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Taps for an Old Soldier

Francis E Cadwell, Civil War Veteran



This November's Veterans' Day salute is for Francis E. Cadwell, a soldier who fought for the Union Army during the Civil War. Cadwell joined the 10th Massachusetts Infantry Regiment on the 14th day of June 1861, to serve three years. Due to disability, he was discharged on the 13th day of November 1862, having served one year, four months and twenty-nine days. On the 13th day of July 1863, he was again drafted to serve three additional years. He was discharged on the 8th day of December 1863, again due to disability. Altogether, he served a period of one year, nine months and twenty-four days. On November 12, 1888, Cadwell applied for a Civil War pension based on his disability which then passed to his wife Mary upon his death.

Francis Eugene Cadwell was born August 14, 1839, in Wilbraham, Massachusetts. His father, Erastus, worked in a clothing store. On May 20, 1860, he was married to Martha Jane Torrey, and she bore four children before her death in 1871 (only two children survived infancy, Lillian and Frank). He was married again on January 14, 1874, to Mary L. Cone in Massachusetts. His occupation at the time was shoemaker. The family headed west and were living in Michigan by 1880 where Francis was the foreman in the prison shoe shop. They arrived in Dakota Territory in 1882 and homesteaded in Glenwood Township, north of Moritz. Two sons, Ralph and Guy, were born here. The Homestead Act of 1862 included provisions for Civil War veterans similar to the scrip given to veterans of the earlier Revolutionary War and the Mexican American War. Basically, the length of time to "prove" up on a homestead was reduced by the number of months in service to our country. Cadwell received his patent deed on February 11, 1887, having filed on this claim in June of 1884. Later the family moved into Gary where Cadwell passed away on March 13, 1927, at the age of 87 years, 6 months, and 27 days. He left to mourn his departure his beloved wife, Mary E. Cadwell, one brother George in Washington state, three sons, Edward (Frank) of Albee, Ralph of Saskatchewan, and Guy of Lake Preston; one daughter, Mrs. Lillian E. Woodman of Albee, four grandchildren and a very large circle of friends in the locality.

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Funeral services were held at the home Monday afternoon. Rev. Dirks of the Methodist Church officiating. The remains were taken to St. Paul on Monday and was placed in a vault in Forest Cemetery, Memorial Park, Edgerton Street, St. Paul. His military headstone was placed in Grandview Cemetery at Gary in 1938. Was he re-interred in Grandview at a later date?



Just a bit of information about the 10th Regiment of the Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. It was formed in May of 1861 and was part of the Army of the Potomac which was the primary field army in the Eastern Theater of the American Civil War. The unit primarily fought in Virginia. It joined the advance toward Antietam (September 1862) but did not reach the field until the fighting was over. Antietam was the deadliest one-day battle in American history, but it successfully ended Lee's first invasion of the North. The 10th Regiment also took part in the Battle of Fredericksburg (December 1862); the Gettysburg Campaign (July 1863); and the Wilderness (May 1864). The unit was mustered out on July 6, 1864.

-Patti Haas

Civil War Pensions

A pension plan for disabled veterans was established by Congress in 1792. Pension legislation for all surviving veterans was adopted in 1818. The pensions were viewed as delayed payments for those who served during the American Revolution. The Civil War Pension Law was passed on July 14, 1862. It was the most liberal pension law ever enacted to that date. It not only increased pension rates but expanded eligibility to every person serving in the military or the navy since March 4, 1861, as well as their widows and orphans, and dependent orphan sisters. The law was feared to be extravagant with the potential to become an insupportable, annual burden. The Pension Office had only 25,000 Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary pensioners prior to the Civil War. By 1863 more than a million men were on the pension rolls and the cost of pensions was more than 40% of the federal government's expenses. Twenty years after the war's end, there were nearly 325,000 veterans, widows, and other dependents on the pension rolls in addition to 20,000 veterans and widows from the War of 1812. Most, but not all, Union soldiers or their widows or children later applied for a pension from the U.S. Government. In 1904, an Executive Order issued by Theodore Roosevelt made all veterans over the age of 62 eligible for a pension, thus making old age a disability. The last Civil War pension was paid to Irene Triplett who died on May 31 of 2020. Irene Triplett was mentally disabled which qualified her for a pension as a dependent child of a Civil War veteran. Her father, Mose Triplett, had fought for both the Confederacy and the Union during the Civil War.

Check out Page 6 for List of Civil War era vets in the Gary area at the turn of the century, many were homesteaders and most received pensions.

-Patti Haas



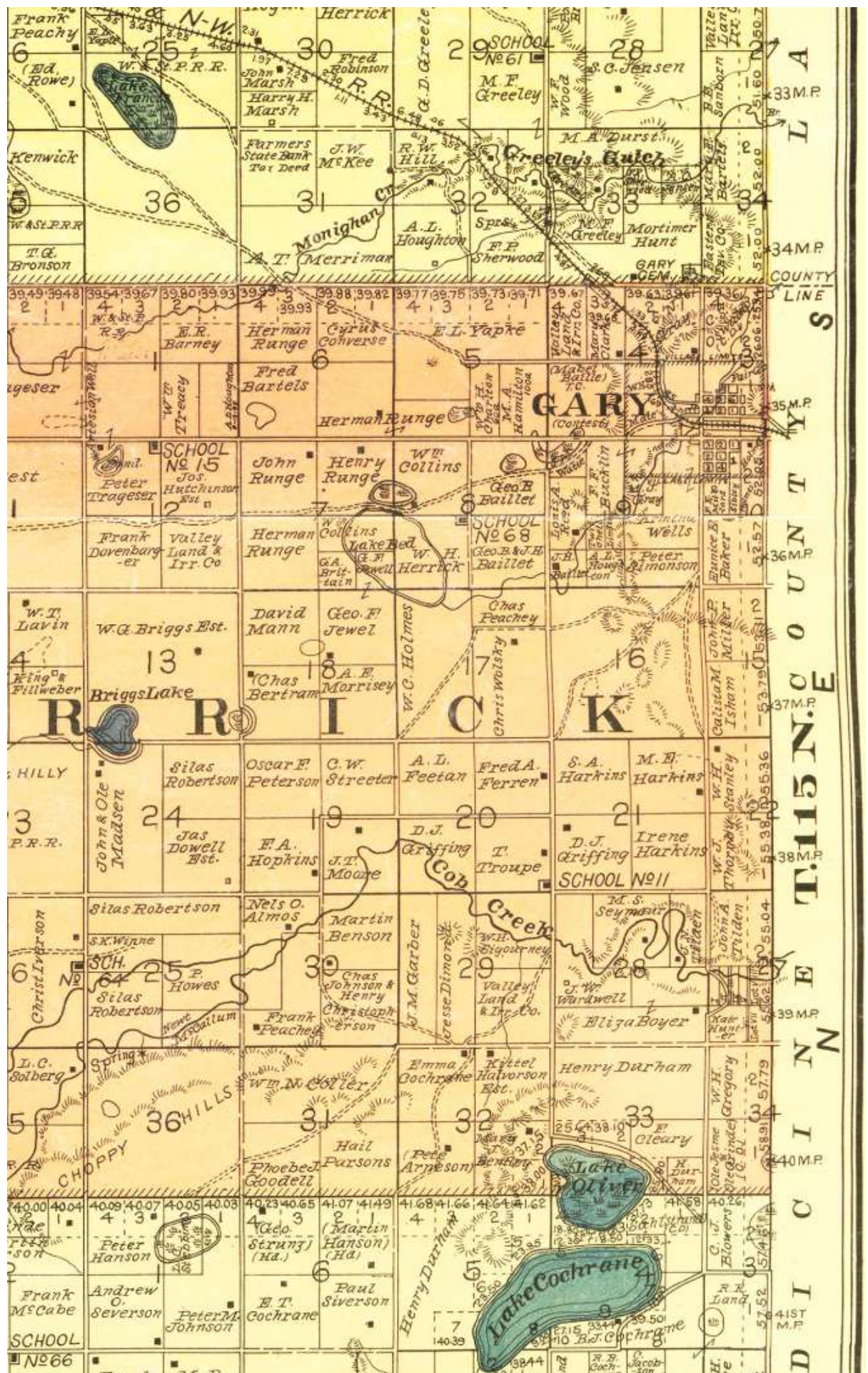
Cuts - Men & Women, Perms, Colors

What's in a Name?

Do you ever wonder why certain lakes, rivers and landmarks are given the names we know them by? I recently found an old map of Deuel County from 1898. It's very interesting to note that many of our lakes and rivers were already named way back then. This map also had the names of the landowners, many of them being early homesteaders in this area. So.....back to place names. Lake Cochrane is named for Byron Cochrane, the first settler in Deuel County (before it even was a county). Byron homesteaded on the southeast corner of the lake that bears his name.

Then we have nearby Lake Oliver, named for the settler Herbert Oliver whose homestead was on the eastern shore of this lake. His wife was the former Elizabeth Cochrane, sister to Byron.

Going west out of Gary, we find Briggs Lake (often called Briggs Slough). This lake is located on land purchased from the Winona and St. Peter Railroad in 1880 by Stephen A. Briggs of Watertown SD. Briggs worked in real estate and insurance and does not appear to have ever lived on this land.



About three miles south of Gary, we find Cobb Creek as it is called in Deuel County. When it crosses the state line into Florida Township, Yellow Medicine County, Minnesota, it becomes Florida Creek. It is named for an early homesteader, Manville Cobb, who settled in Section 28 of Herrick Township in 1879, receiving his Patent on April 5th of 1883. Monte and Rose Winrow now own part of his original homestead. Many are familiar with Cobb Creek as it flows through beautiful Pleasant Valley. Manville Cobb later moved to Olmstead County, Minnesota but his son, Charles Cobb remained in Gary and become the Gary Interstate editor from 1907 until 1933.

Continued on Page 6.

Fairchild Farmgirl

Happy Thanksgiving! When did 2024 diminish right before our eyes? Side note: we have roughly 50 some days to make this the best year yet in case you haven't done so, there's still time!

As usual, we've been busier than a moth in a sweater closet. Ron has been working all hours to get farming done for the season for the guy he works for, some small jobs in the shop and keeping up with this place and the kids. I've been doing a ton of needle felting classes and have kept really busy gearing up for that and the Christmas season in general. For about a month I've been trying to build up product for a particular show and this past week, I've really had to put the hammer down and get things done. So when Ron asked me to come along to pick up a Scottish Highland cow/calf pair, I kind of thought, 'don't I look busy enough?' But I went anyway, because we only have these kids here for so long right? Right.

The trip up to Webster SD started out fine enough, but soon enough the cloudy sky turned to rain and besides that, we were lost. How we get lost going up to this place I have no idea. We've been there three times before. Ron started looking for a "red shed that is right around here, then when you see it you take a right", I think I remember seeing water on either side of the road, and Jess is in back fast asleep.

As before, Google is no good in Prairie Pothole Country, so it takes us about 10 miles away from our destination – again (and yet we don't learn from our previous mistakes). It was really raining at this point, and did I tell you that we'd spent about 30 minutes on gravel when let's be honest, there's so much standing water in places, we should've taken a canoe. I call the guy and tell him to drop his pin to my phone so I can see where he's at. I then proceed not to read the whole text (which again, in alignment with previous mistakes) and my phone takes us to the road before the one that he told us to take. We take the google approved road, and we see this black sign that's written with what looks like white crayon (seriously) it says, "Road closed" in cursive.

If you know Ron, he's no quitter. "How bad could it be?" he asks. Well soon the road turned into a basic trail with grass growing in the center and we get to the top of a hill and look down, the road narrows to one lane with water on each side. I start looking for a place that we could turn the pickup and trailer around. Nothing. No approaches of any kind. So as we go over this mess of water, I look in my mirror to see mere inches between the trailer wheels and water. We made it through. Whew!

After we get loaded, Ron asked the guys about the red shed...they've no knowledge of it. Me? I think it was a Prairie Pothole Mirage, Ron. Something you think you see when you're lost on a thirty mile stretch of gravel. We cut them a check and leave. The rain picked up and we decided to get home via Summit to Milbank to Ortonville then home. Oh, the Summit hill country. Why is the weather 20 times worse up there? As if a switch flipped, it suddenly became very foggy. It was so awful and you could cut it with a knife. We stopped at the truck stop to get supper and for a fleeting second I actually thought my hubby may want to eat there and not in the truck, well for obvious reasons. Nope. We Ron got a sandwich, Jess got some pasta from Pizza Hut and I got an order of breadsticks to share.

As we were leaving, we literally had to go off my phone to see where the end of the truck stop driveway was to get on the road. It was horrible. In the next ten minutes I realize either how talented of a driver my hubby is, he has a four leaf clover in his pocket or how he truly has no fear. "Turn the light on so I can dip my breadsticks." "Oh my gosh, you're driving!" I yell.

But like always, we made it home flawlessly. I used to say it was the kids that gave me gray hair, but now I'm not so sure. Keep yer vehicle on the road and have a great Thanksgiving. We truly have much to be thankful for.

Until next time, Fairchild "Oh, if you're wondering, that pair sure is pretty!" Farmgirl

Oh, the Places We've Been

What is the name of the creek that flows through Gary? It is the West Branch of the Lac qui Parle River but was identified as Talking Waters Creek on a 1909 map. The Dakota named for it is "Watapan Intapa" which means "River at the Head", referencing that the Dakota considered the river the head of the Minnesota River. The French misinterpreted the name for Lac qui Parle Lake as also belonging to the Lac qui Parle River and, thus, we have the Lac qui Parle River flowing through Gary.

Lake Francis lies northwest of Gary in the vicinity of Moritz. It is reported to have been named in honor of Francis, the daughter of Captain Henry H. Herrick, an early homesteader and businessman in Gary. Francis was born in 1872 in Iowa before coming to the Gary area with her family. Local lore says her mother Elizabeth named the lake after her daughter Francis.

Greeley's Gulch lies 2 miles northwest of Gary where Monighan Creek flows to the east. Many Greeley families lived in the area, including Millard Fillmore Greeley, his wife Agnes Blair Greeley, and father Levi I. Greeley. Millard has an interesting story himself as he was an early state legislator and the editor of the Farmer magazine, among other occupations.

Monighan Creek should probably be spelled "Monaghan" as the NW 1/4 of Section 6, Township 115N, Range 47W in Dakota Territory was homesteaded by Hugh B. Monaghan. He received his patent on July 16th, 1890. The intermittent stream starts flowing a bit to the west but flows through his homestead acres and the Greeley Gulch and east to the Minnesota River. This homestead land is now owned by the Darold Hunt family.

-Patti Haas

Gary Area Civil War Era Vets

Abram Harkins - Co. B, 2nd MN Vol Infantry
Asel G. Brainard - unknown unit
Charles Hurd - Co. G, 25th Wisc Infantry
Charles L. Tibbetts - Co. I, 42nd Ohio Infantry
David Palmer - Co. F, 1st Wisc Heavy Artillery
Denison J. Griffing - 1st MN Light Artillery Trans Battery
Francis Cadwell - Co. E, 10th Mass Infantry
George W. Baillet - Co. I, 37th New York Infantry
Herbert Oliver - Co. H, 3rd Wisc Infantry
Horatio Sturges - 9th Wisc Light Artillery
Hosea B. Putnam - Co. A, 147th Ill Infantry
John C. Carmon - Co. C, 32nd Wisc Infantry
Manville Cobb - Co. D, 8th Wisc Infantry
Michael J. Fierstine - Co. H, 7th Mich Cavalry, Saddler
Michael Eichinger - Co. F, 36th Wisc Infantry
Norman P. Wood - Co. D, 49th Wisc Infantry
Orville J. Oliver - Co. D, 8th Wisc Infantry
Peter Hanson - Co. K, 1st MN Heavy Artillery
Peter P. Trageser - Co. F, 2nd Wisc Cavalry
William F. Gordon - Co. K, 1st Wisc Cavalry

These Civil War era vets lived in the Gary area (Glenwood, Herrick, and Norden Townships) at the turn of the century.

Many were homesteaders and most received pensions.



October Event Photos

Area families enjoying the Legion Poultry Party (above) and having a Spooktacular Halloween thanks to the efforts of the Gary Legion, Gary Legion Auxiliary, and Gary Community Club. Congratulations to Karli Rauen on winning the 50-50 Bingo Jack Pot at the Poultry Party.



More Pictures
on page 11.

GATE CITY GENERAL

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Diane Marie Melby

Diane Melby, age 74, of rural Canby, MN passed away surrounded by her family on Friday, September 27, 2024 at Ava Hospice House in Sioux Falls, SD. Celebration of Diane's life was held 2 pm Wednesday, October 16, 2024 at Our Saviour's Lutheran Church in Canby, MN with Rev. Levi Bollerud officiating with burial in the Grandview Cemetery, Gary, SD. Visitation was 5 - 7 pm on Tuesday, October 15th at the Houseman Funeral Home, Birk Chapel in Canby, MN, resuming Wednesday one hour prior to the service at the church. Houseman Funeral Home, Birk Chapel of Canby, MN was entrusted with the arrangements.

Diane Marie Melby (Stratton), was born June 2, 1950, to George and Ardis (Johnson) Stratton in Brookings, SD. She attended Brookings High School and graduated from SDSU with a major in Music Education. She taught music at Deubrook School for a few years. On June 1, 1974, she married Bruce Melby and moved to the farm outside Gary, SD. Diane and Bruce then purchased The Alibi, where they operated the restaurant together for 41yrs while raising their 5 children.

Diane loved music, all Minnesota sports and the SDSU Jackrabbits. Diane was known in Brookings as "Strat" and in the Canby area as "Ma Melby". In addition to The Alibi, she was a substitute teacher, sang in the SonShine group at the Lutheran church, and served on the church council. Over the years, Diane was involved in many events and activities in Gary and active in the Gary Economic Development Association. She also enjoyed weekly visits to the library for puzzles and games with her friends. Diane always made sure people around her were well taken care of.

Diane is survived by her husband Bruce of 50 years; her 5 children - Aaron Melby, Lakeville, MN; Bethany (Brent) Driesen, Alvord, IA; Kyle Melby, Minneapolis, MN; Kathleen (Joseph) Raml, Clear Lake, SD; Meghan (Andrew) Full, Tea, SD. Her 8 grandchildren - Roxanne, Emma, Cooper and Lincoln Raml; Beckett and Haddie Driesen; Grant and Mya Full. Her siblings - Debbie (Keith) Bortnem, Mark (Jeanne) Stratton, and David (Barb) Stratton. In addition, many relatives in the Stratton, Johnson and Melby families.

Diane passed away at Ava's House in Sioux Falls, SD on September 27, 2024. Diane's passing was unexpected as an illness resulted in discovering kidney cancer. She passed with her family and loved ones by her side. Diane was preceded in death by her parents George and Ardis Stratton.

Joyce was born and raised in Buffalo City, Wisconsin. She followed her sister to the Twin Cities and met and married Raymond "Bud" Helmbolt, a widower with two young sons, in 1961.

Joyce worked for Honeywell for years. She enjoyed traveling and a simple 3-hour trip could take days for casino stops. She was an avid football fan and died peacefully Sunday 9/22/2024 following the Vikings win.

She was preceded in death by her parents, Fred and Esther Hobbs, husband Raymond "Bud" Helmboldt, son Duane and beloved granddaughter Crystal. Also preceded in death by Frederick and Laverne Hobbs, Lorraine and Kenneth Miller, Jerry and Lois Hobbs, Barbara and Charles Pearson, Arnie Hobbs, Shirley Dillard, Patricia Larson, Greg Miller and Cameron Pearson.

She is survived by special friend and companion Dale Lorenzen; by numerous nieces and nephews; daughter-in-law Dannette and grandson Dan (Jessica); great grandchildren Jackson and Harper; and sister-in-law Karen Hobbs; Granddaughters Heather, Ashley and Amber were forever in her heart.

Joyce Emma Helmbolt

October 17, 1938 –
September 22, 2024

Gary, South Dakota House Blast Leaves Former Editor Dead, Wife Hospitalized

Ralph Kurtenbach

In a September 30, 2024 blast that flattened their home in Gary, South Dakota, Phil Trieb and his wife, Leena Lintilä, were severely injured. Despite surgeons' efforts at a Sioux Falls hospital, Phil later died. At this writing, Leena is recovering from multiple injuries.

In the early 1980s, Phil Trieb and Mary Burkman purchased a weekly newspaper, The Gary Interstate in Gary. In a short time, the couple overhauled and made the Interstate an aggressive, informative force. The paper's photos informed as well as entertained. Behind Phil's lens, technical know-how converged with aesthetic as he fit the settings to the action and lighting before him. He combined a photographic eye with a journalist's "nose for news". One shot — sometimes a series — told the story. In the wee hours at the newspaper office, Phil and I examined about his coverage of Gary volunteer firefighters battling a grass fire. "That fire hose," he pointed to on the photo, "is in a classic 'S' curve." I had not seen it. He loved pictures; he loved words. Decades later, his Gary Rodeo photo caption of "a recalcitrant steer" being wrestled is still with me. Coming from broadcast news, I would have written "stubborn" to head off an on-air stumble. But writing styles differ and "recalcitrant" was right for the Interstate. Phil loved words like "surreptitious", "draconian", "preponderance", "finagled" and a host of others. Now I regret not having kept a log as my vocabulary grew. His editor's pen ran to confront most every controversy, whether local, regional, national or international. Phil and Mary's editorial page — sometimes creeping into the paper's news reporting. In the great muckraking tradition, they felt obligated to take a bold stand.

A kid from the suburbs of Kansas City, Phil fell in with farmers during the rural crisis of the 1980s, listening to those who faced all weather conditions to husband a herd and get crops in and out on time. Interest rates soared and farm foreclosures climbed. Phil blasted not only Federal Reserve policy but also its very existence. He strove hardest to inform local readers, deeming the U.S. capital as deaf to rural constituents. Surely he wrote of it as "a bloated bureaucracy" when addressing national issues. Readers also received a dose of Phil's thoughts on oppressive regimes in the former USSR or the liberty suffocating decisions of Beijing ("Red China") and North Korea.

Today I smile at how a couple of Canby, Minnesota farmers drove their cattle from South Dakota pastures through Gary's main drag. It happened to be Santa Claus Day and as children left the Legion Hall with bags of goodies, they stepped in . . . well, you know. Hot debate about the drive ensued in Gary. The newspaper's stories and Phil's opinion piece raised bemused interest elsewhere, with subsequent coverage by Jim Klobuchar, a celebrated columnist with the Minneapolis Star and Tribune. The following year's drive (in autumn) saw Phil in the town's grain elevator, perched high above the street. His overhead photojournalism was decades ahead of the drone photos we see today. Subscribers to the Interstate were informed by tightly written accounts of the area's public affairs, including the doings of two school boards, the county commission and circuit court. On Tuesday nights (and into Wednesday) we "put the paper to bed", meaning all pages or "dummy sheets" were ready for the printers' camera. After a few winks of sleep, Phil or Mary would drive the 40 miles to have the paper printed. Sometimes I went along. Who of us knew at that time what future lay ahead for the printed page? Who of us could have predicted a scene with quality newspapers abandoning not just the printed page but also the public's right to know. Now social media appears to give a voice to everyone. But a truer picture emerges as we see journalism not held as a sacred trust,

but instead as just one more hedge fund investment. The news is held in the hands of mega players lacking both journalistic experience and passion.

I studied journalism through 2014. Today I sometimes feel that (“newsosaur” describes me I guess.) “In my small way,” I tell myself of those few short years at the Interstate, “I helped to inform people of local news.” I watch journalism movies with a nostalgic eye. The kind of gumshoe journalism we did, however, exacted a cost — with low pay, long hours, and few hours for hobbies. It strained relationships at times, both internally and with the broader community. We did not always make friends. Negative coverage closed the mouth of one public official, who had formerly been very helpful. A happier end resulted when a merchant attempted to spike a court story in which her son’s name appeared. Phil would not compromise, the name appeared and in the end, both the business relationship and friendship survived anyway.

With his creative talents, Phil could have made his way into a much bigger market. But Phil found rural Deuel County to his liking, telling Jim Klobuchar, “It’s a pretty little town.” Additionally, Phil would have bristled, chafed and ultimately rebelled at a chain of command, bosses to report to, and someone up the line making important decisions. Fiercely independent, he remained in Gary for more than 40 years. When The Gary Interstate was sold, Phil continued to write professionally, selling “Sound Reasoning” to several newspapers including the Interstate. But when the couple’s marriage became rocky, Phil felt it would be hypocritical to continue commenting on institutions, including the family. By this time, Phil and Mary had four girls at home. He shifted his energies from writing to carpentry and roofing. With skills ignited by learning from his father in Kansas, Phil took on various handyman projects, submitting stories for publication as he could. He also made public appearances as “Wally Firesteel”, sharing his songs and poetry with crowds when possible. As a freelance journalist, he showed up at an August 2009 truck crash site near Gary, tangling with a Deuel County sheriff’s deputy. In a subsequent court appearance, Phil cited the First Amendment freedom of the press. The jury didn’t see it that way, finding him guilty. I wonder if upon paying the fines, he framed the receipts and added them to a wall of journalistic awards.

When Phil died, he left behind Leena as well as his and Mary’s four girls, now grown and with families of their own. He is survived by Jael (Brian) Thorpe, Bethany (Stephen) Seiter, Lydia (Cyrus) Gust, Abigail (Coltin) Brandenburger and a host of grandchildren. A celebration of life will be held at the Gary ~~Methodist Church~~ Legion Hall of Gary, SD on November 7 at 2 3 p.m. In lieu of flowers, family members ask that memorials in Phil’s name be made to a fund to support Leena as she rebuilds a life and home. Checks can be sent to Deuel County National Bank (305 4th St. W., Clear Lake, SD 57226) or by Venmo @abigailbrandenburger.

For me and my wife, the “what” and “where” of Phil and Leena’s house blast came on a Monday afternoon. Too soon, we were shocked to learn how well we knew the who. The who was Phil. The who was Leena. So this was not just another story. Phil’s house — a house I had once rented, a house I visited him in, a house with siding special-purchased, its every measurement precise, its work meticulous — was reduced to flattened walls, splinters and dust.

He likely had in a shirt pocket his pen and a small notebook of poetry, notes, phone numbers and thoughts about a story he’d heard on National Public Radio. But the blast was one story that Phil would not cover . . . because he was the story. If he hadn’t been blown into his yard, his journalist’s instinct would have been on the story with question after question. And he would have stuck to it like a bloodhound to a scent. He would have viewed the site, gotten on the phone, gotten the story. This was the Phil Trieb who befriended me, hired me, edited me. This is the friend I lost and will sorely miss.

Contact Loran at 507-277-5525
Or email garylegionhall@gmail.com



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