

*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. October 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 October**

Gary City Council, was October 1, 7:30 p.m.

Gary Historical Association, October 13, 10:00 A.M. at the Lodge

Community Club, October 25, 7:30 P.M. at the Fire Hall

**Cattle Drive**

This year's cattle drive is once again being planned by the Kamrath Family of Canby. This 28<sup>th</sup> annual cattle drive is being planned for October 27, at about 10:00 a.m. through the main street of Gary. The **Gary Historical Ass'n** is planning a soup day for the occasion. It will be held at the fire hall meeting room starting at 11:30 a.m. A free will offering will be taken. The menu will be home made chicken noodle soup, chili, a very tasty **cowboy stew**, sandwich and desert.

**Research at Grandview Cemetery**

By Jim and Kellie Lewis

Jim and I enjoy walking in Grandview Cemetery, learning about families we've met since buying our home in Gary almost three years ago. Last fall we came across a particularly interesting headstone, that of two young girls who died on June 18, 1919 and were buried in the same grave. Their headstone reflects "Here Lies Two Friends". We finally solved the mystery by reading their obituary in *The Gary Inter State*, on microfilm at the Gary Library. Apparently the two were wading in Cobb Creek, about five miles southwest of Gary, and drowned. Both girls were 15 at the time. The obituary is very sad, as one can imagine, but is also fascinating in the wording as transcribed below.

**Obituary (from *The Gary Inter State*, June 27, 1919)**

"Velma Iona Crocker, who was born in Louisa County, Iowa, June 30, 1903, lost her young life with her friend, Lillie Thompson, while they were wading in Cobb Creek five miles southwest of Gary, near their home.

Velma came to South Dakota in 1906 with her parents, who have resided in different parts of the state until seven years ago, since which time they have lived near Gary where Velma was just growing into young womanhood when she met her untimely death on Wednesday evening, June 18, her age being 15 years, 11 months and 12 days.

She leaves to mourn her death a kind and loving mother and father, six sisters and four brothers, who are: Mrs. Albert Slepser of near Moritz; George of near Altamont; Ivan, Wayne, Marie, Ruth, Sylvia, Samuel, Hazel and Geneva, all of whom are at home.

Miss Lillie Thompson was born in Merrill, Iowa, September 10, 1904. She came to Deuel County with her parents in 1911, and has since resided on a farm south west of Gary. Mary was a bright, winsome young lady, and just budding into young womanhood and her tragic death which seems to be so untimely is almost too much to bear.

She leaves to mourn her departure a loving mother and father, nine sisters and one brother: Mrs. Ernest Atwood of Merrill, Iowa; Mrs. Nick Holton of LeMars, Iowa; Mrs. Elijah Crane of Ida Grove, Iowa; Mrs. James McLain of Gary; Ray L., Mrs. Otto

Berntson, Elizabeth, Ethel, Ruth and Rachel, all of Gary. Mrs. Thompson's brother, James Warren of Beresford, and also her sister, Mrs. James McDougal of Strubel, Iowa, were here but came too late to attend the funeral.

Velma and Lillie were fast friends during their short lives, and dying together it seemed eminently proper that in death they should not be separated. Their bodies were buried in one grave last Friday afternoon. The funeral services were held at the Presbyterian church of this city. Rev. Hoare, pastor, delivering an impressive and appropriate sermon filled with comforting words to the sorrowing relatives. An immense concourse attended the last sad rites, attesting by their presence the love and esteem in which these estimable young ladies were held. The floral decorations spoke mutely of love of friends. The silent clasping of hands spoke mutely of the sincere sympathy extended to the bereaved relatives. The remains were laid to rest in Grand View cemetery to await resurrection morn, when there will be no more parting forever."

## **One Room Country School**

By Carol Olson Resmen of Brandt, SD

I spent the first eight years of my education at Spring Dell District # 36. Spring Dell being a Deuel County country school.

We had one teacher for all eight grades. By absorbing arithmetic, reading and other classes of the upper grades we also learned their lessons. The students today do not have that opportunity with each grade having a separate room.

I did not need Physical Education classes like they have today. I got my exercise by walking 1 ½ miles to and from school each day. My Dad would hitch the team Pat and Butte to a sleigh. Pat, a beautiful black horse and Butte, a dapple gray horse. I still remember the smell of sweat and wet leather as I rode in the sleigh over snow drifts that were as high as fence posts as Dad drove me to school. Then one day Dad reminded me "You are in third grade now and old enough to walk to school".

The teachers in rural schools wore many hats. The teacher had to come early in the morning to start the coal furnace. There had not been any heat all weekend in the school house, making Monday mornings bitterly cold. Walking to school in winter meant I had to be all bundled up. Being cold when I started walking from home I wore a knitted hat, wool scarf, winter coat, mittens and overshoes. I even had to wear long brown cotton stockings. When I arrived at school my clothes were all wet with sweat. I shivered all Monday morning and my legs felt cold and clammy with wet cloths in a cold school house. I carried my dinner to school in a lunch box. The lunch box sat in the cold entry. By dinner time the bologna sandwiches were frozen. The chocolate cake with thick creamy chocolate frosting smelled delicious! My thermos bottles held piping hot vegetable soup which tasted so good.

Maria Holen, the County Superintendent of all Rural Deuel County Schools visited all of the country schools. No one knew when she was coming. All of a sudden we heard her loud deep bombing voice in the school. It made me alarmed and I would sit quiet. It got so quiet I could hear the racing of my heart. Then we students started to whisper to each other. I shall cherish my days going to Country School. I feel privileged to have had the opportunity of going to Spring Dell Dist. # 36.

**Note:** This country school was just south of Lake Cochrane. Check it out on the web at [www.garysd.com](http://www.garysd.com) under country schools.

## **A few thoughts from Memories of the Heart**

By Betty Schafer McCormick

It is now the month of October, and we all know what that means— Big beautiful orange pumpkins, some carved into Jack O" Lanterns, the sweet smell of apples and pumpkins cooking with spices. Beautiful red, yellow and orange leaves. Raking leaves, burning leaves and getting ready for that first snowfall.

It is also the month of Trick or Treating. When I was a child the Halloween holiday was not as commercial as it is today. We had parties at school where we dunked for apples, Mothers brought in cupcakes and treats, the teachers handed out some goodies and some of us would go trick or treating.

The costumes were not as glamorous as they are today. Mine was usually a brown grocery sack, with cutouts for eyes, nose and mouth and decorated as a cat or some other animal. Old white sheets were also good for ghost costumes. We would put them over our heads along with a sack for treats and head off into the neighborhoods. Wearing your parents' clothes was also a good option. Nothing like playing grown up. Some children had fancy costumes or their mothers made them a costume. I was just happy to have a brown grocery bag. I could be pretty creative in decorating the old brown bag.

I remember one year, especially, when Izeta Jepp and I went out for treats. Her family lived West of Gary in the house that my Mom and Dad moved into as their first home. She and her family moved to Gary from Iowa. We were friends all through school, until her family moved back to Iowa. Another of my trick or treating friends was Ruth Hundertmark or Kathy Heiny. We always enjoyed the holiday, very simply and very much fun. Sometimes, older boys would pop out of the shrubs or dark streets and try to scare us. No one ever hurt us, just enjoyed scaring girls. Then after they had scared us, they would tag along.

In those days, a beautiful apple or a homemade cookie was a special treat. Nowadays, if we hand that out, we know it will be thrown into the garbage, because someone a few years ago, had the cruel idea of sticking pins into apples and handing them out as treats. Now all the children receive are wrapped candies for treats and those are also very carefully inspected by the parents once the child is home. There were a couple of times when my husband and I threw out candy because it looked too suspicious to let our children eat.

In a few days, my husband and I will turn on the driveway lights, a signal in our neighborhood that we welcome trick or treaters. The candy bowl will be loaded with goodies, Snickers, Reeses, Milky Ways, Hersheys, coins, suckers, pencils and stickers. It is always a joy to welcome the kids of all ages and see how they have grown, ask about school and their activities, meet the parents and welcome new members from the neighborhood. It may not be the same holiday as it was when I was a child, but Trick or Treating is for all ages. When the event is over, my husband gets the left over candy bars, the grandkids get the stickers and pencils, and Grandma packs up the decorations for another year.

Happy Halloween everyone.

**Make it a Memory from the Heart.**

## **Lake Cochrane History**

By Marlene Lien

Lake Cochrane is a 355 acre spring-fed lake located in Deuel County, SD near the MN/SD border. The residents who live around the lake have a Gary, SD address which is located seven miles north.

Lake Cochrane is named for a pioneer, Bryon (By) Cochrane, who came to the area in April of 1872. He became the first permanent white settler in Deuel County when he homesteaded the land on the south shores of the lake. He lived at Lake Cochrane until his death

in 1949. A historical marker marking the site of his log cabin built in 1872 can be found on the south side of SD Hwy # 516.

When By Cochrane married Agnes Herrick of Gary, they were the first white couple married in Deuel County. The couple had three children. The Cochrane Homestead Home located on East Lake Cochrane Drive is now owned by his Great, Great-grandson, Wayne Cochrane.

The eye-catching setting soon attracted other settlers. Areas around the lake reflect the names of people who platted lots around the lake. Other areas were named for the landscape or for groups of people who used the area.

- I. I. The people-Agnes Place, Severson Bay, Bostic Beach, Thokola Beach and Marion Bay
- II. II. The landscape-Sugar Sand, Shady Beach, Elms, Ash Point, Clearwater Beach and Hillcrest
- III. III. The groups of people who used the lake-Methodist Bay, Isaac Walton

There have been several 'businesses' around the lake. Jensen's Resort, now Shady Beach, served the needs of area residents in 1916-1971. The Horstiens owned and operated a resort just north of Shady Beach. They sold block ice, sundry items, fishing licensees, and bait, held outdoor movies and rented swimming suits. Red Cross swimming lessons were conducted there. Others entrepreneurs had a bait shop, a hamburger place, and a gun shop.

A stone bridge built either 1916 or 1917 located between 2856 and 2868 Edgewater Drive is listed as an historical site. At one time there was a mini-golf course and a dance pavilion at the lake.

In 1955, Art Bostic deeded three lots to the State of South Dakota for \$1.00 to be used as a public beach. This sandy beach on the north side of the lake was later incorporated into the present State Park Recreational Area. It contains thirty camp sites with electricity, water, dump station, comfort station, swimming beach, children's play area and rental cabin.

The Department of Game, Fish and Parks of SD owns a section along the west shore. It maintains a public boat landing there.

Lake Cochrane is a fisherman's delight. Northern pike, walleye, bass, crappies, perch and bluegills provide excitement for the angler. The State monitors fish population and has stocked the lake many times. In the winter, many fish houses spring up at the lake. The South Dakota Game, Fish & Parks indicates that in 2002 the mean depth was 13.2 feet and the maximum depth was 24 feet.

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

Dear Friends,

This summer my granddaughter, Latrice Jensen, spent two weeks visiting and chauffeuring her grandmother. She had just passed her drivers test and is now a licensed driver. In the afternoons, we would go for rides. Twice we visited our local cemetery. Latrice is interested in visiting the graves of her ancestors. She came to the graves of three little brothers, Adolf, Herbert, and Rudolph Mueller that were born two years apart and died a week apart. Asked why? It was a flu epidemic that took many lives. They were the Mueller's, sons of Fred and Lena Mueller. The epidemic took many lives. It took a two and one half year old cousin and a three year old cousin, Annabel Dorothy Schaefer and Ivy Jean Honstra. It was before I was born, but my parents and family never forgot it.

Was there ever an epidemic in your lifetime, Granny? I will tell you about the polio epidemic that swept the county in the 40's and touched our lives personally. It was the summer of 1947. We were hearing of polio victims. The



Hoges lost a child. They lived in the area of Goodwin, occasionally some one would mention a death or polio in an area; too close, but not in all neighborhoods.

In the spring of 58, our family moved to Pipestone County from Lac Qui Parle County in Minnesota. It was a good move. One had so many friends that came to visit and welcome us in the neighborhood. We loved our new house, old, but a lot of room with 5 bedrooms and lots of other big rooms. Lovely long driveway lined with trees that came together at the top. Summer was prosperous, with the crops turning out great yields. I worked in Pipestone and Henry, my brother, worked in Pipestone as well. Henry stayed near his work but I came home as our mother was ill and I enjoyed helping with two sisters and a brother at home. It was a very comfortable life.

More and more we would hear of some one passing away with polio. A little girl east of the Highway and a father a few miles from our farm, and a 17 year old neighbor girl. Fear and grief griped our community and concern and love for one another. On the second week of October, 1958, my brother Jack and I became ill with a high fever, muscles ached, and joints hurting. We saw objects that were not there. The doctor said it was a good case of the flu or poliomyelitis, a light type of polio. On October 18, at 7 in the morning, my brother Henry came in the yard with his motorcycle. That's strange, I told my mother. He looks sick. When he came in the kitchen, I knew something was really wrong. He went upstairs to bed and later I went up to see how he was and he said that he felt a little better. By 1:00 PM he came down. His head was tilted back and he had perspiration beading on this face. He asked me to help him clean up. I knew my brother was very ill. We got my father home from the neighbors where he was picking corn. When they came back, Dad and Henry came in. He announced that Henry had Bulbar Polio, the worse kind. I knew the good bye kisses were the last we would every get. We walked to the car with him and he lay in the back seat as they drove out, Henry lifted his hand up and waved out the back window and the side window. Later Mother and us kids went to visit him. He was in a long corridor with 12 iron lung machines end to end in Mc Kennan hospital. Henry was clear on the end, with his head out and the lung breathed for him. He was unconscious, so sad. All those beautiful people, one father told my father he had lost all his four little girls but this one, and hoped that God would just let him keep her.

Families came together like they had known each other for ever.

Monday morning I was making breakfast, and two cars came past the kitchen window with my father and his brothers and my Uncle Martin and Aunt Gertie. Henry has left us. He passed away at 5:30 AM. By the time my father and family left the hospital the iron lungs were all empty.

You grieve for your loss but you also grieve for your neighbors. The telephone was busy as everyone was afraid of the dreaded disease. Friends were afraid to come over and they would leave food in the front porch. We would never see our brother and son in this world, nor the little girl east of us or the 17 year old girl who was so happy to go shopping with her mother.

The funeral came and went. It was in the English Lutheran Church in Canby. Pastor Olson was the pastor. I remember seeing Henry's friends. I don't remember much more. Life goes on but for my parents, they never stopped grieving. I like to remember my brother as someone who loved life. I still think of the other families. The parents have passed away and now we are the old people. My granddaughter asked if there will ever be another epidemic. We don't know what God has in store for us. I pray not.

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

## **GARY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION**

### **Newsletter from the President**

Our last meeting was 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 decided to hire someone to move the two railroad buildings that are at Mrs. Vernon Blaine's home in the country. We need to try to finish this project before the end of the year. Another project that we would like to finish before year end is the jail house. 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 have decided to purchase a speaker system to use at our entertainment events. We have asked Pastor Bruce Mueller to help us with this project.

We have decided to expand on the cattle drive that the Kamrath family have been doing for the last 27 years by having a soup day fund raiser after the drive makes it's way through town. To work at drawing a larger crowd we decided to put signs at both ends of town to help inform the public.

We have decided to remove the two evergreen trees that have been in front of the log cabin for several years. We hope to replace them with something more fitting of that time period.

We have had Otter Tail install security light in the museum park area which has really helped with holding our events at the band shell in the park.

Our organization has also decided to clean up the creek bed (Laughing Water) as opportunities permit. There were also reports from the cemetery committee, the furniture committee, the cemetery history committee and the land title history committee.

Roger Baer, President, Gary Historical Association

**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.**

#### HALLOWE'EN

That time is with us once again, when goblins run around  
And there's lots of ghosts and spooky things, in and around our town.

Children wear their funny masks, when they knock upon your door,  
Asking for tricks or treats, and then comes a dozen more.

You give them candy, nuts, fruits, to each and every one  
And glad to do this much for them, for it is only harmless fun.

The Legend goes in years gone by, when Hallowe'en was here  
Goblins would do their many tricks, and then would disappear.

They only did the little tricks, which did no harm at all  
And did not hurt the costly things, and leave the owners in appall.

I hope this nite when goblins come, they'll do their tricks in fun  
And leave the property alone, and do no harm to anyone.

Mrs. Marietta Thomas

#### **From Rag Top to Sun Roof**

Part of a family history by Marlene Lien

Blowing breezes and sunny skies are thrills for riders in cars with open roofs. In 1959, when we first dated, Hanard my future husband, owned a classic 1956 Chevrolet convertible. The sky-blue rag top with its white side walled tires filled the dream of a teenager. A wonderful car for tranquil summer trips; but a cold, chilly ride for the winter months.

Starting Hanard's first year of teaching, a compact Chevrolet Corvair Monza became the career man's choice. Corvair is a combination of the sporty Corvette and the family oriented Bel Air. "They must be married," commented a lady as we rode through the Riverside Park in Menomonie, WI. Our alma mater, Stout State College is located in Menomonie. Little did she realize the reason we looked we were married because we were sitting on either side of the console in bucket seats.

One time, the Corvair with the motor mounted in the back, gave us the momentum and weight to plow  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile through two feet of snow. We were traveling from my childhood farm in rural Rice Lake, WI to the main road. The sporty little vehicle was exciting but it still wasn't a convertible.

After our first year of marriage, we moved to Minneota, MN where we had teaching jobs at the Minneota Public School. The Monza, now three years old, needed to be upgraded. A family car seemed more appropriate. A family friend from Granite Falls, Norris Holien, sold us a beautiful maroon Ford station wagon.

Have you ever lived in a station wagon? To afford a trip out 'west', we slept in the back of the wagon. Expensive new air mattresses with foot pumps in them and cheap sleeping bags were ordered. We thought the air mattresses would last a life time. Who really cared about the sleeping bags? Now, some forty years later, the mattresses are long gone and we still have the sleeping bags.

Growing up in Wisconsin, I equated living in a town with grain elevators as being out 'west'. I soon discovered 'west' meant further west like Idaho and Washington.

In Yellowstone National Park, we spent a chilly night. To help keep us warm, Hanard put a smelly canvas tarp over us. Surviving under that tarp, which smelled like a dozen rotten eggs, resulted in a living nightmare. The buzzing of mosquitoes and smell of the mosquito spray added to the misery of the night.

Who could forget the ruffled grouse strained through the grill of our new car or the infamous trip over the Rocky Mountains into Nelson, British Columbia? On the lumber trail over the mountains of northern Idaho, the muffler/tail pipe of the newly purchased car jiggled loose, a factory defect.

On the return trip to Idaho, we found sweet Washington cherries for sale at a local farmer's market. Stained teeth and purple fingers prompted lots of laughter.

After managing for four years with one vehicle, a second one seemed a necessity. Just the ticket, we purchased an old Scout International Jeep. Toby, Hanard's hunting dog, could now dry off in the back with out stinking up the car.

Wearing a camouflage cap and rain gear, Hanard slipped through a road block during the 1985 flood in Granite Falls. No doubt he looked like a Nation Guard member as he was saluted when he went by. Later, we discovered the person in charge of the guards that day also owned a blue Scout.

Second-hand cars do not come with all the fixings. The Scout's gas gauge did not register. Only one time, do I remember chugging and sputtering to a stop. Luckily, we were only a couple of blocks from home.

As the family began to grow and the trusty wagon grew older, it became time to upgrade. A fancy Dodge Monaco station wagon with all the bells and whistles complete with wood imitation wood panels on the door became our next family car. You guessed it, another second hand car with a problem. The handsome blue - green car had a problem in the electrical system. The system would cut out leaving the car dead as a stone. One solution to the problem was to leave the car running.

One day, an out of the ordinary thing happened at the post office. Leaving the double-parked car running, I dashed around the back of the wagon. While doing so, I grabbed Jon, age 2, out of the open tail gate window. Remember, no child car seats were required in 1968.

Stepping out of the post office, I watched, in horror, as my car backed across the eastbound lane of traffic. "It's been stolen," came immediately to my mind. In astonishment, I watched the driverless car continue to back into the parking lot of the Minneota City Hall.

What a dreadful experience, as the car made a clean entry into the parking lot and stopped when it hit a truck. How did this happen? Not having the car all the way in 'park' with the wheels at just the right angle allowed the car to slowly back up in a semi-circle.

After the driverless experience, it was my turn to say, "I think, it's time to trade." Wanting to buy locally, we purchased a brown Chevrolet station wagon. To our chagrin, two weeks later the Chevrolet dealer went out of business.

Sometime later, a pretty, blue Ford extended cab pickup became our family car. The back contained a bench seat which was perfect for our three children. This pick-up truck had a sliding back window. Many trips were made from the cab to the back end. This feature enabled the three children to watch TV or sit on the chaise lounges when we went on long trips. Not a safe idea to say the very least.

Over the years, a Vega with a rusted out fender, a VW Bug, a brand new Chevette, and a black Mustang with a red interior became second cars. Most trips went from our house on Century Drive to the Minneota Public School.

After the blue pick-up, Hanard had a white Ford pick-up with a red topper. Construction tools for his shop class and many hunting trips made this vehicle well-known in Minneota. We even upgraded our camping equipment to a pick-up camper.

In 2001, he traded the fifteen year old pick-up for a four-door Ford F-150 with four-wheel drive. My only request was not another white vehicle, but guess what, we now have a white Ford pick-up in our garage.

In the spring of 1983, we purchased a beige Ford, LTD. First trips on the agenda were Jon's Junior Prom and my bridge-a-ton to Sioux Falls. I told Hanard, "No more cigars!" His response, "No smoking in the car!" More than a little nervous, I drove my bridge partners to Sioux Falls where we shopped, ate and played bridge until the wee hours of the morning. And there was no smoking in the car!

Following the LTD, I drove a white Ford Thunderbird. I felt this was 'my' first car; however, it had one problem-no traction on ice. One wintry day, as I leaving Lake Cochrane for my teaching job in Minneota, I pulled a 180 by Shady Beach. Oops, not a good vehicle to drive in the winter, time for a change.

A 2004, red Ford Escape filled the bill. It had four-wheel drive, a tow package and a sun roof. After many trips and a few thousand miles, time to trade again. Uf Da. After searching for several months, in March of 2007, we purchased a 2008 silver Ford Escape. Heated seats, computerized information, satellite light radio, and yes, a sun roof are luxuries that I never dreamed of forty years ago. Come to think of it, I bet Henry Ford didn't either.

On sunny, summer days with the sun roof wide open, I can, once again, feel the breeze and enjoy the sunshine.

## **OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST.**

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.



Richard Paul Eng, Mrs. Harvey (Darlene) Nelson, Ward Shepherd and LeRoy Shepherd.

**“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 to Gary.

**THE METHODIST WOMEN** once again attended the Ingathering at Mitchell, SD. They delivered several articles to be auctioned off as a fund raiser, a value of over \$7,445. This all went to missions.

**THE GARY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION** will sponsor a fund raiser in November. The entertainment will be Dave Sultz of Watertown. Music from the 30’s and 40’s, inspiration and some country will be provided. Watch for more details.

**HAVE YOU DRIVEN** around Gary lately and seen all the new homes we have gotten in the last year. You would think that we were - - Clear Lake or Canby. Isn’t it great to see our town grow?

**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. We have been told that the tower in Clear Lake will be reprogrammed by the end of October so that we will have reception from it also. By the way, 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.



# **VERN’S ONE MAN BAND**

## **FEATURING OLD TYME**

**AND  
COUNTRY WESTERN MUSIC**

**AT THE BANDSHELL**

**October 14, 2007  
3:00 PM TO 5:00 PM**

**COME TO LISTEN OR DANCE**

**Free will donation**

**PLEASE BRING YOUR OWN CHAIRS  
Fund Raiser for the Gary Historical Association**