potluck and bingo at the Legion Hall

Co-sponsored by the Historical Association and by the Gary Community Club.

**Bloomers and garters and little School-starters**

**A contribution from Muriel Eng Nicholls**

One morning, four of us, who now enjoy balmy winters, compared our clothing requirements when we started school in a cold climate. We were of the same age group and we giggled a lot as we shared our similar experiences. I returned to my apartment and settled down to wallow in memories triggered by our conversation..

I conjured up a vision of my eyes opening to a typically cloudy, cold morning in South Dakota as I snuggled in my warm bed dreading the thought of getting up to dress for the day. There was no central heat in our two story house but my dad had already started a fire in the parlor furnace downstairs. The stovepipe came thru the floor into the upstairs hall, but since my brothers had already gathered around it for warmth as they dressed for the day; I opted to stay in my room for privacy.

When I crawled out of my bed I reached for the long underwear, which was as cold as the room, but was needed for the first step toward getting dressed. It was a full suit with long sleeves and long legs, with buttons up the front and a drop seat in the back. Next came the dreaded garter harness, a jumble of straps into which one put arms while pulling it over ones head. From the elastic waistband in the front came two straps up over the shoulders and down to the back waistband. Across the chest and the back two more straps kept the thing anchored on the shoulders. Hanging from the waistband were four straps of elastic ending with a gadget that hooked to the stockings to keep them from dragging around ones ankles. Those were a lot of straps for a little girl to put in proper places.

Next came the stockings which were made of heavy cotton and came partway up the thigh. They fit nicely on the leg and would have been acceptable except for the bulky long johns

underneath. The boys had no problem with their socks. They simply stuffed the underwear leg in the sock, pulled on boots and stuffed the pant leg into the boots. All the problems were neatly covered. We girls, however, had scrawny legs below the knee length skirts. Great care was taken to carefully fold the excess underwear toward the back of the leg, before carefully rolling the stocking up over that triple thickness of underwear at the ankle, and hooking the top of the stocking to the hanging garters. That seemed to solve the problem, since we couldn't see the back of our legs.

Next came the bloomers. Bloomers derived their name from Amelia Bloomer. She lived at an earlier time of cumbersome clothing. To pursue active activities such as bicycling, she began wearing bloomers. In my time, the bloomers provided acceptable covering for little active girls and were worn by all my friends. I was five years old when the stock market crashed which probably, at least indirectly, affected most of us at that time. In South Dakota, we also experienced a long drought thru the 1930's. Money was scarce and people learned to "make do". My bloomers were made by my mother from empty flour sacks. These wonderful garments were fully cut and had elastic at the waist and at the legs, which hit about mid thigh. They were made to last a couple of years so until you grew into them, they were big, and very "blousy" around your hips. Many times as a pre-schooler, as I hung by my knees on a trapeze in the back yard, one might read "Pillsbury's Best" or "Gold Medal" on the rump of my bloomers. Finally we put on the dress, or skirt and blouse and covered our unattractive undergarments.

As I got older, I had had it with those ankle bulges beneath my stockings. My friends and I had found that if we unhooked the garters, rolled down the stockings, rolled the long john legs up above the knees, rolled the stocking up over that bundle of underwear and hooked the stockings to the garters, we eliminated the wad around our lower legs. Now we had the wad above our knees, but I guess it was the least of the two evils. So, when I got to the high hedge in front of our house, I ducked down and went thru that procedure on my way to school; and at the afternoon recess, I reversed the procedure to be ready to go home. I'm sure my mother knew what was going on but I was certain that I was really getting by with something.

I have a clear memory of the demise of my bloomers. A new garment called Snuggies had appeared in our stores. It was a knitted pink garment that fit one's body without excess fabric and best of all, it could not be made of flour sacks. I put in my request and was reminded that I still had perfectly good bloomers. There was a small door from my bedroom into an attic storage area. One at a time the bloomers disappeared from my dresser drawers until I had none to wear and wonderful knit panties took their place. Many years later, surprisingly, a cache of those detested bloomers was found behind one of the trunks in the small attic space. No one could figure out how they could possibly have gotten there and my mother never told if she knew all along.

Thank goodness, things gradually changed. We must have outgrown long underwear and didn't seem to suffer because of it. The old harness like thing that held the garters was replaced by a belt with garters, similar in design to what one sees today in underwear ads, though much plainer and more serviceable.

I remember these things with a smile on my face and try to imagine what kind of stories my daughters could tell that I might be hearing for the first time. Or perhaps, like my Mom, I too, knew but never told. **BECOME A MEMBER of the Gary Historical Association. It is only \$10 per year and you can be a part of a growing organization. We believe in preserving buildings and artifacts pertinent to the preservation of the history of Gary, SD and community. Have you sent your membership dues yet?**

**Down Memory Lane, by Bernice Jensen**

Dear Friends,



This month I will celebrate my 80<sup>th</sup> birthday. I was born on Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1927. I came into the world at my home, one mile west and 1 mile north of Gary, SD. I would like to dedicate this article to the midwives of yesterday.

Ann Cole, mother of John, Glenn and Ernest, and grandmother of Francis Miller and Rena Miller, mother of Walter, Warren and Wayne Miller and Joan Simonton were the midwives of the early days. Alma Stangeland, Florence Gage, Ida Johnson, and several more that I was not aware of, assisted the doctors in the birth mother's home.

Anne Larson and Mable Wells assisted Dr. Pinard in their homes. Mable Wells home was a very special place with great care. Rena Miller was my dearest older friend till the time the Lord took her home.

On the morning of Thanksgiving Day in 1927, my mother started her day very early to prepare for Thanksgiving dinner. A snowstorm was brewing and at 9 o'clock Mother had my Father go get the doctor and Ann Cole. My father took the horses and sleigh. The storm was becoming stronger and it took longer than expected to bring the doctor and Ann to the farm.

My father finished the Thanksgiving dinner and mother said between pains that she could smell that turkey roasting and as he made meal preparations he would say every once in awhile, the turkey sure looks good. I am sure mother did not care at that point.

Dr. Martin was very concerned, as Mother was not doing well. He told my father that he needed another midwife, so he went for Rena Miller. It was another hard trip in the snow. It took while, so when they arrived I had made my appearance, but Rena had to see what the baby looked like. She couldn't see the baby but she heard a faint cry and found me in a basket with a heavy quilt covering me up. When Rena looked at me, she saw that I was turning blue. She saved my life and she never let me forget it. Every time she saw me she would always remind me that she saved my life. I told her I would never forgive her for it!! After that, we would have a good laugh.

This Nov. 24<sup>th</sup>, it will be 80 years and it has been an interesting trip. Ann Cole, Rena Miller, and Dr. Martin, I wish you could all join me in spirit while I celebrate my 80-year birthday with my family. All the midwives should never be forgotten.

P.S. My father finished his Thanksgiving dinner that everyone enjoyed with Dr. Martin and his nurses.

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

Would you like to contribute a story to the Gary Interstate? Just email [rstbaer@itctel.com](mailto:rstbaer@itctel.com) or write to us at Box 705 Lac Qui Parle Street, Gary, SD 57237 and we will consider it.  
Roger Baer, President, Gary Historical Association.

**MEMORIES FROM THE HEART**  
by Betty Schaefer McCormick

As my husband and I were driving through the countryside the other day to visit our son, wife and family, we noticed all the pumpkins and fall decorations. It

brought back memories of Halloween and some of the pranks that went on in the Gary community.

One we recalled was the "toilet tipping". I don't think kids nowadays know what an "outhouse" is unless they go camping or hunting. As we drove through the countryside, we noticed no "outhouses". Even on the old farmsteads, the "outhouses" are missing. Where did they go? Those are history; we need to keep a few around.

The other incident my husband recalled was the placing of old farm machinery on top of buildings. I didn't necessarily recall that happening. He said he remembers as a child seeing an old corn planter on top of a farm building around Halloween time.

The other prank that was popular during my high school years was "snipe hunting". I was never involved in it, but knew of many kids who got taken into thinking they were going on some great hunting trip, and to find out, it was a pretty embarrassing to have fallen for such a prank. That is another prank, the kids nowadays have never heard of.

**Just a few more "Memories from the Heart".**

## **THE NORTH SHORE WALK**

by Anne Nelson

Today I've chosen the lively route for my daily two-mile walk. The slightly cool air brushes my cheeks on this July summer day. The sky, a beautiful deep blue, showed not a single sign of smog. How lucky I am to live in this area of the world! Some individuals would say I live "in the sticks." In this case "in the sticks" refers to the shores of beautiful Lake Cochrane near Gary, South Dakota. This lake, considered the cleanest lake in the state, proves it is by its crystal clear water. Of course, the unbiased inhabitants of Lake Cochrane insist that their lake is also the most beautiful lake in South Dakota. So be it!

Wildlife sounds abound on this north shore. The high pitched irritating shriek from the killdeer screeching, "Here baby, babe, babe, here baby, babe, babe!" invites me to join her. I keep walking; the closer I get to her, the harsher the call becomes. Is that her ploy to get me away from her nest? A meadowlark sings, "John Greenleaf Whitteer" to keep me alert. The red-winged blackbird with his deep-throated "chrk, chrk" is perched on a quivering reed in the musty marsh. He doesn't seem to mind my trespassing on his territory. A flash of red and the cardinal is gone, (I don't see him very often.) Whirling wings of the blue winged teal announce her quick flight to a safer spot on Lake Oliver. The blue heron, full of fish, frogs and insects, slowly flaps his wings and takes off. Like a lumbering cumbersome cargo plane, a pelican struggles to achieve take-off speed and eventually also disappears to Lake Oliver.

Croaking frogs catch my attention. I hardly ever see them but they let me know they're there.

At the top of a dead tree, I see the hunched silhouette of a roosting cormorant. He is not a beautiful bird with his hooked bill and extensible pouch beneath it. He appears to be a quiet bird. Not a song, a call or a peep have I ever heard from him.

Occasionally a few barn swallows soar here and there for their breakfast. Noted for their swift and graceful flight, they are a delight to watch! Seagulls by the dozens swoop here and there. By their droppings on the road, you know where they spent the previous night.

The noisy honkers (otherwise known as Canadian geese) are off to find their morning meal and are soon out of sight. During the mating season, I have seen a couple of geese sitting on top of a muskrat house. I think their nest was there but I couldn't see any evidence of it. (Perhaps that was because they were sitting on it.) Poised for flight but reluctant to leave, they watched me warily. When I got too close to their comfort zone, they took off, scolding me all the while.

So far, my walk has been very pleasant. Now I've reached the bug area. Unpleasant as it is, I can't escape it. There's no other way home. Some little itty-bitty bugs (name unknown) attack me in droves buzzing around my face, in my ears, around my nose and under my glasses. Waving my arms in vain, I am forced to the wrong side of the road. That doesn't solve the situation. Those insects claim that side also; in desperation, I choose the middle of the road. Ah – relief but a dangerous place to walk! I am grateful that their time in my walk is of short duration. Just a nuisance! Isn't there an adage that states: "Into each life some rain must fall?" I should be able to handle this little problem. The solutions: choose the middle of the road right away and avoid those little pests or buy some insect repellent!

The next event didn't happen until a fall day about four years ago. It was so interesting that I want to share it.

I was homeward bound when I hear twittering sounds like birds make. I looked all around but I couldn't see any birds in the trees or on the ground. Soon shadows fall over me. I notice wave after wave of small, grayish birds flying several feet above my head. They flew higher to get over the trees and flew south over Lake Cochrane. Wave after wave of chattering birds kept coming from the north. I'd think this is the last group. I stood enthralled to see this migration in progress. I didn't count how many groups there were in all. There would be a minute or two between each wave. The waves did get smaller and smaller. When it got to be only three birds, I thought, this must be the last bunch. Not so – one lone bird flew in the very last wave. (His alarm clock must not have worked, do you suppose?) Was he perhaps a tailgater who made sure every bird was in attendance?

That was the only time this happened to me in all the years I walked at Lake Cochrane. I can see it all happening in my mind's eye yet today.

No seagulls and only two killdeers were seen by me in the summer of 2007. Disturbing and wondering thoughts race through my brain. Why aren't they back? What happened to them? Were they killed by disease? Poisoned? Will they be back next year? I hope so.

Almost home now, I hear the neighbor's dog welcoming me back. I reach our driveway and run (if it can be called running) down it and feel rejuvenated. My pulse is racing, my blood is coursing through my veins, and I am ready for the day's work and fun!

Written by Anne Nelson, 208 Lac Qui Parle N., Canby, Minnesota 56220

**There has been a request** that we give notice when someone passes away that has been in our community. It would help those that live far away to be informed of the loss of a friend. We will try to do this but do not guarantee that we will have knowledge of all.

Don Davis, Fred Battles, and Vern Shepherd. Sorry for the printing error last month. It was Vern Shepherd that passed away and not LeRoy.

## **GARY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION**

### **Newsletter from the President**

Our last meeting was again very well attended with several new members joining us. It certainly shows that the Gary Historical Association is making a good showing in the community. Our members should be proud of our accomplishments.

We have been able to move one of the two railroad buildings that are at Mrs. Vernon Blaine's home in the country. Thanks to Marty Grabow, Mike and Jordan Hinsvark for their contribution of equipment and labor to do this. The jailhouse is still a work in progress and will continue to be through the spring of next year. There have been many visitors there and with it being restored and used as an information center, travelers will continue to come to it.

We had a very successful soup day that went with the Kamrath family cattle drive. What a great annual event and experience that is. It even made the front page of the Watertown Public Opinion with pictures.

The two evergreens that were donated by the Heiserman family and have been in front of the log cabin for several years have been moved to the Joe and Tina Kolback residence at Lake Cochrane. We are glad the trees will be well taken care and enjoyed.

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

Roger Baer, President, Gary Historical Association

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**Roger Baer, President, Gary Historical Association.**

The newly founded **DEUEL COUNTY ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT** group has conducted their interviews in Gary and Clear Lake. There were two individuals from The Learning Center at Howard, SD in each town spending a long day talking to several residents.

## **CARELESS WORDS**

About some one I heard a rumor; the foundation was too absurd,  
But when I traced the origin, I found there was not a truthful word.

It traveled along so swiftly, like the leaves by the wind are blown,  
And grew in a huge proportion, until no truth in it was shown.

Some feelings are always injured, when to some homes these rumors spread  
If it is about some loved ones, and often many tears are shed.

I guess it is known as gossip, when to someone these things are told,  
But wish they'd find it it's truthful, before to others they unfold.

O, why do we have to do it, and if we have to speak at all,  
Let only the truth be spoken, before untruth on ears do fall.

But when words are spoken careless, and no matter who let's them go,  
God knows they have no meaning, and that is all we care to know.

Mrs. Marietta Thomas

### **OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST.**

**“THE PATHFINDERS”** group is busy finding a route for a walking, bike and possibly golf cart path between Gary and Lake Cochrane and also a historic trail going west and northwest of Gary. This should be very beneficial to the community and should bring new visitors and economic development to Gary.

**THE GATE CITY SENIOR CITIZENS** will sponsor a pancake breakfast on November 18. Stop by for some tasty specials. And then a little latter in the afternoon,

**THE GARY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION** will sponsor a fundraiser. The entertainment will be Dave Sueltz of Watertown. Music from the 30's and 40's, inspiration and some country will be provided.

**CELL PHONES** are pretty important in our fast moving world. Gary's tower is up and Alltel has also bought the tower in Clear Lake. That tower has been reprogrammed and we have reception from it also. Do you have an old cell phone that you are not using? Give it to a senior citizen to use for emergencies. It won't cost you or them a dime and it may save a life.

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



Music by  
**Dave Sueltz**  
old tyme, inspirational, country

November 18, 2007  
3PM to 5 PM  
At the Gary Fire Hall

Dance or just listen

Free will donation  
Sponsored by the Gary Historical Association

**GARY TO COCHRANE TRAIL**



recreational trail from Lake Cochrane to Gary

A

All are welcome to join the 'Pathfinders' group and promote health, safety, outdoor enjoyment, rural appreciation.

Interested in contributing? Would you like to receive more information?

Contact Briana Hoffman on 605-272-2223



# **THE GATE CITY SENIOR CITIZENS**

**WILL SPONSOR A**

**PANCAKE BREAKFAST**

**SUNDAY MORNING**

**NOVEMBER 18**  
**AT THE FIRE HALL**  
**COMMUNITY ROOM**

**11:00 AM TO 2:00 PM**  
**COME AND ENJOY**

**TO BE FOLLOWED BY ENTERTAINMENT SPONSORED BY**  
**THE GARY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION**