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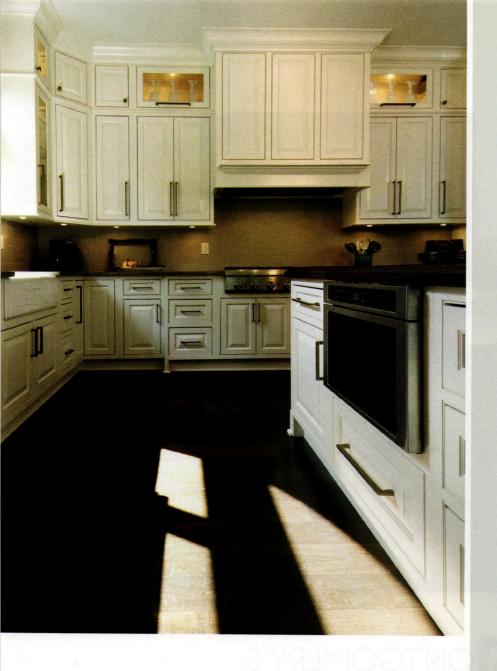
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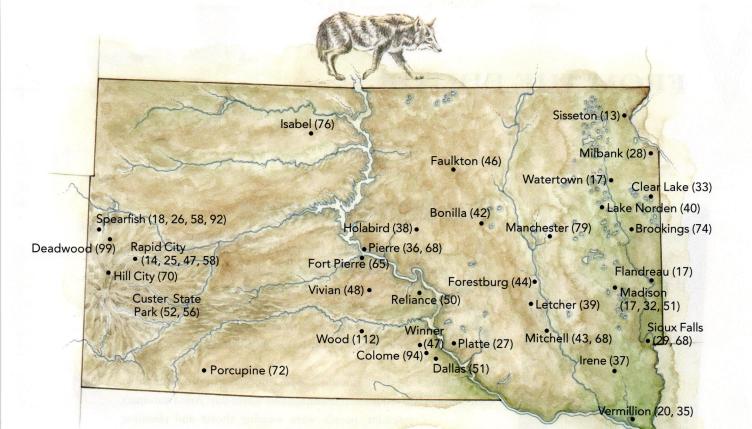
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SEPT/OCT 2018

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OUR COVER: This is a cropped version of The Grand Reunion Hunt by Madison artist John Green. See the full painting on page 32.

FROM THE EDITOR



Our Golden Season

A utumn in South Dakota really knows how to put on a show. Her best known stages are Spearfish Canyon, Sica Hollow and our wooded river valleys, but you can't go wrong anywhere outdoors in autumn. Dazzling blue skies, crisp and fragrant air and golden leaves welcome us everywhere. I've come to learn that our grain fields, grasslands and fading gardens even have subtle beauties and aromas in autumn.

As the days grow shorter, outdoor experiences seem more memorable. Last October, we enjoyed an unseasonably warm day. Amid autumn's



splendor, people were wearing shorts and planning BBQs. My family decided last minute to meet at the river. We didn't do anything fancy. I grabbed some sub sandwiches at a drive-through and started a fire for s'mores. It wasn't steak and fine champagne, but it was an evening I'll never forget. My dad brought his old green canoe, and he paddled the Missouri with my son, Steven, as the rest of us watched with cans of cold beer by the warm fire.

The Mo was never more beautiful, framed with yellow cottonwood trees and a vivid sunset. The s'mores were never more gooey. It was nothing out of the ordinary... yet with winter on the horizon it was as if we stopped the clock and stole one magical evening.

This issue of *South Dakota Magazine* is full of ways to steal a few special moments before winter arrives. We

write about an old man's last hurrah on the big river. We collected beautiful stories that illustrate the rich heritage of pheasant season's Opening Day. And we discovered a variety of fall festivals (see our Traveler on page 99).

Enjoy autumn in South Dakota. Robert Frost said it best when he wrote, "Nothing Gold Can Stay." If it did, it wouldn't be magic.

Zatic Hund-f

– Katie Hunhoff



WHY YOU CAN'T ALWAYS DEPEND ON A QUIET FARMER FOR RELIABLE DATA ON

LION SIGHTINGS

ountain lion sightings are still uncommon in our rural neighborhood, but in the Black Hills they say the lion population has now grown to 250 or more — the size of an average town in many South Dakota counties.

A friend who is an avid Black Hills hiker and outdoorsman told me he has yet to see his first mountain lion, but he figures plenty of the man-size cats have probably seen him when he was walking through the pine forest.

Decades ago, Dad was checking the cows and calves when he saw something cross in front of his pickup truck on an autumn evening. He said it was the size of a coyote, but as he watched it flee he thought it seemed cat-like.

I doubt Dad ever mentioned this to anyone outside the family. Sasquatch could have hung out in our grove and Dad probably wouldn't have said anything to his friends at the grain elevator. A quiet man, he wasn't prone to speculation.

We kept a lookout for weeks, hoping to get a glimpse of whatever Dad saw, but the mystery animal never reappeared.

We also wondered if any of the neighbors had seen it. Surely they would have said something. Wouldn't they?

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CONTRIBUTORS

Chuck Raasch

For this issue's special tribute to the 100th official pheasant hunting season (page 30), we asked South Dakotans to share their most treasured memories from the field. For Chuck Raasch, who grew up in Castlewood before embarking on a journalism career, the opportunity allowed for, "pure, unadulterated, proud and satisfying nostalgia. It's a reminder that the traditions and shared experiences of where we come from make the whole of us," he says.



We learned that pheasant hunting is about much more than bagging birds. Among the strongest memories for Raasch are, "family, fellowship, ritual, a celebration of land and bounty and the ability to breathe deep the clear air of the harvest season. I can still remember the smell of freshly spent shotgun shells; every kid who has ever tagged along on a hunt knows that smell."

Unfortunately, Raasch won't make the 2018 hunt. He'll be covering the fall elections as the Washington correspondent for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

John Green



There's no better friend to South Dakota's outdoors than John Green. The Madison artist has helped organizations such as Pheasants Forever and Ducks Unlimited raise millions of dollars for habitat programs and other good causes. Green has also been a friend to *South Dakota Magazine*. In our early years, when we featured paintings on our covers, Green became our primary artist. Imagine the happy nostalgia we experienced when we found an opportunity this issue

to once again show a Green painting on our cover to commemorate the 100th opening day of pheasant season in South Dakota. The painter is also a fine story teller; look for several of his an ecdotes in our special pheasant feature beginning on page 30.

Laura Johnson Andrews

One of the things we like about staff member Laura Johnson Andrews is that she's always willing to try something new. During her seven years at *South Dakota Magazine*, she's dabbled in marketing, advertising, circulation, social media and wrangling our website.

Now she's taking on a new role as Departments Editor, which means she'll help coordinate some of our special sections. If you object to a trivia question in Dakotiana or want to send in a poem or letter to the editor, Andrews is your gal. In



this issue, she also writes about food blogger Fran Hill's corncob jelly (page 94) and Clay County beekeeper Grace Freeman (page 20). "If all of my little hippie dreams had come true, I might've grown up to be half as amazing as Grace," Andrews says. "I was giddy about our visit to her farm for days afterwards — not just because of the bees and the chickens and the herbs she grows. She exudes contentment."

Andrews lives in Yankton with her husband, Mike, and daughter, Genevieve.

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The Nesters, a folk duo comprised of Eliza Blue and Jami Lynn, perform on stage at the Sioux River Folk Festival.

MUSIC FEST HISTORY

I have a small correction on "A One-Road Music Fest" (July/August '18). Sioux River is not the oldest folk festival in South Dakota. The music festival held at Yankton [the South Dakota Fiddle Festival] may be smaller, but musicians of many styles of music come together to play, perform, jam, dance, camp and, yes, fiddle. This is its 46th year.

> Ken Nelson South Shore, S.D.

featuring future Dakota Wesleyan great Gordon Fosness, who usually pitched but not that game. I went 2 for 4.

Presho's games ranged along old US 16, from Kadoka to Kimball. We recorded six wins and four losses in 1956. Our uniforms weren't as flashy as the ones in Matt Gade's photos, but the same spirit was there and I'm glad the games go on. I do wish we'd had drones to take those aerial photos and shade for our fans, though.

> Joe Stevens Bend, Ore.

PRESHO BALL

John Andrews' story about South Dakota baseball in the 1950s ("Baseball at Four Corners," July/August '18) triggered many memories and brought out some old records. A case in point, on July 12, 1956: Four Corners, 24, Presho, 4. I played shortstop on that Presho team, coached by Glen Rhodes and

PASQUE CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

To Michael Melius' challenge (Mailbox, July/August '18) to name a place in eastern South Dakota where one can find pasque flowers, we find them on our farm every spring. The north hillside is virgin pasture.

> Judy Aiello Volin, S.D.

PASQUE SPOTTERS

In response to Michael Melius' question (Mailbox, July/August '18), I'd like to share the following. Early this spring, my brother in Texas recalled that when he was young, he and Mom would go into the fields our family farmed in north central South Dakota and look for the state flower, the pasque.

I told him that I'd not seen a pasque since our return to South Dakota in 2006. A few days later, in the field that the family canine and I have walked every morning for 12 years, there it was — a perfect pasque with one flower still in bloom. I'd like to think that Mom, who has been with the Lord since 2014, had something to do with my timely find. I'll be checking for it again this coming spring.

> M.J. Powers White, S.D.

COVER STYLE

Congratulations on the most professional cover I have seen on *South Dakota Magazine* (May/June '18) in my two years of subscribing. Mrs. Hansen and her daughter, Stella, were lovely models. The 1938 Buick Special owned by Mr. and Mrs. Bernard rated a full paragraph in your Contributors section.

Nowhere in your magazine can I find either a stylist or photographer's credit. Who styled the photo? How authentic are the model's outfits and accoutrements? Where were they sourced?

I am certain that the audience for your publication is wider than the state of South Dakota. It would certainly not tarnish your image to put out a magazine that will reflect the idea that the people of this state know how to do things the right way.

> Mario Suriani Yankton, S.D.

Editor's Note: One of our staff simply called the Hansens and Bernards and

they all met on a Saturday morning along the Jim River Road near Mission Hill and took a few shots. No stylists or accoutrements.

GIANT FINGERS

In Bernie Hunhoff's article "Larger Than Life" (July/August '18), he states that Mr. Klindt, the Gann Valley Giant, wore a ring within which a "nearly one-inch 50-cent piece" would fit. The diameter of this coin is larger than an inch. It is 1.205 inches to be exact.

After 1964, when most of the silver was taken out of half dollars, they fell out of favor with the public. Though they are still minted, we rarely see them in circulation. In any case, Bernie now knows that Mr. Klindt's finger was even larger than he thought.

> Gale Mord Savage, Minn.



Five-year-old Jace Kolousek tries on a hat that once belonged to the Gann Valley Giant, August Klindt. The hat is on display at the Jerauld County Heritage Museum in Wessington Springs.

GROWING AMERICANS

In the Gann Valley Giant story ("Larger than Life," July/August '18), you state that the average American is shorter than 100 years ago. Google sites do not agree. Men have grown from 5 feet 7 to 5 feet 9 1/2 inches in that time. Our recent rate of growth has slowed for various reasons. One suggestion, not verified, is that immigrants are shorter than native born.

> Loren Anderson Canton, Mich.

AGATE HUNTER

It was interesting to read John Andrews' article on the Fairburn agate ("In Search of a Fairburn Agate," May/June '18). My late husband, Stan, was born in 1922 on the family ranch south of Fairburn. As a youngster, he hunted for agates while herding sheep and cattle, selling them for 25 cents. One time a man paid him 35 cents. He said he felt rich that day.

> Jean Hawthorne Rapid City, S.D.

MAYFIELD AIRPORT

During the summer of 1944, my dad took me to Mayfield Store for a ball game ("Mayfield Store Stories," May/ June '18). After the game, a small, yellow plane arrived in a field to offer rides. Someone got in with the pilot and they taxied out and started to take off towards Highway 46. We wondered if it would get airborne before the highway. It did, but it caught the telephone wire and stretched it until it snapped with a bang. Must have been quite a jolt for the pilot, but the plane went on its way.

> Gaylord Mikkelson Brevard, N.C.

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 hello@South-DakotaMagazine.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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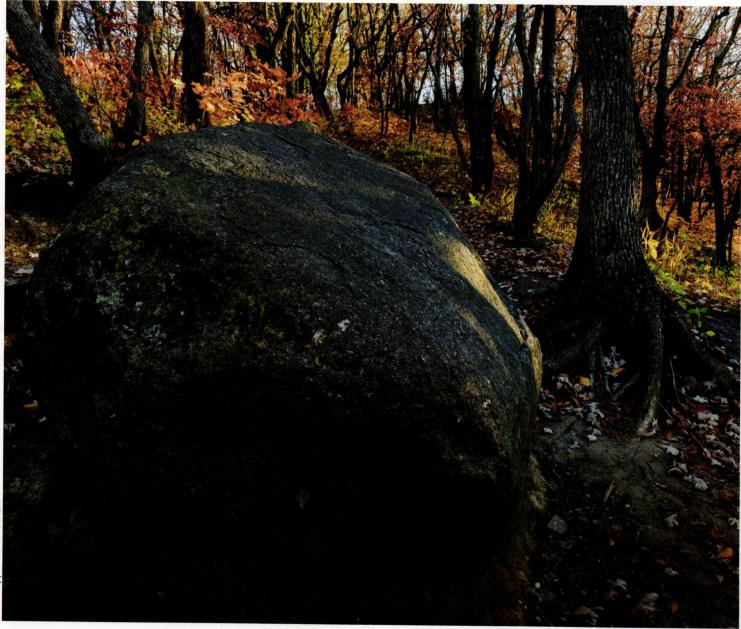
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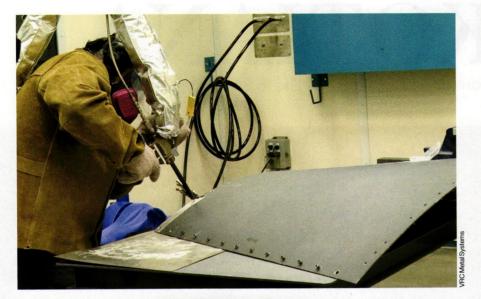
Observations and Discoveries of Life in South Dakota



Woodlands of the North ... With a little imagination, you may be able to see and

hear the mysterious moans, ghostly sightings and blood-red waters of Sica Hollow, a legendary 900-acre forest that straddles Marshall and Roberts counties in northeast South Dakota. If you consider yourself more practical, then just enjoy the fall scenery. Sica Hollow's variety of deciduous trees - maples, elms, oaks, lindens and ash - explode with color in autumn. Find the forest 15 miles northwest of Sisseton.





KEEPING COOL

Cold spray technology opens new doors for metal repair

lold spray technology -in which fine metal powder is sprayed onto damaged metals at high speeds, creating a sturdy fix - was first discovered by Russian scientists in the 1980s. But Christian Widener and other researchers at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology and VRC Metal Systems are fine-tuning the technology and shepherding its growth as a safe and acceptable method of repair.

Widener, a Mines professor and director of the Arbegast Materials Processing and Joining Laboratory on campus,



has studied cold spray technology since 2010. Since then, he's secured several patents and most recently helped cold spray technology become approved for use on B-1 bombers, such as those flown by members of the 28th Bomb Wing at Ellsworth Air Force Base, just outside of Rapid City.

In cold spray, the powder passes through a nozzle at supersonic speeds between 600 and 1,000 meters per second. It can be layered over the damaged area at any desired thickness. The process uses low temperatures and kinetic energy, creating a better fix than welding, which can overheat and weaken the surrounding metal.

The growth of cold spray technology led Widener and Rob Hrabe to found VRC Metal Systems in 2013. The company, which recently relocated to the old Vandenberg Elementary School in Box Elder, makes hand-held, highpressure cold spray systems to apply these metal coatings.

Historic Dates In South Dakota

SPANISH FLU HITS S.D.

Sept. 17, 1918... Mrs. Arthur Nielson of Hot Springs received word that her brother died while serving his country in Massachusetts. The local paper reported the cause as "the new disease, Spanish influenza." He was among the first South Dakotans to die in the 1918 Spanish flu pandemic.

FIRST CLASS AT THE U

Oct. 16, 1882... The University of Dakota in Vermillion held its first classes on the second floor of the Clay County courthouse. Thirty-five students were enrolled at the university, which was still building its \$10,000 main hall. Although the school claims 1862 as its establishment date, the university was an unfunded intent of legislators for 20 years.

BANK OF UTICA ROBBED

Oct. 23, 1924 ... A gang of bandits robbed the Bank of Utica. The men dynamited their way into the vault, but a neighbor heard the blast and raised an alarm. Soon, locals were in hot pursuit. A gunfight erupted and the bandits sneaked out an alleyway, into a getaway car and headed north. They escaped with \$400 in bills and bonds.



BEST QUOTE 25 YEARS AGO

"I might talk about a horse or a fence — whatever I happen to see. Once I saw a windmill by Faith that I had driven past for 55 years, and I made up 14 verses about it."

- Mud Butte's Ray Hanzlik on being a cowboy poet in our September/October 1993 issue.

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SOUTH DAKOTA GAME, FISH AND PARKS

100 YEARS OF DUTDOOR TRADITIONS

The first South Dakota pheasant hunting season was a one-day hunt held in Spink County on OCTOBER 30, 1919.



TAKING A LOOK BACK!

Help the South Dakota Game, Fish and Parks tip our blaze orange caps to the past 100 years of Outdoor Tradition, and start celebrating the next century. Show us how you are joining in on the fun by using **#MYSDTRADITION** when sharing all your South Dakota experiences. Look for events across the state, like a SD Brewery Contest, a photo recreation challenge and other interesting ways to look to the past, and step in to the future with South Dakota Game, Fish and Parks.





SOUTH DAKOTA TRIVIA

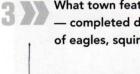
Think you know South Dakota? Test your knowledge with this quiz. Answers can be found on page 19.



What Cresbard native became the second highest scoring Navy pilot in all of World War II?



The home of Mentor Graham, Abraham Lincoln's teacher when Lincoln lived in New Salem, Illinois, is found in what town?



What town features marble sculptures — completed during the Depression of eagles, squirrels and a fox?



The Silent Guide Monument stands atop Stoneman Hill 8 miles west of what town?

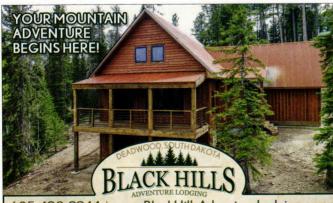
What Black Hills resort was named after six women who visited there in 1908?





SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN DOUGH-BOY STANDS IN WHAT TOWN?





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TOP 7 Things Sean Dempsey Loves About South Dakota

Sean Danger von Dempsey is the owner of Dempsey's Brewery, Pub and Restaurant in Watertown and the newly opened Danger von Dempsey's in Aberdeen. He is an avid traveler, international pizza competitor and plays a decent ukulele. Dempsey also dabbles in art and poetry.

Coffee with Friends

I love spending time at our local shop, Gather, knocking back espressos and catching up with old friends. In Sioux Falls, it's got to be Coffea. I'm a sucker for a great roast, and when you include a chess set inside the building, I'm sold.

Serenity of the Falls

Ever since I first got my driver's license, I've loved going to Falls Park just to wander about. Being close to the rushing falls, the colored rocks, it's just a serene place. Plus, the tower gives you a stunning view of Sioux Falls.

Flinging Discs

I'm an avid disc golfer, and the course at Melgaard Park in Aberdeen is perfect. It's heavily wooded and a great place to walk around and throw some disc. Richmond Lake Recreation Area nearby is a close second.

Scary Stories

My favorite South Dakota writer is a friend of mine, Watertown's C.W. LaSert. She writes an interesting and delightfully shocking selection of horror. I enjoy reading her stories, and then being a little freaked out.

Local Brew

I discovered Curio by the Fernson Brewing Company in Sioux Falls when I was watching softball and fell in love. From the light tartness of the beer to the poem on the back of the cans, this brewery is really putting South Dakota on the map.

180 Steps

The Coughlin Campanile reminds me of the brief time I spent attending SDSU, consuming as much ice cream as possible. The 180 steps to the top, and the magnificent views of Brookings, will always be among my favorite things about South Dakota.

Mama's Ladas

I love the beautiful simplicity of the Sioux Falls establishment, a few choices of enchiladas, red or white sangria and seating for 15-25 people. It's small, cozy, wunderbar and the enchiladas are dynamite.

CANNED HISTORY

hen confronted with a dusty old jar of canned goods, most of us not are not likely to ask, "I wonder what we can learn from this?" — but most of us aren't married to scientists.

Virginia Hazlewood-Gaylor was serving as director of the Moody County Museum when an old artifact came to light — a lightning jar filled with Emma Youel's preserved pumpkin, which won second premium at the 1920 Moody County Fair. Flandreau historians were more interested in the jar than its contents, so Virginia turned to her husband, Michael Gaylor, research associate professor at Dakota State University's chemistry department, to see if he wanted to use it in the classroom.

For what Gaylor calls "arguably the weirdest research project I've worked on in my career to date," he has teamed with Patrick Videau, DSU's assistant professor of biology, and a group of students to unlock the jar's mysteries. They hope to analyze the air in the jar to learn what was in the Moody County atmosphere in 1920, examine the nutritional contents, look at any microbes present, and more. The team has spent the last two years developing their research methodology and testing it out on modern preserves, and is nearly ready to crack open some older jars from the early 1950s, then the pumpkin itself. For updates, search for "Preserved







SYLVIA GANN MAHONEY, cofounder of the Great Western Trail project, poses with a marker at the High Plains Western Heritage Center in Spearfish.

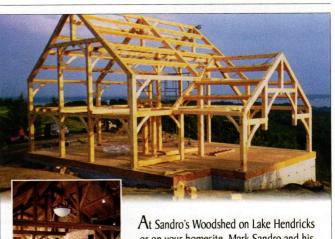
Marking the Great Western Trail

isitors to western South Dakota will someday be able to follow the last of the great cattle trails. During its heyday from 1874-1893, the Great Western Trail was used to drive longhorns from Texas and northern Mexico across the plains and into Canada — a 2,000-mile route that was longer and more heavily used than the more famous Chisholm Trail. "The cattle had pretty much eaten everything there was to eat so they brought them up to the shortgrass country," says Harding County Historical Society president and former state legislator Betty Olson.

After bison were hunted to nearextinction in the early 1880s, there was plenty of grassland available in the Dakotas. "There were no fences anywhere so the cowboys that brought them up had to herd them and keep them controlled," Olson says. In addition to cattle, the trail also brought settlers. Olson says that many of her fellow historical society members are descended from cowboys who came up the trail and liked what they saw.

Rotary Club members in Texas and Oklahoma started the trail-marking effort in 2003. The first of South Dakota's 225-pound concrete markers were placed in 2012 at the High Plains Western Heritage Center in Spearfish. Markers are in the ground at Oelrichs, Lemmon and Fort Meade, with more planned. In time, the historical society hopes to create a map with GPS coordinates for markers that are not on private land so that history buffs can walk in the hoofprints of those longgone herds.





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HIGHWAY 14A, the Spearfish Canyon Scenic Byway, might be the prettiest 22 miles of pavement in South Dakota. The route is especially popular in the fall, when the deciduous trees explode in a symphony of color. The reds and golds are even more brilliant set against the dark green of the canyon's pines. See more photos by John Mitchell at www. SouthDakotaMagazine.com/spearfish-canyon-color

Join the Conversation

Readers are still talking about stories from the South Dakota Magazine archives that now appear on our website. Ginny Nepodal-Reinicke shared a family story about the Children's Blizzard, which appeared in our January/February 1988 issue:

When I was young, I spent a great deal of time visiting my grandmother, Edna Lorentina Schmiedt-Hoff, in Tripp. She often discussed someone in the family dying in a terrible blizzard. Unfortunately, I did not understand the significance of the storm or who it was.

Several years ago, I was reading the South Dakota Magazine story about famous blizzards ("Woe and Snow," Jan/Feb '11). I called my mother and asked her about the storm that my grandmother talked about.

It turns out that my grandfather's brother, Fredrick Hoff, died in the Children's Blizzard. He was 10 years old and was at a country school in Bon Homme County. The teacher dismissed school and his walk home turned tragic. His body was found caught on a barbed wire fence after the storm.

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

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years ago the state Humanities Council launched the South Dakota Festival of Books. The annual fall gathering is a great time to reflect on South Dakota's literary giants, including Badger Clark. Read Katie Hunhoff's column about the adventurous life of our longtime poet laureate at www.SouthDakotaMagazine. com/the-west-and-the-universe

Trivia answers, page 16: 1. Cecil Harris; 2. Blunt; 3. Chamberlain; 4. Philip; 5. Hisega Lodge (Helen, Ida, Sadie, Ethel, Grace and Ada); 6. Rock Creek.

THE BUZZ FROM PRAIRIE MOON FARM



Peeking inside a Clay County bee hive

STORY BY LAURA JOHNSON ANDREWS PHOTOGRAPHY BY KATIE HUNHOFF

RACE FREEMAN MIGHT be one of the calmest people we've ever met. Nothing seems to faze the Clay County beekeeper. When a mouse jumps out of the brome at her, she doesn't blink. If she's posing for a picture with a chicken and the bird leaves a deposit on her shirt, it doesn't erase the friendly smile from her face. Put her next to a hive with thousands of stinging insects, and she's happy as can be.

A Cincinnati native, Freeman fell in love with beekeeping in 1985 through a work-study job with an entomologist at the University of Montana. "We would go and collect bees and study them to see if they had picked up pollutants," she says. When she and her husband, Harry, moved to Madison, Wisconsin for grad school, Freeman worked for a large-scale beekeeper, managing up to 1,000 colonies. After Harry took a job in the psychology department of the University of South Dakota, the couple settled in a farmhouse on Frog Creek Road, where they have lived for 21 years with their children, Elena, Willa and Harrison.

The Freemans' home, Prairie Moon Farm, is a back-to-thelander's Eden. Chickens and guinea fowl roam freely, a trio of penned-up rescue llamas provide manure to fertilize her garden and scare away deer, and a friendly dog named Saige welcomes visitors. There's a shed full of kayaks for paddles on the Missouri, a greenhouse and a small but fragrant structure where Freeman creates tinctures and blends herbs for teas she sells at the Vermillion Farmers' Market.

Freeman's hives are in a little glade a short walk away from the buildings, past a pond and a stand of honeysuckle bushes. She puts on her veiled beekeeper's hat and sets the smoker filled with smoldering brown paper scraps and wood chips on the ground. The smoke fools the bees into letting their guard down, making it less likely they will sting. "They think there's a fire and they have to travel," Freeman says. "They fill up on honey, and get so full that their stinger goes down."

When working with bees, Freeman recommends wearing white or light-colored clothes. "Bees get angry if you wear dark colors," she says. "It reminds them of bears." And be sure to

Bees are good housekeepers. Freeman's bees are cleaning out the top two hive bodies, used by a colony of bees that didn't make it through the winter of 2018.



Freeman inspects a frame from one of the hive's supers. She harvests honey in late summer.

tuck in your clothes. "You don't want them crawling in your shirt," she tells us. Some beekeepers wear a protective suit and gloves, but after decades of working with bees, Freeman has developed a more casual style — a long-sleeved white shirt over a tank top and shorts.

Freeman uses Langstroth hives, which consist of a stack of wooden boxes, each of which contains hanging wooden frames upon which the bees build their comb, raise young and store honey. The supers, shallower boxes at the top of the hive, will hold harvestable honey. The queen, the brood and the colony's food storage all go in the deeper, lower boxes. A metal rack called a queen excluder separates the two portions of the hive. The rack's slats are big enough to allow worker bees to pass between sections, but keep the larger queen down in the brood cells where she belongs. After all, no one wants bee eggs mixed in with their honey.

The hive's lid is stuck on tightly with propolis, a gluey yellowish-brown substance that bees make from tree resins and beeswax. Freeman uses a mini crowbar called a hive tool to break through the glue and help manipulate frames as she checks on the bees and their activities.

The queen is the only female in the hive that mates

and lays the fertilized eggs that develop into worker bees, so Freeman looks for fresh eggs to make sure the queen bee is doing her job. "Eggs change every day," she says. "If you can see the one-day-old eggs, then you know you have a viable queen. Even if it's a two-day-old egg, something could've happened to her."

Bee society is fascinatingly complex and overwhelmingly female. The only males are the drones. They have no stingers and do no gathering — their only job is to be available to mate with a virgin queen bee. After mating, they die. The worker bees, all female, cycle through a series of roles — foraging, building, housekeeping, childcare, attending the queen, guarding the hive. There are even mortuary bees, who haul the colony's dead away from the hive. With so much to do, it's no surprise that the life of a worker bee is short. During the busy spring and summer seasons, they might live a brief four to six weeks.

Under most conditions, bees manage themselves, but there are critical points during the year when a beekeeper should pay attention. In spring, Freeman helps the bees get ready for the season, making sure that they have food to last them until the flowers really start blooming and that there's plenty of space to make new honey. In June, when the clover blooms, she watches for signs of swarming. "If you haven't provided them with enough room, then they'll divide," she says. The bees will create a second queen and fly off in search of a new hive, leaving the old queen with a few guards for protection. A divided colony means less honey, so Freeman destroys any potential new queen cells she spots.

Once the fear of swarming is over, Freeman's bee work slows down a bit. When the bees fill up the existing frames, she adds supers. Honey is harvested in August. "Then they have time in the fall to put on enough winter weight so you don't have to feed them so much sugar water," Freeman says. After that, it's time to winterize the hive.



The Freeman family includes Harry, Willa, Elena, Grace and Harrison (not pictured).

Winter and early spring are tricky times for beekeepers. Freeman lost one of her two colonies last spring due to uncertain weather. "I can get them through until March and then the temperature warms up and they start moving more — they get excited," she says. "Moisture builds up, the temperature drops and they freeze. I have really been trying to figure out how to ventilate and still keep them warm enough."

In a good year, Freeman harvests 50 to 100 pounds of honey per hive, selling it at the Vermillion Farmers' Market along with garden plants, culinary and medicinal herbs, teas, tinctures, salves and lip balm made from her own beeswax. When she's not gardening, marketing or beekeeping, she works as a registered nurse. How does she juggle it all? "Oh, I'm not very good at it," Freeman says. "We're always busy. My summers are just nuts."

But no matter how crazy life gets, the bustle of the hive serves as an oasis. Bee stings hold no fear, and the sounds of the hive have a calming, meditative effect. "For me, it's very relaxing to have that noise going all around you, all the bees flying," she says. "It's very loud, but you're focusing so hard on looking for those eggs that you don't even hear them, and it gets very peaceful."

Tips for Aspiring Beekeepers

Learn from an expert. Test the waters before you commit to the expense and time of beekeeping. South Dakota's a great place to learn. According to the S.D. Department of Agriculture, there are around 331 beekeepers in our state, making us second in the nation in honey production.

Get the right tools. A beekeeper's hat, a smoker and a hive tool are essentials. If you want to remove honey from its comb, a hot knife and honey extractor are useful.

Dress for it. Wear white or light-colored clothing, and be sure to tuck in your shirt and tuck your pants into your boots to keep bees out.

Consider it an investment. In addition to the tools and the hive itself, you need bees. When Freeman is starting a new hive, she purchases a nucleus bee colony, which consists of a brood and a lame queen, from a Centerville beekeeper for around \$100.

Choose a variety. There are several species. Freeman favors the Italian *Apis mellifera liguistica* for its mild nature. "I've had more aggressive bees and yes, they make more honey, but I always come back to the gentle ones," she says.

Decide how your bees will spend the winter.

Overwintering in South Dakota can be a challenge due to uncertain spring weather. Many beekeepers truck their bees south for the winter — but their bees don't get back in time to take advantage of the apple blossoms, which make one of the earliest spring honeys.

Have a helper. A full super can weigh more than 50 pounds, so it's important to have help carrying the weight.

Prepare to sweat. "It's best to beekeep on the hottest days, because that's when they're flying and happy and they're not going to sting you so much," Freeman says.

Embrace the sting. "You want to get stung so much a season so you can keep your antibodies and don't get susceptible to anaphylactic shock," Freeman says.

Stay informed. Colony collapse disorder and varroa mite infestations are two of the greatest challenges facing honeybees and beekeepers. For the latest bee research, subscribe to beekeeping journals and join the S.D. Beekeepers Association.

MELOAMAKÁRONA Honey-dipped cookies

Honey is a major component of Greek cooking. Freeman's husband, Harry, who is half-Greek, makes baklava and meloamakárona, or honey-dipped cookies, using recipes found in a community cookbook from his mother's hometown, Seattle.

Cookies

 cup butter, softened
cup salad oil
tablespoons sugar
cup plus 1 tablespoon fresh orange juice (divided)
Grated peel of one orange
eggs
teaspoon baking soda
teaspoons baking powder
to 6 1/2 cups sifted flour

Nut Topping

1/2 cup very finely chopped nuts1/4 teaspoon cinnamon1/8 teaspoon nutmeg1/8 teaspoon cloves

Honey Syrup

2 cups honey 1/2 cup water

In large bowl of electric mixer, beat butter until light and fluffy. Add oil slowly and continue beating for 10 minutes. Gradually add sugar, 1/2 cup orange juice and peel. Add eggs, one at a time, and beat an additional 5 minutes.

Combine 1 tablespoon orange juice and baking soda; add to butter-oil mixture. Add baking powder and enough flour to make a soft dough. Remove beaters; knead slightly to make a dough that does not stick to hands, adding more flour if necessary.

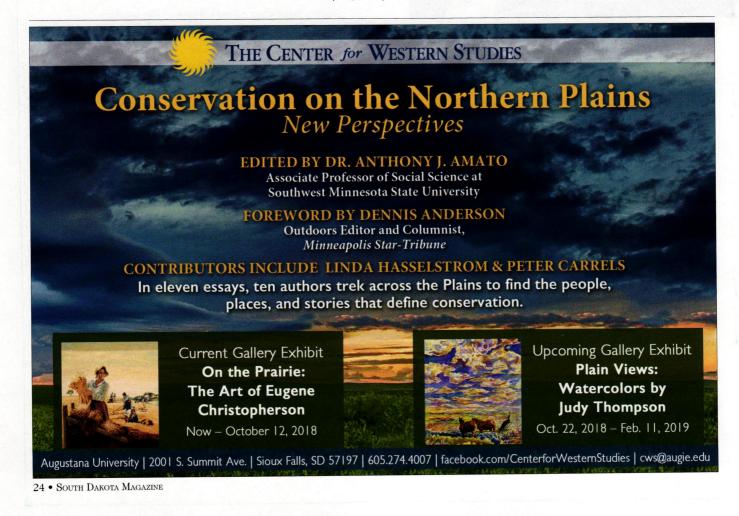
Roll a heaping teaspoonful of dough

into an oval-shaped cookie, tapering the ends slightly. Press the melomakárona lengthwise with fork tines to make indentations to hold the nut topping. Bake at 375 degrees for 20-25 minutes. Remove cookies from baking sheet and cool on wire racks.

Mix ingredients for nut topping and set aside.

When cookies have cooled, bring honey and water to a boil. Dip melomakárona into honey syrup, being certain to thoroughly soak the cookies. Sprinkle tops with nut topping.

From Greek Cooking in an American Kitchen (Makes about 5 dozen)



Writers & Artists

MUSIC - ART - BOOKS - CULTURE





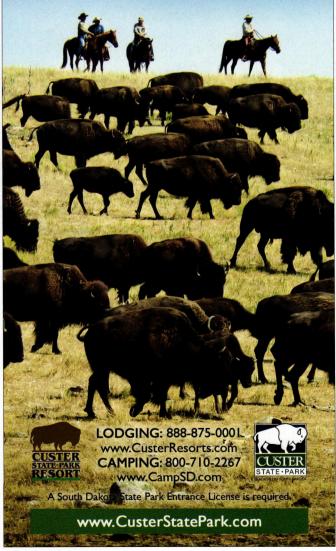
Do What You Love ... Conversations with regional and national leaders are held monthly in Rapid City under the domed ceiling of an old Studebaker dealership. The gatherings, hosted by The Numad Group and the Bush Foundation, are called Morning Fill Up. July's speaker was Ernesto Sirolli, a native of Italy who has become a world authority on grassroots economic development. Sirolli worked in South Dakota in the 1990s, and helped to start the Southeast Enterprise Facilitation Project based in Marion. "Only do what you love," Sirolli said in Rapid City. "Surround yourself with people who love to do what you hate."



Witness one of the last great events of the Old West on Sept. 28, as riders on horseback and park crews in pickups round up our herd of 1,300 buffalo and drive them into the corrals.

The roundup is part of a fun-filled weekend pancake breakfasts, an arts festival and craft show featuring Native American, Western and South Dakota-made wares, buffalo burgers, brats and chili and non-stop entertainment.

BUFFALO ROUNDUP WEEKEND Sept. 27-29 – Custer State Park Park entrance is free on the day of the roundup.



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The Art of the Renaissance Man

The late artist/activist Dick Fort is still making an impact on the Black Hills he dearly loved. Fort, who died in September of 2016, was a man of many talents — fishing, chokecherry wine making, cross-country skiing, composing, painting and sculpting. He served with combat units in Europe during World War II, decoded German radio transmissions and taught humanities at Wilbur Wright College in Chicago for 28 years.

But in the Black Hills, Fort is perhaps best remembered for his environmental activism. In the mid-1980s, he and his friends created the Eagle Cliff Ski Area trails near Cheyenne Crossing. He monitored the waters of Spearfish Creek, raised concerns about surface mining and founded and served as president of ACTion for the Environment, a group devoted to local environmental causes.

Fort's love of the environment was reflected in his art, done in a wide range of styles. "He had a keen eye for the nuances in nature and people. His abstracts and surrealistic artworks, as well as a lot of his comics and storyboards, were commentaries on man's intrusion into nature and the harmful effects," says Christle Beuckens, an artist and real estate agent who helped compile a 2014 book, *Dick Fort: Visual Art Retrospective*. "He had a love for beauty and nature that transcended all the ugliness and hardness of this world."

Beuckens also manages a website showcasing Fort's art, dickfort.wixsite.com/dickfort. Dakota Rural Action and the Eagle Cliff Ski Area receive a portion of proceeds from art sales.



Landscape of Valley West of Crow Peak.

Writers & Artists

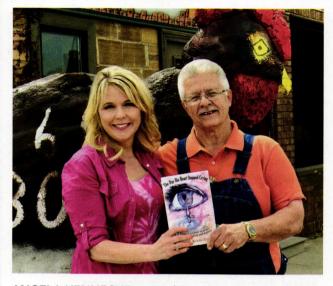
COMFORT AT LITTLE BRICK

eenagers in Platte saw Steve Frey as the goofy guy who ran Little Brick Ice Cream, where he served generous portions of his family's homemade ice cream, broasted chicken and sang the occasional tune accompanied by a comically off-key guitar. But when tragedy struck in the fall of 2015, Frey became the steadying hand they and the rest of the community needed.

Angela Kennecke tells Frey's remarkable story in *The Day His Heart Stopped Crying*. Wracked by memories of the Vietnam War, too much alcohol, a fatal farm accident and several affairs, Frey left his wife and three children and was on the brink of suicide. But Kennecke traces Frey's incredible turnaround, including his acceptance of God, his reconciliation with his parents and the launch of their successful family business, Grandma Frey's Homemade Pies.

Perhaps a higher power made sure Frey was living in Platte when Scott Westerhuis murdered his wife and four children and then set their home on fire before committing suicide. It was just the beginning of a nightmare that revealed Westerhuis had misappropriated millions of dollars of government grant funds and was about to be exposed.

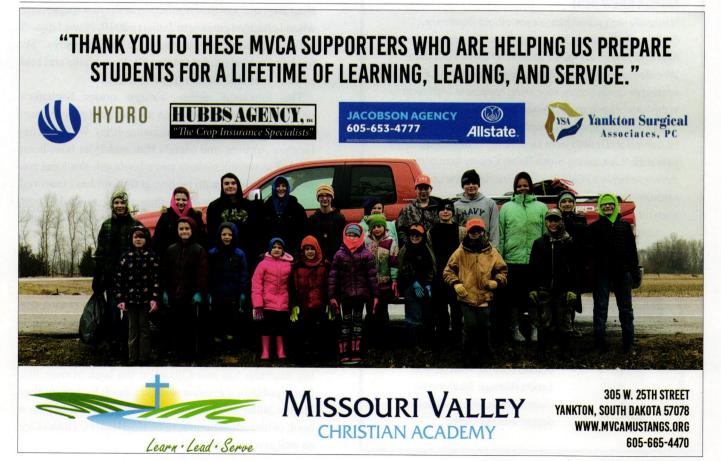
In the aftermath, Little Brick became a gathering place where Frey used his story to comfort his grieving community. But Frey's story of salvation is not just for friends and neighbors. He's shared it with countless stran-



ANGELA KENNECKE penned Steve Frey's inspiring story while covering a tragedy in Platte.

gers who have wandered through the doors of Little Brick.

Kennecke is an investigative reporter for KELO television in Sioux Falls. She has spent the past three years covering the Westerhuis tragedy and subsequent GEAR-UP investigation and trials.



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SD MEMOIRS

HAND COUNTY HARDSHIP

Growing up on a series of rented Hand County farms during the 1940s and '50s, the Vitters kids never had much. A dime for the Saturday night movie or a candy bar sliced 11 ways were big treats. "It was a hard time in many ways, but we didn't know anything different," recalls Marles Vitters Wilson, author of *We Are the*



Vitters, a collection of the family's childhood memories.

Luckily, imagination was free. "We didn't have toys to play with, so my brothers would create farms, fences and other engineering feats using old pieces of iron, sticks or whatever they could find," Wilson says. And with eight brothers around, there was never a shortage of playmates.

All of Herb & Hazel Vitters' children left home after graduation — Richard, Donald, Wayne, Albert, David, Jerry and John joined the military, while Clifford and sister Marles became teachers — but the siblings retain a lasting bond, forged by poverty, and the desire to leave it behind.

FATHER KNEW BEST

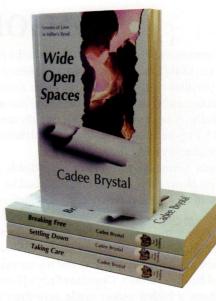
Nationally recognized forensic sociologist Rosemary J. Erickson credits her success to her stoic Norwegian Lutheran rural upbringing. In *Prairie Patriarch: a Farmer's Daughter Who Becomes an Expert Witness on Violent Crime*, Erickson relates her family history, examining happiness and hardship in the lives of her parents, Dewey and Opal Erickson.

Dewey Erickson was a capable man, one who knew what he wanted and quietly went for it. Whether he was starting a cafe in Elk Point, taking over a Turner County farm or moving the whole family to California, he considered the options, calculated and took action without consulting anyone — not even his wife. "To him, being rational and logical, having integrity and being a man of his word were the most



important characteristics he could have," his daughter writes. He encouraged his three children to develop that same resolve.

Don't look for the violent crime promised in the subtitle — this books sets the stage for Erickson's second volume, The Life of an Expert Witness: Testifying on Violent Crime, which will delve deeper into her career.



Finding Love in Miller's Bend

when I changed careers in January 2010, I found myself with an abundance of time to read," Seehafer says. "My husband teased me for reading all those books and told me that I should be writing them instead."

The four-book series, written under Seehafer's pen name, Cadee Brystal, is set in the fictional town of Miller's Bend, where fun-loving Riley Wheeler, his brother, Andrew, and friends Matt and Tyler have been labeled as troublemakers since boyhood. But local gossip hasn't kept up with reality, as the four have matured into honest, hard-working men trying to lead Christcentered lives, undo some of the lessons life has taught them, and allow themselves to be surprised by love.

Seehafer characterizes her fiction as "clean Christian romance," which means the plots contain Biblical references and Christian philosophies, but are free from obscenity, sex scenes and the glorification of violence and criminal behavior. "And, if it's one of my books, it means there will be a happy ending," she says.

Her duties at the *Review* cut into her writing time, but Seehafer has more ideas on the back burner. She has republished *From a Soddy*, a book by her mother, Marlys Miller Denholm, and is working with her on a book of historical fiction, to be titled *Carrie Didn't Cry*, as well as a memoir.

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JESSIE RASCHE'S HEALING ART

Patients at Sanford USD Medical Center in Sioux Falls —as well as friends and family members helping them recover — have enjoyed the serenity of the facility's memorial garden for 20 years. Now there is a new focal point: four paintings showing the landscape of South Dakota in each season and done in a format larger than anything that Brookings artist Jessie Rasche has ever attempted.

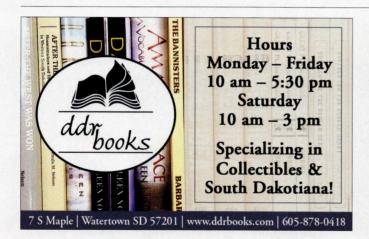
Each painting measures 4 by 6 feet, for a combined 96 square feet of total painting. They depict geese in winter, cows in spring, hay bales in summer and the autumn splendor of a river valley. Despite the different seasons, the works are held together by a common horizon line, a continuity of perspective and a peaceful feeling.

Rasche says working large has been challenging, but rewarding. "I've learned how to finish my edge work and how to blend before the paint dries, which takes real deliberation on this scale," she says. "And how to manage more paint. It took several weeks to get the right amount of paint onto my palette so I could cover a lot of canvas, but not so much paint that it firms up before I use it. The



most significant difference was not being able to see an entire painting while I was working. I backed across the room regularly to take photos with my phone so I could see the painting from even farther away."

The Rev. Cindy Hoy, director of spiritual care at Sanford USD Medical Center, says she hopes patients gain a "home away from home" sense from Rasche's paintings.

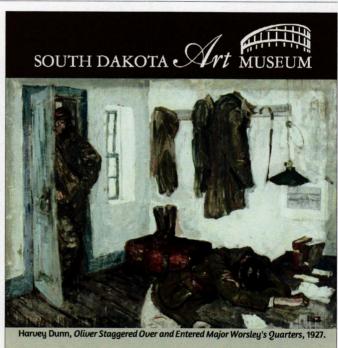


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HARVEY DUNN: WAR WORKS August 28, 2018 - February 9, 2019



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A Contract of the pheasant fields

URE, IT'S A \$250 MILLION dollar industry in South Dakota. Some 170,000 people will need guns, shells, orange vests and yellow labs as we prepare for the 100th Opening Day of pheasant season on Oct. 20. Furthermore, pheasant tastes great. And what about the thrill of the hunt?

But that's not why pheasant hunting has flourished for 100 years. It's less about flushing pheasants than the shared experiences of walking cornfields, milo strips, sloughs and fence lines with friends and family under ocean-blue skies splashed by a bright yellow October sun, or under windy, snowy skies when the birds won't fly, but Mom's chili tastes great around an evening fire. Plus, there are kids and jokes and old pickup trucks, poker games and steak fries and Granddad's well-oiled Winchester double barrel.

The world's smartest public relations people could not have planned such a cultural marvel. Yes, a few dreamers did order pheasant chicks from Asia. And then some kindly farmers left a few rows of corn or sorghum to get the birds through bad winters. But who imagined Opening Day as it exists today?

To honor the pheasant century, we've collected stories from hunters, writers, artists, baseball players, guides, politicians and other South Dakotans who (altogether) perfectly explain why we celebrate Opening Day.

The 100th anniversary of our first pheasant season does arrive with some clouds on the horizon. Fewer South Dakota hunters went afield last year than in any season since 1938. Perhaps it's no coincidence that the season also resulted in the lowest harvest in 27 years. But statistics can be joy-killers at any 100th birthday party, so enough of all that for now.

Enjoy our stories from the fields; then let's reload for a second century in the Pheasant Capital of the World.





Madison artist John Green's love of art and the outdoors came from his father, Larry, who was also an accomplished painter who loved to hunt and fish. "My own son, James, was only 5 when Dad died, so they never got to hunt together," says John, so he paired them together in this paint-

1880 The U.S. Consul in Shanghai ships 70 pheasants to his brother in Oregon. They are released to the wild over the next three years.

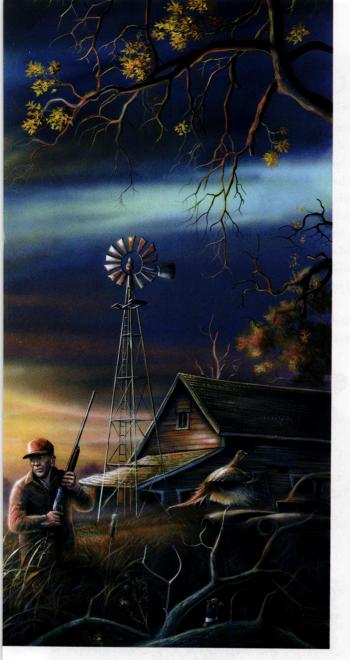
1908A.E. Cooper and E.L. Ebbert buy several pheasant pairs in Pennsylvania and release them on farms near Doland. A bitter winter kills the birds, but Cooper and Ebbert repeat the experiment a year later. **1909** Three Redfield men release pheasants on the Hagman farm north of Redfield. A.C. Johnson does the same near Frankfort.

1911 S.D. Game, Fish & Parks officials turn out 48 pheasant pairs near Redfield. The state issues 200 pairs to farmers in Spink and Beadle counties, where hungry coyotes rejoice at their good fortune. **1913** The *Daily Capital Journal* in Pierre pronounces "The Pheasants Are Coming" in its Sept. 3, 1913 edition. The state game warden says 5,000 ringnecks will soon arrive from a game farm in Chicago.

1919 South Dakota holds its first official pheasant season, a one-day hunt in Spink County. Game officials estimate that 200 birds are bagged.



1926 State game officials trap East River pheasants and release them west of the Missouri. The birds wonder, "Where's the corn?"



ing titled, The Grand Reunion Hunt. The original hangs in the Sioux Falls Regional Airport, where thousands of hunters are welcomed every October.

HUNTING THE CATHEDRAL

BY CHUCK RAASCH

My memories of pheasant hunting have little to do with shooting. They have a lot to do with fresh fall days, friends and my grandfather.

My first recollection is 1962. I was 8, too young to tote a gun. The day was warm in a fall way; cool breezes wrapped by cozy sunlight and a hazy sky. Fathers, cousins, uncles and grandfathers walked cornfields and soil banks west of Clear Lake with my younger brother and me tagging along.

To my grandfather, hunting was more than sport. It was like worship in an outdoor cathedral. On that day, I remember walking a sternly prescribed safe distance behind Grandpa as we followed a grassy fence line. His rotund frame was decked out in hunting brown, with a battered hunting cap tilted skyward off his forehead. The rest of the hunting party had gone to the other end of the cornfield; Grandpa and I blocked the end.

As we walked to our position, Grandpa's best friend, a spaniel named Rex, poked his nose around what seemed like every fencepost and hole. Suddenly the dog stopped and pointed a spot not far down the fence line. Then a brightly colored rooster flushed into the sky. Grandpa aimed, fired and missed.

I was disappointed, but to my surprise it didn't seem to matter to Grandpa. He was too busy scratching the dog's ears.

There were other shots that day, and pheasants bagged. But the thing I remember most was Grandpa's happiness at the hunt — without the kill.

Chuck Raasch, a Castlewood native, started his newspaper career in Huron and Sioux Falls. He is the Washington correspondent for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

1935 Pheasant population reaches 12 million. The state's people population: 674,000.

1943 State lawmakers adopt the pheasant as South Dakota's official bird. The Red Cross and USO team up to open a Pheasant Canteen serving pheasant sandwiches to World War II troops passing through Aberdeen on trains. The canteen continues until the troops are home in 1946.



1945 The bird population hits all-time high of 16 million. The state's total people: 579,000.

1949 The Pheasant Restaurant opens in Brookings. Three generations later, the same family still runs it. Try the pheasant salad sandwiches and wraps.

1950 A giant concrete pheasant is constructed at Tinkertown,



12 miles west of Watertown along Highway 212.

953 The Pheasant City Drive-In opens 1 mile north of

THOSE CHICAGO BOYS

On the 1958 opener, Grandpa hosted his first and only nonresident hunt on his Kingsbury County farm. Five hunting pals came from Kansas City and two young guys arrived from Chicago in a two-seater Austin-Healey convertible with their guns and gear strapped to the luggage rack.

The Kansas City hunters could hardly contain themselves at the sight of the Chicago dudes.

At noon, Grandpa guided them to

BY GREG PETERSEN

his favorite spot: a tree-lined grassy area of about 3 acres. Dad remembers walking no more than a few yards when all hell broke loose. The sky literally filled with pheasants. As it turned out, the four Kansas City pigeon experts were completely overcome with the sight of all the birds. The best they could do was empty their guns several times and drop two hen pheasants.

Grandpa and Dad each shot one rooster and then watched the may-

hem with amusement. In the end, the Kansas City blocker dropped six birds. As for the Chicagoans, a total of 23. All roosters. One missed shot. All their birds were within a few yards of each other in the open field.

Needless to say there was no more good-natured joshing about those Chicago boys.

Greg Petersen is a woodworker who lives near Wall.

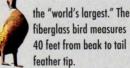


I was born on Opening Day in 1974. My grandfather Lester Petersen was born in 1914 and came of age during the pheasant explosion that resulted from millions of acres of abandoned and unkempt land in the Dirty Thirties. This shows the family in 1941: Grandpa (third from left) with his hunting pals Jim Moore, his brother Walt Petersen and Don Olson. — Greg Petersen

Redfield with the film *Sioux Uprising*. The outdoor theater is still open.

1956 Congress authorizes the Soil Bank program. Pheasants love tall grass, and numbers rebound to nearly 10 million statewide.

1959 Huron business leaders erect a 22-ton pheasant on the outskirts of town and tout it as



1960 The Pheasant Drive-In opens in Mobridge. Ron Maier has operated the outdoor movie theater since 1976. **1975** Reacting to lower pheasant numbers, a South Dakota Pheasant Congress is created to improve habitat. The pheasant population drops to 1.4 million.

1979 On opening day (or night), South Dakota's state treasurer and attorney

treasurer and attorney general are caught playing blackjack and rolling dice in Winner's Pheasant Bar. 1985 Congress authorizes the Conservation Reserve Program (CRP); pheasant hens love it and lay more eggs.

1986 Minnehaha County starts the state's first Pheasants Forever chapter.

988 South Dakota launches the Pheasants for Everyone

PHEASANT MASH

My father decided he would make some wheat wine on our Vermillion farm. He got out the big crock and mixed in wheat, yeast, raisins, lemon and water. After it fermented, he told my brother to dump the mash below the hill, and be sure the dog didn't follow him. Later that day the dog crawled up the hill and collapsed in our driveway, totally drunk. That evening, we heard the happiest pheasants in Clay County. They were crowing and crowing, and soon the coyotes were howling. I do believe Dad's wine turned out OK.

— Evon Pearson Swedin

program, including a walk-in program on public lands.

19992 Editors at *Fortune* declare for pheasantdom." Fortunately, the magazine has few readers in Huron or Redfield.

1995 GF&P counts 140,607 hunters stomping the grasslands and fields for pheasants. About half are out-of-staters.

2004 A giant fiberglass pheasant is erected along Highway 18 in Gregory to commemorate the town's 100th birthday.

2008 Pheasantennial marks the 100th anniversary of the first successful introduction of ringnecks.



2013 The pheasant count is at 6.2 million birds.

2016 Weather and habitat are identified as issues in the state's new four-year Pheasant Management Plan. Everyone agrees we can't change the weather. More cockleburs, then?

2018 Hunters celebrate the 100th anniversary of consecutive hunting seasons, thus retaining South Dakota's grip on the title of pheasant capital. The season for in-state hunters opens Oct. 13; the traditional opener is Oct. 20.

FIVE O'CLOCK CHARLIE

Generations of rooster pheasants have enjoyed life on the Pottratz farm east of Pierre.

"I grew up there and went to college, where I met my husband Walt," says Lynn Bixler. "When he found out I had land on the Missouri River, we soon moved back here and joined my parents on the farm."

Lynn's father, Cal Pottratz, grew old on the farm and spent many weekdays there on his own, but every day at 5 p.m. a colorful rooster pheasant pranced slowly through the yard.

"We dubbed him Five O'Clock Charlie because he was so punctual," says Lynn. Cal later saw Jon Crane's watercolor, *Watchful Moment*, bought a print and had it framed and titled "Charlie." Cal is gone now, but the picture still hangs in the farmhouse.

Five O'Clock Charlie grew old and died, but these days another rooster — possibly a descendant — has taken his place.

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Watchful Moment by Jon Crane

A LIFE-SAVING REFERRAL

BY DAVE HOSMER

Skip Graff led pheasant hunts on his farm by Irene. One day he received a phone call from a man named Ed Hearn who had never hunted pheasants. Skip told him the specifics and they agreed on a date.

The man showed up and away they went. As was his tradition, Skip took an interest in his new friend. As they walked, he learned that Hearn's health was poor. There was nothing the doctors could do. His last wishes included a final hunt.

Hearn said he was sad that he wouldn't be able to teach his beliefs and values to his young son, but he had penned a book for him. He had plenty to say; Hearn was a retired baseball player and a member of the '86 world champion New York Mets.

Skip gently asked why the doctors could do nothing. Hearn said he'd already received one kidney transplant and needed another, but his prognosis was too poor to warrant more surgery.

Later, Skip remembered a conversation he'd had

with me on a pheasant hunt years earlier when I mentioned that I had an uncle — a physician who worked on kidneys. He got in his truck and drove to Yankton to ask me if his memory was correct. My uncle, Dr. C. Craig Tisher, was not just any nephrologist. He wrote two premier textbooks on renal pathology and he was president of the American Society of Nephrology.

I gave Skip the doctor's phone number and Skip passed the information onto Hearn, who wasted no time in calling him in St. Louis. Uncle Craig knew the exact physician who might help him.

Skip Graff died in December of 2017. He'll miss the 2018 pheasant season. But, thanks to connections he initiated in South Dakota cornfields, his friend Ed Hearn is alive and well and teaching his son how to be a man.

Dave Hosmer is an attorney and investment counselor who lives in Yankton.

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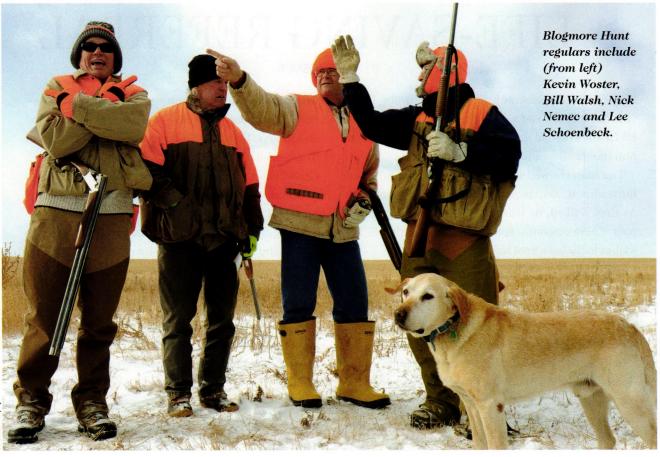
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SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2018 • 37



THE BLOGMORE HUNT

BY LEE SCHOENBECK

Sometime in November on a farm southwest of Holabird a not-so-secret conclave gathers. Ostensibly their mission is to chase and bag the wily South Dakota ringneck, but The Blogmore Hunt also proves each year that the political divide between red and blue in South Dakota is not too wide.

Rapid City journalist Kevin Woster came up with the outrageous idea that politicos across the political spectrum could join together civilly, be properly armed and share the bonds of friendship that are a natural byproduct of a South Dakota pheasant hunt.

Kevin once had a political blog called Mount Blogmore (thus the hunt's name); he now writes and provides on-air commentary for South Dakota Public Broadcasting. His wife, Mary Garrigan, hails from Highmore, and because of that they are friends with Nick and Mary Jo Nemec. Nick has plenty of pheasants and very little interest in chasing them about. But if company wants to visit, then for a day Nick is a pheasant hunter. Between the shelterbelts, cattail sloughs and sunflower fields, the Nemecs have the kind of habitat that you only find with a real farmer who practices real conservation. It's easy to find the Nemec farm in the fall in even-numbered years — just look for the only Democrat signs along Highway 14 between Holabird and Harrold.

Kevin handles the invites. Just about anybody who's posted on a blog or written about politics or run for office appears to be eligible. Tony Dean was at the first hunt. John Thune and Tom Daschle have been invited. Jon Lauck, Pat Powers, Bill Fleming, Steve "Sibby" Sibson, Cory Heidelberger, Doug Wiken, Bill Walsh and Todd Epp have all graced the hunt.

Afterwards, the group gathers at the Nemec dining room table for a feast of chili and whatever else Mary Jo has chosen to warm the hearts and stoke the bodies for the discussions to come. In past years we've assessed the fall of Tom Daschle and the rise of John Thune on the political landscape. One year we prodded Bill Walsh to share recollections from his 1978 Democratic U.S. House race.

Woster moderates the discussion as long as the chili holds out and the South Dakota stories flow. Real friendships are made by the most unlikely of people.

Lee Schoenbeck is a state legislator-elect and Watertown attorney. He previously served in both the State Senate and House of Representatives, and is an avid sportsman.



Adolf Zoss (right) led Lawrence Welk and his bandmates on an impromptu hunt near Letcher.

Lawrence Welk Hunted Here

A dolf Zoss was hunting near Letcher in 1945 when an old Ford came rumbling down a dirt road. Inside was musician Lawrence Welk, along with Jayne Walton, Bobby Beers and Lauren Brown — all members of Welk's band.

When Welk asked where they might find some birds, Zoss, a fan, gladly directed them to a shelterbelt and spent the day hunting with the group.

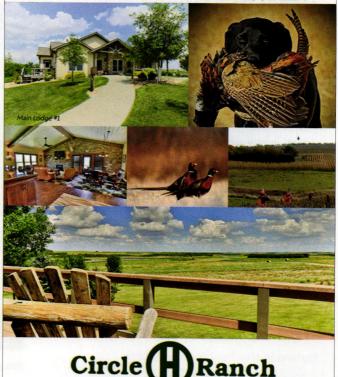
Zoss couldn't wait to tell his wife, Amelia. Unfortunately, neither she nor any of their 11 children believed him because he was known for telling tall tales. Welk became a national sensation and so, until his death in 1957, Zoss told and retold the story of the hunt to his doubting family.

Then in the spring of 1968, an issue of *Lawrence Welk Magazine* was published with stories about Welk's Dakota connections. On page 56 was a photo of Welk with a shotgun, sitting in an old Ford with Walton, Beers and Brown. Standing on the road with his gun was a slightly bemused Adolf Zoss, identified only as an "unknown S.D. farmer."

No doubt, all had a wunnerful time.



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ZIEBACHS RETURN

Frank Ziebach and William Freney brought a printing press to Yankton, Dakota Territory, in 1861 by ox cart. Days later they printed the first edition of the *Dakotian*, which is still going today.

Ziebach led the local militia, served as a territorial legislator and became known as the squatter governor because he often presided over "mock legislatures" that were called without authority. Ziebach County was named for him in 1911. He died in 1929 at age 99 and was buried in the Yankton Cemetery.

Thanks to pheasants, that wasn't the end of Ziebachs in South Dakota. Sioux Falls hunting guide Bob Uecker says several relatives started hunting in South Dakota in the 1950s. He has been guiding them for the past 26 years.

"They're great people. We usually hunt around the Letcher area and in Miner County, on land owned by direct descendants," he says. "They are in the forestry business in Alabama. They look around our country and ask, 'Where are all the trees?'

The Ziebachs are good hunters. "They are pretty self-sufficient," says Uecker. "All I really need to do is show them the fields." Would you expect anything else from descendants of a militia leader?



Stan Musial (right) hunted several times near Lake Norden. One year, he brought St. Louis Cardinals teammate Red Schoendienst.

Birds of a Different Feather

Stan Musial was in such a slump in the 1950s that the St. Louis Cardinals considered trading him. His friend Francis Fabick, a Caterpillar dealer with a satellite location in Sioux Falls, thought Musial needed a break so he brought the athlete to South Dakota to hunt pheasants.

A Sioux Falls waitress suggested they hunt at Lake Norden, where her uncle, Alfred Steffensen, sold insurance.

No one recognized the three men in the blue station wagon that pulled up to the Steffensen house, but once word got around that Stan Musial was there the town was abuzz. Musial struck up lifelong friendships with Steffensen, his sons Larry and Norvid, and Ray Antonen, manager of Lake Norden's amateur baseball team and longtime president of the state amateur baseball association.

Antonen's son Mel, who has covered Major League Baseball for several national media outlets, occasionally talked to Musial about his time in South Dakota. "He always credited Lake Norden and South Dakota for developing his appreciation for hunting," Antonen says. "He enjoyed breakfast in the cafe on opening day, Saturday night saunas behind the barbershop and playing cards after the hunt. He wasn't comfortable with being a celebrity."

Musial's last trip to Lake Norden came in 1983, but the state and its trademark birds were never far from his mind. Antonen says, "Whenever I'd see him, he'd always ask, 'Have you been feeding those pheasants back in South Dakota?"

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STILL HAVING A BLAST

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TEN GRANDSONS

The odds are high of having 10 grandsons and no granddaughters. So what are the chances of all 10 also making it to grandpa's farm for Opening Day?

Don't bet against the Williams family of northern Beadle County. Alan and Connie Williams' three children and 10 grandsons all congregate every few years in mid October — even though some come from North Carolina.

Stacey Dunse of Sisseton, mother of three of the grandsons, says the boys love the hunting tradition. "The farm has been a big part of their life. Most of them learned to drive at about age 10 when they drove from one end of the cornfield to another in hunting season. Four of them were born in 2004 — we call them the Four in '04 — and



when they got older we gave them toy guns, but we only had three toys so one was handed a window scraper, which he thought was great until he eventually realized the others had real fake guns. Then they graduated to BB guns until they were old enough for shotguns."

Dunse says they traditionally dine at the family's Presbyterian church at Bo-

nilla, which holds a bazaar and dinner every Opening Day.

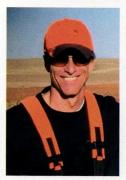
The Williams women haven't missed many hunts, either. "At first it was because diapers needed to be changed or noses wiped," Dunse says. "Then I went through hunter safety courses so I could be one of the mentor hunters. We've all been roped right in."

Heeerre's Herbie!

BY BERNIE HUNHOFF

John Thune grew up in the pheasant-rich culture of Jones County, but it was a Make-a-Wish Foundation fundraising hunt near Mitchell that taught him the benefits of going afield with a baseball hero.

Thune was a freshman congressman in 1997 when



he arrived for the hunt along with two former Minnesota Twins players, first baseman Kent "Herbie" Hrbek and catcher Tim Laudner.

"It was one of those years when the corn was really tall and it was hard to get in a position for a good shot so the birds were flying ahead of us into some trees and grass," remembers Thune. "After we got out of

Sen. John Thune

the cornfield, we were taking a break, and everyone was saying, 'Gosh, all those pheasants are right over there, why don't we see if we can flush them out."

Thune suggested that they visit the nearby farm to ask permission.

"So we walk over to the house and we knock on this guy's door. He answers the door and I say, 'Hi, I'm John Thune.' He didn't look that impressed, but he says, 'Yeah, I know who you are."

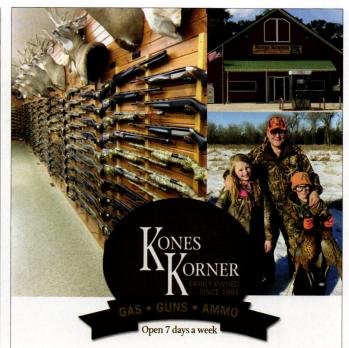
Thune, looking for a different tack, said, "And this is Kent Hrbek."

The landowner took a look at the retired slugger, perked up and said, "Oh, I know who he is!"

Turns out, they'd interrupted the farmer from watching a recording of Game Six of the 1987 World Series, the game in which Hrbek hit a grand slam to ice the victory.

"He wasn't that pleased to meet me, but Hrbek got it done for us," laughed Thune, who is now our senior U.S. senator. "It was one of those wonderful autumn afternoons in South Dakota when farming and baseball and pheasant hunting and friendships all intersected."





When Curt Carter threw a few guns in the candy case at his old gas station, a sporting goods legend was born. Curt's son Vic and grandson Charlie still operate eastern South Dakota's hunting headquarters, helping younger generations develop their own outdoor traditions.

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Awestruck by Pheasants

BY ANDREW JOHNSON

I was 13 when my father sent a note to the school principal asking for an excused absence so he could take me on my first pheasant hunt. The principal said there were probably worse reasons to miss classes.

We headed west to hunt family ground around Forestburg with my great-uncle Clarence. After hunting a couple places without much luck, he took us to a spot where he knew there were birds. We saw a rooster sitting on the trunk of a deadfall just inside a fence line. Dad started coaching me on how to get out of the truck, load the single-shot .410 Winchester and walk into the ditch before attempting a shot.

So I got out of the truck, carefully loaded my gun and then slammed the door. At that, the bird took off. Then a couple more jumped out of the CRP surrounding the dead tree. Dozens more lifted from the cattail slough behind the CRP. And then hundreds more erupted skyward from all directions. Birds were even coming out of abandoned farm buildings across the road.

I stared blindly into the swarm. By this time, Dad was standing next to me on the road. I fumbled around, trying to bring the gun to my shoulder.

"Put the gun down and just watch," he said. "You'll probably never see anything like this again."

He was right. In the 27 years since that day, I have yet to see that many pheasants at one time. Sure, I've seen big groups of pheasants — even flocks of hundreds. But that first time was different. I became hooked on hunting, having never fired a shot.

Andrew Johnson is the editor of the Outdoor Forum in Aberdeen. A version of this story first appeared in the Outdoor Forum in September 2017.

DOE RABBIT

When jackrabbits were plentiful, it was a bonus when you went pheasant hunting and found a few jackrabbits because the fur was worth some money.

Jackrabbits also spawned the jack-a-lope

craze. Out-of-state hunters saw the horned rabbits in gift shops and drug stores everywhere across South Dakota.

We were afield with some out-of-staters when a jackrabbit jumped up. It had big ears but no horns, so one of the novice hunters yelled, "Don't shoot, it's a doe!"

- John Green

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CARY GRANT CANDY

In the early 1940s, my uncle was a naval captain and a dentist stationed in California. He had several movie star friends and would bring them to South Dakota to hunt.

We lived on a farm between Faulkton and Seneca and had an abundance of corn-fed pheasants. My brothers and

BY PEGGY SCHIEDEL

I slept in the mudroom so our guests could have our bedrooms, but we were still thrilled to have them because they brought boxes of La Fama candy.

One of the hunters was Cary Grant, but he was just a rich movie star to us. He taught us how to walk on stilts and showed Dad how to make them. He said he walked on them for movies and commercials.

Those years were financially lean, so my parents were grateful for the income. My brothers and I were just grateful for the La Fama candy.

Peggy Schiedel lives in Yankton.

NICE SHOT, BISHOP!

Bishop Paul Swain took over the reins of the Sioux Falls Catholic Diocese in 2006, coming from Madison, Wisconsin, where he was a former military officer, practicing attorney and advisor to a governor — but never a hunter. His first experience with pheasant hunting was to host a hunt that he inherited with the office of bishop.

The hunt always starts with a Mass. No hunter ever prayed as fervently as Bishop Swain that first morning of his Bishop's Hunt.

Once afield, a bird rose in front of the walkers and the bishop's gun went off, the bird fell and Tom Walsh (who brought Burger King to Sioux Falls) yelled, "Nice shot, Bishop!" To this day, Bishop Swain wonders about the smile on Tom's face and the twinkle in his eye (and maybe the smoke from his barrel), but the seal of the confessional is absolute. — Lee Schoenbeck

'WAIT 'TIL NEXT YEAR'

The Brooklyn Dodgers came to Winner to hunt pheasants in the 1930s. After quickly limiting on pheasants, the players were looking for more to do, so the hotel manager suggested they talk to David Busk, who told them about rattlesnake hunting. Busk was known for eradicating more than 3,000 rattlesnakes to protect local children. He took the ballplayers to the White River, where they caught and killed quite a few snakes. The players came back for several years to help Busk in his mission, giving double meaning to the old Dodger saying, "Wait 'til next year!"



First Hunt

BY GARY BOLDUC

For my ninth birthday I received a .410 shotgun. It seemed like forever until I got to go on my first hunt outside of Rapid City.

My grandfather, Burr Beaird, was a police officer, local hero and avid outdoorsman who taught my brother Bob and me about gun safety. Grandpa handed me

five shells and said I'd better make them count. The shotgun was a single shot, so my chances of hitting a bird were not good. I placed the first shell in the barrel, put on the safety and started walking. Suddenly pheasants were everywhere. I released the safety, raised the gun and fired. It almost knocked me on my rear. But it was exhilarating. Gramps came over and said, "Nice shot, Butch." I couldn't believe it! I had my first pheasant.

As the day progressed I shot the remainder of my ammo and much to my surprise I hit pheasants every time. I was thrilled beyond words and couldn't wait to tell my folks and grandmother about my feats. I never forgot that day even after I found out that Gramps had actually shot my five birds.

Gary Bolduc moved to California the following year, so his first hunt was also his last. He now lives in Tennessee.

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RUIN BUST





THANKS TO ICE CREAM

BY MONTE JAMES

was guiding a large group of VIPs from Coca Cola in Atlanta at Medicine Creek Pheasant Ranch near Vivian. Some of them had never held a shotgun. Two of the top brass were ladies and extremely gun shy. The ranch owner, Mike Authier, told me that they were to absolutely get a couple of roosters come hell or high water.

After two days of frustration and point-blank misses, I called on the talents of my hammer-headed black lab Ice Cream. We were in a milo field above Medicine Creek when a whole brace of cocks got up almost under their feet. The ladies emptied their brand new Benellis in the general direction and nary a feather flew. In a rare moment of clarity (and with my tip in mind) I rushed to the creek with Ice Cream, yelling "hunt 'em up girl!"

"Ladies you knocked a couple down," I hollered. They were excited. After resting down in the brush for a couple of minutes I took two roosters from my bird pouch that other hunters had bagged earlier that afternoon. I sent one up with Ice Cream and carried the other one up myself a minute later. Needless to say the two would-be hunters were giddy and hugging and left me a hefty cash tip on their way back to the Pierre airport.

Ice Cream got a buffalo ribeye all to herself that night.

Monte James of Yankton is a rodeo announcer and radio broadcaster.

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HITS AND MISSUS

Frank Day's Bar in Dallas is a legendary watering hole for Gregory County hunters, and a place where celebrities mingle with locals. Interior walls are filled with photographs of local characters, politicians and hunters.

"Kent Hrbek (the Twins slugger) has hunted here for years," says Shelly Day, who now runs the bar and steakhouse started by her father, Frank. "One time Herbie was here at the bar and the singer Gene Watson was at one of the tables and we all started telling stories, so I told them Kevin Costner had just been here and he told me his name was misspelled on his photo."

Hrbek laughed and said, "Well, hell, the name's been spelled wrong on my photo for 25 years."

"Do you want me to change it?" asked Shelly.

"Hell no," said Hrbek, "then this wouldn't be Dallas."



Minnesota Twins legend Kent Hrbek loves the typo on a photo displayed at Frank Day's Bar in Dallas.

ROAD TRICK

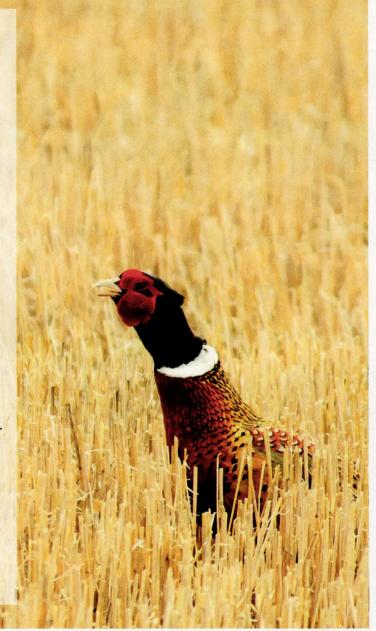
BY JOHN GREEN

When my brother, Larry, and I first started hunting we bought a reloader to make our own shells. We needed empties, however, so our dad came up with this idea.

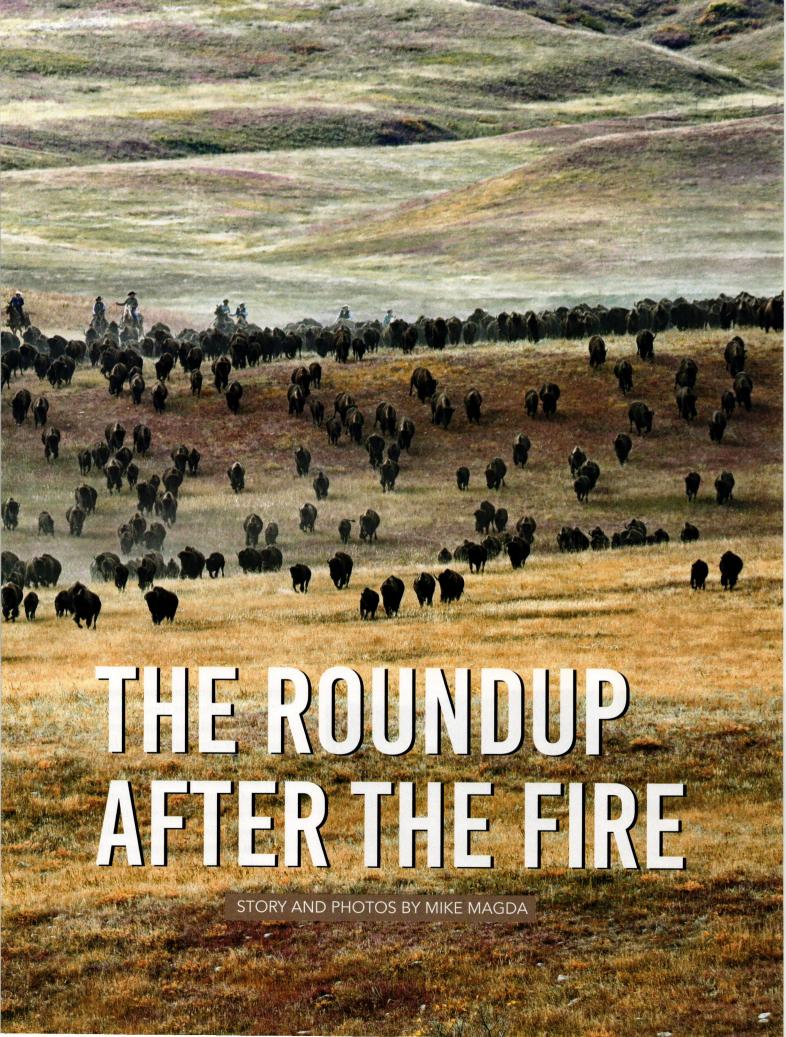
We saved five pheasant heads from our own hunts and put them on wires. Then one day we stuck them in a stubble field 20 yards from the road and hid nearby. We didn't have to wait long. Soon an out-of-state car came by with guns sticking out every window. The car stopped and all four doors opened. The hunters emptied their guns not once but twice; shell casings were flying everywhere. When the shooting stopped, all five pheasant heads were still standing in the stubble so the hunters reloaded and started sneaking through the stubble. Then they unloaded their guns again before they realized what we'd done.

Larry and I waited until they were well out of sight before collecting the empties.

John Green is one of pheasant country's favorite wildlife artists. He lives in Madison.







Buffalo ENJOYED A peaceful summer after last December's brutal forest fire in Custer State Park. Chad Kremer, manager of the herd since 2001, says the animals displayed resourcefulness, toughness and possibly even heroism during and after the December fire that burned 54,000 acres.

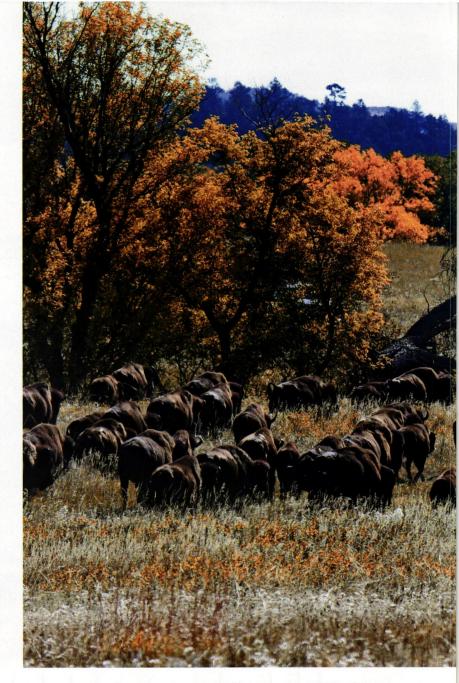
"I'd never seen a grass fire with that kind of wind behind it," says Kremer. "The buffalo had moved far but it was too dangerous to chase after them."

Dealing with the aftermath was a new experience for Kremer and his staff. "We have very little to go on," he sighs. "There is some research from Australia on beef cattle that survived fires. It's a mystery as to the size and depth of the flames and how the herd reacted to it."

Kremer's best insights suggest that the herd may have found refuge at a prairie dog town where there was much less fuel to burn. His observations of the animals' wounds also suggest there may have been a group of heroes that ran into and trampled the flames as the front moved toward the herd.

"The first few would get hit but the rest wouldn't. Basically, they gave the herd a big, black gate to go through," he surmises.

For the first time in the park's history, the herd was rounded up and managed in the corrals for 100 days. While donations for hay poured in, Kremer and his staff had to evaluate the injuries and euthanize the most serious





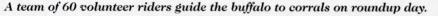
Buffalo rancher Chad Kremer (left) and his horse, Colonel, entertain youth at the annual Custer roundup.

victims — which numbered fewer than 10.

"This was the first time we supplemented the entire herd," explains Kremer. "We fed them every day, and they got habituated to that awfully quick."

In general, babying the buffalo is the opposite of Kremer's management philosophy. "There are producers who treat them like beef," notes Kremer. "But buffalo are different. Just give them the space they require and leave them alone."

Although he had some agriculture background from growing up in Minnesota, Kremer favored a career in landscape design while attending South Dakota State University. A speech assignment led him to a buffalo sale, and the ensuing research uncovered celebrat-



ed tales of westward expansion and the near demise of the bison population. He purchased his first buffalo in 1992 and has developed close bonds with public, commercial and private herds.

"They know how things work, and when you change that and try to force them, you're setting yourself up for a wreck," says Kremer. "I've learned there are days when handling them that if it's not working, rather than push them and get everyone all worked up, look at the big picture and do it the next day. Bison are just as individual as you and me."

Kremer says the fire will not hamper plans

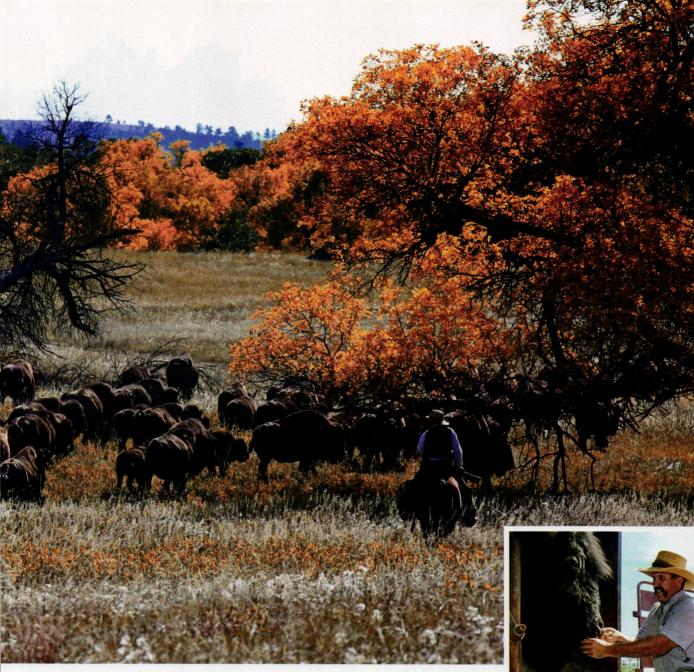
for the park's 53rd annual buffalo roundup, which is set for Sept. 28. Sixty riders on horseback will drive more than 1,000 head to

corrals, where newborns will be branded and given a medical checkup.

The roundup has grown to become the signature autumn event in the Black Hills, attracting more than 10,000 spectators. Even the buffalo seem to sense the tradition of the day. The oldest often lead the way for the younger animals; perhaps they are the heroes who braved the flames of 2017 for the good of the herd. 1

Once corraled, the buffalo are stanchioned and health-checked by Kremer and his crew.



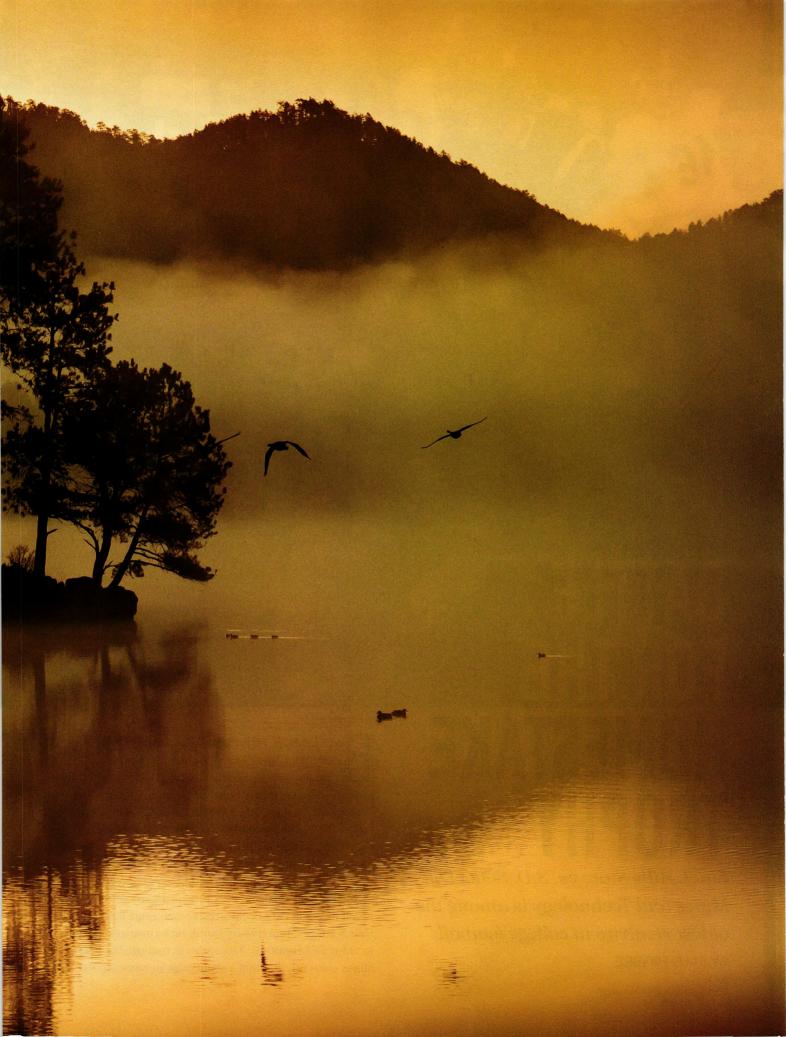


PICTURE BIG

Foggy Peace

At 130 acres, Stockade Lake is the largest of Custer State Park's five lakes. It can also be the loudest. Stockade is the only lake in the park on which motorboats are allowed, but on a cool and foggy fall morning the only sounds are the lapping of water and the wing beats of ducks and geese.

Photo by Chad Coppess/ S.D. Tourism



BATTE FOR THE HOMESTAKE TROPHY

Black Hills State vs. S.D. School of Mines and Technology is among the oldest rivalries in college football BY PAUL HIGBEE BATTLE FOR THE Homestake Trophy. West River Rivalry. West River Brawl. Tinkers vs. Weavers. Whatever you call the annual game, when Black Hills State University meets South Dakota School of Mines and Technology on the football field in Rapid City on October 6, it will be the 133rd contest between the two schools. That, says the NCAA, makes it the fourth most played rivalry in American college football, ranking only behind matchups between Harvard-Yale, Princeton-Yale and Lehigh-Lafayette.

Not that association with those eastern schools means much in Rapid City or Spearfish come game day. The Black Hills State-SD Mines rivalry stands on its own as an event rich in color and tradition. The series is remarkably even, with Mines currently holding a slight edge in wins, 62-59. There



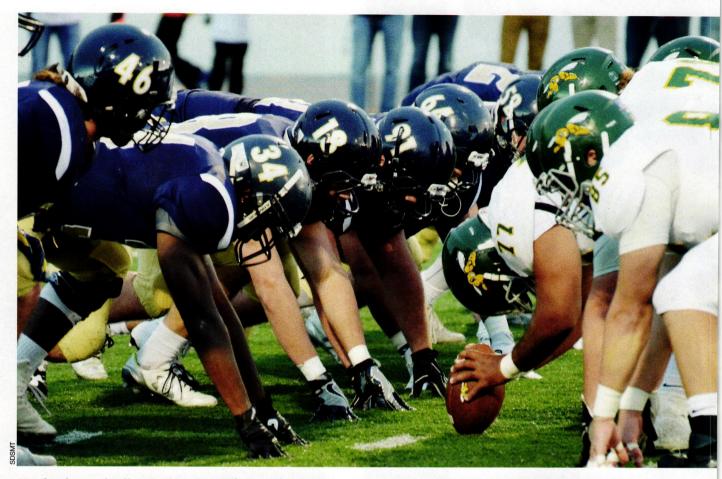
have been 11 ties. For South Dakota newcomers who don't know the history, the game always feels alive and contemporary, as fans in the stands cite recent contests that should be avenged or affirmed. Case in point: fans are currently recalling last year's come-from-behind, 25-24 win by Black Hills State, and anticipating the rematch.

The 132 games played so far don't mean the schools have been going at it for 132 years. Early in the 20th century the teams often met twice each fall, and occasionally three times. Some records suggest informal games in the 1890s, but the true rivalry began in 1900 when Black Hills State was called Spearfish Normal School, and the Rapid City college was South Dakota School of Mines (no emphasis on other technologies yet). Mines won the 1900

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Hardrocker and Yellow Jacket players from all generations agree that no high school rivalry prepared them for the West River Brawl, where intensity could make them their very best or lead to mistakes.

game 28-0 and wouldn't lose to Spearfish Normal for the next 16 years. While not reflected in that 1900 score, in the early years both teams shared a reputation for hardfought defense. Nationally there was debate about

banning football from college campuses because of serious injuries and even fatalities, but that talk gained little traction in the rough and tumble Black Hills. For several seasons, the Normal School's physician, Dr. Lyle Hare, was also its football coach, which can be viewed as a practical South Dakota answer to the controversy.

About the same time, SD Mines players knew it was best to keep warm and dry when late fall weather turned nasty. If practice was scheduled during inclement weather, the team gathered at a Rapid City saloon to run plays in a large dance hall upstairs.

In 1912, Spearfish Normal fielded a feisty team with an average player weight of just 145 pounds, and recorded a 6-1 record. The single loss came at the hands of Mines, and a Spearfish writer exhibited the optimism only long-suffering sports fanatics know. Of the series he wrote, "While we met defeat each time, we have this consolation — each succeeding game saw the score growing less and less — un-

> til the Mines remarked, 'We are fortunate in not having another game with the Normal, as we should surely meet defeat.'"

Exactly who took it upon himself to remark as "the Mines" wasn't made clear. The much anticipated first Normal win in the series came four years later, in 1916, when the Spearfish men achieved a 13-0 shutout.

In the 1920s, the rivalry evolved into something resembling the modern era. Helmets became mandatory for all players. SD Mines announced it took football seriously enough to hire a paid coach. Sportswriters usually called School of Mines players "Miners," or "Hard Rock Miners" if they played especially tough. The team name gradually evolved into "Hardrockers." In the 1920s, Spearfish fans called their players the "Yellow Jackets" because of yellow coats the team wore on the sidelines. An insignia representing the stinging insect soon followed, as did one depicting the bearded prospector Grubby, SD Mines' mascot.

But for both schools in the 1920s the real story was quality coaching. That can be considered the foundation for the balanced Yellow Jackets-Hardrockers series that would play out over the next century. The first paid coach SD Mines hired was none other than Fred Gushurst, a South Dakotan whose play at Notre Dame led to his induction in the College Football Hall of Fame. In 1913 he was on the field against Army, at West Point, when Notre Dame unleashed the forward pass and instantly revolutionized the college game. At SD Mines, Gushurst always strove for innovation in a sport still young.

In 1922 Spearfish Normal coach Everett Niday took his team to a Wyoming ranch for late summer conditioning, and he told players to expect hard-hitting, nightly scrimmages back on campus after school began. "Black eyes, broken noses, missing teeth, and other little signs were in evidence around Normal," recorded a student sportswriter, "and in such quantities as to prove the quality of the scrimmages." No team scored against Niday's team for the first five games of 1922, including SD Mines who fell twice.

But as would so often be the case in the West River Rivalry, losses inspired teams to bear down and bounce back. SD Mines won matchups in 1923 and 1924.

Coach Paul Rose took over at Spearfish in 1928, promptly won consecutive conference titles, and stole the show with a win in a much-ballyhooed 1930 contest in Rapid City — a "game under the lights." Some South Dakota sportswriters began calling his team "the Rosemen," and the Spearfish football field "the Rose Garden." Then, to great consternation in Rapid City, national sportswriters were advocating for Rose's team to play in the Rose Bowl Game at Pasadena, California. It sounds implausible, and in fact would be impossible today given the Rose Bowl's contemporary selection commitment. But in the 1930s some Rose Bowl organizers and sportswriters were hoping to discover the next Washington and Jefferson College, a little Pennsylvania school that went undefeated in 1921, was invited to the Rose Bowl, and played the University of California-Berkeley to a thrilling scoreless tie.

The Yellow Jackets emerged as candidates after racking up unbeaten seasons. The first, in 1932, saw Black Hills beat SD Mines early in the season, 27-7 at Spearfish. When the Jackets traveled to Rapid City later that season, Mines focused on defense and punted the ball away from the end zone all afternoon. But the Jackets played a tight defense, too, and moved the ball across the goal line once for a 7-0 win.

TO THE LODGE AT DEADWOOD

Explore the Roughlock Falls Nature Area in Spearfish Canyon; an outdoor wonder that is impressive and unique to the Black Hills.

Photo Courtesy South Dakota Tourism

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Since the 1920s strong coaching has defined the BHSU/SD Mines rivalry, beginning with college football hall of famer Fred Gushurst of SD Mines. In 1935 Paul Rose's BHSU team (above) beat SD Mines 46-6 along with every other opponent to gain Rose Bowl consideration.

Predictably, SD Mines roared back the next year, winning 20-0. Then in 1935 the Yellow Jackets went undefeated and untied (one of only seven colleges nationally to do so that year) and that's when the Rose Bowl clamor grew loudest. But the invitation from California never came, and Coach Rose died suddenly several weeks before the 1936 season kicked off.

For several years the rivalry matchup was called the Armistice Day Game, always played November 11. Before college football became a Saturday television staple, Rapid City and Spearfish were the only West River South Dakota venues where fans could watch the collegiate version of the sport. Plenty of West River people admired both teams, drove great distances to cheer them on against out-of-state visitors like Nebraska's Chadron State (which regularly played both the Hardrockers and Yellow Jackets from close to the beginning), or East River teams from Aberdeen, Huron, Brookings, Mitchell, Sioux Falls, Springfield and Yankton. But when the two West River rivals squared up, it was time to take a side. Students came up with the Tinkers-Weavers team nicknames, snidely commenting on what they thought of the rival school's curriculum (tinkering with technology at Rapid City, weaving baskets in liberal arts courses at Spearfish).

After the dust settled, though, everyone knew both 62 • South Dakota Magazine

state schools were integral to Black Hills life. The area's biggest industry, Homestake Gold Mine, created the now-storied Homestake Trophy in 1946, and the winning football team has taken it home ever since, to be relinquished only after a future defeat.

"It's definitely one of those games we circle on the calendar," says Black Hills State quarterback Ryan Hommel, who played high school football in Colorado. "We had some good rivalries in high school, but nothing like this." That's a sentiment echoed by all the generations of Black Hills State and SD Mines players.

For most of the 20th century Yellow Jacket and Hardrocker rosters were filled largely by young men who played high school ball at West River or Wyoming schools, and knew one another as high school teammates or opponents. In 1977 Dave Dutton, who had been a Spearfish High School standout, elected to enroll at Mines and play college football there. He elected, too, not to wear Mines gear on visits back to Spearfish. "People knew who I was and what I was doing, but that would have been rubbing it in," he recalls.

Dutton joined head coach Gary Boner's Hardrockers and started every game for four years, part of assistant coach Sonny Coyle's nationally ranked defense. SD Mines never lost to Black Hills during Dutton's time, but he says, "It never mattered the level of the other team in

those games. You prepared that much more, emotions were always higher, and intensity was high. Almost too high, so mistakes could be made."

He learned that the hard way against Black Hills. Dutton started every game but not every half, once because of an injury and once because of emotional intensity. A Black Hills player grabbed his facemask and Dutton threw a right, and was booted from the game. "I never did that again," he says. People who know the calm, cordial Dutton have a hard time imagining it happening once. But, they'll say with a shrug, that's the Black Hills Brawl.

A better memory for Dutton — in fact, perhaps the most vivid of his football career — is that of a fourth quarter, goal-line stand in Spearfish that preserved a Hardrockers win. Emotion and intensity, well directed, entered into that, too.



O'Harra Stadium seats will be filled, but longtime fans will enjoy watching and tailgating from their own cars.

Forty years later and from a Yellow Jackets perspective, current Black Hills State head coach John Reiners understands exactly what Dutton describes.

"If I get the team amped up too much for that game, things can go wrong," he says. "At the same time, if I say it's just another game, we could go out there and get punched in the face. There has to be a balance."

A related factor complicates coaching the rivalry game, observes Hardrockers head coach Zach Tinker. "When we play them, we see a different Black Hills team than we watched the week before, or the week before that. The intensity makes them their best, and I'd hope they'd say the same thing about us."

Something for fans to watch for on October 6 will be two fine senior quarterbacks — SD Mines' Jake Sullivan and Black Hills' Ryan Hommel — squaring up against each other for the last time. "It will be easy to spot us," notes Hommel. "We both wear number seven."

Fans should also note the sheer jubilation winning players (and coaches) display as they carry away the Homestake Trophy, which features a gold pan incorporated into its design inscribed with the words, "Western South Dakota Football Champions."

"If you get the trophy after the game, it's big," says Reiners. "I've been on both sides — I've won it and I've lost it. Afterwards, if you win, there's no better feeling than having it displayed outside your office."

Reiners and Tinker express high regard for one another, and for each other's program. They point out something that might surprise South Dakotans who know the two schools mainly through their sports teams. Beyond athletics, Black Hills State and SD Mines are barely rivals at all. Because of mostly separate education missions, they rarely recruit the same prospective students, and they complement one another in West River's economic development efforts and in preparing the region's future professionals. Today, BHSU offers classes in Rapid City as well as Spearfish.

Both schools, in the past decade, transitioned successfully to become NCAA Division II athletic institutions. Each joined the Rocky Mountain Athletic Conference. Centered in Colorado, the conference feels like the right cultural fit for these schools. Facing stiffer competition in the NCAA, each has had to broaden its athletic recruiting territory, although South Dakota student athletes remain top priorities. Both have had recruiting success in the Rocky Mountain states, where the western South Dakota schools are recognized as never before.

SD Mines athletic director Joel Lueken appreciates the NCAA's expectation that member colleges will not only play games, but also "create an event atmosphere."

"We've got that every game," he says, "but when Black Hills plays here, there's also something like a postseason atmosphere."

Intense competition, reasonable admission and concession prices, family-friendly environment? Guaranteed. And then there are perks only fans of small college football (and there are many nationally) enjoy. For example, at SD Mines, fans can sit in the grandstand or in their own cars, parked in one of three tiers of game-view lots adjacent to the field. Mostly those parking spaces accommodate tailgaters.

"We're the only facility in NCAA Division II with tailgating as the game goes on," Lueken declares. "The only place where you're watching the kickoff live as you barbecue."

Expect barbecuing to commence bright and early on the morning of October 6. Kickoff is 6 p.m. — Mountain Time, of course.



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AND OUT

Designing South Dakota

TURNING TO THE RIVER

A Fort Pierre restaurant challenges conventional thinking

511

merican rivers were once treated as the backyards of our cities, convenient places for unsightly factories, meatpacking plants, city dumps, salvage yards and such. South Dakota was no exception, even along the fabled Missouri River. Sioux Falls architect Tom Hurlbert saw that paradox when he traveled to Fort Pierre to assist with plans for a new

INSIDE & OUT

riverside restaurant called Drifters Bar & Grille.

"It was a bit surprising that for as much as Pierre and Fort Pierre, and South Dakota for that matter, are influenced by the Missouri, that much of the city and state has turned its back to the river," Hurlbert says. "Drifters was an opportunity to turn back toward the water."

The vision, says Hurlbert, came from the Zarecky family — especially

Emily Zarecky Steber, a Pierre native who grew up on the river. "We spent our summers on the water, sometimes from sunrise to sunset," she says.

Her parents, Mark and Glennis Zarecky, bought the property 12 years ago and had development plans "shovel ready" in 2011 when the great flood hit the Missouri, swamping the river valley for months. Emily always thought the riverside location would be perfect for a restaurant. She went off to college at the University of South Dakota where she gained restaurant business experience while working at Chae's, a then-popular Vermillion eatery. After graduation, she continued to learn the trade at top restaurants in Denver and Sioux Falls.

As the riverfront property recovered from the flood, Emily longed to go home. Her family redrew plans for the development — which include a 78-slip marina, commercial and residential space — and then her fiancé, Uriah Steber, also grew enthused about the dream of a restaurant.

"WE SAT DOWN here when it was all dirt and had dinner on the back of my pickup truck and envisioned what we wanted," says Emily. "Uriah and I got engaged there where that middle booth would be." The restaurant opened in May of 2016 and they were married in June of 2017.

"Clearly our major theme is nautical," says the young restauranteur, "but we wanted to have western and industrial elements as well, along with an outdoor fireplace and cedar siding."

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DRIFTERSARCHITECT Tom Hurlbert chose to turn diners' focus to the Missouri River.

66 • South Dakota Magazine



EMILY AND URIAH Stebersat on the tailgate of their pickup and imagined how their restaurant might fit along the riverbank.

Hurlbert says the Zareckys' love of the Missouri was inspiring. "Emily and her family had lots of experiences and ideas that came from being on and around the Missouri, but they were also influenced by travels around the country, particularly from the architecture and landscape around other bodies of water. They saw an opportunity to help create and capture a river identity."

Emily's love of the water is reflected throughout the 13,000-square-foot restaurant and event space. Her father stamped a nautical compass on the concrete floor. Boat cleats serve as purse hooks. An authentic wooden canoe from Steber's home state of Wisconsin was repurposed and wired for lighting over the bar. Exposed ceiling beams were shaped like the hull of a large ship.

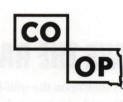
Aficionados of both beer and boating seem to enjoy the Brewski, a wood water ski with 16 holes that hold 5-ounce sampler glasses. Visitors also love to pose for pictures with Mojo, a giant steel pelican created by a Florida artist.

Immense windows offer views of historic LaFramboise Island, Griffin Park and a sandbar known as Discover Island where waterfowl and eagles often gather.

Drifters soon became a popular part of the Pierre-Fort Pierre dining and entertainment culture, and the satisfied customers include the architect. "I've had the opportunity to sit outside on the patio on a cool summer evening with a fire going and enjoy a great meal with the sounds of the river in the air and the silhouette of the capitol against the Missouri Hills," says Hurlbert. "It's a beautiful place. Of course nature and the kitchen did most of the heavy lifting on that night. All we had to do was create a nice space to land and get out of the way."



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CO-OP ARCHITECTURE

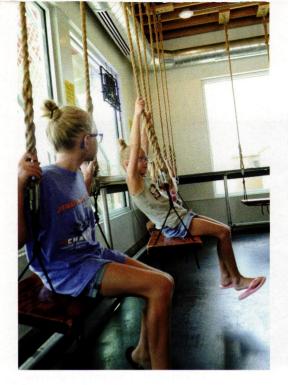
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ROPE TRICK

The contractor didn't know how to make them and the insurance company wondered about liability — but Israel Espinosa wanted rope swings in his new restaurant, so Mitchell architect Brad Ciavarella found a way. "We had a guy in our firm who was good with rope, so we made them right here," he says. "It was fairly challenging for a lot of reasons, but Israel really wanted to have fun with the building, so we made it work."

Ciavarella knew kids would like



El Columpio's swinging seats, "but adults seem to like them, too." The restaurant — located between Cabela's and Menards on the south side of Mitchell — also features corten steel, an exterior siding that rusts on the surface, and an outdoor stairway to rooftop seating.

SAVE THE RANCH?

ill we someday look upon the split-level and ranch homes of the 1960s and '70s with the same admiration we now give Queen Annes and Italianate architecture of the 19th century?



Apparently so, because the Historic Preservation Office of the S.D. State Historical Society recently commissioned a study, *Modern Residential Architecture in South Dakota, 1950 to 1975, to* glean as much information as possible about the architectural trends of the post-World War II period. "Mid-century modern has become quite fashionable in

parts of the country, and I think we tend to under-recognize it," says Liz Almlie of the State Historical Society.

The primary purpose of the 266-page report, authored by Cultural Resource Analysts in Lexington, Kentucky, is to help the Historic Preservation Office determine what buildings from the period merit inclusion on the National Register, but it also revealed fascinating stories about the way homes were built. In 1956, 103 women from across the country traveled to Washington, D.C., for the Women's Congress on Housing. They worked with architects and builders to design the ideal home.

Mrs. George Day of Huron was South Dakota's representative. They discussed ideas for room planning; desirable room sizes for cooking, eating, sleeping and entertaining; ceiling heights; electrical outlet placement; storage; and exterior appearance, among other things. "We discoursed, discussed and at times were close to just plain cussing, as we aired our ideas on the thing that is nearest to all women, their home," Day recalled in her report to the *Huron Daily Plainsman* in May of 1956.

The full report is available on the State Historical Society's website.

High Wheelin'

When Sioux Falls' Visual Arts Commission sought to promote and encourage bicycling, architect Paul Boerboom came up with an abstract of the high wheeler bicycle, also known as a penny-farthing, popular in the 1870s and 1880s.

"It appealed to me as a unique, short term design challenge versus my projects as an architect that typically would last for months or years from start of design to completion of construction," says Boerboom, who recently retired from a 40-year career with TSP. "It's intended to be functional, recognizable, removable, no maintenance required and keeps the sidewalk unobstructed."

This galvanized steel creation sits atop an original parking meter

> post outside City Hall on Ninth Street. Another stands outside the TSP offices on West Street and a series of eight high wheelers are used as a bike rack at the Marshall-Lyon County Library in Marshall, Minnesota.

Tamara Eagle Bull, FAIA, AICAE, NCARB Sovereignty Through Design

AIA South Dakota evening keynote - Free and open to the public Thursday, September 13, 2018 at 7:30 pm Ramkota Exhibit Hall Annex, 3200 W. Maple St., Sioux Falls



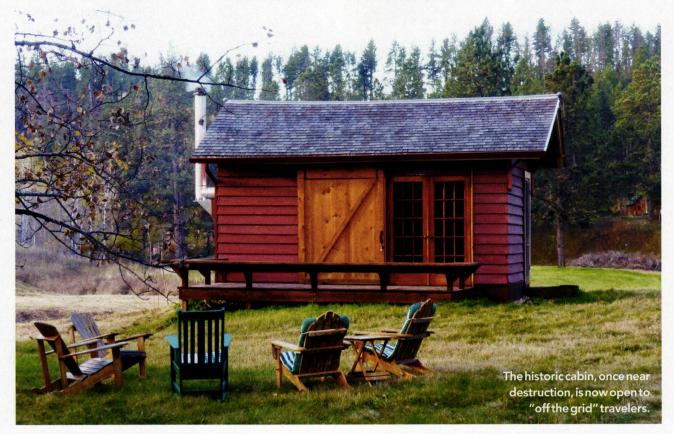
Tamara Eagle Bull is an advocate for culturally relevant and responsible design and a recognized leader in the realm of contemporary Native American architecture. As the first Native American woman in the U.S. to become a licensed architect, she uses her position and knowledge to improve the schools and communities in which she works. Tamara is a member of the Oglala Lakota Nation, the co-founder of Lincoln, Nebraska-based Encompass Architects and the winner of the 2018 American Institute of Architects (AIA) Whitney M. Young Jr. Award.

Her talk will showcase contemporary Indigenous design projects and demonstrate the expression of Native American culture through design.



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.arasouthdakota.org to learn me

INSIDE & OUT



BADGER CLARK'S FIRST CABIN

APID CITY architect Fred Thurston finds it ironic — and perhaps fortunate — that Badger Clark's original cabin isn't officially considered historic by preservationists.

"According to the Historic Preservation Commission, a building loses its historic designation when it is moved," he says. "But in this case that may have been a good thing."

Badger Clark, author of "The Cowboy's Prayer" and perhaps South Dakota's best-known poet, was a recluse who spent many years in solitary cabins in the Black Hills near

Custer. Badger Hole, a four-room log home that was his residence from 1937 to 1957, is beautifully kept and open to visitors in Custer State Park.

However, a smaller cabin Clark inhabited from 1924 to 1937 was nearly lost. Black Hills historian and writer Shebby Lee, Badger's niece, says the poet never owned the first cabin. It changed hands and was moved several times. Eventually, park officials labeled it as surplus property.

"We heard the park might even burn it



Awater pump is among the cabin's amenities.

down," says Paul Jensen, a longtime member of the Badger Clark Society, along with Lee. "We talked to the park and promised to find a new home for it."

The cabin became the main character of an architectural odyssey. A local winery expressed interest in it, but when Jensen hired a house-mover to take it there the winemakers changed their minds, so he parked it at a sawmill for several years. Eventually, Hill City artist Jon Crane told the story of the poet's cabin to Linda Flounders, who owns Newton Fork Ranch near Hill City.

> Badger Clark's original cabin now rests at Newton Fork, a pine-forest valley where Flounders' grandparents had a mountain ranch 75 years ago. Her uncle, Paul Lippman, was a writer who hosted workshops in the 1980s at the ranch's 1914 ranch house.

> Flounders bought the property from her uncle and had six log cabins built there in 2000 as hideaways for writers and others seeking to escape televisions, phones and concrete.

She welcomed the poet's cabin and the responsibilities that came with it. "I try to save old buildings," she says. Her grandparents' home is impeccably restored; now she's hoping to fix an old leanto on the property that was apparently the residence of a mountain hermit long ago.

Flounders was assisted by a number of Black Hills characters, including the architect Thurston who helped her to identify historical character-



LINDA FLOUNDERS welcomed the popular Black Hills poet's cabin to herfamily's homestead near Hill City.

istics worth saving while also advising how to make it functional. "Fred suggested that we expose the original ceiling and floor, and helped us to restore the original atmosphere. We shingled the roof, added a porch and found antique French doors from an architectural salvage company in San Francisco." Jon Crane brought a big stone for the front step and a potbelly wood stove. Someone else donated a plaster relief of Badger Clark created years ago by the late Yankton sculptor Frank Yaggie.

Even with imported French doors, the cabin has an

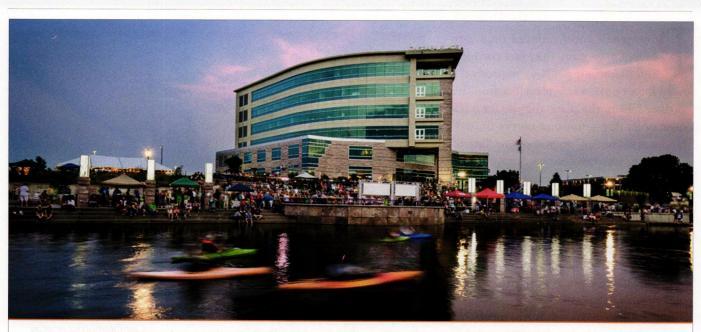
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a compost toilet - a modern day privy.

She now offers the poet's cabin to guests as a "glampingtype" experience. Period-style amenities include furniture built by an area craftsman from locally sourced and repurposed wood, an old-fashioned icebox, a potbelly stove with cast iron cookware and kindling, and wall-mounted oil lanterns that add just the right ambience. "Living off the grid is in demand," she says. "Some people are hungering for a simpler experience."

Badger Clark surely found it inspiring.

in 🕑



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aura of pioneer mountain life. And literary history was born there. Shebby Lee says her uncle's first book of poetry, *Skylines and Wood Smoke*, was written in the cabin on a manual typewriter.

"I wanted to make it as authentic as possible," says Flounders. Zoning laws prohibited her from digging an outhouse so she had a wood shed built with a moon carving on the door and installed

INSIDE & OUT

The Wisdom of Youth

Students help architect design new school for Porcupine

AHIN SINTE O

Porcupine's youth wanted their new school to be more than just corridors and classrooms. "They expressed a need for a home, a safe place because this is their haven, the place they go for a hot meal every day — for some maybe the only hot meal of the day," says architect Tammy Eagle Bull, who involved students and parents before designing the new Pahin Sinte Owayawa elementary school.

"We modeled their school after the traditional home for the Lakota, which is a tipi not in the shape of the tipi but with the idea that we took a large building and broke it into smaller pieces so the kids would feel safe and comfortable," she says.

Eagle Bull was raised in Aberdeen, but her mother's roots were from Porcupine so she often visited the Pine Ridge Reservation. Now an architect in Lincoln, Nebraska, she knew the new school was a once-in-alifetime opportunity to make a difference. "Funding is always scarce on the reservation," she says. "The last school was 20 or 30 years past its life, so we wanted to make

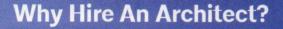


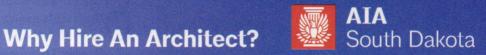
the best use of the resources and involve the community." Eagle Bull also felt a familial connection. "I have nieces and nephews who are students there, and aunts and uncles who work there as teachers."

For that project and others, Eagle Bull was awarded the American Institute of Architecture's Whitney M. Young Jr. Award, which honors social responsibility. She is the first female Native American architect in the United States, and the co-founder with Todd Hesson of Encompass Architects.

PAHIN SINTE OWAYAWA

at Porcupine is the first school in South Dakota to achieve LEED Silver Certification for energy and environmental design. Three hundred students attend classes in the 72,000 square foot building.





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INSIDE & OUT



Students who attended Brookings' Central Elementary after it opened in 1936 wouldn't recognize the school today. There's a general store, TV studio and play stream running through the first floor classrooms, giant building blocks upstairs and animatronic dinosaurs on the playground.

Old Central is still serving children after 82 years, though maybe in brighter, louder, wetter and more colorful ways as the Children's Museum of South Dakota. Its two-year transformation was guided by Architecture Incorporated of Sioux Falls, but as architect Andrew Eitreim soon discovered, it took a village to go from old school to new school. Eitreim joined the company in May of 2007, and within weeks was part of the museum team. "This was a great example of a huge collaborative effort," Eitreim says. Architecture Incorporated worked with Confluence, a landscape architecture firm in Sioux Falls, on exterior exhibit space, and with a design company from Memphis on interior exhibits.

Much legwork had already been done by the Larson Family Foundation. Dale Larson, president and CEO of Larson Manufacturing in Brookings, and his wife, Pat, always believed that playing and learning go hand in hand. They passed that philosophy onto their daughter, Carmelle Larson Jackson, who visited children's museums when traveling with her own kids. When officials decided to vacate Central, the Larsons leapt at the chance to transform the building into South Dakota's first children's museum.

The bricks and mortar proved solid, though they presented challenges when full renovation began in the fall of 2009. "The goal of the entry pavilion addition was to create an architectural element and interior space that complemented the existing building," Eitreim says. "Our biggest challenge was the limitations on the interior load bearing walls.

On the first floor, where we wanted big openings, we were limited in just how big we could make those. And there were also limitations having to reinforce the floor structure needed to support assembly occupancy on the second floor."

But the kids who learn and play in the museum's 30,000 square feet of interior exhibit space likely don't mind the wide halls. They're more interested in changing the tire of a model car or watching the wonders of water in converted classrooms that are brightly lit thanks to enormous openings that provided space for new windows — a feature that led to the museum's LEED Silver Certification. Lights in those spaces sense the amount of natural light present, and turn off when not needed.

Outside, kids wind through a maze of prairie grass, build a beaver dam, climb hills and cross streams - all under the watchful eyes of Mama T. rex and baby



MAMAT. REX AND BABY MAX are animatronic dinosaurs that keep watch over an outdoor play area at the South Dakota Children's Museum in Brookings.

Max, the only full-size animatronic dinosaurs on display in the United States. It sounds like a lot, but spread out over 60,000 square feet, the idea was "less is more."

"The interesting thing about the exterior exhibits is that you don't have to do a lot. Just give them a space to let their imaginations go," Eitreim says.

Since the museum opened in Sep-

tember of 2010, more than half a million visitors have explored its hands-on exhibits. Parents with an eye for architecture might note the work it took to create such a place. "When you take something that served its lifespan as one use and you repurpose it, I think that shows the real creativity of what we do," Eitreim says.



SEARCHING FOR

BY JOHN ANDREWS

T SEEMS THAT HARVEY DUNN'S *The Prairie is My Garden* has followed me throughout my life. A print has hung on the east wall of my childhood home in Lake Norden since 1974, a wedding gift from my grandparents to my parents. The original hangs in the South Dakota Art Museum in Brookings, on the campus of South Dakota State University where I attended college and my wife-to-be at the time spent 20 hours a week on a work-study job, affording me plenty of opportunities to gaze upon the stoic pioneer woman and her two children out gathering wildflowers on the prairie, the simple homestead buildings in the background and wide blue sky accented with Dunn's signature clouds above.

One of the first stories I wrote for this magazine was a compilation of the 10 paintings every South Dakotan should see. I received guidance from the late John Day, curator of the Oscar Howe Gallery at the University of South Dakota in Vermillion and an expert on South Dakota art, but even an amateur like me wasn't surprised that Dunn's masterpiece would make the list.

The painting found its way into the pages of the magazine on several occasions over the next decade, most recently in late 2017 in a feature about South Dakota's enduring mysteries. When I first wrote about the painting, I asked Lynn Verschoor, director of the South Dakota Art Museum, for any details about it, including the identities of the people portrayed. "We have lots of claims from people who *know* who it is," she said. "But he [Dunn] was an illustrator. He drew people all the time. The characters were composites unless it was an actual portrait."

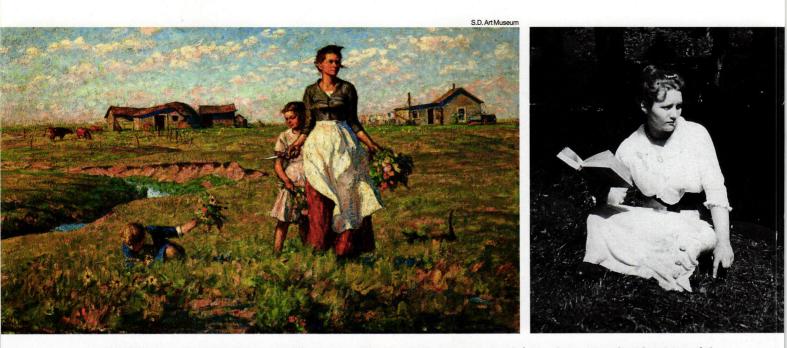
It seemed reasonable that we might never know the characters in the painting that South Dakotans have come to know so well — an endur-



Christian Begeman

DUNN'S 'GARDEN'

On the McCleerey homestead near Isabel, Eliza Blue and her children, Wesley and Emmy Rose, model the figures in Harvey Dunn's The Prairie is My Garden. The McCleereys say Dunn visited in the summer of 1927, and that their family and land inspired Dunn's iconic painting.



The Prairie is My Garden is arguably Harvey Dunn's masterpiece. Dunn left no clues as to the identities of the people he painted, but the McCleerey family believes the pioneer woman could be their matriarch, Anna.

ing mystery to be sure — so it merited inclusion.

Not long after the magazine hit mailboxes, I came to the office one day to find an email from a coworker. "Please call William McCleerey from Sisseton," it said. "He would like to talk with you about the piece on *The Prairie is My Garden*."

"Does he know who's in it?" I asked, somewhat skeptically because I remembered my conversation with Verschoor many years ago.

"He says yes," was the reply.

So I waited a few days before making the call. "Have you got a recorder?" McCleerey asked. "I've been waiting a long time to get this story out, and I want to make sure it's recorded."

I plugged my device into the phone line and told him I was ready. "That's my mother and my two sisters," he said matter-of-factly. Then, he explained nearly every detail of the painting. "My dad homesteaded on that land at Isabel in 1910," McCleerey said. "You see a wagon by the house. There were no trees out in the Isabel country, between Ziebach and Dewey County, and so they burned coal. We dug our own coal, and we would scrape the dirt off the lignite, which was very shallow by our place. They drilled a hole in the coal, and then my dad was a dynamiter, so he'd stick dynamite down in that hole and blow up the coal. He and his cousins would bring coal home for the winter. That's why that wagon is by the house, because that's the fuel they burned....

"If you look at the house, there's a clothesline on the south side and two chimneys. The folks had a furnace in the basement, just dug out underneath, and they heated the house with that brick chimney. But my dad had too many bricks when he built that, so he made a patio in front of the house. The second chimney was tile, and in order to hold that tile in place, they put cables on it....

"My mother came from near Elgin, Illinois, and her folks had dairy cattle and they sent three Guernsey calves out to us at Isabel. So Dad built this sod barn, and behind the barn was another building where the horses stayed. If you look closely at the picture, it looks like hay. My folks used to haul hay home and they would roll it out of the trailer and put it between the two buildings. Then we'd haul extra loads of coal and put it under the hay, and when the hay got out of the way the coal was there, because lignite kind of dried up in summertime so we had to keep it....

"The building next to it was my grandpa's house. That was moved half a mile from where he lived. He moved to Aberdeen, so my dad kept it as a granary. Right next to it is another building which was our chicken house. If you look in the yard it looks like rocks, but it's actually chickens....

"Everybody wonders if that's a cat or a dog alongside of them. Well it's a cat called Patches."

McCleerey wasn't the only person to contact the magazine. We heard from a gentleman in Webster who said he'd always heard that the painting depicted the McCleerey homestead. Stu Surma, an Isabel native now living in Java, told us the same. One day, Surma traveled to the homestead site and sent us a picture of Jim Crick, which McCleerey says ran about a quarter of a mile away from his childhood home.



Mabel and Eva Lyn McCleerey would have been 9 and 4 respectively when Dunn purportedly visited.

The creek bank appeared to be identical to the one Dunn painted in *The Prairie is My Garden*.

Could the mystery finally be solved? Are Anna Mc-Cleerey and her daughters, Mabel and Eva Lyn, the women in *The Prairie is My Garden*?

ANNA MCCLEEREY WAS BORN in Germany in 1897. At age 9, she immigrated to America with her family, but they were almost turned away at Ellis Island. Immigration officials discovered a suspicious blind spot on her eye and were prepared to send the family back to Germany. An uncle vouched for them, provided Anna's father worked for him on his farm in Illinois, and the family was allowed into the country.

In 1914, Anna traveled to Groton to visit her older sister, who had married a rural mail carrier. She took a summer job cooking for a harvesting crew that included Fred McCleerey. They struck up a romance and were married near Anna's home in Illinois in 1916. Fred brought Anna to his homestead 7 miles north, 2 miles west and a quarter of a mile south of Isabel.

The McCleereys were active in their community. Fred served as assessor and township supervisor. Anna was township treasurer and chairman of the school board. They milked cows and raised good crops provided there was decent rain. In the winter, they attended card parties at neighboring homes every two weeks and they gathered with the community for a dance once a month at the schoolhouse. Fred and Anna also welcomed two daughters: Mabel in 1918, and Eva Lyn in 1923.

One day in 1923, the family was riding in their buggy to Isabel to shop for winter clothes. About 6 miles from

"I SEE MY CHILDHOOD..."

Manchester family close to Harvey Dunn may have inspired painting

HEN ELLEN LARSON HALTER was a little girl, she sat on Harvey Dunn's lap and listened to him swap stories with her parents, George and Katherine Larson. The Larsons lived on a farm just south of Manchester, and Dunn made it a point to visit during his annual summertime trips home from his studio in Tenafly, New Jersey. The Larson farm sat half a mile away from the farm on which Dunn's sister, Caroline, lived. The families were friends, and Ellen and her sister, Della, wore a path through the pasture bringing Caroline fresh eggs and cream. Sometimes, Caroline invited the girls over for tea.

Halter's recollections of her summer adventures with Harvey Dunn are captured in a new memoir called *Shyster & Harvey*. She remembers Dunn's hearty laughter and constant sketching — on the front porch of Caroline's farmhouse or in the buffalo wallow they frequently visited.

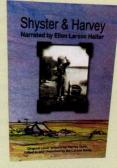
It was through Dunn's sketches that Halter says she saw *The Prairie is My Garden* being developed. "I was told the picture began as a simple scene of a pioneer woman picking wildflowers," Halter writes. "Then the two girls were added, which we believe are my sister and myself. Of course, the pioneer woman is my mom."

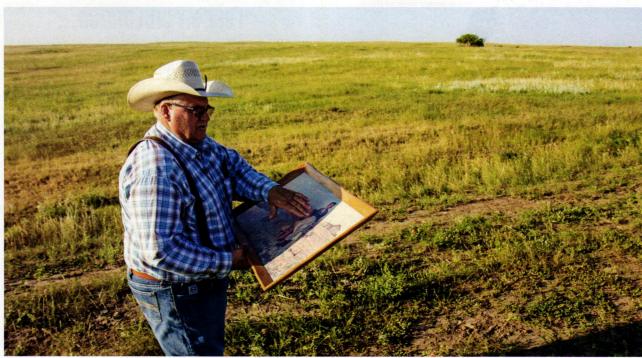
As Dunn sketched, Halter says she asked why he never painted kittens. The next time she saw him, a black cat had been added to the prairie scene.

On one of their many walks, she and Dunn stopped to watch a herd of cattle, noting how they swished their tails to shoo flies. A cow with its tail raised soon appeared in the sketch.

"The Prairie is My Garden seems to be a favorite painting for many people," Halter writes. "For me, I see my childhood in it. My parents' farm is in

the background. My mother, sister and I are picking wildflowers for Carrie. The Red Stone Creek is next to us and the big blue sky is above us. This painting captures some of my dearest childhood memories."





A.J. Lindskov, current owner of the original McCleerey homestead, compares Dunn's painting to the lay of the land. "I really do think that was a West River landscape," Lindskov says of The Prairie is My Garden.

their home, a neighbor stopped and asked if they knew anything about the big smoke billowing on the horizon. The McCleereys were stunned to discover that their home had burned to the ground. Before leaving, they had placed ashes from the stove into a washtub on the floor. The bottom of the tub grew hot enough to spark a fire. The family lost everything, including recently harvested crops that they had hoped would help sustain them through winter.

With help from neighbors, Fred and Anna rebuilt. By the late summer of 1927, they were milking 13 cows by hand and had 30 acres of wheat to shock, but Fred had become ill with typhoid fever. Luckily, a stranger knocked on their door one evening around suppertime. "He was a nice looking man dressed in striped overalls, white shirt, dark sport jacket, beautiful oxfords and a pack on his back," Anna McCleerey later recalled. "I couldn't help but say, 'Where did you come from?' because there was no car or horse outside that he could have come with."

The stranger identified himself as Justus Chisal. He said he was from De Smet but had come on the train to Isabel looking for work. A neighbor had given him directions to the McCleerey place. Fred desperately needed a hired hand, so he decided to give the man a chance. If he was satisfied with his work, he'd keep him for two weeks.

Every morning, Justus Chisal ate breakfast with the family and then went out to shock grain. Fred told Anna that the man seemed very intelligent, and that he had spent time in the service during World War I and traveled extensively. Anna remembered that he washed his white shirt every night, and whenever he had free time he was always sketching.

One Sunday, Chisal asked a neighbor if he could borrow a pony. He wanted to ride 6 miles to the mine where locals dug coal. He seemed interested in the unique rock formations and petrified trees found in the area. That evening, the horse returned alone. A search party looking for Chisal encountered a man who said he'd given Chisal a ride to McIntosh, where he'd caught a train headed east. The McCleereys never saw him again.

HARVEY DUNN HAD ALWAYS painted prairie pictures, but not until he was in his 40s did he attack the subject so near and dear to his heart with zeal. Born in 1884 on a homestead near Manchester in Kingsbury County, his father, Tom, envisioned the 6-foot-2-inch Harvey as a farmer. But he wanted to see more of the world, and began his journey by enrolling at South Dakota Agricultural College in Brookings in 1901.

An art teacher named Ada Caldwell recognized Dunn's talent and encouraged him to attend the Chicago Institute of Art. He studied there from 1902 to 1904 and then moved to Wilmington, Delaware to paint under the tutelage of Howard Pyle, the country's foremost illustrator and the man Dunn considered his mentor.

After just two years with Pyle, Dunn opened his own studio in Wilmington and embarked upon a career in

commercial art. His paintings illustrated advertisements and stories in the era's leading periodicals. He also served as a combat artist during World War I.

When the war was over, Dunn settled permanently in Tenafly, New Jersey with his wife and two children. He painted scenes that paid the bills, but much like the boy who wanted off the farm, he yearned for something more. This time, he set his sights back on South Dakota. "I prefer painting pictures of early South Dakota life to any other kind," Dunn recalled. "My search for other horizons had led me around to my first."

Almost every summer for 25 years, Dunn traveled to his home state, alone or with an artist friend. In *Where Your Heart Is: The Story of Harvey Dunn*, Robert Karolevitz says Dunn, "maintained an invisible but grip-

ping tie to the prairies of South Dakota." He stayed on the Dow family farm near Manchester, where his sister lived, and from there traveled the prairie, "inconspicuous as any native on the sidewalks of Manchester and De Smet. It was not unusual for him to take his place on a threshing crew, pitching bundles or jockeying a tractor. Farm work offered a mental respite and a sense of physical accomplishment."

Dunn took his notes and sketches from his sojourns to South Dakota and transformed them into an immense collection of prairie paintings that filled his Tenafly studio. Occasionally, he showed them to members of the South Dakota Society of New York City, but there were tens of thousands of people back in

South Dakota who would surely appreciate them, if only they could see them.

That became a reality when De Smet newspaper publisher Aubrey Sherwood and his two brothers visited Dunn in New Jersey. "I wish the folks back home could see what we are seeing," Sherwood said as Dunn gave them a tour of his studio. Dunn immediately expressed interest, and agreed to exhibit 42 paintings in De Smet's Masonic Lodge during the summer of 1950.

The show proved wildly popular. Meant to last only a few days, Dunn's paintings remained for 14 weeks. More than 1,500 guests arrived on opening day; more than 5,000 visited altogether. One of the last guests was Fred Leinbach, president of South Dakota State College in Brookings. Leinbach was impressed with the paintings, and when he learned that Dunn might consider leaving them permanently in South Dakota if a suitable location could be found, the president offered the school's Pugsley Memorial Union. Dunn sat down in the Masonic Temple, and using a wooden chair as an impromptu writing surface, scribbled a letter gifting a group of original paintings to the college. He made sure to add that he reserved the right to add others to the collection whenever he saw fit.

THE PRAIRIE IS MY GARDEN was not included in Dunn's original gift. It arrived on campus a few years later, a gift from Edgar Soreng, a friend of Dunn's and a member of the class of 1908. Dunn died just two years later in 1952, so he had hardly any time to add new works. In the 68 years since Dunn's initial donation, the museum's collection has grown to 145 originals. A Dunn exhibit is always on display. Paintings are usually chosen to match the themes of exhibitions in other galleries, though *The Prairie is My Garden* remains a

> constant, says Lynn Verschoor, director of the South Dakota Art Museum. "We keep it up pretty much all the time because people come from all across the country to see that painting," she says. "When they see it, it's so reassuring for them because they grew up with it. You can almost watch people exhale. So many people grew up with it in their house, so it holds a special meaning for people from this area."

> The scene certainly resonates with the children and grandchildren of homesteaders, but its popularity stems from it becoming one of Dunn's most available paintings. When the General Federation of Women's Clubs began raising money to build a new art museum on the Brookings campus, they decided to

sell reproductions of Dunn's work. The group chose *The Prairie is My Garden*, and within a few years reprints hung in hundreds of homes. "It probably always will be the favorite," Verschoor says.

Not much else is known about the painting. Dunn left no notes about the subject matter. He worked on it over several years, constantly refining the details. The layers upon layers of paint built up on the canvas made the final work, which measures 41 inches by 71 inches, quite heavy. "If it fell off the easel, it would probably go through the floor," Dunn joked. His original title for the work, *This … My Garden*, eventually became *The Prairie is My Garden*.

In nearly 20 years as the museum's director, Verschoor has heard from several people who claim to know the people and the place. Most recently, relatives of Dunn on his mother's side visited and said they recognized them as their grandmother and her two daughters. Ellen Larson Halter, who grew up on a farm near Dunn's sister south of Manchester, recently released a

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THE OLDER SHE GOT, THE MORE SHE TOLD THE STORY TO PEOPLE. WHENEVER SHE SAW THAT PAINTING, SHE ALWAYS TOLD ME, "THAT'S ME AND THE GIRLS." collection of stories about her childhood interactions with Dunn, including her own interpretation of how *The Prairie is My Garden* developed (see sidebar). "I always ask people to write things down, and then I usually don't hear from them again," Verschoor says. "Is it family? Is it someone else? When he came out here, he sketched. He

didn't paint. He did lots of sketches and then he'd go back to his studio to paint. He always said, 'It's the spirit of the thing. That's the importance of a picture. You have to capture the essence of it.'"

DURING THE HOT AND DRY summer of 1936, in the throes of the Great Depression, Fred McCleerey decided it wasn't worth trying to run cattle on the short grass prairie northwest of Isabel anymore. They left their homestead and bought a 200-acre spread near Bristol. Two boys had since joined the family: Earl in 1928 and Bill in 1930. They stayed there until they heard about a judge looking for a farm couple to work his 420 acres north of Sisseton. The family moved there in 1939 and eventually bought the place outright.

Their encounter with Justus Chisal was a fading memory until Earl went to college at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology in Rapid City. One day in 1951, he mailed home a copy of the *Hardrocker Magazine* with Dunn's *The Prairie is My Garden* on the cover. "Look, Mother, our homestead," Earl wrote.

"It was so real it looked like a photograph of the place," Anna McCleerey recalled. "We decided Justus must have painted that."

"I shall always think that Justus was really Harvey Dunn," she wrote several years later, after learning more about Dunn's life and his summertime trips to South Dakota. "The pack he had is exactly like the one he wore when in the service during World War I. I'll always claim the picture as our homestead."

McCleerey grandchildren heard the story during visits to the Roberts County farm. "We grew up just assuming that was their place," says Ron Dody, who lives in Prior Lake, Minnesota with his 95-year-old mother, Eva Lyn. "No one ever questioned that it wasn't."

Deb McCleerey Wright grew up on the farm north of Sisseton with her parents, Bill and Lavonne, and spent much time with her grandmother before Anna died at

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GRANDPA ALWAYS KEPT A GARDEN DOWN BY THE CREEK. ONE DAY SHE WAS DOWN THERE PICKING FLOWERS WITH THE GIRLS AND HE ASKED HER, "WHY DO YOU PICK THOSE FLOWERS?" SHE SAID, "BECAUSE THE PRAIRIE IS MY GARDEN."

age 93 in 1991. "She would tell me how this stranger came through and asked Grandpa if he could stay there," Wright says. "Grandpa always kept a garden down by the creek. One day she was down there picking flowers with the girls and he asked her, 'Why do you pick those flowers?' She said, 'Because the prairie is my garden.' The

> older she got the more she told the story to people. She was prouder of it; it really meant a lot to her. Whenever she saw that painting, she always told me, 'That's me and the girls.'"

> The McCleereys returned to Isabel in 2011 to help the town celebrate its centennial. They met A.J. Lindskov, the current owner of the land on which Fred McCleerey homesteaded 108 years ago, and traveled out to the prairie to see what was left. They found remnants of concrete foundations, but no buildings from the Mc-Cleerey era remain.

> The family also tried to position themselves on the land as if they were looking at the homestead as a real-life *The Prairie is My Garden*, with Jim Crick bending at the left and the house and outbuildings in the background. They discovered that the foundations don't line up with the way Dunn placed them in his paintings. And, in one of her many remembrances, Anna McCleerey noted that she never wore long dresses during the time they received their visit from Justus Chisal. It seems that if the McCleereys and their land did indeed inspire Harvey Dunn

in 1927, he employed plenty of artistic freedom when working on *The Prairie is My Garden*.

Perhaps Justus Chisal really was Harvey Dunn. Maybe the women are Anna, Mabel and Eva Lyn McCleerey, and the broad, treeless prairie around them is a lonely patch of land northwest of Isabel. Names and places aside, it seems *The Prairie is My Garden* belongs to all South Dakotans who see glimpses of their own past in the pioneer woman, the young children, the sod buildings and the virgin grasslands. "Dunn was a storyteller, and so I think it's more about people's connection to the piece," Verschoor says. "I don't know that proof is necessary. What's important is that people have such a connection to that piece. They want to be part of it. It is part of our whole story in South Dakota, so it does belong to everyone. It's the spirit of the thing, and that's what Dunn would have said."

Maybe some mysteries are better left unsolved.

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SERIOUSLY, FOLKS By Roger Holtzmann

TEMPEST TOSSED WISDOM

ONG AGO and not so far away I attended graduation at a university that shall remain nameless out of charity. It was an outdoor ceremony on a splendid day in May warm and sunny, with a gorgeous blue sky overhead. When the wizened commencement speaker launched his address with a quote that led to a horrible pun I could not help myself; I began to drift, and each time I lurched awake he bludgeoned me back into unconsciousness with another cliché.

Webster's dictionary defines character as ... set sail on the sea of life ... tempest tossed ... rocky shores ... lessons learned here at State U Tech ... safe harbor ...

That lame performance comes to mind every time commencement season rolls around and nobody recruits me to be a speaker. I would even settle for a kindergarten graduation. I'd open with a joke about poop, then deliver some tough love: The gravy train has left the station, buckaroos. There are no nap times in first grade.

In light of the world's failure to recognize my genius, I have decided to pioneer a new field: boring college kids at the beginning of their educational journeys. Here is a sample address for any university that might be interested. I extend a special invitation to President Sheila Gestring of USD. You're the new kid on the block, Madam President. Why not get your tenure up and running with a bold move?

Good morning, freshmen. First off, PUT AWAY YOUR @#\$% PHONES! I have seen three of you sitting around a table, staring at your palms. How sad is that? Talk to each other! Laugh Out Loud with real people! Get off social media! Mark Zuckerberg is selling your personal information and storing every crude remark you ever made online so it can resurface when you're running for the Senate. Why are you helping him?

Next up ... drinking. There is a famous Latin adage, in vino veritas, which is translated as, "in wine there is truth." There is another, less wellknown phrase, in vino stultus, "in wine there is stupidity." Igniting homemade fireworks. Rioting after a football game. Driving a car. These are but three of the countless stupid pursuits that seem like good ideas when you're drinking. There is also a direct relationship between the amount you drink and bad judgment: The more you drink the more brainless and dangerous your ideas become. Remember, also, that even if you are smart enough to resist the siren song of a monumentally stupid idea, your companions may not be. If your idiot friends bring the police down on their heads, you might end up in handcuffs as well.

As long as I'm doling out advice you'll ignore ... let's talk about drinking and sex. I will direct these remarks to you men, as I would be pilloried for presuming to speak to women on this topic. Inebriated men who believe they deserve sex can be obnoxious, selfish and sometimes violent. Don't be one of those guys. Ever. Don't let your friends behave that way, either. If you see this happening do the right thing. Stop it. Call somebody. Don't walk away.

At long last ... profound thoughts. I direct your attention to Socrates, who said, "The unexamined life is not worth living." He was on trial for his life at the time, so it is remarkable he came up with any thought beyond, "I didn't do it!" But he did, which allows me to paraphrase him: "Unexamined ideas are not worth holding."

If you incline to the left politically, seek out intelligent, thoughtful voices on the right. These actually do exist; conservatives are not by definition misogynists and Nazis, regardless of what you may have heard. If you incline to the right you won't need to search for alternate opinions; you are now swimming in a deep blue sea. Don't worry. Liberal ideas are not by definition dangerous and wrong, regardless of what you may have heard.

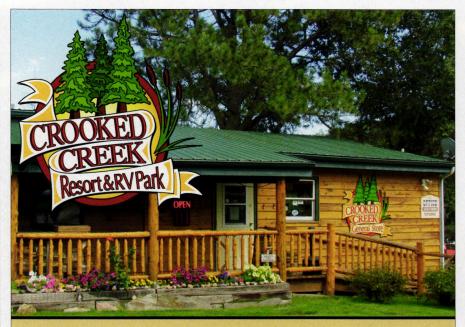
All of you ... *listen* when a person you disagree with is talking. Don't spend the time picking apart their words for a snippet you can spin to make them seem a fool or a horrible person; you can find a sliver of common ground if you try. This should go without saying, but unfortunately it must be said: You cannot listen while you're shouting. No matter how righteous you believe your cause to be, shouting down a speaker is just plain rude, and proves you are the only fascist in the room.

In closing ... as I look upon your fresh, bored faces I see a day when you're fighting to stay awake in a class you hate, which you're only taking because you need it to graduate. This is inevitable, but don't let those days define your university experience; leave room for what physicist Richard Feynman called "the pleasure of finding things out." This is a precious moment. Don't waste it.

Thank you, and good luck!

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

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RUNNING WITH WITH WITH WITH WITH

An old boatman and his Lewis-and-Clark-like vessel will make an autumn sail on the wildest stretch of the great Missouri River BY BERNIE HUNHOFF

> Stumps and snags have terrified Missouri River boaters for centuries.

> > Photo by Sam Stukel



UIDING A BIG BOAT down the last wild stretch of the Missouri River can be "like finding a mountain lion in your basement," according to shipbuilder Butch Bouvier. The river is a beautiful wonder, but how do you enjoy it safely?

Bouvier, who navigated the river on a Lewis-and-Clark-like pirogue in 2001, plans to retrace the journey in late September and early October. The white-bearded, 72-year-old and his crew know they may face thick morning fog, high waves, burning-hot afternoons, cold nights, mosquitoes, submerged logs, tree snags, sandbars, strong currents, stiff winds and other inconveniences and dangers. However, the unknown has always been part of the river's mystique.

Lewis and Clark ordered a 55-foot barge (mistakenly referred to as a keelboat by historians) for their 1804-1806 journey. However, while floating the barge down the Ohio to the Missouri, they realized it was overloaded, so they purchased two pirogues one red and one white — with awnings and sails.

"Evidence points to the pirogues most likely being plank on frame built craft, and flat bottoms," says Bouvier. "Simple work boats. Oversized row boats." The Corps of Discovery proceeded with the three boats, and it surely would have been a failure without the pirogues.

The barge was sent back to St. Louis in the spring of 1805, and the red pirogue was not river-worthy when the Corps of Discovery members returned from their journey over the Rockies to the West Coast in the spring of 1806. Only the white pirogue made the entire river odyssey.

Big wood boats powered by sails and oarsmen eventually became as rare as grizzly bears on the Upper Missouri. But history is about to be repeated, at least for 100 miles this autumn.

BOUVIER, WHO LIVES in Council Bluffs, Iowa, with his supportive wife and river companion, Catherine, has become the West's most proficient builder of historic boats. He built his first in the 1960s, and eventually founded L&C Replicas, a one-man company that has a near-monopoly on construction of early 19th century riverboats.

Bouvier finished a 55-foot wood barge/keelboat in 1987. He went on to build seven more, mostly as museum exhibits. He and Catherine sailed one of them up the Missouri and lived on it for a few months.

Sixteen replicas of the Corps of Dis-

covery's white pirogue exist today and Bouvier built 13 of them. Now he's finishing his 14th, which is actually a reconstruction of another he built, and he is confident that it'll be ready to launch at Fort Randall on Sept. 30. "Barring an abduction by aliens, I will get it built," promises the talkative Iowan.

If aliens do appear, they'll probably join in Bouvier's preparations for the river trip. He has a knack for bringing people aboard. Yankton singer/ songwriter Mike McDonald met Bouvier 15 years ago when he heard that the boat builder was about to launch one of his keelboats in a lake. Bouvier calls McDonald "the bushwhacker's balladeer" because of the musician's interest in river history. Together, they came up with a song they call "Runnin' With the Wind." Here is one verse:

You gotta run with the wind, Keep her heading downstream, Soar above the hills of green And live your river dreams.

McDonald offered his family's cabin near Springfield as a home base and overnight accommodations for the 2018 excursion, and he hopes to join the expedition for some of their afternoon and evening programs. He might even bring his guitar.

The journey will join together

myriad people like McDonald up and down the Missouri, including members of the South Dakota Canoe and Kayak Association who plan to paddle along. "They're going to have to find the channels and stay in the channel just like the 19th century explorers did," says David Mays, president of the SDCKA. "We're interested in helping them as much as we can, depending on the weather and especially the winds."

Mays says the river valley from Fort Randall to Ponca, Nebraska, can be tough traveling, depending on river currents and winds. "It's a wonderful river when the wind is low and the sun is bright," he says. "It's pretty easy to go back in your mind and contemplate what the early explorers did."

When the weather turns bad, it's hard to not consider the hundreds of shipwrecks buried deeply in the mud and sand of the river bottom, or below the cornfields and pastures of adjacent fields that were once under the river channel.

David Hawley, a river historian and treasure hunter, estimates that more than 300 big wood boats sank in the Missouri just in the years 1819 to 1848. Many more perished in the steamboat era of the latter 19th century. Every year since, a fishing boat or two has sunk to the bottom.

BOUVIER KNOWS FROM experience that the river can surprise a crew at any moment. During the 2001 journey, the pirogue, which they called *Raycliff*, was caught in a fast current and headed toward a wing dam. Fortunately, the crew quickly jumped ashore and used long lines to guide it safely past the danger, using a process called cordelling practiced by Lewis and Clark.

Bouvier wrote about that and other adventures in a book, *Brown Water*. He also tells the story of a trip he made from Fort Randall to Fort Pierre in 2002. For that upriver journey, he punched a hole in *Raycliff's* bottom and installed a 40-horse engine to help fight the current.

While crossing Lake Francis Case, they experienced 30-foot waves. "I was on the foredeck, with the wind in my face, listening to the *Raycliff* pound against the waves and mentally patting myself on the back for building such a sound craft when something caught my eye. Out ahead, about 80 feet or so, I noticed something floating along in the waves. The odd thing was that you could only see it in the troughs of the swells, and it disappeared when it hit the crest."

Bouvier thought it looked, "like a bunch of round, gravish-brown kind of rusty coffee cans, strange as that sounds." He swung the rudder to investigate. As the boat floated close to the objects, he leaned over to retrieve one if possible. "Then what I saw horrified me!" he wrote. "They were not cans at all, as I had smugly surmised. They were the tops of trees that, before the dams had risen, had been sawn off so they were now about two feet below the surface! We were smack-dab in the middle of a minefield of pilings, which could put a hole in my girl in an instant."

He and his crew carefully maneuvered the *Raycliff* away from the underground forest with only a few scratches to the hull. But the wind and waves worsened, and the shoreline was too rocky to allow for a landing so they hugged the shoreline, looking for a safe harbor.

Finally they spotted a sandy beach, and steered toward it just as the motor coughed and died. With-out power, *Raycliff* was being blown into the rocks. Bouvier jumped into the water, and found himself trapped between the boat and some moss-covered boulders. He was worried for his legs, maybe even for his life, but a wave came and lifted the boat just in time. "I felt the hull touch my legs but it did not crush them as it should

SCHEDULE OF THE WHITE PIROGUE II

The 2018 voyage of Butch Bouvier's white pirogue will make the following stops along the Missouri River. All times are variable, depending on weather and the boat's progress along the unpredictable waterway.

Sept. 30 — 2 p.m. and 7 p.m. Programs at Randall Creek Recreation Area near Pickstown.

Oct. 1 — 10:30 a.m. Program at Sunshine Bottom near Lynch, Nebraska, and 7 p.m. program at the Niobrara, Nebraska village dock.

Oct. 2 — **1 p.m**. Program at the Springfield marina and 7 p.m. program at the Crofton, Nebraska city park.

Oct. 3 — 2 p.m. and 7 p.m. Programs at Riverside Park in Yankton.

Oct. 4 — 2:30 p.m. and 7 p.m. Programs at Clay County Park southwest of Vermillion.

Oct. 5 — No programs scheduled.

Oct. 6 — 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Programs at Ponca State Park, Nebraska. have," he wrote. Everyone was mentally and physically drained, but after a few hours ashore — and a new set of spark plugs for the engine — they resumed the trip.

Bouvier says his knowledge of the river came from experiences like that, and from studying the 1804-1806 Corps of Discovery. "My interest in Lewis and Clark begins and ends with the boats," he admits. "It's all about the boats."

THE MISSOURI IS THE longest river in North America, but only about one third of its 2,300 miles remains free flowing and natural. The 752 miles below Ponca State Park (just across the water from Elk Point) have been channeled for navigation, mostly for modern-day barge traffic. Another 700 miles or so are now submerged in reservoirs.

About 100 miles of the river — from Fort Randall Dam southeasterly to Ponca — is now one of America's 401 national parks, known as the Missouri River National Recreational River. It passes an eagle refuge below Fort Randall, widens into a shallow delta at Springfield and then deepens into Lewis and Clark Lake before abruptly stopping at Gavins Point Dam, just west of Yankton.

Below Gavins Point, the river regains its wild and original nature. The main channel bumps from side to side, leaving sandbars in its wake. It flows peacefully past the brick storefronts of historic downtown Yankton, but as the channel exits the city limits it cuts to the Nebraska side and then flows into a dangerous array of cot-



Butch and Catherine Bouvier are readying for one more "river run."

tonwood snags and stumps that eatch the attention of every boater, whether he or she be captaining a big pontoon, a fishing boat or a small kayak. The current often carries boats 5 to 7 miles an hour without any paddling or power, so snags and stumps come at boaters quickly, like hazards in a video game.

The river continues like that for the next 50 miles, rich with shallow sandbars and dangerous snags (some submerged just below the surface). The channel can be hard to find and follow; sometimes a boater faces several options, and the wrong choice may

SURVIVAL TRICKS FOR RIVERBOATERS

Butch Bouvier and his experienced crew are ready to exercise several emergency procedures practiced 200 years ago by the Lewis and Clark expedition and other riverboaters. Here are a few of their tricks.

- **Cordelling** Pulling a boat upstream with lines (ropes) by men in the water. Usually practiced when the boat hits a shallow sandbar, or when a hazard lies ahead.
- **Bushwhacking** Pulling the boat downstream to avoid a hazard or debris in the water.
- **Kedging** The process of winching a boat upriver by attaching a line to a rock or tree, or using an anchor.
- **Bow Heavy** Weighting down the front of the boat to prevent the vessel from becoming hung up on a sandbar or submerged log.

lead to a shallow dead end on sand or mud. Wind and other weather vagaries only add to the adventure.

Those 100 wild miles of national park are the route that Bouvier and his pirogue will travel in October. But he won't be alone. Dozens of South Dakotans and Nebraskans are helping with the historical journey along the river that constitutes a border between the two states.

THIS LAST HURRAH COMES 14 years after Bouvier's 2004 trip on the Missouri. "Age, retirement and the lack of money and a lack of folks interested in helping were some of the factors," he says. "Realizing there was no way I could get out on the river one more time, my heart ached but I said nothing to no one."

Then he and Catherine met Shirley Enos, a Bellevue, Nebraska woman who shares their passion for Missouri River history. Enos encouraged Bouvier to do one more "river run," and the boat builder agreed, providing she would take on the job of project coordinator.

"At one point, she said that she would give anything to do another river trip with me," Bouvier says. "I jokingly suggested she give up about 10 months of her life and spend a lot of time away from her family and put the whole thing together so my dream of one more time could come true."

Enos agreed. As Bouvier and a few friends built the boat, she raised funds, recruited volunteers and organized a route. She keeps logistics for the trip in a white, spiral notebook that Bouvier kiddingly calls her "white river bible."

At every stop, local volunteers will be ready and waiting. Doug and Juliet deShazer, talented chefs and the founders of the Lewis and Clark Pulley Museum in Crofton, Nebraska, just south of Yankton, have volunteered to provide meals for the crew each day. Officials from the Missouri River National Recreational River are also offering assistance and staffing at the shoreline programs along the way.

If all goes according to plan, the white pirogue will be launched below Fort Randall Dam on Sept. 30. It will dock at Randall Creek Recreation Area on the first night, and then proceed to Niobrara and Crofton in Nebraska, Yankton, Vermillion and Ponca State Park on subsequent evenings. One or two public programs are planned each day along the way. (See sidebar for schedule.)

The boat is 42 feet long and 9 feet wide. It will weigh more than two tons when loaded with gear. The draft will only be 7 or 8 inches, a must for the shallows of the Missouri. The all-wood boat, painted bright white and with a square sail and an operating cannon near the bow, will be a pretty sight on the water.

Bouvier and Enos call the 2018 voyage "The Triumphant Return of the White Pirogue II." In July, they christened the boat *The Dale G. Clark*, honoring an old friend who helped with the previous river expeditions but who recently suffered serious health issues.

Sponsors and friends have contributed a few thousand dollars, but most of the effort and expense has been borne by Enos and Bouvier.

"This may be Butch's last hurrah when it comes to building a boat and sailing it down the river," says McDonald, the Yankton musician, though that's not a certainty. Even at age 72, he likes boats and his crew too much to ever say never to the river.

The song McDonald wrote with Bouvier finishes like this:

So sing a song for special friends, And share a tear for old.

For here we stand with our new crew,

Their spirits bright and bold. As for me, I'm just an old river rat With a memory on my mind

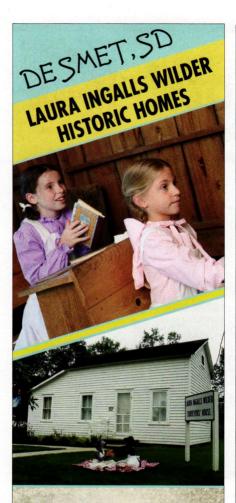
Of summer nights we all once shared

1

In a place that's lost in time.



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MOUNTAIN AIRINGS

By Paul Higbee

RETURN OF THE KERCHEVALS

OR YEARS, I hoped to meet a Kercheval. This summer I met 45 of them.

Long ago, the Kerchevals were Spearfish's only African American family. They were, in fact, a founding family who, in the 1870s, succeeded in growing potatoes and other root vegetables from the red, rocky soil east of town. Family members jumped into a range of business ventures, too, from timber sales to saloon keeping.

Mary Kercheval, the matriarch, was born into slavery in the South. She and four sons became property owners and entrepreneurs in South Dakota. That's a big accomplishment, but sadly not what most impressed Black Hills people 100 years ago. It's well documented that Mary once worked as a cook for George Custer, and that meant a lot to early residents who credited Custer for their own presence in the region.

Mary is not to be confused with Sarah Campbell, another black woman who cooked for Custer and accompanied him to the Black Hills on his gold discovery expedition of 1874. Mary preceded Sarah as cook, working for Custer in Kansas, and apparently her Custer connection had no bearing on the Kerchevals' decision to make the Black Hills home.

The Custer connection didn't interest me when I first attempted to write about the Kerchevals in the 1990s. I wanted to know what it was like for them growing up in a region where there have always been black residents, some historically notable, but not enough to make a place a bastion of African American heritage. I didn't get far because I couldn't find any family members left to interview.

Last winter, Karla Scovell, director of Spearfish's High Plains Western Heritage Center Museum, called me to say Pat Jackson of Ontario, California hoped to organize a Kercheval family reunion at the museum. Jackson is Mary Kercheval's great-granddaughter. She was contacting Kercheval descendants across the country, some of whom were greatly surprised to learn they had roots in South Dakota — a state, as I said, not usually regarded as significant in black history.

Scovell asked if I would lead a tour through town and point out sites — schools, churches, cemeteries which the Kerchevals had known. Nothing could stop me, I replied.

One other thing, Scovell cautioned me. The family stressed it wanted authentic Spearfish history, warts and all. Nothing Pollyanna. Absolutely, I promised, because the Black Hills isn't Pollyanna country. As typically recounted, maybe to a fault, the region's history is about grit and proving yourself tough. Division and dispute were everywhere - between Natives and whites, of course, and between competing miners, ranchers and sodbusters, and even water users who developed and shared the same irrigation ditches. Would an African American family have been spared? Not a chance.

Before the family's arrival, I got to know Jackson by phone and mail. She never lived in South Dakota but heard stories from her mother, Beatrice, a 1931 Spearfish High School graduate. When it came to the family's acceptance in the community, Jackson told me, there were good times and bad, friendly and cold neighbors, helpful and indifferent teachers. Kercheval boys grew up tough. If racial epithets were yelled at them, the boys ran after the tormenters to fight. "And we were told they didn't come back defeated," Jackson said.

Jackson's mother was the youngest of 12 children. When her older siblings left home she faced loneliness and social isolation. In elementary school, children played ring-aroundthe-rosy, but no classmates would hold Beatrice's hands (a thoughtful teacher did, but the other hand was left dangling). Later, as a teenager, when interracial dating was unthinkable everywhere in America, there was nothing for Beatrice to do but sit at home as her classmates enjoyed much anticipated school dances.

"My mother said Spearfish was a beautiful place, God's country, but a place for her to be from, not be," Jackson recalled. After graduation Beatrice was off to southern California.

Eighty-seven years after that graduation, the family returned to Spearfish on a Friday that Mayor Dana Boke officially proclaimed Kercheval Day. They walked the land next to the High Plains Western Heritage Center Museum where their ancestors once cultivated potatoes. Our tour ended at Rose Hill Cemetery, where Mary Kercheval and her son, Sam, were laid to rest in 1921 and 1925, respectively. The family placed Pan-African flags on the graves.

History tells us there were worse places for African American families than Spearfish in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. On the other hand, there were plenty of better places, too. Today, of course, a black family wouldn't be alone. For the near future, Scovell says, her museum is developing exhibits that will tell the Kercheval story, and those of other people of color who helped shape Black Hills life.

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



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JELLY FOR SCRIMPERS Colome food writer Fran Hill resurrects a corncob tradition

BY LAURA JOHNSON ANDREWS

ORNCOB JELLY IS A curiosity of old cookbooks, something that conjures visions of pioneer house-holds and frugal living. It takes a real scrimper to look at a bare cob destined for the cookstove or out-house and think, "Gosh, I wish I could get one more use out of that."

In lieu of actual evidence, we tend to assume that all foods were invented via the accidental collision method made famous in Reese's Peanut Butter Cups commercials of the 1970s and '80s. Can't you imagine two pioneer women bumping into each other on the prairie, saying, "You got your corncobs in my pot of boiling hot sugar water!" "Oh yeah, well you got YOUR sugar water on MY corncobs!" before they realize that the resulting mélange is delicious?

Maybe, maybe not. In the early days of Dakota homesteading, salting, drying or storing food in the root cellar were more common methods of food preservation than canning. Oh, canning existed — a French cook, Nicholas Appert, won 12,000 francs off Napoleon Bonaparte in 1810 for developing a food-storage system that would help keep the French army fed and in fighting condition. Appert's approach involved putting food in jars, corking them and sealing them with wax. The jars were then wrapped in canvas and boiled. In 1858, Philadelphia tinsmith John Landis Mason patented the Mason jar and accompanying zinc screw-on lid. The Ball brothers and others ran with the concept after Mason's patent ran out in 1879. Lightning jars (glass canning jars with glass lids) came along in the early 1900s, and it wasn't until 1915 that Alexander Kerr came up with the two-piece lid that home canners use today.

Settlers were certainly canning

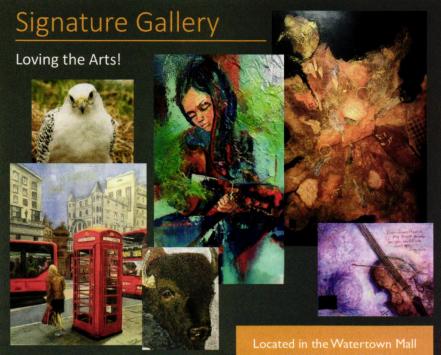
in Dakota Territory by 1875. Jellies, pickles and preserves went on display at the first territorial fair, held in Yankton on September 29-30 of that year. Corncob jelly didn't make an appearance, but pear preserves, cherry and peach pickles and jarred plums all won awards. (Mrs. A. J. Faulk, wife of the former territorial governor, won a prize for her chokecherry jelly, but considering that her daughter, wife of prominent territorial politician/crook Walter Burleigh, was one of the judges ... well, perhaps you'll pardon our cynicism.)

All politics aside, we can all appreciate the fact that corncob jelly never was the first jar of preserves our grandmothers set out when company came, and they probably chose flashier recipes to submit to the church cookbook. However, we did locate a modern-day corncob jelly aficionado at Colome, where Fran Hill writes a food blog (myplate.blogspot.com) and also finds time to make jams and jellies with all sorts of South Dakota blessings from wild grapes to apples, beets and chokecherries.

"One of the first cookbooks that I owned as a newlywed contained a heritage recipe for corncob jelly," Hill says. "It called for dried red corncobs from field corn used to feed livestock. The cobs were weighted down in a large pot of water and boiled to create a rosy-colored stock from which the jelly was made. The entry claimed it would taste like apple, and I was immediately curious."

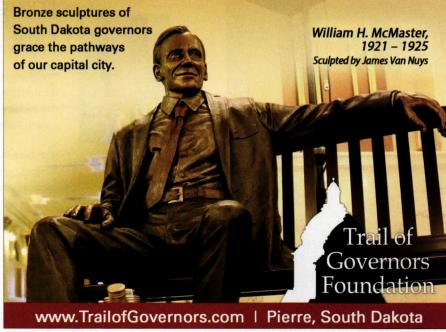
Hill begged her farmer-husband, Brad, for dried corncobs, but he patiently explained that cobs went out of fashion with yesterday's corn pickers. Modern grain combines chew up and spit out the cobs, leaving them fit for little more than compost.

We grow 5 million acres of corn in South Dakota. That's nearly a billion bushels, and yet cobs are hard to col-



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lect for many canners.

However, years later the ever-resourceful Hill began to strip her garden sweet corn for freezing and soon found herself ankle-deep in good cobs. "Now I had the Internet on my side when I searched for corncob jelly," she says. "I tested a few recipes and found a method that suited me. It does somewhat taste like apple jelly, although not nearly as tart."

For jelly with a little kick, she adds finely diced jalapeño to simmer with the corn stock before adding the sugar. Cloves, cinnamon sticks, star anise, cardamom pods, or a combination of any or all could be simmered with the corncobs when making the stock for a different kind of spice.

"The recipe is as adaptable as the homesteaders that created the concept of corncob jelly," Hill says. Here is her recipe.

CORNCOB JELLY

12 ears sweet corn water

- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 3 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 box (1.75 ounce) pectin

Before making the jelly, prepare the canner, jars and lids. Fill the canner with water, bring it to a boil, sterilize the jars and heat the lids according to the manufacturer's directions.

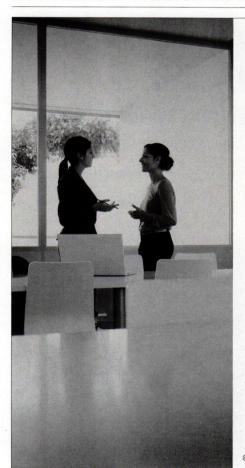
Cut the corn kernels from the cobs. Set the corn aside for supper; it isn't needed for this recipe.

Put the corncobs into a large, heavy pot. Add enough water to cover. Bring to a boil. After the corn stock has cooked for 1 hour, measure out 3 1/2 cups of liquid. At this point, you can strain out the bits of stray corn that loosened from the cobs, but I don't. I like the added texture and interest.

In a smaller, heavy pot, bring the 3 1/2 cups of corn stock and lemon juice to a boil. Stir in the sugar. When sugar has dissolved and the mixture returns to a boil, add the pectin. Return to a hard boil for 1 minute, stirring constantly.

Ladle into sterilized jars, leaving a 1/2-inch headspace, and seal. Process for 10 minutes in the water bath canner. (Yield: 3 pints ... I use 1/2 and 1/4-pint jars.)

Note: If you are unsure of the canning process, there are many informative websites that can help.



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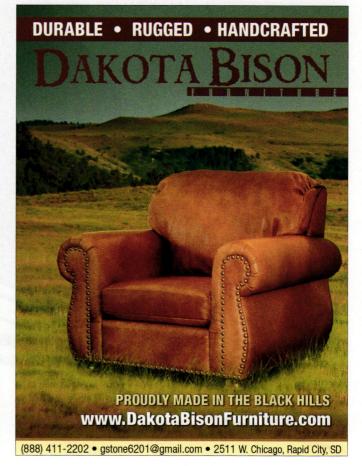


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Adventure and festivities in South Dakota

Rolling, **Rolling**, **Rolling** If you've ever wanted to roll a keg of beer down Main Street, this

If you've ever wanted to roll'a keg of beer down Main Street, this is your chance. Each fall, Oktoberfest descends upon Deadwood and with it – the Beer Barrel Games. Come early to see the famous wiener dog races and be sure to check out the German live music at PolkaFest. Did we mention the free bratwursts? The weekend celebration runs Oct. 4-6 in Deadwood's historic downtown.

BEST STEARS & RIES NEW SLOTS PLAY CRAP:

GAMING

Photo courtesy of Deadwood Chamber and Visitors Bureau



Pickin' and Grinnin'

In 1989, the fiddle was designated as our official state musical instrument. Celebrate the iconic chordophone as fiddles of all shapes and sizes come together at the South Dakota Fiddle Contest and Festival at the 4-H Grounds in Yankton on Sept. 7-9. Participate in contests, jam sessions and workshops, test your skills at square dancing, or just enjoy the music.

Travelet Adventure and festivities in South Dakota

EAST RIVER EVENTS

Aug. 30-Sept. 3: **State Fair**. Entertainment, carnival, wine pavilion, livestock competitions and food. State Fairgrounds, Huron. 353-7340.

Sept. 1: Monarch Butterfly Tagging. Tag and release monarch butterflies while learning about their life cycle. Good Earth State Park, Sioux Falls. 213-1036.

Sept. 3: Dutch Oven Cooking. Outdoor cooking program with demonstrations, recipes and samples. Good Earth State Park, Sioux Falls. 213-1036.

Sept. 7: Downtown Block Party. Music, food, beer and retail vendors. 8th and Railroad Center, Sioux Falls. 383-4009.

Sept. 7-8: **Ribs, Rods & Rock N' Roll**. Classic cars, inflatables, vendors, music and state barbecue championship cook-off. Downtown, **Vermillion**. 624-5571.

Sept. 7-9: South Dakota Fiddle Contest and Festival. Fiddle, harmonica and accordion contests, concert, square and contra dance, workshops, gospel sing and jam sessions. 4-H Grounds, Yankton. 880-0436. Sept. 8: Grape Stomp and Harvest Festival. Schadé Vineyard, Volga. 627-5545.

Sept. 8: **Sidewalk Arts Festival**. Arts, kids' activities, food and entertainment. Downtown, <u>Sioux Falls</u>. 367-6000.

Sept. 8: Germanfest. Music, dachshundraces, food and beer. Falls Park West, Sioux Falls. 610-8309.

Sept. 8: Kuchen Festival. Food, crafts, arts, parade and quilt show. Delmont. 779-2211.

Sept. 8-9: Grape Stomp Festival. Wine, beer, grape stomping, food and music. With the Wind Vineyard & Winery, Rosholt. 537-4780.

Sept. 9: **Birthday Celebration**. Free day of play. Children's Museum, **Brookings**. 692-6700.

Sept. 9: Homesteader Day Celebration. Demonstrations, re-enactors, Dutch oven cooking and music. Beaver Creek Nature Area, Valley Springs. 594-3824.

Sept. 13-15: **Powwow**. St. Joseph's Indian School, Chamberlain. 234-3452.

Sept. 14-15: NESD Celtic Faire and Highland Games. Livestock, dancing, music, vendors, food, kids' activities, cook-off, wee lad and lass contest and dog parade. Brown County Fairgrounds, Aberdeen. 380-5828. Sept. 14-16: German-Russian Schmeckfest. Entertainment and German meal. School Auditorium, Eureka. 284-2332.

Sept. 15: Fall in the Park at Lewis & Clark. Music, obstacle course, mini-golf, archery, air rifles, games and Dutch oven cooking. Lewis & Clark Recreation Area, Yankton. 668-2985.

Sept. 15: FernsonFest. Local beer, food and music. Fernson Brewing Company, Sioux Falls. 789-3822.

Sept. 16: **Harvest Fest**. Wagon rides, crafts and demonstrations. Fort Sisseton Historic State Park, Lake City. 448-5474.



Sept. 18: Animal Enrichment Day. Learn about the work of the zoo's animal care staff. Great Plains Zoo, Sioux Falls. 367-7003.

Sept. 20-23: **Festival of Books**. Presentations, book signings, panel discussions, and receptions. **Brookings** and **Sioux Falls**. 688-6113.

Sept. 20-23: South Dakota Film Festival. Capitol Theatre, Aberdeen. 226-5494. Sept. 22: Watertown Radio Chili Cook-off. Food, music and prizes. Bramble Park Zoo, Watertown. 882-6269.

Sept. 22-23: Pioneer Power & Toy Show. Massey Harristractors, Hudson cars, Associate Engines, toys, flea market, crafts, demonstrations, kids'games, tractor pull and parade. Pioneer Acres, Menno. 387-5166. Sept. 28-29: Premier Rodeo. PRCA rodeo and entertainment. Denny Sanford PREMIER Center, Sioux Falls. 367-7288.

Sept. 28-29: Oktoberfest. Polka band, beer and food. Vermillion. 624-5571.

Sept. 28-30: Siouxper-Con. Cosplay contest, celebrity entertainment, panels, video game tournament, vendors and artists. Arena and Convention Center, Sioux Falls. 661-8852.

South Dakota Science Fiction

Calling all comic book fans and cosplayers! SiouxperCon will be held the last weekend of September at the Sioux Falls Convention Center. Celebrating science fiction, fantasy and comics, this family friendly event kicks off with a video game tournament and also features a cosplay contest, celebrity entertainment, panels and artists.

Josh Jurgens

Sept. 27-30, Oct. 4-7: Joseph and the Amasing Technicolor Dreamcoat. Sioux Empire Community Theatre. Orpheum Theater, Sioux Falls. 360-4800. Sept. 29: Fall Festival. Vendors, food judging, pumpkin decorating, Punkin' Chunkin' competition, kids' activities and concert. Chamberlain and Oacoma. 234-4416. THE DO NOT MISS' SOUTH DAKOTA SHOW THREE SHOWS THIS YEAR THIS YEAR CONCERT AND DANCE CONCERT AND DANCE

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Sept. 29-30: Northern Plains Indian Art Market. Juried art show and art market. Old Courthouse Museum and Convention Center, Sioux Falls. 856-8193.

Oct. 1: Pumpkin Fest & Lighted Night Parade. Wagon rides, kids' activities, crafts, baking contest, food and Guess the Weight of the Giant Pumpkin contest. Free hot chocolate during the parade. Webster. 345-4668.

Oct. 5-7 & 12-14: Harvest Festival. Pumpkin patch,

corn maze, horseback rides, vendors, food, kiddie train and farm animals. Ufford Hills, Vermillion. 521-8627.

Oct. 5-7 & 12-14: *The Mousetrap*. Community theatre. Pepsi Cola Theatre for the PerformingArts, Mitchell. 996-9137.

Oct. 6: **Candlelight Walk**. Stroll the trails lit solely by candles and carved pumpkins. Newton Hills State Park, **Canton**. 987-2263.

Oct. 6: Spirit of Dakota Award. Art show, nominee tea and awards banquet honoring outstanding South Dakota women. Event Center, Huron. 352-6073.

Oct. 6: Fall Harvest Festival. Music, face painting and pumpkin painting for kids, vendors and lawn games. Wilde Prairie Winery, Brandon. 582-6471.

Oct. 6: **Hobo Marlin's Pumpkin Train**. Ride the train to the pumpkin patch. Kids 12 and under can pick a pumpkin. Historic Prairie Village, Madison. 256-3644.

Oct. 6: Festifall. Pumpkin

catapulting, carving, seed guessing, hayrides, campsite decorating contest, candlelight walk and bluegrass music. Newton Hills State Park, Canton. 987-2263.

Oct. 6: **Oktoberfest**. Music, dancing, food, beer, wine, German breed dog parade, dachshund races, root beergarden, contests and kids' activities. Civic Arena, Aberdeen. 380-8448.

Oct. 11-14: Great Scarecrow Festival. Outdoor display of scare crows. Campbell Park, Huron. 352-9781.

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Pedal Poner

Now in its 18th year, the Dakota Five-O (Sept. 2) continues to grow, drawing racers from all over the country. The 50-mile mountain bike event begins and ends in Spearfish and provides riders an up close tour of the Black Hills. Primarily singletrack, the terrain isn't always easy, but if you're up for the challenge mark your calendar early. The race is capped at 700 participants and sells out quickly.

Les Heiserman

Oct. 13: Forest Drive Fright Night. Games, hay ride, scavenger hunt, food and prizes. Richmond Lake Recreation Area, Aberdeen. 626-3488.

Oct. 13: Fall into Books. Book signing. Museum of Visual Materials, Sioux Falls. 271-9500.

Oct. 13: Harvest Festival. Food, wine, games, cork and pumpkin painting and music. Strawbale Winery, Renner. 543-5071.

Oct. 13: **Haunted Fort**. Activities, crafts and tour of Haunted Fort at dusk. Tour reservations required. Fort Sisseton Historic State Park, Lake City. 448-5474.

Oct. 19-20&26-27: Haunted Corn Maze. Ufford Hills, Vermillion. 624-3618.

Oct. 20-21: **State Corn Husking Contest**. Jim Redder Farm, Flandreau. 997-3509.

Oct. 25: Kids Mystery Din-

ner Theater. Children's Museum of South Dakota, Brookings. 692-6700.

Oct. 26-27: Harvest Halloween. Activities, food, art market, pet parade, trick-or-treating and dance. Downtown, Yankton. 664-8800.

Oct. 26-28: **Zoo Boo**. Trick-or-treat and the Hall of Flames, featuring more than 300 jack-o'-lanterns. Great Plains Zoo, **Sioux** Falls. 367-7003.

Oct. 27: South Dakota Women's Expo. Entertainment, health presentations, shopping, day spa and health screenings. State Fairgrounds, Huron. 353-7340.

Oct. 27: **Trick-or-Treat Trails**. Trick-or-treat along a decorated path. Big Sioux Recreation Area, Brandon. 582-7243.

Oct. 27: Mortimer's Monstrous Halloween Event. Hayrides, face painting, trick-or-treating, scavenger hunt and games. Oakwood Lakes State Park, Bruce. 627-5441.

Oct. 27: **Zoo Boo**. Trickor-treat with the animals. Bramble Park Zoo, Watertown. 882-6269.

Oct. 28: **Trick-or-Treat Trails**. Trick-or-treating, s'mores and hot cocoa. LaFramboise Island Nature Area, Pierre. 773-2885.

WEST RIVER EVENTS

Sept. 1: Southern Hills Triathlon. Angostura Recreation Area, Hot Springs. 745-3494.

Sept. 2: Mount Rushmore Rodeo. Mount Rushmore Resort at Palmer Gulch, Hill City. (800) 562-8503.

Sept. 2: Studebaker & Packard Car Show. Downtown, Custer. 645-2377.

Sept. 2: Dakota Five-O.

Mountain bike race. City Park, Spearfish. 641-4963.

Sept. 4 & 12: **Trolley on the Trail**. Allows people with impaired mobility to experience the Mickelson Trail. Reservations required. George S. Mickelson Trail, **Deadwood** and Hill City. 578-1401 and 574-2368.

Sept. 6: Night Blast. Ceremony, laser show and pyrotechnics observe the death of Crazy Horse and the birth of sculptor Korczak Ziolkowski. A donation of three cans of food per person accepted in lieu of admission after 5 p.m. Crazy Horse Memorial. 673-4681.

Sept. 7-8: **Honors Ceremony**. Ten people inducted into the South Dakota Hall of Fame. Cedar Shore Resort, Oacoma. 234-4216.

Sept. 7-8: **Black Hills Polkapalooza**. Music, food, drinks and dancing. Mount Rushmore Resort at Palmer Gulch, Hill City, 574-2525.



Husking Ears

The Jim Redder Farm, just northeast of Flandreau, is the backdrop for the state corn husking contest every fall, and this year they'll host the national competition as well (Oct. 20-21). All are invited to participate, with divisions for youth, men, women and those 75 plus.

Sept. 7-8: SturgisSuper- Sept.

moto. Supermoto racing. Main Street, Sturgis. 720-0800.

Sept. 8: **605** Black Hills Classic Beer and Music Festival. Live music and South Dakota beer tasting. Lead. 274-1999.

Sept. 8-9: Quilt Show. Dinner, trunk show and vendors. School Gym, Hill City. 574-2810.

Sept. 8 & 15: **Theater on the Run**. Community theatre performs five plays in five locations. Spearfish. 642-7973. Sept. 14-15: **Deadwood** Jam. Rock, reggae and blues outdoor music festival. Downtown, Deadwood. 578-1876.

Sept. 14-16: Mickelson Trail Trek. Supported bicycle ride. George S. Mickelson Trail, Custer. 223-7660.

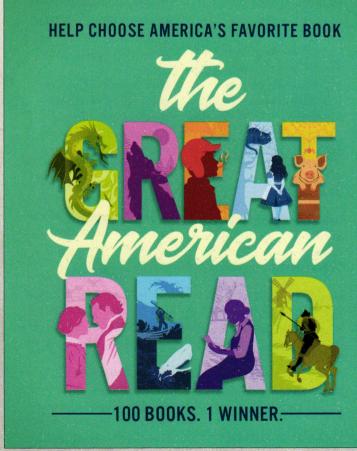
Sept. 14-16: Dakota Western Heritage Festival. Music, art, poetry, wagon train, steak feed, parade and cowboy church service. Fort Pierre. 222-0079.

Sept. 15: Wine Express. Food, wine, keepsake wine glass and entertainment. 1880 Train, Hill City. 574-2222.

Sept. 16: **Black Hills Beer Run**. Fun run/walk, beer tasting, brat eating and costumes. Pavilion, Spearfish. 642-4700.

Sept. 21-23: Plein Air Paint Out. Artist reception and wet paint sale. Tri-State Museum, Belle Fourche. 210-1014.

Sept. 22: Harvest Fest. Food, crafts and entertainment. Downtown, Spearfish. 717-9294.



TUNE IN TUESDAYS STARTING SEPT 11

Books entertain, inform, and inspire. Reading encourages exploration and satisfies curiosity. What's your favorite book, and why? Tell us at SDPB.org/GreatRead

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Sept. 22: Pioneer Day. Music, crafts, demonstrations and lunch. Pioneer Museum, Hot Springs. 891-9357.

Sept. 28-30: Buffalo Roundup & Arts Festival. Custer State Park. 255-4515.

Sept. 29: Oktoberfest Express. Music, beer and traditional German foods. 1880 Train, Hill City. 574-2222.

Sept. 29: Great Downtown Pumpkin Festival. Pumpkin catapult, pumpkin weigh-off, chef competition and vendors. Main Street Square, Rapid City. 716-7979.

Sept. 30: Fall Volksmarch. Hike up the world's largest mountain carving in progress. AVA admission is \$3. Memorial admission is waived with donation of three cansof food per person. Crazy Horse Memorial. 673-4681.

Oct. 4-6: **Oktoberfest**. Music, Tour de Oktoberfest, food, dancing, wiener dog races and beer barrel games. **Deadwood**. 578-1876.

Oct. 5-7: Black Hills Pow wow. Dancers, singers, artisans, He Sapa Win pageant, wellness symposium, hand games and archery. Rushmore Plaza Civic Center, Rapid City. 341-0925.

Oct. 5-7: Black Hills Horse Expo. Equine training and information, vendors, wild pony races, rodeo and horse show. Central States Fairground, Rapid City. 210-2146. Oct. 6: **Bierbörse**. Craft beer samples, homebrew demonstrations, polka music and beer stock exchange. Main Street Square, **Rapid City**. 716-7979.

Oct. 8: Native American Day Celebration. Presentation, performers, storytellers, activities and free buffalo stewlunch. Crazy Horse Memorial. 673-4681.

Oct. 11-13: Wild West Songwriters Festival. Deadwood. 578-1876.

Oct. 20: Korczak Ziolkowski Remembrance Day. Visitors may walk to the Ziolkowski family cemetery. Crazy Horse Memorial. 673-4681.

Oct. 26-27: **Deadweird**. Costume contest and parade, monster ball and prizes. Downtown, **Dead**wood. 578-1876.

Oct. 26-27: Halloween Night Hike. A 1.5-mile guided hike on a traillit by jack-o'-lanterns and tiki torches. Reservations required. Peter Norbeck Outdoor Education Center, Custer State Park. 255-4464.

Oct. 27: Scare in the Square. Trick-or-treating and family entertainment. Main Street Square, Rapid City. 716-7979.

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.SouthDakota-Magazine.com.

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Katydid

I'm writing poetry when a tiny katydid, Grass green with red eyes on pointed head, Trundles across the picnic table And tries to hide from me By climbing up the steel silo of my red thermos bottle.

Only ... the lid is off. When she gets to the top, She looks inside down at water she can't reach.

Afraid she'll fall in, I tip the bottle so some drops splash out around the rim. She licks them up—laps them like a dog, Then wipes her mouth; Then, on the side opposite me, She heads back down.

I peek around to see her. Sunlight glints back at me, Shining through two droplets, Caught on the serrated part of her bent hind leg, Which I imagine to be her knee.

> Constance Hoffman Burke, S.D.



HANGING HIGH and dry on the Freeman farm, along Frog Creek Road southeast of Wakonda.

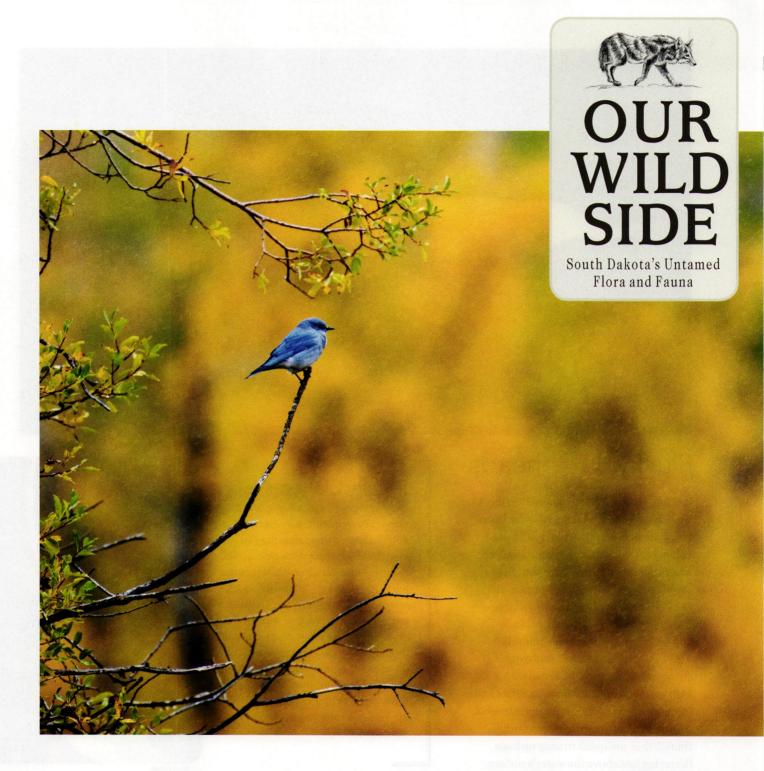
Nettles, Thistles, Milk Weeds, Cockleburs ...

I was working at the care center When word came that I'd just won Care Giver of the Weak I took the news with a grain of thistle Preoccupied as I was at the moment With getting Elmer out of his chair And on to his exercise mat He's a lazy one in the morning Unwilling to pull his knee to his chest He just lies there Staring ... at the ceiling ... In his own little ... cosmos ... He used to farm out west of the town But then his wife died She was his anchor Elmer fell apart not long after Still likes to talk about All those noxious weeds though He used to yank them out From the corn and the beans With his calloused bare blistered hands Lily of the Gumbo

Purpose driven life on hold, I wander South Harding searching for points and flakes in ignorance of the human millennia of habitation around me because of marvelous gumbo lilies at my feet. Prairie flowers're usually small, very small, thready-thorned for survival, as are many of my husband's relatives. This lily stands out: palm-full sized white blossoms opening like teen-agers dreaming of unknown sexual fantasies, alive on breezy days, taking advantage of wet Springs. I slip and stare at gray clay caking my boots. Xeriscape identifies the terrain: no irrigation or maintenance required. I am purposeless, neither needed nor wanted for this arrangement. Mud that is more clay than sand catches this flower's huge pollen for succeeding generations. No maintenance landscape is what I've been hiking over around down. No care or attention needed; just to be left alone by my kind, in the rainy, sunny days to flourish, disseminate, exist.

> Rosemary Dunn Moeller St. Lawrence, S.D.

C.E. Holmes Dell Rapids, S.D.



Decision Time ... Mountain bluebirds are a common sight in the western third of South Dakota during the summer, but by September most of them start migrating to wintering grounds in the southwestern U.S. and Mexico. A few hardy bluebirds tough out the cold and snow in the Badlands or similarly rocky habitats in the southwestern corner of the state. Christian Begeman found this bluebird among the autumn gold leaves of northern Lawrence County, perhaps wondering if he should stay or fly.



Plucky Buffleheads

Buffleheads are among the smallest ducks you'll find in South Dakota (they've been known to commandeer old nest sites belonging to northern flickers, which are medium-sized woodpeckers) but they stand out against the glassy surface of the Big Sioux River. Males sport a large white patch on their otherwise black and puffy head. The species' name is a take on "buffalo head," a nod to its strangely shaped noggin. Small with a high metabolism, buffleheads are fast and frequent divers, dining on aquatic insects, crustaceans and plants underwater, though they are quick to snap up bugs fluttering just above the water's surface.

Fatally Clever

Dogbane beetles look flashy and they don't care who notices - even potential predators — because they've got a fatal trick up their shiny sleeve. The tiny bug's Latin name is Chrysochus auratus, meaning "made of gold," referring to its golden hue. They feed exclusively on dogbane, a plant that contains poisonous compounds that can trigger cardiac arrest. But dogbane beetles have developed a clever work-around. They ingest those deadly compounds, store them in glands and then release them when threatened.



Bruce



A WING AND A PRAYER

A monarch butterfly's wings are paper thin, but still strong enough to make the fall migration flight to Mexico. Still, after the nearly 2,000-mile journey and a few months down south, wings begin to show wear and tear. Each wing is made up of thousands of tiny scales, and as they gradually flake away the wing appears to fade. Monarchs also deal with the elements - birds that might pluck a piece of wing, wind, hail and rain, which can stop a butterfly's journey altogether. Moisture adds weight to the wings, so monarchs stop on trees or bushes until rain passes. Once the water has evaporated, the butterflies are free to fly.

WALKING IN THE WILD Deerfield Lake Loop

By Robin EH. Bagley

f you're searching for solitude and introspection, hike the Deerfield Lake Loop. I've done several sections and I have yet to encounter another person.

The trail is an 11-mile loop around Deerfield Lake, built from 1942 to 1946 by 500 men who worked under the Mennonite Central Committee for alternative service during World War II. The lake boasts both brook and rainbow trout. Deer, elk and bald eagles abound.

Choose from three trailheads: Gold Run, North Shore or Custer Trails. If you're used to hiking in the Black Hills, you may expect some serious elevation gain since many trails start lower and climb. But Deerfield, at an elevation of 6,200 feet, is already high, so the hiking is through fairly gentle rolling hills. The loop trail gives you open prairie, forest terrain and many views of the lake. It's perhaps one of the area's most varied landscapes available in one trail. You may start in open grassland, but after a few miles, you feel like you're deep in the forest.

If you plan to hike the full trail in a day, give yourself plenty of time and pack accordingly. There are no services along the trail, so you're on your own.

Take Highway 17 (Deerfield Road) west out of Hill City for



14.6 miles to Forest Service Road 465; it's just a few hundred yards to the Gold Run parking area. For the North Shore trailhead, follow Deerfield Road another 4 miles to Forest Service Road 461, where you'll see the trailhead parking area. The Custer Trails trailhead is about 20 miles from Hill City. Stay on Deerfield Road until Forest Service Road 417; the trailhead is about 1.5 miles down FSR 417.

Robin EH. Bagley is a freelance writer and nonprofit communications director who spent most of her years in western South Dakota. She lives in Sheridan, Wyoming.





STRUT YOUR STUFF

Tom turkeys like these, strutting along the Bad River west of Fort Pierre, fan their tail feathers to attract mates or establish dominance over other males. If successful in their courtship, they may return to the same spot to carry out their elaborate displays. Turkey hunters should pay special attention to the ground for tracks, scratching or lines in the dirt. They may signify a strutzone.

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THIS TIME OF YEAR



Don't overlook the beauty of South Dakota's grasslands in autumn. By late fall the flowers are gone, and the colors of wheat grass, bluestem and buffalo grass are accentuated.

Pelicans are among the migrants leav-



ing South Dakota. The water birds head for the warmth of southern California, the Gulf

of Mexico and points south beginning in mid-September. They are nearly all gone by the end of October.

Spearfish Canyon is a favorite fall foliage drive. Anticipate the colors to peak during the last week of September or first week of October.



Although autumn is about fall foliage, it's not too early to think about snow. In 2014, Rapid City picked up 1.6 inches on Sept. 11 — the earliest recorded snowfall there since the National Weather Service started keeping track in 1888. The earliest snow in Sioux Falls came on Sept. 18, 1929, when trace amounts fell on the East River city.

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TOO LONG IN THE SUN



THE BANDANA MAN OF WOOD

BY BERNIE HUNHOFF

RIENDS AND EVEN close relatives of Ervin Dickson wondered why he wore a red bandana around his neck as he went about his work in the small town of Wood.

The story dates back to 1918 — 100 years ago — when Ervin, an Iowa native, was fighting with the 38th Infantry in France.

He and his fellow World War I soldiers came under attack from German troops in the Argonne Forest on Oct. 7. Ervin was shot in the chest, neck and hand.

The army telegrammed his parents that their son was dead. A death certificate was signed and the local newspaper ran a story with a headline that read, "Son of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Dickson Makes the Supreme Sacrifice for the Freedom of the World."

The editor added that Ervin was, "a young man of sterling character who filled a large place in the community where he had lived all his life."

However, the young man's mother had a dream in which she vividly saw Ervin wounded but not dead. She refused the offer of death benefits and continued to hold out hope.

The war ended with the signing of an armistice on November 11. A month

later, the Dickson family received a confusing postcard that simply read, "Dear Mother — Just a few lines to let you know that I am getting along fine. I was rescued Oct. 7/8 and picked up by the Germans." It was signed "Ervin Dixon," a muddling of his surname.

Imagine the surprise and joy when Ervin came home in January, very much alive. He had been badly wounded in the forest battle, but German soldiers took him to a hospital where he was treated alongside enemy troops and fed the same, cabbage and potatoes. Ervin hated cabbage, but the soldier next to him disliked potatoes, so they traded. He was unable to write due to his hand injury, so another soldier had written the postcard for him.

Ervin recovered from his injuries and moved to the little town of Wood in Mellette County, where he was a popular farmer and rural mail carrier. He never spoke about his military adventures, and wore bandanas to hide the scars on his neck.

Many years later, Ervin retired from the Wood Post Office and was initially denied his pension because federal records still showed that he had died in the Argonne Forest on Oct. 7, 1918.

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