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## More Than a Café - The Frisco The Story of George and Anna Georgopoulos

### *A Tribute by Their Children* *Section 2 of 2* **The Joy of Greek Dishes**

Many of our meals were eaten at the café since we were usually working there. Dad and Mom were fabulous cooks and bakers! At home, Dad made absolutely delicious rabbit stew with onions, and lamb with Greek potatoes! Mom made such delicious Greek food and Greek pastries! She made the lamb and potatoes with Dad and often made Chicken Avgolemeno soup which was chicken, egg and lemon soup, Greek Pilafee which was chicken with rice, Greek spaghetti which was topped in a layered fashion of spaghetti, grated Romano Cheese, burnt butter over the top, and sprinkled with cinnamon. and so many more wonderful dishes and, of course, Greek salad. The true Greek salad had no lettuce; it was actually tomatoes, cucumbers, onions, feta, Kalamata olives, and Greek dressing which was olive oil, vinegar, oregano, salt, pepper, and garlic powder.

Mom was especially well known for her Greek pastries of diples, kourembiethes that melted in one's mouth, koulouria which were butter cookies, and baklava made with ground walnuts, cinnamon, and sugar and a syrup being almost to-



tally honey which is even today very rare. The kourembiethes were also butter cookies but were lovingly known as the "choke cookies" by the grandchildren when they were very young. That was because of the mound of powdered sugar that covered them could cause one to choke a bit if while eating them the sugar went down too quickly!

Many popular Greek dishes such as baklava and spanakopita were made with phyllo. Mom and the Greek women in Mitchell handmade phyllo dough; there was no place nearby to buy it. Phyllo or Fillo which means "leaf" in Greek, is tissue paper-thin like sheets of dough made from flour, water and a bit of oil. Handmade phyllo was a major process of rolling out the dough and then stretching it to be very thin and delicate. Mom

would place a clean sheet on the living room floor and place a few pillows with clean pillow cases on the sheet. Mom rolled out the dough some and then placed the dough over one of the pillows and began stretching the dough/phyllo to be much larger and very thin. She did this with different dough on each pillow. The phyllo then sat a while to get a little dry but not too dry. Timing was crucial so as not to let it get so dry that it would crumble while using it. When the phyllo was ready, Mom's hand showed through the delicate, thin phyllo. It was about midnight by the time the phyllo was ready to use, and Mom began putting together the baklava in an eleven inch by seventeen-inch heavy aluminum baking pan.

*Continued on page 2*



Diples

Kourembiethes

Koulouria

Baklava

Spanakopita

## More than a Cafe ...

Fortunately, Mom always made extra phyllo to make delicious cheese and spinach pitas called tiropita and spanakopita. Spanakopita which mainly has spinach, onions, and feta cheese is especially popular in any Greek restaurant today.

Stella would stay awake and watch Mom make the baklava. She had one important job before Mom poured the sizzling, burned butter over the top of the baklava and then placed it into the oven. Stella's job was to place a whole clove into the top of each of the 80-100 pieces that mom had cut. (It was funny when one time Maria Economos told us that her son George, when very young, told her that he bit into a nail when eating a piece of baklava! Of course, that was the whole clove!) Then after baking it for about 70 minutes, Mom immediately took the baklava out of the oven and poured her hot nearly pure honey syrup over the hot baklava! Hot syrup over hot baklava was very rare. Most people still insist that it must be cold syrup over hot baklava or hot syrup over cold baklava! Everything Mom made was so very delicious! Sadly, due to the great amount of work, Mom only made baklava a few times a year. We would eat it so fast (especially John and Stella) that she had to hide the pan so as not to eat the baklava so fast. Of course, John and Stella always found that wonderful pan! They found it in the oven behind other pans, in the kitchen closet on a higher shelf, in the closet by the front door, and a couple of times even under the bed. Our poor Mom doing all that work and those two kids would eat two or three pieces of baklava at a time! She probably knew but didn't say anything!

For the weddings of their children, the Greek women helped one another bake delicious Greek sweets to serve in addition to the wedding cake. Mom was always the person in charge of making the dough for a delicate Greek pastry called diples even for when the wedding was in California. Mom made the dough, and together the women would finish making the diples. And when Stella headed a special Greek themed event at Augustana College, the women made 500 smaller diples that looked like they had been ma-



Greek Costumes



chine made! All Mom's pastries looked machine made; they were all the same size! And, they were always arranged beautifully on platters! The Greeks were truly a closely knit family!

### Faith - A Cornerstone

In 1967, St. Mary's Episcopal Church held a Greek Dinner Fundraiser which was prepared by the Greek community and the George Coury family, a family of Syrian background. The event had over 1,000 attend! Several from the Greek community dressed in Greek costumes and showed how to Greek dance. The Greek community also helped cook and sell tickets for the church's annual Breakfast Fundraiser. Dad was always very proud of the fact that he often was the top ticket seller! Several adults

## continued from front page

and children also Greek danced in their Greek costumes at the Corn Palace in the 1950's for a Festival of Nations activity. The children were also involved with the choir at St. Mary's.

In a Mitchell Daily Republic newspaper article published after the 1967 St. Mary's Greek dinner, Maria Economos was quoted about the early history of the Greeks in Mitchell. Mrs. Economos said, "The Greek families began joining the Episcopal church in Mitchell, a sister to their own Greek Orthodox faith in the 1930s. At that time, the Roman Catholic church would not permit priests from other denominations to use their altars, and therefore the Greek Orthodox members turned to the sister church. One by one, beginning with the Michael Props family, the Greeks joined St. Mary's. The George Georgopouloses were the first Greek immigrant family to the city. At one time, over 100 Greek young men had set up residence here. Many of these persons were shop, shoe and restaurant owners. Some worked with the railroad. Now there are approximately eight families."

Many men worked for a number of years and sent money home; after a period of time many would then return to their families in Greece. After making and saving money, some of the men perhaps returned to Greece to help their families. Many other men moved from Mitchell to larger cities like Chicago perhaps thinking there were more opportunities for their families and also wanted to be able to raise their children in the Orthodox faith and be near a Greek Orthodox Church.

As previously explained, the Greek and Syrian families attended St. Mary's church since there was no Orthodox Church. Originally, the Greek priest, Father Constantine Hallick from Sioux City, would travel all of South Dakota four times a year to have Liturgy and to give communion to the Orthodox members; he was a wonderful priest. When in Mitchell he stayed overnight and spent the evening before church going to one of our homes where the families and children met and talked for a few hours.

*Continued on page 3*

## More than a Cafe ...



Ahepans group – George is in the middle of row two

During the liturgy, Mom was the Chant-er, and the women and children formed the choir with all the chanting and songs sung in Greek during the hour and a half service. For several years, Dad served as President for the community; the men took turns serving as Presidents.

Mom always read the Greek Bible and had a beautiful "Icon Corner" in one of the bedrooms that had an empty east wall for the icons. After Dad's stroke, Dad always went with his wheelchair to the door of that room and said prayers. One day in the early 1980's, Mom noticed her icon of the Virgin Mary had TEARS below her eyes. Mom called Mrs. Economos who then drove to Mom's house. She too saw the tears!

Until 1957, the Greeks from the cities surrounding Sioux Falls attended Easter week services in a building in Sioux Falls called the AHEPA Hall which was originally purchased by the Ahepans. Dad was an Ahepan along with about 80 Greek men. A Sioux Falls businessman George Rallis had suggested to purchase the building to be used mainly as a rental property for "Bingo" to help raise money to purchase a church in Sioux Falls for the surrounding Greek communities.

The Mitchell Greek immigrants and others of the Greek community in South Dakota helped toward purchasing and paying for the remodeling of a small Augustana Lutheran Church at 1936 South Summit Avenue in Sioux Falls across



Donation to the church

the street from Augustana College. The church altar faced East which was a crucial factor in purchasing a church. The sun rises in the East, so, too, will Christ; thus, Orthodox altars face East in anticipation of the Second Coming of Christ. In 1957, Sioux Falls established and named the church "Transfiguration Greek Orthodox Church", and the priest for the church became the new traveling priest.

Dad and Mom donated hand painted Icons of the 12 Disciples which are arched over the entrance into the altar. Also, Dad often wrote letters to Greece for Tony Kladis, a Mitchell Greek man who hadn't had much education before leaving Greece; Dad successfully encouraged him to donate the beautiful large main crystal chandelier for the new church.

Dad was also respected and trusted by many. Other than one car, Dad bought his cars from Rozum Ford. One year, he bought a 1957 black Buick Special. In 1959, we were going to Sioux Falls for Orthodox Good Friday evening services. The Orthodox Church uses the Julian calendar and not the Gregorian calendar; so Orthodox Easter is on the first Sunday that occurs after the first full moon which follows the vernal equinox and is always after the Jewish Passover. Therefore, only once every four years does the Orthodox Easter fall on the same calendar date as "American Easter".

Since the Orthodox community attend- ed St. Mary's Episcopal Church, we used

## continued from page 2

to celebrate both Easters! Because we had a different time for Easter, Dad invited Reverend Walter Jones of St. Mary's to attend the Good Friday services with us. We got about 12 miles out of town when Dad saw the car having steam coming out of the hood. Checking the problem, Dad and Reverend Jones discovered the car could go no further. So, Reverend Jones, who later became Bishop Jones, hitch-hiked back to Mitchell, got his car, picked us up, and off to the Sioux Falls church we went!

In the Orthodox Church service, candles are held for the Good Friday and the Saturday Resurrection services. When we children were young, a scary and yet humorous event happened during one Good Friday evening service. Sitting in a state-ly, prayerful manner in the front row on the aisle was Georgia Rallis, a lovely distinguished looking woman with slightly white hair and was about our mom's age.

She wore a huge round stunning looking hat enhanced with small birds. (Of course, not real birds!) And she wore a tailored gray dress with matching gloves, purse, shoes, and a beautiful fox fur! Someone holding a candle and sitting next to Mrs. Rallis dozed, leaned over too far, got too near, and lit Mrs. Rallis' hat on fire! Luckily, Mrs. Rallis' sister-in-law, Vassiliki, whose name means "royal, regal - a dainty name", rushed across the aisle with her purse and WACKED Mrs. Rallis over the head while yelling, "Georgia, your hat is on fire!!!" Of course, many of the parishioners gasped and ran forward to help her, but the priest kept on with the service; nothing is supposed to stop the service! Mrs. Rallis immediately took her hat off and cried, "My beautiful birds!!!" Incidentally, Vassiliki Rallis was a wonderful woman who actually was known as a milder woman! Mmm, interesting!!! What a sight that was!!!

A note about the Orthodox Good Friday services. On Friday morning with many beautiful flowers, the parishioners decorate a canopy shaped structure which represents the tomb of Christ and is called the "Kouvouklion". The "Epitaphios" / the "Shroud" is an ornate embroidered cloth icon depicting the dead body of Christ laying on the Tomb. **Cont. on page 4**

## More than a Cafe ...



**Kouvouklion**

In the afternoon church service, a figure of Jesus Christ on a large wooden cross is taken down and wrapped in a new white linen sheet and put into the altar. The Priest then carries the Epitaphios and places it in the Kouvouklion. Also, the Holy Gospel and a Holy Cross are placed in the Kouvouklion. The word "Epitaph" comes from the Greek "Epitaphion" or "funeral oration."

Later during the evening service, the Kouvouklion is carried outside and around the church with four people holding up high the four corners of the Kouvouklion. The parishioners follow in the great funeral procession while holding their lit candles. Upon entering back into the church, the parishioners say a prayer, make the sign of the Cross, and walk under the Kouvouklion symbolizing a blessing and the forgiveness of their sins. (To make the sign of the Cross in the Eastern Orthodox church, the parishioner touches one's right shoulder before one's left shoulder.) At the end of the service, the priest then gives a blessing and to each parishioner a flower from the decorated Kouvouklion.

The Resurrection service starts at 11:30 P.M. on Saturday and typically could last up to three hours; our family always stayed overnight in Sioux Falls

with Georgia Rallis' family and other church friends. Just before midnight, all the lights in the church are turned off other than perhaps a small nightlight behind the altar area where the light is not seen by the parishioners. Then at midnight, the priest holds and lights his long, thick white candle decorated with a beautiful large, white bow and chants "Christos Anesti"/"Christ is Risen." The parishioners reply with "Alithos Anesti"/"Truly He is Risen" as the priest passes the Holy Light to the candles held by several altar boys who then proceed with the Holy light toward the parishioners and start a chain of all helping one another to light their candles. After everyone's candle has light, the priest raises his candle and loudly chants, "Christos Anesti"; the parishioners reply "Alithos Anesti". That is repeated three times and several other times during the service! The parishioners take the candles home still lit and keep it lit until the candle is gone thus representing Christ is Risen and the Light of Christ!

Immediately after the Resurrection service, everyone enjoys a delicious meal more often being a lamb dinner with Greek potatoes, Greek salad, Tsoureki (traditional Greek Easter bread), and Greek pastries! At the end of the Resurrection service, the priest gives a blessing and to each parishioner gives a beautiful red dyed hard-boiled egg which represents the "Blood of Christ", and the hard shell symbolizes the sealed "Tomb of Jesus". Of course, everyone plays the traditional game "Tsougrisma" which involves the cracking of the red eggs. The egg cracking symbolizes the "Opening of the Tomb and Jesus Christ's Resurrection from the dead". There is a rule that one cannot hold the egg in a grip as close as possible to the tapping end. That would make the egg only to be hit at the curviest spot on the top while the sides are supported and therefore usually would not be cracked! The game begins with one player holding an egg in one's hand with the point of the egg facing upward. An opponent holds the egg point pointing downward. When possible, the two opponents work with matching ends. The player with the egg pointing down-

**continued from page 3**

ward says, "Christos Anesti"; the other player responds with, "Alithos Anesti". The person then lightly taps downward onto the other egg. If those two eggs each have an uncracked side, the players repeat the procedure but change who says,



**The red egg game**

"Christos Anesti" and then does the tapping. The player who successfully cracks the other's egg is the winner. That winner then challenges other players until one player ends with an egg that still has at least one uncracked end. That final winner is said to be Blessed with Good Luck during the year! Well, one year Kalley ironically won with both of her egg's ends uncracked! We were impressed until we learned the sly, cleverness of Kalley! A beautiful Red Wooden Egg! We then were wise to her antics the next years!

Then one Easter when Georgia Ramos was pretty young, she brought some eggs she had dyed with a variety of beautiful colors. Georgia was so happy and proud how they looked and wanted to share them and play "Tsougrisma" with us. Luckily without realizing, our sixth sense kicked in! We just happened to be near the kitchen sink and began playing when suddenly all of us, ESPECIALLY Georgia, were SO SURPRISED!!! Georgia had forgotten to boil the eggs!!! More great fun memories! "Tsougrisma" is still loved to be played by all during Easter!

### **A Grand Life in Mitchell**

Sometimes in the early evening, Dad would go to the Majestic Bar to chat with Pete Economos. Dad probably had a drink for a good "Toast to Life." That meant one of the children was in charge of the Frisco for about an hour!

**Continued on page 5**

## More than a Cafe ...

Also, very often Pete Economos came to the Frisco in the early evening for a cup of coffee with his cream needing to be in a small creamer instead of us putting it into the coffee which was typical years ago. He looked quite distinguished smoking his cigarette in a black wooden cigarette holder. In the 1950's and 1960's, many customers smoked and were within two feet of the workers. That was not a healthy era for people and probably especially not healthy for young children.

Mitchell was a fantastic town in which to raise a family! As children we could walk to school, to the Frisco, and to most friends' homes in just a few minutes. Growing up in Mitchell, we saw a very unique style of business! When shopping in clothing stores, most often we could take clothes home "On Approval". We signed our name on the receipt which listed the items taken, and we and the store both had a copy. There was no money exchanged, and we had three days to return or to pay for the items! We'd often take pieces home and see how the family liked them and decide whether or not to buy them.

Mitchell was such a friendly town where more often people remembered the names of one another. Mom used to often give Greek butter cookies/koulouria to the milkman when he delivered the bottles of milk and to the postman when delivering the mail! Also growing up, friends would often just come over to visit without calling first! That didn't seem to be any problem; that was just how we did it! What was really common too was for the kids to go to the Greek homes, knock on the door, and visit perhaps for hours with the adults. That seemed to be part of the Greek heritage.

It was always fun when the Props and Economos sisters, their children, and their visiting families from out of town and out of state came to the Frisco to see us. In a way, we felt a little like we had grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins. When they came, Dad told them to have what they wanted to eat; they always ate hot dogs and Root Beer Floats!

After high school, Arthur attended South Dakota State College in Brookings, South Dakota for one year and then joined the Air Force. He spent some time

in Spain and was then able to travel to Greece while serving. Using the GI Bill, Arthur graduated from Dakota Wesleyan University. Our parents paid for the schooling of Kalley, John, and Stella. Kalley and Stella graduated from Augustana College in Sioux Falls, and John from Dakota Wesleyan University. After college, John went into the Army. All four children became teachers. The boys taught Art, and the girls taught English with Kalley also teaching French and Stella also teaching Spanish.

Dad and Mom had difficult lives having no family near them. Luckily, the Greek families in Mitchell and the Greek families in Sioux Falls, people from St. Mary's Episcopal Church, neighbors, and friends met in the Frisco became Dad and Mom's "family"! Mom spoke very little English for several years and had four children within six years basically with no help. We had a lovely older neighbor woman who lived next door. Mrs. Gage lived on 12th Street across the street from her two sons Ted Brown and a Mitchell photographer Bob Brown. She became kind of like our grandmother. As children, we were comfortable going to her house if we needed something, and she was so helpful to Mom.

Mom had some funny slips with her English the first several months in America! Several times she called the Frisco to ask Dad for something. Mr. Ramos often answered and said to Dad that she kept saying she wanted "backup"; FINALLY, they realized she wanted "bacon". And



**Dolmades**

too often she said something about the "sheets" needed to be changed or washed and misspoke by saying something not so nice!

Mom did the typical sewing of girls' clothes, washed clothes on a wringer washing machine,, hung clothes and

**continued from page 4**



**Anna making dolmades**

sheets outdoors and sometimes in the basement in the winter. She also starched clothes and ironed everything from clothes to sheets, socks, underwear, and towels. In addition, she worked in the café where often times she would get confused and speak half English and half Greek to the customers and to us children; we teased her to keep the language straight with the right people. On top of all that, she did a lot of work in the garden with Dad. They enjoyed caring for their vegetables gardens, herbs, fruit trees, the beautiful grape arbor, and they both cooked at home and loved cooking with their many vegetables and herbs. Mom used the grapes for making grape wine and grape jelly and used the leaves for making dolmades, her fabulous hamburger and rice stuffed grape leaves with a delicious egg and lemon sauce on top.

And ironically, Dad planted the pit of a peach on the south side of our house which would have seemed impossible to flourish in South Dakota! It grew for several years - beautiful, tasty peaches. One year a branch totally broke off the tree due to the weight of the 60 large peaches on it; Mom canned several jars of peaches that were so delicious with the cinnamon and cloves!

**Continued on page 6**

## More than a Cafe ...

She also made rhubarb and dandelion wines. Mom knew her greens and always loved digging up the dandelion greens which were very healthy; she cooked them with olive oil and then added lemon juice, salt, and pepper.

Mom especially loved her flowers and grew a variety of beautiful flowers such as lilacs, peonies, hollyhocks, and her single long-stemmed roses. She would dig around the roses and put eggshells and coffee grounds into the soil. The roses were beautiful! Both Dad and Mom had "Green Thumbs!" She and Dad were Master Gardeners, Master Chefs and Master Pastry Chefs! Their talents were amazing. When Mom went for walks, she had an uncanny sense for knowing which berries and mushrooms were safe to eat or not!

Dad and Mom loved their Homeland of Greece, their religion, family, friends, helping others, travel, nature, playing cards, making jigsaw puzzles, and so much more! Mom made many wonderful lifetime friends in the Overseas Club and really enjoyed being with the women from different countries.

They were both very kind, humble, had a great sense of humor, and had so many more wonderful qualities! Several times, Dad loaned money to people without asking for interest; he really wanted to help others succeed in life. He also belonged to the Moose Lodge to help others. They truly loved life! Interesting that Mom never swore, but Mom once did say, "Life is so damn short!"

Dad loved and missed his family in Greece and always wanted to bring family members to America, but the quota for Greece changed thus making that very difficult to impossible. Dad got some helpful advice from George McGovern; Dad suggested that mom's sister's son, George Gongopoulos, leave Greece and live in Germany for a few years before trying to enter the United States. Fortunately, in 1960, Dad was able to sponsor our cousin to come to America. George lived with our family for two years and then moved to Sioux Falls, and in 1962 he bought the elegant looking Gaslight Saloon at 2206 W 12th Street. After several years George sold the Gaslight and featuring Dad's hot dogs, George opened

the Coney Island Palace at 2412 W. 41st Street across from the Western Mall in Sioux Falls.

Our cousin George was five years older than Arthur and basically was our only relative in the United States. Fortunately, in 1970 his parents, Elaine and Andrew Gongopoulos visited for several months and stayed both in Sioux Falls and Mitchell. Thea/Aunt Elaine and Mom were like twins in their body language and laugh even though they had spent so many years apart, and they both had a fantastic sense of humor! Mom and Dad absolutely loved having them visit, but when they left, it was so very heartbreaking!

Our family was fortunate that Dad always closed the Frisco for ten to fourteen days at the beginning of June, and the family went on vacation. Often the trips were to the Black Hills, Yellowstone, Chicago, Milwaukee, and other areas in the Midwest.

In the Black Hills, we would tour several caves, rode on the Terry Peak Chairlift, and enjoyed interesting places! Arthur would throw summertime snow at us and always said it was cotton! In earlier days our cars didn't have air conditioning; with six people, it was helpful to have the vent windows next to the front door windows. Those sure helped to get fresh air into the back area! We also often drove to visit Greek friends in Sioux Falls and Huron on Tuesdays when the Cafe was closed.

Dad had an unbelievable memory, was good with children, and was very forgiving! He also enjoyed making repairs at home and at the Frisco, playing jokes on people, and loved having fun! Dad even enjoyed shoveling snow in cold weather and laughed when we all walked home in the snow because the car wasn't working. Many times we went to the Amphitheater at Lake Mitchell to play, fly kites, and have picnics. Dad and Mom would also take us to Lake Mitchell to swim and later on the way home we all screamed, "Ice Cream, you scream, we all scream for ice cream!" Of course, that meant going to the Zesto which was then located south of the viaduct on South Sanborn Boulevard! We often ordered delicious banana splits! And for several years, the Greek and Syrian families had such fun

**continued from page 5**



**Successful pheasant hunt**

potluck picnics at beautiful Hitchcock Park!

Dad loved going for rides in his black 1940's Ford with the running boards! There was one scary piece on that car! When Stella was about five, Dad told her that if she rode on the running board, she would be sucked into the board area. Being only five years old, she believed it. The family often drove to see the farms with all the wonderful crops; perhaps it reminded him of the areas near his village in Greece.

Dad and we kids often went pheasant hunting. Dad, Arthur, and John were great pheasant hunters while Kalley and Stella were mainly helping to look for pheasants.

Dad enjoyed talking with many of the pheasant hunters who in the 1940's - 1960's came from Georgia and later California during hunting season and stayed in private homes in Mitchell. Some stayed with our next-door neighbors, Earl (Bud) and Dottie Shoemaker. Dad could cook the most delicious, tender tasting pheasant dinners! Surprisingly, in the mid 1950's, a pheasant wandered through the back door of the Frisco. For a short while we had it as a "pet" in a pen in our back yard at home.

**Continued on page 7**

## More than a Cafe ...

LINDA TAYLOR HAHN, the daughter of Harry and Marjorie Taylor of Letcher, South Dakota said, "Our family went to Mitchell for almost everything including lunch at the Frisco Cafe. We loved to go for the best chili hotdogs. Mrs. Georgopoulos was always close to the door to greet us as we walked into the Frisco. She always came by to say hello as did her children if they were waiting tables.

In the early 1950's, my dad was looking for an old model car with running boards which made it much easier to get in and out of the car. Mr. Georgopoulos had one; after work my dad and a friend went to look at the car. I went along so I could have my chili dog. Mr. Georgopoulos wanted my dad to drive the car before he bought it. We started home in the dark. At the Loomis corner we hit a sow but were able to drive the car home. Needless to say, dad went back the next morning to buy the car.

In 1963, Stella and I connected at Augustana College in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Our real friendship started at Augie, and it has grown for the next 59 years. We have shared many good and bad times together. In 1973, we both lived near Boston, Massachusetts.

The Georgopoulos family came to visit Stella and Fred at a cabin on Squam Lake in New Hampshire, and my family was invited. My daughter was one year old; Mr. Georgopoulos stepped up to help when it was my turn in the kitchen. I remember he was always helping me. Our paths seemed to cross many times. Each time I realized how special Mr. & Mrs. Georgopoulos were."

In 1953, Stella was in "Brownies" after school at Litchfield Elementary School on the NW corner of Main Street and 12th Street. On one Tuesday, it was Stella's



Kalley with 1953 Ford

la's turn to supply the treats. Since the Frisco was closed on Tuesdays, Dad and Stella drove to the Frisco to get some doughnuts during the normal hour and a half lunch break at school. As Dad drove Stella back to school, she pointed at a new 1953 hunter green four door Ford Fairlane in the window of Rozum Ford and said she liked that car! When returning home after Brownies, Stella saw that same hunter green Ford Fairlane parked in the driveway at home. What a surprise!!! Dad sometimes bought big things on the spur of the moment! That "stick shift" Ford was one of the cars in which Dad was patient enough to teach some of us kids to drive at about age ten! One of the scariest places Dad tested our use of the "clutch" was on the incline at the stop sign on Sanborn and Havens Street! That was absolutely awful, so very scary! Interestingly when Mom didn't know how to drive a car yet, Stella drove Mom to the Frisco when Stella was just twelve years old. The policemen told Dad to have Stella drive on the side streets. Dad later taught Mom to drive in 1960 on an automatic 1959 Mercury, and Stella's friends told one another not to throw snowballs at Mrs. Georgopoulos' car because she was just learning to drive. It was good to have such kind, thoughtful friends!

One cold winter, snowy day when John was in junior high, he decided to act on one of his many crazy, fun pranks! Our car happened to be parked in front of the Frisco; usually it was parked behind the Frisco! John was going to throw a snowball at Arthur; he grabbed a handful of snow from the back bumper of our Ford! WHOA!!! As John began to mold a snowball, his fingers got caught in an enormous wad of at least 25 keys on one single ring!!! Oh, no!!! UNBELIEVABLE!!! In John's snowball were the keys Dad had lost and had been searching for all day!

Our family loved to fish and went often! In the 1940's and 1950's, some popular fishing areas in Mitchell were near the Amphitheater, the Dam, at Frank's where minnows were sold, and near the bridge at the west end of the lake! We always fished for crappies and threw the sunfish back into the water. On the topic of water, our family always spoke highly of the

continued from page 6



George and Arthur with a catch of the day



Frisco drinking water. The water coming out of the "push style tap" was ice cold and so delicious! Dad always insisted on immediately serving a glass of water to the customer when seated and to keep the glass full! Also, whenever Dad sat, we always gave him a glass of that delicious, cold water! To this day, we tell people about the Mitchell drinking water!

Another fun event in the 1950's was on the 4th of July! In the evening, the Amphitheater was filled with people of all ages sitting on blankets watching the spectacular fireworks!

Continued on page 8

## More than a Cafe ...

Growing up in Mitchell didn't need to be expensive to have fun; it was more to be with people and good friends!

Dad read the newspaper every day, subscribed to the National Geographic, loved maps, reading about countries, and was organized in all his bookkeeping! As far as politics were concerned, Dad believed a combination of a Republican and a Democrat should serve as the United States President and Vice President. He didn't have a dislike for a political Party; he was more interested in what a candidate represented. As noted, before, he catered for Republicans; later, he also donated for a dinner for George McGovern.

Dad loved honesty in people! One day at the Frisco, a man had done something dishonest in the cafe; Dad put one hand flat on the counter and flung himself over the counter and stool and ran to the door and caught the man as he was trying to leave! It was a sight to see how strong Dad was!

In the previous reference to the 1957 Buick, it was picked up and taken to Mitchell.

Dad knew he soon was going to St. Paul, Minnesota for a wedding and needed a car. He went to Rozum Ford and spoke with Sam Steiber. Mr. Steiber and Dad had become good friends because his brother Ralph Steiber, who spoke no Greek, met and later married a woman from Greece named Maria who spoke no English. Before Maria came to the United States, Dad used to help Ralph by writing letters in Greek and would translate

Maria's letters sent to Ralph. To make a long story short, Sam Steiber filled the tank of a new 1959 Mercury with gas and gave it to Dad to drive to Minnesota. Dad was well known in Mitchell to be honest and trustworthy and wasn't asked to sign, promise, or pay anything for the car. Upon Dad's return, he bought the Mercury. Dad always loved working with Rozum Ford.

Growing up we very often had parties with all the Greeks, the Coury family, and many non-Greek families. Men, women, and children all loved to Greek dance whenever we got together. We also learned Syrian dancing with the Coury family! For over twenty years, our parents hosted the potluck New Year's Eve parties that began about 11:00 PM after the cafes closed and ended at about 6:00 AM on New Year's Day! Dad and Mom usually made lamb and Greek potatoes while Maria Economos often made her delicious Greek Lasagna/Pistachio. Everyone brought delicious eats including favorite Greek desserts. Mom always made "Vasilopita"; a traditional Greek New Year's bread that had a quarter hidden in it! "Vasilopita" literally means "Basil pie".

Traditionally, the father or mother of the house cuts the bread, naming names as being cut. First, a piece is cut for Christ, a second one for the Virgin Mary, another for the house, which are set aside. Then pieces are cut for each person at the party, and the person who finds the coin is

said to have good fortune for the whole year ahead. There certainly was never a shortage of food, drinks, fun, or love! In the early 1950's before the kids finished high school and moved on to their next steps in life, there could be anywhere from 45-55 people in the house to welcome the new year! Everyone ate and talked for a few hours, and later the men went into the kitchen and played poker for dimes and quarters.

The women and kids enjoyed Greek dancing, and later the kids played Monopoly. We often also played cards of Rummy, Canasta and a Greek card game called "Kolitsina". Actually, that Greek card game can be found on Google! All ages played and enjoyed it!

At one of our New Year's parties when Stella was about eight and Georgia Ramos was about nine, they just happened to be wearing the same cute grayish brown print dresses with short puffy sleeves and a thin belt. And they basically had a similar stature and look. Georgia went into the kitchen, opened the refrigerator door, and took out a bottle of Coca-Cola. Then, Georgia HOLLERED!!! Mom thought Georgia was Stella! (We weren't allowed to drink much pop.) Mom's method of discipline was either a "twisted pinch on the arm" or that "certain look"! Well, guess which method Mom used with Georgia! Mom kept apologizing and felt so very bad about hurting Georgia! Georgia and Stella still laugh (ouch) about that!

**continued from page 7**



Vasilopita/Greek New Year's Bread with a hidden quarter



Hot card games with friends-Right pic Top: Stella Props, Mom, then Toni Ramos with back to us; Left pic -Top: Dad, George Karedis, Alex Gaveras



## More than a Cafe ...

Most often many stayed until about 6 A.M. In 1966 shortly after everyone went home, Dad got a called that there was a fire next to the Frisco. Sadly, brothers George, Toy, and Floyd Coury lost their Merchandise Outlet store; our cafe was only smoke damaged. That was such a sad, scary morning!

Mom had so many wonderful qualities, interests, and talents! When people met Mom, they would immediately hug her and love her. She was a loving, generous person who enjoyed gifting her homemade food, Greek pastries, and her many crocheted items of afghans, doilies, Christmas ornaments, towels for the kitchen, table runners and so much more. She amazingly could look at any crocheted piece of work and copy it exactly by counting the stitches; Mom also had an artistic talent for drawing. And growing up in the village in Greece, Mom had no medical support but learned how to use natural methods for various illnesses.

In May 1965 Dad was diagnosed with diabetes. He was doing well; in the summer of 1965 Mom, Stella, and Dad went to Greece for three months, and Arthur was in charge of the Frisco. This was the first time Dad and Mom had returned to Greece since their 1938 wedding. Due to the fact that Dad left the village and Greece at age 13 and had only returned in 1938 for a few months, Stella was so amazed that Dad could remember every person and area without being reintroduced to them! It was also so special to see how much Dad and Mom were remembered and loved by all!

When in Stilia, we met a woman with her two very young children who walked two days in the mountains barefoot, carrying their shoes, and wearing old clothes. They put on their shoes and changed their clothes to newer ones just before arriving near Stilia. The lady grew up with Dad and Mom and had heard of their return; she loved them and wanted to see them again and to also have her children meet Dad and Mom. It was a fantastic trip for all and for Stella to finally meet relatives!

For Mom, one day was extra special as she finally got to go onto the Acropolis

and walk through the Parthenon. It is no longer allowed to walk into the Parthenon. She had for several years worked right below the Acropolis but had never gone onto it let alone into the Parthenon!

### As Life Moves On

In 1970 after more than fifty-three years of Dad owning the Frisco, he sold the business to Goldie Cain. Dad and Mom now had more freedom of time and were still basically quite strong and healthy! For the most part, they had similar interests which were continued in retirement! They did more traveling, played more cards especially with their friends, and Mom learned to play Bridge with the women and became a very good Bridge player! They also more often were able to visit us children and the grandchildren in Iowa, Minnesota, Massachusetts, and in Delaware! Mom especially loved the many beautiful trees out East!

Dad and Mom traveled to Greece in 1973 at the same time as Kalley and her husband Mark. They all spent time traveling and visiting family. Then Dad and Mom also went in 1976 and loved visiting family and friends. Sadly, in transit from Greece to the United States, Mom became extremely ill and immediately was put into St. Joseph Hospital upon arrival in Mitchell. She remained hospitalized for over a month. After weeks of trying to diagnose her illness, the doc-



George and his sister Garefilia

## continued from page 8

tors said it was Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever. Later the medical team decided it was Erythema Multiforme, a skin reaction due to a tick bite she had gotten in Greece.

Fred, Stella, and John helped remodel the kitchen of Dad and Mom's home and added a deck outside for when Mom came home from the hospital; Dad and Mom enjoyed it and especially with their friends! We were fortunate to have done that because in March, 1978, Dad had a severe stroke which paralyzed his right side and took his speech which did not return. Within a couple of months, Dad was moved to the Sister Kenny Institute in Minneapolis. Dad walked slowly with a cane for about a year and then was in a St. Paul hospital a couple of days and fell when a nurse left him alone sitting on the side of the bed. After that, he needed the wheelchair.

A few months after Dad's stroke, Kostas Vlahos, who was the son of Dad's youngest sister, came from Athens, Greece to St. Paul to see Dad, Mom and our family. Kostas always had a very close relationship with Dad and all of us! He stayed a few months and returned again in the late 1980's to visit.



Friends and Family -- Top: George Karedis, Fannie Karedis, Toni Ramos, Stella Props, Maria Economos; Seated: Tom Ramos, (Mom's sister and her husband) Andrew Gongopoulos and Elaine Gongopoulos, Mom, Dad

Later when returning home, Dad really enjoyed sitting on the deck in his wheelchair being able to watch Mom and our wonderful next-door neighbor Laffe Warner planting vegetables, tending the garden, watching the garden flourish, and later picking basketsful of beautiful vegetables and fruit!

*Continued on page 10*

## More than a Cafe ...

Mr. and Mrs. Warner had been special neighbors with our parents and us kids for many years; Mom would have them over for dinner often. Mr. Warner was certainly a trooper! Fortunately, after Dad's stroke, we had a ramp added so Mom could take Dad into the back yard closer to his garden!

Then in the summer of 1981, Dad's youngest sister Garefilia Vlahos arrived alone for a visit to see her brother!

Stella's husband was from New York; he flew to New York, picked her up at the airport, and they stayed with Fred's Mom for a couple of days. Even though Thea/Aunt Garefilia spoke NO English, communication was basically not a problem! She and Fred then flew to the Twin Cities and got to be with Dad and Mom at Stella's St. Paul home for a few weeks before going to Mitchell with Dad and Mom. She was so cute and not even five feet tall! And she too had a great sense of humor and liked to do fun/crazy things like Dad! While in St. Paul, Thea Garefilia visited and loved Como Park Zoo! In Stilia she was a goat herder her entire life; at the zoo, she enjoyed playing and talking with the goats! And at the Minneapolis Renaissance Festival, she loved riding an elephant and also enjoyed holding a long snake! Luckily, she was able to stay with our parents for several months! Again, it was heartbreaking for Dad and Mom when Thea had to return to Greece! Sadly, over all the years, only six relatives from Greece were able to visit our family in the United States.

The only other relatives that were able to visit were in 1975-1977. Mom's great niece, Elena Dimopoulos from Athens, Greece, spent a year in Sioux Falls with her uncle George Gongopoulos and attended high school. She then spent a second year in St. Paul with Kalley and graduated from high school in Anoka, Minnesota where Kalley taught. Mom and Dad loved having Elena near for two years! George's sister Voula Ledferer came from Munich, Germany in the late 1980's to visit.

Usually from about June to late October, Dad and Mom lived with Fred and Stella in St. Paul, Minnesota. Stella put the dining set into the living room and used

the dining room as Dad's bedroom which had views to the outside through two large front double windows and a side window from which Dad could enjoy seeing trees, plants, flowers, birds, and also deer!

Later, they added a twin bed to the room for Mom to be able to be in the same room. Stella and Fred had two dogs. Fifty-five-pound Kal, who Stella's sister named after herself since the lab came from a long line of purebred award-winning English Labradors, and thirty-five-pound Muggsy, a border collie and spaniel mix who was named after Fred's childhood dog.

Dad, Mom, and the dogs got along beautifully and had much love for one another. The dogs had not previously been allowed in the dining or living rooms. One day when Mom and Stella were upstairs, they heard Dad scream!

They rushed to the bedroom, and Dad started laughing! He then pointed under the bed! Well, Muggsy was under the bed! After that, they allowed the dogs to be with him in the bedroom and even put Muggsy on the bed with Dad which he absolutely loved! From then on, Muggsy often slept with Dad! Kal was a bigger dog so Dad could pat Kal as she stood next to Dad when in his wheelchair. One day, Muggsy had surgery and afterwards needed to be watched for twenty-four hours. They put Muggsy in Dad's room and left Dad in charge! Dad was so happy and proud to be able to do that! During the seven years Dad was at their home, a pheasant would very often go right up to the family room patio door where Dad could clearly see it! Also, two ducks often went close enough to the living room patio door that Dad could reach out while sitting in the wheelchair and feed bread to the ducks. At the time, none of us realized feeding bread to ducks was not healthy.

In the seven and a half years that Dad had the stroke and couldn't speak, he never once complained, and every day Dad continued to pray! Fred and Stella fortunately met a wonderful physician who lived in their same area. He became known as "Dr. Welby" who was kind enough to go to Stella's home in the win-

tertime to treat dad for a foot infection. Mom was an absolutely unbelievable Caregiver! Their "Dr. Welby" said Mom took care of Dad like seven nurses!

Dad and Mom were so loved by all; many called them Dad and Mom while many also called them "Papou" and "Yiayia" which is Greek for "Grandfather" and "Grandmother".

Ironically Dad closed his eyes and passed away in St. Joseph's Hospital in Mitchell on July 23, 1985, on a Tuesday which was also the day of the week that Dad closed the Frisco Cafe! The day before he died, Dad enjoyed watching several of his grandchildren playing the Greek card game "Kolitsina" and talking and laughing in his hospital room!

Dad would probably have ended life by asking all of us his special question, "HOW DO YA LIKE THEM APPLES?"

Also ironically, the pheasant and ducks rarely ever returned to Stella's home after Dad passed away. Kal and Muggsy too missed and sensed Dad was gone when he hadn't returned; they made a bit of a mess! They all loved Dad!



Anna and her sister Elaine in Stilia – 1994

There was another side to Dad also! Often back in the 1950's, Dad would sing something he often heard on the radio! "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain! Hello, everybody, this is Kate Smith speaking!" Dad liked Kate Smith! Several years later, Stella bought him a Kate Smith album with those words on it! Also, when we were young, Dad used to sit at the kitchen table, lean his hand on his chin and sing the song he sang as a young boy when he was in the fields with the goats. It was a rather soft, sensitive sounding song.

*Continued on page 11*

## More than a Cafe ...

In 1994, Stella and Mom went to Greece. Before they went for a ride in the countryside, they usually bought Kalamata olives, feta cheese, and a fresh loaf of rustic style bread with a crisp crust and a soft, thick texture made daily at the "Fourno"/Oven/Bakery! One day they stopped on the side of the road, rolled down their windows to enjoy the quietness and wonderful fresh air. They started to eat the lunch they had bought when off in the distance they saw several goats. Being the only car around, within a few minutes they could hear off in the distance the exact beautiful song Dad used to sing at the kitchen table! They could clearly hear the goat herder in the silence of the air, clearly enough to bring back beautiful memories of Dad!

After Mom and Stella had arrived in Athens in 1994, immediately the next day they and Mom's sister drove to the village. Mom and Stella were quite tired after the long trip and then the long drive. After getting to their home in Stilia, everyone lay down to rest; Mom and her sister started quietly talking about when they were very young. Stella recorded some of the stories without them knowing. One was so heartbreaking to hear. They reminisced about the time they were young and their mom gave each of them a small piece of bread in the evening. Mom's sister ate her piece of bread before bedtime, but Mom saved hers. The next morning Mom was hungry and was going to eat her bread but saw it was gone. She said a mouse must have gotten it. Later, Mom's sister said she was so hungry in the middle of the night that she ate Mom's bread! They were both softly laughing and crying.

In September of 1985, Mom again became extremely ill and was transported to a hospital in St. Paul for two months. She was diagnosed with Wegner's disease, a rare disease of which at that time only 75 cases were known. It was a life-threatening disorder that restricts the blood flow to several organs, including the lungs, kidneys, and upper respiratory tract.

From that point on, Mom lived with Fred and Stella until about 1994 and then lived in John's home in Coon Rapids, Minnesota which was about twenty miles

from Stella's home. When Anna and Stella were in Mitchell, Stella remembered the Props grandson (in his '20's) said at Mike Props' funeral how totally amazed he was that Anna had no wrinkles! She was in her late '80's. That was the first time Stella ever started noticing wrinkles on a person!

As a result of treating the disease, she developed kidney problems and diabetes and in about 1997 was put on dialysis. She basically dealt well with dialysis and enjoyed being with people even the



top – Kalley and John; bottom – Stella and Arthur

same day of her treatment. Mom loved to read and especially loved reading her Greek Bible. She still also enjoyed going to church, being with friends, going for rides, playing cards, baking, cooking, crocheting, and helping Fred in his gar-



Anna and George Georgopoulos

## continued from page 10

dens of vegetables and flowers. A few months before passing away, Mom crocheted a king size bedspread, a set of six placemats, about two dozen coasters, and five long table runners! Mom was an unbelievable woman of great strength, courage, and had such a love for family, friends, and God! She passed away in the hospital with family near on September 30, 2002.

Today, Dad and Mom would have had eight grandchildren, 17 great grandchildren, and one great great grandchild. Sadly, John, became extremely ill beginning February, 2015 and passed away in August, 2019.

Dad and Mom lived beautiful lives filled with hardships, happiness, hard work, faith, friends, family, and with an enduring love for Greece and for America.

The family is so thankful for their hard-working, trustworthy employees, for the reliable restaurant suppliers, and for all the wonderful customers for caring about the Frisco Cafe and keeping it in business for fifty-three years! Dad, Mom, and family cared about all of you and were so happy and proud to serve you!

Also, Arthur and Donna+ Georgopoulos, Kalley and Mark Johnson, John+ Georgopoulos, Stella and Fred Treiber thank you so much for loving the memories of Dad and Mom, the Frisco Cafe and for keeping alive the memory of the Frisco hot dogs! (+ indicates deceased)

We made an important discovery during this process thanks to Linda Oster who was the "Courier" person with whom we worked doing this article.

*Continued on page 13*

# Metzgerville Store 1931-1978

On February 25, 1931, an agreement was reached between Robert Zangle and Emil Metzger that Mr. Zangle would lease to Mr. Metzger one acre in the extreme northeast corner of the NE¼ of Section 21 Township 101 Range 62 located in Baker Township in the southwest part of Davison County at the intersection of Highway 42 and 397th Avenue. The lease was for the purpose of operating a gasoline station, cream station, store, and dwelling house at a cost of \$25.00 annually for 15 years. The buildings for the store and the house were moved in from several miles east. Emil was 24 years old, and he named his business Metzgerville. Thus, the beginning of the local country store, not just for necessities but also a place to socialize.

The following year, on April 20, 1932, Amelia and Wilhelm Herbst deeded to Emil Metzger Lot 1 being 12½ rods east and west and 13 rods north and south located in the southwest corner of the SW¼ Section 15 Township 101 Range 62 consisting of one acre for \$200.00. This acre lies diagonally across the intersection and Emil moved the buildings to Lot 1. It is thought that the Zangle property was low and wet, which prompted the move.

During the 1930s, 1940s, and 1950s the area men had a baseball team. In the 1950s they were a part of the Palace City League with Parkston, Stickney, and Western Chevrolet of Mitchell. They played teams from Mitchell, Mt. Vernon, Stickney, and Hillside. Another time they were in the Custer Battlefield Highway League playing against Ethan, Mt. Vernon, and Parkston. Some of the players were Red Artz, Ronald Assmus, Dennis Gerlach, Don Gerlach, Gerhardt Gerlach, Lambert Gerlach, Ron Gerlach, Darold Jendersee, Ron Jendersee, Delmar Maeschen, Ralph Metzger, Ronnie Metzger, Darrell Titze, and Harley Titze. Some reports would indicate that they did not have a particularly good team. All home games were played on Sunday afternoons at the ball-diamond next to the school because there were no lights. Socializing at the store over a beer after a game on a hot July day was the perfect way to review the game.

As late as 1960 Metzgerville Store had



Metzgerville Store and home – Early 1950's



Emil offering a can of beer from the refrigerator. The Hamm's Beer is to the left of the Kellogg's Corn Flakes and below the Manchester's Waldorf Crackers.

a bowling team that would bowl at the Stickney Lanes in Stickney as part of the Sunshine League. Area bowlers included Ivan Bialas, Gerhardt Burmeister, Bernard Kreth, Ralph Metzger, Marvin Scheetz, Edwin Sigmund, Jerry Starr and Harley Titze.



All that snow! "Metzgerville" signage not yet painted on the building.

In 1946, Emil purchased the home of Rosina Sperlich (she died in May 1937) from Gus Storm, her son-in-law, for \$100.00. It was located on the Gottlieb Sperlich homestead. Emil moved it to Metzgerville as a home for Erich and Violet Titze. For a while Emil and Hattie continued to live there, too.

Metzgerville was designated as the polling precinct for Baker Township voting during elections and a place to chat with the neighbors. There was a bench along the west wall for people to stay and visit awhile when they came to do business. On the wall were all sale bills



Ronnie and Ralph Metzger – late 1950's

## More than a Cafe ...

We had always thought Dad bought the Frisco Café at age 16 in 1919. Linda located a copy of the Deed to the Frisco at the courthouse; it said Dad purchased the Frisco in 1917 which meant Dad was age 14. Years ago, immigrants sometimes gave themselves an older age when entering the United States. Dad was one of them; he actually was born in 1904 which meant he was only 13 when he bought the Frisco. Then we realized that since he was REALLY on the ship for a little over a year and worked in Duluth and Mitchell for a while, he must have

left Greece around age 11-11 1/2! That just seems so Amazing!!! How was that even possible that Dad only had a formal education through age eight, left his family and country with seven dollars in his pocket at about eleven years old, went to a foreign country without really knowing the new language other than what he learned while on the Italian ship, bought the Frisco Lunch/Frisco Cafe, had the first hot dogs in South Dakota, and retired after 53 years of success in the Frisco? Add to that, Dad's Hot Dogs/Chili Dogs/Coney Islands/Coney Dogs/

Red Hots are STILL DESIRED to this day in 2022!

A piece of advice from Stella to the Readers!

Ask your families the specific questions of Who? What? Where? When? How? Record family life events and memories! It's wonderful when one can learn and later be able to reflect on written information. We are sorry we didn't do that; our information was stored only in our memories. And now as Mom would say to everyone: "O THEOS MAZI OLOUS MAS!+ / GOD WITH ALL OF US!+ "

**continued from page 11**

## Metzgerville Store ...

and posters for upcoming events, and the back room was a good location for a friendly game of cards. In an emergency if a farmer didn't have a phone, they would go to the store and use the one there...it was a party line. It was open for business daily, even Sundays after church for those last minutes things...like ice cream. If it wasn't open and someone came, they would open and take care of the customer.

Violet Titze writes in 1989: "It was February 2, 1947, that Erich and Violet Titze took over the Metzgerville station and grocery store. At that time, they called it a grocery store, today they would call them Station or a 7-Eleven Station. This was located 12 miles south of Mt. Vernon. We also had country delivery of gas, fuel oils, etc. The biggest full fill was two 50-gallon barrels for gas and that was to Paul Wiczorek and as of today his son Wallace Wiczorek is farming that (land), and I'm sure his tanks are much larger."

Violet continues: "The Titzes enjoyed being out there in the farming country. Erich was in WWII for six and one-half years and jobs were hard to find when they got home. So, as Emil and Hattie Metzger wanted to quit the business, since Emil was 47 years old and had some health issues, Erich and Violet took it over. When the Baker Township School got out in the afternoons, the Titzes had lots of school children in the little store. Erich and Violet were in this Station and Store six and one-half years until 1953

when they moved to Mt. Vernon."1

By this time, they sold gasoline, oil, tires, tubes, feed, seed, and groceries (including pop and beer), and other dry goods.

After the Titze's moved to Mt. Vernon in 1953, Marvin (Hattie's nephew) and Bernice Sperlich managed Metzgerville for a short time. While Ernie and Allie Schryvers were managing it, Emil passed away at age 49. Then Chuck and Darlene (Hattie's niece) Durfey began managing it on January 1, 1957. On September 17, 1959, Hattie Metzger sold Metzgerville to Dorothy Porter on contract of deed Lots 1 and 2 for \$12,000.00 (\$500 down and \$50 monthly) at no interest,



**Baker #10 School Children – Wallace Wiczorek, Marvin Scheetz, Dorothy Ramsey teacher, Ralph Metzger, Norman Moke, and Adolph Wegehaupt**

**continued from page 12**

to be paid up in 20 years. The contract for deed was not completed since Dorothy and DeLos left prematurely. By the fall of 1964, Ernest and Delores Jauert managed Metzgerville Store; however, by October 1967 they were gone and the store was closed.

In 1978 the buildings were moved. The large house was moved to the Harrison/New Holland area and the small house and store were moved to the Clarence Ablen farm. Hattie sold the empty lots to Edwin P. Sigmund to farm.

For 47 years the little store was a cornerstone of the community. Metzgerville is no more, an era has ended!

1. Centennial Atlas of Davison County 1990, p. D62.



**Chuck Durfey pumping gas and checking the oil – late 1950's**

# This is what we've been up to!



Marie Halapin and Linda Oster entered the Rodeo Parade advertising Woolworth's Caramel Apples for sale during Corn Palace days – August 24-28, 2022. Rain didn't hamper the fun of participating.



Dr. Hannus from the Prehistoric Indian Village and Dr. Alan K. Outram, internationally respected archeologist from the University of Exeter, the United Kingdom presented a program on July 5, 2022. Dr. Outram presented a talk on "War Horses" that included how the size of the horses was determined and their roll in warfare. Dr. Hannus brought us up-to-date about the digs at the Indian Village and the students from England who came to help excavate.



Pre-Sturgis organizers, KlockWerks, asked if we would sell Woolworth's Caramel Apples at their event on August 4th, and after some figuring, we decided to give it a try. Our aim is to be visible to the community through many methods. We twirled 500 apples for the event in one day.



**Another Successful Year** - The 2022 Corn Palace Festival has just concluded and another year of selling the famous Woolworth Caramel Apples, a tradition since 1959, is in the books. Nearly 3000 apples were sold during the 5-day event with profits shared between the Carnegie Resource Center and Mitchell Main Street & Beyond. The Carnegie will use their profits to replenish money spent on the chair lift last year and Main Street profits will go to cover the expense of new greenery for the winter baskets on Main Street. Thanks to the organizers, the heavy lifters, the apple polishers, the cooks, the choppers, the dippers, the cashiers, all the other volunteers and those that purchased the sweet treats; it takes all to make it a success.

# FOR SALE

## Mitchell Churches Throw 1875-2011

Proceeds will go to help the 501(c)(3) nonprofit Mitchell Area Historical Society pay for the many costs of the Carnegie Resource Center. Limited number available.



Price of throw \$30.00  
 Tax \$1.95  
 Total Cost \$31.95  
 Can be shipped. Add \$10.00 for shipping and handling for first throw and \$5.00 for each additional throw.  
 Order by sending request and payment to Mitchell Area Historical Society, 119 W 3rd Ave, Mitchell, SD 57301 or you may stop by the Carnegie Resource Center, 119 West Third Avenue from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m., Monday through Saturday.  
 These throws make wonderful wedding and Christmas gifts. The throws are washable cotton, medium-weight, and generously sized (57 by 74 inches including the 1.5 inch surrounding fringe). They make convenient lap robes in the home or in vehicles and are made in the U.S.A.

# Family members found for 'lost Bible'

It all began when a staff member "found" genealogy information in a Bible we had acquired. After attempting to research a few names, we "struck gold" on ancestry.com. A descendant of one of the names had a tree on ancestry. That person was contacted via ancestry and told of the Bible. There were also a couple of schoolbooks with names as well as various clipping inside the Bible. Below are copies of our emails (minus the identifying information).

Her -Thanks so much for contacting me. I had seen information that a (family) bible was in a small Yankton Museum that I think isn't there anymore. I don't have that info in front of me, but a few years ago I contacted the Dakota museum in Yankton thinking they would probably have it but they didn't. The one you have could be it or not. June was my mother. Hulda is a family member also. I would love to get them and pay for the mailing.

CRC - We would be happy to send you the Bible and other 2 books. We would need your address and a phone number would be awesome! Any preference on how they are sent? Ups, fedX or USPS? Just an FYI so you know we are valid..

The Genealogical and Historical societies in Mitchell SD are located within the 1903 Carnegie Library building. We call ourselves the Carnegie Resource Center, are located at 119 W 3rd in Mitchell, have a web page and a Facebook page. - attached is



the snapshot I took yesterday.

Her - Thanks so much for your efforts. I found your website. Love all the pictures. Brings the past to life. I can never understand how they could deal with dirty/muddy conditions and long dresses. I guess you just get used to it. Also love your building. My sister and I have been talking about a South Dakota trip for a few years. We will stop by if we make it there. Our parents grew up in SD. Mom in Yankton area on a farm that we remember visiting as children and father in the small town of Martin. We grew up in Southern California.

We were so happy to reunite this Bible with the family! Although we had fun reuniting the Bible with its descendants, there is also a website called [biblerescue.org](http://biblerescue.org).

This organization helps reunite Bibles with relatives. This is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization who has 3 primary missions: Rescue family Bibles; Record the family history information inside each Bible; Reunite each family Bible with living descendants.

Bible Rescue has an index for the searching of names and the ability to browse those that are in their possession. If anyone knows of a Bible that contains family information and does not know where to go with them, please consider donating them to us or Bible Rescue.

# From the Archives

## Some August Weather.

According to the weather bureau the month of August just passed was the hottest month in the mean temperature for the past twelve years, it being 69.8. The highest temperature was 99, on the 16th, and the lowest, 38 on the 30th. The total precipitation for the month was 3.13 inches, more than the three previous years added together. The warmest August was in 1881, the mean temperature being 71.7, and the coldest August was 1885, temperature 64.

The Mitchell Capital (Mitchell, South Dakota)  
09 Sep 1892, Fri Page 8

## UPCOMING EVENTS

- Sept 15 - 6:30 p.m. - Grave Dowsing/Witching at the Graceland Cemetery
- Sept 19 - 7 p.m. - MAHS Business Meeting
- Sept 24 - 12-2 p.m. Frisco Hot Dog Celebration
- Sept 26 - 6 p.m. - MAGS Business Meeting
- Sept 26 -7 p.m. - MAGS Program- Discovering Your Ancestors in Canada
- Oct 17 - 7 p.m. - MAHS Business Meeting
- Oct 24 - 6 p.m. - MAGS Business Meeting
- Oct 24 - 7 p.m. -MAGS Program- Using Internet Archive for Serious Genealogical Research
- Nov 21 - 7 p.m. - MAHS Business Meeting
- Nov 28 - 6 p.m. - MAGS Business Meeting
- Nov 28 - 7 p.m. -MAGS Program - Exploring the Carnegie's Resources
- Dec 8 - 7 p.m. - Christmas at the Carnegie

*Carnegie Resource  
Center  
119 West Third Avenue  
Mitchell, S.D. 57301*

