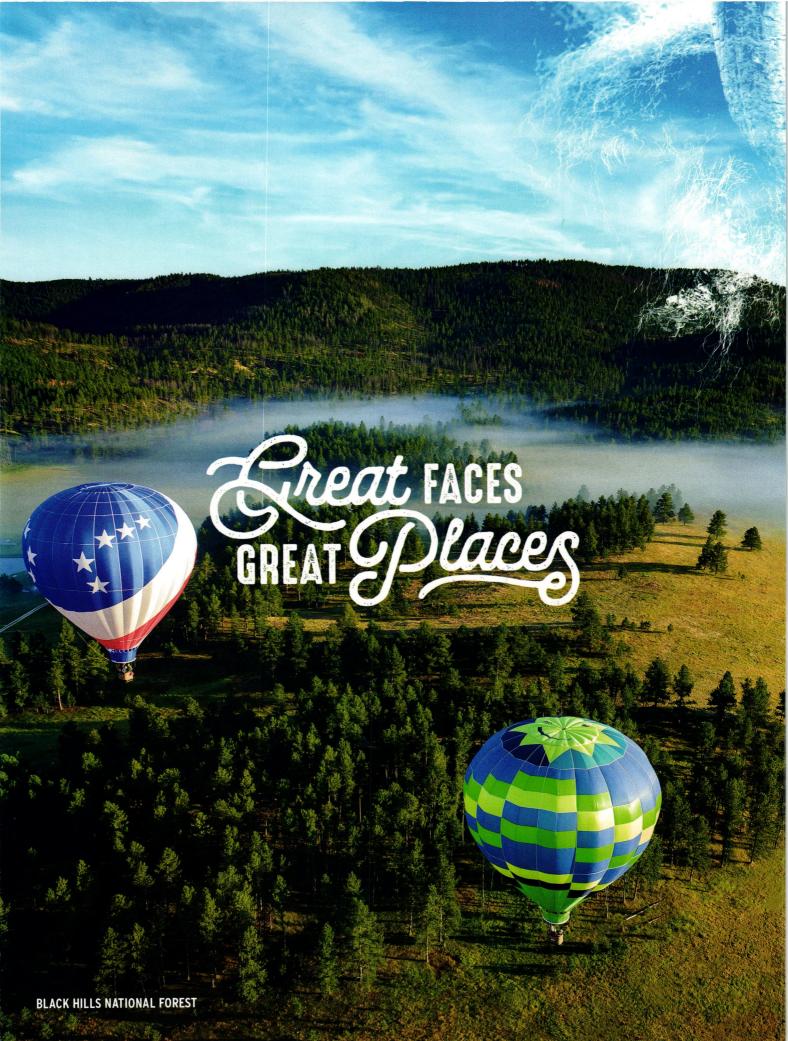
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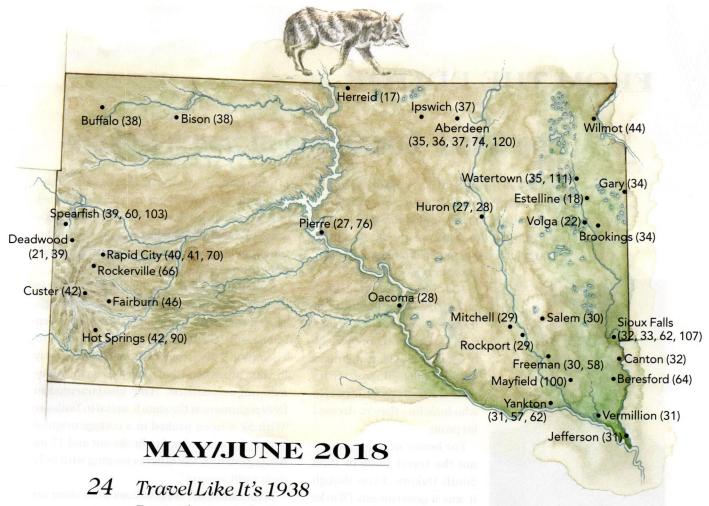
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- Touring the state with a Depression-era guide book.
- A Time-Traveled Treat How Swedish kringle came to a Wilmot farm. By Katie Hunhoff
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Inside & Out A celebration of South Dakota design and architecture starts on p. 69.

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OUR COVER: Sadie Hansen and her daughter, Stella, modeled for our cover story, "Travel Like It's 1938."



FROM THE EDITOR

The Good, Bad & Sad of South Dakota

IGHTY YEARS AGO, a ragtag group of South Dakota writers were recruited to publish a travel guide for our state. For our cover story in this issue, we did our best to retrace their travels to see what remains and what

has changed.



The South Dakota Guide of 1938 is very different from today's travel books and blogs, with their reports on perfectly spotless hotels, restaurants with parsley slips on every plate and festivals full of people who look like they're dressed for prom.

For better or worse, that's not the travel guide of 1938 South Dakota. Even though it was a government (Works Progress Administration) project, the writers felt free to in-

terject their colorful opinions, good and bad. For example, they praised the architecture of the German–Russian communities in McPherson County. "There is a South Russian influence still noticeable in the use of vivid, contrasting colors in painting houses," they wrote. "In the country and town purple houses are trimmed in green, pink houses have blue borders, yellow houses are decorated with orchid, and no lack of originality is discernible."

On the same page, the writer strangely raised the issue of alcohol consumption by noting, "They brought with them the traditional German love for beer; before prohibition it required 18 saloons properly to satisfy the thirst of the Eureka community."

The writers were not as impressed with the houses in Reliance. "Today many homes comprise a group of shacks joined together to form a composite house — not the most graceful type

of architecture." Maybe it was the same unenthusiastic writer who later criticized Bonesteel: "It has now settled down to the humdrum existence of the average small town, its tides of fortune ebbing and flowing with the current conditions of its surrounding territory."

Sometimes, the WPA writers interjected tragic stories that they discovered in their travels. They noted that eight people drowned in September of 1933 at Soldier Creek, west of Fort Thompson, "when their house was carried away in a disastrous flood that rushed down the valley following a cloudburst." They also lamented an 1899 nightmare at the state hospital in Yankton: "With 57 women packed in a cottage originally built for a laundry, fire broke out and 17 patients perished, the others escaping with only their night apparel."

Sometimes, the WPA writers were short on details. They wrote that the town of LaBolt was named for Alfred Labolt, "an early landowner who is buried under a large oak tree in town." I searched everywhere for the tree or a gravestone, but to no avail. Anybody know where Alfred is buried?

The writers were also insensitive to race issues, at least by 21st century standards. They penned the stereotypes of their generation for all to read.

But overall, the 1938 writers did it right. They published what they saw and what they heard. They realized our blemishes shouldn't be hidden; our faults are more interesting and real to travelers than parsley garnish and pillow mints. They also realized that honest stories reveal much about a place and its people. And, they left just enough mystery in their entries to let us feel like adventurers rather than mere tourists.

Enjoy their observations from 1938, and then do as they did: discover South Dakota for yourself this summer.

Patic Hunhoff

-Katie Hunhoff



A FAVORITE HOLIDAY ON THE FARM WAS THE DAY IN MAY WHEN DAD WOULD SAY,

'TURN OUT THE COWS!'

id you know that some Danish communities celebrate the spring day when cows and calves are turned out to grass?

That was also a holiday on our farm. In early May, Dad would walk out in the pastures, bend to one knee and check the grass. Who knows what he was looking for? Once, he pointed to a blade of grass with three new leaves and said it was a good sign. He'd chew on a stem of brome — just for show, I think — and then he'd declare that the grass was ready for grazing. We could turn out the cows!

Hallelujah! Morning and evening chores would now be next to nothing because the

hogs had a self-feeder. And just when the days were getting nice enough for baseball and fishing.

We ran to the cow yard, unhooked the gate and swung it wide.

If you think we were happy, you should have seen the cows. At first, they gingerly stepped through the opening — doubting, maybe, that we were serious. Once in the belly-deep grass, they bucked and kicked and danced in the air. Their confused calves followed them through the gate, sniffing the grass and watching their crazy moms.

Some holidays in De Smet Farm Mutual country don't appear on a wall calendar, but that doesn't make them any less memorable.

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CONTRIBUTORS

CURT BERNARD AND A '38 BUICK

Writers, photographers and artists get most of the recognition on this contributor's page, and rightly so. Without them we couldn't publish a magazine. But this issue

also wouldn't be complete without the 1938 Buick Special we found to illustrate our cover story, "Travel Like It's 1938" (page 24). Cena Merrigan's family ran an auto salvage yard in Yankton for decades, and that's where the Buick was long parked. About 20 years ago, Cena and her husband Curt Ber-



nard (pictured at the wheel) restored it to mint condition. Cena and Curt have also restored historic buildings in downtown Yankton. They operate Riverfront Event Center, where the Buick is often called upon as the bridal car.

ALVIS UPITIS has taken photos around the globe. Still, the Hawaiian photographer admits he was, "cautious, even leery" when he arrived in Hot Springs to meet Dayton Hyde, who is featured in this issue (page 90). He knew Hyde had shot photographs for LIFE, and many of America's top photographers had been to the Wild Horse Sanctuary. But Hyde soon had his Hawaiian guest at ease. "I put down my camera for a day and we worked on fencing, moving some gravel and whatever



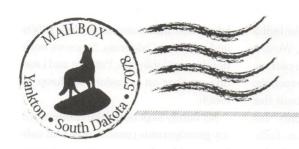
else needed to be done," says Upitis. He left with the photographs you'll see inside, and real appreciation for the sanctuary's founder. "We all have causes we care about but so few of us actually do something about it. I so respect Dayton for what he's done and the lasting legacy he's created."

TYLER KISSNER



Tyler Kissner recently bought an acreage in the Black Hills near Rockerville. Last Memorial Day, when friends were visiting, they decided to check out Hippie Hole, a swimming hole that is locally famous for its cliff diving and cool waters as much as its remoteness. Kissner brought along his drone, which captured the image that appears as this issue's Big Picture (page 66). The shot was taken from 100 to 150 feet in the air. "I tossed it up to get some shots and got a series of my fiancé Heather (splashing) and our friend Val (in mid air) as they jumped in," he says.

Kissner lives in Sioux Falls. He is the owner of DTB Systems, Inc., which specializes in IT and health care communications.





German prisoners of war worked on a Butte County beet farm during World War II. Local service clubs provided treats to maintain peace and morale.

TREATS FOR POWS

I was assigned to go through the last 100 years of meeting minutes for the Knights of Columbus in Rapid City and write a summary of our history. I found an entry in the minutes of the July 1943 meeting indicating that our council had provided cigarettes, candy and treats for the German POWs being held in the camp at Belle Fourche ("Ship in a Bottle," March/April'18). The camp commander had made this request, indicating that it would enhance the morale of the prisoners and help keep the camp peaceful. He explained that the army did not have a budget for this.

Bill Grode Rapid City, S.D.

GERMANS NEXT DOOR

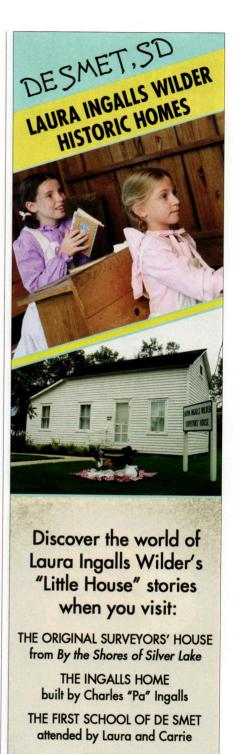
Your article about the German POWs ("Ship in a Bottle," March/April '18) reminded me of Yankton's own Helmut Bricke. Helmut and his wife had one daughter, Monica, who was a year older than me and went to a different school,

but we would hang out on the swings at Westside Park. The Brickes lived right across the street from the park and down the alley from us. I remember seeing a picture hanging in their living room of Helmut with his German Army unit. This surprised me, and I asked my dad if Helmut was a Nazi. Dad assured me Mr. Bricke was not a Nazi, but a good man and worthy of respect. I don't know if he was ever held as a POW in South Dakota, or if he was like so many refugees looking for a place to start over after the war.

Joan Dendinger Redlands, Calif.

CONCERTS IN THE BUNKHOUSE

The bunkhouse for the German POWs ("Ship in a Bottle," March/April '18) was moved to Belle Fourche and became the clubhouse at the golf course. Later the Seventh Day Adventist Church moved it to the corner of Third and Nevada Street in Spearfish to use as a dining hall. My wife and I bought the building in 2011 and moved it next to our house. Since



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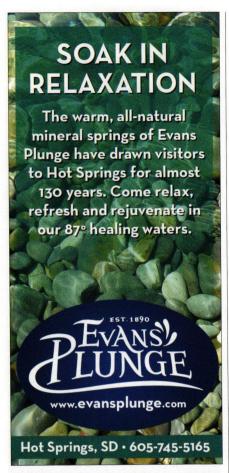
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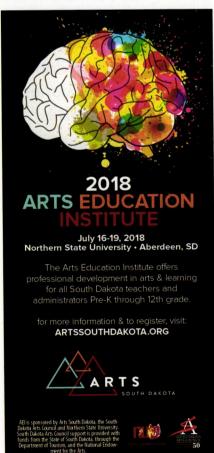
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our home is very small, we use the building as a room for entertaining. We are musicians and use it for private parties, home concerts and small music recitals. We have heard many stories about the building from longtime residents. Le-Roy Hill, a prominent lawyer from Belle Fourche, said that when he was in the Boy Scouts they dragged an airplane into the building, tore it apart and then put it back together.

Gary Renner Spearfish, S.D. lake resort businesses in the late 1960s and moved to California. Since we both now live in California, Patricia and I see one another on occasion and keep in touch.

My family kept both lake cabins until my grandparents passed away. Our cabin was sold and we spent time each summer in my grandparents' cabin until my parents passed away in 1964 and 1966. We sold that cabin in 1972.

Billy J. Febuary Clovis, Calif.

LIVED AT HARTFORD BEACH

My grandparents, Edwin and Ann Davis, moved to Hartford Beach ("Endangered by the Lack of Fishing," March/April '18) in about 1927 after my grandfather retired from his job as a bookkeeper in Aberdeen. They purchased several cabins and cottages and started Davis Cottages, which they rented along with boats and motors.

My parents, John and Edith Febuary, came to live at the lake in 1929. They adopted me and I came to the lake to live in March of 1937. Our home was on a large lot next to my grandparents' home. Both had a dock that was used to land the boats they rented to customers.

Ilived at the lake until 1942, when my parents and I moved to Huron. During our time at the lake, I became acquainted with Pat and Gwen Tillman's daughter, Patricia. We became good friends and playmates. Her parents sold their

MISSISSIPPI'S HEADWATERS

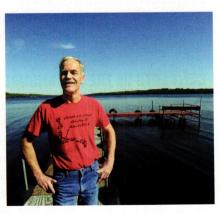
Because my hometown is at the north end of the south-pointing Big Stone Lake, Bernie Hunhoff's article about Hartford Beach Resort ("Endangered by the Lack of Fishing," March/April '18) triggered many pleasant childhood memories. Most were at Lake Traverse, Big Stone's north-pointing finger-lake counterpart, which was more easily accessible from my hometown.

I am a geologist (not a biologist) who is arguing that the true upstream-most headwaters of the Mississippi River are at the source of the Little Minnesota River near Veblen, not at Big Stone Lake. This lake is simply a long, shallow, tranquil pond through which the Little Minnesota River passes on its downstream journey to the Gulf of Mexico.

Wendell Duffield Greenbank, Wash.

TREATED AT HOT SPRINGS

In "Return to Sheep Mountain Table" (Jan/Feb '18) you wrote that Beverly (Hynes Page) and her father were stricken with polio in about 1948 and were treated at the Hot Springs Polio Center. I am a polio survivor—stricken in 1949— and grew up on a farm near Dallas in Gregory County. From the age of 6 months to 5 years, I was treated in Hot Springs. I had searched for possible places I could have been treated, but until your article I had never heard of the Hot Springs Polio Center. I was al-



Tom Bylander still runs Hartford Beach Resort on Big Stone Lake.

ways curious as to my treatment and could never find any records. Reading your story reopened many memories of growing up with polio and the treatments at that time.

Bill Horstman Savage, Minn.

LETTER FROM MCLAUGHLIN

Seeing the chair belonging to James McLaughlin (Dakotiana, March/April '18) reminded me that I have a type-written and signed letter, dated Sept. 20, 1904, to my dad, Matt Clasen, a government-paid wolf hunter, from J. McLaughlin, Indian agent at Standing Rock. The letter states that Clasen is permitted to travel and carry firearms on the Standing Rock Reservation for the purpose of killing wolves and coyotes. At that time, whites weren't allowed on the reservation without a permit.

Irean Jordan Faith, S.D.

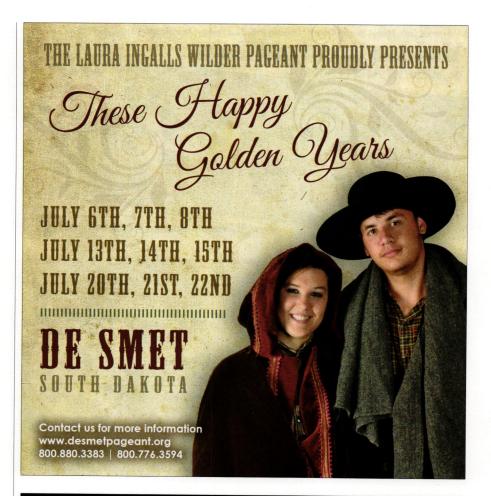
TEEPEETONKA CAMPER

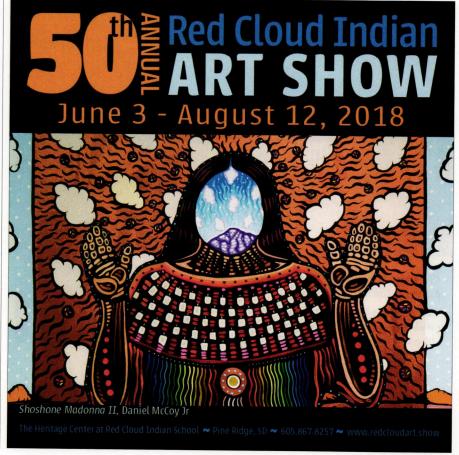
Starting around 1945 and for many years after I attended Camp Teepeeton-ka for a few weeks every summer ("Manhattan Island," Nov/Dee '17). Most of the attendees were from Sioux Falls, but there was always a small group of us from Vermillion.

When we got to shore, we had to row ourselves over to the island. We soon learned not to stand up in a boat, how to row and what sides were starboard and port.

Many modern changes happened after my camp days, but in the beginning it was very rustic. Ten or 12 girls were assigned to a cabin with a college girl as our counselor. We pumped our water and all washed outside in a long sink. We had kerosene lanterns. We gathered at the flagpole to raise the flag every morning and lower it at night with "Taps."

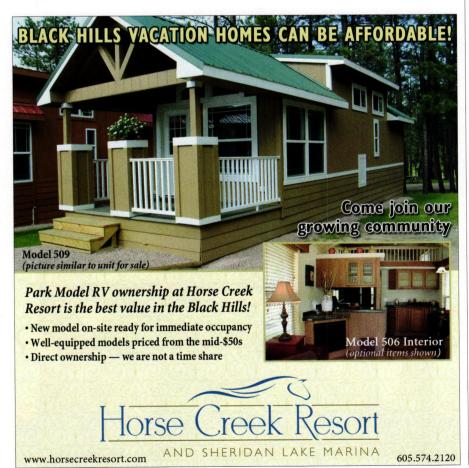
We had fun with the outhouses. In the middle of night, we would throw a lighted flashlight down the hole. We hid be-













Teenage campers enjoyed the wilderness of Big Stone Lake for years.

hind and waited for someone to come. When they did, we shouted, "Don't go now! We are painting down here!" We thought it was so funny to hear the screams.

Mary Ekman Johnson San Diego, Calif.

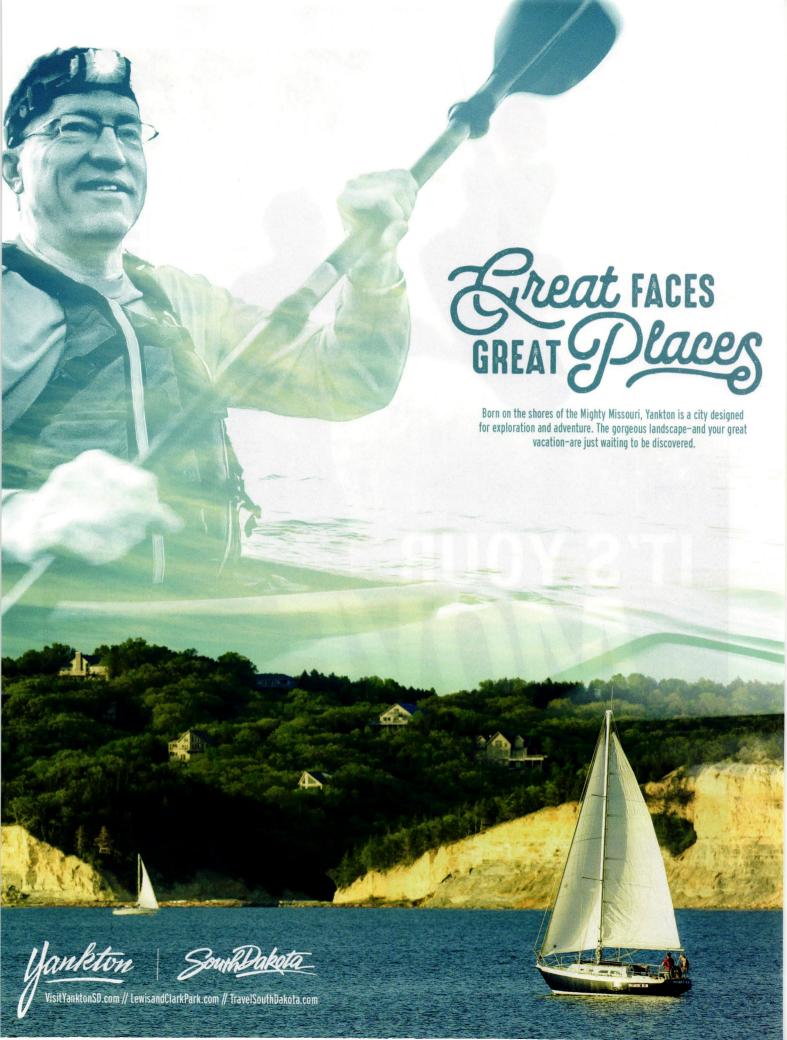
OUR PET CROW

I grew up on a farm in Nebraska, 11 miles south of Yankton, and we also had a pet crow (Too Long in the Sun, March/April '18). My dad found an abandoned baby crow and brought it into the house. We kept him in a Chiquita banana box, so we named him "Banana." We fed him bread soaked in milk when he was small. When Banana learned to fly, he would come to us when we called his name and land on our arms.

Ruthie Moore Scotland, S.D.

SEND US YOUR COMMENTS

We welcome letters, especially when they add information to recent articles. We reserve the right to edit for length and style. Email letters to editor@ SouthDakotaMagazine.com or mail to SDM Letters, 410 E. Third St., Yankton, S.D., 57078. You may also contact us at www.SouthDakotaMagazine.com.





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DAKOTIANA

Observations and Discoveries of Life in South Dakota



Lost and Found ... Herreid farmer Bob Thullner was a small child when his father, John, an Austrian immigrant, scraped together \$2,906 to buy a bright orange Minneapolis-Moline UTI in 1947. The Thullners traded the tractor in 1958, but Bob never forgot it. Decades later, he was searching for it when a friend, Lee Schlosser, found it, rusted and forgotten on a farm 60 miles away. Bob brought it home and restored it with help from Elmer's Welding Shop. In September it will be the featured tractor at the South Central Threshers Bee in Braddock, N.D. Bob and his wife, Helen, also plan to drive it in the Sitting Bull Stampede Rodeo parade in Mobridge (July 2-4).



JUST LIKE DAD'S

Foster Ranch Toys are the real thing, only smaller

ids love farm toys, especially youngsters who grow up on a working farm or ranch, watching their parents tend the livestock and crops.

Dustin Foster's three boys are no different, but the toys they play with don't come from a store shelf.

Those toys, Foster says, are often made of plastic or wood and easily breakable, so about three years ago he picked up a welding torch and started making toys his kids couldn't break. That was the beginning of Foster





Ranch Toys, the hobby/ business Foster oversees when he's not helping his parents, aunt and uncle run the family ranch near Estelline, or helping his wife, Danielle, raise their sons, Keegan (10), Lane (5) and Sutton (2).

His first project was a set of four bucking chutes. He has since made corral panels (free-standing and with swinging gates) and feed bunks. "There are toys out there that are similar, but they're not what Dad uses on the farm," Foster says. "I try to keep it as close to what I'm using or any other kid's dad is using."

Foster's creations are available through his Foster Ranch Toys Facebook page.

Historic Dates

In South Dakota

NOT GUILTY

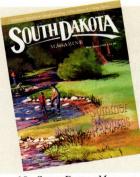
May 12, 1982 ... A jury found Mount Vernon farmer John Mathis not guilty of murder. Mathis was charged with shooting his wife and two sons in the machine shed of their farm, where they were staying while their home underwent renovations. Mathis claimed he wrestled with a masked assailant the night of the murders.

PAVILION OPENS

June 1, 1999 ... The Washington Pavilion in Sioux Falls opened. Seven years earlier, crews were ready to tear down the old Washington High School when voters passed a \$26 million rehabilitation project. The Pavilion features a 1,900-seat Great Hall and the Kirby Science Discovery Center.

CHURCH DESTROYED

June 14, 1924 ... A tornado destroyed the church and severely damaged several other buildings at the Stephan mission on the Crow Creek Reservation in Hyde County. The Indian boarding school opened in 1886 with one small cottage, but through the decades a tiny campus emerged. A new church was built in 1926.



BEST QUOTE 25 YEARS AGO

"He called me into his office and had me in front of his desk for a couple of hours the day before the exam started. He didn't say it exactly this way, but what he meant was, 'If you wanted to be a lawyer, why in the hell didn't you come to my law school?"

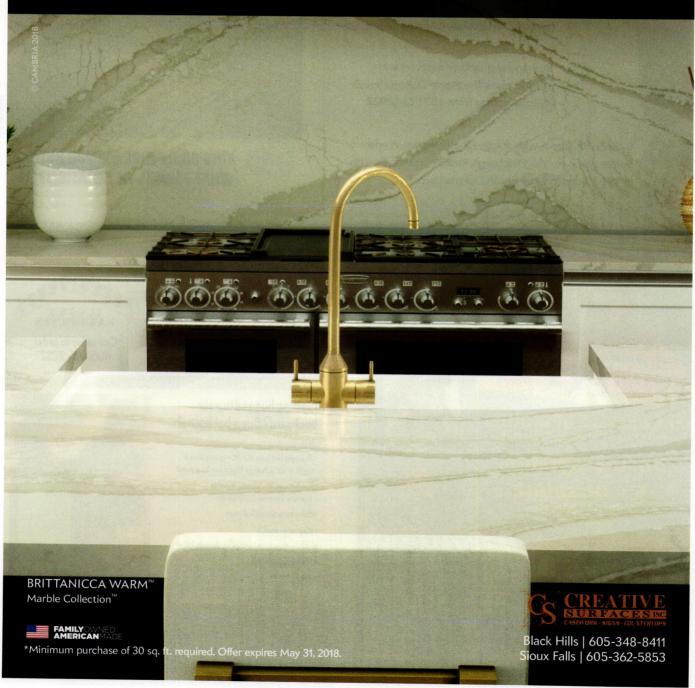
— Clear Lake lawyer Gordon Gunderson, in our May/June 1993 issue, on meeting with USD law school dean Marshall McKusick before sitting for the 1939 bar examination.

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SOUTH DAKOTA TRIVIA

Think you know South Dakota? Test your knowledge with this quiz. Answers can be found on page 23.

133

What is the deepest lake in South Dakota?



You can see Poker Alice's hat inside what museum?





3]

The remains of what Army fort can be found at the Rockport Hutterite Colony?

433

How many quartzite markers were used to mark the North Dakota/South Dakota border from 1891 to 1892?

5 33

Deacon Phillippe, who started the first ever World Series game for the Pittsburgh Pirates against Boston in 1903, lived in what South Dakota town?



633

THIS SCULPTURE STANDS OUTSIDE WHAT TOWN'S FIRE STATION?







TOP Things Travis Pearson Loves About South Dakota

Travis Pearson was born in Belle Fourche and spent his childhood in Vivian. He worked for the Burlington, Northern and Santa Fe Railway and dabbled in acting in Casper, Wyoming. When he moved to Deadwood, he became interested in the city's summertime historic re-enactments, especially the murder of Wild Bill Hickok. Pearson was hired to play Jack McCall and later switched to Hickok, his current role. He can also be seen portraying other historic figures.

Terry Peak

I live only a couple of miles away from Terry Peak. Though I am not a winter sports enthusiast Hove the views, and it feels like home when I get to hike on and around it.

The Revenant (the book)

Hugh Glass is such a great story. Both sets of my grandparents were from the area south of Lemmon, and my grandmother used to tell us that Glass was a relative of ours. I have not done the research, but I have seen photos and see family traits.

The Capitol

The Capitol building and grounds are great places to visit. I love the

geese and the flame, but finding a new blue tile in the mosaic floor makes my trip.

Corn Palace Memories

In 1981, a young, lanky, scrappy kid from Vivian traveled to the big city of Mitchell for the state wrestling tournament. That kid was me, and this 11/12-year-old, 95-pound state champion from Lyman County can hear the echoes every time I go back.

Small Town Fishing

Growing up around Vivian we fished a lot of tiny stock ponds that had bass, bullhead, northern pike and crappie. My favorite one has long since dried up, but you can still see the indent just before exit 212 westbound be-

hind what is now the Coffee Cup truck stop. I only fished there once, and I caught a 41/2-pounder (anyone who knows me has heard the tale of that fish. I'm surprised it isn't 15 pounds by now).

Dining at the Deadwood Social Club

Not only do they have great food, but I work for Saloon #10, and we're all a big family. My show is just downstairs.

Hiking Spearfish Canyon

Whether it is up to Community Caves, Devil's Bathtub, Roughlock Falls, Spearfish Falls or Annie Creek, I see something new and interesting and beautiful every time.





THE BROOKINGS COUNTY history museum in Volga now includes an exhibit dedicated to farm conveyances of old.

Trygve's Gift

Brookings County unveils a new horse-drawn museum

he Brookings County Historical Society plans to open its new Trygve A. Trooien Horse-Drawn Museum in Volga's City Park on Sunday, May 27. The museum will display horse-drawn farm equipment and conveyances used from the 1890s into the 1950s.

The unique museum was made possible by a bequest from Brookings County farmer and historian Trygve A. Trooien, who died in 2015. Trooien was well known for sponsoring field demonstrations of horse-drawn farm equipment.

Brookings County Museum's horsedrawn collection has been added to some of Trooien's collection. Together they comprise a rare line-up of implements common during South Dakota's horse-drawn era. Among the displays are walking plows, planters, mowers, an 1874 wagon undercarriage, a bobsled wagon, a state centennial covered wagon, a 100-year-old mail RFD wagon and a bulk fuel wagon. Some of that equipment is hitched to in-harness, life-sized fiberglass horses.

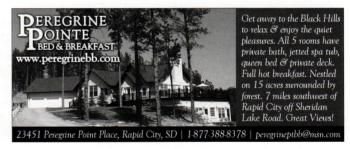
"We've tried to tell the story of the remarkable horse-drawn era, and to honor South Dakota pioneers, such as Trygve's great-grandparents, who homesteaded on land he continued to farm," says Brookings County Historical Society President Phil Wagner.

Coinciding with the opening of the Trooien Museum, the society on May 27 will also observe the 50th anniversary of the establishment of what has grown into the county's six-building museum complex in Volga.

- Chuck Cecil







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ON MEMORIAL DAY, volunteers place flags at all 20,000 gravestones in the Black Hills National Cemetery near Sturgis. The cemetery is a United States National Cemetery open to all members of the armed forces and their spouses. John Mitchell walked the grounds last year. See more of his photos at www.SouthDakotaMagazine.com/in-memory

Join the Conversation

Readers are still talking about stories from the South Dakota Magazine archives that now appear on our website. Scott Kampen shared a family story about the Children's Blizzard, featured in our January/February 1988 issue:

My great-great-grandparents Wilhelm and Kate Kampen were living in a sod cabin at Marion Junction. Kate was pregnant with their first child. During the winter their supplies ran low; they burned twisted hay just to stay warm. On January 7, 1888 Wilhelm headed to Parker, 23 miles away, to buy coal and supplies. The round trip would take a few days. Unbeknownst to Wilhelm, the next day Kate gave birth to a boy, my great-grandfather Henry Royal Kampen. The Blizzard of 1888 hit while Wilhelm was in Parker. Townspeople begged him to stay until the storm passed, but he knew he needed to get home. Kate and the baby stayed warm by lying in bed; she had run out of things to burn. Wilhelm stayed with his horses, but they both froze in the storm. He found shelter in an old barn, and crawled in with the pigs to keep warm. After three days and nights, Wilhelm made it home to find Kate and his newborn son cold but alive, cuddled up in bed.

Share your comments at www.SouthDakotaMagazine.com/ childrens-blizzard

Trivia answers, page 20: 1. Lake Oahe (maximum depth of 205 feet); 2. Old Fort Meade Museum; 3. Fort James; 4. 720; 5. Athol; 6. Freeman.

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\$367,000

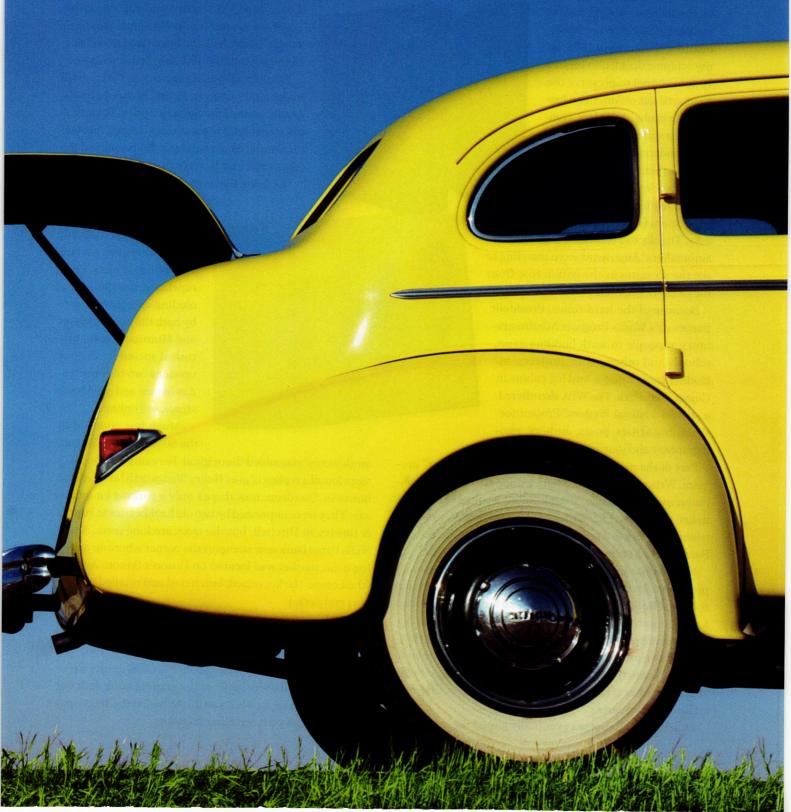
went missing, along with South Dakota's treasurer William Walter Taylor, when he skipped the state in 1895. The state coffers were hurt, but the damage extended even further. Read how Arthur Mellette, our first governor, was financially ruined by Taylor's thievery at www.SouthDakotaMagazine.

Travel Like It's



1938

Depression-era travel tips from an 80-year-old guide book that we can still follow this summer!



RANKLIN ROOSEVELT WAS PRESIDENT and Leslie Jensen was governor of South Dakota in 1938. Ted Turner, now the biggest private landowner in the state, was born that year in Cincinnati. In the summer of '38, Clarence "Pappy" Hoel invited a few friends with motorcycles to a party that became an annual event now known as the Sturgis Motorcy- cle Rally.

Gutzon Borglum and his mountain crews finished carving images of Jefferson, Washington and Lincoln in 1938, so the sculptor decided to begin a 70-foot tunnel to preserve the great artifacts of American history. He thought the U.S. Constitution and the Declaration of Independence belonged there, among other items.

Henry Ford's 1938 Coupe was selling for \$625; he had already manufactured 25 million cars. Thanks to Ford and other

automakers, Americans were traveling to see the 48 states as the nation rose from the Great Depression.

Because of the hard times, President Roosevelt's Works Progress Administration put people to work building dams, schools and other public projects, including stone bridges and log cabins in Custer State Park. The WPA also offered a special Federal Writers' Project for struggling artists, poets, authors, photographers and journalists.

Part of the project involved a "See America First" program. Writers in each state were gathered to create a comprehensive travel guide. M. Lisle Reese, a young Pierre journalist, was offered \$2,300 a year — a fine salary in a time when the average American earned \$1,750 — to lead the South Dakota effort.

Reese's first job was to recruit writers. There were no professional writers on the federal government's state relief rolls, but he eventually found a ragtag team that included a well-educated sheepherder from Harding County, an Aberdeen newspaperman known as the "Walking Reporter," a friend of Huron druggist Hubert Humphrey who liked to write letters to the editor, and a coach at Woonsocket who slipped on a bar of soap and suffered a head injury that ended his teaching career.

Other South Dakotans eventually joined the staff and a

lengthy manuscript was readied for publication. Unfortunately, bureaucrats in Washington decided that the South Dakota guide was not worth the printing costs because it was, "the only state with only one bookstore ...," recalled Reese.

He and other supporters of the guide asked the state legislature for \$2,000, but a bill sponsored by Rep. George

T. Mickelson, chairman of the appropriations

committee, drew scorn and ridicule as being frivolous and "at the bottom of the state's needs." Somehow the bill passed in the closing minutes of the 1938 legislative session.

State Publishing Company in Pierre (still in operation today as PryntComm) delivered 4,000 books to the State Historical Society. A few weeks later the state legislature abolished the South Dakota Guide Commission, but the pages could not be unprinted.

The book never received the national circulation of guides in 47 other

states. By 1944, copies were extremely difficult to find. However, several publishing houses later reprinted the guide, including excellent efforts by both the South Dakota and Minnesota state historical societies. Various versions can be found today in new and used book stores and online.

Much has changed in the 80 years since Reese's

motley crew assembled the original. For example, the 1938 team found a replica of poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's house in Aberdeen; now there's only a parking lot on the site. They were impressed by two old hackberries at Fourth & Rowley in Mitchell, but the trees are long gone. And a Wells Fargo bank now occupies the corner where an amazing meat market was located on Huron's Dakota Avenue (the Lampe Market raised, butchered and retailed its own beef and pork.)

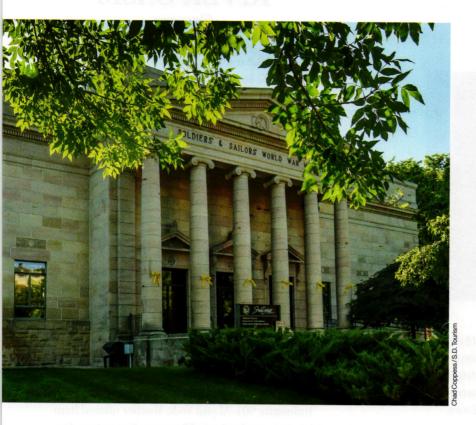
Still, it's intriguing — and somewhat comforting, in today's fast-paced world — to discover how much has stayed the same over the past 80 years.

Here is an abbreviated 1938-2018 travel guide: we've paired italicized excerpts from the original book with our own observations on what you might find at the same spot this summer as you travel South Dakota.

SOUTH DAKOTA

GUIDE

SOUTH DAY



MEMORIAL HALL

Pierre

1938 Memorial Hall, opposite the Statehouse on Capitol Ave., is dedicated to South Dakota soldiers and sailors who lost their lives in the World War and houses the State Historical Society, Department of History and State Museum. The cornerstone was laid in 1930. Constructed of Hot Springs, S.Dak., sandstone, the building is stately and of classic design. Steps of Milbank granite lead to the entrance. In the curve of the retaining wall is a large rock in which is visible the imprint of a human hand, believed to have been chiseled there with a sharp rock by an Indian.

2018 The state's historical society and museum have moved to the Cultural Heritage Center in nearby Hilger's Gulch but Memorial Hall still merits a visit. Today it appropriately houses the S.D. Department of the Military and the S.D. Department of Veterans Affairs.

IN SPITE OF YEARS OF PROGRESS AND DEVELOPMENT, PIERRE REMAINS A FRONTIER TOWN IN MANY RESPECTS. A WALK THROUGH THE BUSINESS DISTRICT, WHERE MODERN BRICK STORES HAVE AS NEIGHBORS SQUATTY FALSE-FRONT FRAME BUILDINGS, EMPHASIZES THE NEW-OLD CONTRAST.

-A South Dakota Guide 1938

CHIC SALE HOUSE

Huron

1938 643 Illinois Ave., S.W., was the boyhood home of "Chic" Sale, as he was known to the theatrical and literary world. He was born in Huron in 1884, the son of Dr. Frank O. and Lillie B. Sale. The publication of "The Specialist" was "Chic" Sale's debut into the literary field and it became the "mirth of the nation," over a million copies being sold.

The Sale home still O stands, just south of the Huron Arena. We also found a copy of The Specialist, an awshucks comedy about a man planning an outhouse. He writes that one technical point to be considered is this: "What is the life, or how long will the average mail order catalogue last, in just the plain, ordinary eight family three-holer? I checked up, and found that by placing the catalogue in there, say in January when you get your new one - you should be in to the harness section by June; but of course, that ain't through apple time, and not countin' on too many city visitors, either."



W.W. HOWES

Huron



1938 The airport was named for W.W. Howes of Huron, assistant Postmaster General, and was built with the aid of the Works Progress Administration. All the buildings are substantially constructed of hand-cut native stone and all have cement floors.

2018 The stone hangar still serves pilots at the airport north of town.

RIVER OASIS

Oacoma

1938 Oacoma was so named because it lies between the Missouri River and bluffs beyond. Manganese was discovered in the hills NE. of town, but the deposits have not been utilized to any extent, though some attempts have been made in this direction. Loss of the county seat to Kennebec, together with the completion of a highway bridge, which diverted much former trade to Chamberlain, caused a rapid decline in population. Today many empty buildings give the impression of a ghost town in the making.

2018 Oacoma avoided a ghost town fate, not because of a boom in the manganese market but thanks to another federal project that was several decades in the future — the Interstate Highway System. Millions of cars pass by every year, and many stop at Al's Oasis, a grocery store that moved in the early 1950s to take advantage of the new Highway 16 (the precursor to Interstate 90). Al and Veda Mueller offered hamburgers, apple pie and 5-cent coffee to travelers, and built a booming business. Today Al's serves 50,000 pieces of pie per year and who knows how many cups of nickel coffee.



CRACELAND CEMETERY

Mitchell

1938 Left of the road is the Israel Greene Monument, a large red stone marker bearing the coat of arms of the Greene family — Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary War fame and Israel Greene who captured John Brown at Harpers' Ferry in 1859 while a lieutenant under Gen. Robert E. Lee. When the Civil War was over, Israel Greene came to Mitchell as a surveyor, living there the rest of his life.

2018 Graceland has grown since 1938, but it's not hard to find the Greene monument. Look for it in Old Part Block II-A.





CORN PALACE

Mitchell

1938 Its exterior and interior are decorated with corn, 2 to 3 thousand bushels being used each year and some 40 tons of other grains in bundle form. Ten shades of corn are used in imparting a lifelike appearance to the scenes. When unprecedented drought ruined crops in most parts of the State in 1936, boughs of evergreen trees from the Black Hills were employed as a substitute ...

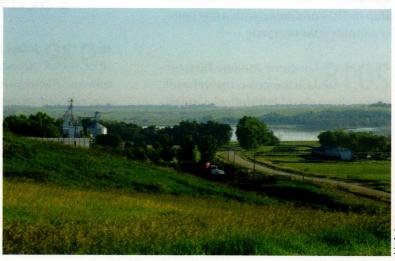
2018 We found corn, flax and other grains on the outdoor panels — no evergreens. Photos of the Corn Palace dating back to 1892 are exhibited on the second floor, but 1936 is missing.

ROCKPORT COLONY

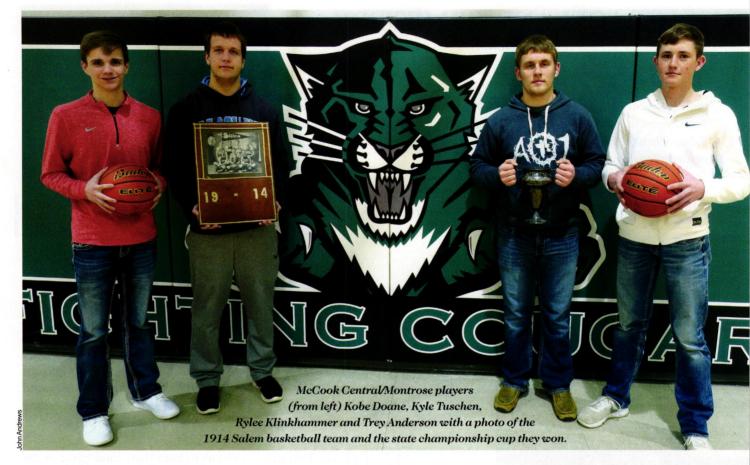
Hanson County

1938 The Rockport Hutterite Colony is the home of a stern religious sect of Swiss-German people who had lived in Russia before settling here. They retain the curious dress, customs and beliefs of their ancestors, living in secluded rural colonies where their industry and thrift enable them to become prosperous farmers.

2018 The Hutterites continue to farm their small piece of the James River Valley south of Alexandria. Rockport is perhaps most noteworthy as the final resting places of Michael and Joseph Hofer, considered martyrs among Hutterites in North America. Their story is oddly absent from the original guide. The Hofers were among four men from Rockport drafted into service during World War I. They refused to fight, adhering to their pacifist beliefs, and were court-martialed. Both died in prison. Hutterites from across the U.S. and Canada travel to Rockport and pay respects. Visitors will also find unique outcroppings of quartzite along the banks of the James River as well as the remains of Fort James — one of the only stone cavalry forts in the West — occupied from 1865 to 1866.



in Andrews



THE SHEEP SHED

Salem

1938 The town has a large, well-equipped school, with the classrooms, as someone once remarked, "built around the gymnasium." Playing for many years in a frame building which competitors dubbed a "sheep shed," Salem won the State basketball championship in 1914 and came within one point of winning it the next year.

2018 Longtime Athletic Director Jack Rasmussen never heard of the "sheep shed," but McCook Central is going strong, thanks to a new \$7.1 million school. It replaced a 1924 building. Teachers were still arranging things when we visited. In a new trophy case is a team photo of the 1914 basketball team and the cup they received for winning the state tournament—thanks, no doubt, to homecourt advantage at the sheep shed.

UNLIKE THE MYTHICALTOWN WHICH IS THE SETTING FOR THE WELL-KNOWN UNCLE JOSH WEATHERSBY'S STORIES, PUMPKIN CENTER, POPULATION 4, ACTUALLY EXISTS ATTHE INTERSECTION OF US HIGHWAY 16 AND SD HIGHWAY 19.

- A South Dakota Guide 1938

TSCHETTERS & HOFERS

Freeman

1938 It has been said that around Freeman and Bridgewater the "woods are full of Tschetters and Hofers, with several Glanzers and Kleinsassers among them." More than 40 families of Tschetters are recorded, so many in fact, that they are distinguished from each other by numbers.

2018 Names have changed slightly, but Freeman retains a rich German-Russian heritage. A local directory contains only seven listings for Tschetters in Freeman, along with six Kleinsassers and just four Glanzers. The strongest holdovers from 1938 are the Hofers (34 listings), including Marnette Hofer, director of the Heritage Hall Museum on the Freeman Academy campus. Today's most common name? Graber (37).

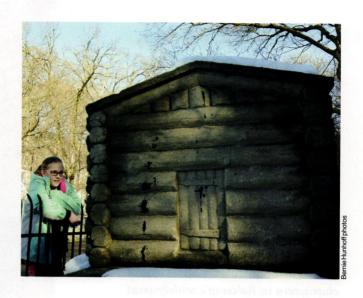


INSANE HOSPITAL

Yankton

1938 Right from the center of Yankton on a graveled road to the State Insane Hospital, 1 m. Until 1878 the insane persons of South Dakota were cared for, by special arrangements, in Nebraska and Minnesota institutions. When Gov. William A. Howard found the institutions in those other states overcrowded, and insane persons numerous within the State, he used his own funds to secure land and provide shelter at Yankton.

2018 A modern mental health facility, the Mickelson Center for Neurosciences, was built at the same site in the 1980s but many historical buildings remain — including the grand Mead Building which will open this year as South Dakota's newest museum and cultural center.



FIRST SCHOOL

Vermillion

1938 Audubon Park, S. Dakota St., borders the Ravine Road from a bluff to the flat and is heavily wooded with natural timber. A monument to the first permanent schoolhouse, together with a miniature reproduction of the building, stands at the foot of the hill...

2018 Sure enough, the school monument, erected in 1909, remains. An inscription notes that the territory's first schoolhouse was built there in 1864. Audubon Park, so named because the famous naturalist John James Audubon visited there while studying birds in 1843, is well kept and especially popular with birders.

14-MILE HOUSE

Jefferson

1938 The town was first started at the 14-mile house, which was a stopping place for settlers as they pushed farther into Dakota Territory. An old post office building of early days is now used as a residence at the former townsite.

2018 The 14-Mile House still stands as a private residence. Watch for the historic marker in the ditch along Highway 1-B, about 2 miles northwest of Jefferson.



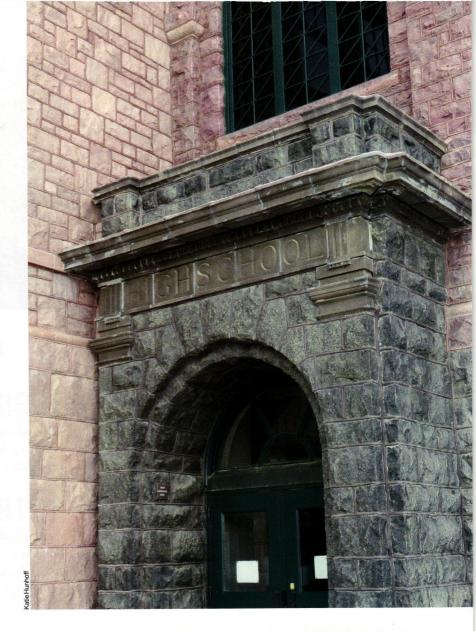
O.E. RØLVAAG, ANYONE?

Canton

Canton owes its name to the belief by early settlers that it is situated diametrically opposite Canton, China. Founded in 1860, the town has become the center of an extensive Scandinavian community. It was in this section that the settings of two books, O.E. Rølvaag's Giants in the Earth and Phil LeMar Anderson's Courthouse Square were laid. Central characters in Rølvaag's widely-read saga of pioneer life are six brothers, named Berdahl, whose combined ages total 488 years. The oldest is 88 and the youngest 68 years old. Rølvaag, who is a son-in-law of the eldest brother, vividly describes many of their adventures.

Only after arriving in the town does the stranger discover that the tall, odd-looking cylindrical object, jutting above all other structures near it, is the city water tower, practical but unattractive.

Canton's ugly water tower is gone. Unfortunately, so are most traces of writer Rølvaag and the Berdahls. Rølvaag worked on farms near Elk Point in the 1890s before attending Augustana Academy in Canton. In 1908 he married Jennie Marie Berdahl, daughter of one of the six brothers. We stopped at a museum, located in a restored railway depot, and found no photos or record of the Berdahls or Rølvaag. No Berdahls are listed in the local phone book. At the museum, we found two local history books but no reference in either to Berdahls or Rølvaag. The library collection does have Rølvaag's books. A helpful librarian jotted down the name and phone of a possible Berdahl descendent but we couldn't reach her. The Berdahl/Rølvaag house, where Rølvaag wrote Giants in the Earth, now stands on the Augustana University campus in Sioux Falls.



WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL

Sioux Falls

1938 Between Main and Dakota Aves., and 11th and 12 Sts., known as the "million dollar high school," was constructed of native pink quartzite stone, with the north wing trim and column portico of a black quartzite so rare that it has been occasionally dismantled and exhibited at expositions. The gymnasium has a seating capacity of 6,000 persons.

2018 Twenty years ago, the old Washington High School was converted to a cultural center, featuring an art gallery, beautiful concert halls, a science center and 60-foot theater. The colossal building was built in stages, beginning in 1906 when the black stone, then believed to be quartzite, was mined from Lien Park on the northeast side of Sioux Falls. Actually, the black stone — which remains in excellent condition — is Corson diabase, a billion-year-old molten rock that flowed into fractures of the rose quartzite that is still Sioux Falls' signature building material. The black stone was originally used as a memorial to Jonas Lien, the first Sioux Falls resident to die in a foreign war. Lien was killed in the Spanish-American War of 1898.

CALVARY CATHEDRAL

Sioux Falls

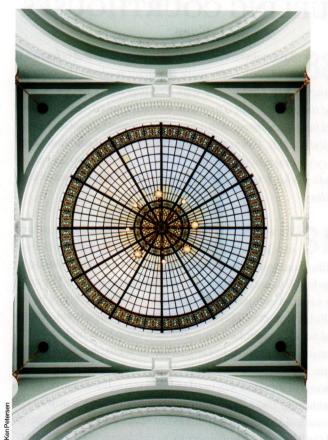
1938 (Episcopal), cor. Main Ave. and 13th St., was completed in 1889 as a memorial to Charlotte Augusta Astor whose husband, John Jacob Astor, donated funds for its construction. This handsome building of native stone, French Gothic in design, stands in contrast to the first church in Minnehaha County, the Calvary Episcopal Church erected in 1872 at the northwest corner of Main Ave. and 9th St. and since then dismantled.

A cross made of jasper similar to that used in Conrad's Glorious Choir in Canterbury Cathedral, England, was placed upon the altar of Calvary Cathedral by Bishop William Hare, known throughout the State as the "Apostle to the Sioux" and the founder of the Episcopal Church in South Dakota.

Another cross, imbedded in the floor a few feet in front of the altar, is formed of about 15 small stones taken from the foundation of St. Augustine Abbey, the oldest church in Britain. Every king, queen, and Archbishop of En-

gland from the time of William the Conqueror to George VI, has stepped on or over the stones from which the fragments forming the small cross were taken.

The 1938 editors made a few errors. The 1889 church is actually Richardsonian Romanesque in style. Bishop Hare did not found the Episcopal Church of South Dakota; he came as a missionary in 1873. The cathedral is on Main Avenue between 13th and 14th Streets. And the altar stones are not similar to the ones from Conrad's Glorious Choir — they are flagstones from the same floor. Furthermore, the monarchy's coronations and burials at St. Augustine ended with the arrival of William the Conqueror and his founding of Canterbury Cathedral in the 11th century. But the '38 guidebook properly pointed travelers to one of the West's most interesting and historical sites, and that very same church remains a place of worship today. The crosses of stone remain in their original locations, according to the Very Rev. Ward Simpson, dean of the church.



MASONIC LIBRARY

Sioux Falls

1938 415 S. Main Ave., was begun in 1924 by George Pettigrew, grand secretary of the State Masonic organization. The library lists between 25,000 and 30,000 volumes including a chronological record of the proceedings of the Masonic Lodges in all the States of the Union. At the west end is a small museum, one large show case being filled with trophies from various masonic group meetings. One feature is a stained glass window, which was in the stair room at the Columbia Exposition in Chicago. A reproduction of King Solomon's temple, delicately carved, with decorative beads worked out in Mosaic pattern is also in the library museum.

The books, artifacts and stained glass window were removed when the Masons sold the building to Architecture Incorporated in the 1990s and renovations began. "The dome had accumulated coal dust from the boiler such that it looked more like frosted glass than stained glass," says Dick Dempster of Architeture Incorporated. "We had no idea how beautiful the stained glass was until it was re-installed." Visitors are always welcome to view the dome and other unique features.

THE COUGHLIN CAMPANILE

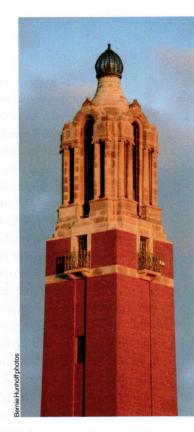
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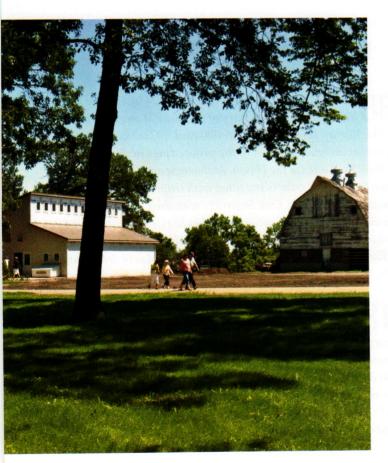
1938 The Coughlin Campanile and dwarfing all other buildings in the city, was given to the college by Charles L. Coughlin, an electrical engineering graduate, on the occasion of the 20th anniversary of his graduation. He was a South Dakota farm boy from Carthage, and is now a prominent Milwaukee manufacturer.

The total cost of the tower was approximately \$75,000. It is built of white Indiana limestone, red brick and concrete, to harmonize with the beautiful Lincoln Memorial Library. There are 180 steps leading to the balcony, the highest point that can be reached by visitors. The balcony floor is 112 feet above the ground.

A glass-covered hatchway in the ceiling of the balcony room permits a view of six of the eighteen tubular chimes, and also of Old Faithful, a bell cast for State College in 1885, and one of the 8,000,000 candlepower beacon lights. There are 18 tubular bells in the belfry, which are struck with electrically operated hammers fitted with rawhide tips to give a mellow tone.

2018 The Campanile remains in tip-top shape and climbers are still welcome. While the door is locked, you can borrow a key from the alumni office across the street or University Police, one block north. Interestingly, the Campanile is the only point of interest noted in the guidebook for Brookings. Today, you'll also want to visit McCrory Gardens, the South Dakota Art Museum, the State Agricultural Heritage Museum and the city's bustling downtown, where you'll find Nick's Hamburgers, a quaint little eatery that was already frying burgers as the Campanile's 320,000 bricks were being laid in 1929.





DEUELING COURTHOUSES

Gary

1938 Gary, where the State School for the Blind is located, and Clear Lake were the principals in the contest [for County Seat]. Clear Lake was situated in the approximate center of the county; but Gary was the older town, and in addition, had been presented with a new courthouse by the Chicago & North Western R.R. When the battle ended, Clear Lake had won, and Gary's new courthouse slowly began to fall into a state of desuetude. Today it is used as a chicken house at the State School for the Blind.

2018 We were intrigued by the idea of a courthouse turned chicken coop, so we pulled into the former School for the Blind campus. The school was housed in several beautiful buildings for 60 years, and in 1961 it moved to Aberdeen. The campus was vacated completely in the 1980s. Today it's home to the Buffalo Ridge Resort and Business Center, featuring a hotel, restaurant and bar. We searched for a chicken coop that had a stately, courthouse look but we didn't have luck. So we explored and asked questions. We learned that the chicken coop/courthouse was torn down. Some of its wood was used to build the school's barn, which is still standing. The school administration building is now in the courthouse's old location. It holds event space and the Rock Room Bar and Grill, featuring Buffalo Ridge's craft brew, "Talking Water."

OLD STATE CAPITOL

Watertown

1938 The Old State Capitol, Kampeska Road and Lakeshore Drive, was never used as a government building and now it houses a nightclub. In 1889, when South Dakota was admitted to the Union, Watertown business men built the Capitol as an inducement to locate the seat of government there. The optimistic men raised \$60,000 for the building and campaign expenses, and then, to their discomfiture, Pierre was selected.

2018 Watertown campaigned to be the state capital but we found no historical record of a capitol building, and local historians are skeptical. Christy Lickei, director of the Codington County Heritage Museum, combed her records. "We think that the only building [of that era] that would have been a nightclub on the shore of Lake Kampeska would have been the Flamingo," she says. "It was built after 1900 as an officer's club building at the State National Guard encampment." Lickei suggests that someone in Watertown made up the story to entertain the visiting writer in 1938. However, the 5,000-acre Lake Kampeska remains a recreational paradise for boaters, swimmers and anglers.

WYLIE PARK

Aberdeen

1938 Wylie Park has an artificial lake and bathing beach. The lake is called Minne-eho or Water Behold. The park consists of 25 acres, part of which is a zoo with buffalo, deer, elk, bears, coyotes, foxes, monkeys, eagles, pheasants and waterfowl.

2018 Deer, buffalo and other hoofed wildlife can still be seen at Wylie, but the park is now best known as home to Storybook Land, a fanciful world of lifesize fairytale creatures. Most popular are the Wizard of Oz characters because Frank Baum, who created the Yellow Brick Road story, lived in Aberdeen and patterned them after local people.







MAIN STREET

Aberdeen

1938 The site of the drug store in Main Traveled Roads by Hamlin Garland is at the corner of Main St. and First Ave. S.E., across from the Alonzo Ward Hotel. In this frame building the drug store clerk who "chased a crony with a squirt pump" worked for John Firey, Aberdeen pioneer.

2018 The building across from the Ward Hotel is now attorney Jodi Brown's law office. The Ward, a landmark in Aberdeen's downtown since it was built in 1928, is still abuzz with activity from shops, restaurants and a lounge. Garland, a popular novelist, homesteaded in Brown County along with his parents in the 1880s. A section of Brown County Highway 11 was dubbed Hamlin Garland Highway in 1936 and it's still so-marked today.

FATHER
ROBERT
HAIRE
MONUMENT

Aberdeen

1938 The Father Robert Haire Monument on the campus [of Northern State] was erected in honor of the pioneer priest of South Dakota. Father Haire came to Dakota Territory in 1880 and built a sod church by his own efforts near Columbia. He was active in the move to place the initiative and referendum law on the statute books of the State.

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2018 The priest's monument

still stands in the original college green. His bearded likeness seems somber — perhaps because lawmakers this year made a number of efforts to make initiatives and referendums more difficult to enact.



HIGHWAY ARCH

Ipswich

1938 The promotion of the Yellowstone Trail (US 12) from "Plymouth Rock to Puget Sound" was begun at Ipswich by Joseph W. Parmley. A World War Memorial Arch spans the highway, bearing the name of the Yellowstone Trail and its founder.

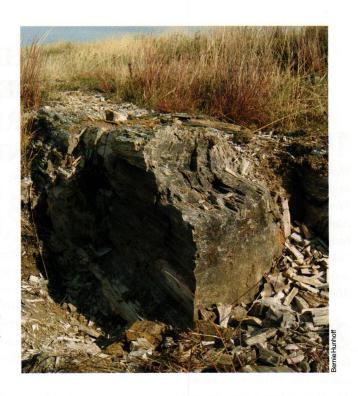
2018 State officials demanded that the arch be removed when Highway 12 was expanded in 1973, but they also found monies to move the stone memorial to a nearby park where it stands today.

PETRIFIED TREE

Near Bison

1938 This town is the seat of Perkins County. [Outside] town is a sign, "Petrified Tree." Left here 3 m. to a Petrified Tree, claimed to be the largest in the world. Competent observers have declared that there is no record of a larger mass of petrified wood all in one place. The tree, buried in a hill, was discovered only recently. Seventy-five feet of it have been uncovered and there is still more in the hill. At the base the diameter is 2 ft. Scientists say that this gigantic tree is a member of the Sequoia family.

2018 We found the tree, lying just as the 1938 writer described. Unfortunately, it is in a remote pasture known as the Haas Hills, far from any public road, so readers will not likely be able to get there. But you'll see plenty of petrified wood in Perkins County. Lemmon's Petrified Park is the best stop.



BIG HATS AND OTHER COWBOY ACCOUTREMENTS ARE NOT UNCOMMON IN BUFFALO, BUT ANYONE APPEARING IN FULL COWBOY REGALIA, AS SEEN IN THE MOVIES, WOULD EITHER BE LAUGHED OUT OF TOWN OR PLACED UNDER OBSERVATION.

- A South Dakota Guide 1938



Tony Chytka

JUMP-OFF Harding County

1938 The Jump-Off is really a fault in earth's surface extending N. and S. for many miles, the country is much like the Badlands on a smaller scale. ... It was in the heart of the Jump-Off that Tipperary, South Dakota's most famous bucking horse, lived his entire life on the ranch of his owner, Charlie Wilson. He retired an undefeated champion and lived to be more than 20 years old. In spite of good care, he was caught in a severe winter storm and his remains were not found for many weeks.

2018 Tipperary is still legendary in Harding County, so much so that artist Tony Chytka sculpted a life-size tribute to the bucking brone in 2009. It stands in Centennial Park in Buffalo.





FISH HATCHERY

Spearfish

1938 Just S. of the city park is the U.S. Fish Hatchery established in 1899 for the purpose of hatching fish with which to stock the streams and lakes of the Black Hills region. This hatchery conducts extensive feeding experiments ... during the present year the station has received 10,000 lbs. of ground seal meat from Alaska.

2018 Trout still swim in pools at the hatchery, but today they are on exhibit. The hatchery closed in the 1980s but it remains open (free admission) as a site that preserves the heritage of the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service in the Black Hills. It is a delightful stop for children and conservationists.

DAYS OF '76

Deadwood

1938 Every year the "Days of '76" celebration draws aside the curtain of the years that would dim the memory of hard-bitten men drawn by the lure of gold from the far corners of the world to the wilderness that was Deadwood ... the festivities invoke the ghosts of those whose glasses clinked in the old Green Front Saloon to the strain of a prospector's fiddle.

2018 Fifty years after the 1938 guidebook was published, South Dakota voters approved gaming in the old mining town, and now it is an entertainment mecca in the mountains. Citizens still celebrate their rollicking history with the "Days of '76" celebration, set for July 24-28 this summer.

HALLEY PARK

Rapid City

1938 Halley Park (West Blvd. at Main & St. Joe Sts.) consists of a triangle of about three acres. American elm trees surround the entire park, with spruce forming the background of a rose arbor. A central lily pond is surrounded by the perennial garden with its 25 different types of long-lived plants. At the extreme west end is the oldest cabin built in Rapid City, a squat, cozy-looking structure, built in 1877 near its present site.

2018 The little park has survived downtown Rapid City's considerable progress. Roses still bloom there in summer. The elms and lily pond are gone. The log cabin, just 15-by-15, was moved to the grounds of the nearby Journey Museum six years ago. Known as the Pap Madison Cabin, it is now considered the oldest structure in the city.





Paleontology student Julie Driebergen shows the fish imprint to a young museum visitor.

SCHOOL OF MINES MUSEUM

Rapid City

1938 Several years ago some workmen while blasting rocks in a quarry near Rapid City uncovered in a line of cleavage in the rock the perfect imprint of a fish 10 inches long and this is on display in the museum.

2018 The Museum of Geology's collection of paleontology and mineralogy is bigger than ever, but sure enough—near the visitors' log by the front door—we found the imprint of the fish from the Cenozoic Era, dwarfed by fossilized dinosaurs, marine reptiles and mammals found since 1938 in western South Dakota.



DINOSAUR PARK

Rapid City

1938 Dinosaur Park has five life-sized prehistoric reptiles modeled in cement on the hillside. At the right are the lumbering Triceratops and Tyrannosaurus Rex waging combat. The Brontosaurus, center, was the largest of pre-historic reptiles, and this reproduction is larger than any previous. However, there is no exaggeration since it is reproduced exactly to the measurements of fossils in the American Museum of Natural History. The amphibian lived in the water, weighed about 15 tons, had a 2-ounce brain and a smooth skin.

Every Rapid City toddler knows that creatures still lord over the town's skyline in Dinosaur Park. They were constructed in 1936 by the same WPA project that funded the guidebook. The concrete beasts were gray until the 1950s, when they were painted green. Two creatures have been added since the original five were designed. Though the T-Rex has lost some teeth and claws, all seven are in good shape and beloved by the children of South Dakota.

WINDING THROUGH
THE MIDDLE OF TOWN
IS THE TORTUOUS
CHANNEL OF RAPID
CREEK, AND DURING
THE SUMMER BAREFOOT
BOYS AND HIP-BOOTED
MEN LINE ITS BANKS
JUST OFF MAIN STREET.

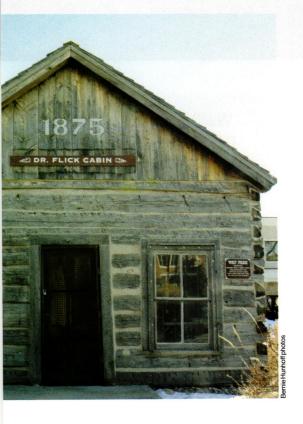
-A South Dakota Guide 1938

DR. FLICK'S CABIN

Custer

1938 The Log Cabin Museum, on Main St., opposite the courthouse, is the oldest standing building in the Black Hills. It was built by General Crook's soldiers under Captain Pallock of the Fifth Cavalry in 1875.

2018 The cabin and the courthouse (now a museum) are still on Main Street. However, the 1938 writers neglected to mention Dr. Flick, who built the cabin and then left the Black Hills on orders of the federal government. The good doctor returned to find his cabin occupied by the famous cavalry scout Jack Crawford. A legal battle ensued. Flick won. Today his name is posted on the front door.





Sandstone turrets on the Old Lutheran Hospital, built in 1917 as a cancer center.

SANDSTONE CASTLES

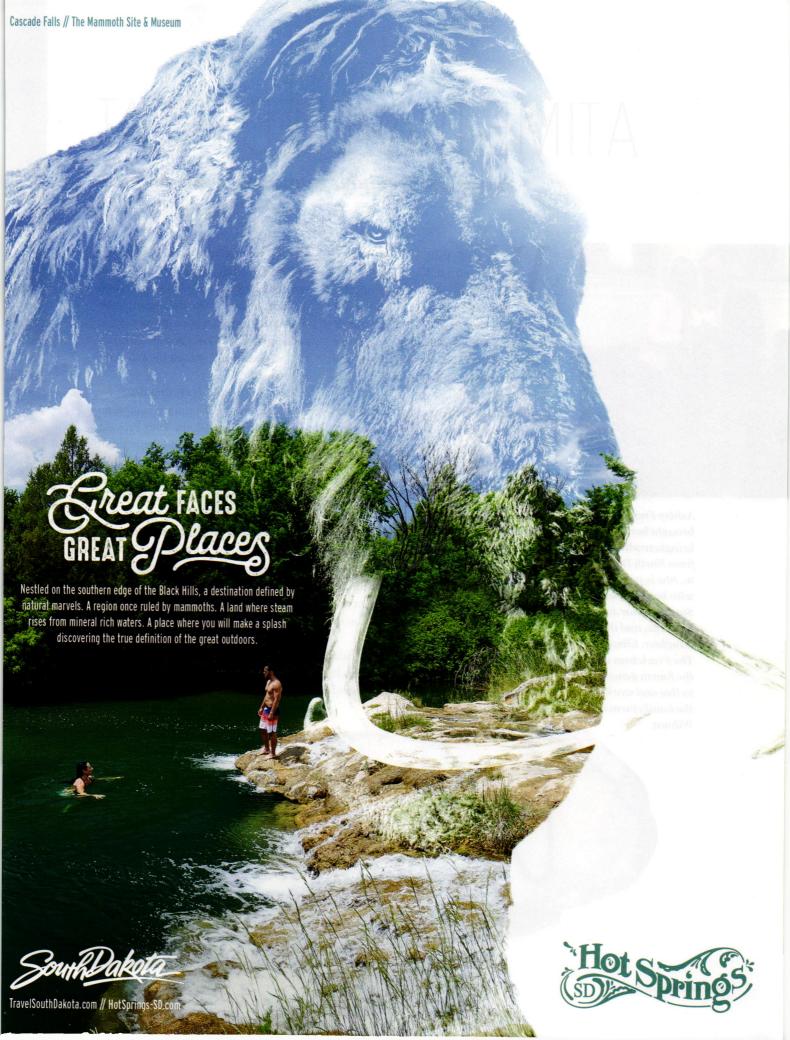
Hot Springs

1938 Quarrying of stone is one of the town's major industries. Begun before the year 1900, 5 miles SE of town, the quarry has been operated for many years for the purpose of obtaining pink sandstone, which is used in local and state-wide construction work.

2018 Twenty-seven quarries mined the sandstone in Fall River County. All are now closed, but buildings constructed of the stone — relatively new when the 1938 guidebook was published — are now historic treasures. The National Trust for Historic Preservation has named Hot Springs one of America's Distinctive Destinations.

MOUNT RUSHMORE IS SAID TO BETHE LARGEST SCULPTURE UNDERTAKEN SINCE THE TIME OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS; THE GIGANTIC FACES ARE CARVED TO THE PROPORTION OF MEN 465 FEETTALL.

- A South Dakota Guide 1938



ATIME-TRAVELED TREAT

Kringle's circuitous route to the Frerichs farm

BY KATIE HUNHOFF



Ashley Frerichs brought her family's kringle tradition from North Dakota. She is pictured with her husband, State Senator Jason Frerichs, and their daughter, Elisabeth. The Frerichses are the fourth generation to live and work on the family farm near Wilmot.

HEN ASHLEY Vangsness, of Kindred, North Dakota, fell in love with Jason Frerichs, she knew he wasn't going to leave his South Dakota farm. So after they married she packed up her clothes and keepsakes and moved to South Dakota. She also brought her mom's Swedish kringle recipe.

Kringle, it seems, has a tradition of traveling from place to place. In fact, the Scandinavian treat might be one of the best traveled delicacies in the world. Although often considered to be a Danish creation that spread throughout Scandinavia, kringle's origins can be traced back to a baker's mistake in Paris 375 years ago.

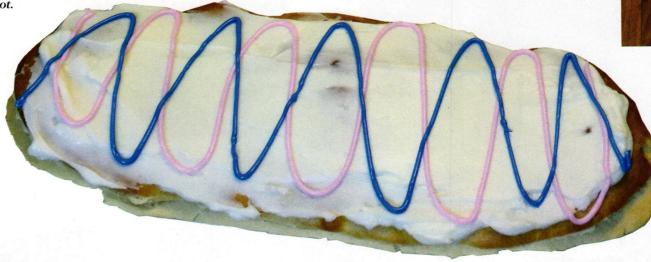
A French baking apprentice named Claudius Gelee forgot to add butter to his bread dough. He decided to layer the butter into the dough later, and the result was a light and flaky pastry.

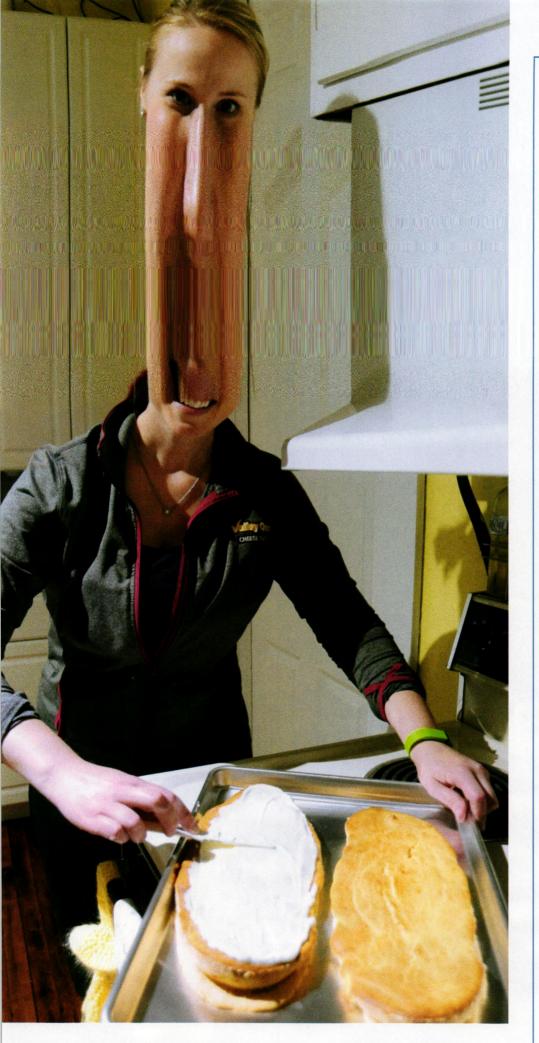
In 1622, Gelee opened his own cafe to serve his newfound pastry, which the French began calling "a thousand leaves." He next introduced the dough in Florence, Italy, where the technique was copied by Italian bakers, who called it "folded pastry." The Italians took the recipe to Austria, where it was again a success. Austrian bakers called the pastry "wienerbrød," which means Viennese bread.

The recipe kept traveling. In 1850, a baker's strike in Denmark caused an influx of Austrian bakers. They brought wienerbrød, which spread throughout Scandinavia, including Sweden.

Kringle is an Old Norse word meaning circle. Depending on local traditions, it is shaped into a pretzel, oval or circle. And can be either sweet or salty. The base is a variation of wienerbrød; sometimes several variations have been passed down in the same family.

Frerichs learned how to make her family's kringle, a sweet recipe with almond filling and frosting, from her mother in North Dakota. "I started quite young, helping add the ingredients and slowly progressed to making it on my own. Most often, we made it





for Christmas or special occasions throughout the year," she says.

Last year, Frerichs made the treat as a fun way to announce her pregnancy to co-workers at Valley Queen Cheese in Milbank, decorating the plate with pink and blue almond frosting (since they didn't know the baby's sex). Since then, Ashley and Jason have welcomed a baby girl, Elizabeth. Ashley already

plans on teaching her the family's kringle tradition.

"Baking foods related to our heritage is important because it is tied to who you are as a person," she says. "For me, Swedish kringle represents special memories, including baking with my mom and sister, along with enjoying a delicious treat. It is a way to bring home a little closer."

SWEDISH

Ingredients

CRUST:

1 cup flour ½ cup butter, softened 1 tablespoon water

TOPPING:

1 cup water
½ cup butter
1 cup (rounded) flour
3 eggs
1/2 teaspoon almond flavoring

FROSTING:

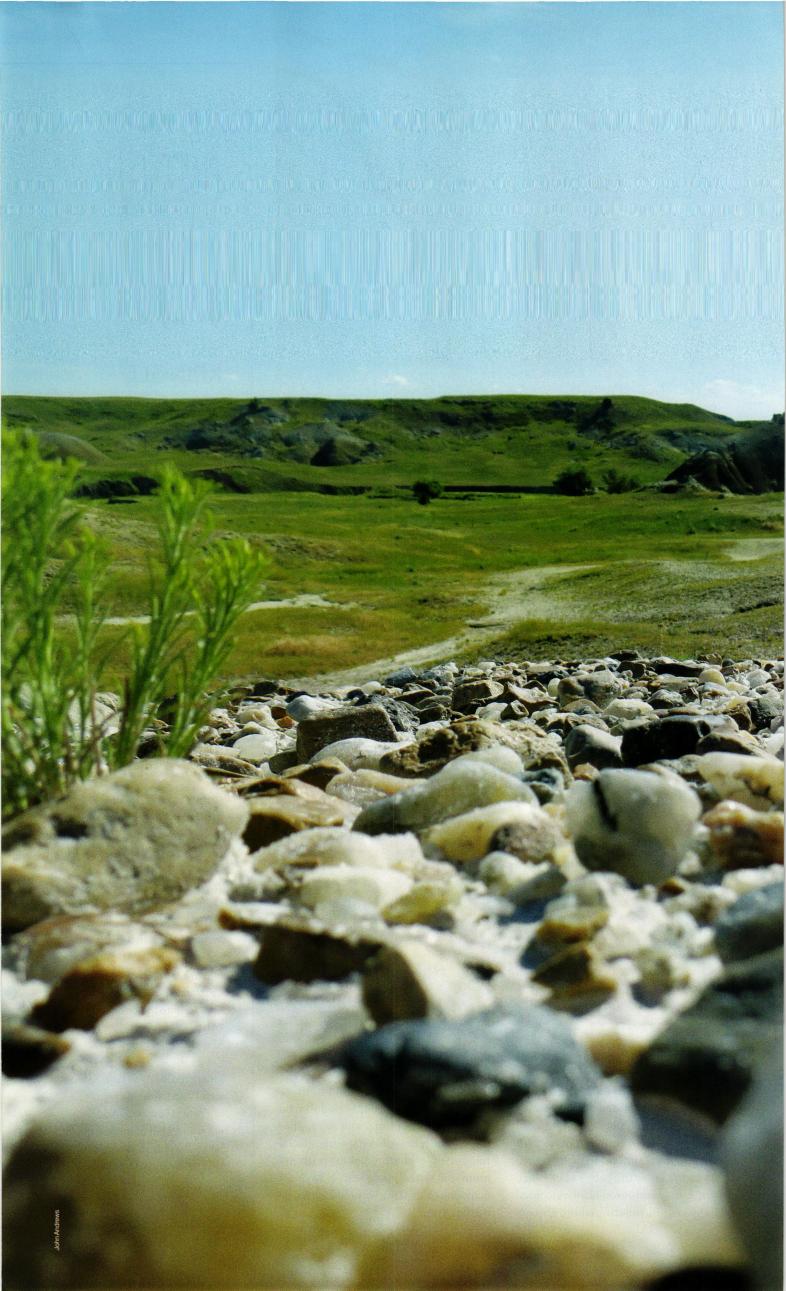
1 cup powdered sugar ½ cup butter, melted ½ teaspoon almond flavoring cream as needed

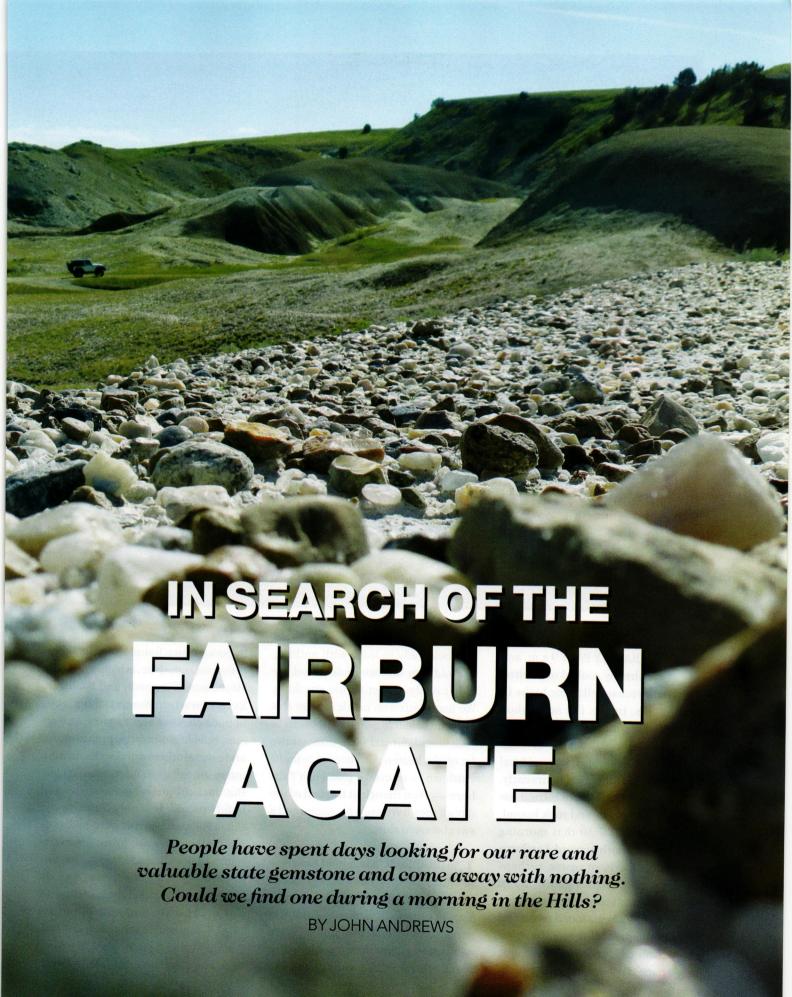
Directions

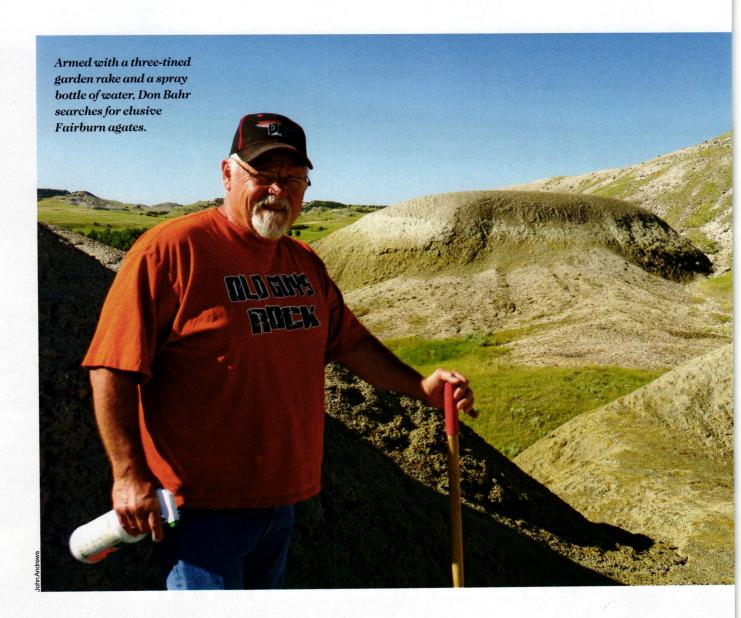
Crust: Combine all ingredients with pastry blender. Pat two long strips, 3 inches wide, on a cookie sheet.

Topping: Heat together water and butter. When butter is melted, add flour all at once; immediately remove from heat. Stir until smooth. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in flavoring. Spread onto the unbaked crusts. Bake 45 minutes to 1 hour at 350 degrees.

Frosting: Combine powdered sugar and batter. Blend in almond flavoring. Add enough cream to make a good spreading consistency. Frost kringle while slightly warm.







T WAS BARELY PAST 9 a.m. and sweat already soaked our shirts. The forecast called for highs in the 90s, but as the sun baked the hardened gumbo and reflected off rocks strewn throughout the Kern agate beds east of Fairburn we could feel the midday heat about six hours early.

We had met Don Bahr, a retired law enforcement officer and rock hound, in Rapid City at 7:30 that morning and headed south toward Fairburn in search of Fairburn agates, perhaps the most sought after gemstone in South Dakota. "I can't guarantee anything," Bahr had cautioned us several times in the preceding months as we planned our trip, knowing that people have spent days scraping and turn-

ing rocks only to leave with nothing. We told him that we understood; we didn't really expect to find anything. We just wanted an inside look at this rare and valuable gem that beckons to rock hounds far and wide, who venture far off the beaten path hoping to find a Fairburn — or even a piece of a Fairburn — even though at the end of the day all they have are a backache and a sweat-soaked shirt.

PAIRBURN AGATES hold a curious power over collectors who scour the Black Hills and Badlands for them. Various types of agates — colorful gemstones formed millions of years ago inside sedimentary rock — are found all around the world. The Lake

Superior Agate, found along the shores of its namesake lake, is highly prized in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. Even in western South Dakota, rock hounds discover water agates, lace agates, bubble gum agates, prairie agates and several other varieties that feature interesting shapes and patterns inside. But the Fairburn remains elusive and highly prized. It is only found in the Black Hills and surrounding badlands and grasslands of southwest South Dakota and northwest Nebraska. Its outer shell - often a chocolate or sandy brown coating called the matrix — is not necessarily impressive, but its bright, concentric inner rings of red, orange, yellow, pink, blue, green or even black and incredibly tight band-



ing can be mesmerizing. They are unlike any other gem on earth; collectors pay hundreds of dollars (and some-

times more than \$1,000) for particu-

larly good specimens.

Roger Clark was already a rock hound, but on a trip to the Badlands in the early 1970s he bought a book called *Midwest Gem Trails* by June Culp Zeitner, one of South Dakota's pre-eminent amateur geologists and rock hounds. That's how Clark, a lawyer practicing in Appleton, Wisconsin, discovered Fairburn agates. He knew immediately that he had to find one.

"It was kind of like a small, obsessive compulsive disorder," he says with a chuckle. "And the longer it went on, the more the obsession grew." Three to five times a year, Clark made time for hunting trips to South Dakota. "I was so obsessed that I would leave work on Wednesday afternoon and drive to Sioux Falls. I'd get up in the morning and I could be out in the Badlands that afternoon. I could hunt for two days, and then I'd drive 14 hours back and go to work on Monday. It's ridiculous to talk about it now, but you just get obsessed with these things."

He searched for two years and never found a Fairburn. Then he met Art and Ann Bruce, veteran rock hunters from Hot Springs who were nearly 80 but still quite active. The Bruces agreed to take Clark and his wife, Mary Jane, to the agate beds and teach them. One day, on a trip to the Nebraska grasslands just south of Ardmore, Clark found his first Fairburn. "It was just happenstance," he says. "I just happened to turn over the right rock."

Today, Clark has around 1,000 Fairburn agates in his collection, and he's bought and sold many more. But his first agate remains on a shelf in his home office. "It's red, and then clear, and then pink. Those are the predominant colors. It's not a spectacular agate, but it's just one of those moments that you remember."

NoT MUCH was known about Fairburn agates when Clark started hunting them. In fact, it wasn't until the 1930s and 1940s that interest in Fairburn agates began to sweep across the rock collecting community. "The longer I went on, the more I realized that I had to figure out where these things came from," he says. "They don't just appear in the Badlands. It didn't make sense to me that nobody had followed that geologic course to find out where they originated."

June Culp Zeitner was among the first to write extensively about Fairburns. Zeitner was born in Michigan in 1916, but her family eventually settled in Aberdeen. She graduated from Northern State University and









took a job teaching in Mission, on the Rosebud Reservation. That's where she met Albert Zeitner, whose family ran a hardware store and oversaw a small museum and rock shop. The two became acquainted, and for their first date Zeitner drove them to a remote location in the Badlands. He stopped the car, got out and disappeared over a hill. Soon she heard him shouting, "Fairburn! Fairburn!" She thought some sort of accident had befallen him and he was being burned, but her beau had actually found an agate. The experience not only created a memorable first date, but it launched June on a completely new trajectory and introduced her to a hobby that occupied much of her life.

The Zeitners traveled throughout North America from the 1950s through the 1980s, exploring mines and learning about the rocks and minerals they found. June wrote several books, more than 1,000 magazine articles and served as an assistant editor of Lapidary Journal, a periodical devoted to mineralogy. Perhaps her most important book, the one Clark bought on his trip to the Badlands, was Midwest Gem Trails, a field guide for rock and fossil hunters originally published in 1964.

Zeitner also created the State Stone

Program, which allows each state to select an official state gem, fossil, mineral or rock. The South Dakota legislature officially designated the Fairburn agate as its state gemstone in 1966. When Zeitner died in Rapid City in 2009 at the age of 93, she was known far and wide as the First Lady of Gems.

During the decades Zeitner was writing about Fairburn agates, several theories explained their origin. Some people thought they had formed through ancient volcanic activity in the Badlands. Others proposed they had been eroded and somehow swept east when the Rocky Mountains formed.

A wrinkle in those ideas came when agates that looked almost exactly like Fairburns were discovered in Teepee Canyon, about 14 miles west of Custer and nearly 60 miles from the agate beds east of Fairburn. They appeared to be emerging from a layer of limestone, and they had the same bright patterns and banding as the Badlands agates. Zeitner suggested that maybe they were related, and even that Fairburn agates could have originated in the Black Hills. But other longtime collectors, including the Bruces of Hot Springs, refused to acknowledge any possible connection between Teepee Canyon agates and Fairburn agates.

Clark immersed himself in this

world of conflicting theories. He studied Zeitner and the writings of other scholars and rock hounds and compared them with his own experience in the field. By 1998, he'd accumulated enough knowledge to present his own Fairburn agate origin story in a book called South Dakota's Fairburn Agate, which includes diagrams and beautiful agate photography by his wife, Mary Jane. It is still available in certain museums and rock shops in the Hills.

His idea coincides with those of several other Black Hills geologists, and has come to be widely accepted. Fairburn agates were created between 250 million and 300 million years ago within the Minnelusa Formation, a layer of limestone that ranges from 75 to 1,300 feet thick and encircles the Black Hills. During the Black Hills uplift, between 35 million and 70 million years ago, around 400 square miles of the Minnelusa Formation was eroded -along with the agates it contained and swept east into the Badlands. The agates were buried and are now slowly being revealed.

Some agate hunters still drew a firm line between Teepee Canyon agates and Fairburn agates, so Clark's book was skeptically received. But in August of 2000 the Jasper Fire burned more than 85,000 acres of the Black



A fragment of Fairburn agate lies among white quarts and other stones strewn about the hills. The bright banding of the Fairburn sets it apart.

Hills, including Teepee Canyon. "That location had been hunted for years, but when that fire burned, it burned off 8 or 10 miles of forest north of that Teepee Canyon area," Clark says. "It was a very hot fire and it burned right down to the dirt. Afterwards, you'd see agates everywhere peeking out at you. That's when we were really able to nail down the origin as the Minnelusa Formation."

Exactly how Fairburn agates form remains somewhat mysterious. During the age in which they were created, far western South Dakota lay at the bottom of a vast ocean. Some geologists say that water rich in silica slowly trickled through passageways in the rock, and over time silica accumulated inside tiny pockets, creating an agate. Other compounds in the water, such as iron oxide (red) and manganese oxide (black), created the various colors.

Based on research conducted since the first printing of his book, Clark now believes that agates formed through a replacement process. Those pockets were originally filled with calcite, which dissolved when silica





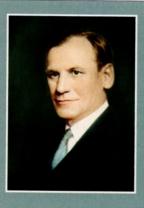
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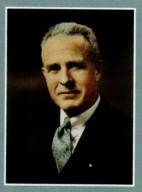
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came into contact with it. And there is still debate over what causes the tight banding. "There are things that we still don't understand," Clark says. "It's still a mysterious process. I'm 77 now, and I don't think I'll know in my lifetime, but that's OK."

"T'S LIKE WALKING on the moon out here," Bahr said as his gray 4x4 Jeep slowly navigated the heavily rutted path leading to the Kern agate beds.

The beds lie about 14 miles east of Fairburn, a tiny town of fewer than 100 people in Custer County that was settled in 1879. Its name — "Fair," for pleasant and "burn," the Scottish term for a stream or brook — is a nod to the winding French Creek, which flows just south of town.

We followed French Creek Road, a well maintained gravel route that passes several large ranches. As we turned north just beyond an old 4-H campground, the terrain grew rough. Bahr's Jeep shook and rattled as we crossed the bone-dry bed of French Creek ("You do see a muffler lying on the ground out here once in a while," he joked) and began the slight ascent into a landscape that did indeed look

otherworldly.

Rocky hills rolled as far as the eye could see, covering thousands of acres. Maps often show the Fairburn agate beds as an elliptical belt stretching from near Creston in Pennington County to Orella in Sioux County, Nebraska. The beds vary in width, but the widest expanse covers about 15 miles near Red Shirt.

As we drove into the hills, we passed vehicles bearing license plates from Wyoming, Minnesota and New York — proof that hunters from near and far are welcome to scour the beds as long as they have the means to get there. That was not always the case.

An old widow that most agate hunters today know only as Grandma Kern may have been among the first people to realize what treasures could be found on her ranch land. Zeitner recounted the story of Jack Zasadil of Hermosa, who went agate hunting for the first time on the Kern ranch sometime in the late 1920s or early 1930s, only to be chased off by Grandma Kern and her shotgun. But as word spread and more rock hunters began showing up at Grandma Kern's house, she started following them around the agate beds with coins in her apron pockets,

Fairburn agates can be found in several locations in southwest South Dakota, but the most popular might be the Kern agate beds east of Fairburn.

hoping to buy what they found. Her cooperation may have been hastened by her ever-worsening blindness, which meant she could no longer find for herself the agates she grew to love.

Today there is no sign that anyone ever lived in these hills. A visitor might wonder if it would even be possible.

Bahr reminded us to keep our eyes on the ground the moment we stepped out of the Jeep. Fairburn agates aren't found just on the hillsides. They can be hidden in patches of grass or even lying along the road. It's also important to watch for rattlesnakes that occasionally come out to sun themselves on the rocky ground.

Our tools for the day were simple: a three-tined garden fork and a spray bottle of water. As we climbed the hills, Bahr scraped his rake through the top layer of rocks. "My theory is that there are all sorts of agates, just beneath the surface, or just barely poking out," he says. "It's just a stroke of luck to find one, because they're not always just lying on the surface."

Bahr has been a recreational rock hunter for 14 years. His first trip to the Kern beds offered a lesson in perseverance. "When you're out here, you find these agates that look like Fairburns, but they're prairie or water agates," he says. "That first day I thought I was loaded. My pockets were bulging. But I didn't have a single Fairburn."

It took some time to learn the telltale attributes of a Fairburn. Now, as we scraped, kicked and dug our way up and down the hills, turning as many rocks as we could, hoping to see the bright colors and banding, Bahr simply said, "If you have to ask if it's a Fairburn, it's not."

Still, we were unsure. Bahr had told us what to look for in the matrix — that brownish-gray outer shell — but the rocks began to look alike. "You could spend a week out here and not find a thing," he gently reminded us.

He was in the middle of explaining the differences between volcanic and sedimentary agates when suddenly he stopped mid-sentence. "There's Fairburn right there!" he said, hardly able to disguise his disbelief.

Could it be, that after no more than 20 minutes of searching, we had found what eludes other hunters for days, weeks, months and longer? We crouched to get a closer look, and though we'd never seen a Fairburn agate in person we recognized it immediately. Lying among white quartz, rose quartz, petrified wood and a multitude of other rocks was a tiny stone with blue, brown, yellow and red layers. A few sprays of water accentuated the colors and made the banding appear even more pronounced. It was less than an inch long - most likely a fragment from a much larger agate but there was no mistaking that it was a Fairburn.

"There could be more right around here," Bahr said, "but there are stories of people finding a piece like this, and somebody else finds one a mile away, and they fit together."

We'll probably never know where

the rest of our agate lies. We searched the hills for another 90 minutes but found nothing more.

Do we attribute our discovery to beginner's luck? Perhaps, but maybe we owed Mother Nature a debt of gratitude, as well. The night before our visit, the area around Fairburn received about an inch of rain, which helped wash away the top layer of rocks, exposing new stones that are slowly but constantly rising to the surface.

When Roger Clark began hunting agates more than 40 years ago, old timers like Art Bruce told him there was no point in visiting the Kern beds. "He was very clear that the agates had all been picked up," Clark recalls. "They were gone. There was no use

Thomas P. Shearer





Close-ups reveal the various colors and tight banding that can be found inside Fairburn agates.

looking out in the Badlands anymore. People had just kind of given up. Now we know that it's just a matter of time. Agates are washing out all the time in the Badlands."

RAIRBURN AGATE HUNTING continues to evolve. Hunters still frequent the Kern beds and other hot spots in the Black Hills and Badlands, but today agates can just as easily be found in the middle of Rapid City. Landscape rock and other fill material often comes from gravel pits along the Cheyenne River. The pits are typically on private land and collectors need permission before exploring them, but the large piles of fresh material have often yielded beautiful agates. We heard

of Fairburns being found in the parking lots at Walmart, K-Mart and even the roof of the Custer County jail.

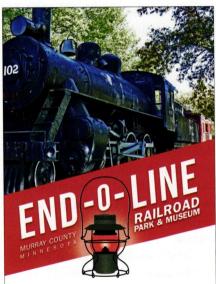
Trade shows are still popular gathering places for rock hounds, but there is also a busy Facebook page called Fairburn Agate Hunter, where more than 2,200 people share their finds and stories.

It's a passion that not everyone shares, but for those who do, the sweat, dirt and pain are all worth it. "In order to find a Fairburn, you may have to slide onto a cactus as I did," June Culp Zeitner once wrote. "You may wear holes in your jeans rubbing the dust off stones to look for signs of fortifications. You may stare holes through your glasses. You may let out a yelp at a discarded rattlesnake skin, and get lost in a ravine.

"There's something about it all that makes a real rockhound consider this fun. He wouldn't work as hard for anyone for even the best wages, but to do it for fun — that's different."

Our hot day in the agate beds was just as she described. The working conditions might not sound good on a job advertisement — heat, isolation, random success and rattlesnakes — but the search gets in your blood.





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SERIOUSLY, FOLKS

By Roger Holtzmann

WHO NEEDS BEZOS?

E NEVER HAD a chance. Even if we'd had a chance, we wouldn't have had a chance, so let us soothe our bruised psyches with a balm of sour grapes: we never *really* wanted it, anyway.

I am referring, of course, to HQ2, Amazon's new (second) headquarters. This was the Holy Grail of economic development projects, promising 50,000 high-paying jobs and the possibility of rubbing elbows with company chairman Jeff Bezos at the local coffee bar.

"When are you guys going to figure out how to deliver an extra mocha, extra foam, hot split quad shot latte to my desk?" you might say.

"Security!" he'd shout, and his goons would unceremoniously eject you from the premises. Then, a month later, Amazon would introduce drone-delivered coffee, stoking a bitterness in your soul that would ultimately lead to ulcers and chronic, socially debilitating flatulence.

Those 50,000 jobs might not turn out to be the economic equivalent of free Bubble Up and Rainbow Stew, either. More than 230 cities, states and provinces submitted proposals to Amazon, and it was a mad scramble to outdo each other in creative, legal bribery. New Jersey, for example, offered to steal \$7 billion from all their other taxpayers and give it to Amazon. Even with that sweetener they didn't make the first cut, so who knows how much each of those jobs will wind up costing the winner.

We should also remember that Amazon is a cutting-edge company. If there is a way to automate a task, a way to save a fraction of a cent each day by turning a job over to a computer, they will do it. Ten years down the road—right about the time they cash their

last incentive check — the campus could very well resemble the washing machine factory in *Player Piano*, Kurt Vonnegut's iconic novel: Artificial Intelligence and a couple maintenance robots could be running the whole place.

South Dakota was one of only seven states that did not submit proposals to Amazon. That's perfectly understandable: they were looking to locate near a city of at least 1 million people, for starters, which eliminated us right out of the gate. They were also looking for "a compatible cultural and community environment." We have the business-friendly climate they wanted - meaning we would have signed over the deed to the whole state if they asked — but I'm not sure about the cultural part. I suspect there isn't anything we could say to convince them that we here in the Great Flyover wear shoes and eat with silverware just like they do in Seattle.

We never had a chance in the Amazon sweepstakes, yet I was reminded of the late Gov. George S. Mickelson and the Superconducting Super Collider. That sounds like something from a comic book, but in 1987 the SSC was a very big deal, a 54-mile racetrack for sub-atomic particles that would be utilized to unravel the mysteries of the universe. Or something.

More to the point, constructing the apparatus would have been a billion-dollar shot in the arm for the local economy. Everybody wanted the SSC in their backyard. Gov. Mickelson said, "What the heck! Why not South Dakota?"

At the time I thought his proposal was a fool's errand. In retrospect, however, I've come to admire Gov. Mickelson for having the courage to dream big and risk the scorn of cynics like me. We are all better off for having such "fools" around.

Fortunately for Our Fair State, there is more than one way to profit from the technology sector. I was alerted to another possibility by a story in the Wall Street Journal headlined, "Hipper Woolens Heat Up Prices." Clothing made from wool is all the rage among high-tech workers these days. They're wearing shoes, T-shirts, even underwear made from Merino wool, which they apparently think was just invented.

"What is surprising is how willing people are to accept wool as 'new,'" said Craig Vanderoef, who designs running apparel for Adidas.

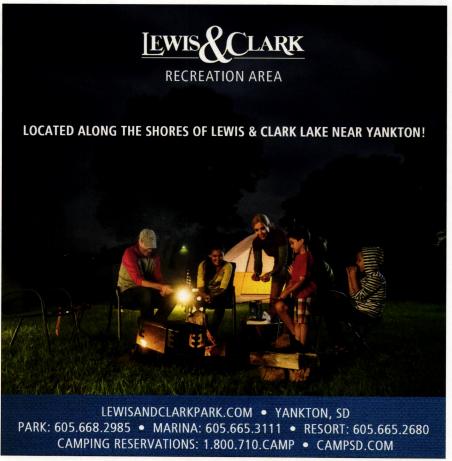
If we're going to raise more sheep and take advantage of the spike in wool prices we need to do so right quick, before all those Silicon Valley types think, "I know these wool underpants are hip, but man, they really itch!"

My other big idea came to me after I read about two guys from Australia who work for that country's Bureau of Meteorology. They were (allegedly) using the bureau's powerful computers to "mine" Bitcoin, the cryptocurrency that is somehow connected to tulips. I have no idea what one has to do with the other, but we shouldn't let our collective prudence prevent us from jumping in with both feet. We as a state should buy a honking big supercomputer and set it to work mining Bitcoin. We could probably make enough to pay for the thing in a couple weeks, and it would be all gravy after that.

Take that, Bezos!

Roger Holtzmann is a contributing editor for South Dakota Magazine. He lives in Yankton with his wife, Carolyn.







Writers & Artists

MUSIC - ART - BOOKS - CULTURE



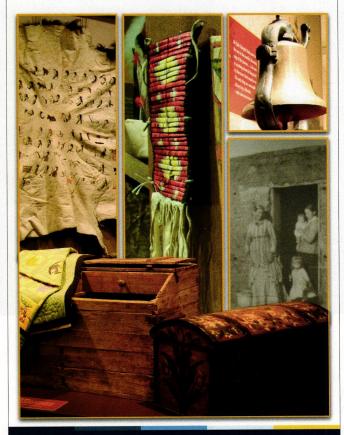
Lessons from Huck ... South Dakota youth have ever-growing opportunities to explore the theater arts. Dakota Players, an outreach of the Black Hills Playhouse, has expanded across South Dakota and neighboring states. In Sioux Falls, the Dakota Academy of Performing Arts is a project of the Washington Pavilion. Schools and community theaters in several South Dakota cities have also helped to foster children's theater, including Yankton, where that river city's youth just finished a rollicking production, Huck Finn's High-Tailin' Adventures. Experts believe children's theater encourages creativity, communication skills, responsibility and independence.

 $Young \, actors \, in \, Yankton's \, Huck \, Finn \, included \, (from \, left) \, Davis \, Walsh, \, Steven \, Hunhoff, \, Walker \, Zoss \, and \, Raleigh \, Lesher.$

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SUMMER GALLERY EXHIBIT On The Prairie: The Art Of Eugene Christopherson Features pieces depicting scenes from the acclaimed Little House on the Prairie television series as well as other Eugene Christopherson artwork.



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Three Groups, One Story

The amazing odyssey that created Freeman

reeman is the only place in the world where three separate Anabaptist German groups, fleeing persecution in Russia, resettled and found a new life. Their unique story has been told in many ways through the years, including the town's unique Schmeckfest festival every spring. But now a wider audience can learn about their struggles and prosperity in a new documentary called *Three Groups, One Story: The Journey That Built a South Dakota Community.*

The film focuses on three Freeman historians, each representing their own group: Norman Hofer (Hutterite), S. Roy Kaufman (Swiss Amish Mennonite) and Robert Engbrecht (Low German). In 2016, they gave an hourlong presentation at Schmeckfest detailing the histories of each group. Thanks to a South Dakota Humanities Council grant, an Indiana film crew traveled to South Dakota and recorded the presentation. That, combined with historical re-enactments staged by volunteer actors from Freeman, comprises the 80-minute documentary, which encompasses the lives of their ancestors from the 1500s in Europe to the late 1800s in South Dakota.

Three Groups, One Story is available at the Heritage Hall Museum in Freeman. Administrator and archivist Marnette Hofer, who oversaw production of the film, hopes a sequel can explore homesteading and life on the Plains in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.



THE WALTNER FAMILY (from left, Sam, Kyle, Elise, Polly and Estelle) staged scenes for Freeman's documentary.



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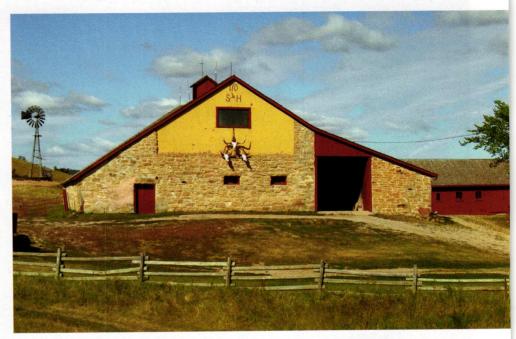
TouchstoneEnergy.com

PRIDE OF THE FARM

A nostalgic look at barns

ue to the shifting nature of agriculture, South Dakota barns av not occupy the central position in farm and ranch life that they once did, but each one has a story to tell. In Historic Barns of Lawrence County, SD, former county extension agent Leo Orme shares some of those stories. Built in a variety of styles using whatever materials were handy, Orme's barns weren't just livestock shelters. They provided space for family and community needs, serving as dance halls, boxing rings, basketball courts, roller skating rinks and meat processing plants - some even appear in paintings by Black Hills artist Jon Crane.

Orme wrote the book at the encouragement of local farmers and ranchers as a way of preserving their history. "It is with a feeling of sadness and nostalgia we observe a barn in a state of decay with the roof sagging, the windows broken



out and the big doors blowing in the wind," Orme writes. "These magnificent barns were once the pride of the ranch and farm families and the community."

BUILT NEAR ST. ONGE in 1902, the Anderson-Ridley barn remains a classic example of rural Danish architecture.

FIRST PERSON: LEGENDARY SOUTH DAKOTA SPORTS STORIES

The 15 men and women in Mike Henriksen's new book First Person: Legendary South Dakota Sports Stories, are there largely because of remarkable athletic accomplishments. But their stories transcend the field, the court or the track and help us see how South Dakotans tackle hardships and adversity in their own unique way.

Take Dan Jensen, for example. Jensen is an ultramarathoner who doesn't bat an eye at running, swimming and bicycling hundreds of miles in the span of two or three days. But his accomplishments are even more remarkable given that he's doing it on one leg. He lost his right leg below the knee after stepping on an explosive while serving in Vietnam.

Frank Waln, from the Rosebud Reservation, was a teammate of Louie Krogman's on the White River basketball team that won the state tournament in 2008. Today Waln is a rising star in the world of Native American hip-hop, and is using his success to help improve conditions on South Dakota's reservations.

The straight-up sports stories are just as entertaining. Readers learn how legendary broadcaster Jim Thompson nearly became the play-by-play man for the Minnesota Twins and how high school disappointments gave Jim Marking such a burning desire to bring a team to the state high school basketball tournament.

First Person is a collection of interviews transcribed



from Henriksen's longrunning radio program Sportsmax, which can be heard on stations statewide.

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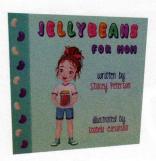
COPING WITH CANCER: FOR ADULTS AND KIDS

Stacey Peterson was a list-maker. Checking off each item at the end of the day was supremely satisfying, and it lent order to her chaotic life.

Then, at age 28 and in the second trimester of her first pregnancy, she was diagnosed with ovarian cancer, and her mile-a-minute life took a shocking turn. Through the pain of surgery and chemotherapy, Peterson felt her once-organized life was crumbling around her. So she dealt with it the only way she knew how — by making lists.

When her cancer ordeal was over, she gathered her lists and created the book she wishes she'd had: It Isn't Ugly Forever: A To-Do List for Fighting Cancer. Peterson tells her personal story with wit and humor and pulls no punches about the anxiety of a cancer diagnosis and the many dark days that followed. But her lists remained bright spots, "like wild flowers in a pasture covered with manure," she writes. Nearly every chapter includes lists to help patients and caregivers navigate the uncertainties of cancer.





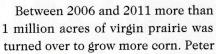
Jellybeans for Mom could be considered an accompanying book that helps kids understand what parents or other relatives are going through. Peterson gave birth to her daughter, Faith, shortly after doctors removed a grapefruit-sized tumor that had nearly enveloped her left ovary. Though Faith was just an infant when Peterson began her cancer treatments, she saw how crucial it is that children feel like an important part of the healing process.

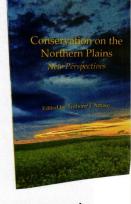
The book's main character is Annmarie, a little girl who introduces readers to the different people and places found within a hospital. Her experiences and explanations, accented by colorful illustrations, turn what might be an intimidating world for youngsters into a positive and welcoming environment.

Peterson is a Hamlin County native now living in suburban Dallas, Texas. She plans to speak at two locations in Watertown during the first week of June.

Stewards of the Land

Conservation, by definition, is the prevention of injury, decay or waste in the natural world. Conservation on the Northern Plains: New Perspective features 11 essays that explore how that deceptively simple idea is being put into practice today, and how formidable are the countercurrents.





Carrels, who has long written about water issues on the Northern Plains, tells the story of a small group of Dakota landowners going in the opposite direction, replanting marginal cropland to native grasses. Linda Hasselstrom offers a primer of sorts for those who see the cattle industry as a uniformly bad environmental actor, making no distinction between the practices of factory feedlots and more holistic operations.

Stephen Eliason looks at the reintroduction of wolves onto public lands, which took place in Idaho and Montana during the 1990s. The divergent reactions to that policy are both unique to that situation and exemplars of the passions aroused by conservation efforts in the modern world.

The 215-page volume is edited by Anthony Amato, an associate professor of social science at Southwest Minnesota State University, and published by the Center for Western Studies in Sioux Falls.



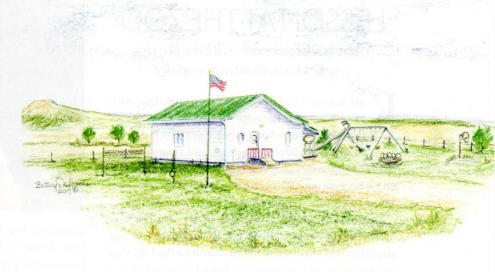
IT'S BEEN DECADES since two Yankton sisters bought a pair of stuffed animals at a store in Moline, Illinois, but today they are the stars of a series of children's books. The Adventures of the Murphy Twins follows Jim and Mo, two toy frogs named after the James and Missouri rivers in South Dakota. When a child finds them in a bargain bin, the twins are sure that they will share countless adventures. But then Jim goes missing, and the family vows to find him — wherever he might be. The books are written by Jeanie Stibral, Joyce Lane and Carol Schatz under the pen name JJC Mueller (their first initials and maiden last name) and illustrated by their niece, Christy Jesuit. Two books have been released, and two more will follow in 2018.

SCHOOL DAYS

Preserving memories of the rural school experience

rowing up in Massachusetts, Betsey De-Loache never rode her horse to school, nor did she have to watch out for varmints on the playground. But her 2012 drawing of a one-room school building near Pierre sparked a flood of memories from former rural students and teachers. Fascinated by their experiences, DeLoache collected these stories into a book titled *Country Schools: Past and Present.* A second volume, containing more stories and DeLoache's colored pencil illustrations of South Dakota's rural schools, was published last year.

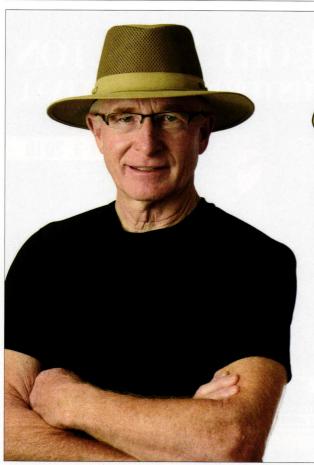
Thanks to her books, DeLoache was given a taste of the rural school experience last August, when she was asked to join students, teachers, family members and neighbors on a first day of school horse ride in Meade County. "I was invited by Shelane Graham to stay with her family at their ranch in Hereford and go along with



them in an ATV as they rode the six miles to Hereford School," DeLoache says. "They ring the bell at the school when they arrive."

Though she now lives in South Carolina, De-Loache is gathering material for a third volume of *Country Schools*, to be published in 2019. To contribute memories, download a questionnaire from www.redbirdstudiosd.com.

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LESSON AT THE ZOO

A new book by Beresford's Elise Parsley teaches kids about authenticity

ids across the country are by now familiar with Elise Parsley's character Magnolia, who, in a series of children's books, discovers why it doesn't work to bring alligators to school and pianos to the beach. Now Parsley, the *New York Times* bestselling author who lives near Beresford, is introducing new characters and a new storyline in her book *Neck and Neck*.

Leopold the giraffe is the star of the zoo until he meets his foe: a giraffe balloon. He competes for the attention and affection of his fans until he decides that maybe he doesn't measure up. But a heroic act shows Leopold (and readers) that actions speak louder than words.

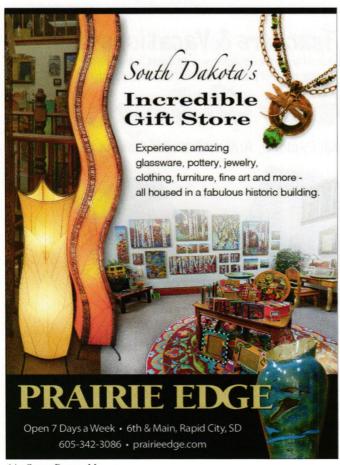
"I'd been thinking a lot about how people often prefer the shiny, cleaned-up version of their friends and family over the real thing," Parsley says. "There's always going to be someone better or cooler than you, especially online. Artificial versions of real life can lead us to feel like we're in constant competition for

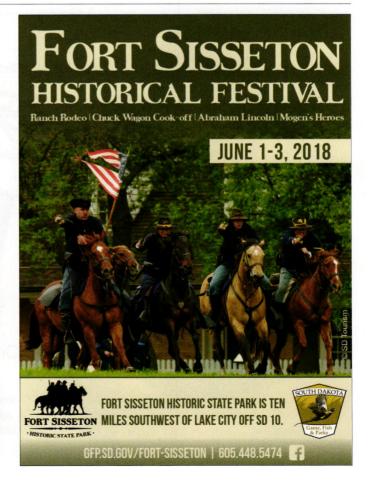


attention. You know, the way someone doesn't have time to visit with the person right in front of them because they're checking social media? That type of technology isn't going away any time soon. We can't destroy it. So it's probably best to just be ourselves and be kind, and eventually those around us will notice.

"Of course, I figured the best way to communicate this kind of thing to a preschool-age audience is through a jealous giraffe bent on destroying a giraffe balloon."

Neck and Neck is due out June 5.





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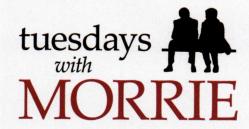
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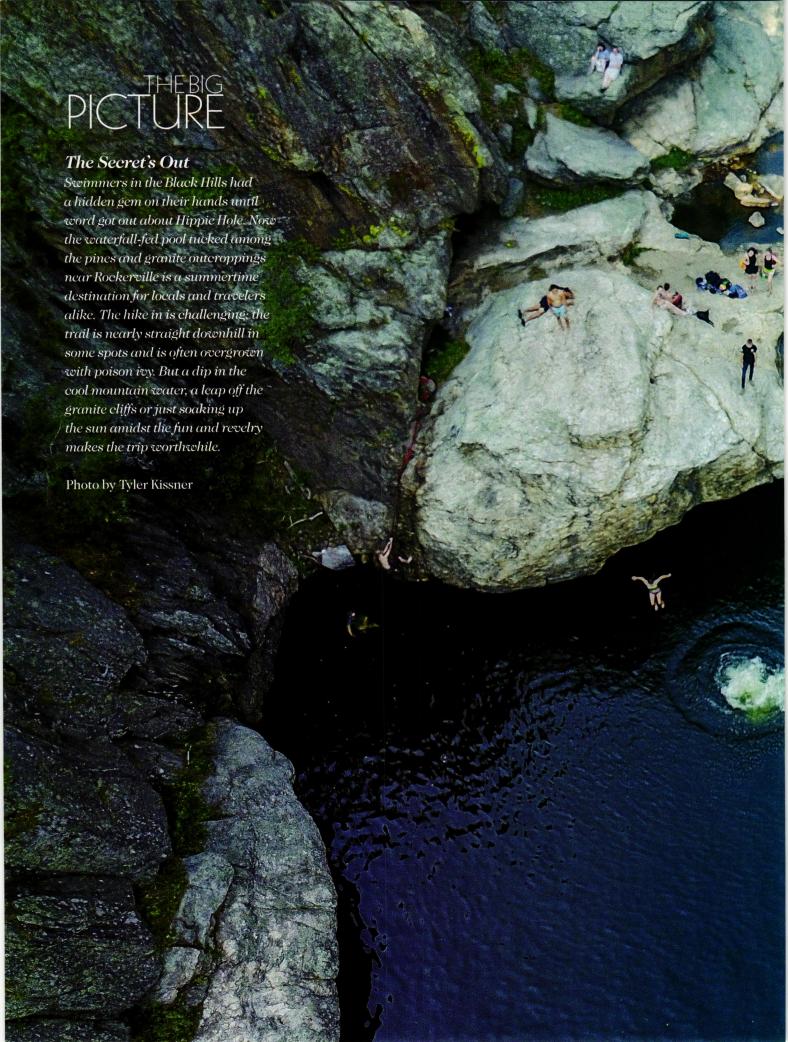
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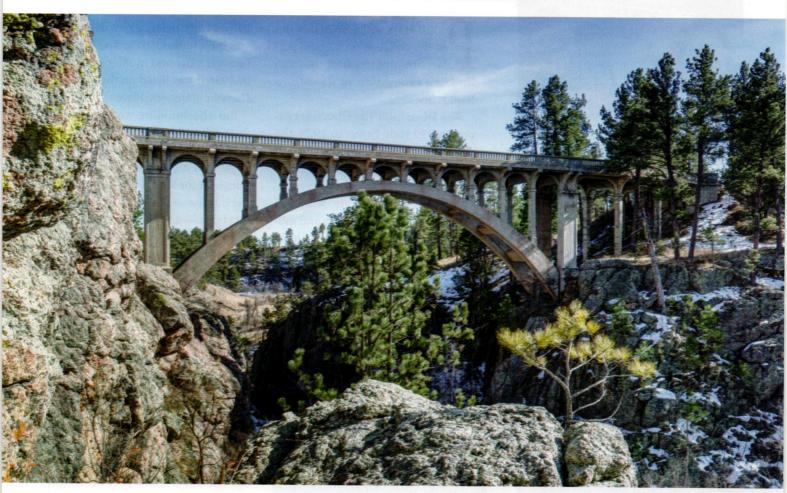
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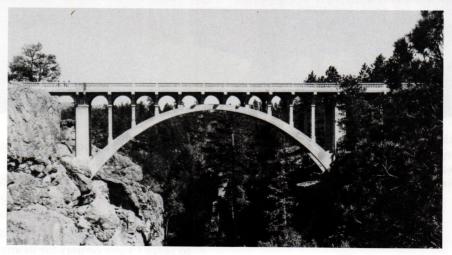


Designing South Dakota

AFORE & NOW... Arches of the Beaver Creek Bridge in Wind Cave National Park seem to grow, like pine roots, from the canyon walls. The one-of-a-kind bridge in South Dakota was designed in 1929 by state bridge engineer J.H. Hamilton to give travelers access to Custer State Park. Hamilton believed aesthetics should be integral to the structure rather than an added adornment.



The Beaver Creek Bridge is just 2 miles north of the Wind Cave Visitor Center in the southern Black Hills. (Photos courtesy Paul Horsted)



INSIDE & OUT



The Dean Building renovation created space for a coffee shop, apartments, offices and a baby boutique, where Taylor Eveleth (above) has something for every toddler.

Creating Community

Redesigned Chevy dealership becomes downtown hub

PARKING A VOLKSWAGEN van in the coffee shop was the perfect finishing touch for the Dean Building renovation in downtown Rapid City.

Roy Dean built the Chevrolet garage at 329 Main Street in 1929, the same year General Motors came out with its six-cylinder engine. Despite the Great Depression, those were exciting times in Rapid City. Work had begun on Mount Rushmore and railroad tycoon Alex Johnson was finish-

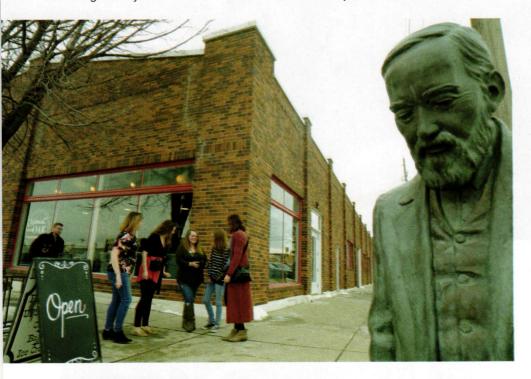
half-century before a new dealership was built in the 1970s. The building became a tire and muffler shop, and in 1995 it was listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

But the building was vacant in 2016 when Rapid City businessmen Matt Ehlman and Ted Stephens III organized a group of investors and bought it for \$800,000. They gutted the interior — down to tire scuffs and oil stains — and then invested time, sweat and capital before reopening it last year as a multi-purpose complex with loft-style apartments, retail, office space and a spacious coffee shop with the VW van parked near a display window that once showed Camaros and Impalas.

The Dean Building followed a similar "carchitecture" effort, just a block away, the conversion of a 1928 Studebaker dealership into an entrepreneurial hotspot called The Garage. Both projects were more than just investments. "It's not about development, it's more about participation in the community," says Ehlman, "and creating the kind of community we want to live in."

Assisted by Rapid City architect Eric Monroe, they developed an industrial warehouse design that preserved original features while adding LED lighting, fire-suppression sprinklers, modern plumbing and other amenities that didn't exist in the 1920s. Tile blocks, brick, steel beams and beautiful bowstring trusses remain exposed.

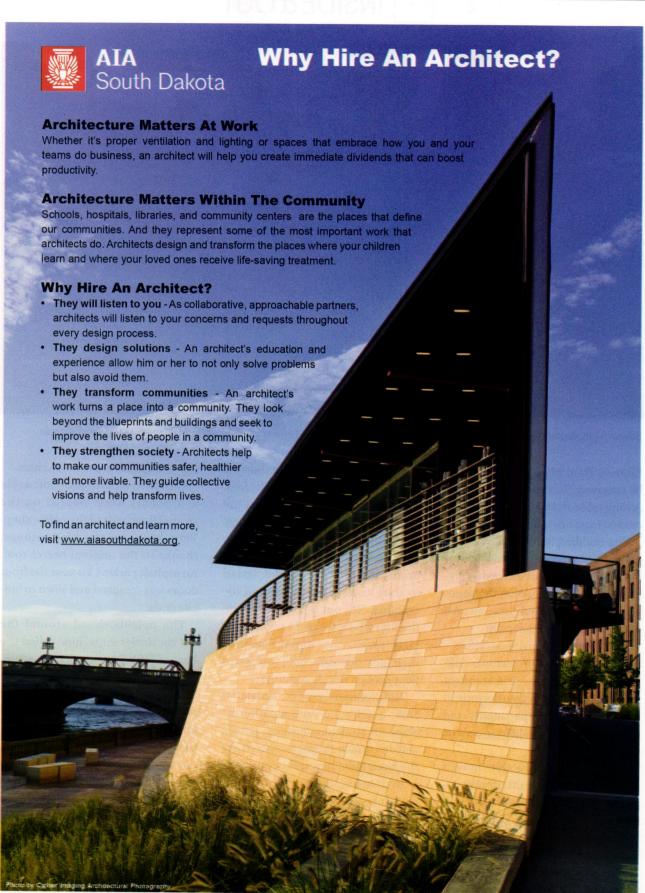
"It has the same worn cement floors, the same steel beams," says



A likeness of Benjamin Harrison, the nation's 23rd president, is seated on a sculpture bench outside the Harriet & Oak coffee shop.

ing a Tudor-style hotel that still bears his name.

Dean's brown-brick auto dealership was a cavernous, 14,000 square-foot industrial design with a barrel roof that peaks at 24 feet, spacious enough to serve Chevy owners for nearly a



AIA South Dakota is a non-profit membership organization composed of architects, future architects and partners in the built design industries and the state chapter of the American Institute of Architects (AIA). Visit www.aiasouthdakota.org to learn more

INSIDE & OUT



 $Bowstring\ trusses\ and\ original\ automotive\ show\ windows\ provide\ a\ one-of-a-kind\ atmosphere\ for\ Harriet\ \&\ Oak\ Cafe\ and\ Roaster.$

Elhman. Even when materials had to be removed, they were often reused. A long table in the coffee shop was crafted from original wood beams.

The building held surprises. Ehlman and Monroe thought a long row of windows had been replaced by plywood, but discovered that the panes were original textured glass, covered with numerous coats of paint.

"We stripped the paint ourselves," says Monroe. "The project was definitely a labor of love." The architect also made concrete countertops in his garage for the apartments and persuaded friends to help transport them.

"Old buildings like that have a quality and an energy that draws people to them," Monroe says. "They're not perfect, they're time-worn. They show a life and character that cannot be replaced or reproduced."

The new owners found tenants who shared the vision. Rick Den-Herder, a Rapid City magazine publisher, moved his offices to the west side of the building and his wife, Lisa, opened a children's clothing and gift shop on the Main Street frontage. Aaron and Tina Neiman, who run popular coffee shops and bakeries in Spearfish and Belle Fourche, agreed to start another in the front of the building. "It's our largest space and the first where we had a completely blank space," says Aaron, who used their kids' sidewalk chalk to sketch a floor plan on the old concrete.

The Neimans' eatery, Harriet & Oak, quickly became a gathering place for students, business people and downtown shoppers. Aaron says the Dean building's architecture has a "lived in feel that, we hope, makes customers feel at home the moment they walk in."

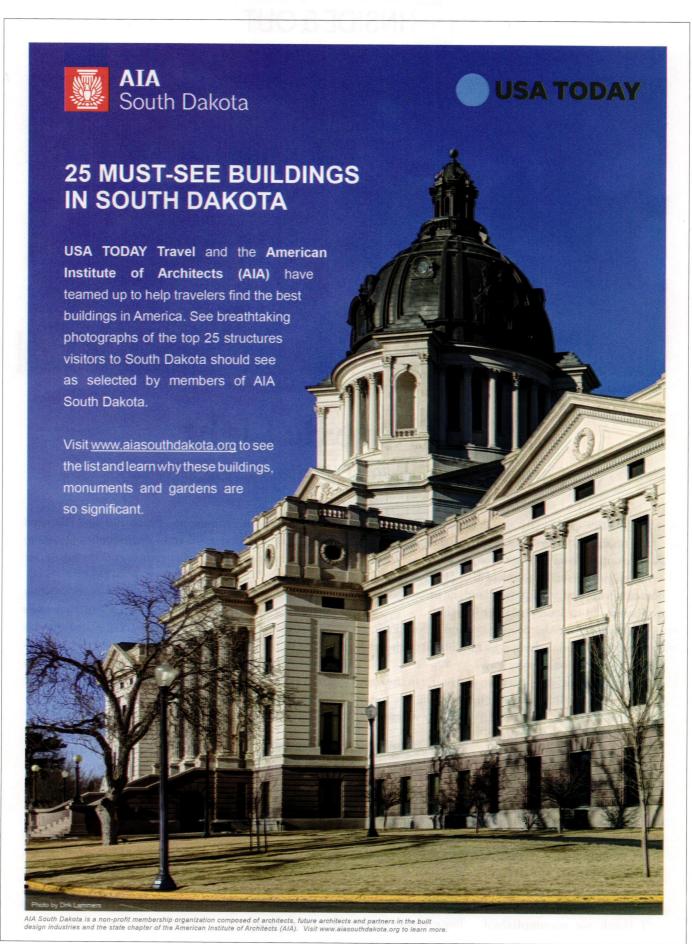
Aaron found the VW van on a friend's property. "I've always been a Volkswagen fan. I knew I had to find a place for it. It provides a fun place for pictures and will eventually get built

out as a quiet space for customers."

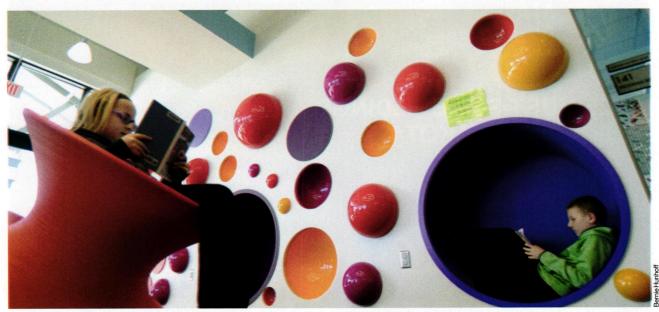
Five 800-square-foot loft-style apartments were created on the ground floor, east of the coffee shop. They have one-of-a-kind ceilings, thanks to the original barrel roof. An asphalt parking lot near the front doors was removed and sown to buffalo grass.

The neighborhood around the old car dealerships, now called the East of Fifth District, is busy again. "What's neat about East of Fifth is the mish-mash of old buildings that root the neighborhood," says Monroe. "I know there are dreams for the city that it become an incubator technology community. These old buildings are going to provide the foundation for all the new development that is going to happen there."

Studebakers and Model As — and all but one old VW van — may be gone forever, but the streets and sidewalks are once again a hub for the city.



── INSIDE & OUT



Visitation has doubled at Aberdeen's new library, thanks in part to a colorful, interactive children's department.

Let There Be Light

Carnegie would applaud Aberdeen's newest library

NDREW CARNEGIE, the philanthropist famous for funding libraries a century ago, would surely love South Dakota's newest bookplace.

When Carnegie built the first of his 2,509 libraries in his hometown of Dunfermline, Scotland, he inscribed these words at the front door: "Let there be light."

Tom Hurlbert, an Aberdeen native and a Sioux Falls architect who helped to design the new library, believes it fits Carnegie's vision in every way.

"Our building is both figurative and literal in that sentiment," says Hurlbert, "and light was a big portion of the concept. The old library didn't feel very welcoming,

particularly the basement, and we wanted all people to feel comfortable and welcomed. Windows have a way of doing that."

Glass and color are everywhere in the \$8 million, 29,400-square-foot library. The Aberdeen Library Foundation, a volunteer group that pushed the project, adopted a theme of "Beyond Books: Providing Access For All."

"I think we accomplished

that," says Shirley Arment, the library director. "We tried to build a beautiful space that the community will want to spend time in and that would be a library of the future, for the future."

The project got a major boost — and a name — when Karl Lee, a retired businessman, donated \$900,000. Lee's ancestors were pioneer manufacturers in Aberdeen who began by building farm equipment a dozen years before Carnegie donated \$15,000 for the city's first library in 1902 and asked that it be named for his friend Alexander Mitchell, a fellow Scotsman.

That library was condemned in 1950, and eventually

a new Alexander Mitchell Library was built in 1964. Hurlbert's grandfather was mayor and helped to build support for it.

However, the Aberdeen community soon outgrew that structure. Space concerns became critical when water problems arose. "It got to the point where the basement was unusable for programming and archives and we lost about 15,000 square feet of space," ex-



'Beyond Books' was a theme for the library project.



Works by the late Aberdeen artist Frank Ashford are exhibited in the new museum, including his Abraham Lincoln painting.

plains Troy McQuillen, a local designer and publisher who chairs the library foundation.

McQuillen and other volunteers led a \$2.1 million fund drive, convinced city commissioners to support a \$5.9 million bond issue and then won a city-wide referendum in 2015.

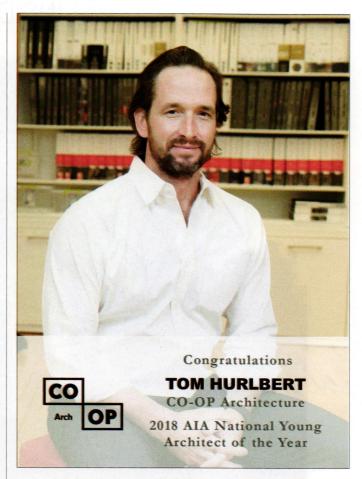
City officials studied 10 locations before deciding to build just two blocks east of Main Street. Hurlbert, the hometown architect, says he's happy it stayed downtown. "As Aberdeen's core continues to regenerate and improve, I think it's another amenity that will add to the quality of life downtown and be a stepping-stone for future spin-off development. It's a win-win for the community."

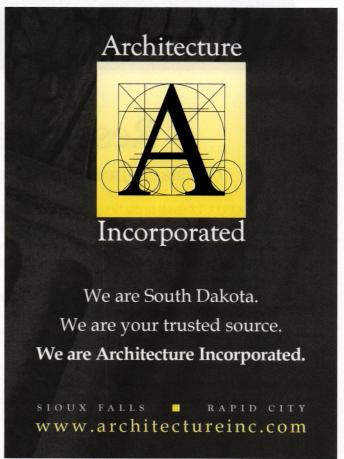
The library features children's spaces with short, reachable shelves and colorful accoutrements, meeting spaces, outdoor patios, a story room, a kitchen for food-related programs, private study areas and technology enclaves — all surrounded by glass and bright furnishings.

Despite such modernity, the library respects Aberdeen's past. Somehow, it still has the studious aroma of ink and paper. Paintings by local artist Frank Ashford are exhibited, along with Wizard of Oz memorabilia because Frank Baum, who created Dorothy and the Tin Man, once lived and wrote in Aberdeen.

"Library use is off the charts since the doors opened last fall," McQuillen says. "Our consultants expected a 50 percent increase right out of the chute and they said that might trickle down to 30 percent, but I don't think it's slowing down."

Arment says visitation has doubled to 20,000 a month since the new library opened.









Rescuing a Colonial

Guests create new traditions in one of Pierre's old homes

Ron LUTZ tends to the bridges of South Dakota and the nation by day; by night he has long been the king of hospitality in Pierre, operating hotspots like the Whale Inn, The Flame, the St. Charles and The Falcon.

An engineer with Aaron Swan and Associates, Lutz is also an accomplished vocalist who sometimes sings with Jim Szana, a popular jazz pianist in the Capital City.

He borrowed on all those skills and more when he bought the old house at 635 North Euclid in Pierre's historic district. The foundation of the 1907 Colonial seemed unstable, but the interior charm won his heart.

"When I got ready to sell the St. Charles, I thought I'd like to have a smaller bed and breakfast," says Lutz. "I came and looked at it, and it was a wreck but I started to design how it might work and it seemed possible. I wanted it to run more like an inn with separate bathrooms in every room." So Lutz enlisted the help of Jeremy Phelps, the new business manager at Aaron Swan and Associates. Phelps wrote his master's thesis on turning a midcentury castle in Germany into a bed and breakfast.

Lutz and Phelps nervously exposed the foundation, cutting away volunteer trees that had grown around the foundation, trapping moisture and causing the settling and cracking. Workers trenched





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INSIDE & OUT







Ron Lutz used his engineering and hospitality skills to renovate the Hitching Horse.

around the exterior basement walls and re-enforced them with concrete.

Then they opted to replace all the electrical and plumbing. "We pulled 7,200 feet of wire for the contractor," Lutz laughs, "and it didn't do my shoulders any good."

They labored to save the old house's charm. "We wanted to leave it as untouched as possible," Lutz says, so they painstakingly polished and preserved the "egg and dart" trim molding, sanded and stained the hardwood floors and repaired the original metal lock and key for the big front door.

With the design skills you might expect from an engineer, they were able to convert the five-bedroom home into four bedrooms with four baths — and make every room look as if it was always there.

They decided to call it the Hitching Horse B&B, recognizing an original iron hitching post still standing on the front lawn. They opened to wonderful reviews from travelers in 2009. Guests appreciate the establishment's architecture and décor, and they rave about the complimentary breakfasts. They'll

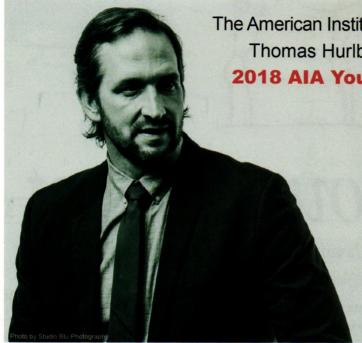
cook whatever you wish, but they specialize in gourmet omelets with toast and accompanied by a salsa recipe handed down from Lutz's mother.

Phelps also partnered with Lutz to open The Equestrian, a 3-stool bar (with more seating in the living room and on the porches.) Lutz, Szana and other Pierre musicians have entertained there many times. The lounge is open six evenings a week, except when the state legislature is in session.

When Lutz bought the house, he was unsure of its history. Since then, he and Phelps have learned that it was built by Lester Clow, a local lumberyard operator. Supreme Court Judge Samuel Cleland Polley lived there in the 1920s and 1930s, followed by the Morrissey and Hansen families.

Members of the Dean Hansen family, who are active in South Dakota horse breeding and racing circles, gather nostalgically at the Hitching Horse on the first Saturday in May for a Kentucky Derby Party. New traditions are growing in one of Pierre's oldest homes.





The American Institute of Architects (AIA) has selected
Thomas Hurlbert, AIA, as a recipient of the
2018 AIA Young Architect of the Year.

Young Architects are defined as professionals who have been licensed 10 years or fewer regardless of their age. This award, now in its 25th year, honors individuals who have shown exceptional leadership and made significant contributions to the profession early in their careers. The Young Architects Awards are administered and funded by the AIA College of Fellows.

An Aberdeen native living in Sioux Falls, Tom is a registered architect with seventeen years of design, project management and construction administration experience. Tom is co-founder/owner of CO-OP Architecture, which has offices in Sioux Falls, Aberdeen, and Rapid City.

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City officials saved the community nearly \$1 million by choosing to renovate the existing fire hall in lieu of building new.

EAPC has transformed the old Webster fire hall, a stout masonry structure and former service station into a modern, seven-bay Fire Station serving the communities of Webster, Bristol, Roslyn and Waubay.





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Winter Count Quest

South Dakota is rich with Native pictographs

BY PAUL HIGBEE

OR ANYONE CURIOUS about winter counts, a dive into traditional South Dakota culture is a must. A drive across the state on the lookout for them helps, too.

No other state claims deeper connections to this artistic and historic means for marking time. That's due largely to the Lakota people, along with some other Native plains populations, including the Kiowa, Crow and Cheyenne.

A winter count is a portable series of pictographs that were produced annually and communicated a key event that defined the past year. Traditionally, paints made from berries, ochre and charcoal were applied to tanned buffalo hides or some other durable material to depict successful or disappointing hunts, meteor showers, battles, smallpox outbreaks, the arrival of Europeans wearing tall hats, horse thieving raids and much more.

Fewer than 200 historically authentic winter counts are known to exist worldwide, and about one-third originated in South Dakota. Historian and author Donovin Sprague, a Miniconjou man and member of the Cheyenne River Sioux Tribe, guesses that figure could be more like half if we knew of winter counts some Native families have kept hidden.

There was good reason to hide them. In the 19th and 20th centuries, winter counts were regularly confiscat-

ed or bartered away by traders, missionaries, soldiers and government officials. Curiosity seekers instantly recognized their value. A good many ended up on the East Coast and even in Europe.

There are other Native records painted on hides that are sometimes mistaken for winter counts, but usually they documented a single event. Battle accounts are examples. Usually images on these accounts were considerably larger because, obviously, documenting a century or two demanded leaving some space.

Winter counts were never intended to stand on their own. Rather, they were tools for tribal historians, markings that artists and elders understood and that would trigger full verbal and historical stories. Someone who stumbled across an early 20th century winter count, for example, might notice a design of intersecting vertical and horizontal lines similar to a tic-tac-toe game. It would mean nothing to them, but to a tribal historian the design could trigger a story of tribal lands divided into allotments.

Winter counts were integral to recalling the past for people without written language, and they still held value after many Indian Country residents read and wrote English. By then, words sometimes appeared in winter counts, which continued to be faithfully updated longer than most people might guess. A tragic car accident near Kadoka marked the year 1955 on the

An image from the White Horse winter count (above) depicts Crow men, enemies of the Lakota people, being killed in about 1800. Sam Kills Two (right) worked on a winter count in the early 20th century on the Rosebud Reservation.





Red Horse Owner's winter count, dating back to 1788. Fifty years ago this summer, the same winter count documented Sen. Robert Kennedy's assassination. Kennedy campaigned for president at Pine Ridge in 1968, generated much enthusiasm, and won reservation precincts by wide margins just hours before his murder in Los Angeles. An exact replica of the Red Horse Owner's winter count is displayed at the Center for Western Studies, on the Augustana University campus in Sioux Falls, along with excellent interpretation.

The Rosebud winter count, now part of the Smithsonian Institution collection, also recalled historical events for more than a century, apparently from the mid-1700s until the 1880s. It's a piece of muslin, about 70 by 35 inches, and includes a representation of a great meteor shower observed by the Lakota people in 1833. Astronomers and the general public in other parts of the world also noted the meteors.

For anthropologists who believe the Lakota people migrated west from the Mississippi River valley in the midto-late 1700s (a view not universally held by Native peoples, it should be stressed), a question arises. Did the Rosebud winter count itself make the 600-mile journey from eastern Minnesota to perhaps the Black Hills, and then eastward to the present-day Rosebud Reservation? If so, its travels didn't end there. A collector took the winter count to California, and from there it crossed the

Swift Bear's winter count

This form is different from how we expect to see winter counts, but it does document the passing of years. It is one of two winter counts donated to the South Dakota Cultural Heritage Center in Pierre. Exhibits in the museum rotate, but usually one or both winter counts are on public display.

country to the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C. The Smithsonian has been interested in South Dakota winter counts for a long time. In 2015, Pulitzer Prize-winning author N. Scott Momaday, writing in *Smithsonian Magazine*, described them as a "crucial link between the oral and written traditions, not unlike the Rosetta Stone, Dead Sea scrolls, the walls of Lascaux."

Creation of winter counts varied. Generally, autumn's first snowfall stalled the cross-country movement of no-madic people. There was time for reflection. For some Great Plains peoples, the first snow marked the year's end, making it the best time for recalling that span of months. Many winter counts are viewed as tribal histories, but more were tightly focused on an extended family group, or tiyospaye.

In today's world of constant self-promotion on social media, it may be hard to understand how traditional winter count creators kept themselves out of the picture. There was no room for personal stories. Rather, the artist met with a small council of elders, and the group came to consensus about an image that would resonate for all people, in the short-term and through future generations. "Anything to do with stars, meteors or eclipses was huge," Sprague says. On the other hand, he adds, certain historical events were under-represented, including the Battle of the Little Bighorn. "They didn't want to talk about it for fear of repercussions."

The Center for Western Studies in Sioux Falls is a good place to begin an east-to-west journey in search of winter counts. That's because the Red Horse Owner's winter count is a beautiful specimen, and also because the family behind it was generous and articulate in discussing the winter count's own history. Moses Red Horse Owner, an Oglala Lakota man, created images for decades. Then a niece carried on the task. Soon after the yearly updates were discontinued — about the same time the American Indian Movement entered national consciousness — people around the world awoke to the fact that a centuries-old culture remained rooted on the South Dakota plains. How did these people retain such deep knowledge of their history?

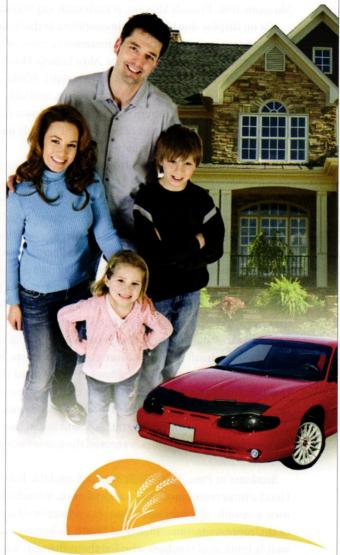
Another niece of Moses Red Horse Owner, Lydia Fire Thunder Bluebird, was among those who stepped up to explain. In a 1976 short film by Steven Rivkin, she stated that winter counts were fully understood only by the artist. "When he looked at the symbol, he would remember many things from that year," Fire Thunder Bluebird said. "With this he could keep a record of things that happened in our tribe."

How to read the symbols in chronological order? Some are linear, organized left to right, but Fire Thunder Bluebird said artists had different styles. Sometimes images circle around to an inward point, or sometimes they begin in the middle and wind outward — the pattern Sprague has seen most often.

The Red Horse Owner's winter count in Sioux Falls is a replica. In fact, most winter counts we know of are reproductions of earlier versions. They were so valuable that artists reproduced them regularly as a safeguard against theft, fire, flood and the ravages of time.

The popular notion that winter count production died immediately after the buffalo were slaughtered is false. In the absence of buffalo hides, other leathers, canvas, muslin, flour issue sacks and ledger paper became mediums. The frequently viewed Hardin winter count, for example, at the W.H. Over Museum in Vermillion, is a crayon-on-muslin creation from the Rosebud Reservation. However, Sprague thinks that loss of the buffalo certainly

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reduced winter counts for a different reason. Some Great Plains Native people decided their culture was dead and their customs irrelevant.

Continuing west on a winter count quest, travelers will want to make stops at two central South Dakota museums. At Pierre, the South Dakota Cultural Heritage Center owns two donated winter counts. A collection on the Rosebud Reservation, in the Buechel Memorial Lakota Museum at St. Francis Mission, is nationally significant.

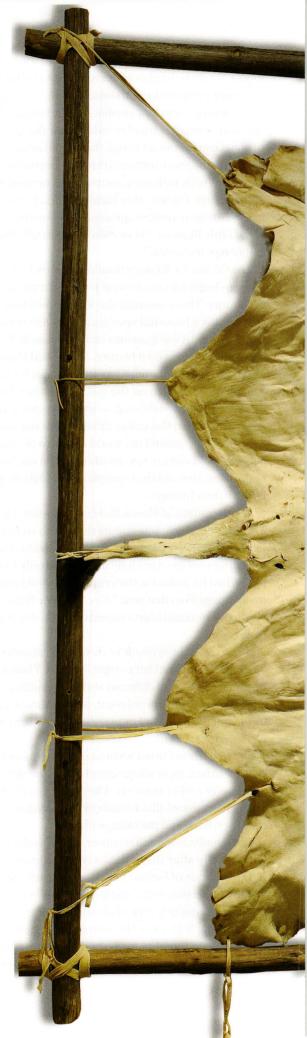
Not on display due to its fragile condition is the Yellow Robe winter count. It's muslin, documents most of the 19th century, and is housed in the Akta Lakota Museum at St. Joseph's Indian School in Chamberlain. While not in public view this winter count is, however, available for examination by researchers. It was handed down from Chauncey Yellow Robe, part of Sitting Bull's family and a distinguished Lakota leader in his own right.

Winter counts at Rapid City's Journey Museum tell remarkable stories. The Big Missouri winter count, a record of one tiyospaye's life along the Missouri River for 131 years, begins with the Winter of Horse Stealing Camp, 1796. Just a few years later came depictions of novel forms of humankind - Anglo women and bearded European men. Next to the Big Missouri artifact at the Journey is the Battiste Good winter count on ledger paper. Good, a Brule man, worked with ink and watercolors for many years. He died in 1910 knowing that his son, Joseph Good, would continue the count. Reproducing representations from earlier winter counts, Battiste had documented every year dating back to 1701, and then through his lifetime. But what made this winter count unique was his interpretation of ancient times, too. He depicted men hunting buffalo on foot, and noted that by his people's reckoning, horses entered the scene between 1571 and 1600.

Students at Pine Ridge High School found the Battiste Good winter count most inspirational as they made their own a couple of years ago. They even borrowed some of the representations. Plenty of South Dakotans recall well-intentioned teachers who led them through winter

Red Horse Owner's winter count

This is primarily the handiwork of Moses Red Horse Owner, whose family continued the count and then helped the general public better understand winter counts in the 1970s. The art covers a long stretch of 19th and 20th century history from Oglala Lakota perspectives, and is well interpreted at the Center for Western Studies in Sioux Falls.







Yellow Robe winter count

Its condition is delicate but its art remains vibrant in depicting history from about 1815 to 1896, likely from the perspective of Lakota people on today's Cheyenne River and Standing Rock reservations. It is a connection to Lakota leaders Sitting Bull and Chauncey Yellow Robe, and is housed at the Akta Lakota Museum in Chamberlain.

count activities in school. Out came a supply of brown paper bags, pinch-hitting for buffalo hides. January or the school term's end were perfect times for remembering the year just ended. But students at Pine Ridge High School were fortunate to have Tamera Miyasato, an enrolled member of the Flandreau Santee Sioux Tribe, as their teacher. When they produced winter counts, some were true works of art (no brown paper bags involved). Some students gifted their winter counts to Miyasato, and she has framed them.

Yet that wasn't the main point of the activity. Winter counts have always opened doors to storytelling. The winter counts that students made were used in a way their ancestors would have understood. "A culminating activity

at the end of the year included public speaking, often scary for students," Miyasato recalled. But these speeches incorporated their winter counts. In fact, instead of holding note cards, they used their winter counts only as their reference. The speeches were some of the best that Miyasato ever heard. "It wasn't scary in our classroom," she says.

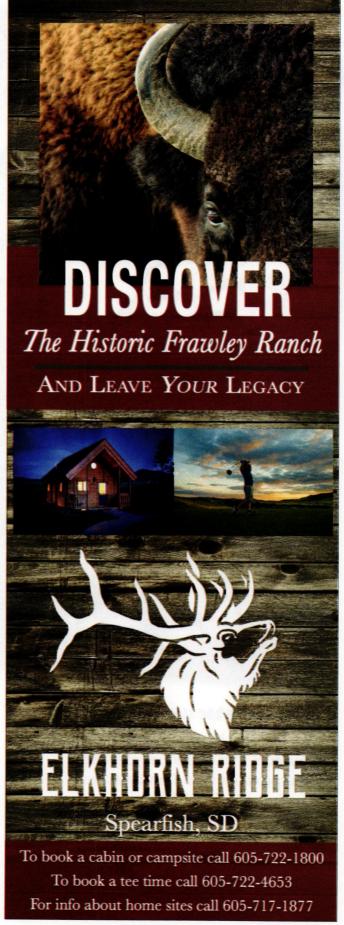
Helping young people to grow up understanding winter counts and related items increases the likelihood that more will surface. On the Cheyenne River Reservation 10 years ago, there was great excitement when Martin White



Former Pine Ridge High School teacher Tamera Miyasato found her students enthusiastic about the winter count tradition when they made their own.

Horse's interpretation of a winter count, spanning the years 1789-1910, was located in Minnesota. White Horse, who died in 1915, had spent time with an interpreter and Florence Thwing, a white woman with a typewriter and great interest in a local winter count. She transcribed White Horse's commentary about the count. Nearly 100 years later, in 2008, Thwing's descendants found her yellowed document and recognized it as something special. It turned out to be an interpretation of the entire winter count, long gone from the reservation and displayed at Denver's Museum of Nature and Science. The interpretation confirmed the winter count's Cheyenne River Reservation's origin. The original remains in Denver, but now copies can now be seen at the Timber Lake and Area Historical Society and Museum, Whitehorse community center and the Cheyenne River Sioux Tribe's preservation office.

If any of Tamera Miyasato's former students grow up to write formal history, they'll find winter counts much more accepted as primary sources than was the case just a few years ago. Sprague has published books about the



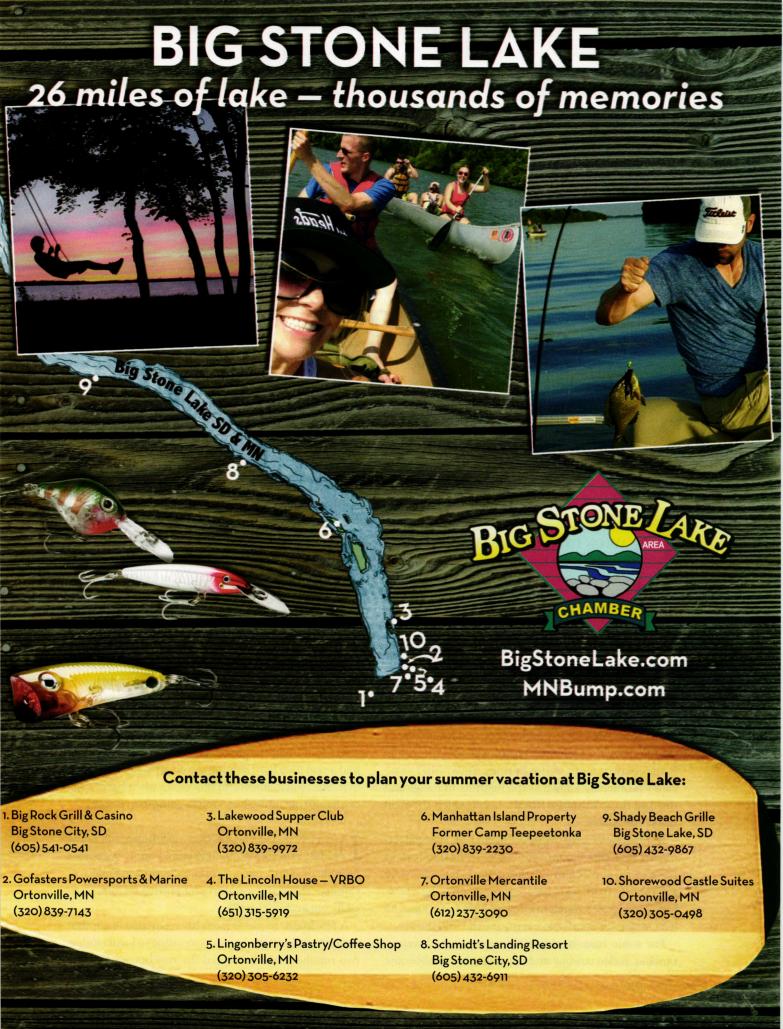


White Horse winter count

For decades it has hung in a Colorado museum. This century, a typewritten interpretation found in Minnesota confirmed its South Dakota roots. Now, three copies can be seen in northwestern South Dakota, and the interpretation is published in the book *Timber Lake and Area Centennial History*, 1910-2010.

history of four South Dakota reservations and is in the final stages of an upcoming book, *Hump and Crazy Horse*, *Lakota-Cheyenne Views From a Family Perspective*. "Winter counts are a big part of my research," he says, "and they're sources respected by other historians."

In fact, they may be more accepted now than the oral storytelling tradition. That's because of corroboration. "If you find something represented on one winter count, and it's repeated on others across the Lakota nation, you know it happened," Sprague stresses. "It's not like our different bands got together every winter and planned to tell the same stories."



FREE TORUN

That's the theme of South Dakota's Wild Horse Sanctuary; it also describes the adventurous founder Dayton Hyde

STORY BY BERNIE HUNHOFF Photography by Alvis Upitis

AYTON HYDE often said that wild horses couldn't drive him away from Yamsi, his beloved Oregon ranch, but that's exactly what happened. Thirty years ago he saw mustangs penned in government holding facilities near Lovelock, Nevada, and he couldn't look away.

"I stood outside the fence and saw the hurt and dejection in their eyes," the cowboy author later wrote in *The Pastures of Beyond*. "They had been born wild and were meant to be free."

That was in the spring of 1988. Before the year was over, Hyde watched as truckloads of western mustangs skittered down a loading chute onto the wild Cheyenne River country south of Hot Springs. Today, that same valley is officially known as the Institute of Range and the American Mustang (IRAM). Locals call it the Wild Horse Sanctuary.

Hyde, now 92, still oversees IRAM. He's also collecting his thoughts for another book — one about Deer Lake, a rural place in northern Michigan where he spent his first 13 years before running off to be a cowboy on an uncle's ranch in Oregon. Fifty years later, he left Oregon for South Dakota to save the wild horses.

For some reason, this well-accomplished writer, rancher, rodeo cowboy and naturalist has not become

a household name in South Dakota. Perhaps it is partly because he and everyone else figured he'd soon be off to another adventure. He admits that he is surprised at his long stay.

When he first arrived in South Dakota, he cleaned out an old settler's shack that hadn't been occupied for 26 years. "This was built in 1890 and when I moved in it was just an old square prairie house with one bathroom, one bedroom, one sitting room and one kitchen," he says. "Years before, when it was empty, the sheep knocked the door open during a storm and they wintered here all winter. When I got here there were about four inches of sheep manure all over the floor. I had a real nice lady helping me clean it so I could live in it. She took a shovel and shoveled a wheelbarrow full of manure out and asked, 'You're going to live here?"

DAYTON HYDE CALLS that very house his home today, and though he has added on, it remains a humble dwelling, like most ranch houses in Fall River County. This is not a country for putting on airs, especially not architecturally.

A few hundred yards from his residence is another century-old settler's house. According to local stories, two ranchers who occupied the two houses became



estranged because one built a series of fences and gates across his property that made traveling to Hot Springs difficult for the other.

Then one shot the other's dog, other provocations happened, and the men ceased communications for decades. However, they became reacquainted while fighting a ranch fire in their older years and they once again became good neighbors. Hyde loves stories like that; he's been collecting and writing them all his life, preserving the memories of characters who would otherwise be forgotten.

Hyde lives in the southern-most house, and the other is now used as the sanctuary headquarters and gift shop. That's where we found him on a crisp afternoon last winter. He is still tall and sturdy, if a bit fragile, and busy every day.

"Too many interesting things to do," he says. "When I can sneak out of the house I like to go back to ranching," he grins, looking across the table at Susan Watt, the executive director of the sanctuary, and Karla LaRive, the jack-of-all-trades marketing director. They all share a knowing smile.

But we were there on a cold day, and the sun was setting over the 100-foot-high Cheyenne River bluffs that border the sanctuary headquarters, so the ranch boss was content to tell stories and leave the fencing and feeding to the small crew.

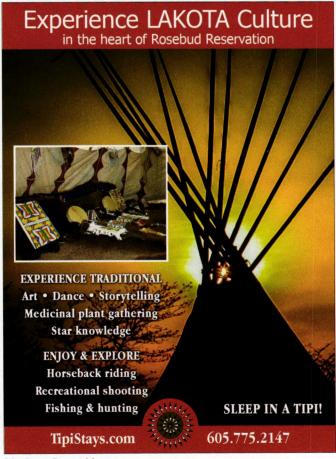
We asked Hyde about his first look at the Cox Ranch,

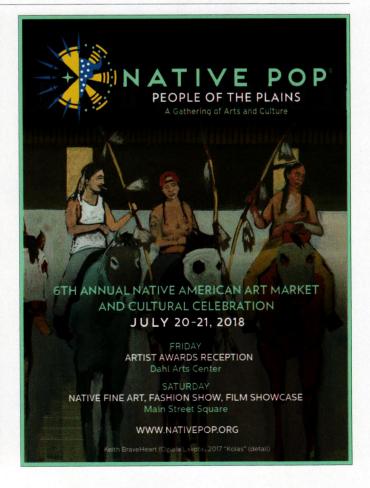
the original parcel of the sanctuary that has now grown to 14,000 acres. He was on a helicopter ride arranged by Gov. George Mickelson, who had heard that Hyde was beseeching federal officials and politicians to create a home for mustangs. Mickelson, an avid conservationist, had read some of Hyde's writings. He also knew the historic 7,000-acre Cox Ranch was for sale in Hell Canyon, and he thought the horse sanctuary might be a way to preserve both the horses and the land. The helicopter landed by Flint Hill on a beautiful morning when southwest South Dakota never looked better: the grass was thick and shade trees were leafy green along the clean-flowing Cheyenne River.

Rancher-members of the state's powerful South Dakota Cattlemen's Association were unsure about the idea of a sanctuary in the middle of cow country. However, they soon warmed up to Dayton Hyde.

"I had been pretty active with cattlemen's groups in Oregon and all over the West," he recalls. He met with South Dakota ranchers and they recognized that the newcomer was just another cowboy who loved horses and wilderness.

The Cheyenne River, which begins in Wyoming, twists 7 miles through the heart of the sanctuary. Hyde says it meanders so much that it runs in all four directions. Mule deer, some with trophy-size antlers, graze unafraid on the prairie grasses. Wild turkeys shuffle to and from the ranch







The wild mustangs of Fall River County descend from horses brought to America by Spanish explorers 500 years ago.

headquarters, sometimes roosting on the hitch of an old covered wagon.

"We have pelicans that come in June," he says, "golden eagles and bald eagles and a great blue heron rookery with 36 nests — and one osprey."

Elk, coyotes, badgers, coons and countless other wildlife species also share the land with the mustangs. We asked how he controls the deer and elk population and he answered in two simple words.

"Mountain lions."

Thirty years ago, Hyde prioritized a sanctuary for horses but he knew other furred and feathered creatures would be sharing the space.

"My number one problem is the fences," adds Hyde matter-of-factly. Not money (which has to be a problem because his hay bill is a half million dollars a year), not politics, weather or rattlesnakes: the sanctuary's 52 miles of fence.

"We have to keep those horses on the sanctuary and not on Forest Service land," he says. A few years ago, a pair of immaculately uniformed, young Forest Service rangers came to the sanctuary and complained that the mustangs were on their property.

The old rancher says fencing problems can usually be traced to the elk that, he wryly noted, mangle his fences as they come and go from the federal lands. "There's a hunting season on them over there. There's no hunting here; it just wouldn't work on a sanctuary. They become too trusting. It would be like shooting the neighbor's cow."

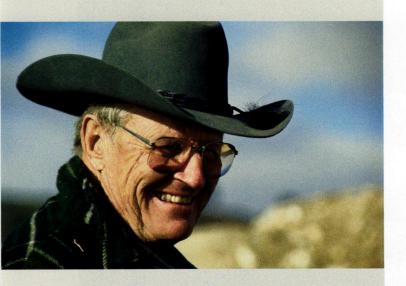
Still, Hyde knows the importance of fences and neighbors, so he and his handful of helpers are constantly patching and fixing wire. "The secret of a good fence is good braces," he says. "For a damn tight fence, start at the bottom and go up."

TRUTH BE TOLD, there probably are only a few dozen Americans with the unique set of skills, smarts and sympathies required to run a wild horse sanctuary. Dayton Hyde's story began by that lake in Michigan, and nine decades later he still credits his early years for forming his love of nature.

"I never got over that lake," he told us. "It colored my whole existence. But I loved horses even more, and when I ran away it was to get to the horse herds. My uncle had written me a letter and said they'd captured 30 wild horses and were breaking them to ride. What kind of letter was that to write to a kid?"

His father was suffering from multiple sclerosis, and an older brother had already left the house. Hyde, figuring he'd save his mother the burden of another mouth to feed, left Michigan at age 13.

He showed up in Oregon unannounced and welcomed coolly by his eccentric uncle, Dayton "Buck" Williams, a wealthy bachelor and ladies' man who showed little interest in the boy at first. But Uncle Buck didn't send him home — maybe because he liked having someone to open and shut gates. Slowly but surely, Williams and the ranch hands taught him how to be a cowboy.



LESSONS LEARNED

Dayton Hyde has excelled in photography, writing and horsemanship in his 92 years, so we asked him for a little advice:

How to handle horses?

"Just be quiet, and do what the horses do to each other, which is a lot of nibbling of manes. You can take a wild colt that's scared to death and if you can reach him ... just start petting and nibbling on him, pretty soon he is relaxed. He thinks you're another horse."

How to write?

"Just get it written. But first you should have an adventure, get something to say. Then the writing will come easy."

How to take a good picture?

"Don't take so damn many photographs. Spend more time on the quality." (He captured unique rodeo photographs by finding unusual angles, sometimes lying on the ground as wild bulls bucked overhead.)

How to live a long life?

Hyde hesitated on this, so Susan Watt replied for him: "Enjoy every moment. He really does. He finds beauty in the world around him and that gives him solace to put up with people. He tells me, when I'm mad as a wet hen, 'You missed a really good day to be happy.'"

Hyde's 2005 book *The Pastures of Beyond* is a beautiful coming-of-age account of that unusual upbringing. He writes of Rose, a Native American girl with tremendous promise who fights alcoholism and cultural shackles; of a bucking horse called Blackhawk, and the rodeo cowboys who tried to ride him; and of his uncle, who perhaps unknowingly educated the gangly teen on how (and how not) to run a ranch.

"All that stuff really happened," he says. "It was the easiest book I've ever written."

Hyde also preserved the stories of cowboys who might otherwise be forgotten, writing of their foibles, their hardships and hijinks and their ornery independence that he obviously admired and emulated.

He eventually left the ranch to serve in World War II, fighting with Patton's Third Army through Belgium, France and Germany. When the war ended, he found himself bored in France — along with thousands of other GIs — and convinced a general to let him stage rodeos in an ancient coliseum.

He came home, studied English at the University of California-Berkeley, and gravitated back to Oregon where his aging uncle eventually turned Yamsi over to him. He continued to ride in rodeos, and also became a talented rodeo photographer.

Hyde married, raised five children with his wife, Gerda, and became active in conservation and cattlemen's groups. He also became a successful author, writing fiction and non-fiction books.

In the early 1980s, Hyde left Yamsi in the care of his wife and children and focused on his writing and conservation efforts. In 1986 he published *Don Coyote*, a story of co-existence with coyotes on Yamsi. The entertaining book made a case that ranchers are better off with the coyote they know; kill him and his territory may be claimed by less predictable predators.

In *Don Coyote*, Hyde relates the story of a summer when he and his young sons labored to build a dam and recreate a lake that existed eons ago in their Oregon hills. Finally, when it was finished, he hauled a mice-infested, long abandoned shack to the site. Then he waited for the lake to fill. "First a puddle, then a pond, then a small lake," he wrote. "It wasn't the body of water I could expect someday but it was exciting.

"One day as I sat at the listening point in front of the cabin, wishing for a cloudburst, I heard a mournful whoop from the gray, scudding clouds. For a moment the mists opened as for an angel and the sun's rays made a golden stairway down to the land. Down that stairwell glided five great white whistling swans. Circling the lake they whooped in apparent disbelief that such a body of water could exist there."

Don Coyote won awards and earned rave reviews, and helped to fund his emerging dream to operate a sanctuary where creatures and the land co-exist in harmony. Two years later, he saw the wild mustangs in the government pens and he has been a South Dakotan ever since.

HYDE IS HIGHLY REGARDED for his writing, conservation philosophy and adventurous spirit, best exemplified by his rodeoing. But his ability to balance on a bucking horse might only be rivaled by how he's managed to stay afloat financially.

He formed the non-profit IRAM to oversee the sanctuary, but even non-profits need to pay feed bills. The revenues come from a number of sources: sales of a few horses and colts, a 150-cow beef herd that shares some of the range with the mustangs, admission receipts from tourists, book sales, a quirky gift shop and contributions.

In the lean, early years, Hyde once remarked that he was living on Grape-Nuts and cornflakes. The actress Kim Novak heard his story and sent \$1,000, earmarked "for Dayton's groceries only." He remembers driving to Rapid City and stocking up the shelves.

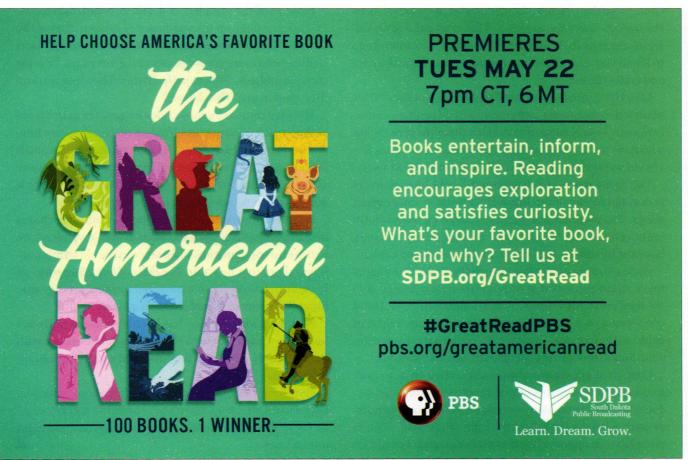
"I get a lot of credit for this place," he says. "But a lot of kind and caring people have helped. Mainly because they came here and saw this beautiful piece of land and they had no idea something like this existed."

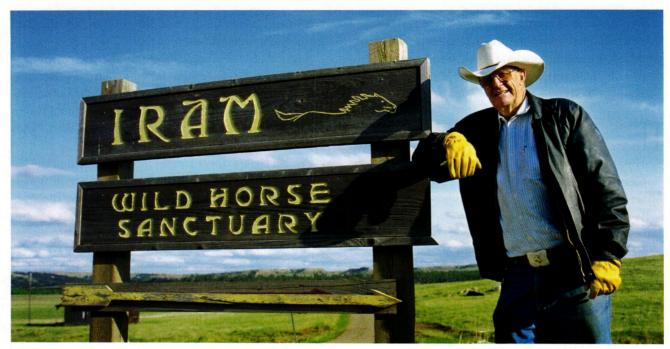
Susan Watt discovered the sanctuary when it was featured on the ABC television show 20/20 in 1996. Her husband had died after a lingering illness, and she was searching for her new calling. "The truth is I went on a trip to Africa, looking for something. At one point I asked, 'What is it You want me to do, Lord?"

Dayton Hyde's story came on the television, and she felt moved to call and offer to help. He brushed her off at first, telling her to read his books and learn more about the sanctuary and its mission. She did read several of his books and called back within a week, fully convinced that South Dakota was calling.

"She became a pioneer lady," grins Hyde. He gives her great credit for growing the sanctuary. "Twenty years ago she showed up and she has been the major impetus of keeping this going and keeping things straight."

When Watt arrived at the sanctuary the two houses had no heat, no outdoor lighting and nobody mowed the grass. "Plus there were rattlesnakes in the yard," she remembers. "Our biggest battles were maybe because I'm Southern and I think the grass should be cut, and people from other states don't want to step on snakes, and they don't even





"When I can sneak out of the house I like to go back to ranching," grins Dayton Hyde. Friends wish he would spend his days writing and greeting visitors, who arrive from around the world to see the horses and the man who rescued them.

want to step on horse manure."

Watt brought organization, civilization and a lawn mower to the sanctuary — and eventually she and Hyde became more than friends, though they've not married. Now she says she loves the isolation of the Cheyenne River valley as much as Hyde and the 500 horses. "I can hardly go to Rapid City now. There are too many people on the road and I miss the serenity."

Like Hyde, however, she defers credit to others. "This place is here because a community of kind people — mostly women — have supported it. Many times these are ladies who have never been here but they are animal lovers. Every girl wants to jump on that wild stallion and ride away."

The front room of the sanctuary's old headquarters is devoted to one of the Black Hills' most interesting gift shops. The merchandise includes coffee cups and clothing imprinted with "Free to Run" (the sanctuary's theme), bandana handbags, regional art and Hyde's many books.

Hyde's literary career has attracted visitors to the sanctuary, as have movies that were filmed there (*Hidalgo, Into the Wild* and *Crazy Horse*, among others). In 2013, IRAM cooperated on a documentary called *Running Wild* that explores the founder's life story. The sanctuary is now open year-round, though most people still come in summer.

First-time guests are always enthralled by the landscapes. Most don't expect the diversity of wildlife that has come to call it home. Many are surprised that the wild horses don't gallop for the hills at the sight of a human. Visitors often have an opportunity to pet a horse, and they are far more likely to be licked than nicked. The horses are free and fairly subdued, like the 92-year-old cowboy who created their river refuge.

Hyde is still the president of the IRAM board of directors, and his presence on the sanctuary is equal to that of the horses. "The accolades we hear are overwhelming," says LaRive, who often greets guests and gives tours. "People come in and ask, 'Where is Mr. Hyde?' They hug you and they want to say, 'Thank you."

She says some remember rides he gave them in his old pickup truck 30 years ago. Visitors often ask to see him, and he usually obliges. "He was watching the national finals bronc riding one day and he still came over when someone asked to see him," says LaRive, who has worked with Hyde and Watt for a decade. "He is always very gracious."

Between interruptions and whatever outdoor chores he can accomplish when the women aren't watching, he writes on a computer in a small office in the old farmhouse. It was there that he wrote *The Bells of Lake Superior*, an enchanting novel about a teenaged musical prodigy who brings harmony to a troubled Michigan city.

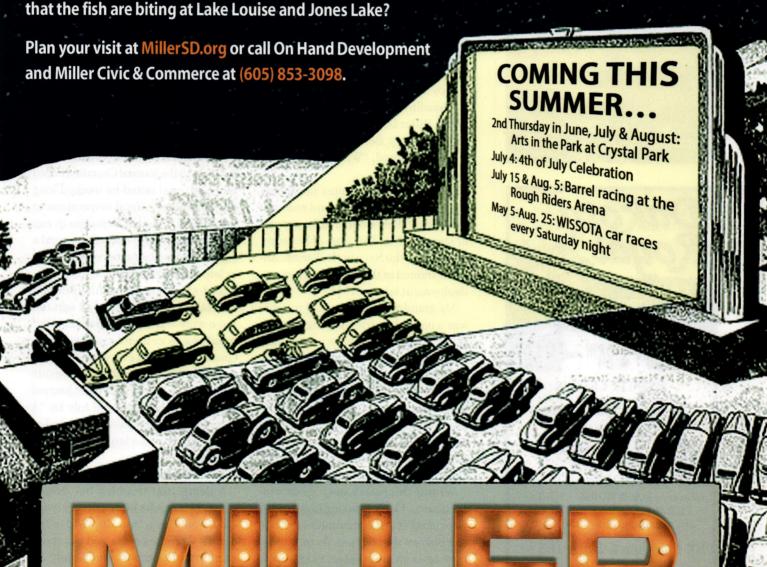
Searching for harmony has been the thread of Hyde's long life — harmony with wild horses and coyotes, with the land itself, with his fellow man and within his solitary writer's soul.

It will likely be a theme of the Deer Lake book, which he hopes to finish soon. "I don't get around to it every day," he says. "But when I do get started I can go day and night until it's done."

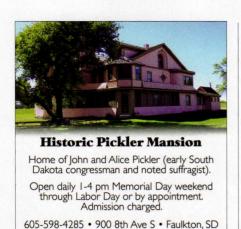
COME FOR A SHOW... STAY FOR AWHILE

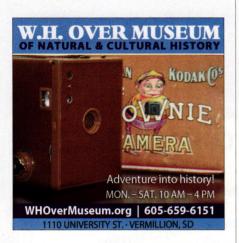
Chances are, you've watched a movie under the stars at Miller's drive-in theatre, one of just a few remaining in the state! It's time you know ...

Miller is more than a big screen. Our little town in central South Dakota is ideal for an old-fashioned weekend getaway. Set up a tent by Lake Louise (or camp for free at Crystal Park!), enjoy home brew at Heartstrings coffee shop, take the kids to a night of car racing or spend an afternoon shopping our downtown boutique, clothing and antique stores. Did we mention that the fish are biting at Lake Louise and Jones Lake?



YOUR SOUTH DAKOTA WEEKEND GETAWAY!









MOUNTAIN AIRINGS

By Paul Higbee

UNFORGETTABLE 1945

E HEARD TONIGHT that Hitler is dead."

That's what my grandmother, Mabel Higbee, wrote in her journal May 1, 1945. As usual, she also described the weather — "chilly and rainy" — because it was important information as the Midwest growing season got rolling.

Two days later Grandma reported: "... headlines in the paper. Mussolini killed. Hitler Dead. Unconditional Surrender In Italy. Berlin Falls."

She wondered, "What will happen next?"

In this, the United States' fourth full year in World War II, she and millions of other mothers wondered for personal reasons. That May, one of her sons served with the Navy in the Pacific. Another trained in the Army for overseas deployment later in 1945.

My grandmother once told me she was a natural worrier. During the war there was endless fuel for worry. Her military sons knew that and wrote home nearly every day — as Grandma duly noted amid her weather and headlines reports. Her three older adult children, occupied with their own families and farms or other work, kept in close contact, too. Two high school-age daughters lived at home.

Writing this issue's story about winter counts, I kept thinking how vital it is for families and communities to keep the history that defines them. In the very act of writing that story I glanced across the room and spotted my grandmother's 1945 journal on a high bookshelf. If you're thinking, 'Oh no, no one should read another person's journal

or diary,' rest assured my grandmother wasn't an inward-looking writer. Ever practical, she wrote content that was always utilitarian in some way. Gossip? Put-downs? Juicy secrets? I'm sure she knew such things existed but would have considered it lunacy to commit them to paper. And commit she did. Again and again throughout the journal she signed her full name after entries, as if saying, "I stand by these words."

Always present but seldom prominent in the journal was my grandfather, a livestock veterinarian usually called Doc. But in the journal Grandma called him C.R., and noted he worked long days handling animal inspections at sales barns. That left Grandma to run the family's poultry operations, tend a big garden and can most of what grew in late summer and fall.

And she showed up for funerals, several a month. As far as I can tell none were war-related that year, but mostly for older friends and neighbors. Grandma believed everyone deserved well-attended, respectful and beautiful hometown rites. A typical journal report would be this one of July 18: "A nice day. Junietta Niles was buried at 2 p.m. There was a large funeral, lots of flowers."

Lots of flowers — always a big deal. A death that troubled her deeply came two weeks later when 9-year-old Lowell Eaton "was drowned in the pond." Grandma neglected her trademark weather report and simply described "a sad funeral. The Boy Scouts were pallbearers."

By August, Grandma's attention focused on the war in the Pacific — her

family's Theater of War. Max, my Navy uncle, had been in those dangerous waters for a long while. Walter, my dad, spent the summer training for the Army's planned land invasion of Japan, certain to be bloody if Japan's leaders didn't follow Germany and Italy's lead and surrender. After atom bombs brought Japan to its knees, my grandmother couldn't wait for the end to be official.

"The Japanese made a request for surrender," she wrote on August 10. "But we are waiting for the Allies to either accept or reject it."

Next day: "We are waiting patiently ... "

Actually, "patiently" didn't fit the tone of her writing. August 13: "Still waiting for the official surrender."

Then on August 14, in big letters: "The Official Report Of The Japanese Surrender at 6:15 P.M." Immediately below that she scrawled, "We sold \$21.43 worth of chickens today." Life moved on.

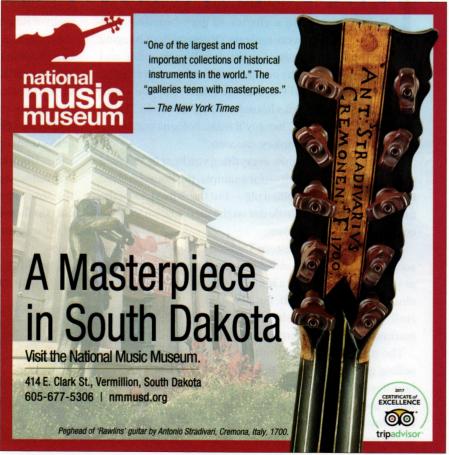
However, the surrender didn't keep my dad out of the Pacific. In September he boarded a troop carrier bound for the Philippines. His assignment there was prisoner of war camp guard, as Grandma noted. She did not report the fact that he and fellow soldiers once encountered Japanese fighters who didn't know their leaders had surrendered. I'm guessing Dad never told her.

Flash forward four months. "The last day of 1945," my grandmother wrote, "was a nice sunny day, not very cold. Many things have happened." She mentioned her sons' military service, the other five children doing fine, minor illnesses overcome and the birth of a grandson.

"C.R. and I have nothing to complain about," she concluded. The two attended a New Year's Eve party at their church, the site of so many of those funerals. "A nice crowd," she reported, "and lots of doughnuts."

Paul Higbee is a contributing editor for South Dakota Magazine. He lives in Spearfish with his wife, Janet.







Mayfield Store Stories

BY LAURA JOHNSON ANDREWS

T'S 7:30 IN THE MORNING and I'm at the bar, bellied up alongside a cluster of gray-bearded, flannel-wrapped retirees and one Viborg student hanging out with his grandpa for the day. We sip coffee and munch on store-bought cookies and homemade pickled eggs while we visit. "If you'd come tomorrow, you could have bologna made from a household pet," I am told. "Don't laugh," says another. "That guy'll make bologna out of anything — woodchuck, donkey, raccoon."

You quickly learn to take everything you hear in Mayfield with a healthy dose of salt—for example, the household pet in question was a pot-bellied pig—but that's just part of the fun when you visit this little dot on the map, known for good community and good times.

Mayfield is in northeastern Yankton County, at the intersection of Highway 46 and 444th Avenue, but don't blink as you drive by. There's a house to the west and a Catholic

church a half-mile north, but Mayfield really just means Mayfield Store, a local institution that is currently up for sale.

The original store was built in 1928, selling gas and groceries to local farm families. Early operator Tom Murphy was a godlike figure to neighborhood kids due to his control over the store's candy jar, but Mayfield's glory days were

in the 1940s and '50s, after Highway 46 was built, during the reign of Ralph Gemmill.

Gemmill, a polio survivor, ran the store for 20 years, first in partnership with another local, then solo. "He was quite an entrepreneur," says Celestine Healy Johansen, who grew up northeast of Mayfield. "He didn't let his disability stop him in any way." He held picnics and dances at the store and hosted Sunday afternoon baseball games, pitting Mayfield's team against players from Midway, Pearson's Corner, Irene, Utica and other country stores and small towns.

Johansen remembers that Gemmill was one of the first in the area to barbecue chicken, using cobs for fuel. "He had old couches with metal frames on them, and he welded two of those together and used that to barbecue chicken," she says.

In addition to his duties at the store, Gemmill raised money for charitable causes and served in the state House of

Representatives — he even flew his own airplane, often flying with a friend to Yankton for supper after the store closed at 11 or 12 o'clock at night.

After Gemmill's death in 1961, Mayfield passed through a number of hands as different families worked to keep the community and the store alive. Under Duane "Bullwinkle"



Hacecky's ownership, Mayfield was known for its coyote hunts, which eventually attracted animal rights activists. "They said that instead of shooting them, they should neuter them," Johansen says. "Now you go catch the coyotes so we can neuter them! I wonder if they ever thought about how stupid that was."

The current owner, Stuart Huber, has been operating Mayfield as a bar & grill for nine years, serving beer, chislic, hamburgers, broasted chicken and the like. "I'd hate to see it ever close," he says. "It's a good place for our people to socialize." Huber has been patronizing Mayfield since he was about 12 years old. "We'd go by there once in a while and then I'd get a treat. I used to buy beer in there when I was young. Too young."

He remembers pranks that the locals pulled — some of which sound like risky endeavors. "One guy bought a new John Deere tractor many years ago. His buddies went over there and painted his tractor all International red," Huber says. "He wasn't too happy, but they got over it and everybody's still friends."

Huber, who also runs a home improvement business, has put his own stamp on the place — adding karaoke on Friday nights, prime rib once a month, and converting the old ball field into a campground. In late July, Mayfield hosts the Wild Hog Rally, a memorial event for the Pederson and VanderPoel families that includes camping, live music and other activities. Though his establishment doesn't open officially until 4 p.m., he still allows the morning coffee crew to open for their daily gathering. "It's just like a big family," Huber says.

Huber is ready to hand the keys over to new ownership, people who will appreciate the rural clientele and see the possibilities in the location. "What I really like about being out there along the main highway is it's an excellent setting for a roadhouse where you can be concentrating on barbecue," Huber says. "It has a lot of potential for going different directions. Just need the right people to keep it going."

The asking price for Mayfield is about \$400,000. That includes 3 acres of land, a remodeled four-bedroom house with triple-pane glass windows, new seamless steel siding, a new roof and a deck and fence, the camping area and the store. The store consists of three attached buildings — the dining and kitchen area, a game room and a large back room for dances and events. There's space for 40 or 50 people in the lounge, with space to entertain up to 300. Huber is willing to sell the bar and campground separate from the house. For more information, contact him at (605) 212-2423.

Editor's Note: "South Dakota Dreaming" stories are written solely for your entertainment. We would not accept any compensation were a sale to occur — not even a round of red beers for our staff.



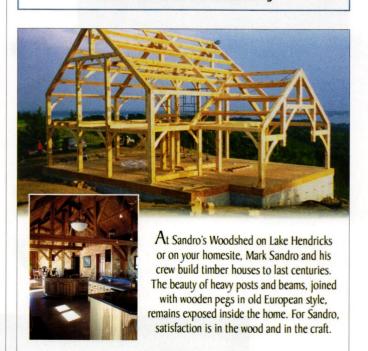
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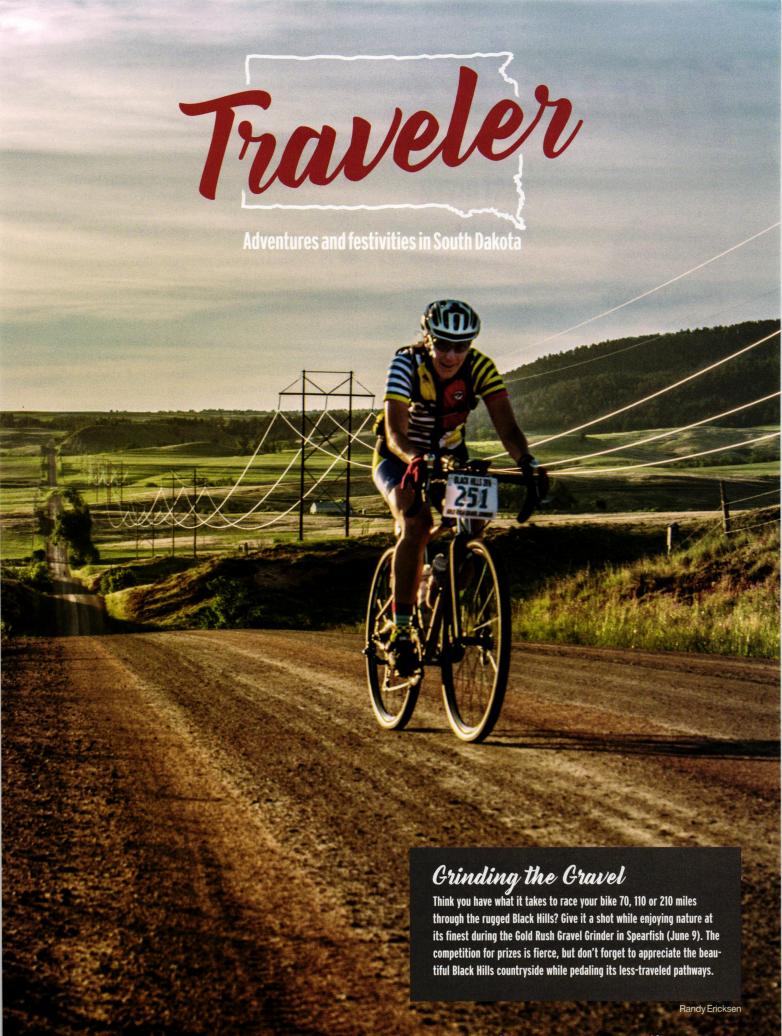
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Traveler Adventures and factive

Adventures and festivities in South Dakota



Clark's Little Fellon

In Clark's early days, there was a little boy who lived in a shack outside of town and waved whenever the train rumbled through. When the boy died unexpectedly and his family moved. the conductor took over care of the gravesite and arranged an annual stop to decorate it with flowers. The townspeople of Clark carry on the touching tradition today, with a Memorial Day service (May 28) at the grave about 6 miles east of town.

EAST RIVER EVENTS

May 4-5: South Dakota State Arts Conference. Presentations and networking. Holiday Inn City Centre, Sioux Falls. 252-5979.

May 4-6, 11-13: 9 to 5 the Musical. Mitchell Area Community Theatre performance. Pepsi-Cola Theatre, Mitchell. 996-9137.

May 6: South Dakota Symphony Youth Orchestra Concert. Performing Arts Center, Brandon Valley. 367-6000.

May 12: Cinco de Mayo Fiesta. Ethnic food, beverages, music, kids' entertainment and Chihuahua fashion show. Falls Park, Sioux Falls. 271-0468.

May 12: Avera
Race Against
Breast Cancer. 10Krun,
5Krun, 3-mile
walk and 1.5-mile family
fun walk. Avera McKennan
Fitness Center, Sioux Falls.
322-8900.

May 18: Turkey Races. Races, games, fried turkey legs and fowl balls. Downtown, Huron. 352-0000.

May 18-19: Sioux Empire Film Festival. Films, documentaries and awards. Washington Pavilion Belbas Theater, Sioux Falls. 367-6000.

May 18-20: Open House and Free Fishing Weekend. State Parks. 223-7660.

May 19: Kids Fishing Derby. For children 15 and under. Oakwood Lakes State Park, Bruce. 627-5441.

May 19-20 & 26-27: Pari-Mutuel Horse Racing. Brown County Fairgrounds, Aberdeen. 715-9580. May 26: Just for Fun Pet Show. Pet/owner lookalike contest, best dressed, most talented, largest, smallest and most unusual pets. Chief White Crane Recreation Area, Yankton. 668-2985.

May 26: Memorial Weekend. Poker run, bean bag toss tournament, kids' tractor pull, show and shine, BBQ championship feed, inflatables and beer garden. Main Street, Mitchell. 770-1109.

May 28: Little Fellow
Memorial Service. Remembrance of a pioneer lad
befriended by a railroad
conductor. Clark. 940-5511.



Experience the legacy of William Shakespeare at the South Dakota Shakespeare Festival in Vermillion (June 7-10). Enjoy vendors, entertainment, educational programming and a free full-length production of *Richard III* in Prentis Park.

South Dakota Shakannaara Feetina

May 31-June 3: Wheel Jam. Semi, motorcycle and car show, racing, entertainment and Original SD BBQ Championships. State Fairgrounds, Huron. 353-7340.

June 1-2: Howard Headers Cruise Night and Car Show. Howard. 203-1086.

June 1-3: Fort Sisseton Historical Festival. Military reenactments, arts, crafts, melodrama stage show, music, buckskin traders and horse-drawn implements. Fort Sisseton Historic State Park, Lake City. 448-5474.

June 1-3: Fish Days. Queen and Lil Miss Fishy contest, carnival, lawn mower races, darts, karaoke, parade, kids' activities, fish dinner, bean bagtourney, car and motorcycle show, street dance, softball, motorcycle blessing, bull-o-rama and dueling pianos. Lake Andes. 487-7694.

June 2: Archery for Beginners. Pre-registration required. North Point Recreation Area, Pickstown. 487-7046.

June 2: Leola Entertainment. Meal and family-friendly show by the Looney Lutheran Ladies about living the Lutheran way. Leola High School, Leola. 380-2224.

June 3: Miss Prairie Village and Prairie Princess Pageant. Lawrence Welk Opera House, Historic Prairie Village, Madison. 256-3644.

June 3: Rhubarb Day. Recipe tastings and contest, prizes, refreshments and speaker. W.H. Over Museum, Vermillion. 659-6151.

June 3-9: Ride Across South Dakota (RASDAK). Bicycle tour from Flandreau to Hulett, Wyoming. Flandreau. 360-8039.

June 7, 14, 21 & 28: Aqua Addicts Water Ski Show. Dahme Lake, Aberdeen. 622-0440.

June 8: Northern Bull Riding Tour. Historic Prairie Village, Madison. 256-3644.

June 8-9: Denny Palmer Memorial Walleye Classic. Fishing tournament. Lake Oahe, Mobridge, 845-2387.

June 8-10: Old Timers' Weekend. Rummage sales, kids' games, fireworks, barbecue, music, arts, 5K and parade. Volga. 627-9113.

June 8-10: Trail Days. Music, food, parade, golf tournament, arts in the park and bulls-n-brones. Ipswich. 426-6319 or 426-6155.

June 8-11: South Dakota Shakespeare Festival. Workshops, discussions, vendors and performance of *Richard III*. Prentis Park, Vermillion. 622-0423.

June 9: Festival of Cultures.



Traveler Adventures and festivities in South Dakota

Sights, sounds and tastes from around the world. Coliseum, Sioux Falls. 367-7401.

June 9: Old Settlers
Day. Parade, 5K, street
dance and crafts. De Smet.
854-3773.

June 9: Luce Cabin Pioneer Day. Pioneer chores, demonstrations and exhibits. Lake Herman State Park, Madison. 256-5003.

June 9: Downtown Street Fest. Shopping, games, food, music, children's activities, sports competitions, poker walk and street dance. Huron. 352-0000.

June 9-10: Family Fun Weekend. Children's fishing contest, sand sculpture contest, princess teaparty and watermelon feed. Wylie Park, Aberdeen. 626-7015.

June 9-10: Siouxland Renaissance Festival. Jousting, jugglers, dancers, fire breathers, children's area, horse rides, historic encampments, period characters, food and crafts. W.H. Lyon Fairgrounds, Sioux Falls. (866) 489-9241. June 11: Heritage Day. Historical events, museum tours, pie social and programs. Crandall Church, Clark. 940-5511.

June 11-12: Harvest Festival. Parade, carnival, food and Miss Elkton pageant. Elkton. 542-2681.

June 12-14: Becoming an Outdoors Family. Camping and outdoorskills classes. Pre-registration required. Lewis and Clark Recreation Area, Yankton. 668-2985.

June 14-17: Czech Days. Baseball game, fireworks,

music, parades, entertainment, 5K, carnival, dancing, food and tractor/pickup pull. Tabor. 463-2571.

June 15: Trail of Governors Sculpture Unveilings. Honors Governors McMaster, Sharpe and Herseth. Capitol Rotunda, Pierre. 454-0689.

June 15-16: Rodeo Days. Mutton busting, rodeo, mini bull riding, parade and vendors. Rodeo Grounds, Estelline, 690-2241.

June 15-17: Old Settlers' Weekend. Parade, carshow,





ribcook-off, road race and street dance. Highmore. 852-2716.

June 15-17: Summer Celebration. Chislic feed, fireworks, 5K, parade, car show and bingo. Marion. 648-2869.

June 16-17: Arts in the Park. Arts, food, music and children's activities. Melgaard Park, Aberdeen. 226-1557.

June 21-22: Lewis and Clark Fun Camp. Archery, hikes, games and nature exploration for ages 4-6 and 7-11. Pre-registration required. Lewis and Clark Recreation Area, Yankton. 668-2985.

June 21-23: Oahe Days Music & Arts Festival. Parade, 5K, 10K, rodeo, arts and music. Steamboat Park, Pierre. 220-0269. June 22: Dalesburg Midsommer Festival. Celebration of Seandinavian and rural heritage. Dalesburg Lutheran Church, Vermillion. 253-2575.

June 22: Sunset Zoofari. Adults-only fundraiser with beer, wine, food, entertainment and cultures from around the world. Bramble Park Zoo, Watertown. 882-6269.

June 22-24: Quarry Days. Golf tournament, train rides, street dance with live music, baseball, parade, car show and fireworks. Dell Rapids. 428-4167.

June 22-24: Finn Fest. Parade, 5K, wife-carrying contest, boot toss, fireworks, community picnic, magician, street dance and fire on the water. Frederick. 380-3770. June 23: Dutch Oven Gathering. Learn how to cook over a fire. North Point Recreation Area, Pickstown. 487-7046.

June 23: Family Zoofari. Cultures and animals from around the world, activities, parade of flags and entertainment. Bramble Park Zoo, Watertown. 882-6269.

June 23-24: Kite & Bike Festival. Fishback Soccer Complex, Brookings. 688-4279.

June 24: Homecoming Sunday. Church service and meal. Esmond Church, Esmond, 546-2440.

June 24: Prairie Village Variety Show. Lawrence Welk Opera House, Historic Prairie Village, Madison. 256-3644. June 27: McCrossan Golf Classic for Kids. Golf tournament, barbecue, games, prizes, wagon rides and tours. Elmwood Golf Course and McCrossan Boys Ranch, Sioux Falls. 339-1203.

June 30: Ribs and MORE at the Ranch. Rib cooking contest. Brisket and chislic will also be served. Freeman Academy, Freeman. 321-7351.

June 30: Automania. Music, memorabilia, food, beverages and carauction.

Brandon. 951-5045.

June 30-July 1: Archeology Awareness Days. Flint knapping demonstrations, pottery making, Lakota games, storytellers and archaeological presentations. Prehistoric Indian Village, Mitchell. 996-5473.

Traveler

Adventures and festivities in South Dakota



Norsk for a Day

Celebrate a Norwegian tradition in Vivian. Syttende Mai, literally the 17th of May, is a day to remember the signing of the Norwegian constitution. Revel in the food, parade and music and immerse yourself in a culture all its own.

WEST RIVER EVENTS

May 3: Preservation
Thursday: SeaMonsters in the Age of the Dinosaurs.
Learn about mosasaurs, ichthyosaurs, plesiosaurs and other fierce marine reptiles. Homestake Adams
Research and Cultural Center. Deadwood, 722-4800.

May 4-6, 11-13: Barefoot in the Park. Gold Camp Players community theatre. Historic Homestake Opera House, Lead. 584-2067.

Parade

Vendors & more!

May 4-6, 11-13 & 18-20: *Harvey*. Black Hills Community Theatre performance. Performing Arts Center Studio Theatre, Rapid City. 394-1786.

May 5: Cinco de Mayo Festival. Family street fair with games, indoor adult events, entertainment, food and beverages. Main Street, Deadwood. 578-1876.

May 5: Frühlingsfest and Spring Market. Vendors, artisans, craft beer tasting and music. Main Street Square, Rapid City. 716-7979.

May 12: Art & Wine Festival. Maker's market, wine tasting, music, wine pull and wine auction. Main Street Square, Rapid City. 716-7979.

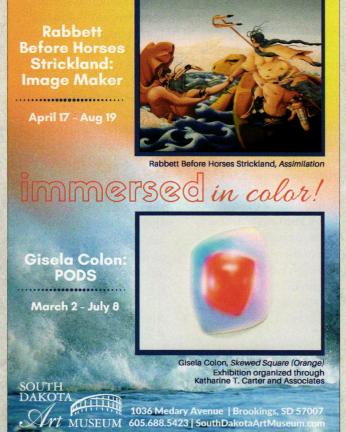
May 13: Mother's Day Express. Passengers enjoy locally-made cupcakes and entertainment. 1880 Train, Hill City. 574-2222.

May 17: Syttende Mai.
Parade, dinner and music celebrates Norway's Constitution Day. Purchase tickets in advance. Community Hall, Vivian. 869-2366.

May 19: Chemistry Work-



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shop. Hands-on activities and crafts for students in grades K-6. Light refreshments provided. Reservations required. Days of '76 Museum, Deadwood. 578-1657.

May 19: Booth Day. Scavenger hunt, prizes and free hot dogs. D.C. Booth Historic National Fish Hatchery, Spearfish. 642-7730.

May 19 & June 23: Black Hills Opry with Aces and Eights. Concert. Historic Homestake Opera House, Lead. 584-2067.

May 25-28: Memorial Day Weekend Open House. Waived admission with donation of three cans of food per person. Crazy Horse Memorial. 673-4681.

May 30-August 30: Thursdays on the Square Concert Series. Bands, kids' activities, food and beverage garden on Thursday nights. Main Street Square, Rapid City. 716-7979.

June 1-3: Black Hills Quilt Show. Displays, vendors, demonstrations, lectures and quilt appraisal. Rushmore Plaza Civic Center, Rapid City. 394-4115.

June 1-3 and July 13-15: Prospectors Challenge Gold Rush Saddle Series. Barrel racing and pole bending competition. Indoor Arena, Central States Fairgrounds, Rapid City. (612) 384-6730. June 2: Casey Tibbs Match of Champions. Wagon train returns, timber branding, book signing, kids' activities, steak fry and brone riding. Fort Pierre. 494-1094.

June 2: National Trails Day Badger Clark Trail Hike. A one-mile hike explores the poet's legacy in South Dakota. Badger Hole Historie Site, Custer State Park. 255-4515.

June 2: National Trails Day Prairie Trails Hike. Guided easy to moderate hike. Wildlife Station Visitor Center, Custer State Park. 255-4515.

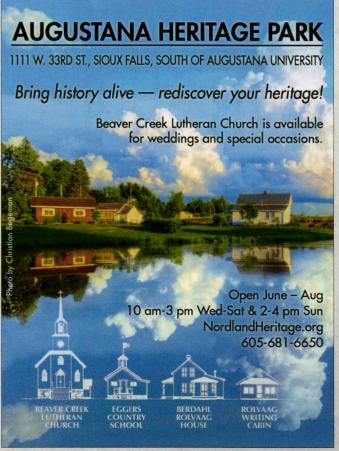
June 2: Kids' Carnival. Games, crafts, entertainers, train rides, interactive fountain and educational booths. Main Street Square, Rapid City. 716-7979.

June 2: National Trails
Day Little Devil's Tower
Hike. Adventurous and
strenuous hike to one of the
highest points in the Black
Hills. Sylvan Lake General
Store, Custer State Park.
255-4515.

June 2-3: Spring Volks-march. A 10K-hike up the world's largest mountain carving in progress. Crazy Horse Memorial. 673-4681.

June 2-3: Cinderella.
Performance of Rogers & Hammerstein's musical.
Rushmore Plaza Civic
Center, Rapid City. (800)
468-6463.





Traveler

Adventures and festivities in South Dakota

June 2-3: Deadwood Mickelson Trail Marathon. Marathon, half marathon and marathon relay. Deadwood. 578-1876.

June 4-8, 11-15: Archaeology Camp. Students enteringgrades 3-7 assist a professionalarchaeologist at a real dig, with lessons on orienteering, mapping and cataloging artifacts. Reservations required. Homestake Adams Research and Cultural Center, Deadwood. 722-4800.

June 5: Trolley on the Trail. Allowspeoplewithimpaired mobility to experience the Mickelson Trail. Reservations required. Englewood Trailhead, George S. Mickelson Trail, Lead, 584-3896.

June 7-9: Wild Deadwood Reads. Interact with authors at events throughouttown. Deadwood. 559-0386.

June 8-9: Professional Bull Riders. Days of '76 Rodeogrounds, Deadwood. 578-1876.

June 9: Gold Rush Gravel Grinder. 70-, 110- and 210mile bicycle races on gravel

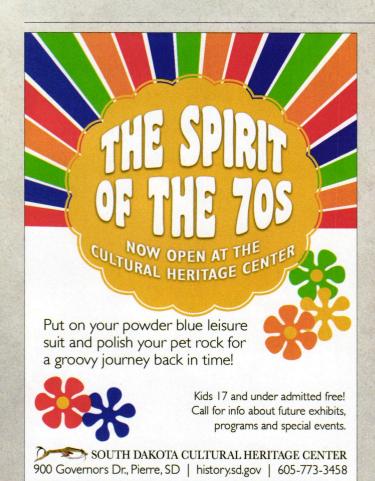
roads through the Black Hills. Spearfish. 641-4963.

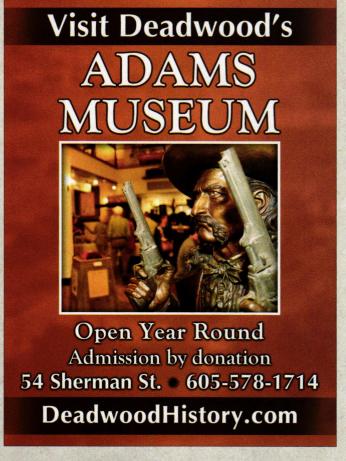
June 9: The Homestake Mine. A musical performance by South Dakota composer Jesse Dunaway portrays the Homestake Gold Mine's 125-year history. Historic Homestake Opera House, Lead. 584-2067.

June 9 & 24: Mount Rushmore Rodeo, Bull riding. saddle brone, bareback riding, ranch brone, team roping, barrel racing and mutton bustin'. Palmer Guleh, Hill City. 574-2525. June 9: Ghost Town Fundraiser. Self-guided walk, mining stories and barbecue. Galena. 645-6517 or 578-5074.

June 13: Nature Day Camp: Kids' Fishing Day. Knot-tying, casting contest, cleaning tricks, fish prints and fishing. Angostura Recreation Area Shelter 2, Hot Springs. 745-6996.

June 15: Prairies to Peaks Iron Horse Rail Summer Camp. Kids ages 11-15 learn railroad safety and operations. 1880 Train, Hill City. 574-2222.







June 15-16: Wild Bill Days. National DockDogs Competition, gold panning and sluicing demonstrations and music. Deadwood. 578-1876.

June 15-17: Gift from Mother Earth Art Show. Native American and western art show and sale. Crazy Horse Memorial, 673-4681.

June 15-17: Black Hills Mountain Festival. Mountain bike and trail race, family rides, vendors, outdoor clinics, kids' events, live music, food vendors and beer. Rapid City. 394-5225.

June 18-22: Camp Create. Students entering grades K-2 learn the elements of art. Reservations required. Days of '76 Museum, Deadwood. 578-1657.

June 21-24: Camaro Rally.

Show & shine, drag racing, autocross and poker runs. Sturgis. 720-0800.

June 22–July 8: The 25th Annual Putnam County Spelling Bee. Black Hills Playhouse, Custer. 255-4141.

June 22-24: Main Street Arts & Crafts Festival. Local artisans, vendors and entertainment. Centennial Park, Hot Springs. 440-2738.

June 22-24: Black Hills Bluegrass Festival. Concerts, jam sessions, workshops, kids' activities, concessions and Sunday gospel music show. Kickstands Campground, Sturgis. 348-1198.

June 22-24: Scavenger's Journey. Antiques, collectibles, crafts, food, rummage sales and flea markets in

nine towns along old Highway 16. Murdo to Plankinton. scavengersjourney@ midstatesd.net

June 23: Outdoor University. Canoeing, kayaking, archery and other outdoor activities. Outdoor Campus West, Rapid City. 394-2310.

June 23-24: Sculpture in the Hills. Free juried art show and sale. Main Street, Hill City. 574-2810.

June 25-29: Geology Camp. Students entering grades 3-7 study natural rock formations, identify rocks, discover geodes and explore the layers of the Earth. Reservations required. Homestake Adams Research and Cultural Center, Deadwood. 578-1657.

June 26: Night Blast. Com-

memorates the birthday of Ruth Ziolkowski and the 142nd anniversary of the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Crazy Horse Memorial. 673-4681.

June 27: Nature Day Camp. Kids' fishing day. Game Lodge Campground. Custer State Park. 255-4515.

June 30–July 4: Black Hills Roundup. Ranch rodeo, barbecue, PRCA rodeo, carnival, concerts, fireworks, parade and food. Belle Fourche. 723-2010.

Note: Times or dates may change. Please call organizers to confirm. The area code for all phone numbers is 605 unless otherwise noted. For more events, visit www. South Dakota-Magazine.com.



In South Dakota

I come from South Dakota
Stale, rot scented fingers
Covered in the dust from fish food
Held the dribbling ice cream cones
That splashed onto hay
And goats tip-tap-toed onto my back
And my sister fell, back
Into their water trough.
And we laughed.

I come from South Dakota
Mismatched, thrown together blankets
Filled the back of the Prius while
The hatch lid yawned open,
Cutting our vision in half
And I squinted out into the fading light
And my sister marveled at the smoke in the air
Above Rushmore fireworks exploded.
And we laughed.

I come from South Dakota
Dusty tires sitting on a dirt road
With lemonade sticky in the cupholder
The edge of a Garage Sale sign at the edge
Of my vision
And I buckled my seatbelt
And Grandma climbed half into the car,
Still dangling out
Just as Mom started to drive
And we laughed.

I come from South Dakota
Dry swimsuits draped on a hot rock
Sand squishing between our toes
And cold, clear water biting our skin.
And I dove into the water,
And he scanned the horizon for anyone who could see
Around us, water rippled from passing boats
And we laughed.

I come from summer in South Dakota
Dusty, long roads and ice cream cones
Hot, fresh doughnuts and dinosaur roars
Blooming, yellow sunflowers and aging towns
I come from South Dakota,
Home of the Badlands
And the Presidents' heads
And free ice water
Where I learned how to laugh.

Franki Hanke St. Paul, Minn.



A rainbow — reflecting on the fresh, clean air of May, and amplified by the photographer's telephoto lens — adorns the prairie near Baltic in Minnehaha County.

Planting Our Garden

The sky is blue then gradually fills with clouds, white then gray, obscuring the sun.

Jerry crouches, then crawls down a row. I walk down to the garden to see what he's planting — onion bulbs. He hands me a sack, and we plant together, side stepping between the rows, nestling each small onion into the dark soil he disked and raked.

Next he hoes the row for carrots, then moves quickly down the row, dispersing a tiny cloud of seeds, like his mother taught him. I help him cover the rows, pull dirt from each side and smooth the earth. We feel the first sprinkles, gather up the spinach seeds, and hurry uphill to the house. When the sprinkles end, so we sit outside to grill our first spring meal. Eating the meat and veggies inside our house, we hear thunder. The shower pours straight down on the seeds we planted.

We'll plant the spinach tomorrow.

Norma Wilson Vermillion, S.D.

Advanced Technology Allows Macular Degeneration Patients To See Again

And Allows Many Low Vision Patients To Drive Again



A scene as it might be viewed by a person with age-related macular degeneration

For many patients with macular degeneration and other vision-related conditions, the loss of central visual detail also signals the end to one of the last bastions of independence, driving. South Dakota optometrist Dr. Robert Stamm is using miniaturized telescopes which are mounted in glasses to help people who have lost vision from macular degeneration and other eye conditions.

"Some of my patients consider me their last chance for people who have vision loss," said Dr. Stamm, one of only a few doctors in the world



Same scene of rancher as viewed by a person without macular degeneration

who specializes in fitting bioptic telescopes to help those who have lost vision due to macular degeneration, diabetic retinopathy and other eye diseases

Imagine a pair of glasses that can improve your vision enough to change your life. Bioptic telescopes may be the breakthrough in optical technology that will give you back your independence. Patients with vision in the 20/200 range can many times be improved to 20/50.

Bioptic telescopes treat both dry and wet forms of macular degeneration as well as other vision limiting conditions.

While there is currently no cure, promising research is being done on many fronts. "My job is to figure out everything and anything possible to keep a person functioning," says Dr. Stamm "Even if it's driving."

"The major benefit of the bioptic telescope is that the lens automatically focuses on whatever you're looking at," said Dr. Stamm. "It's like a self-focusing camera, but much more precise."

For more information and to schedule an appointment today, call:

Robert Stamm, O.D.

Low Vision Optometrist Member IALVS

Offices Throughout South Dakota, Colorado and Nebraska

Toll Free: (877) 393-0025



SouthDakotaLowVisionDoctor.com

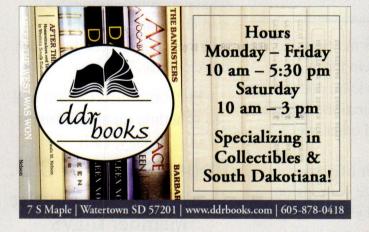
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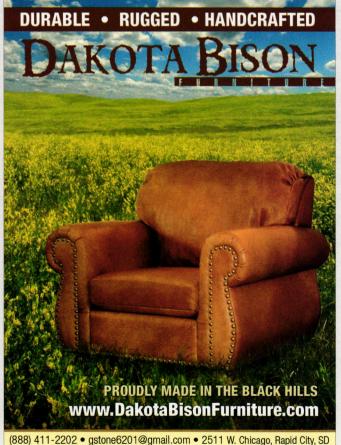




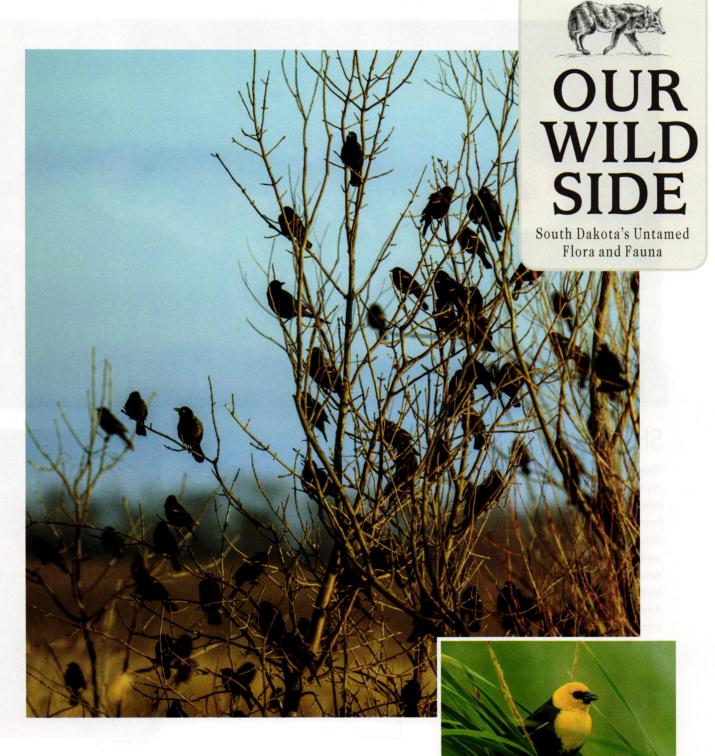












Not Quite Like the Other ...

It's easy to judge a bird by its color, but just because its black doesn't mean you should call it a blackbird. Com-

mon grackles (pictured above in a grove of trees in Hamlin County) appear entirely black from a distance, but their heads are iridescent blue or purple. They are also slightly larger and have longer tails than their cousins, the red-winged blackbird and the yellow-headed blackbird. All three belong to the family Icteridae, which also includes orioles, meadowlarks and bobolinks.

—Photos by Greg Latza





SHORT LIVED

Male cecropia moths live to reproduce. They don't have a mouth or a digestive system, but they do have especially large antennae that detect the pheromones of a female moth up to a mile away. Within two weeks, they are dead, but their incredible size (they are North America's largest native moth with a wingspan up to 7 inches) and beautiful color draw attention when they land in backyards. This moth was found in Flandreau last spring.

Bright Spot for Bees

Purple coneflowers (*Echinacea purpurea*) are the perfect plants for attracting bees and other pollinators to your yard or garden. The big bloom provides a large landing spot for honeybees, and the pinkish/purplish color of the blossom falls well within the range of bright colors that honeybees can see. Once they land, they find plenty of nectar and pollen. Echinacea also attracts butterflies, and if the cones survive into winter, hummingbirds and finches will dine on the seeds.



Dan Hay

ALL TOGETHER, NOW

American White Pelicans are a common sight around the glacial lakes of northeast South Dakota. Weighing between 10 and 17 pounds, pelicans are among the heaviest birds capable of flying. Their unusually short legs make them better swimmers than walkers, and when they get in the water they sometimes rely on teamwork to catch fish. Pelicans have been seen gliding through the water in a line. That way, if a fish escapes the large beak of one bird, it's likely to end up in the beak of another.

WALKING IN THE WILD

Limestone Canyon Loop

The Limestone Canyon Loop is a DIY, 13-miler that combines sections of the Centennial and Highland Creek trails within Wind Cave National Park.

Get to the Centennial Trailhead by taking Highway 87 to NPS 5, and heading southeast. At the trailhead sign, follow a south-facing trail up into the Hills.

You quickly enter a vintage burn scar where park staff have cut and stacked piles of timber for winter ignition. Watch for the trail to veer left up and out of the burn scar into open meadows shimmering with bluestem. At your first prairie dog colony, you might spy a coyote on the hunt or grazing elk.

About 3 miles in, you pass the junction with the Sanctuary Trail. Keep trucking through another dog town bordered by thickets of thistle, then through a pattern of prairie pinstriped by bands of ponderosa, before entering a large stretch of char, where a graveyard of standing and fallen snags requires some navigation.

Next comes a cheery meadow where elk graze, and then the crest of Limestone Canyon. The pines growing from cracks in the canyon facade are popular perches for birds to scan and swoop on the valley below.

At the trail junction, you've got 6.3 miles back to NPS 5. Follow the No. 4 trail for a half-mile to another junction with

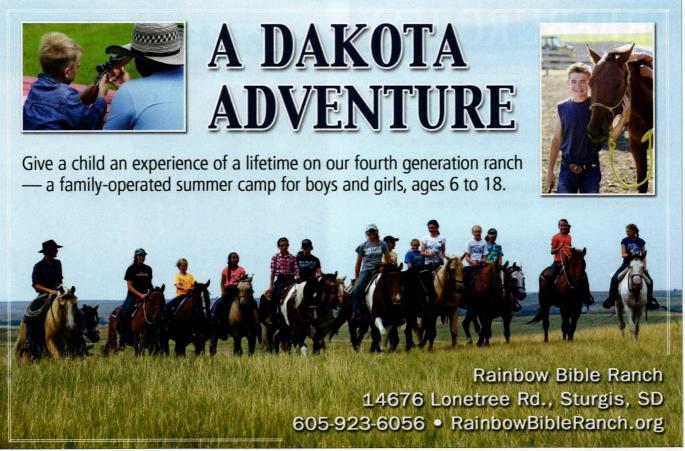


the Highland Creek, the No. 7 trail. Here, the canyon widens into a giant-walled Eden.

After hopping on the No. 7, you climb out of the red rock cathedral and into a high open prairie. You pass a red earth buffalo wallow, grass mixed with sage and rose hips and alternating stands of pine and limestone studded prairie. Exit right and wind through rolling hills.

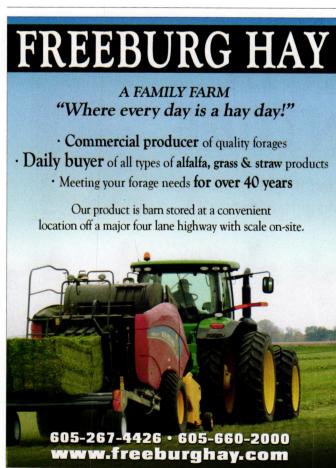
At the junction with the No. 5, you have 3.3 miles to go. Watch for the trail markers to take a quick right when the trail becomes very faint. It's all reddish and amber shades of prairie weaving in and out of dog towns from here. At NPS 5, hang a left and the dogs will chirp you home on the final leg back to the Centennial trailhead.

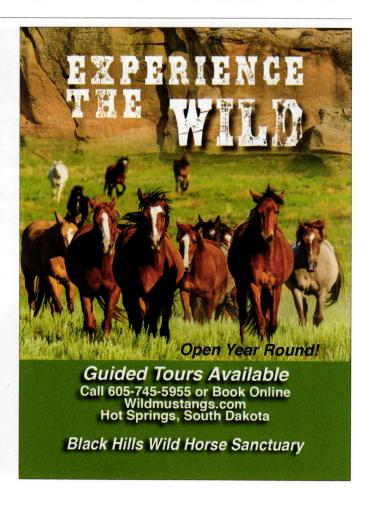
-Michael Zimny





ON THE SUNNY SIDE Badgers are nocturnal and spend most of their time underground, but this creature surfaced while digging for gophers in the middle of a dirt road that leads to Tripp Lake. Their powerful legs and inch-long claws are perfect for digging out and ambushing prey. In fact, badgers are the only predator capable of digging out deeply entrenched pocket gophers, which have been known to burrow as far as 6 feet underground.





THIS TIME OF YEAR



It's time for Black Hills babies. Keep an eye out for bighorn sheep lambs, mountain goat kids or pronghorn calves. They should be out and about by late May.

Blue penstemon wildflowers should be blooming. Native to the western plains, you'll likely find them in Badlands ravines.

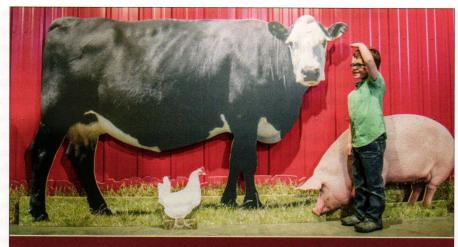
Ice fishermen have put away their cold-weather gear, but the ice can linger. Due to a cold spring in 2013, Pickerel Lake in northeast South Dakota wasn't ice-free until May 10.

Watch where you step west of the Missouri River. As the weather warms, venomous prairie rattlesnakes emerge from their dens.









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A BEE-PLUS AT NORTHERN

BY BETTY MCLAUGHLIN BEYER

E MOVED INTO a big house near the college on South Kline Street in Aberdeen in 1968. We had three young children, and I was studying to be a teacher. We converted the third floor into an apartment, which we rented to four Northern coeds.

One day the students mentioned that they had to swat a few bees in the bedroom. We didn't think anything of it. A few days later they came down the steps and said, "We've got a lot of bees!"

I called Ernie, a neighbor who was quite a handyman

"There's your problem," he said, pointing to a corner of the house where a fallen tree limb had knocked a hole in the eaves. Ernie suggested we call the local extension office for advice. The agent recommended a poison spray and, of course, fixing the hole. The very next day, Ernie climbed a long ladder, threw poison in the hole and closed it tight.

That night we all felt good, until the girls came running downstairs, screaming. Their apartment was full of angry, diving, dying bees. All we could do was wait it out until the poison worked. The girls slept on our living room floor.

On the next day we cleaned the apartment of dead bees. We swept and scooped and scooped some more. Finally we were done, and again we felt good.

Then the weather turned cold and a little heater in the wall of the third floor apartment kicked in. I came home one day to see four gloomy-faced coeds waiting. "Now what?" I thought. They led me upstairs, where honey was seeping and oozing from the heater.

My brother, Junior, came to investigate. "My golly," he said, "there are gobs and gobs of hives and honey and unhatched bees up here, all covered with the slimy poison."

Junior donned a bee net and we passed him pails, boxes, towels and rags. Our daughter, Karen, who was small, crawled up in the attic to help. I think we worked four hours and filled two big pails with honey and bees, which we sat by the garbage cans.

The next day we came home and found the alley full of neighbors. They were watching as bees swarmed around the two pails. We put on the bee netting, stuck the two pails in my car trunk and left the trunk door open. Then we started for the farm, 6 miles away. It was quite a sight: me driving, three kids gawking out the windows and a swarm of bees following.

When we got to the farm, Junior suggested we drive out to the pasture, speed backwards and hit the brakes. That's what I did. The pails were top-heavy so when I slammed the pedal they flew backwards. We left the bees in the pasture and never looked back. Maybe they still live there.

I don't know how our four coeds did that year in math and science but I gave them a big Bee-plus in perseverance.

Betty McLaughlin Beyer did become a teacher. Later, she and her husband, Maurie, operated the popular Marr's Beach at Lake Madison. She is now retired and once again living in Aberdeen.