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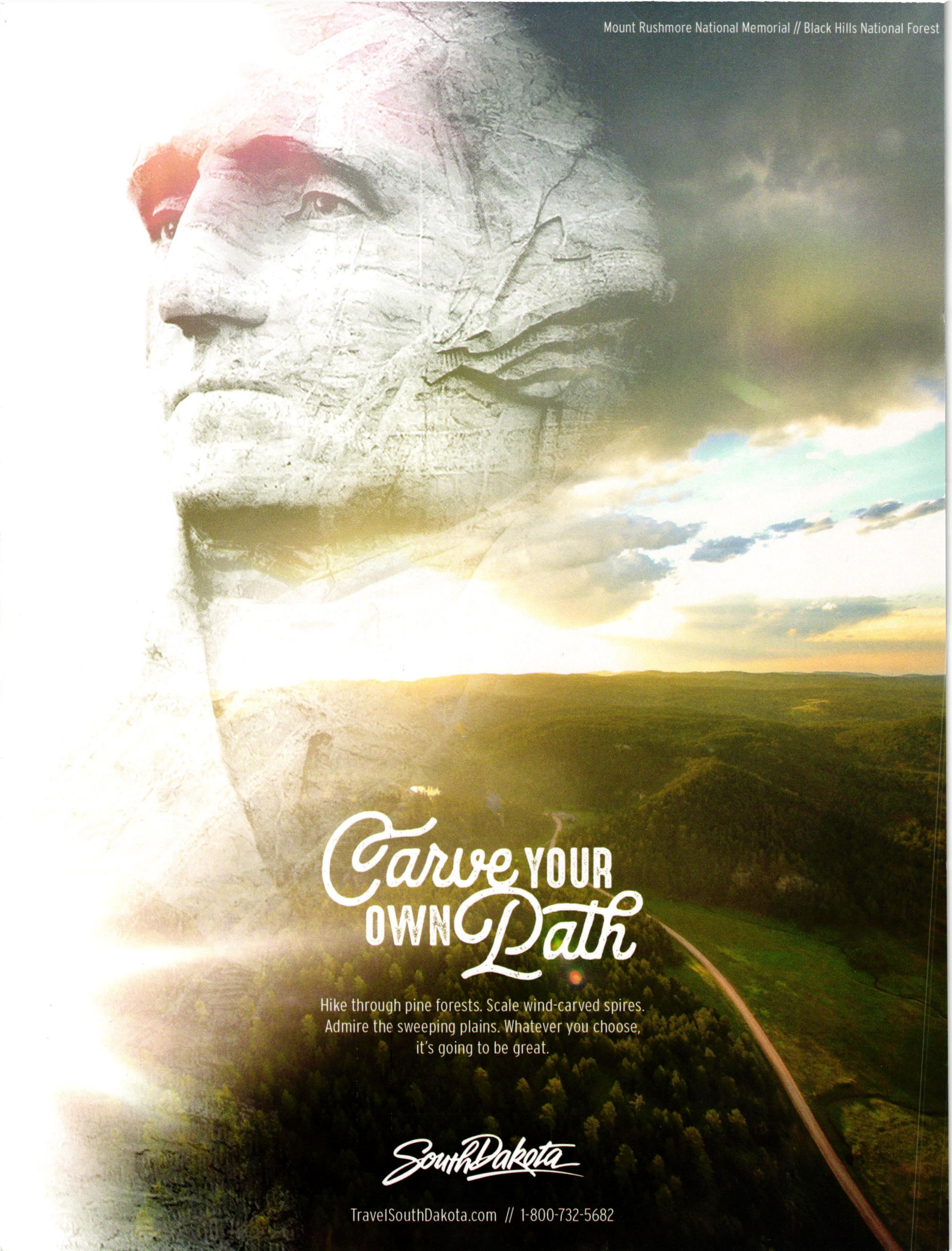
MAGAZINE

January/February 2019
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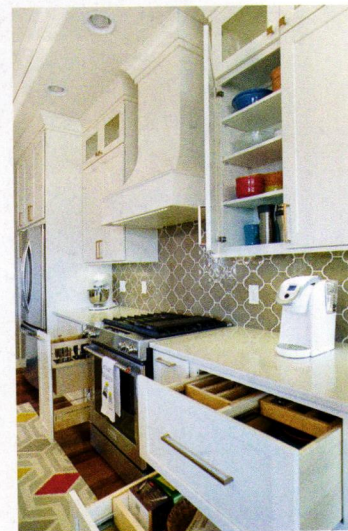
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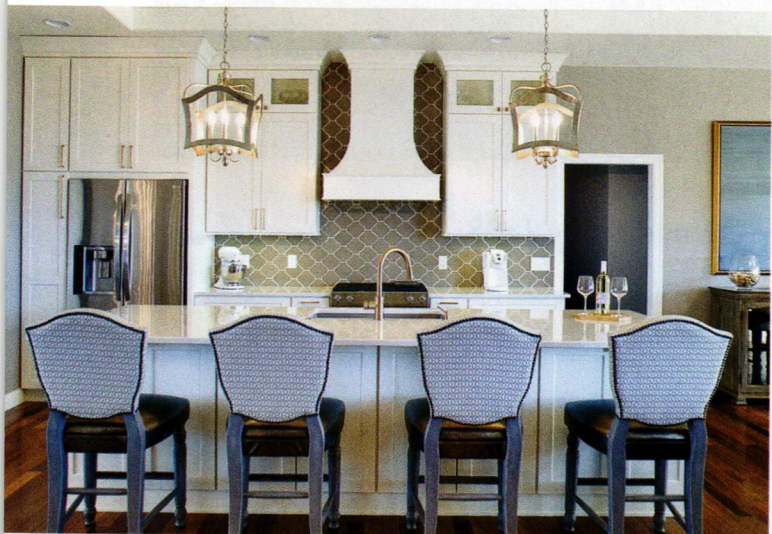
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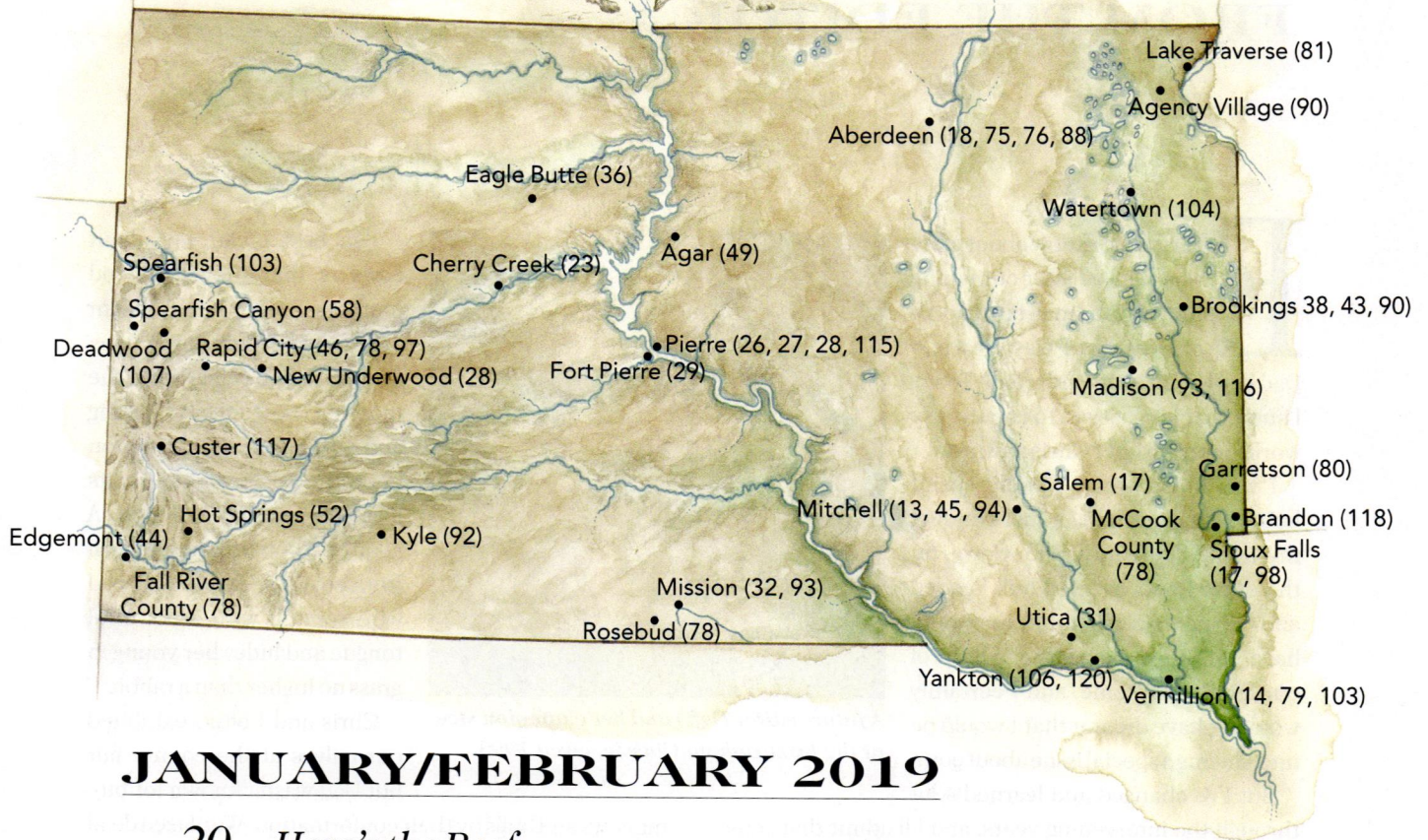
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OUR COVER: Jason Thorstenson works cattle on the Green Mountain Ranch between Nemo and Johnson Siding. Photo by Johnny Sundby



FROM THE EDITOR

Everything I know about cows was learned after our family moved to a small farm north of Yankton. I was 10 when Dad bought 25 cows and a bull. Today I know that his goal was to create busy work for my brother Chris and me.

I was horse crazy. I could spend hours riding our hills or just braiding my horse's tail and mane. Cows, on the other hand, seemed bull headed and boring. Back then I never would have imagined being the editor of our family magazine, and I certainly wouldn't have dreamt that I would be introducing a special issue about cows.

But I've changed and learned a lot through the intervening years, and I'll admit that some of what I learned "I owe to udders," as the late Governor Richard Kneip used to say (he was a milking equipment salesman before he became a politician).

One lesson I remember is a variation of the carrot-or-stick parable. Chris and I quickly recognized that it's nigh impossible to herd a cow where she doesn't want to go, but it's fairly easy to lead 25 of them with a pail of corn. Once they associate the pail with food you don't even need corn. Honestly, there were days when we just stood on a fence and waved a pail at them and they came running. I'm not sure this translates into anything useful for you in 2018 but it surely gave me more time to braid my horse's tail.

Chris and I also learned that while cows may seem stupid, they are actually quite crafty. Leave a gate ajar for hours, and they won't even glance at it so long as you can beat them to the opening. But go in the house for a glass of milk and the entire herd will be through the gate and hoofing through the family garden before you can say "Hey!!!"



A future editor (left) and her champion steer at the First Dakota Classic, circa 1993.

The best I can say about cows is that they are good mothers. Every birth on our little farm seemed miraculous. As soon as the calf is born, the momma cow starts licking and nuzzling it; next thing you know the calf is wobbling to its feet and looking for lunch. A good beef cow protects her calf from coyotes, cleans a barbed wire scratch with a powerful tongue and hides her young in grass no higher than a rabbit.

Chris and I often exhibited our calves at the county fair, but Dad wasn't known for buy-

ing cows and bulls by their conformation. We placed dead last until the First Dakota Steer Classic was created. A local bank loaned money to any kid who wanted to enter a lottery for top quality steers from the best ranches. When we drew numbers, Chris got a black steer and I got a chocolate-brown beauty that grew like crazy.

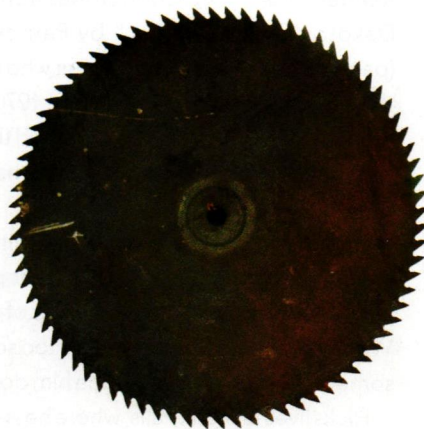
All summer long I fed him, halter-trained him and tried to braid his tail. He grew to 1,400 pounds and was the talk of the fair when we arrived in August. The classic was based on rate of gain, conformation and a Q&A by the judges, for which I was prepared: I knew how much corn my steer ate every day (30 pounds, by the way) and where to find his brisket and flank. The judge totaled the points, scratched his head and soon proclaimed me the winner. Thank goodness for rate of gain.

So I write this introduction to our special beef issue with real cattle cred. Only a few South Dakotans have ever been crowned champion of the First Dakota Steer Classic. Unfortunately, I have nothing very profound to say about cattle. But we found plenty of people who do, so turn to page 20 for our special report from cattle country.

Katie Hunhoff

— Katie Hunhoff

ANOTHER GREAT MEMORY FROM DE SMET FARM MUTUAL



LYING IN THE SNOW WAS A SHARP
REMINDER THAT THE GOOD OLD DAYS HAD

ROUGH EDGES

I found the jagged circular blade of an old buzz saw at an auction sale the other day.

The buzz saw was the most dangerous thing on our farm — and that's saying something because none of our machinery would pass a safety test today.

The buzz saw horrified me greatly as a child, and again I cringed at the sight of the rusty, 3-foot-wide blade when I saw it lying in the snow at the farm auction. So I raised my hand and bought it for \$5 from the auctioneer.

As a teen, I helped feed long logs into the teeth of our buzz saw blade, which was attached to a platform and powered by a belt connected to a tractor's pulley. When well greased, the heavy blade whirled as quietly as a kitchen fan. I remember thinking that it might have been safer if it made more noise.

Dad and the neighbors constantly admonished us to keep our hands far away from the blade and not to slip on ice and fall into the whirling metal monster. There's a story of a man whose overalls got caught on the shaft. He avoided the blade, but all his clothes were quickly twisted and stripped from his body, leaving him naked in the snow. As the story goes, the ladies of the local church group were meeting in the nearby farmhouse so he knocked on a window to get his wife's attention.

Gladly, today's youth in De Smet Farm Mutual country don't have to work around such hazardous equipment.

Are you wondering what I'll do with my big, steel blade? So am I. Maybe I'll carefully attach it to my office wall as a reminder that even "the good old days" can be improved upon.

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CONTRIBUTORS

Patrick Hicks

In this issue we present our annual Winter Reader, three short fiction stories from South Dakota authors. "Rufus," by Patrick Hicks (page 70), tells the story of a loner who lives on the outskirts of Sioux Falls in the 1970s. Children are wary of Rufus — rumors swirl that he's a murderer — but in reality he holds haunting secrets, as one young man discovers.

Hicks grew up in a small town in Minnesota, where a man like the fictional Rufus lived. "He went around smacking stop signs with a hockey stick. I never found out why he did this, but he was a point of absolute fascination for us kids," Hicks says. "We never talked to him — he was too scary to approach — and now that I'm an adult I sometimes wonder what made him do these things."

Hicks lives in Sioux Falls, where he is writer-in-residence at Augustana University.



Cheyenne Marco

Cheyenne Marco grew up on a poultry farm in southwest Minnesota, and that rural upbringing inspires her writing. Her short story "Back Burn" (page 66) is about the excruciating choices people face when their town's largest employer closes — and the improbable decisions they ultimately make. She wrote it in the wake of the 2012 real estate crisis and the closure of a major business in Round Lake, Minnesota, near her home.

"The story became simultaneously an experiment and an exploration," she says. "How do you get out of that situation? How do you find the motivation to leave a place you don't want to leave? The result was 'Back Burn,' and it haunts me still."

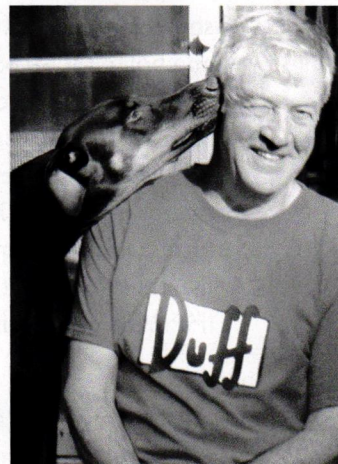
Marco teaches undergraduate English at the University of South Dakota and does outreach for Friends of the Big Sioux River.

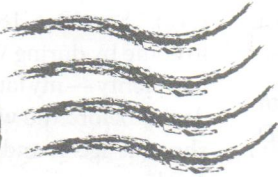
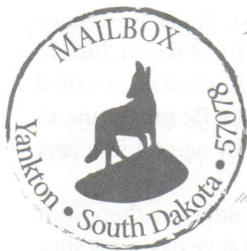
Wendell Duffield

Wendell Duffield was flying an airplane before he could drive a car. Growing up near Browns Valley, Minnesota, just across the state line near Lake Traverse, it was sometimes easier to take to the skies rather than the roads, anyway.

He had a few close calls. Once, while returning from visiting a friend across the state, Duffield flew into dense, low clouds. He managed to land at a small town airstrip, but not before nearly clipping the water tower. "Our Cessna had no radio, or other fancy instruments," he says. "If I couldn't see it, I didn't know it was there." In this issue (page 81), Duffield tells a similarly hair-raising tale of a landing on a frozen Lake Traverse in the 1950s.

Duffield, a retired geologist, lives in Greenbank, Washington, with his wife, Anne.





John Andrews

Pelicans on the southern reaches of Lake Traverse.

AMAZING GRACE

I enjoyed your feature on Grace Freeman ("The Buzz at Prairie Moon Farm," Sept/Oct '18). You captured Grace's lively spirit and provided an evocative sense of place at Prairie Moon Farm. Thank you for a beautiful feature and article on our Gracie.

*Katy Beem
Vermillion, S.D.*

ROARIN' RIVER WARREN

I thoroughly enjoyed John Andrews' story about a scenic and historic roadway ("On the Glacier Trail," Nov/Dec '18). Being born in Sisseton and growing up in nearby Browns Valley, I fondly identify with this landscape. And as a retired professional geologist I understand the fascinating glacial history that shaped both the landscape and human history of the area.

A burial site with bones and artifacts of a much earlier Native American (the so-called Browns Valley Man) was discovered at Browns Valley in the early 20th century. Carbon-14 age dating suggests that this person may have lived there while the draining of Lake Agassiz finished eroding the trench-like path in which Browns Valley now sits. If so, I expect crossing that river, the ancient Riv-

er Warren of geologic literature, would have been a major challenge. At its peak, old Warren carried more water (gallons per minute) through the Browns Valley site than the Mississippi River delivers to the Gulf of Mexico today.

*Wendell Duffield
Greenbank, Wash.*

NOT ANCIENT HISTORY

I related to the story about Wounded Knee ("Takuwe," Nov/Dec '18), having lived in Pine Ridge and Sioux Falls as a boy. People consider it something to forget, but I tell them we knew one man who had fought at Little Big Horn and survived the Wounded Knee massacre — Dewey Beard. It is still on the minds of this generation and they do not dismiss it as ancient history.

When we lived in Minnesota and Wisconsin, we made annual trips to visit my parents in Aberdeen and my sister in Pierre. I took different routes, and one passed through Faulkton. To see that Faulkton now has a new mini mall and grand paintings on its elevator thanks to a man from Australia ("Christmas Pudding from Down Under," Nov/Dec '18) made me realize that some small towns in South Dakota are doing well.

GOALS YOU CAN STICK WITH THIS NEW YEAR



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Finally, the story about politicians Jim Abdnor and Jim Abourezk being close friends while in different parties ("From Coach to Congress," Nov/Dec '18) reminded me of how great it was to grow up in less populous states where politicians were known personally and were friends regardless of party affiliation.

*Jim Murray
Green Valley, Ariz.*

SHAKING UP PHEASANTS

In 1952, my late husband, Vincent Jungwirth, hosted and guided hunters from all over ("100 Opening Days," Sept/Oct '18). One of them was Jerry Jones, today the owner of the Dallas Cowboys.

That was when pheasants hatched out in our fields. They were not shipped in, but put in a sack, shook up and released for hunters. Hunting at Athol and Redfield was very good, and we made many friends. There are not so many hunters now, but some of our friends' sons and

grandsons stop to say hello and have a cup of coffee or a bowl of chili with me.

*Catherine Jungwirth
Athol, S.D.*

Catherine also shared a favorite pheasant recipe:

Pheasant Casserole

1 or 2 pheasant breasts, cut up, dipped in flour and browned
1 cup cream
1 can chicken soup
1 quart half and half
Celery, to taste
Onions, to taste
Salt and pepper, to taste

Dip pheasant breasts in flour and brown them. Place in baking dish with other ingredients. Bake at 350 degrees for 2 1/2 to 3 hours or in crock-pot for 4 hours. Serve with mashed potatoes.

TEN MORE PHEASANTS, PLEASE

When I was young, hunting in South Dakota was spectacular ("100 Opening

Days," Sept/Oct '18). Shells were hard to come by during World War II, but we had plenty — my father had been a shell dealer before the war. He taught me to shoot at age 4, and by age 6 I was very good.

I was 9 and my older brother, Tom, was 11 in 1943. Dad gave us each a shotgun and 11 shells. Ten birds was the limit, so we were allowed one miss. We were back in a couple of hours with 20 birds. My mother took the birds, skinned and cleaned them, and then took them over to my grandmother, who canned them.

My dad turned to us, gave us more shells and said, "Get me 10 more." We did. This continued for a large part of the hunting season. It really helped with the ongoing meat shortages due to rationing.

*Jim Navin
Honolulu, Hawaii*

A DECADE TOO LATE?

I read with interest your story about Lawrence Welk hunting pheasants in South Dakota in 1945 ("100 Opening

WHERE FUN & FAITH MEET

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Days," Sept/Oct '18). I grew up in the Yankton area in the early 1940s and do not recall Welk being there at that time.

In *Yankton: The Way It Was*, Bob Karolevitz recounts much about radio station WNAX, and from what I read Lawrence Welk was around in the early- or mid-1930s. The Model T Ford pictured had a license plate with a county designation of 63, which was Yankton County's old number.

Not many folks in 1945 were driving Model T Fords. It's a great story, but I'm inclined to think maybe 1935?

Dick Hanson
College Place, Wash.

Editor's Note: We zoomed in on the license plate of Welk's hunting car; it reads 1943, so Adolf Zoss had his story straight.

MORE ON LAWRENCE

The complete and public vindication of Letcher's Adolf Zoss in his not-so-tall-



FROM OUR READERS—Gary Bliss of San Diego, California, sent us his father's photo, showing the results of a coyote hunt in 1946 or thereabouts. From left to right: unknown farmer from the Meckling area, Vermillion farmer Herbert Bliss, Harold Davisson, George Slocum and Paul Bliss. "Davisson and Slocum were both combat pilots in World War II," Gary says. "Herbert Bliss was shooting a coyote from a plane and accidentally hit the propeller. They made an emergency landing on a sandbar of the Missouri River." The bounty hunters earned \$10 per coyote.



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after-all tale of hunting with Lawrence Welk ("100 Opening Days," Sept/Oct '18) was a satisfying celebration for Adolf's descendants, including me. Adolf would have smiled under his moustache! Find the whole story in "Truth in Storytelling, Part 3," published on Thru Prairie Grass (www.thruprairiegrass.blogspot.com).

*Kate VanderBoom
Colorado Springs, Colo.*

SKIPPING SCHOOL TO SHOOT

Here's one more pheasant story ("100 Opening Days," Sept/Oct '18). When I was in fourth through sixth grades, my grandpa used to come to Sacred Heart School in Aberdeen, knock on the classroom door and tell the nuns that he needed me to help on the farm. He did not own a farm. When I got in the car, he would say, "Let's go road hunting for pheasants."

We would drive up and down the dirt

side roads. If I saw a pheasant, he would go up to the next mile crossing, turn the car around so the bird was on his side, shoot it from the car and I would go pick it up. Pheasants were that plentiful back in the late '40s and early '50s.

My grandpa died when I was 12, but he left his 16-gauge double barrel Lefever shotgun for me, even though he had two sons. I hunted with it through high school, college and when training my sons to hunt. Four years ago, I left it by a fence near Ipswich and it was never returned.

*Don Briscoe
Aberdeen, S.D.*

POOR SPORTSMANSHIP

"Road Trick" by John Green ("100 Opening Days," Sept/Oct '18) tells how they baited people into shooting pheasants on the ground, on private land. It still happens in this day and age, under

different circumstances. People drive around with fully loaded shotguns in their vehicles, pointed down, ready to jump out and shoot pheasants on the ground no matter where they see them. There's no fair chase, and it promotes lawlessness. How can politicians expect landowners to put habitat on the land next to roads with this stuff going on?

*Craig A. Olson
Brookings, S.D.*

TOGETHER AGAIN

Thank you for featuring our book, *We Are the Vitters* (Writers and Artists, Sept/Oct '18). The best part was that a 93-year-old lady contacted me. She named one of my siblings and wanted to know how he grew up. She has written pages of her recollections of our father and mother, and we are exchanging stories, answering so many questions for her and for our family. It is truly a blessing that this connection was made.

*Marly Wilson
Middleton, Wisc.*

GUSHURST'S FOOTBALL LEGACY

I read "Battle for the Homestake Trophy" (Sept/Oct '18) with great interest. During the 1990s, with direction and encouragement from South Dakota sports historian Jim Quinn, we documented the career of Fred Gushurst of Lead.

Gushurst was the first paid football coach at the South Dakota School of Mines. He was an outstanding end on the 1908 Lead mythical state championship team. He went on to Notre Dame, where he played end on the legendary Irish team that popularized the forward pass. Gus Dorais played quarterback, while Gushurst and Knute Rockne were the ends. Contemporary newspaper accounts indicate that Gushurst did a better job of catching passes than Rockne.

We did extensive work with materials at the University of Notre Dame archives.

When we began our research, we checked the list of Notre Dame alumni that had been inducted into the College Football Hall of Fame. We thought there would be a large contingent of Irish players in the Hall, and there were. We also believed that Gushurst would be on the list, but

were surprised to discover that he was not. Dorais and Rockne were there, but not Gushurst. This is still the case today.

Gushurst has been a member of the South Dakota Sports Hall of Fame for over 25 years. He never made the College Football Hall of Fame, even though he should have been inducted years ago. Gushurst was instrumental in introducing the forward pass into football offenses throughout the state.

*Dave Kemp
Sioux Falls, S.D.*



Fred Gushurst

SOME FRIEND

Your Nov/Dec '18 Dakotiana section included a story about pies and cakes that men would bid on. Old Glory, our country school south of Waubay, had a box social where the girls and women would fix a lunch and decorate the boxes. I asked my classmate and friend, Robert Pierce, which box was his sister's. I wanted insider information. Robert said, "I think that one is." I don't know if he was pulling a joke on me or not, but the box I bid on and won was his mother's.

*Stu Surma
Java, S.D.*

SEND US YOUR COMMENTS

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

DAKOTIANA

Observations and Discoveries of Life in South Dakota



Bernie Hunhoff

Leaning With the Wind ... South Dakota, the third windiest state in the nation, is a rugged environment for trees that stand unprotected on the open prairie. These survivors grow in a pasture along Highway 37 north of Mitchell, where average wind speeds are 11.3 miles per hour. Horticulturists say the prevailing north/northwest winds put pressure on the trunk and roots, and even slowly sculpt the smaller branches, though they reach gallantly for the sun on clear days.



Dawne Olson

SCHOOL FOR SNOWSHOES

Teaching traditional crafts at Four Winds Boat Shop

Students are welcome in the refurbished schoolhouse nestled into the hills of Dawne and Matt Olson's farm near Vermillion. But instead of grammar and geography, these students are learning to make boats, pine needle baskets, fishing flies, wing bone turkey calls, snowshoes and other traditional crafts.

Dawne Olson came to woodworking through her love of the outdoors. After seeing a cedar strip canoe under construction at a canoe museum, she



bought a book on canoe building and decided to try it, even though she had no prior experience. "I literally propped the book up in my shopping cart while I wandered around the store trying to find the tools that were recommended to use, even though I had never heard of half of them," Olson says. She picked up additional books and peppered an online boat-building forum with

questions. By the time Olson had a finished canoe, she was hooked. She opened Four Winds Boat Shop in 2015, in part so that she could help others feel the sense of satisfaction that comes from developing a new skill. "When I finished my third year of snowshoe workshops, one of the participants sent me a picture of her completed snowshoes," Olson says. "She said, 'I can't remember the last time I was this proud of myself.' I love that so much."

Historic Dates

In South Dakota

ALFALFA AMBASSADOR

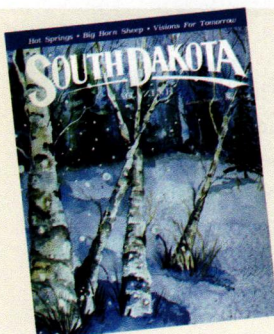
Jan. 4, 1866 ... Famed South Dakota State University horticulturist Niels Ebbesen Hansen was born in Denmark. Hansen brought a variety of plants to the U.S. from around the world, including Cossack Alfalfa. He found it in the barren plains of Siberia and correctly predicted it would grow well in South Dakota. He died in 1950 in Brookings.

MONUMENTAL CAVE

Feb. 7, 1908 ... President Theodore Roosevelt proclaimed Jewel Cave, named for its glittering calcite crystals, a national monument. With more than 195 miles of mapped passages, Jewel Cave is currently the third-longest cave in the world.

HOME VETOED

Feb. 21, 1889 ... Territorial Gov. Louis Church vetoed a bill to create the Dakota Soldiers' Home in Hot Springs. He reasoned no home was needed because Dakota Territory had sent few soldiers to fight in the Civil War and that Hot Springs was far removed from the population. The legislature overrode the veto on Feb. 27, and construction began in August.



BEST QUOTE 25 YEARS AGO

"I want to see farmers and ranchers become more politically active. Maybe it's our own fault when we don't get what we want. We can't just sit out on our farms and enjoy our work and our way of life. We have to get involved and tell our story."

—Harding County rancher and author Lawrence Brown shared his vision for South Dakota in our January/February 1994 issue.

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SOUTH DAKOTA TRIVIA

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

1»

What South Dakota refuge became the focal point for saving the nearly extinct trumpeter swan in the 1960s?



2»

Who conducted the first church services in the Black Hills on May 7, 1876 and the first wedding on July 8, only to be shot and killed while traveling to Crook City to preach on Aug. 20?

3»

What small-town museum houses a collection of models of local buildings made of walnut shells?

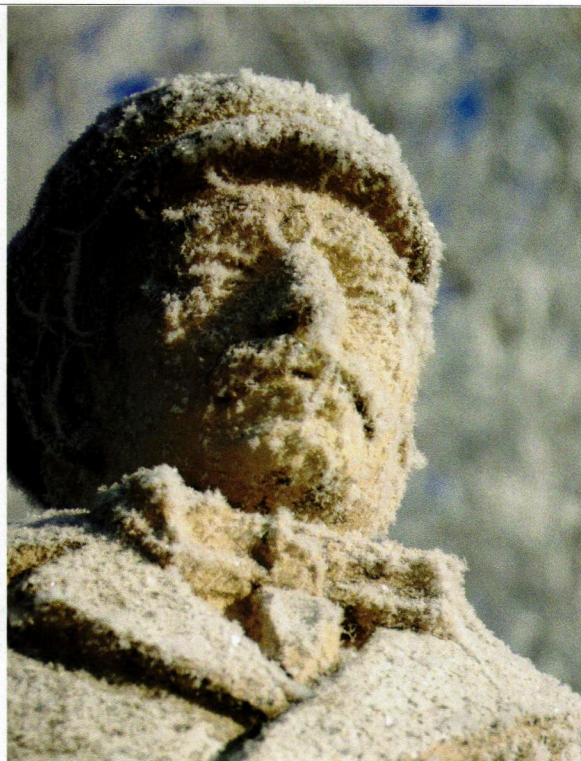


4»

Who was the cattle rustler known as the Robin Hood of the Rosebud?

5»

What city boasts a monument honoring two mules that hauled refuse and did other heavy pulling around town?



John Andrews

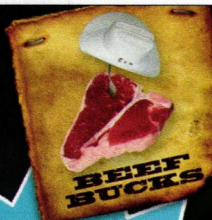
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THIS STATUE OF MISSOURI RIVER STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN GRANT MARSH CAN BE FOUND IN WHAT TOWN?

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TOP 7 *Things Whitney Blindert Loves About South Dakota*

Whitney Blindert is a registered dietician at Midwest Dairy, working on behalf of South Dakota farmers to share the benefits of dairy products with consumers. She lives near Salem with her husband, Zach, and their daughter, Emelia Ann.

Delicious Rolls

The Homestead Coffee and Cream Cafe in Salem is one-of-a-kind, with a small town feel and friendliness. They brew locally-roasted coffee and have delicious homemade baked goods (cinnamon rolls!), grilled sandwiches and SDSU ice cream.

Colorful Hikes

Spearfish Canyon trails are beautiful in the fall when the leaves are changing colors. It's rare we make it out to the Black Hills that time of year because it usually occurs during harvest, and my husband farms.

Bison Country

My mother-in-law passed *Buffalo for the Broken Heart* by Dan O'Brien along to my husband, Zach, and me. Buffalo are intriguing and amazing

creatures. This book was a fun way to learn about them and their history in our state, and Zach shares the author's passion for taking good care of the land and animals around us.

Back Road Adventure

My favorite adventures usually involve a minimum maintenance gravel road with my husband and our dog Pops, on the Ranger or four-wheeler. We check crops and pick wild asparagus in the ditches. Zach knows all the secret spots for that.

River Memories

Some of my favorite memories include family camping and boating trips along the Missouri River — Yankton, Pickstown, Platte, Pierre — and my extended and immediate families still

make it a priority to go each summer. My dad is the best boat captain. He has given endless numbers of tube rides and taught quite a few kids and adults how to water ski and wakeboard.

Cast Iron Breakfast

Zach makes a mean omelet and breakfast potatoes. He has me hooked on cooking with cast iron. Because I am a registered dietitian and my education and background is in food and nutrition, I do a lot of the cooking, but he is the pro in the breakfast category.

Dancing at Sport Days

Every year, my hometown of Canistota holds a street dance during the annual Sport Days celebration in July. My band teacher's band sometimes plays. It's fun to meet up with old friends and classmates.

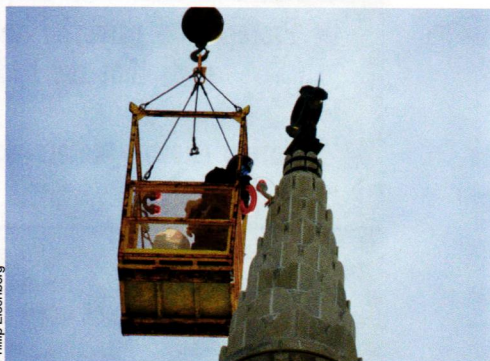
Guiding Lights

With twin spires extending 186 feet into the heavens, Saint Joseph Cathedral is a prominent feature of the Sioux Falls skyline. When construction started on the cathedral in 1915, aviation was in its infancy, but today, its pinnacles serve as a way-point for pilots wending their way earthward.

When the spires' aviation warning lights and wiring system were destroyed in a 2013 ice storm, cathedral staff wondered if replacing them was necessary. It was: all buildings more than 150 feet tall that lie in the flight path must be topped with flashing red lights.

But there was another reason why the lights were important. For local pilots using visual flight rules rather than instruments, the cathedral serves as an unofficial landmark. Lt. Col. Rick Larson of the Civil Air Patrol, who has been flying since he was 12, says that visual references like these help pilots prepare as they go through the complicated steps required to land their craft. "When you're blowing through the air at 100 miles an hour, things happen pretty fast, and you want to be ready to do certain things," Larson says. "We call it 'staying ahead of the airplane.'"

The spires' incandescent bulbs were replaced by four long-lasting, durable LEDs, which should keep the cathedral lit for years to come.



Phillip Eisenberg



Collecting Traditions

The first group of Germans from Russia came to Dakota Territory 145 years ago, settling in northwestern Yankton County, but their cultural influence has been felt in all corners of the state. The new South Dakota Germans from Russia Cultural Center, located in the Beulah Williams Library at Northern State University in Aberdeen, aims to preserve the group's rich history through documents, artifacts and, above all, stories.

Library staff has been conducting oral history interviews since 2014, gleaning everything from traditional songs to old prayers to descriptions of South Dakota in days gone by. "A 90-something or 100-plus-year-old woman, she can walk you right down the street in Eureka or Hosmer or Scotland and tell you what store was where," says library director Robert Russell. Snippets from these interviews are included in the center's 2,200 square feet of exhibit and research space.

To find out more about the center's oral history interviews, call 626-7770.

Many of the South Dakota Germans from Russia Cultural Center's exhibit panels are mounted with an iPad containing three clips from oral history interviews.

SD Germans from Russia Cultural Center



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1. Wolfe, R. The underappreciated role of muscle in health and disease. *Am J Clin Nutr* 2006; 84:475-82.

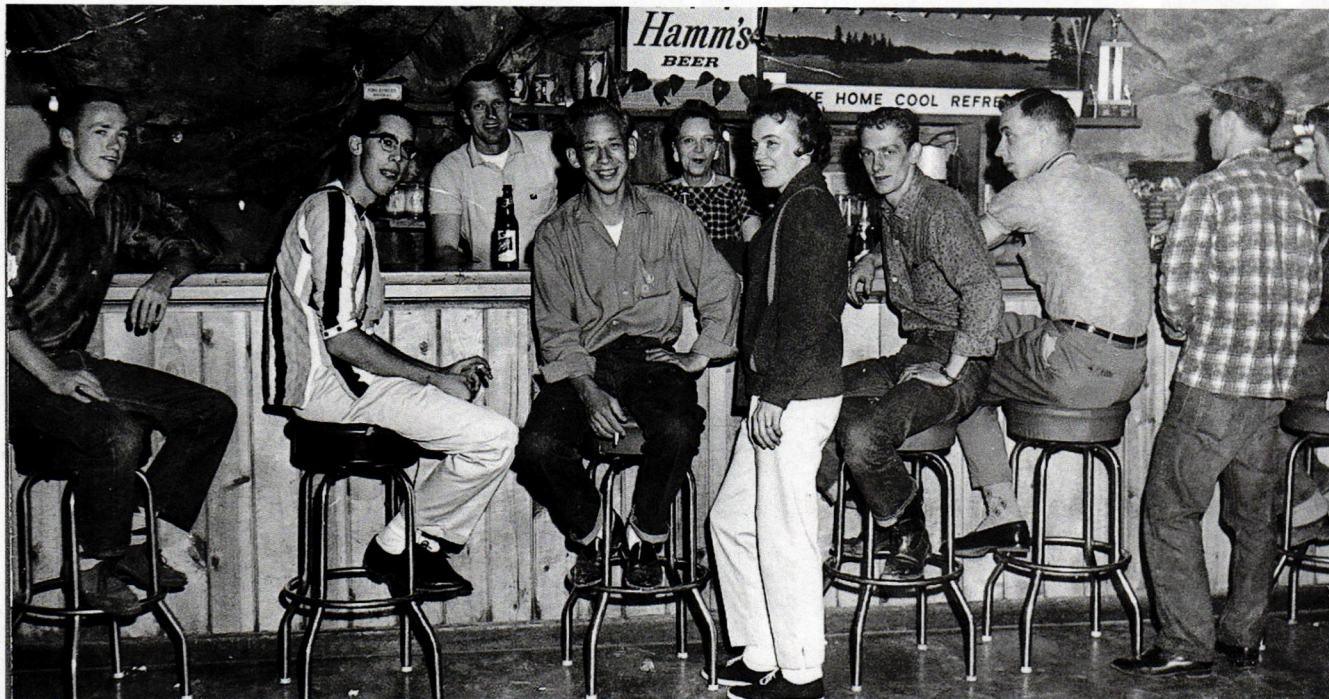
2. Paddon-Jones D, et al. Role of dietary protein in the sarcopenia of aging. *Am J Clin Nutr* 2008;87:1562S-6S.

3. Paddon-Jones D, Rasmussen BB. Dietary protein recommendations and the prevention of sarcopenia: Protein, amino acid metabolism and therapy. *Curr Opin Clin Nutr Metab Care* 2009;12:86-90.



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THE CEILING DRIPPED RUSTY WATER and the bathroom facilities were questionable at best, but the Inferno Bar remains a special memory for folks who came of age in the Northern Hills in the 1950s and '60s. Visitors are not welcome at the former Nevada Gulch nightspot, but Lee Schoenbeck got permission to take a peek inside. Read more at www.southdakotamagazine.com/inferno-bar



Join the Conversation

Readers are still talking about stories from the *South Dakota Magazine* archives that now appear on our website. Carol Pontzer recalls a childhood encounter with dynamic Rapid City businessman Ivan Landstrom, one of the kingpins of the Black Hills Gold industry featured in our November/December 2006 issue:

"I was just six years old in 1949, when Ivan and Mary Landstrom flew out and visited my family in Glendale, California. Mary and my mother were childhood friends. My little brother and I were fascinated with Ivan's wooden leg. Ivan was very relaxed about it. We found it lying beside the bed in my parents' bedroom, which my parents had given up for their special guests. We were scared, and yet delighted, to find it."

Share your comments at www.southdakotamagazine.com/yellow-magic

Visit us online to see another side of *South Dakota Magazine*.

We feature photos, stories and columns on a variety of topics — travel, food, culture, photography, history and business — all about your favorite state and updated daily.

3

stones resting on the Campbell County prairie west of Pollock may represent a pair of star-crossed lovers and their dog, the subjects of an Arikara legend told to Lewis & Clark when the Corps of Discovery passed through the area in 1804.

Read more at www.southdakotamagazine.com/pollock-stone-idols-michael-zimny

Here's The

*Stories, pictures, recipes and
history of South Dakota's
biggest enterprise — plus
our search for the
best hot beef sandwich!*



Beef



CATTLE TRACKS

*A history of cows
in South Dakota*

1862 Congress passes the Homestead Act and settlers arrive in eastern Dakota Territory, some with cows and oxen.

1877 The U.S. government rewrites the 1868 Fort Laramie Treaty, opening the Black Hills to miners and the West River prairies to cattle grazing. Big ranches soon bring herds from overgrazed ranges in Wyoming and Nebraska.

1880 The Black Hills Live Stock Association, a forerunner to South Dakota Stockgrowers, is organized.

1886 Thousands of "open range" cattle perish during horrendous West River blizzards, teaching the "big outfits" they can't leave cows unattended in winter. This is also considered the year when the extermination of the wild buffalo was complete.

1890 Ranchers organize the Fall River County Stockmen's Association.

1893 Harding County rancher Abe Jones' horse performs well in the legendary Chadron to Chicago horse race, proving that it's hard to beat a South Dakota ranch horse.

Dogs and horses are everyday essentials for Kyle Norman, who ranches by Mission Ridge, west of Fort Pierre. Photo by Greg Lutsa

HERE'S THE BEEF

The bellowing of cows and calves corralled at Fort Pierre Livestock floats over the Chateau Lounge and the Stock Growers Bank in downtown Fort Pierre on Friday sale days. When the wind is from the west, you might even hear the cattle across the river in Pierre.

Just west of the state capitol stands a statue of the late Gov. Walter Dale Miller (the New Underwood cowboy politician) with a branding iron in his hand, an artist's nod to the gigantic impact of cattle on our state's culture, politics and economics.

Our cow culture expands beyond Pierre and Fort Pierre to every town and city in South Dakota, from Spearfish to Sioux Falls. Four million cattle live in South Dakota (five for every one of us) and they've richly shaped the way we work, eat and play. A study by professors at South Dakota State University indicates that the beef business has a \$5 billion impact on the state's economy.

The bible of ranch country is a book titled *Roundup Years: Old Muddy to Black Hills*. It was originally published in 1954 due to worries that our state's cowboy heritage might someday be forgotten. Fortunately, we can report that the fear was for naught. However, it was good that they made the effort because many stories might well have been lost.

For instance, several old-timers wrote in *Roundup Years* about their encounters with the gray wolf; they noted that even when a steer survived a gray wolf attack, it often died

later because the predator's saliva seemed poisonous. Charley Zabel wrote that when Deadwood citizens moved Wild Bill Hickok's body to a new cemetery, they discovered that it was "partly petrified" due to mineral water that had seeped in the coffin. Zabel said Hickok weighed 165 pounds when he was shot and perhaps 300 pounds when his body was moved.

Olof Finstad, a Canadian cowboy, remem-

bered a branding (or should we say re-branding?) of 87 steers on Blackbird Island by Jack Sully, a notorious Rosebud rustler. Other cowboys also mentioned Sully, mostly in kind ways because he was considered a Robin Hood character who stole from the big outfits and helped small ranchers.

South Dakota Magazine strives to continue to collect our cattle stories from yesterday and today. Never have we published an issue

without a photograph, poem, recipe or story about cattle and the men and women who raise them. As cowboy poet Badger Clark noted in *Roundup Years*, "The old boys and the old times ought to be remembered. I went across from Rapid to Pierre in 1900 and what a country it was then."

We traveled across the same land in 2018 and we are glad to say, "What a country it is today!" Here's a more current report on cattle country in South Dakota.

—Bernie Hunhoff



Walter Dale Miller bronze
with a branding iron.

A Perfect Day

Johnny Sundby

1897 The state legislature creates a Brand and Mark Committee to oversee registration of cattle brands.

1902 President Theodore Roosevelt orders white ranchers to remove their cattle from the Rosebud Reservation, where an "open range" policy was in effect. Five hundred cowboys collect 60,000 head in a massive effort known as The Last Roundup.



1902 Ed "Boss Cowman" Lemmon leases 865,000 acres of land on the Standing Rock Reservation and fences it with barbed wire. Some say it was the largest fenced pasture in the world. He grazed 53,000 cattle there.



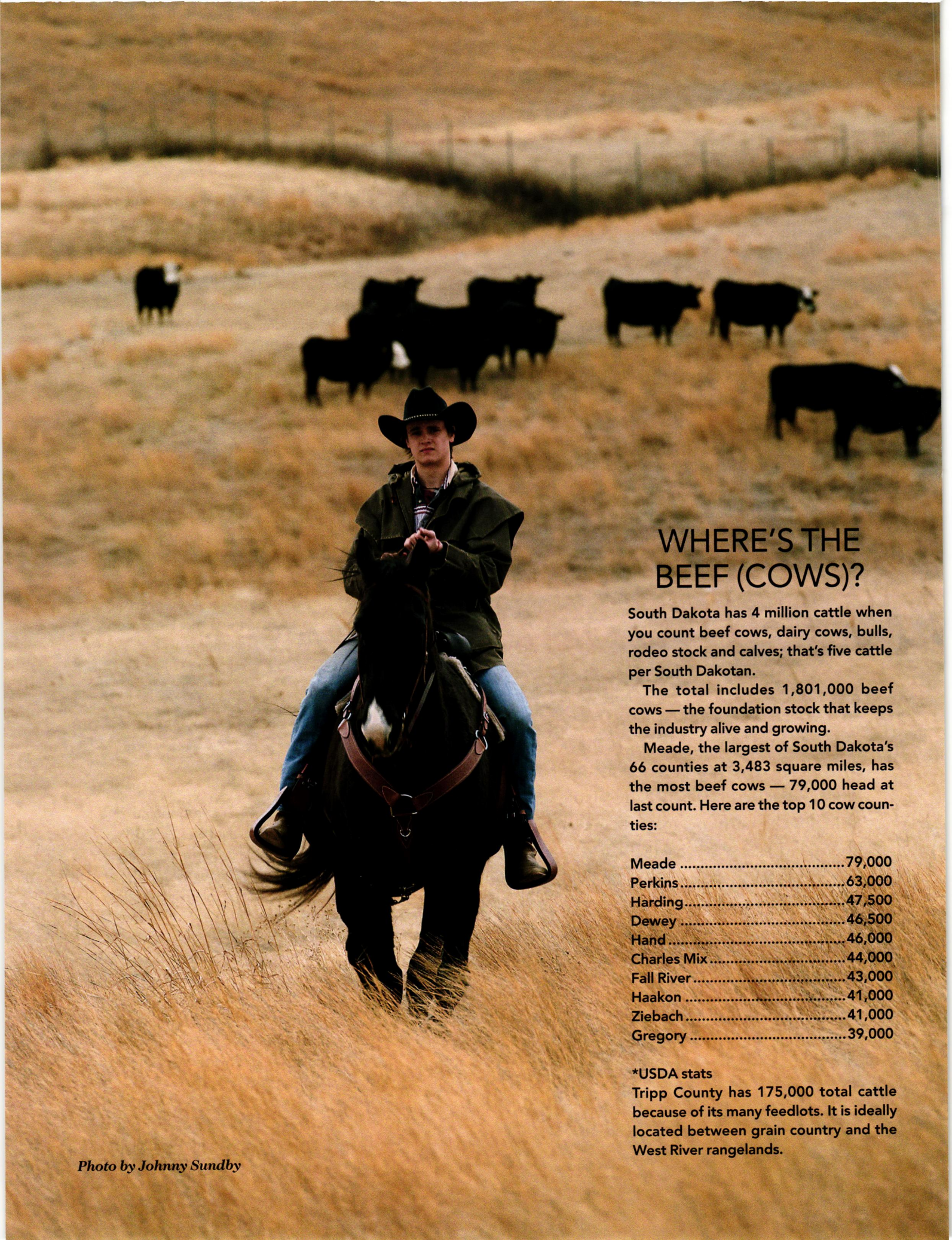
1903 Gray wolves overpopulate due to the abundance of livestock. Eradication programs are begun, though the vicious killer wolves are a major problem for another decade.

1905 Blinded by a May 5 blizzard, 1,500 head of cattle tumble over the Badlands wall near Wall; thousands more die across West River, including many that drown in swollen rivers and creeks.

1909 Endless herds of cattle are trailed

We're by the Cheyenne River, 14 miles west of Cherry Creek — the oldest community in South Dakota. I love it out here, especially in calving season. First thing in the morning you ride out and make sure there's no issues. You tag the new calves. It's a good day if you don't lose any calves and you don't get run over by any momma cows. At day's end, you're just thankful you get to spend time in God's creation and see new life get created.

— Beau Bendigo
Cherry Creek rancher



WHERE'S THE BEEF (COWS)?

South Dakota has 4 million cattle when you count beef cows, dairy cows, bulls, rodeo stock and calves; that's five cattle per South Dakotan.

The total includes 1,801,000 beef cows — the foundation stock that keeps the industry alive and growing.

Meade, the largest of South Dakota's 66 counties at 3,483 square miles, has the most beef cows — 79,000 head at last count. Here are the top 10 cow counties:

Meade	79,000
Perkins	63,000
Harding	47,500
Dewey	46,500
Hand	46,000
Charles Mix	44,000
Fall River	43,000
Haakon	41,000
Ziebach	41,000
Gregory	39,000

**USDA stats*

Tripp County has 175,000 total cattle because of its many feedlots. It is ideally located between grain country and the West River rangelands.

COWS AND POLITICOS

Cattle played a big role in South Dakota politics. During the 2018 governor's race, all the major candidates filmed at least one television commercial while wearing a cowboy hat and riding a horse.

The beef industry impacts the state's economy to the tune of \$5 billion a year, more than enough to get the attention of lawmakers. Every legislative session includes debates over branding laws, meat labeling, rustling, fencing waterways or the taxing of cattle feed and bull semen.

Cattlemen and women, though outnumbered in today's world, usually win in Pierre. Did you know that the alteration of a rancher's brand is a Class 5 felony? The South Dakota Stockgrowers and South Dakota Cattleman's Association are powerhouses in the marbled capitol.

The legislature's very schedule is a nod to farmers and ranchers. Today's January-to-March session was established at statehood because it fits between fall's roundups and harvest and spring's calving and planting.

Several governors came from ranch backgrounds, including Tom Berry, Ralph Herseth and Walter Dale Miller. Andrew Anderson, a cattleman from Beresford, might have joined their ranks in 1924 but shortly after he received the Democratic nomination he was killed.

"He owned a fine roan bull that had never misbehaved," according to a news account in the *Beresford Republic*. "The bull apparently thought that his domain was being invaded. He knocked Mr. Anderson down and trampled him to death."

Anderson's neighbor William Bulow filled the vacancy on the ballot; he won the governorship and six years later he was elected to the U.S. Senate. "Full credit or blame for my career as a politician must be given to a roan bull," Bulow said. "The bull did not act with malice aforethought, had no premeditated designs, but acted upon the spur of the moment, without contemplating results. That roan bull shaped the political future of one South Dakotan ..."

If that's the case, think of the political impact of 4 million cattle and the \$5 billion they contribute to the state's economy.



to the little town of LeBeau and shipped to eastern markets on the new Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. But on Dec. 11, cattle baron Murdo McKenzie's son is shot. When the accused is found not guilty by a jury of small ranchers, the town is burned to the ground. Most people suspect McKenzie ordered the burning.

1911 Homesteaders defeat cattlemen

when officials agree on full application of the "herd law," which requires the fencing of livestock, ending the open range.



1912 The Jackson brothers, sons of an Iowa governor, come to Gregory County to start the Mulehead Ranch. Soon they own 160,000 acres and 11,000 head of Herefords.

1921 The Great Holstein War erupts in Hutchinson County when farmers of German descent try to ship dairy cows to Germany to feed the hungry. However, anti-German sentiment was strong after World War I. Protestors and farmers clashed but eventually the cows were shipped.

Recipe:

TIMPSILA SOUP

from South Dakota Centennial Cookbook

Long before cattle were first driven into Dakota, Native Americans used dried meat and the wild turnip, known to the Lakota as timsila, to flavor stews. Emma Jacobs of Martin, a retired school teacher, shared this updated version of the food of her ancestors in the South Dakota Centennial Cookbook.

3 pounds dry beef
2 pounds dry wild turnips
1 cup dried corn
1 teaspoon salt
dash of pepper

Cover turnips with water, add salt and pepper and dry corn. Cook until about half done, add broken pieces of dry

beef. Continue cooking until all ingredients are done.

Note: One 16-ounce can of whole kernel corn may be substituted for dry corn. If so, add corn when ingredients are almost done. Fresh beef ribs may be used instead of the dry beef, however, the soup will not be as flavorful.

SNOWSTORMS ARE THE WORST

I grew up by White Lake and after I was in the army I worked on ranches in Nebraska and Wyoming and ended up back here in South Dakota. The best times are when you get together with neighbors for brandings or helping to gather. The worst are the snowstorms. When the low pressures come in, the cows like to calf. I've worked on a couple of places along the Cheyenne River

where you've got the cows down in the thick trees and maybe you've got no trouble. But in places where they are out in the open and a storm hits, you have to get the calves in and warm them up. You can't just let them go. If you don't save the calves the boss ain't gonna be too happy.

— Gordon Hettinger
Pierre cowboy

Gordon Hettinger named his cow horse True, because it was born on the birthday of his granddaughter Truly. After a knee replacement, he uses the tub as a step to climb in the saddle.



Prime rib's image as a Sunday-dinner dinosaur that has been exiled to the hinterlands of the Las Vegas banquet hall has been greatly exaggerated.

— Jeff Gordinier, a food critic for the *New York Times*.

PRIME RIB AT CHOPS

Pprime rib's popularity has waned across America because it requires time, know-how and an excellent cut of meat. But it remains a mainstay in South Dakota.

At Chops, a Pierre eatery and deli started in 2015 by Deb Schuetzle, it is a big seller. "Prime rib is definitely about the quality of the meat and how you cook it," she says. "We have a proprietary seasoning that we rub it down with, and an au jus sauce. We have a butcher on staff who knows the art of cutting meat and we're all here to help with tips on how to cook it."

She says prime rib is festive fare. "Pheasant lodges often order it for special hunts. We've catered it for the legislature and the governor, weddings, and holiday parties."

Customers who buy a prime rib cut "to go" get instructions on cooking time, temperature and other oven tips.

Chops (212 Sioux Avenue) is also a three-meals-a-day restaurant. Lunch specials often revolve around beef: chili, hot beef sandwiches, meatloaf and burgers are customer favorites.

"There weren't a lot of opportunities for really good beef before we opened Chops," Schuetzle says, "and that's just wrong when we live in the heart of cattle country."

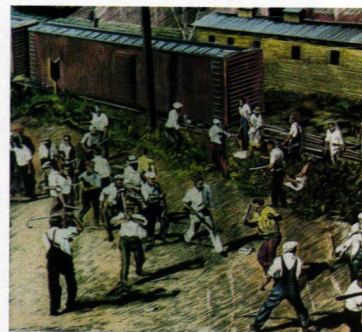


Deb Schuetzle stirs the au jus in preparation for the day at Chops.

Most major South Dakota cities are blessed with local restaurants and chefs skilled at prime rib. Some favorites, gleaned from an online survey of *South Dakota Magazine* readers, include Hartford Steak Co. Tavern (Vermillion and Hartford), where prime rib and a baked potato are the only menu items on Fridays and Saturdays; the classic Black Steer in Yankton; 1481 Grille in Arlington; Dakotah Steakhouse in Rapid City; Minerva's in Sioux Falls; the Flame in Aberdeen; the Powder House Lodge at Keystone; and Red in Vermillion.

1925 A trapper catches the notorious Three Toes, a wily wolf that terrorized sheep and cattle ranchers in Harding County. Three Toes is trapped alive but soon dies in captivity.

1932 Belvidere cowboy Tom Berry is elected governor, thanks to farmers and ranchers frustrated by agricultural policies and the Great Depression.



1935 Fifty-four men are hospitalized with injuries suffered in a July 19 "Bloody Friday" battle between union workers and non-union strike-breakers at John Morrell & Company in Sioux Falls.

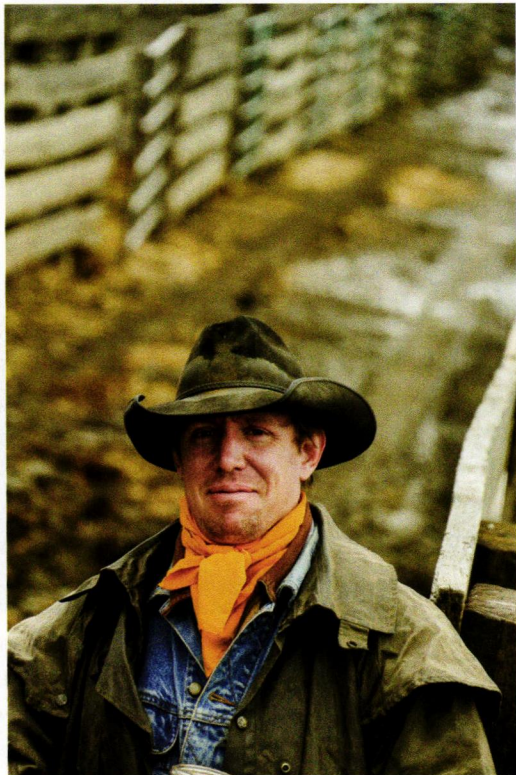
1937 State lawmakers create the State Brand Board to supervise brand registrations and investigate livestock thefts.

1949 Brothers Laddie, John and Jim Cimpl start a meatpacking company in Yankton that continues to process cattle today.

1954 *Roundup Years: Old Muddy to Black Hills*, a 600-page ranch country tome, is edited by Bert Hall, a Gann Valley native who became a rancher, educator and



Farming and ranching is one of America's most dangerous occupations, according to the National Safety Council. Livestock account for up to a fourth of injuries. About 30 people die from livestock accidents every year.



I was on a horse, trying to put a big Black Angus bull in a pen, when the bull hit us hard and knocked the horse down. I was still holding on, my feet in the stirrups, when he came over the horse and hit me right in the chest. His big head felt like a train. He hit me just once. He probably thought that was enough. That's the closest I've been yet to meeting my Maker.

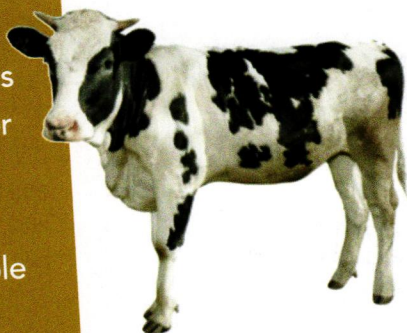
—Lucas Gill
Pierre cowboy



My granddad had a ranch at Quinn. He had lots to do with bringing alfalfa seed into this country. As his seed business grew my dad took over the ranch. Now my son is a cow/calf operator. I run a few cows with him. I was a farrier since I was 19 until my shoulders and knees gave out. Now I clip bulls for bull sales. I travel about five states. I clip their heads and clean their tails. We usually do it at the ranch about a month to two months before the sale. I've been knocked around a little bit by the bigger bulls. The two-year-olds are big and strong; you better be on top of your game for them.

—Nick Caspers
New Underwood cowboy

Dairy herd bulls are often more dangerous than seemingly-wilder beef bulls because they become more accustomed to people and lose their fear.



'WHAT ABOUT THE TRAINS?'



Herding a bunch of cattle is like handling a snake. If you handle the front end, the rest will follow. They used to trail the cattle to the stockyards here on foot. It's generally easier on the cattle than trucking. Unfortunately, the liability just got too crazy. You can run 'em across a lady's lawn now and get in trouble. Not too many years ago we trailed 1,800 yearling heifers from the Dowling Ranch to Fort Pierre. The morning we were going to do it, my wife Loretta asked me, "What about the trains? What if one comes just when they're on the tracks?"

I said, "There ain't no trains coming."

Just as that long string of heifers was coming to the tracks we heard a "toot, toot!" Dennis [Hanson, the stockyard's owner] had to run down the tracks and wave the engineer to a halt.

Sometimes when Loretta and I disagree on something she'll still smile and say, "What about the trains?"

—Willie Cowan

A cattleman long associated with the Fort Pierre Stockyards

Recipe:

BEEF FUDGE

from the South Dakota CowBelles' Beef Book

Members of the South Dakota CowBelles used to ply state legislators with beef fudge, one of their signature delicacies.

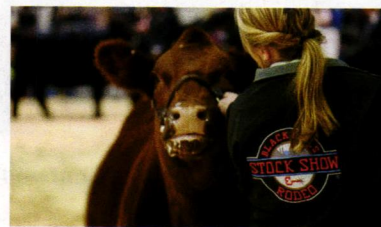
2 cups white sugar
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup white corn syrup
1/2 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup ground roast beef or cooked ground beef
3 tablespoons butter

2 ounces unsweetened chocolate
1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Cook all together in a heavy kettle to 238 degrees. Do not stir. Remove from heat, cool to lukewarm. Add vanilla and nuts. Beat until thick. Pour and cut as for fudge.

mapmaker. The book features old-timers who remembered the Last Roundup of 1902.

1954 Cattlemen found the South Dakota Beef Council.



1958 The first annual Black Hills Stock Show is held in Rapid City; only three beef breeds are exhibited.

1977 A \$4 million Animal Science Complex opens on the SDSU campus, allowing students to do research and create new meat products.

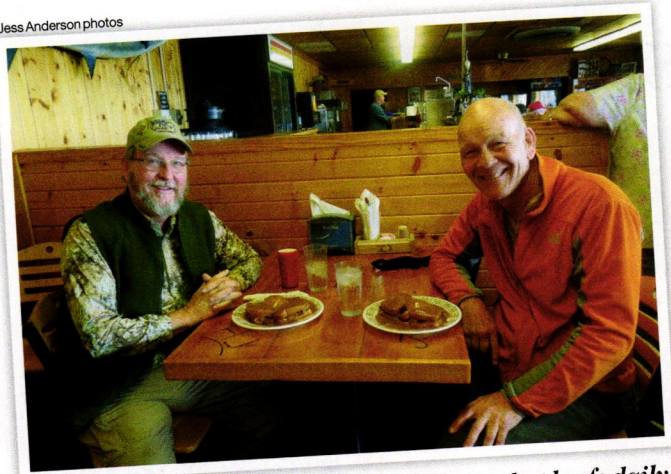
1981 State legislators pass a law to define humane slaughtering of livestock.



1985 A \$1 per head beef check-off program is approved to raise funds for the promotion of beef across the country.

1993 A group of lawmakers form the Rural Renewal caucus and promote more cattle feedlots in South Dakota.

1998 South Dakota counties hurry to enact zoning requirements



Hutch's Restaurant prepares hot beefs daily.



Norma Willier (above) of Hutch's served hot beefs to the writer's "research team."

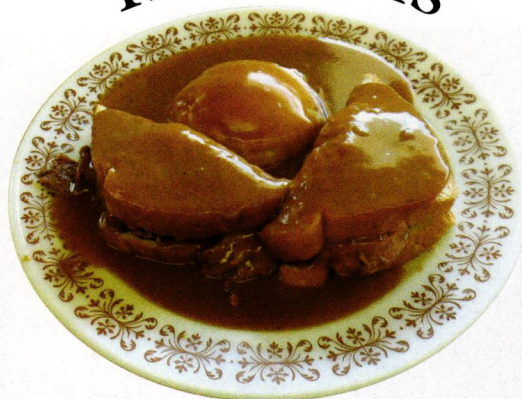


Eight girlfriends and I travel every autumn across South Dakota to a primitive Black Hills cabin — no running water, no electricity and an occasional mouse. I look forward to it all year, but this trip was especially fun because our editor asked me to find some delicious hot beef sandwiches along the way. Such a grueling task, right? Challenge accepted.

We couldn't miss the Wall Drug option (it's described as legendary on the menu) and I received a hot tip that Hutch's in Presho was a hot beef hidden gem (they weren't wrong). We quickly discovered that it's not tough to find tender roast beef sandwiches if you visit home-owned diners and listen to the locals. Here are some photos of our dining adventures!

— Jess Anderson

Hot Beefs



“Unless you're a farmer or a rancher, you may not be a 'hot beef' person because you probably didn't get acquainted with it growing up,” says Mike McClelland, who operates the restaurant in the Fort Pierre Livestock Sales Barn.

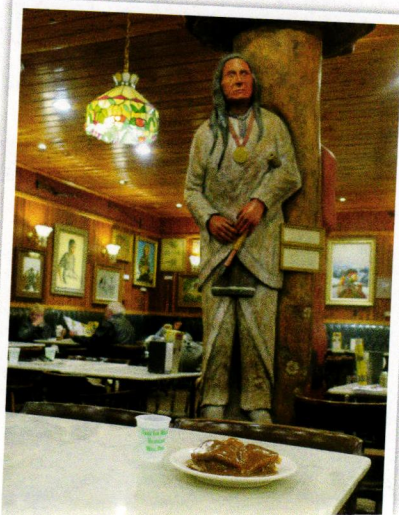
The hot beef sandwich, at least in South Dakota culinary vernacular, is a big serving of roast beef chunks piled between two slices of bread and served with real mashed potatoes and steaming gravy.

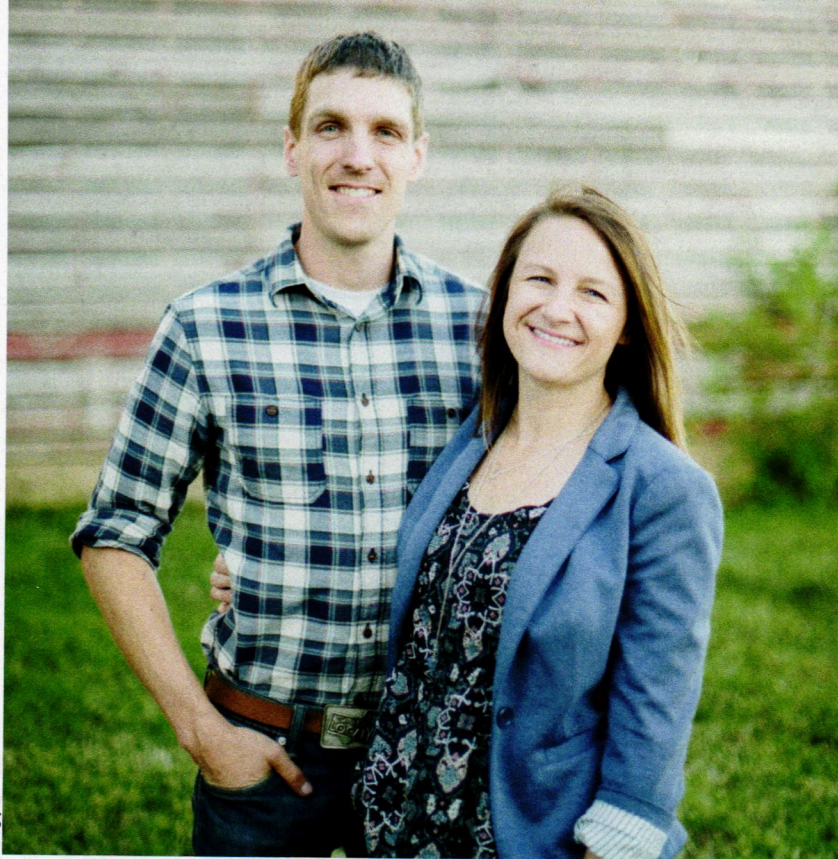
McClelland, a veteran restaurateur, says families don't make hot beef sandwiches at home because, “you'd be cooking all day and who has time for that?” He cooks his for 14 hours.

However, many rural South Dakotans still judge their local diners on whether the hot beef sandwich has the right gravy, tender beef and actual potatoes. Certain establishments — like Hutch's in Presho and Stockman's Cafe in Watertown — stake their reputations on hot beefs and serve them as a daily special. Sissy's Cafe in Gregory and Madison's Second Street Diner are known for hot hamburger sandwiches, a subtle variation to be sure.

Hot beefs are the top seller at McClelland's kitchen, and at all South Dakota livestock auctions that still have a cafe. Readers of *South Dakota Magazine* who responded to an online survey recommended the auction barns at Fort Pierre, Lemmon and Platte.

Wall Drug offers old-fashioned hot beefs amid amazing western art.





Nate and Kristen Hicks moved from Denver to Nate's hometown of Utica in Yankton County, where they raise cattle on the Hicks family ranch and operate a farm-to-table business called The Neighborherds.

THE NEIGHBORHERDS

South Dakota farmers raise some of the best beef in the world, but when you go to the store you don't know if your steak is coming from New Effington or New Zealand. A lot of people are interested in getting back to knowing where their food is raised and how it's raised. That's why we started The Neighborherds. Our farming partners have a passion for cattle and for growing food that their own families will eat. We buy the steers from them and tell their stories. We process at Hudson Meats in Hudson and offer smaller bundles to consumers.

—Kristen Hicks

Recipe:

TAVERNS
from Myrtle Anderson, Lake Preston

It would be an exaggeration to say that there are as many variations on taverns/sloppy joes/loose meat sandwiches as there are stars in the sky — but not much of one. This recipe came from a loyal listener of "Your Neighbor Lady," WNAX mainstay Wynn Speece, and was published in Speece's 1947 cookbook.

1 pound hamburger
1/2 cup catsup
1/2 cup water
Pinch salt
Small amount of pepper
1 small onion
1 teaspoon chili powder

1 teaspoon mustard

Dice onion into water. Add the catsup, salt, pepper, chili powder and bring to a boil. Then add hamburger and boil five minutes. Add mustard last and stir in well. Serve while hot for a good tangy flavor.

in response to large-scale, corporate livestock feeding operations. The U.S. Supreme Court rules that Centerville Township in Turner County lacks the authority to enact township zoning.

2002 A new beef show building opens on the State Fair grounds after the old barn collapsed in a 2001 snowstorm.

2002 Over 300 people lose jobs when Federal Beef, a meatpacking company with a history dating to 1910, burns in Rapid City.



2013 More than 40,000 head of cattle die in an early October storm in West River dubbed The Cattleman's Blizzard.

2015 DemKota Ranch Beef, a state-of-the-art cattle processing plant, opens in Aberdeen despite a controversial construction phase marred by an investment scandal known as EB-5.

2015 The beef industry has a \$4,484,301,624 impact on the state's economy, according to an SDSU study.

2018 Custom Genetics Solutions opens in Mitchell; the new business collects semen from top breeding bulls in South Dakota and across the USA.



COWBOYING: NOT A LOST ART

The cowboy way was dying out but some of us in my generation are bringing it back. I do a lot of day laboring for ranchers — anybody who needs something roped or gathered. I've got a few buddies who are also getting into it. Some learned from their dads like me, and some haven't been on horses so much so I've been teaching them to ride and rope. I've had a lot of good cowboys teach me and I'm still learning, too. We also own pick-up horses (for rodeo) and I break colts and work with some green-broke horses that just haven't done much ranching.

—TJ Heinert (age 24)
Mission cowboy



I'm a horseshoer. I learned to shoe horses on a ranch in Texas from an old guy who taught me how and helped me. Now I travel on a circuit anywhere from Wall to Belle Fourche and as far south as Custer. Horses are still a big part of the cow world. You can get more places on a horse, and it's way easier to rope from a horse. Just about every ranch has horses or they have someone they can call to help them rope and gather.

— Jason Thorstenson
Black Hills farrier

Recipe:

SHEET PAN SKILLET FAJITAS from Fran Hill

When she's not testing or sampling recipes, food blogger Fran Hill works as a substitute teacher in the Colome School District. This recipe was inspired when one of her students turned in a spelling test with the word "calfeteria" — a natural mistake in cattle country.

2-3 tablespoons olive oil
1 teaspoon cumin
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon chipotle chile powder
1/2 teaspoon black pepper
12 ounces flank steak, sliced thin
2 medium peppers, any color, sliced
1 1/2 cups sliced onions
corn kernels cut from one ear (or about 1/2-3/4 cup frozen sweet corn)
1/4 cup cilantro leaves
1 lime, cut into wedges
1/2 cup sour cream
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lime juice
1/4 teaspoon ground red pepper
8 tortillas, corn or flour

Preheat the broiler with oven rack in the top position. Place a rimmed baking sheet in the oven to warm as the oven preheats.

Whisk together oil, cumin, salt, chile powder and black pepper in a bowl. Toss the sliced steak with half of the oil mixture. Toss peppers, onions and corn with the other half.

Remove the hot pan from the oven and arrange the pepper and onion mixture in a single layer on it. Broil 10 minutes, or until almost tender. Pull pan from the oven and push pepper/onion mixture to the sides. Arrange steak in a single layer in the center of the pan. Broil 3 minutes, or until steak reaches desired doneness. Sprinkle cilantro and lime wedges over the pan.

Combine 1/4 teaspoon salt, sour cream, lime juice and ground red pepper. Heat tortillas according to package directions. Serve both with steak mixture. (Serves 4)

Cow axioms are part of the legislature's lexicon. State Senator Paul Valandra of Mission once consoled his colleagues after a disappointing vote with this reminder: "You can't go any faster than the last cow." His rural colleagues nodded with understanding: you've got to gather all the stragglers before you can succeed.



All the good ideas
I ever had came
to me while I was
milking a cow.

— Grant Wood
(The late Iowa artist)



*Cattle south of Hartford practice the
age-old "follow the leader" style of
walking. Photo by Greg Latsa*

Remnants of the Diamond A Days Preserved

Cattle ranches in South Dakota today are miniscule compared to the huge operations that dominated West River a century ago. Cap Mossman's Diamond A may have been the biggest, with 40,000 cattle and 1.4 million acres of grass.

A railhead was built 17 miles east of Eagle Butte. Trains stopped adjacent to big wood corrals, as cow-

boys loaded livestock into the cars.

The Diamond A's heyday was 1907 to 1913. Eventually, parts of the big enterprise were sold and the cowhands became ranch owners. Several South Dakota ranch families trace their heritage to the Diamond A crew, including the Johnny Holloway family which now owns the land where the corrals stand.

The Holloways still use the cor-

rals when they gather cattle in the spring and fall. Recently, they've begun an earnest effort to restore them. "There is still a lot of the original wood," Holloway says. "I'm hoping to find an old railroad stock car to park there just for sentimental reasons."

He also hopes to erect an historical marker to preserve the memory of the Diamond A days.

Original timbers and posts of the Mossman corrals are still strong enough to hold the Holloway family's cattle. Bernie Hunhoff photos

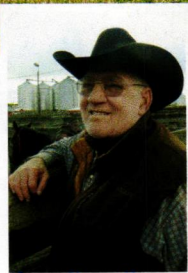




Riggin Mortenson is helping his grandfather Johnny Holloway restore the historic corrals. Two of Mortenson's great-grandfathers worked for the Diamond A.



Cowan family gatherings and brandings often involve wagon rides with grandkids.



We grew up around cows and horses. My grandpa, Boots Gregg, lived in what they called The Pocket in the 1930s. When it got dry here, he trailed his cattle from Big Bend to Hawarden, Iowa, one year to winter along the Big Sioux River. It took him 30 days to take them there in the fall, and 60 days to come back in the spring. I asked him why it took so much longer to come back and he said, “Free grazing.”

— Willie Cowan

Retired bronc rider, rodeo booster and ranch patriarch

Beefing up our Social Calendar

South Dakotans could party without beef but they don't. From sports to weddings, beef is often part of the celebration. Sometimes it's the reason for the gathering.

South Dakota State has hosted a Beef Bowl since the 1960s to promote the cattle industry and fund scholarships. The day includes a barbecue, followed by a Jackrabbit football game. A Friend of the Beef Industry award is bestowed at halftime and steers are auctioned.

“It's one of the highlights of the year,” says SDSU President Barry Dunn, who managed his family's ranch south of Mission for 17 years before beginning his academic career. “I get to walk through the park-

ing lots and see old friends and former students who are now successful cattlemen,” he says. “It's hard to describe, really. The Beef Bowl is something that you just don't miss.”

That's how ranch families also feel about the Black Hills Stock Show, a festive-yet-serious winter reunion of men and women whose livelihoods depend on cattle. The best of the top beef breeds are exhibited, judged and sold, and Supreme Champion bulls and heifers are paraded under bright lights.

A Beef & Eggs 5K Run/Walk is held every July in Brookings, and the South Dakota Beef Council hosts the Prime Time Gala in June with a concert, auction and beef banquet.



SDSU College of Agriculture, Food and Environmental Sciences

SDSU fans enjoy a barbecue prior to the annual Beef Bowl football game.

Beef is celebrated weekly in Colome, a Tripp County town of 300 that hosts Steak Night every Thursday in the American Legion Hall. Volunteers bring homemade salads and desserts and veterans grill the steaks. Everyone's welcome.



Is there any intrinsic reason why the man who takes care of cattle should be a romantic, half-mythical figure, while the man who takes care of sheep is either a joke or anathema? There is no denying the fact that every kid in the range country looks forward to the day when he can get hold of a pair of hair pants, a ten-gallon hat, a Miles City saddle and a pair of big spurs, and then cultivate a bow-legged walk and hire out to a cattleman.

— Archer Gilfillan

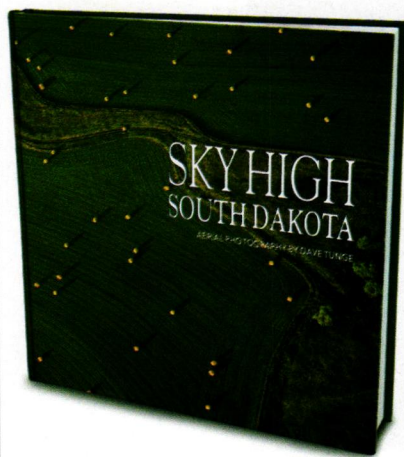
20th century South Dakota sheepherder and author

'Don't sit down in the meadow and wait for the cow to back up to be milked. Get up and go after the cow.'

— Kadoka Press
January 1, 1909



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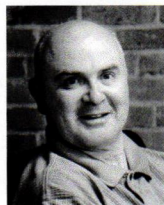
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SERIOUSLY, FOLKS

By Roger Holtzmann

MEMORIES Á LA KING

EVERY TWO MONTHS the mail carrier deposits a nice clean copy of *South Dakota Magazine* in your mailbox. Its pristine appearance belies the blood, sweat and tears that went into its creation. Not so much my blood, sweat and tears, mind you, but a lot of other people work hard to make the magic happen.

You may think “tears” is overstating matters a tad. It’s not. Every issue involves numerous knockdown, drag-out editorial meetings. Coffee cups and comments that impugn the ancestry of co-workers are hurled about as people hash out creative differences; some sensitive soul invariably exits the room crying.

We were in the midst of one such brouhaha regarding an upcoming food article when the discussion got side-tracked onto the horrible dishes our otherwise merciful mothers made us eat while growing up. Everyone had such a tale.

My most ghastly food memory is of the night Mom made rutabagas. Root-a-baga. Even the name sounds vile. I gagged after the first bite and could not bring myself to eat another morsel. Mom hated to see us waste food so I had to stay at the table after everyone else left. There I sat, eye to eye with the foul mass on my plate, until Mom finally relented and cut me loose.

Rutabagas are a hybrid of cabbages and turnips. Each is dreadful, but more to the point, this means someone had to crossbreed the original rutabaga. Shouldn’t they have realized their mistake after the first nasty bite and spared humanity yet another sorrow?

When I was done ruminating on the history of rutabagas I got to wondering why I didn’t have more memories of what James Lileks called “regrettable foods.” Everyone else did. Were there things in my culinary past so horrible I had blocked them out completely?

Yes, as I discovered after I questioned my siblings about their memories. My sister Susan recollected with horror the night that creamed beets was on the menu. Margaret had nightmares about peas suspended in orange Jell-O, which she suspects were added in a ploy to boost our intake of vegetables. After 50 years my brother Larry could still smell boiling cabbage; he claims he could detect the fetid scent from a block away and avoided the house altogether on those nights. Once they reminded me I remembered all of these, none more acutely than the gastronomical outrage that was chicken á la king.

As readers who treasure my every word may recall, I grew up at St. Michael, North Dakota, on the Spirit Lake Reservation. From time to time the mission school, Little Flower Elementary, would receive donations in kind; that is, donations of goods rather than money.

A tractor-trailer showed up one day and disgorged thousands of rubber boots, as an example. They came in two sizes, XXX Large and Gigantic, and were of a singularly impractical design: knee-high with a floppy top that funneled snow and rain down to your foot. Everyone on the rez had at least one pair that winter, but by the next year they were seen no more; in addition to their design flaws, the boots were made of flimsy rubber that shredded if you

walked on anything more abrasive than goose grease.

On another occasion the mission was suddenly awash in White Rain beauty products. Whoever donated the stuff would doubtless have been distressed to learn that my brother Bob and I discovered the cans of hair spray were imprinted with a warning: DO NOT DISCHARGE NEAR OPEN FLAMES. We thereupon passed many happy hours doing precisely that, going through can after can, torching bugs and whatever else came to hand with great, billowing fireballs.

Anyway ... chicken á la king. Pallets of the stuff appeared at the mission unannounced, offloaded in the dark of night for reasons that soon became apparent.

When some long forgotten four-star chef created the original chicken á la king he probably used just-picked vegetables, fresh cream, generous portions of chicken and a dash of sherry to round out the flavor profile. By the time cans of it arrived at St. Michael the recipe had been altered to 98 percent white sauce, dehydrated-then-boiled-to-death vegetables, unidentifiable red stringy things and chunks of chicken that could only be seen under a microscope. Its flavor profile brought to mind a chemical fire.

Chicken á la king was a lunchtime staple at Little Flower for days on end. Eventually the kitchen staff, in an act of compassion or to forestall a riot, decided the students had suffered enough. Which is how Mom, as my brother put it, was able to procure chicken á la king on the black market. Mom, to her credit, didn't make the stuff. She just served it, a lesser offense that can be almost wholly attributed to the need to stretch a food budget to feed nine children.

At least it wasn't rutabagas. 🐔

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



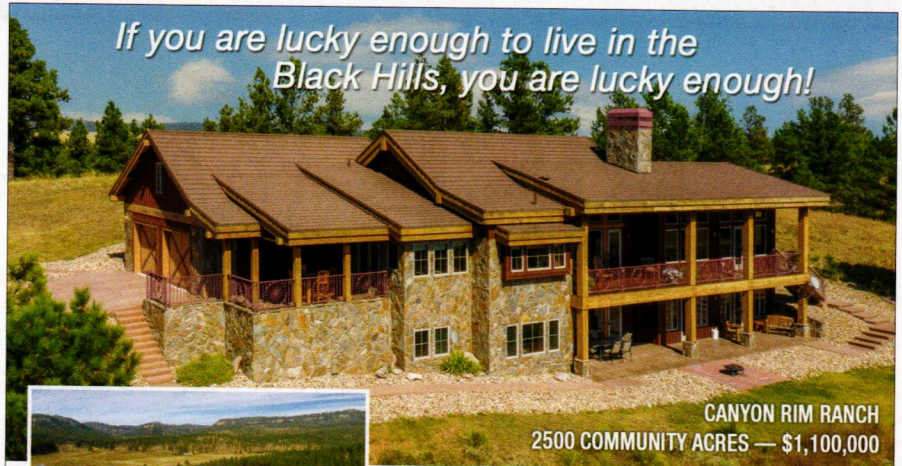
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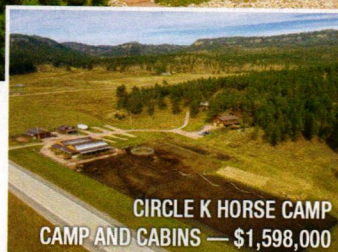
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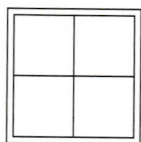
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INSIDE AND OUT

Designing South Dakota



SDSU

THE LAMELLA ARCH

*Where cedar, math and romance
blend in Brookings*

Design affects peoples' lives, often in ways a builder couldn't have imagined. The Lamella Arch in Brookings is a classic case.

Architecture students at South Dakota State University designed and built the arch with guidance from SDSU instructor Robert Arlt, who says the goal was to explore "how we can leverage very simple details and designs, and how we might join wood into complex geometry."

Using 202 individual "lamella" cut from 8-foot lengths of 1-by-6-inch cedar, the class developed an arched structure with a latticed look. It was eventually called the Lamella Arch, taking its name from the web-like veins in the



INSIDE & OUT

underside of a mushroom. Arlt says the design is also inspired by the work of the late German architect Freidrick Zollinger, who invented the structural system after World War I.

"We didn't have a site in mind when we built it," says Arlt. "At first we planted it by the music building on campus and we got a big response, especially from math professors who said, 'There's a lot of math in that.'"

Eventually, Arlt contacted McCrory Gardens, a 25-acre botanical garden on the east side of Brookings. "They carted me around on a golf cart, and we soon found the perfect permanent location; it now sits along a secret path, connecting two gardens under a natural arching tree."

Already, the Lamella has become an inspirational place where people gather for special occasions, including engagement and wedding photos, proof that there's more to the arch than cedar and math.



Amanda Jamison

"There's a lot of math" in McCrory Gardens' Lamella Arch.

Edgemont:
A covered bridge
on the arid prairie.

The Third's the Charm



Photo by Gary Conradi

Edgemont built its first covered bridge in the early 1900s but it fell to decay by the 1930s. Another was built in the 1960s; it met a similar fate. Now the community has rallied to do another. "Those earlier bridges had wood abutments," says Darrell Du Toit, a retired grocer and community leader. "This time we built concrete abutments that stand above the water, so it should be there for a

hundred years or more." The 120-foot-long bridge crosses a pond in Teddy Roosevelt Park, where the 26th president once delivered a speech. The park serves as the southernmost trailhead to the Black Hills' famous Mickelson Trail. Moses Borntreger, an Amish craftsman from Montana, was the lead builder. It is South Dakota's only covered bridge.

Building Character

Chalkboards that once helped students learn spelling words or solve math equations at Whittier Elementary School in Mitchell are now the perfect canvas for a shopping list. The boards, relics of the past, were just one feature that architect Brad Ciavarella incorporated into his redesign of the 84-year-old former school, which now houses his office plus 19 high-end apartments.

Ciavarella, his wife Karol, and partners Ross and Amber Determan purchased the 32,000-square-foot building in 2012. They converted the classrooms into lofts measuring between 750 and 1,000 square feet. The team also refurbished the gymnasium space by refinishing

the high school's old wooden gym floor and installing it inside Whittier. Yoga classes are held inside for tenants and the public.

Whittier is another in a long line of former school buildings in South Dakota that have been repurposed within the last decade. Ciavarella, owner and principal architect at Ciavarella Design in Mitchell, says they are often good candidates for rehabilitation. "Most of them are brick, which has a very long life. The size of the classrooms translates very well to apartments. But I think the biggest thing is they have a lot of character," he says. "They are built extremely well and really haven't lived their full lives yet. They could last for hundreds of years."

— John Andrews



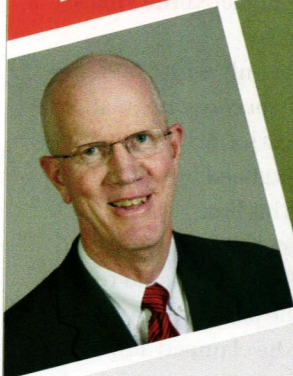
Ciavarella Design



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2018

Valentine's House



Contractors volunteer to restore Rapid City's most historic house

By Bernie Hunhoff

Valentine McGillicuddy would appreciate how Rapid Citians have come together to restore his old house at the corner of South Street and Mount Rushmore Road because he was all about building community.

McGillicuddy ranks among South Dakota's greatest pioneers, though he's barely remembered by anyone but avid historians. Perhaps it's because he was a healer and a peacemaker rather than a gunfighter, soldier or politician.

Born in Wisconsin, he earned a medical degree by age 20 and came to the Black Hills as a surveyor with the 1875 Jenney expedition, which was sent to evaluate the gold deposits. He was the first white man to climb Black Elk Peak (formerly known as Harney Peak), fashioning a ladder from a pine tree for his final ascent.

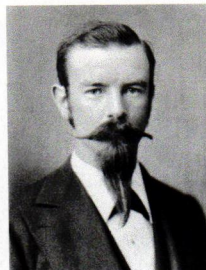
McGillicuddy was with Gen. George Crook in 1876 when his cavalries fought the Battle of the Rosebud in Montana. After Custer's defeat at the Little Big Horn, Crook pursued the Lakota northward on what became known as

the Horsemeat March because his 1,000 troops had to butcher their horses for food. When they finally attacked a Lakota village at Slim Buttes, McGillicuddy tended to the wounded while the soldiers demolished the village and feasted on the Lakota food stocks.

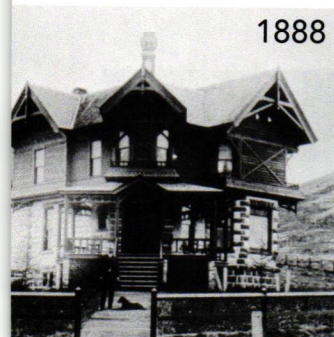
McGillicuddy may have been the only white man to ever befriend Crazy Horse, probably because he treated the Lakota warrior's wife Black Shawl, who suffered tuberculosis. When Crazy Horse was stabbed by a bayonet in 1877, McGillicuddy tried to save his life.

He went to Washington two years later to report the poor treatment of the Lakota on Dakota reservations and was offered the job of Indian Agent on the Pine Ridge, where he clamped down on whiskey sales and horse stealing, organized modern schools, closed military jails, established a police force and delivered promised rations. He left his sick wife's bedside in 1890 to treat survivors of the Wounded Knee Massacre.

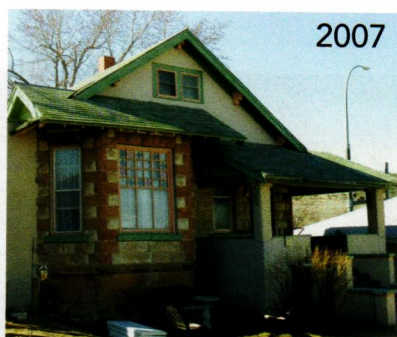
He eventually became a bank president, mayor of Rapid City and dean of the South Da-



Valentine McGillicuddy



1888



2007

Though shot from different angles, these photos show how the house has been changed through the years.

kota School of Mines. He even pioneered efforts to start a hydroelectric plant.

Using local lumber and sandstone from Hot Springs quarries, he built the grand house on South Street in 1887. However, he left the house after his first wife, Fanny, died in 1897. "He was so heartbroken that he couldn't live there," says Fred Thurston, a longtime Rapid City architect with considerable preservation experience.

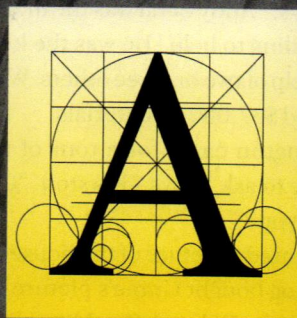
He moved to California and later remarried. He enlisted in the army in 1918 when World War I began, and at age 67 he was assigned to treat influenza victims in Alaska. He died at age 90 in 1939. His ashes were buried atop Black Elk Peak. By then, his grand house had already fallen into disrepair. Water deteriorated the sandstone, ceilings were lowered and the original porch rotted. Worst of all, the second story was removed, perhaps because of fire damage; that changed the exterior from a stately mansion to an odd-looking bungalow.

Dan and Ruth Stanton bought the house for \$90,000 in 2001 and began repairs but they didn't have the wherewithal to do a full restoration. In 2011, the nonprofit Historic Rapid City bought the house and board members Dave Stafford, Gavin Williams and Thurston took charge in getting plans drawn so construction could begin.

Seven years later, the second story is back and the McGillicuddy house once again looks from the street like a fitting memorial to its original occupant. Inside, there is much to do. "It's taking a lot of detective work," says Thurston. Board members Melody Jacobsen and Trisha Melahn uncovered an original wall panel and lots of molding. There was also evidence of original walls, stairways, windows and doors. An underground garage space, complete with garage door was discovered underneath an addition. It will eventually become a handicap-accessible entrance with a restroom and an elevator.

Thurston hopes the project can be finished within the next two years. Historic Rapid City intends to find a way to open it to the public so everyone can enjoy both the architecture and history. "We couldn't do it without the

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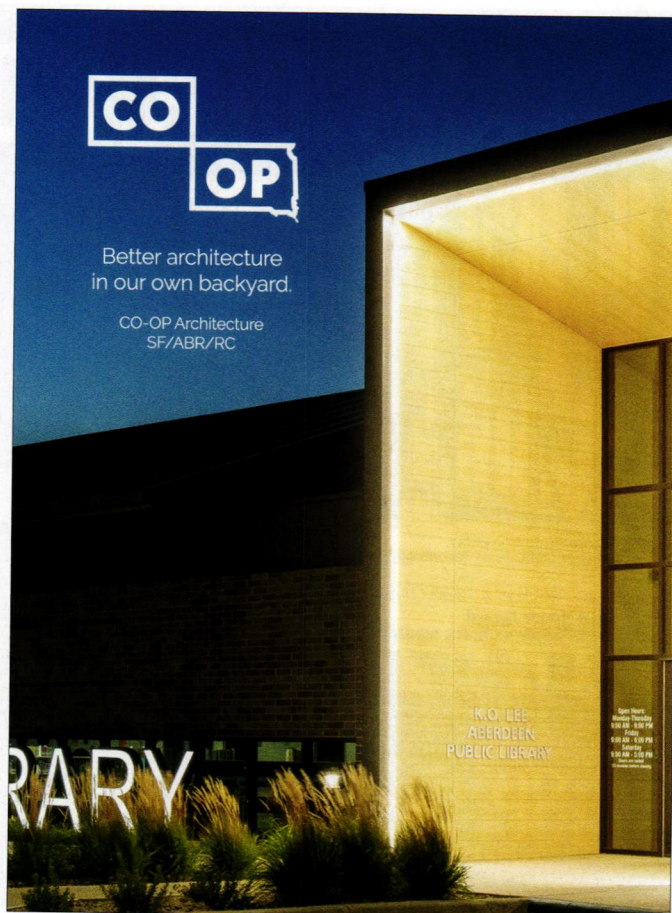
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community supporting us, especially the contractors and builders,” he says. “Andy Scull was the first contractor who said, ‘Yes I’m willing to help.’ He was the kingpin that got it done with the help of two or three others. Warren Window & Supply furnished \$37,000 of materials.

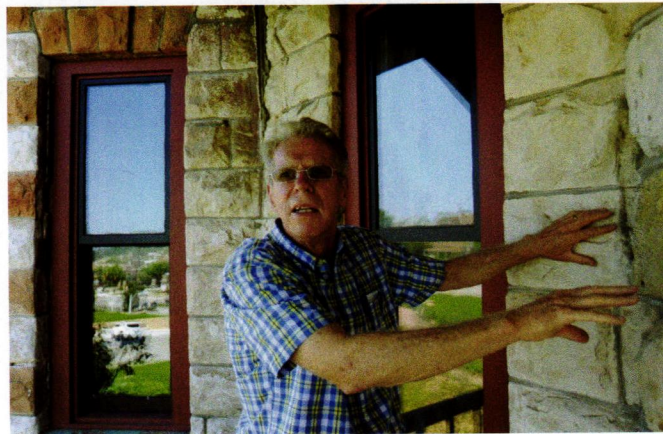
“Craig Waddington came for a tour of the house and I didn’t even have to ask,” says Thurston. “Craig said, ‘What can I do to help you?’”

Jon Crane painted a picture of the house for a benefit auction. Ed Seljeskog bought Crane’s picture for \$16,000 and hung it in his popular Dakota Steakhouse on Elk Vale Road. Every February, Historic Rapid City holds a fundraiser and dance on Valentine’s Day (McGillycuddy’s birthday).

“I would rather fix something up than tear it down and haul it to the landfill,” says Thurston.

“Our historic sites and landmarks are more than just tangible reminders of our past: they are our heritage,” says Jean Kessloff, president of Historic Rapid City. “They represent chapters in our city’s history and have endured because the quality of construction, building materials and craftsmanship are unequalled today.”

Relatives of McGillycuddy have visited the house and supported the renovations. In fact, McGillycuddy’s grand-



The McGillycuddy house’s first floor was built of Black Hills sandstone blocks, according to architect Fred Thurston (above). The second floor, which was removed, was framed with wood.

daughter Adriana Gianturco Saltonstall serves on the board of Historic Rapid City.

“The community has come together to put this house back together,” says Thurston. “This whole project is about remembering McGillycuddy, honoring him and reminding the people of Rapid City who he was and what he did.”

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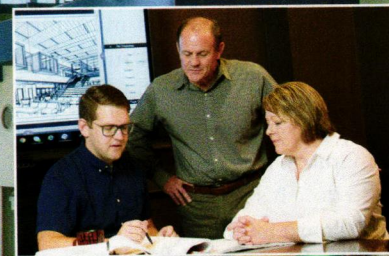
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Gary Kellner photos



MSH Architects



Sutton Bay: Like Nothing Else

People from around the world travel to South Dakota to golf at Sutton Bay, a resort tucked along the rugged Missouri River breaks near Agar that features an 18-hole links-style course designed by internationally acclaimed architect Graham Marsh. Guests can also hunt pheasants or fish for walleye on Lake Oahe, two experiences that are certifiably South Dakotan.

Investors wanted that rural feel to extend even into the resort's accommodations. MSH Architects in Sioux Falls accomplished that by designing the resort's main lodge to resemble a prairie grain elevator. Smaller adjacent cabins share the same rustic concept. "We wanted it to be South Dakota. We wanted to show rural," says Robin Miller, founder and CEO of MSH Architects. "The idea was that when they got there, they felt like we'd really done them a favor. We gave them that rural experience but yet it's a five-star resort inside with all the luxuries you'd expect anywhere else."

Exposed beams, wildlife mounts and stone fireplaces built with rocks gathered from the Sutton Ranch create a hunting lodge ambience. Miller says they also experimented with designs for sod-roofed lodges akin to the homes of South Dakota homesteaders. Still, the rugged landscape and remoteness convey the pioneering spirit. "If you come here from Chicago, and you spend beaucoup bucks to belong, and to get there, and enjoy a week golfing, hunting and fishing, you should get a feeling of what it's like to live out there," Miller says. "It's something they would never be able to experience anywhere else."

— John Andrews

MSH Architects



A prairie grain elevator design conveys rurality at Sutton Bay, a golf resort in Sully County. The theme continues inside with wildlife mounts and a native stone fireplace.



AIA

South Dakota

Design Award Winners for 2018



Bob Grandpre



HONOR AWARD 2



HONOR AWARD 1

MERIT AWARD 1

MERIT AWARD 2

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MERIT AWARD 3



HONOR AWARDS

- 1: South Dakota State Capitol Law Library renovation, designed by Koch Hazard Architects.
- 2: Lamella Arch, designed by South Dakota State University DoArch
- 3: DSU Beacom Institute of Technology, designed by TSP, Inc. + SMITHGROUP



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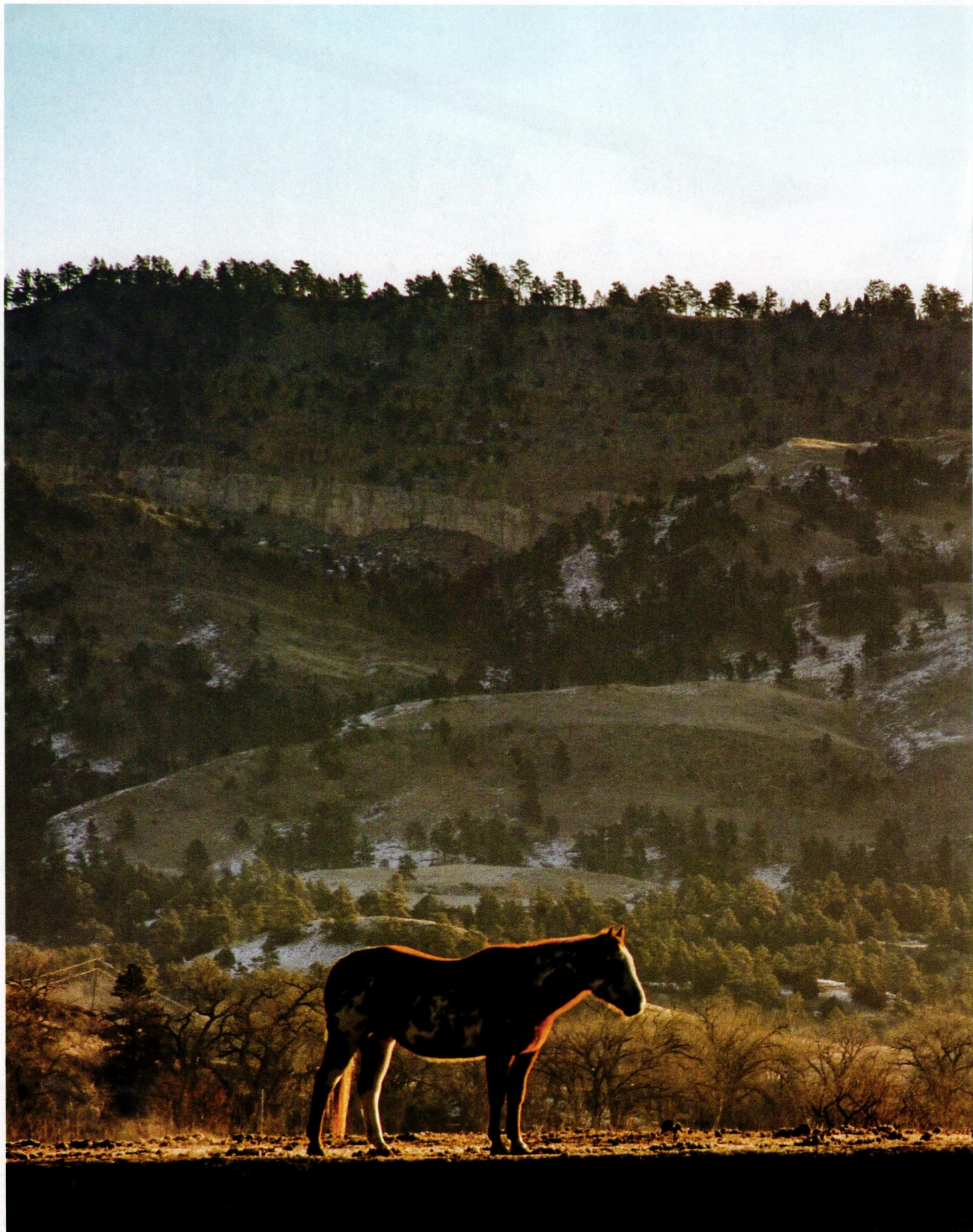
PEOPLE'S CHOICE AWARD

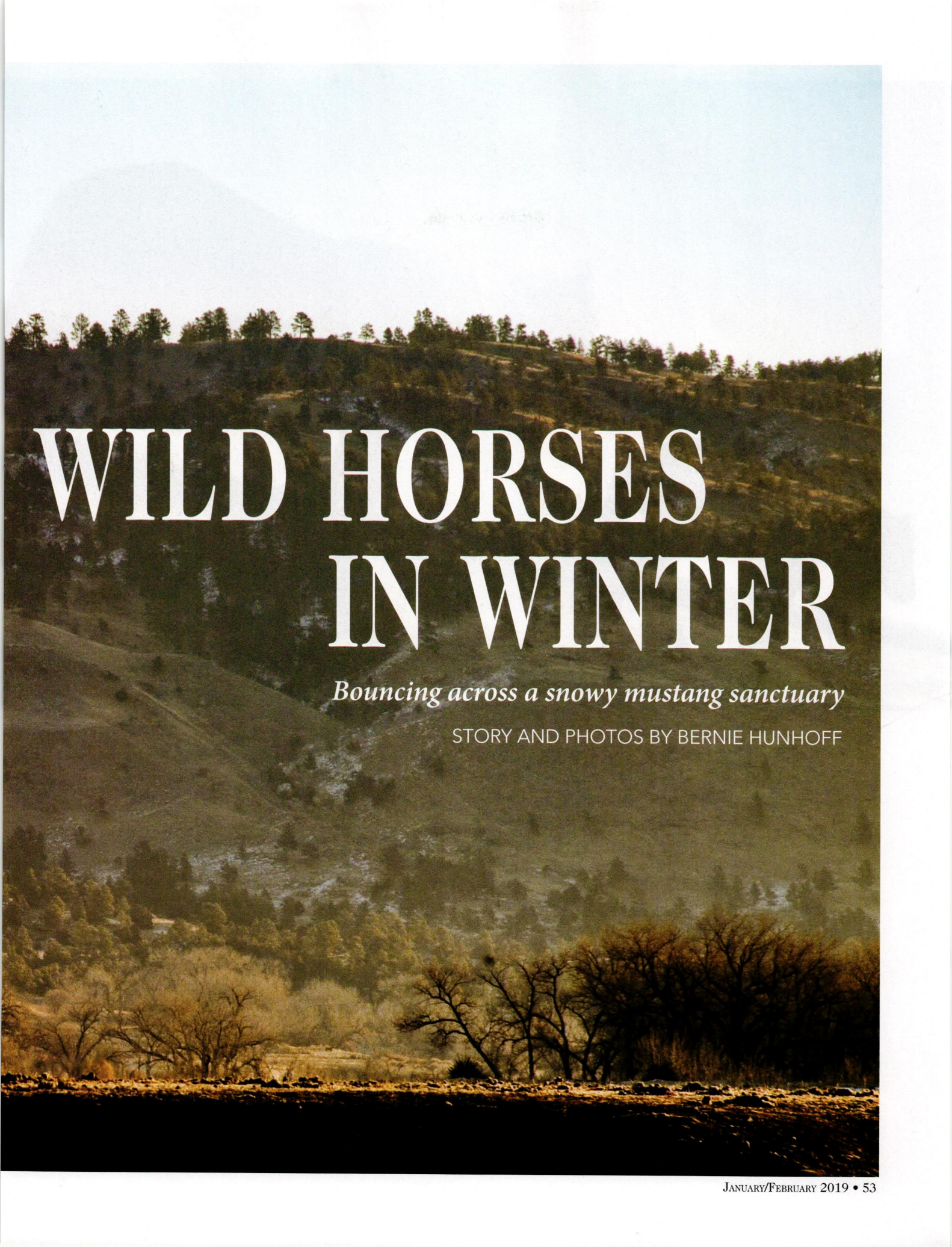
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MERIT AWARDS

- 1: Hyde Stadium renovation, designed by Ciavarella Design Architects
- 2: Augustana University Froiland Science Complex, designed by TSP, Inc. + SMITHGROUP
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WILD HORSES IN WINTER

Bouncing across a snowy mustang sanctuary

STORY AND PHOTOS BY BERNIE HUNHOFF



WE ARRIVED AT THE Wild Horse Sanctuary on a cold and sunny January afternoon. The mustangs, shaggy with winter hair, didn't even glance up as we drove down a good gravel road toward what looks like many other West River ranches.

Two old houses and several modest barns sat at the end of the road. Wild turkeys were roosting on the hitch of an old horse-drawn wagon and deer — several with massive antlers — grazed near some haystacks. A smattering of snow lay around the corrals; deeper drifts could be seen in the hills above.

An aura of peacefulness blankets many South Dakota farms and ranches, especially in winter when the pace slows for man and beast. Still, you'll find few places with more tranquility than this spacious, 14,000-acre sanctuary in Fall River County, a 10-minute drive south of Hot Springs on Highway 71.

Writer and naturalist Dayton Hyde founded the sanctuary in 1988, but its wild mustangs are the stars.

The mustangs of Fall River County are descendants of horses brought to America by Spanish explorers more than 500 years ago.

They are descendants from horses brought to Mexico and Central America 500 years ago by Spanish explorers. Despite their southern roots, they've acclimated well to the northern plains. "If you took them from California in the winter they might not be ready," says Hyde, "but if they come in the summer they'll grow hair in the fall. They also know instinctively to maintain a closeness to the other horses; they'll bunch up and warm each other. It's the way they battle the flies in the summer and the snow and cold of winter."

"The horses seem to like winter better than the heat of summer," adds Susan Watt, executive director of the sanctuary for the past 20 years. But too much confinement makes them uncomfortable. "If someone wants to keep them in a barn, they'll think, 'oh no, that's not what I like to do.'"

The horses do appreciate some human intervention. "We park the tour busses near the corrals so they break the north wind, and the horses don't seem to mind that," says Watt.

A full belly is the best defense against a South Dakota winter, and once again the humans of the sanctuary play a hand; they feed a half million dollars worth of hay every winter, along with a molasses supplement called "cake."

As the sun disappeared behind the Cheyenne River bluffs, we retired to one of two visitor cabins. After dark, it's eerily quiet. You might hear a coyote's howl, or the hoot of an owl. Walk outdoors, and you'll believe those astronomers who speculate that there may be 100 billion stars in our Milky Way Galaxy; their brightness illuminates the sky, the chalky river bluffs and the snow-covered grassland.

HORSES CORRALED NEAR the sanctuary headquarters were already feeling frisky as the sun showed itself in the morning. Perhaps they were anticipating the molasses cake; some were frolicking, nipping at one another's necks, establishing their pecking order. Their steaming breath floated in the 10-degree air.

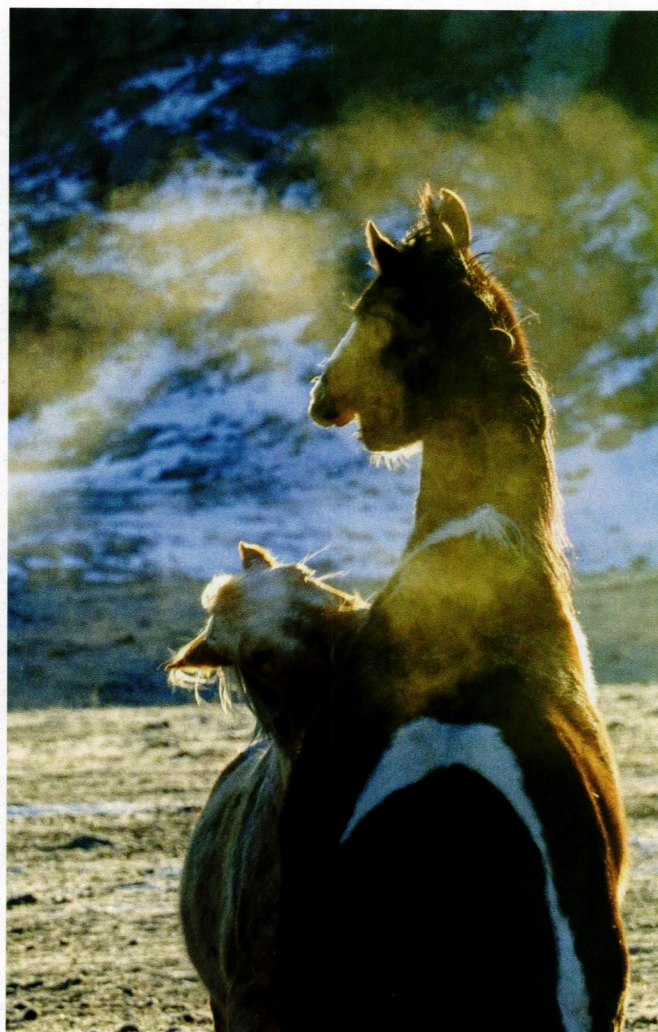
A sanctuary staffer offered to give us a pickup tour. We rattled across frozen ruts and rocks, heading for high ground. Elevation at the sanctuary headquarters is 3,500 feet; we reached an overlook that measures 4,500 feet.

There the snow was a foot high in spots, deeper yet in the ravines, and the ponderosa pine forest was a glistening winter wonderland. Mule deer with racks like Santa's reindeer grazed on winter grasses in the meadows. A coyote sauntered ahead of us.

As we neared several small herds of wild horses, we parked the pickup. Soon we were surrounded by a dozen or more of the most curious. The mustangs can be jealous and may even bite with their big teeth. Our guide says they've never nicked a visitor, though she was once lightly bitten on the thigh. The safest place to stand is along the shoulder or flank.

On summer outings, the guide carries a stick and a bucket in the truck box in case she spots a rattlesnake. That's not a worry in winter — neither flies or snakes are anywhere to be found. There are also far fewer people in winter; most of the sanctuary's visitors come in summer.

Though the mustangs attract first-time visitors, the land brings people back a second and third time. This is the convergence of the great northern prairie and the deciduous Black Hills ponderosa pine forest



Sanctuary staff have names for many of the wild mares — monikers like Painted Lady, Medicine Hattie and Magnificent Mary. The horses may nick and bite one another (top) to establish herd hierarchy.



so the views are unique to the world.

In just a few hours, a visitor might see pelicans fishing on the Cheyenne River, which twists through the very heart of the sanctuary. Cascade Creek, fed by the ever-warm spring waters that gave name to the nearby city of Hot Springs, steams on a winter's day. In summer, sunbathers and swimmers congregate at Cascade Falls, a historic swimming hole just north of the sanctuary along Highway 71. In winter, the little falls — bordered by foliage frosted from the mist — are an ethereal sight.

We drove past a Sun Dance lodge where Lakota men and women gather in the summers for vision quests, sun dances and other spiritual and cultural activities. In winter, cedar branches that shade the Native Americans in July are now brown and dry. Buffalo skulls, bleached as white as the snow, are lined on a slope. Hyde welcomed the sun dancers 20 years ago and

The mustangs wander steep cliffs that descend to the Cheyenne River valley, the highlands of Hell Canyon and other Black Hills geological wonders.

they have been coming back ever since.

The sanctuary also includes ancient Lakota hunting grounds where people came to collect medicinal plants and herbs along the river. Hell Canyon, Wildcat Canyon and a dozen other scenic and historic crevices spill out of the southern Black Hills onto the rough hill country.

The sanctuary staff know the names of the families who homesteaded there, and even the history of the roads that pass through the five-square-mile sanctuary. Yes, roads have histories here. They're not taken for granted. Ranchers depend on roads that cross each others' pastures for access to the main roads.

Fences also have histories, even gates; an automatic

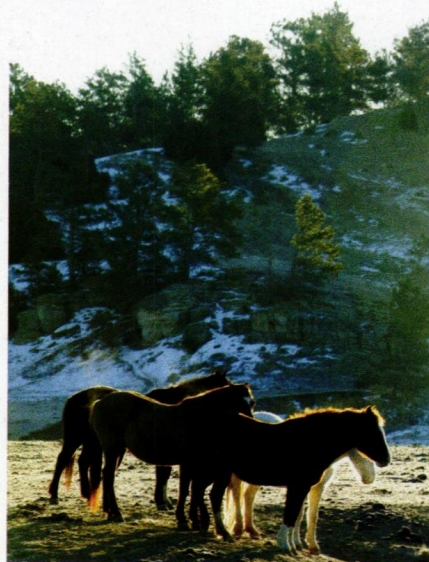


gate was installed to ease the 93-year-old Hyde's comings and goings. Unfortunately, the mustangs quickly figured it out. They learned that if enough of them stand and squeeze against it, that it will open. Basically, they know they have to simulate a vehicle.

From the high ground, visitors can see the layer of red rock that rings the entire Black Hills. Geologists call it the Red Racetrack.

Even in winter snow, guests can see the yucca, prickly pear cactus, buffalo grass and other vegetation on the windswept hilltops. As we returned to the ranch headquarters, we noticed a newer variety of plant — a tidy vineyard of Concord grapes, now dormant and leafless.

Quiet and solitude are year-round virtues of the sanctuary. Winter simply adds an extra hush for both the horses and the humans who come to visit them. 🐾



MY DREAD OF WINTER

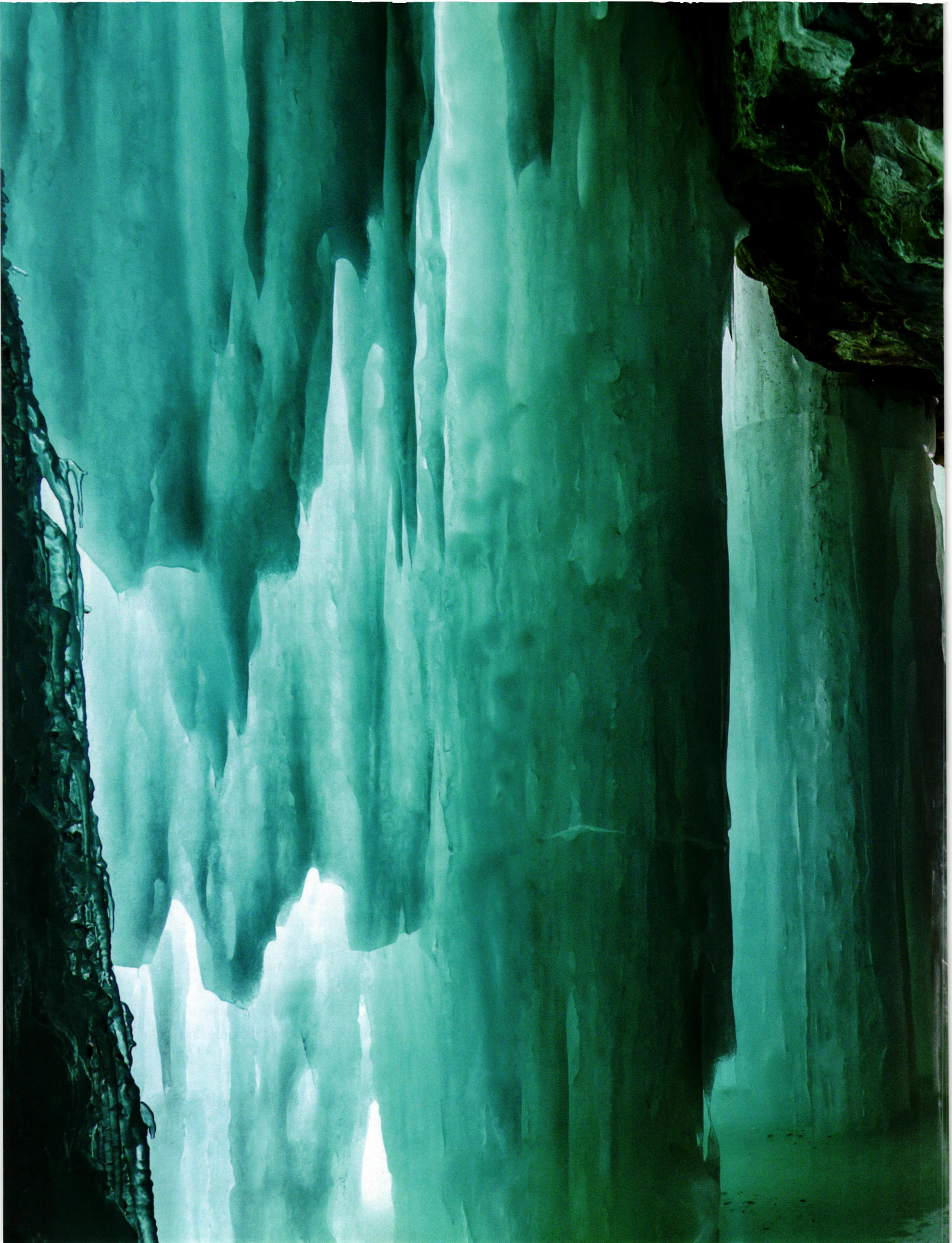
By Dayton Hyde

My dread of winter exists, not so much, I suppose, because of the sheer discomfort of facing the hurt of wind chill on my cheekbones, but because with winter comes responsibility for the wild horses that are my family. With every passing day the hay pile becomes smaller and spring seems farther away.

The wild horses on the Black Hills sanctuary appear to enjoy the snow, taking great gulps from the drifts even when open water is available. Their coats are thick, so well insulated, in fact, that snow clings to their bodies without melting. Chunks of ice rattle on their fetlocks as they walk, and their iced up tails can be tools of destruction.

Winter is a time to save energy, and the wild horses make no moves that are not necessary to their survival. There will be time enough to gallop and frolic when spring brings the greening of the ranges.

Excerpted from Dayton Hyde's book, All the Wild Horses.





THE BIG PICTURE

Icy Wonderland

A wintertime ascent to Bakers Cave in Spearfish Canyon is not for the faint of heart, as Dan Ray and Debbie Janik (pictured) discovered. Bakers Cave lies just south of Bridal Veil Falls along Highway 14. "It's about three times as treacherous as the hike to the nearby Community Caves," Ray says. "There is no trail, it's steeper and everything is covered in glare ice."

Ray recommends sporting a pair of heavy-duty ice climbing cleats and carrying an ice axe. Even then, you're likely to take a few spills. But the icy blue frozen wonderland waiting at the end is worth the effort.

Photo by Dan Ray

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WINTER READER

A good book or magazine is a godsend on a cold winter's night. In that spirit, we fattened this January/February issue with fiction — three short stories set in our state and written by South Dakota writers. Find a blanket and enjoy their tales.

A black and white photograph of a wooden trunk in a dark room. The trunk is positioned in the lower-left foreground, angled towards the right. It has a flat top with three visible metal latches or hinges. The room is dark, with light streaming in from two multi-paned windows in the background, creating strong highlights and deep shadows. The trunk's surface shows wood grain and some wear.

GRANDMA'S TRUNK

A SHORT STORY BY JOHN ANDREWS

WE LOVED HEARING my grandmother tell stories about growing up on the farm. Her adventures sounded to us like tales from another world. The lonely and rural family homestead of the 1920s felt so far removed from our music and video game lifestyle of the 1980s. I was intrigued even more because, at an early age, I developed a love for history — especially the history of my family, its origins in Norway and our emigration to South Dakota — that other kids thought strange. While my classmates played weekend football games and celebrated touchdowns by imitating the '85 Bears' Super Bowl Shuffle, I became well-versed in the European agricultural disasters of the mid-19th century that eventually pushed my ancestors across the Atlantic and over the boundless American prairie to a section of land in eastern Dakota Territory, halfway between Lake Kampeska and a burgeoning settlement called Medary.

Grandma was the eighth of 11 kids, her father the fourth of six, and every one of them except her Aunt Guro and Uncle John, who had made the harrowing two-week ocean journey with their parents, had been born and raised in the two-story white frame house that her grandfather, Johannes Finstad, built in 1876. She knew all the relatives that I dearly wished I had gotten a chance to meet. But I could only know them through Grandma's stories and photos.

I could spend hours looking at those brittle, black and white pictures. There were great-uncles John and Milton with the family's new Model T. My great-grandpa Alfred with one of the horses he was famous for breaking. One of my favorites showed my great-grandparents, Alfred and Julia, and several of their kids at a picnic table, all dressed in their Sunday best and enjoying a post-church meal. The picture must have been taken before 1914, because Grandma isn't in it.

Grandma kept all her photo albums — the really old ones with thick black paper pages and prints affixed to them by thin, white brackets, many of them just barely hanging on — in an old wooden trunk that sat next to her china cabinet in a corner of the dining room. That trunk was a veritable time capsule of family memorabilia. Inside were homestead documents, stacks of correspondence between her grandparents and the friends and relatives they left behind in Norway, a framed image of her grandparents (probably from their wedding day in 1868 in the old country) that was deceptively heavy, the family's first coffee grinder, an ancient box camera, some old blankets. I remember my dad trying to convince her that some of those things would

be much better off inside a fireproof safe or a safe deposit box at the bank, but she wouldn't hear of it. "Stubborn old Norsk," he'd mumble.

The trunk was roughly built, about 4 feet long, a couple of feet high and maybe 18 inches wide. Lengths of rope just big enough to accommodate a person's hand looped out from each short side and some sort of design, almost like a flower, was carved into the front, although it really wasn't very well done. It was like someone with rudimentary construction skills built the thing, and then tried but failed to hastily add some decorative flair.

Grandma treated the trunk as reverently as a library archivist would a rare book, which only heightened my perception that there was some sort of mystery surrounding it. She never allowed anyone else to move it. If there was cleaning to be done, or furniture to be moved, the kids and grandkids could take care of everything else in the room. But only Grandma handled the trunk, which was a considerable undertaking. It must have weighed more than 100 pounds plumb full, and Grandma, who stood a quarter-inch over 5 feet tall, barely weighed 100 pounds herself.

She was methodical, as if she spent her days rehearsing this sacred routine. First, she carefully folded the red, white and blue woven rug that was draped across the lid and set it aside. The rug was an example of her grandmother's handiwork; knitted doilies and pieces of hardanger created from Julia's hands could be found scattered around the living room and guest bedrooms upstairs. Then, she gingerly removed every item from the trunk, one by one, and set it aside until the trunk was empty. Then, she took a piece of cardboard — a scrap of the box that once contained her refrigerator — grabbed a length of rope on one side of the trunk, lifted it about an inch off the ground and kicked the cardboard slab underneath. She pulled the trunk onto the cardboard and then slid the whole thing through the narrow doorway into the kitchen. The routine was reversed when it came time to put the trunk back.

One day, my cousins Mike and Emily and I were spending Sunday afternoon at Grandma's house. She had made a pitcher of cherry Kool-Aid and a batch of sugar cookies that were impossible to resist, even though we had just eaten one of her famous Sunday dinners an hour earlier: fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, Stove Top stuffing, green bean casserole and a batch of meatballs thrown in for good measure.

We each grabbed a couple of cookies and a glass of juice, set them on the coffee table and plopped ourselves down on the living room floor as Grandma settled in to her recliner

in the corner. This was the part of the day I looked forward to the most. Even though I knew we might hear stories that she had told dozens of times before, I relished being taken to that far-off world and hearing about the people I longed to know.

"So what did you guys do for fun on the farm?" Mike asked.

"Well, we had to make our own fun," she replied. "We were five miles from Bentley, so we didn't get into town very often. So the farm was our playground. If it was hot out, we'd swim in the stock tank. In the winter, we'd ask Art to pull us on a sled." Art was the second oldest of Grandma's siblings, and the most likely to play with the brothers and sisters who were nearly young enough to have been his own children. But Art never married. As the eldest son, it had become his responsibility to run the farm after Grandma's father died. He spent most of his time worrying about the crops and the few pigs and chickens they kept on their quarter section. Grandma always thought he enjoyed the brief playtime respites, though the quiet Norwegian never said it.

"Didn't you guys used to have dances or something?" Emily asked.

Of course, I knew they did. Grandma had told me how everyone in the family seemed to have some sort of musical talent. Her father was one of the best fiddle players in the county. Esther, the oldest Finstad sibling, had wanted to play accordion ever since she was a little girl, so their father ordered one for her out of the Sears catalog. Her Grandma Marit taught her how to play it. When all the Finstads got together for one of their family jamborees, it was amazing they could all fit inside the farmhouse.

"Oh, my Uncle Milton loved to dance," Grandma said. "Pa would get out the fiddle and Esther would play her squeeze box and they'd have dances all night long. Of course, all of us younger kids were never allowed to stay downstairs. We had to go up to bed. But we'd all crowd around the floor register and listen to the music. We thought we were pretty sneaky, you know. Every now and then, we'd catch a glimpse of Milton and Aunt Martha doing a schottische across the kitchen floor. We all thought it looked like such fun and wished like crazy that we could be down there having a good time, just like the grown ups."

Grandma was still chuckling at the memory when I asked the question that changed the tone of the entire afternoon. "Will you tell us about Melvin?"

Grandma's laughter slowly dwindled into silence and she drew her lips into a thin, straight line. She gazed across the room but looked at nothing; she was momentarily lost in a flood of memory and emotion. She began to slowly and

slightly rock back and forth. I don't think Mike or Emily even noticed.

I'd heard Grandma's brothers and sisters mention Melvin before, but I knew hardly anything about him. I knew Grandma had been 5 years old when Melvin was born, and that he had died when he was still a baby. Every Memorial Day, when we brought Grandma out to the cemetery to decorate graves, I always paused at the simple, rectangular stone that read, "Melvin Finstad, 1919-1921," and wondered.

"I was so excited when Melvin was born," she said. "Lois was my baby sister, but now I finally had a baby brother. I had begged Ma and Pa to give me a baby brother, so I thought when he was born that he was born just for me.

"We used to have such fun with him. Lois had grown out of all her baby clothes, so we used to dress Melvin up in her old dresses and sunbonnets. He was like a real-life doll. All the boys used to tell me I had to stop putting girl clothes on him, but I said, 'He's a baby! He doesn't know the difference!'"

Mike and Emily smiled at the thought, but I just looked at Grandma, my heart racing, because I was about to take the conversation about Melvin further than it had ever gone before, and I had no idea where it would lead.

"Grandma, what happened to him?"

That same distant look washed over her face. Uneasy anticipation filled the room. It seemed an eternity before she answered. "We had gotten another blizzard," she finally said. "Fourteen inches over two days, and the wind just howled out of the north. Eight-foot drifts across the driveway. On the morning it finally cleared, we were getting bundled up to go outside and play in all that new snow when we heard Ma scream. It was a terrible scream, nothing like we'd ever heard before. She'd gone to get Melvin from his crib and he was cold as ice. Died sometime during the night. We never really found out how. Just went to bed and never woke up."

Something clicked in my mind. Grandma had told stories about the winter of 1920-21 before, about how it was probably the hardest they ever endured on the farm. One blizzard after another. No one could get off the farm and into town for nearly two months. They began to worry that they might not have enough food to hold them until spring. But they made it, as most resourceful farm families do, with a half dozen jars of carrots and beets still sitting on the shelves in the root cellar.

"But Grandma," I blurted out, "that was the really bad winter. If nobody could get in or out, what did you do?"

She looked at me and said, "Pa built a box." And I watched her eyes slowly leave mine and move toward the

old wooden trunk that sat next to her china cabinet in a corner of the dining room. There was a pang in my stomach, and somehow I knew what was coming. Before she said another word, the mysterious fog that surrounded Grandma's trunk slowly began to lift.

"Pa had built a brand new toolshed that summer," she continued. "There were still some leftover scraps of lumber, so he gathered what he could and hammered a box together. He was all done with it, but then he decided he should try to carve something nice into the side of it, something special. He was no artist, but he did the best he could. Ma lined it with blankets and wrapped Melvin in a sheet and laid him inside. Pa had Art help him carry it out to the toolshed. It was freezing outside, you know. They figured he'd be okay out there until the undertaker could get out.

"In the spring, long after Melvin had been buried, Ma had Pa tear down that toolshed. She said she was sorry about all the money he'd spent on that lumber, but she just couldn't stand to look at it. I don't know what she would've said if she'd known Pa had kept that box. We kept it hidden until after she died."

Just then we heard a horn honk. Dad had come to bring us all home. We politely thanked Grandma for the dinner

and the cookies and the Kool-Aid. Mike and Emily ran out to the car, and I had one foot out the door when Grandma said, "Lucas?"

"Yes, Grandma?" I replied, sticking my head around the partition between entryway and living room.

"You come back next Sunday and I'll tell you about how your great-grandmother got to eat dinner with the captain on the boat over from Norway."

"I'd like that," I said, and I bounded down the front porch steps to Dad's car.

I went back every Sunday I could until Grandma died in the fall of 2011. When it came time to clean out her house, there was only one thing I really wanted. Grandma's trunk now sits in a corner of my den, draped in a red, white and blue woven rug that looks as if it could disintegrate into a million tiny threads at any second. My wife and my three kids all know what it is, and the significance that it holds. And they know that the only person who can ever move it is me.

John Andrews grew up in Lake Norden and attended South Dakota State University in Brookings. He is the managing editor of South Dakota Magazine.

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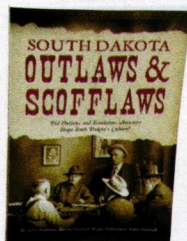
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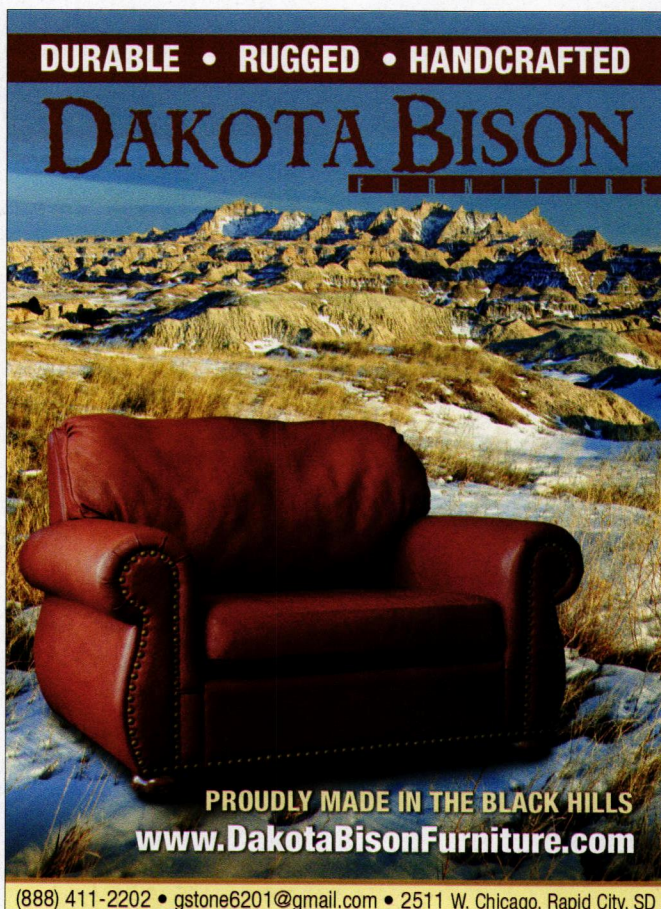
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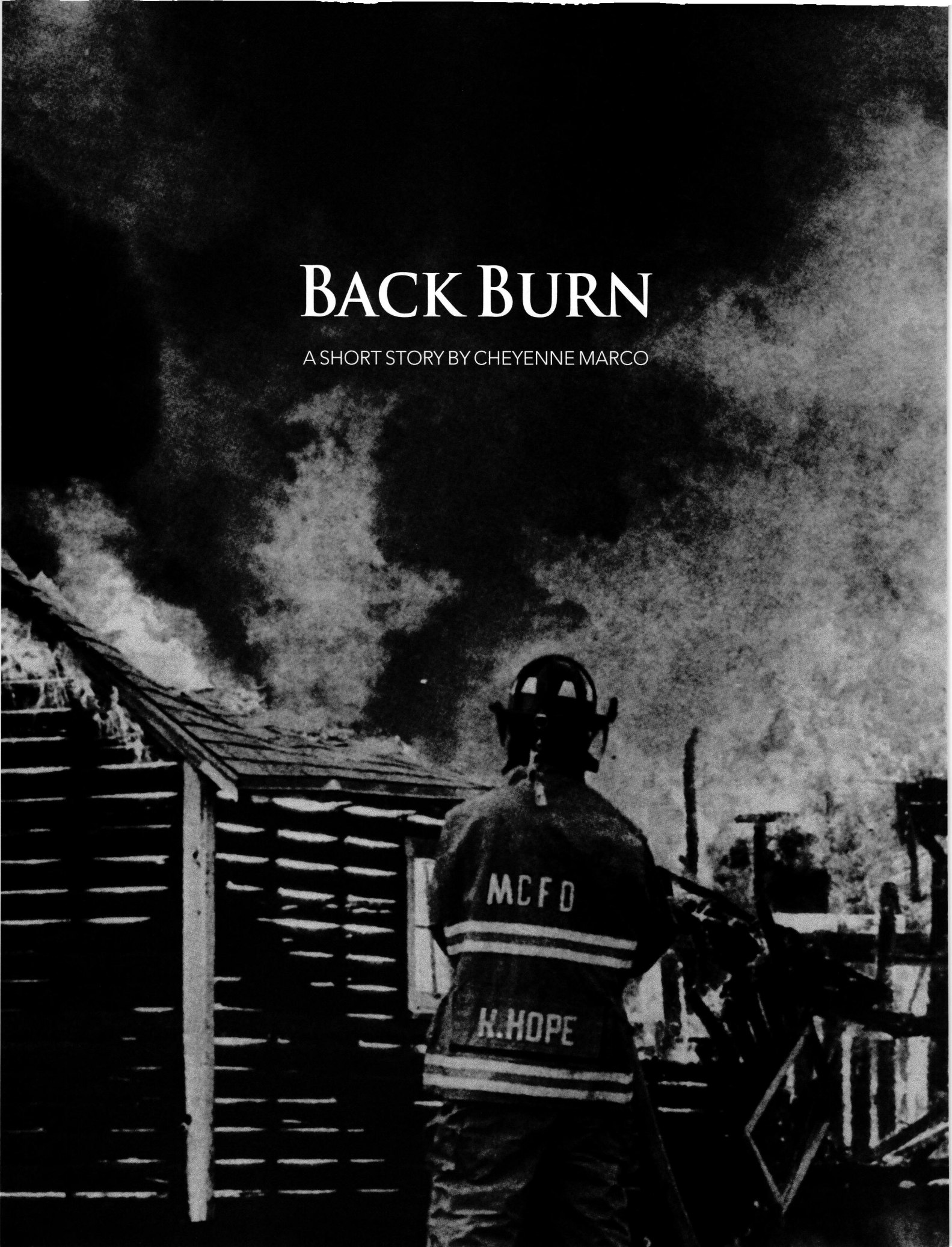
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BACK BURN

A SHORT STORY BY CHEYENNE MARCO



THEY PILED THEIR charred belongings on the curb. From a distance, it looked like a pile of ash, but up close, the black took shape. A once loved stuffed animal, a box fan, a chipped vase. Two-by-fours skewered mattresses. An old, cathode ray tube TV lay on its back. The shattered screen looked like an open mouth gaping skyward.

But there were a few things not buried beneath the soot. Joe and Melanie's wedding photos weren't under the bed. The DVD of Ben's birth wasn't in the entertainment center. Melanie's autographed Journey record wasn't hanging above the TV.

They'd tell the insurance company they lost everything. They'd tell the town it was an accident. They'd lie.

EVAN WOBBLED on his bar stool. His sweatshirt was stained with beer and dust. He tapped his fingers against his beer bottle.

"They're lucky they weren't in the house," Marvin said. His gray hair was matted down from wearing a baseball cap all day.

The waitress, Mary, laughed. "Luck had nothin' to do with it."

"I don't wanna think of Joe that way." Marvin gripped his beer tighter. "Like a quitter."

"He had other considerations." Evan directed the words into the table, into himself.

"Like what?" Marvin asked.

"Like a kid. That house in Sioux Falls," Mary retorted.

"He shouldn't have bought a house before he could sell this one," Marvin said.

"That house was on the market for sixteen months," Evan said.

"I'd have done the same thing," Mary said, wiping down a clean table.

"What in the hell is wrong with you?" Marvin asked.

"We didn't all get the retirement package," Mary said. "All Agri-Star gave me and Joe was a so-long-see-ya-sucker."

"You're doing fine." Marvin pointed his bottle at her like an accusation.

"I'm a thirty-two-year-old, *part-time* waitress. Yeah, this is the dream."

"You hear they're closing down the bank?" Evan asked.

Mary grimaced. "What's Anna gonna do?"

"She got transferred," Evan said.

"That mean you're moving out, too?"

Evan looked up at the TV. "I don't know. Maybe. If we can sell the house."

"You'll never sell that house," Mary whispered. "No one wants to live here. Not anymore." She went back to wiping down tables. Evan watched the waitress scrub imaginary scum off the table.

"Joe'll sell that land now," Marvin said. "He's on the edge of town. He can flip it to Dave. Next year, you mark my words, there'll be corn where that house used to be."

Mary mumbled, "It's not a bad plan."

Evan sighed. "We can't burn the whole damn town down."

"Something could move into the old Agri building," Marvin said. "I heard a winery was looking at it."

"Everybody in this whole damn town puts too much stock in that rumor," Mary said. "First it was a candy factory. Then an ethanol plant. Now a winery?"

Exhausted, Evan took one last swig from his beer and headed for the exit.

EVAN HAD LIVED in Minnow Creek his whole life. Most everybody in town could claim that, but Evan felt he had more of a claim. He was the only person actually born in town. Everybody else was born in the county hospital. His mom, a firm believer in not "over-reacting," thought she was in false labor until he crowned. His dad delivered him in the kitchen of their house on Elm Street.

Anna liked to joke that he hadn't made it far since his birth. Every major life event occurred within a five-mile radius of Elm. He went to kindergarten down the street. He crashed his first car on the gravel road in front of Sandy Meyer's house. Bethel Lutheran was where he and Anna got married and where they baptized their son. Just off Main was the Agri-Star plant where he got his first and only job. On the north end of town was the Minnow Creek Cemetery where his mom and dad were buried, where he figured he'd be buried too.

But the school closed a year ago. Sandy Meyer's house was broken and empty, haunted on the weekends by delinquents. Bethel Lutheran didn't even have a minister anymore.

The factory was shut down.

It left town four years ago, but the hole it left in his gut felt fresh every morning. For 15 years, he put together the pieces that became tractor motors. He'd hoped that something else would move in. Anything. He'd have glued heels on stilettos, turned chicken shit into bio-fuel, filled popcorn bags. But nothing came.

He wanted to find those outsourcing Agri-Star bastards and show them what they'd done. He wanted to take pictures of the empty school. He wanted to make them look at Mary's tired eyes. He wanted to show them Joe's house, tell them what Joe did. He wanted to show them the shitty janitor job he had at the local co-op, show them his pay stub. He wanted to cram it all down their throats until they were as bloated with the images as he was.

Evan sunk into his couch. He pressed his palms against his eyes. Behind his closed lids, he saw the black mound that used to be Joe's house. He heard Mary. *You'll never sell that house. No one wants to live here...* He heard Marvin. *Something could move in...*

DAYS LATER, Evan sat at the kitchen table, staring out the window. The sprinklers shot water over the grass. The droplets caught the morning sun, and it looked like it was raining diamonds. The trees bowed over the street, dropping leaves onto the pitted asphalt.

Anna sat across from him. He turned his attention to his wife. Her honey-blond hair was pulled back, accentuating creases around her eyes. He was amazed at how gracefully she aged.

before he remembered what he was looking for. He reached out and pulled a box of screws off the shelf.

Two more houses had caught fire. The first was Sam Turner's. Turner was the town fire chief. Under normal circumstances, the irony would've been enough to set the town laughing for weeks. Instead, half the town stood on Sam's yard, watching the flames. All that was left was the hole where the basement had been.

The second house was Jason Brin-

dles. Grease fires. Spontaneous combustion even seemed possible these days.

"Evan?"

Evan jumped, and the screws clattered to the floor. He bent down and scooped them up.

"Didn't mean to startle you," Melanie said. Evan looked her over. She looked thinner and had heavy bags under her eyes. Evan imagined that his eyes looked the same way.

"No, it's okay," Evan replied. "How you doing?"

"Fine," Melanie said. "Just needed some supplies."

"How are Joe and Ben?"

"They're okay. Ben's having a little trouble sleeping, but he loves his new room," Melanie said.

There was a beat of silence. Evan turned the box of screws over in his hand. "Why'd you do it?"

Her eyes darted down. "Do what?"

"Mel."

"We didn't do anything!" Her voice was defensive.

He held up his hands in surrender. "Sorry. I just ..."

She looked him over and pulled in a breath. "I'm pregnant."

"Congratulations."

"Thanks." She cast her eyes down, but it didn't hide the sadness.

"Maybe you'll get that girl," Evan said, trying to lighten the mood.

"I just hate the idea of not being in Minnow Creek."

"I know what you mean."

"It wasn't easy. We always thought we'd stay, and then we found out. And it was like the kick in the ass that we needed, but ... it's a lot to live with. A lot, a lot to live with. I just keep thinking: What happens if something goes into that building and we did this for nothing?"

"I wouldn't worry about that. That building will be empty forever."

"I heard they're putting a brewery in

The *Argus* did a piece on the rash of fires.
They found a kid who liked to play with
matches and gave him fifteen minutes of fame.

Every laugh line and wrinkle made her look more dignified. With her poise, she could've been a CEO or stockbroker in a big city. Sometimes he wondered if it was this town — the need to be a part of it — was what held her back.

"What are you thinking?" she asked.

"Nothing. Just this house ... Joe."

"Don't," she hissed. "You know, they're thinking about turning the old place into a cheese factory."

"Wine and cheese. Nice. Next it'll be bread."

"Maybe I won't transfer," she said.

"And you're gonna do what? Pump gas? Work at the bar?"

Anna leaned forward and placed her hands on his. Evan started to speak but instead turned toward the window. The noise became clearer. Fire truck sirens in the distance.

EVAN STOOD in Ace Hardware. He stared at the shelves for five minutes

kley's. The fire only destroyed the kitchen before Jason rushed in with a garden hose, spraying everything down. Evan went over to see why Jason chickened out, but he never got an answer. According to Mary, Jason hadn't left the house since. He'd curled into the fetal position and refused to leave the kitchen.

The *Argus* did a piece on the rash of fires. They found a kid who liked to play with matches and gave him fifteen minutes of fame. The cops didn't even bother to question him. The insurance companies could do little more than give the claimants withering stares. In each instance, the inspector ruled it an accident. Joe's house burnt down because of a malfunctioning space heater. There was bad wiring in Sam's house. Jason's fire was caused by a jammed toaster.

There were so many ways to start a fire. Lint in the dryer. Unattended can-

there.”

“And a winery and a cheese place. I think it’s all a very strategic story so we don’t all invest in matches and gasoline.”

“I’d never forgive myself if something went in there. I mean I want something to go in there. It’s the only way the town’ll survive, but ... I just keep worrying that we didn’t have enough patience.”

“Four years is patience enough, and you got a baby on the way.” Evan wasn’t sure who he was arguing with anymore.

“Yeah. I guess.” She made an attempt to settle herself. She shrugged, as absolutely unsure as he was. “I gotta ...” She turned to leave. “I’ll see you around.”

When she was gone, he walked to the end cap and looked up at the signs hanging from the ceiling. Plumbing, pet supply, electric. He veered toward the back of the store, headed for gardening. He passed the aisle with baby chicks and ducklings. The heat from the infrared heaters warmed his legs.

The gardening section was overflowing with Adirondack chairs, stakes topped with butterflies and bags of topsoil. Evan scanned the aisle. Lawn torches, grills and citronella candles. Finally, he found it — a bottle of lighter fluid and a utility lighter.

THE NIGHT wasn’t as dark as Evan imagined it would be. He couldn’t count on anything anymore. The moon was full and made everything look white. A breeze floated through, rustling the leaves and bringing with it the smell of an impending summer rain.

Maybe this wouldn’t work. Maybe God would open the heavens and make the world too wet to burn. Even God was against him now. He shook his head. Maybe he was thinking about it wrong. Maybe a lightning strike would hit the dry lawns, and the whole town would burn to the ground. There was no arson investigation of an act of God.

He turned onto Second Street. On the west side of the street, in Thompson Park, the swings hung like hanged men from a noose. He half expected them to start moving, but everything stayed still. The grass had grown so tall that somebody could’ve baled it. The park was eerily beautiful in the night. Behind it, he could make out most of the buildings on Main: the bar, the bank, the post office, the church, the gas station. Without seeing it, he knew that the co-op was behind the line of stores, and behind that were Dave’s endless fields. The town always seemed well organized to him. Houses were to the east side of town; businesses were to the west. The lake was to the north; the highway was to the south.

He kept walking until he reached it. The Agri-Star factory. The building took up half the space in town. It was a point of pride when it had been in operation. Now it was a vacant eyesore that no one could escape. A chain link fence encircled the parking lot, but the gates had been left open.

There was another rumor. This time it was a packing plant. Marvin swore he saw a Midwest Pork van in town. But it could’ve been driving through. It could’ve been stopping for gas. It could’ve been a figment of the old man’s imagination. It didn’t matter anyway. Evan and Anna had put a down payment on a house elsewhere. They had to — unless Midwest Pork opened a packing plant.

Evan approached the door he’d walked through for fifteen years, the same door he’d walked out of four years ago. He tried the knob, but it was locked. He flipped through his keys. The silver Atlas key was still on his ring after all these years. He was supposed to turn it in on his last day, but he had kept it as a trophy.

The inside of the building was stripped bare, and he wondered if anything would actually burn. The outside

was tin, and the floor was concrete. Luckily, the girders were pine and so were the main supports. He didn’t know why. They must’ve been cheaper or whoever built the building had never meant for it to last.

He slipped toward the back of the building where the offices were. There was more flammable material to work with. The walls were sheet-rocked, and the floors were carpeted. That was good. Carpet was flammable. There were a couple of chairs and a desk left behind.

Evan’s hands shook as he removed the protective seal from the mouth of the lighter fluid bottle. His organs felt like they would burst. He splashed lighter fuel on the chairs and walls; he soaked the carpet. He clicked his lighter five times before he got a flame. The carpet caught fire. The flame raced to and up the walls. He ran out of the office to the first support beam he could find. He squirted out what was left in the bottle until it was wheezing with emptiness. The lighter worked the first time, but it took a second for the flame to jump to the wood.


He rushed out of the building, refusing to look back.

Burn it down, he thought.

When he got home, he threw the empty bottle in the trashcan. He tossed his clothes on the floor and climbed into bed with his wife.

Forty minutes later, they heard the sirens.

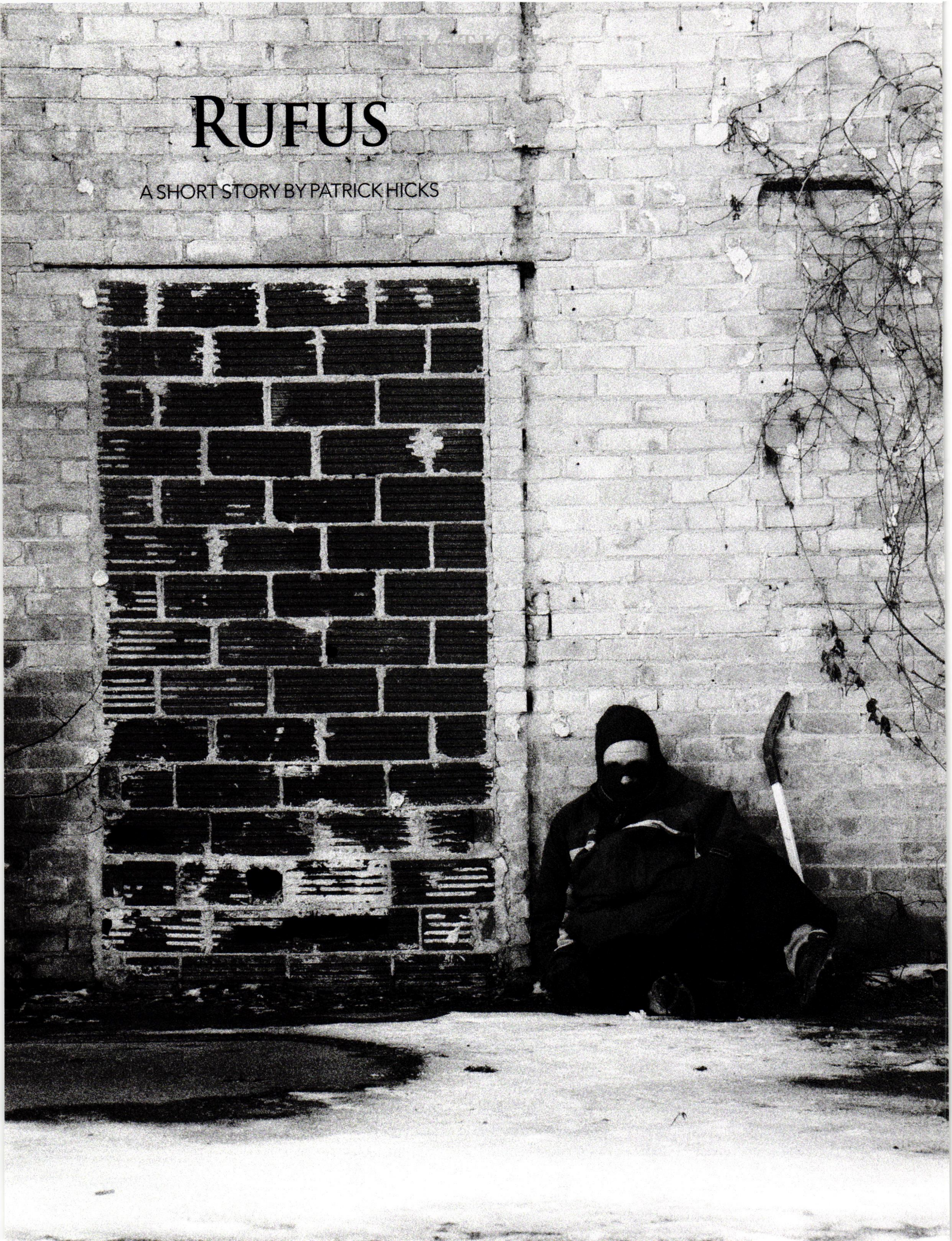
“There goes another one,” Anna mumbled.

“Yeah.” He pulled her close. “Gone for good.” 

Cheyenne Marco teaches English at the University Center in Sioux Falls and performs outreach for Friends of the Big Sioux River. A version of this story appeared in Lake Region Review, issue 3.1 (2013).

RUFUS

A SHORT STORY BY PATRICK HICKS



THE FIRST TIME I hurt someone was the first time I learned about a different kind of unhappy. This was back in 1971 when I was nine and we were playing summer hockey at McKennan Park. We used roller skates and glided around the asphalt after a tennis ball. Even though it was a muggy day, we clacked our sticks and thought of snow. Everyone was there: Greeder, Bags, Lammers, Vikingstad, me, everyone. We chased a tennis ball around and around, we hip checked each other into grass, and we usually stopped when an ice-cream truck jingled along or when someone bloodied their knee. During halftime we pretended our bubble gum was chewing tobacco and spit long gobs onto the tarmac.

"What if Bobby Orr played for the North Stars?"

"That dude needs to leave Boston and join a real team," Greeder said, standing up and making a microphone out of his thumb. "It's a great evening at the Met Center tonight ... Orr breaks away, he shoots, he scores!"

"Wish we had a pro team in Sioux Falls," I said, swatting at a pebble.

Hockey was my religion and I was usually picked first for neighborhood games. "I'll take Wohlers," someone would say, and I'd skate over like I had nothing better to do. But deep down, I sizzled. At night I looked at trading cards and wondered what it would be like to play against Gordie Howe or Phil Esposito.

We were circling around the lot, shouting and slapping, when Rufus came jogging up the road. He used to be a professional boxer back in the 1950s and according to my dad he got his bell rung too many times. Rufus always ran around town in a snowmobile suit, even in the summer, even if it was 100 degrees. He wore a black ski mask, boxing gloves, and he carried a hockey stick. Whenever he ran past a stop sign he gave it a few smacks and kept on running. Most of the road signs up 26th Street had huge dents in them, and all of these spooky stories floated behind Rufus about how he strangled a kid and dumped the body in the Big Sioux.

As he jogged towards us, we stopped skating and stared. Rufus, panting hard, paused at a YIELD sign and gave it a few whacks with his hockey stick. It sounded like three gunshots.

Greeder leaned into me. "I dare you to hit him with a tennis ball."

"Why?"

"I dunno. The man's a psycho."

Vikingstad wiped sweat from his forehead. "Use a rock," he said skittering one over.

Lammers rolled up. "Dude, look at that snowmobile suit he's wearing. Plenty of padding on that sucker. He won't even feel it."

Greeder put a baseball-sized rock in my hand and this got me to thinking about David and Goliath. We heard that story

last Sunday from Father Berg when he looked out from his pulpit. I was an altar boy and stopped playing with my cask to learn how the meek can overcome the mighty. Rufus was a big guy. Could I hit him? Was my aim good enough to bring down a giant?

"Do it, Wohlers."

I focused on my target and made a spring of my arm. When I threw the grey rock it was like a missile, and it cracked Rufus square in the head. He stumbled, staggered, and fell. No more movement. He just lay there.

"Holy Jesus, Wohlers ... you're in for it now."

The man just dropped, like a bag of ice. One minute he was running along and the next he —

"You better get out of here," Greeder said, shoving me. "Run!"

I tried to skate away, but the asphalt felt sticky beneath me, like I was caught in honey. The other guys gathered up their lunch boxes and began to scatter. My feet quit moving and I just stared at the wide puddle of Rufus on the ground. He wasn't moving, and this confused me. My throat went dry. I mean, the guy just wasn't moving at all.

"Wohlers, dude ... run!"

Mrs. Iverson came out of her house and began shouting at us. Even though it was near lunch, she wore a pink nightgown and had a cigarette plugged into her mouth. She flicked it on the ground and started yelling words like "police" and "stay there." She held up a finger and added, "I saw what you did, Nicholas Wohlers."

Hearing my name said like that, like it was a swear word, made me know that I'd done something awful, something wicked, something that not even confession could scrub clean.

RUFUS WAS TAKEN to McKennan Hospital where they did a bunch of tests on his head. The police brought me home and my mother — horrified — speechless — banished me to my room. I had to wait until Dad came home from Morrell's. Five hours later, his Chevy grumbled into the garage and the front door slammed shut. Muffled voices filled up the hallway and his heavy boots scuffed and thumped towards my room. No knock. He came in looking like he'd eaten something sour. The smell of the slaughterhouse came in with him. Dried blood was beneath his fingernails.

I can't remember what he said, but when it came time for punishment I was expecting my allowance to be taken away or not getting TV for a week. Instead, he told me I had to apologize to someone named Mr. Dupree.

"Who's that?" I asked.

Dad's eyes narrowed. "Rufus. Rufus Dupree. You're going to visit his house tomorrow and apologize, like a man."

Something fluttered in my gut and I started to protest. "His

house? But, but ... no one's gone inside —"

Dad held up a hand. "This ain't no discussion, boy. You'll go with Father Berg and apologize. You'll do this tomorrow, you hear?"

My feet began to sweat and my eyes darted around the room as I tried to think of an excuse not to do it.

"Your mother's fixing a ham sandwich for you. You'll eat it, and you'll go to bed."

My father unbuttoned his factory shirt and turned to go. He touched the wall and looked ahead for a long moment. "Throwing a rock at someone's head? Shameful. I can't even look at you right now, boy."

FATHER BERG'S CAR was straight out of the '50s, all chipped chrome and dented tailfins. A crucifix dangled from the rearview mirror and, when I got in, the back of my legs burned against the leather seat. I bit my lip because I didn't want to complain too much. The door was heavy and hard to close, but I thwumped it home and buckled up.

"Good morning, Nicholas."

Father wore black short sleeves and he had taken the white square of his collar out. It looked like he was a store clerk with hairy arms. He lit a cigarette and blew out a sail of smoke before putting the car into drive. I wanted to put my hand out the window and let it ride the wind, but I decided to look serious. I pretended to be at church and stared down. Shadows from trees played against my grass-stained sneakers.

Rufus lived down Minnesota Avenue, well past the Southway Shopping Center, and we slowed near the beginning of a cornfield. There wasn't a garage or anything — just a gravel path to the front door. When Father Berg shut off his boat of a car, I got out. A blue tarp was slung over part of the roof, weeds were everywhere, and an American flag dribbled down a pole. A lumpy punching bag — held together by duct tape — was suspended from a branch. As I looked at the overgrown yard, with old tires resting here and there, I wondered if it was true that Rufus strangled a kid and dumped the body in the Sioux. A nervous bubbling filled my stomach. My legs itched to run.

Father Berg snapped his fingers — "Come along now" — and we crunched over gravel to the front door.

Father rapped on a rusting metal door. "Rufus? You there?"

Without waiting for an invite, Father pushed inside and pulled me in by the shoulder. It took a second for my eyes to adjust to the dark. The place smelled of bacon and sweaty socks. Floral drapes were illuminated squares of sunlight. Crushed cans of Schlitz were on the carpet.

"Over here," came a voice.

He wasn't wearing his ski mask, and I could see that his nose was mashed to one side. Scars trickled down his forehead and he breathed through an open mouth. A cotton bandage was taped to the side of his head. There was a stain of

blood.

"C-come in," he waved. "Sorry about the messes."

He wore his usual dark blue snowmobile suit, but it was unzipped at the waist and he wasn't wearing a T-shirt or anything. There was another smell, too, I realized breathing in. Curdled milk.

"Rufus," Father Berg said, placing both hands on my shoulders. "This is Nick and he's got something to say."

I was shoved forward and stumbled a bit. The man before me was missing a front tooth, he had an Army tattoo on his hairy arm, and the smell of curdled milk was stronger. I looked down.

"Mr. Rufus ... Mr. Dupree ... I'm real sorry for what I did. I shouldn't've thrown that rock." I remembered the part Mom wanted me to add, and I fixed the words into the empty air between us. "You belong to this community and I sure hope you can forgive me."

The large man tried to stand, but slouched back and nursed his head. He let out a low exhale and moved his socked feet back and forth, like a kid.

"You call that a hit on the head? I've been w-w-walloped harder. I've ta-taken *lumps*. A rock ain't nothing."

Father Berg spoke from behind me. "Rufus used to be a boxer."

There were posters taped to the plaster walls. One had a picture of Rufus with his arms raised high — he was holding a belt. That Rufus, the young one, bubbled with muscles and his mouth was open in scream of victory. When I turned to the fleshy marshmallow of a man in front of me, they seemed like two different human beings. It didn't seem possible they were the same man.

Rufus reached for a glass of water and gulped it down, which made me feel like I could glance around the place quickly. Copies of *Life* magazine were stacked in sloppy piles, a crate of baked beans rested on a stained sofa, and a World War II helmet was on a desk. As Father stepped around me to talk to Rufus about groceries and an unpaid electric bill, I stepped towards the desk. Blobs of crusty butter were next to the helmet. A swastika was on it.

"Put that down, Nicholas!" Father barked, which struck me like lightning.

"It's okay," Rufus nodded. "Go ahead, boy-o."

There was a name inside — *K. Oberhauser* — and when I put it on, it covered my ears. I had to tilt my head back to see.

"Rufus fought at Salerno and Normandy," Father said with a watery smile. "You got two Purple Hearts and a Silver Star, didn't you?"

The man in a snowmobile suit waved a hand. "Them things are here somewhere."

I wondered why Rufus had K. Oberhauser's helmet. What happened to the man who used to own it? The swastika was faded and, when I touched it, spiders moved up my spine. I

put the helmet down and looked at the man we called Rufus the Doofus.

"Mr. Dupree? Did you kill Nazis?"

Father Berg grabbed my elbow and roughed me towards the door. "I'll be in touch about those groceries, Rufus. God bless you."

When we were outside, and after the screen door had slammed shut, Father pointed a finger at my nose. "Don't you ever ask that question again. We don't like it."

"We?"

"Yes, we. Veterans." Father straightened his collar and looked at a dandelion before he spoke again. "War is the work of the devil. Sometimes ... for men like Rufus ... the visions don't go away. Not ever."

Our feet scrapped down the gravel path and Father Berg paused, as if trying to decide to say something more or not. "Have you ... have you heard of Buchenwald?"

I nodded.

"Course you have," he squinted down the road. "Sister Margaret teaches a unit on the Holocaust in Social Studies and ..."

His voice trailed away and in that silence I saw photos of dead people stacked like lumber in my mind's eye. Sister Margaret said the Holocaust was like murdering the entire state of South Dakota. And Minnesota. And Iowa. And Nebraska. A murdering harvest, she called it.

Father cleared his throat. "Buchenwald was liberated by the Sixth Armored Division. We were led by General Patton — you know about him?"

I didn't, but nodded because it seemed like the right thing to do.

"Rufus was one of the first soldiers into that camp." Father made a clucking noise and shook his head. "Life can't be the same after clapping eyes on something like that. It'd destroy your faith in people."

Father leaned against the hood of his car and went on to say that Rufus was in the convoy that found Buchenwald and that, when he approached the main gate, there was a pole barricade with a stop sign on it.

"Crossing into that space must have been ..."

"Is that why Rufus is crazy?"

Father snapped. "For God's sake, Rufus isn't crazy! He's just *seen* things. He's been *involved* in things." There was a pause before he added, "Wars never end, Nicholas. They burn on in memory. You remember that."

I looked at my sneakers.

Father's voice softened. "You kids need to be more kind. Remember that line from the Gospel? *Let the one among you who is without sin be the first to throw a stone?*"

"Uh-huh," I said, staring at my sneakers until they blurred into double vision.

"And you know a few things about casting stones." There

was a pause before, "I suppose we all do."

A ladybug zuzzed around my ankle and Father clapped his hands together. "Right," he said. "As part of your apology, you're going to clean up Rufus's yard. You'll cut the grass, move those tires, and make things right again."

The priest with hairy forearms got into his car, revved the engine, and pulled away.

"Wait. How'll I get home?"

Father jutted the wing of his arm out the window and pointed up Minnesota Avenue. "Walk."

The pine trees shuddered, the ladybugs flitted from wildflower to wildflower, and the wind played with the nearby corn. I took a deep breath, and went to work.

IT TOOK A LONG TIME to gather up rusted oilcans, plastic bags, and those tires. It took even longer to cut the grass with an old push mower, but I eventually finished, dripping in sweat, covered in bits of itchy grass. Blisters were on my hands and I looked forward to getting home.

"Goodbye, Mr. Dupree," I shouted into the front door. "I'm all done."

There was no answer so I went over to a window that had peeling paint around the trim. "I hope you're feeling better. I'm sorry ..."

The voice was weak. "Fine, boy-o. We're fine."

I walked up Minnesota for a good 40 minutes, kicking stones, watching traffic, and I heard Father Berg's voice in my head like it was a 45 record. *Wars never end, they burn on in memory.* I whispered the words in rhythm to my feet. *Wars never end, they burn on in memory.*

I was near St. Mary's School when I saw Reggie Lambert on his mother's porch. He returned home from Vietnam a few weeks ago and didn't do much except smoke on his mother's porch. He wore a jungle hat and his beard was straggly. Two years ago he was a star receiver on O'Gorman's football team, but now he wore combat boots and drank beer. It was weird to think he was firing a machine gun last month and now he was back in Sioux Falls like the whole war never happened.

"Hey Reggie," I waved.

He looked right through me, like I wasn't there.

WE GATHERED FOR one last game of summer hockey before school started. Soon snow, magnificent snow, would find its way back to South Dakota. Soon we'd sharpen our skates and strap on our padding.

We were all in McKennan Park: me, Greeder, Bags, Lamers, Ollie, Smoothie, everyone. We'd just finished lacing up our roller skates and we were zipping around talking about the North Stars.

"I'm open," I yelled. "Smoothie, I'm open!"

It was halftime when my team skated off the rink high-fiving each other. We were up 3 to 2 and we'd just opened a

cooler of root beer. Lammers saw Rufus running towards us, and this set everyone buzzing.

"Haven't seen him for awhile."

"Dude's crazy."

"A psycho."

"Heard he strangled a kid."

Words tightened in my throat, and as Rufus got closer, I looked at his snowmobile suit like it was some kind of protective armor from the outside world, like he was shielding himself from something. The ski mask hid his face and his hands were webbed in boxing gloves.

"The Charles Manson of Sioux Falls."

"A killer."

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

Rufus huffed closer with his hockey stick and he paused at a STOP sign before — *whang!* — he unloaded. His stick splintered into three pieces and a rifle shot of a noise made him jump back. Rufus stood there, staring, his great shoulders heaving up and down. He seemed lost.

That's when I ran over with my hockey stick. I passed it to him and said, "Here you go, Mr. Dupree. Take mine."

The bloodshot eyes behind the mask blinked a few times. The mouth breathed hard and I could feel everyone watching me. I offered up the stick with both hands. "Take it. I don't

mind."


Mr. Dupree reached for it slowly. He opened his boxing gloves, gripped it, and moved it back and forth like a scythe.

"Thanks boy-o," he whispered. And then he took off with my new Victoriaville. There was a *thwank* as he hit a fire hydrant and kept on chugging like a train up 26th Street.

Greeder spoke first. "That was stupid. Now we can't play, doofus."

Lammers was next. "You smoking dope or something?"

Others agreed and they moved back to the asphalt, shoving and shouting. The clack of sticks filled the air. The leaves shook overhead as I stood on the sidelines.

I knew it would take a lot of pocket money, and that I wouldn't have a new stick until Thanksgiving, but as I watched Rufus running through the streets of my hometown it made me feel ... well, it made me feel good in a way I can't quite explain. Sometimes doing the right thing means making yourself unhappy. But it's a *good* kind of unhappy. In fact, it's the best kind of unhappy I've ever felt. 

Patrick Hicks is writer-in-residence at Augustana University in Sioux Falls. He is the author of several books, including The Collector of Names, Adoptable and the critically acclaimed novel The Commandant of Lubizec.



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Writers & Artists

MUSIC - ART - BOOKS - CULTURE



Inspiration in Aberdeen ... Several inspiring statues stand on the campus of Northern State University in Aberdeen. Three years ago, NSU dedicated a statue (above) by Lee Leuning and Sherri Treeby that depicts Millicent Atkins, an alum of the school who became a successful farmer and philanthropist. A bronze of Cecil Harris (left), a World War II Navy ace and Northern alum, stands nearby; it was created by artist Benjamin Victor. On an adjacent commons, NSU recently established an International Sculpture Garden featuring five works by Vietnamese sculptor Tuan Nguyen.

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Defining Soul

The funky grooves on *Opia and Sonder*, Joe Wigdahl and RSO's new release, belie the album's melancholic title. The two recently coined words come from *The Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows*, where "opia" is defined as "the ambiguous intensity of looking someone in the eye," and "sonder" as "the realization that each random passerby is living a life as vivid and complex as your own."

A Langford farm boy who now lives in Aberdeen with his wife, Angela, and son, Avett, Wigdahl had been performing with local groups since high school, but recently decided to focus on writing and recording in his home. RSO stands for "Rezac Sound Orchestra," a pet name for the revolving array of musicians Wigdahl and Aberdeen drummer Doug Rezac brought into the melodic mix. "South Dakota has just a fabulous cast of artists that I'm not sure people realize," Wigdahl says. "I tend to reach out and try to see what I can learn from them. It doesn't always transfer necessarily into musical knowledge but sometimes life lessons, how to carry myself and advice for being content."

Wigdahl cites life, with all its trials, as his source for inspiration. "There was a time when I was a bit of a lost soul. Sometimes we focus on the wrong things — I know I have," Wigdahl says. "My son showed me how to view things in a joyful manner again. I think maybe I had lost sight of that — the beauty that is everything."

Opia and Sonder is only available digitally for now, but CDs may be available in the future. Look for Wigdahl's work at joewigdahlrso.wordpress.com.

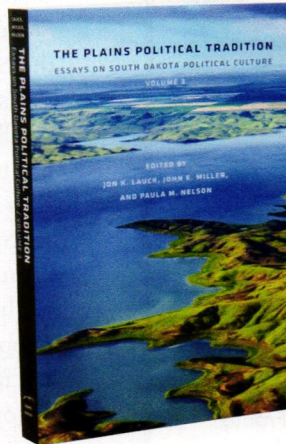


ABERDEEN MUSICIAN Joe Wigdahl with one of his greatest inspirations — his son, Avett.

PECULIAR POLITICS

For much of the last decade, historians Jon Lauck and John Miller have led a cadre of writers in exploring the peculiar political machinations of South Dakota. After editing, along with Donald Simmons and Paula Nelson, two volumes of essays, the third installment of *The Plains Political Tradition* appeared in 2018. What's left to study, following deep dives into literature, war, environmentalism, Native relations, West River identity and myriad other topics? Quite a lot, readers soon discover.

The third volume begins with an examination of how the Civil War affected politics in the newly created Dakota Territory. Historians have often overlooked the war's influence here, presenting it as a far-off conflict to which Dakotans paid scant attention. But Kurt Hackemer, a history professor at the University of South Dakota, suggests the people of Dakota cared very much about the war. Early newspapers frequently editorialized about the importance of preserving the Union and took comfort in the fact that many territorial politicians were close allies of President Abraham Lincoln, including William

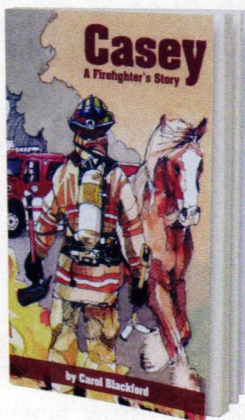


Jayne, the first territorial governor and Lincoln's personal physician from Springfield, Illinois.

Subsequent essays explore populism, progressivism, gender, rural economic development and religion. In a chapter on President Ulysses S. Grant's Peace Policy, Linda Clemmons presents missionaries that flooded into Dakota Territory in an entirely new light. Clemmons describes their arrival as the beginning of "the tense battle that arose for Indian souls," and explains how Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Episcopalians competed — sometimes unscrupulously — to spread Christianity.

The book ends in 1994, when South Dakotans elected Bill Janklow to an unprecedented third four-year term as governor, seven years after he'd left office. Historians must be far enough removed from a subject in order to fully interpret it, so it seems a reasonable place to conclude. The rest of the 1990s and early 21st century will be left to future writers, who would do well to follow the path of Lauck and Miller in their studies.

A FIREFIGHTER REFLECTS



Casey McCabe is the strong, silent type. A building contractor by trade, McCabe's true calling is fighting fires — deeply rewarding work that takes a toll. He hides the details of his emergency calls from his wife, Faith, but the faces of dying friends and strangers come back to him in nightmares. "Sometimes his was the last voice they heard, face they saw, or arms that held them before they died," Carol Blackford writes in her new

novel, *Casey: a Firefighter's Story*, a gentle tribute to the unassuming men and women across South Dakota who serve their communities as firefighters and EMTs.

When McCabe's twin grandsons, Dylan and Colin, pay a visit, the Fort Pierre fireman starts to open up about his experiences as "an angel in turnout gear." He tells the young men what it's like to be a first responder, giving them a tour of the firehouse, describing some

of his most memorable calls and downplaying any notions of heroism. "Firefighters don't save lives, they just cheat death. Only God can save lives," McCabe tells his grandsons.

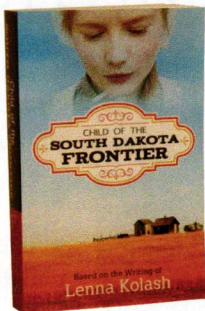
Casey: a Firefighter's Story is Blackford's third book.

FRONTIER FAMILIES

BRINGING THE WORD WEST

Ordained ministers Joseph and Dora O'Neill and their two daughters, Lenna and Verna, moved to Fall River County in 1913 to preach the gospel to cowboys, homesteaders and railroad crews. Joseph's health problems necessitated a change of plan, so the family took up a homestead near Provo, where they battled bedbugs, rattlesnakes, a menacing sheepherder and, above all else, the scarcity of water. The late Lenna O'Neill Kolash recorded her memories of her prairie upbringing, which her daughter, B.J. Farmer, published in *Child of the South Dakota Frontier*.

One memorable episode occurs after a parishioner insists on baptism by immersion in his windmill tank — the only body of water deep enough to cover him totally. After the ceremony, attendees lined up to sip from the windmill pipe. "Though I was only six, I'd already lived in that parched country long enough to understand that Mr. Coleman had been washed in God's most precious earthly treasure," Kolash wrote. "When it came my turn, I leaned over that murky tank and drank deep."

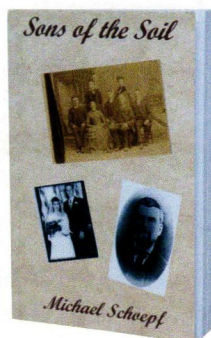


MINGLING IN MCCOOK COUNTY

In many ways, Michael Schoepf's novel, *Sons of the Soil*, is a romance — one that starts 100 years before the happy ending. This multigenerational tale traces the Schoepfs, a family of Bavarian cobblers, and the Irish Heals through decades of joy and hardship as they immigrate to America, settle in northeastern Iowa and homestead in McCook County. The two families finally merge after the Montrose High School leprechaun mascot, Beverly Healy, catches Michael Schoepf's eye at a 1967 football game between Montrose and Bridgewater.

A pair of neighbors with a common interest in genealogy inspired Schoepf's story. As they talked about their own antecedents, they mixed in stories with the basic names, birth and death dates. "From that day on, I saw my ancestors as people with dreams, hopes, thoughts and feelings like my own," Schoepf says.

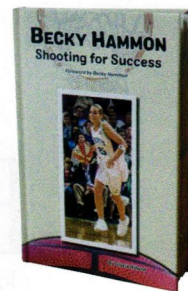
A retired educator, newspaper executive and marketing consultant, Schoepf lives in Albert Lea, Minnesota, with his wife, Beverly, and their two children, Maria and Tony.



Big Shot Becky

Size is not the key to becoming a star on the basketball court. Becky Hammon won accolades while playing for Rapid City Stevens, Colorado State University and the San Antonio Silver Stars even though she stands a mere 5-foot-6. "I was always smaller and slower than everybody else, so I had to figure out other ways to be successful," Hammon says in Gloria Riherd's book *Becky Hammon: Shooting for Success*. "Some people can survive on their athleticism; I had to survive on my brain."

The book follows Hammon's career from shooting hoops with her brother in the backyard to becoming the first female assistant coach in the NBA, for the San Antonio Spurs. Nicknamed "Big Shot Becky" for her knack at scoring points at critical moments, Hammon became a fan favorite wherever she played. Sports-loving young readers will be awed by Hammon's list of accomplishments, while others will benefit from reading about her determination and positive attitude.



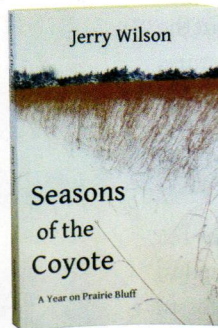
USING HISTORIC PHOTOS as references, Rosebud artist Mark Little Elk combines fine art techniques with traditional crafts like beadwork to depict iconic Native American leaders. *Perseverance* (above) and other works by Little Elk will be on display at Rapid City's Sioux Indian Museum, located in the Journey Museum, through January 14.

A YEAR ON PRAIRIE BLUFF

Jerry and Norma Wilson's corner of the world is the 150 acres surrounding their home on a bluff overlooking the Missouri just north of Vermillion. It may be said with scant fear of contradiction that there is no more thoroughly explored or tenderly cared for patch of ground on Earth.

As in Thoreau's *Walden*, Wilson has compressed the experiences of his tenure on the bluff into a single narrative of the seasons. In his new book *Seasons of the Coyote*, he begins the new year before dawn, in his recliner, a cup of coffee in one hand and a crackling woodstove on the other; beyond the window stands his bird feeder, which suggests a resolution both simple and telling.

"I resolve to spend more time gazing out the window at the changing seasons, the moments of the day, the slants of light, the fellow creatures that come to visit. Perhaps I can gain a deeper understanding of the dozen species of birds that



daily dine on the sunflower seeds I provide. If I watch faithfully, a bird I have never seen may appear," Wilson writes.

When he ventures beyond his recliner — to explore, to cut wood, to tend his garden, to battle the cedars invading his lovingly restored native pasture — Wilson "watches faithfully" over all he surveys. Nothing escapes his attention, down to the scat left behind by creatures that share his home. He views

it all with the curiosity of a child and the insights of a self-taught naturalist, creating a guide for readers who wish to learn more about nature in their corners of the world.

Wilson taught literature and writing for many years, and is a former editor of *South Dakota Magazine*. His other published works include *American Artery*, *Waiting for Coyote's Call*, *Blackjacks and Blue Devils* and *Across the Cimarron*.

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EQUINE INSPIRATION

Many young girls are obsessed with horses, but the animals have served as Susan Hartenhoff's muse from an early age. "Horses were the first thing I loved to draw," the Garretson artist says. "I read all the horse stories geared to young girls as a child and I would study the illustrations."

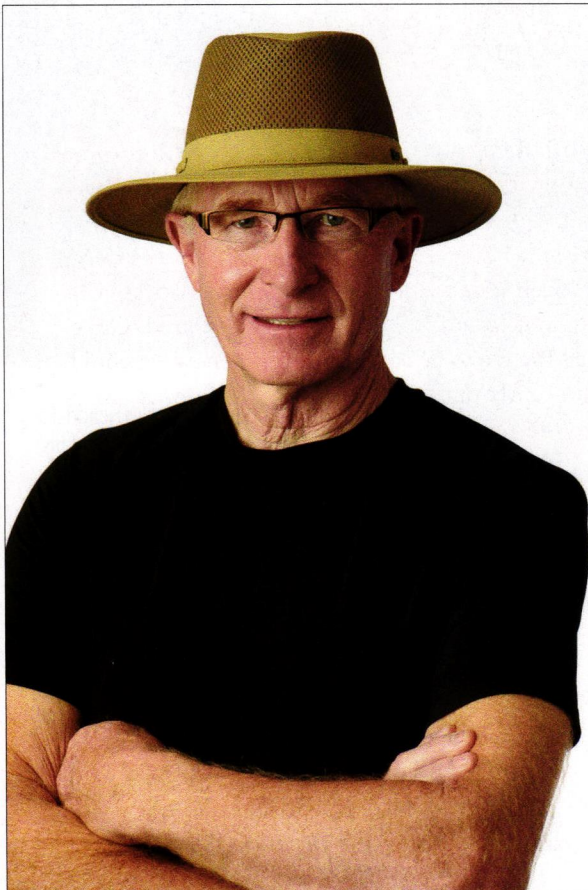
An aunt gave Hartenhoff a pony, and she bought her first horse with babysitting money. She was pushed to take her art in other directions until a college professor asked why she wasn't exploring the subject dearest to her heart. "He said that my horse was all I talked about and it was connected to my soul. Since then I have always painted horses, except brief periods when someone restricted me," Hartenhoff says.

After receiving her bachelor's degree in fine arts at South Dakota State University and a master's at the University of South Dakota, Hartenhoff moved to Arizona, where she pursued her artistic career for 30 years. But she always felt drawn to South Dakota. "As great as Arizona was for my art, it never felt as good as home," she says. After her oldest child graduated from high school, the family settled in the open spaces near



HORSES TAKE CENTER STAGE in Susan Hartenhoff's art. This oil painting is entitled *Cattle Call*.

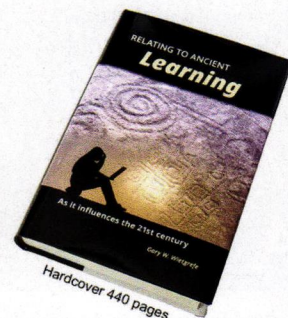
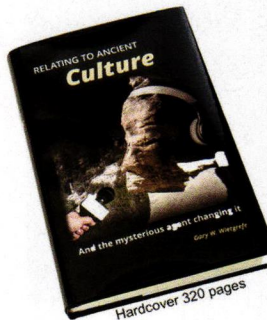
Sioux Falls, where Hartenhoff found inspiration in the local wildlife. But horses still remain central to her art. "I try to carry the soul and spirit I have in my horses into the other animals," she says.



These books intriguingly tie past with 21st century parenting, education, school system and technology. Yearn. Laugh. Learn.

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A Winter Landing on Lake Traverse

By Wendell A. Duffield



EACH YEAR, as winter arrives, my mind wanders back to the frigid ice and snow of South Dakota. I have many winter stories, but my most poignant boyhood recollection is about wintertime barnstorming in Dad's airplane. I can feel an adrenaline surge even as I type these lines.

Virtually all lakes froze over thickly enough to support villages of fishing houses and automobiles. Those frozen-over lakes also created smooth landing surfaces for small aircraft, when the ice wasn't decorated with hummocky snowdrifts.

In the mid-1950s, my dad and I flew an old Cessna 120 from a small alfalfa landing strip outside of Browns Valley, Minnesota, just across the state line. An 85-horsepower Lycoming engine was under the hood of this two-passenger tail-dragger aircraft. The wings were fabric-covered. The fuselage sported a shiny aluminum skin. There were no wing flaps that could be used to fly slower than what otherwise would be stall speed.

With deep winter snow, we stopped flying (no skis). But when snow was either thin or absent, we had exhilarating

Wendell Duffield and the family's Cessna 120 at the alfalfa runway near Browns Valley, Minnesota, just across the South Dakota state line.

arating frozen-lake flying to enjoy. We would first visit a lake on foot to inspect where we might land. Once we judged the ice to be safely thick, we knew we could easily and gently put down on a surface that was much smoother than a lumpy alfalfa field. And for a large lake, there was always a runway oriented directly into whatever wind might be blowing. No challenging crosswind landing was necessary. But in spite of all of these advantages, I had one stomach-churning ice landing I will never forget.

I was an 18-year-old college freshman, home for Christmas vacation. I had earned my solo pilot's permit at age 15 and had logged about 100 hours of piloting. Now I was about to experience my first solo flight from a runway of ice.

On that day, Mother and my sisters drove to our nearby lake of choice, Lake Traverse, for ice skating. Dad

and I would fly out and join them.

At our alfalfa airport, we completed a routine pre-flight inspection. Dad hand-spun the prop (there was no battery-powered cranking for this old plane) while I sat in the left seat at the controls. Magnetos engaged. Lycoming barked to life. Following a short taxi and then a catapult-style takeoff, aided by a noticeable hump about midway down the hayfield, we cruised at several hundred feet aloft toward the agreed upon meeting spot a few miles away.

The map outline of Lake Traverse is a 30-mile-long, northeast-pointing finger. Shore to shore is around a half mile, and maximum water depth is about 15 feet. As this suggests, Lake Traverse occupies the bottom of a large, but now defunct, river. The midline of Lake Traverse is the boundary between South Dakota and Minnesota.

Lack of wind allowed us to select a runway of any orientation. Our choice was east-to-west across the lake at its south end, adjacent to where the family skaters were frolicking. Dad made the first few touch-and-go's, while I followed his techniques by keeping light contact on my set of the controls. I hadn't piloted for the past three months.

Next, I piloted for a couple of touch-and-go circuits, with Dad poised to correct should my rustiness create any approach or touchdown problems. Rustiness quickly yielded to seemingly coordinated, well-oiled technique. Flying was a tremendous pleasure and release from the lingering trauma of the previous week's final exams.

We rolled to a stop, shut down the engine and deplaned for a leg stretch. A father and preteen son skated over to chat. The three of us discussed the mandatory farm-country topics (weather, the past summer's crops, weather, pigs, weather, cows, weather, sheep, weather, and expectations for next year's crops). The young boy suddenly interrupted to ask about something that had puzzled him while watching our practice touch-and-go session.

He pointed to the tires. "Why don't those spin and slip when you speed up to take off?" he asked.

His father, Dad and I all laughed. The boy wasn't familiar with the principal of the airscrew, that whirling propeller biting into the atmosphere to pull the plane forward, somewhat akin to a metal screw spinning its way into wood. But like all north-country folks, he was well aware of how automobile tires easily spin and lose traction on ice.

Dad and I heard part of the explanation as father and son skated off. Then Dad hand-cranked the prop for me, and joined the rest of our family just off-ice where they were now nibbling snacks and sipping hot chocolate

near a bonfire. I taxied to the east end of our cross-lake runway, turned and with full throttle and spinning propeller I once again experienced the feeling of freedom that comes with rising above the ground. I climbed and banked northeastward, up the long dimension of Lake Traverse for a mile or two, and turned to come back along the east shore.


I made a low westward pass to re-check the landscape where the lake's southern shore raised gently along the left of my landing strip, while about 200 feet to the right a parallel string of reed-covered islets poked a few feet above the ice sheet. I had a runway of smooth ice that was more than adequate for a competent pilot.

I gained elevation as I again flew in a broad arc to the northeast, and then turned south and finally west, lining up with the landing lane. My approach was faster than necessary. The ice runway was slipping quickly away as I descended. When the wheels finally touched down, it was clear that my speed was faster than desirable, say nothing about necessary. Directly ahead, the South Dakota shoreline was nearing rapidly. Some pesky islets on the right eliminated the possibility of turning toward a larger expanse of open ice. And it was too late for full throttle and a new take off.

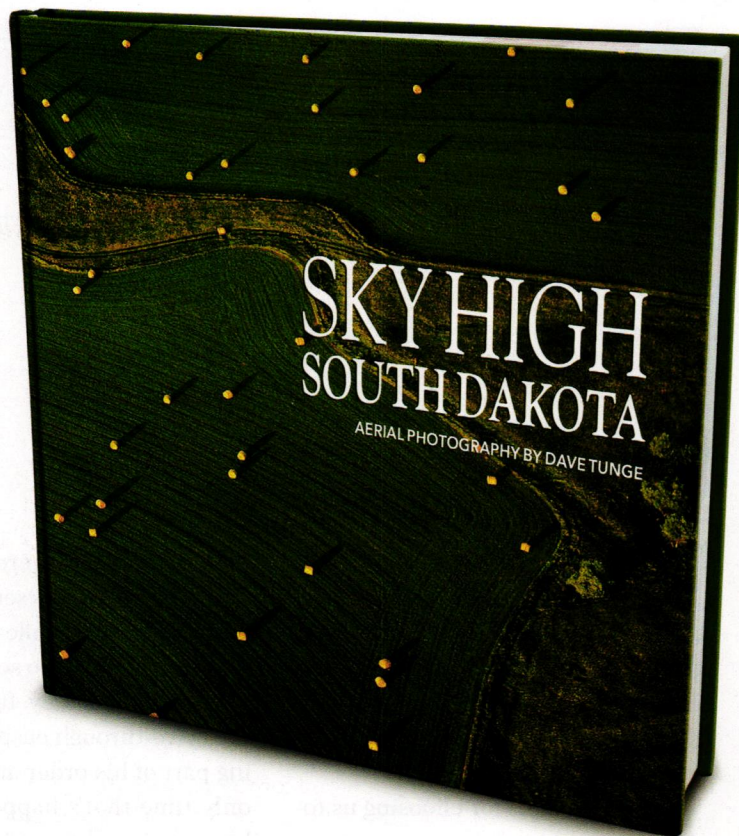
I instinctively applied the brakes. But as the young lad's curiosity about spinning tires had reminded me, the coefficient of friction between an inflated rubber tire and ice is near zero. The rocks and trees of South Dakota were coming into increasingly detailed focus, as though the windscreen was a camera's huge zoom lens. My mind flashed to the notion that the lad might get the last laugh, if laughter was appropriate should I crash into shore.

Many thoughts raced through my mind during the next few seconds. Luckily one of them was advice Dad had casually dropped during our practice touch-and-go's. I quickly pushed the right rudder pedal as far as it would move. The Cessna went into a rapid sliding turnaround — an airplane version of a demi pirouette. I released pressure on the rudder pedal and watched the Minnesota shore fade into the distance through the windscreen zoom lens, while the plane continued its slide, tail first, farther into South Dakota's share of the lake ice.

I applied full throttle and the propeller airscrew quickly dragged me to a full stop. Being motionless was such a relief that I simply sat quietly for a few minutes, engine idling.

Dad, who was perhaps always overly trusting when it came to his son and machines, simply watched from the fireside. He waved as I taxied by. He was probably pleased that I had remembered his advice. 

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MOUNTAIN AIRINGS

By Paul Higbee

One Thought at a Time

I'M WRITING IN A fast-food burger joint, a bad habit of mine, and was just part of a weird conversation. It began with me picking up my cheeseburger from a young server at the counter.

Me: Thanks.

Server: Thanks for choosing us today.

Me: Sure.

Server: Order when you're ready.

Me: Oh, I'm good. Got everything.

Server: Is that everything?

Me: Yes, everything. Just a cheeseburger.

Server: Thank you.

Me: Thank you.

It was a cordial conversation. Lots of thank yous. But it started feeling like an Abbott and Costello routine, and it mirrored another conversation I had earlier this week in a fast-food taco place.

Of course, most readers know exactly what happened: my server didn't hear a word I said after she handed me my food. By then she was talking to an unseen customer in the drive-through, via headphone and a little microphone. You might ask, couldn't I see the headphone and mic? Not exactly, because I'm a look-you-in-the-eye guy when I say thanks. I thought she was looking me in the eye in return but, come to think of it, she did so in a distant zombie-like way.

Now I'm sitting here watching all the counter workers serve customers seen and unseen while dealing with a shift supervisor who seems unhappy with their efficiency. It seems one of the drive-through customers is missing part of his order and it's not the only time that's happened today. I hope my interference in speaking unnecessarily to the server isn't the root of this crisis.

Probably not. I think keeping food orders straight while dealing with lots of disembodied voices must be hard. Our brains are good at providing us with little hints when they're free to combine visuals with audio, like, "Heavy-set guy wants his fries large, naturally," or, "Blonde needs cream to add to her coffee, and I'm guessing she adds something to her hair to keep it cream colored, too." And so on and so on. Many of these socially improper hints are far worse than what I'm suggesting here.

It occurs to me I'm not watching fast-food servers here so much as I'm observing young multitaskers. Their average age, I'm guessing, is 17, and for several of them this is undoubtedly their first employment, their entry into professional life. But if this level of multitasking had been part of my first job decades ago, I would have failed. I might have been driven from the employment rolls and who knows

what I'd be doing now?


Thankfully, my first employer — when I was an age that would make OSHA cringe — believed in powerful machinery but not multitasking. My job was to run industrial-strength power mowers over grass in the Black Hills, with not a piece of level ground in sight. "While you're mowing," my boss said, "think about mowing and nothing else. Don't eat or drink pop on the job because if the mower gets away from you on an incline, it could cut your feet off."

This was my first day on the job, and I had expected the man to say: "Welcome to our team! We always take a break at 10:30 for donuts!" What he actually said was infinitely more valuable.

The job I liked best as a teenager was working at a movie theater — popping popcorn first, then selling candy and drinks, then running upstairs to operate the projectors, and finally sweeping up. That might sound like multitasking but, actually, it was a sequence of tasks. I never did them simultaneously. Nor did I allow myself to get too engrossed in the movies I projected because it could cause me to miss changing a reel mid-movie. That would result in a chorus of angry catcalls from the auditorium. Not as bad as having my feet severed, but unpleasant in its own way.

I'm finished with my burger now and realizing I've written a diatribe against multitasking. Or maybe more of a diatribe against the expectation of multitasking since I don't believe it really exists in humans. A teacher friend a decade ago said, "I was told my students will need to be good at multitasking to succeed in the 21st century, but I'm not seeing it happen. They, and we, can perform a task well, or combine tasks and perform not so well."

I'm pulling up some information about multitasking on my phone, and see the term entered the English language in the mid-1960s. By the mid-1990s most (but not all) brain scientists were agreeing with my teacher friend. And they added this chilling insight: Computers definitely *can* multitask, which is why e-messages from algorithms outnumber those we get from fellow humans.

That's a lot to think about on a single cheeseburger, so I'm back at the counter to order some fries. I could have gotten them with my cheeseburger, but I'm trying to focus on one thing at a time. 

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



Photography by Bob Grandpre

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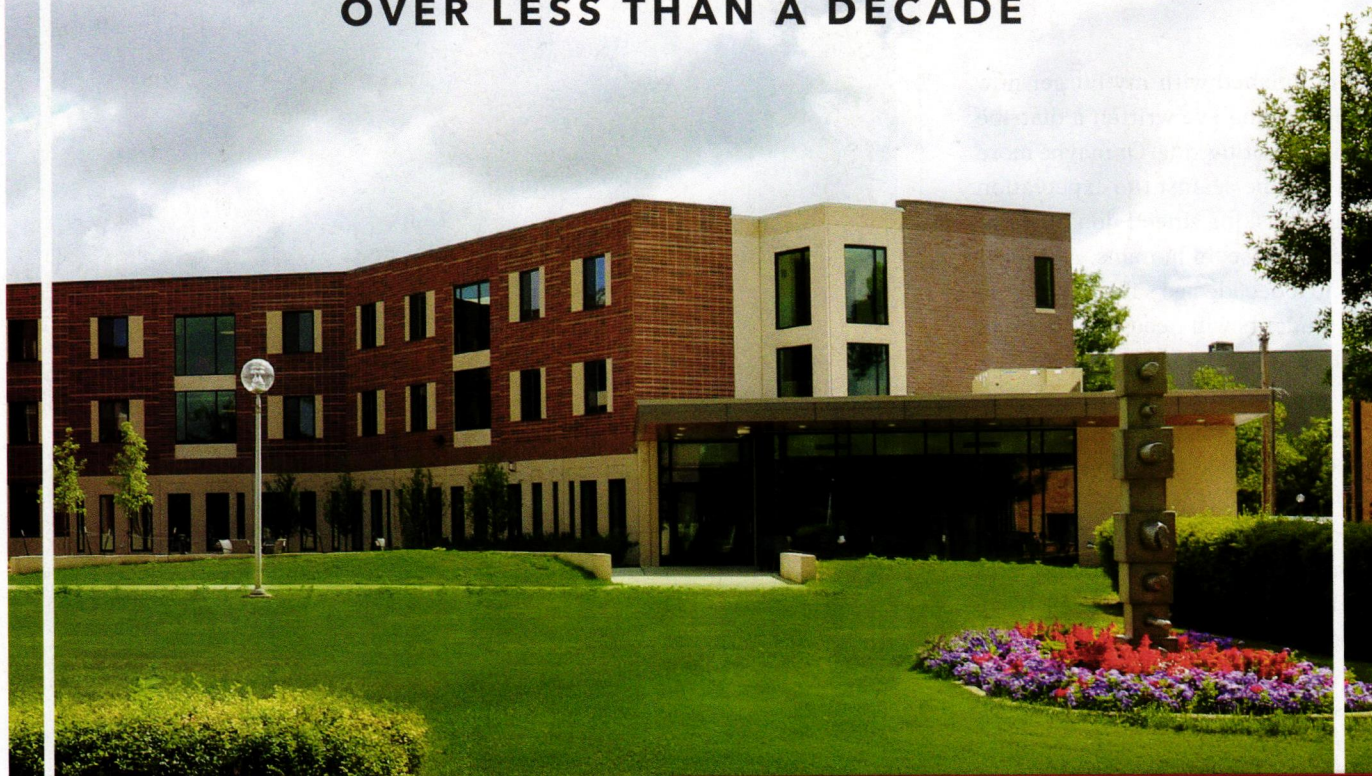
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2019 GUIDE TO: *Higher Education*



Black Hills State University

CAMPUS ADVICE & TIPS

YOU SHOULDN'T GRADUATE from the University of South Dakota in Vermillion without at least once going to Strollers, the rollicking, student-led variety show. Same goes for whitewashing the M at the School of Mines in Rapid City, or signing up for the One Month Club and letting your beard grow to uncomfortable lengths during homecoming at South Dakota State University in Brookings.

Earning a degree is a college student's ultimate goal, but it's also important to appreciate the unique culture and traditions found on each South Dakota campus and in the communities that surround them. For this year's Guide to Higher Education, we asked current students for their "must dos" while on campus or in town — people to meet, plac-

es to go, events to experience, traditions to learn.

Prospective freshmen at Dakota Wesleyan will learn about the Beanie King and Queen. Sinte Gleska University supports a hand games club, where students learn about traditional Lakota pastimes. Students at Mitchell Tech will want to know about Grocery Bag Bingo.

Parents will be glad to see there are ample quiet places devoted to study, but even Mom and Dad can put this guide to use. Bring it along on a weekend visit and take the family out for a meal at Maverick's in Aberdeen or ice cream at Leones' in Spearfish.

Students, parents, grandparents or people who just like to explore South Dakota will find helpful tips in the following pages.

2019 GUIDE TO: Higher Education



Some areas at Northern's Beulah Williams Library get lively, but the second floor is a quiet zone, making it NSU's best spot for studying.

NORTHERN STATE UNIVERSITY

Aberdeen | (605) 626-3011 | www.northern.edu

Bite to Eat: The Junction (205 Sixth Ave. SE) offers mixed salads and wraps, paninis, homemade soups, sushi and gourmet desserts.

Cup of Joe: Red Rooster Coffee House has moved to 218 S. Main St., but still serves coffee and other specialty drinks in a funky atmosphere. Check out the live music, art and open mic nights.

Band to Hear: Four musically inclined students met in the fall of 2014 and formed a jazz-fusion band called Jet Lagged. The group, now nine pieces, plays gigs all around Aberdeen.

Join the Club: Many students from north-central South Dakota have German heritage, which helps make NSU's German Club a vivacious group, but anyone can join, even if you can barely say *gesundheit*. The weekly *stammtisch* (German for "regulars' table") is Wednesdays at noon in the Student Center.

Sweet Treat: Twist Cone is a local legend. Enjoy Italian ice, shakes, twisters, cones and more.

Homecoming Tradition: Steps for Shep is a 5K race and 1-mile walk held during Gypsy Days. Proceeds benefit a scholarship fund in memory of Jason Shepard, an NSU cross country student-athlete who died in 2006.

PRESENTATION COLLEGE

Aberdeen | (605) 229-6060 | www.presentation.edu

Get to Know: Anatomy and medical microbiology sound intimidating, but Aimee Sippel helps students understand challenging material. "One day I was sitting in the Welcome Center with a friend when she walked by to go for lunch and she asked if we wanted anything from McDonald's," says student Madison Neu. "I don't know of many teachers who would do that."

Must Attend: During COLLEGEpalooza, Aberdeen restaurants and businesses set up information booths and offer coupons and free merchandise. PC students can also win a scholarship just for attending.

Quiet Spot to Study: Aberdeen's new K.O. Lee Library opened in the fall of 2017. The modern building has plenty of color and windows, but students frequent the conference rooms for study time.

Art to See: The Wein Gallery opened in 1972 under the



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2019 GUIDE TO: Higher Education

SDSU's Campus Mainstay: The Bum-mobile, a 1912 Model T Ford, is parked at the Hobo Day exhibit inside the University Student Union.



direction of Sister Anna Marie Weinreis, who loved art and interacting with people of all ages. Every month, new artists from Aberdeen and throughout the Upper Midwest display their work.

Bite to Eat: Mavericks (720 Lamont St.) is a steakhouse with great atmosphere. Enjoy a meal in a quiet dining space, on an enclosed patio or while watching one of the restaurant's 20 TVs.

Join the Club: The Campus Activities Board is responsible for organizing several campus events, including homecoming, intramural sports, holiday parties, comedians and game nights.

SISSETON WAHPETON COLLEGE

Agency Village | (605) 698-3966 | www.swcollege.edu

Quiet Spot to Study: Sisseton Wahpeton Oyate Public Library has 7,000 books and features a brick mural designed by tribal elders and created by Jay Tschetter; the eagle, buffalo, graduation cap and wolf's paw are elements of the college logo and represent core Dakota values.

Bite to Eat: Indian tacos are a favorite at the College Cafe.

Must Attend: The Founder's Day Pow wow begins the school year every August.

Music to Hear: Derrick Lawrence, SWC's Director of Information Technology, is also an amazing guitar player,

influenced by weekend jamborees held in small towns around the Glacial Lakes.

Art to See: The campus' vocational education building is shaped like a drum, with four huge fiberglass singers holding drumsticks at each corner of the roof.

SOUTH DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY

Brookings | (605) 688-4121 | www.sdstate.edu


Must Attend: Capers, an annual sketch comedy show written and produced by students, draws participants from all majors. Think Saturday Night Live on a college campus.

Bite to Eat: Watch as the cooks at Nick's Hamburger Shop (427 Main Ave.) fry the slider-sized patties of beef. Sit at the counter or buy by the bag, as customers have done since 1929.

Art to See: Harvey Dunn's prairie masterpiece *The Prairie is My Garden* hangs at the South Dakota Art Museum (1036 Medary Ave.), and a sculptural interpretation of the painting is at McCrory Gardens.

Cup of Joe: Kurt Osborne roasts beans and serves an impressive lineup of coffee at Kool Beans Coffee (314 Main Ave. #5), but he has even more adventurous offerings. Coffee cheese, anyone?

Homecoming Tradition: Students in the One Month Club stop shaving 30 days before the Hobo Day football game.



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Prizes are awarded in four categories for men and three for women.

Sweet Treat: The SDSU Dairy Bar offers more than 60 varieties of ice cream, all produced “from cow to cone” on campus.

Take a Hike: Dakota Nature Park covers 135 acres at the northwest corner of 22nd Avenue and 32nd Street South. Explore paved and primitive walking trails, green space and small ponds.

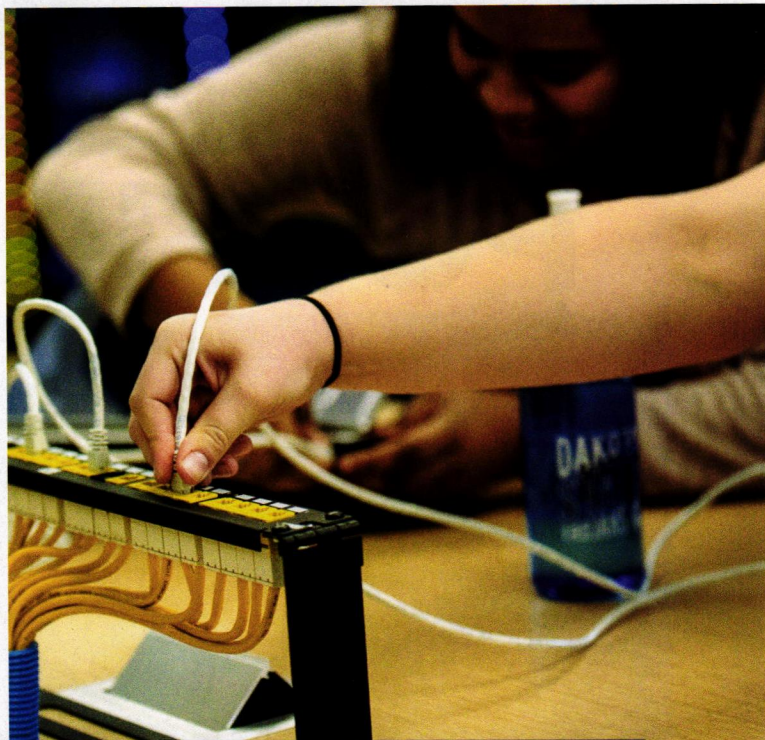
OGLALA LAKOTA COLLEGE

Kyle | (605) 455-6000 | www.olec.edu

Art to See: Lakota art and crafts are available at the Singing Horse Trading Post, about 10 miles southwest of Sharps Corner. You might meet a few friendly women beading and telling stories.

Quiet Spot to Study: OLC has branch campuses in nine communities on the Pine Ridge Reservation. Each one has study centers and computer labs.

Cup of Joe: Higher Ground is a coffee, muffins and lunch



Must Attend: On Breaker Day, DSU students disassemble electronics, everything from washing machines to printers. The inner hardware shows a new perspective on technology.

SOUTH DAKOTA

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A scenic photograph of the Black Hills in South Dakota, showing rugged, rocky peaks rising above a dense forest of evergreen and deciduous trees under a blue sky with scattered white clouds.

oasis along Highway 18 in Pine Ridge.

Must Attend: Graduation is celebrated with a three-day pow wow every June.

Bite to Eat: Lakota Prairie Ranch Resort (7958 Lakota Prairie Dr.) serves three meals a day. Bette's Kitchen in Manderson is a homey reprieve in the kitchen of Black Elk's granddaughter.

Take a Hike: The campus is about 30 miles from the Badlands, which features many trails of varying length and difficulty.

DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY

Madison | (605)256-5111 | www.dsu.edu

Get to Know: Math prof Mark Spanier explores the complex with problems and questions that show how important math is in the real world, all in a way that makes sense.

Class to Take: Intro to Discrete Mathematics turns math into logic puzzles with words.

Join the Club: CybHER encourages women to follow their aspirations and not be intimidated by the male-dominated fields of technology.

Bite to Eat: Stadium Sports Grill (203 Egan Ave. N.) excels in burgers.

Homecoming Tradition: During Trojan Days, college staff hide a small statue called the Traveling Trojan on campus or around Madison. Clues are given on local radio and the DSU Facebook page. Prizes for the winner.

SINTE GLESKA UNIVERSITY

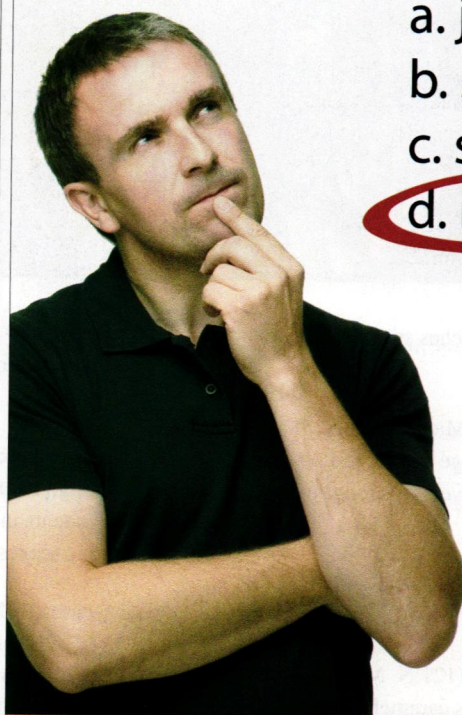
Mission | (605)856-8100
www.sintegleska.edu

Get to Know: Lionel Bordeaux has served as Sinte Gleska's president since the school's founding in 1972.

Must Attend: Founder's Day includes a pow wow and other activities to celebrate the college's beginning.

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Quiet Spot to Study: DWU's Wagner Chapel has beautiful stained glass windows. Students can pray, meditate or lightly strum a guitar.



Join the Club: Hand Games teaches students traditional Lakota pastimes.

Quiet Spot to Study: The new Michael Benge Student Union features study areas, lounge spaces and a cafeteria. The facility is named for the university's longtime vice president of student services.

Music to Hear: The Little White River Band plays folk, country, hip-hop and rock.

Cup of Joe: The Buffalo Brew (121 N. Main St.) serves coffees, teas, lattes and delicious caramel pecan rolls.

Art to See: The Sicangu Heritage Center tells the story of the Rosebud people through art and artifacts.

DAKOTA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

Mitchell | (605) 995-2600 | www.dwu.edu

Get to Know: Chemistry professor Bethany Melroe Lehman makes lab coats, safety glasses, and everyday conversation on molecules and compounds seem pretty cool. Plus she raises pigs in her spare time.

Must Attend: There is nothing like a DWU basketball game inside the World's Only Corn Palace with the Corn Crib Crazies, DWU's cheering student section. DWU has one of the highest attendance records in NAIA history.

Band to Hear: The Dakota Wesleyan worship band gathers

weekly for chapel with a diverse group of musical talents and instruments, from a ukulele to strings and drums to hand bells.

Art to See: For the first time, DWU students were asked to design the murals that grace the exterior of the Corn Palace. Students in the digital media and design program created nine scenes representing the armed services.

Join the Club: The Universities Fighting World Hunger (UFWH) club provides service for the Weekend Snack Pack Program, the Mitchell Area Food Pantry, the Salvation Army and Feeding South Dakota.

Homecoming Tradition: In addition to a homecoming king and queen, two members of the freshman class are crowned Beanie King and Queen.

MITCHELL TECHNICAL INSTITUTE

Mitchell | (800) MTI-1969 | www.mitchelltech.edu

Get to Know: Telecommunications instructor Dave Ver-Steeg is an MTI alumnus and has taught since 1985. He has mentored hundreds of graduates who have gone on to successful communications careers. MTI students are loyal to their programs and instructors, and often form lifelong relationships.

Quiet Spot to Study: Cornerstone Coffee is a restful spot near downtown for studying or getting together with friends; excellent hot and cold beverages, tasty sandwiches

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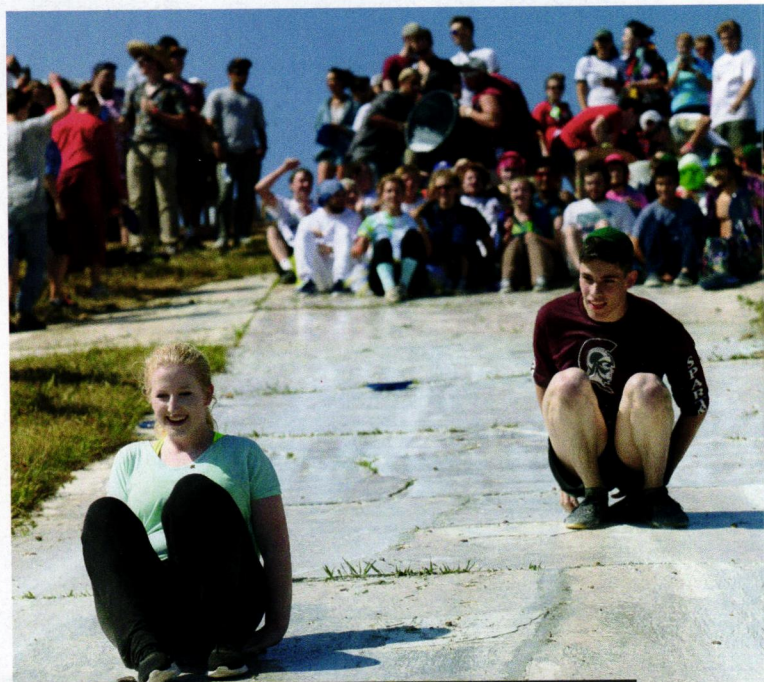
Join the Club: The Student Rep Board involves a group of a dozen MTI students that determines all campus social activities and directs out important projects like the MTI Student Food Pantry or community service projects like Cozy Coats for Kids. To join, students must apply and engage in an interview process.

Must Attend: Once a semester, MTI hosts Grocery Bag Bingo. Students play for free, and 50 winners receive bags of groceries.

Bite to Eat: Students love Wing Wednesdays at Shay's, a pub in the Ramada Inn.

Campus Mainstay: More than 80 people are typically enrolled in the power line construction and maintenance program. They spend most of their days in the Energy Training Center or the Utility Field learning to climb power poles and service electrical lines located high above or below ground. The Power Line Guys are always a popular group on campus and bring high energy to campus events.

Movie Night: MTI students can attend any show at the



SDSM&T's Homecoming Tradition: On M Day (the Friday during Rocker Days), freshmen ascend M Hill and whitewash the giant M. Each class has a plaque on the M that lists all graduates. Alumni return on M Day to climb the hill and find their names.



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SOUTH DAKOTA SCHOOL OF MINES AND TECHNOLOGY

Rapid City | (605) 394-2511

www.sdsmt.edu

Must Attend: The Black Hills Brawl is the fourth-oldest college football rivalry in the country and the oldest in NCAA Division II. The annual fall matchup between Mines and Black Hills State University has been played since the 1890s, though record keepers say the true rivalry began in 1900.

Quiet Spot to Study: The third and fourth levels of the Devereaux Library are often the quietest. Check out the Mining Regions of the Black Hills map, a large glass-covered topographical map created by Mines instructors for the 1904 World's Fair.

Bite to Eat: Students love Thirsty's Restaurant and Bar (819 Main St.), especially on Monday nights, when \$10 buys two burgers.

Take a Hike: At 4,600 feet, Buzzards Roost, 4 miles west of Rapid City along Highway 44, juts out over Dark Canyon and Rapid Creek. The Pretty Vulture Trail (about 2 miles long) zigzags along a leisurely grade until it meets the direct path to the Buzzards Roost summit.

Campus Landmark: Visit the sculpture of Grubby, the School of Mines' mascot and a gift from 1973 alum Jim Green and his wife, Connie. The base of the statue includes bricks from the Old Prep Building — the first building on campus — constructed in 1885 and demolished in 1972.

Join the Club: Mines offers a varsity League of Legends team, but there is also a student-run, club level esports group that plays Overwatch, Dota 2, Rocket League and Melee.



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Homecoming Tradition: During Viking Days, the homecoming court wears Norwegian sweaters, a fitting custom giving Augie's roots within the Lutheran church.

WESTERN DAKOTA TECHNICAL INSTITUTE

Rapid City | (605) 718-2565 | www.wdt.edu

Must Attend: The Mass Casualty Simulation Event, held in the spring, allows students to put what they have learned in the classroom into action by responding to an event in real-world time. It teaches skills needed to work quickly and cohesively with first responders.

Quiet Spot to Study: The WDT library has coves for working on group projects and private study rooms. The second floor of Wanbli Hall has tables and a large window ledge that offers a nice city view.

Music to Hear: Brandon Jones (previously Brandon Jones and the Thirsty Fish) is a crazy fun country cover band from Rapid City. Catch them during the Summer Nights concert series.

Bite to Eat: Try a Firehouse Burger (a burger topped with Buffalo wing sauce) and a craft brew at Firehouse Brewing (610 Main St.), housed in Rapid City's original 1915 fire hall.

Hot Spot: The Wrinkled Rock Climbing Area behind Mount Rushmore offers hiking trails and rock climbing routes for more adventurous outdoorsmen.

Art to See: The City of Presidents is a series of life-size bronze sculptures of every U.S. president scattered through downtown.

Join the Club: Eagle Feather Society members are mostly Native American students, but anyone is welcome. They help plan an annual Eagle Feather Ceremony for Native student graduates and host activities to benefit fellow students and the community, including a holiday toy drive and a book drive.

AUGUSTANA UNIVERSITY

Sioux Falls | (605) 274-0770 | www.augie.edu

Get to Know: Dr. Murray Haar exemplifies Augustana as an institution that is proud to have a Lutheran/Christian background but is open to the rest of the world. Haar is a religion professor whose perspectives have changed dramatically (he was born and raised Jewish, converted to Lutheranism and became a pastor, then re-converted to Judaism). His classes are tough but memorable.

Music to Hear: The Augustana Christmas Vespers is exceptional; the choir, orchestra and band perform for the Sioux Falls community around the first weekend of December.

Art to View: A reproduction of Michelangelo's *Moses* stands near the Morrison Commons. Relax and enjoy the campus on a nearby bench.

Join the Club: Service and Learning Together (SALT) connects Augie students to the needs of the greater Sioux Falls community.



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Must Attend: The Hiller Lectureship at Sioux Falls Seminary was established in honor of the late Rev. Herbert Hiller, a Polish immigrant and 1934 graduate. It focuses on spiritual direction, community development, care and counseling.



Quiet Spot to Study: Mikkelsen Library includes lots of study rooms for students working on group projects, or for individuals who just want peace and quiet.

Local Landmark: Heritage Park is a collection of historic buildings that includes the cabin where Ole Rølvaag wrote his prairie masterpiece, *Giants in the Earth*.

SIoux FALLS SEMINARY

Sioux Falls | (605) 336-6588 | www.sfsseminary.edu

Get to Know: Philip Thompson is a professor of systematic theology and Christian heritage who uses his knowledge of theology and the Bible to help others. Students say they come out of his classes not only smarter, but better people.

Class to Take: Communicating in Context. When it comes to public speaking, many students adopt whatever style comes naturally. In this class, students are challenged to try different methods that might suit them better.

Band to Hear: Amos Slade is a funky alternative rock and roll group with roots in Sioux Falls. Vocalist/guitarist Nick Engbers writes songs rooted in his home state.

Campus Mainstay: Paul Rainbow has taught at Sioux Falls Seminary since 1988, and is well known among students and alumni as a distinguished Biblical scholar. Time at the seminary is not complete without taking one of his classes.

SOUTHEAST TECHNICAL INSTITUTE

Sioux Falls | (605) 367-6040 | www.southeasttech.edu

Get to Know: Advisor Pam Boyd prepares students for the real world by teaching them to be critical thinkers.

Join the Club: The Ultimate Frisbee Club meets to play in the backyard behind the Southeast Tech Housing Complex.

Must Attend: The largest event of the year is the Backyard Bash. Hosted by the Student Government Association, the day includes food, entertainment, yard games and an outdoor movie.

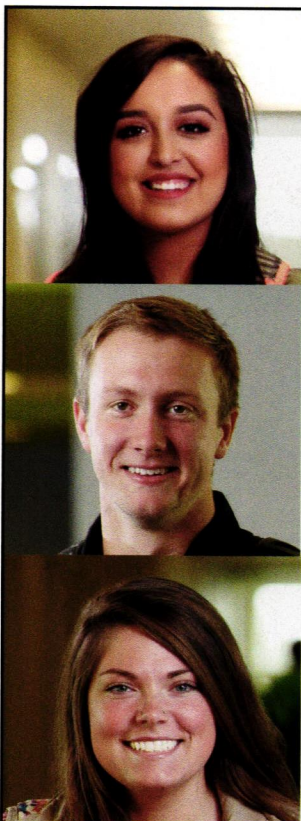
Bite to Eat: Grab a slice of the BBQ Pig Pizza at Paavo's Pizza and Grill inside The Hub, SETI's newest building, which opened in the fall of 2016. It also houses administrative and business offices, an auditorium and the automotive and diesel technology programs.

Quiet Spot to Study: The Southeast Tech Library, inside the George S. Mickelson Building, has comfortable seating and large booths for group work.

UNIVERSITY CENTER

Sioux Falls | (605) 274-9500 | www.sduniversitycenter.org

Get to Know: Steve Bambas (USD Physiology) encour-



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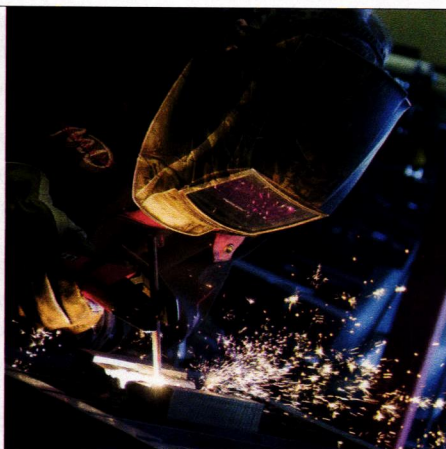
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Band to Hear: The green and gold striped overalls of the BHSU "Beeline" Drumline are unmistakable. This group of percussionists performs at athletic and campus events.

ages students to bring their own life experiences into the classroom to help build relationships.

Join the Club: The Sociology Club meets every other Wednesday to hear guest speakers, discuss ideas and polish resumes.

Quiet Spot to Study: The Link connects the Classroom Building and GEAR Center. Surrounded by natural light, the Link offers comfy couches, fireplaces, high-rise chairs and tables.

Bite to Eat: Grab a caramel roll at Josiah's (104 W. 12th St.), a cheerful daytime cafe that serves coffee and espresso drinks, pastries and light fare.

Music to Hear: Local and regional bands frequent The White Wall Sessions. Performances are held in the basement of the Last Stop CD Shop (2121 E. 10th St.).

Snow Day Fun: Head to the Outdoor Campus East (4500 S. Oxbow Ave.) for snowshoeing. There's a short but beautiful trail along the Big Sioux River.

UNIVERSITY OF SIOUX FALLS

Sioux Falls | (605) 331-5000 | www.usiouxfalls.edu

Get to Know: Communication Studies and Theatre Professor Joe Obermueller is never too busy for students who need to talk. And his passion for his craft is unmistakable.

Must Attend: Every year, the University of Sioux Falls and Augustana University football teams play a game called "Key to the City." The rivalry creates a fun environment for both campuses.

Quiet Spot to Study: The Glidden Sunroom is tucked into Glidden Hall, home of the education and theology departments. It's a comfortable atmosphere and full of sunshine.

Bite to Eat: Tre Ministries offers a Christ-centered environment geared for young adults. This space allows for quiet study time or fellowship. The staff features coffee from Coffea and plans to add a bakery.

Band to Hear: A few students from USF created a worship band called Norden Pass. Their new album is a mix of slow and upbeat dance songs.

Art to See: Eleven rotating sculptures and three stationary sculptures are exhibited on campus. One depicts Jesus washing the feet of His disciples, serving as a daily reminder of students' purpose on campus.

Join the Club: The Coo Tycoons Investment Club actively manages a portfolio worth more than \$280,000 that funds several scholarships and helps cover expenses of the USF Foundation.

BLACK HILLS STATE UNIVERSITY

Spearfish | (605) 642-6343 | www.bhsu.edu

Get to Know: Marketing professor Dr. Wei Song is known for her community-based projects allowing students to use their education as a resource for businesses in South Dakota. Students in her marketing management course worked with the Rapid City Police Department, Dunn Bros Coffee and the South Dakota Game, Fish, & Parks Division of Wildlife on strategic marketing plans.

Quiet Spot to Study: Set up a hammock anywhere in Spearfish Canyon, where you're surrounded by the pristine beauty of the Black Hills. The study room in Bordeaux Hall and Spearfish City Park are other serene places.

Sweet Treat: Leones' Creamery on Main Street features handcrafted ice cream made in small batches. Homemade toppings and the "Scoop It Forward Board" make Leones' one of the sweetest stops in Spearfish.

Join the Club: The Talking Hands group helps students learn American Sign Language. When Gov. Dennis Daugaard visited Spearfish and BHSU in 2015 for "Capital for a Day," he spoke in sign language with Talking Hands students.

Campus Mainstay: Affectionately known as "Mama Klug," Jane Klug, Dean of Students, is known for her exceptional leadership, optimism and compassion. Klug has helped students at BHSU for more than 25 years.

Homecoming Tradition: During Swarm Week, students make a pilgrimage to a giant letter "H" that sits on a mountain-side near campus.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH DAKOTA

Vermillion | (877) 269-6837 | www.usd.edu

Homecoming Tradition: D-Days brings everyone to campus. The main attraction is the annual Coyote football game, held inside the DakotaDome.

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Must Attend: Step back and relax with friends at a LATI-sponsored student dance. You meet a lot of people and the environment is electric.



Take a Hike: The trail at Spirit Mound is hardly strenuous, and you're walking in the footsteps of history. Explorers Lewis and Clark ascended the mound during their Missouri River exploration in 1804.

Quiet Spot to Study: The third floor of I.D. Weeks Library is completely silent.

Bite to Eat: Fried rice and noodle bowls at Silk Road Cafe are student favorites.

Music to Hear: There's often live music at the Varsity Pub (113 E. Main St.). Catch Liz Kubal, a USD student who plays guitar and sings.

Campus Mainstays: Two sculptures have become points of pride for students and alumni alike: the coyote sculpture *Legacy* on the campus mall east of the Muenster University Center, and the nearby statue of legendary political science professor Doc Farber.

Art to See: The instruments housed inside the National Music Museum could still produce beautiful songs, but they're best interpreted as works of art today.

Must Attend: Students laugh, dance and sing during the annual performance of *Strollers*, a student-produced variety show.

LAKE AREATECHNICAL INSTITUTE

Watertown | (605) 882-LATI | www.lakeareatech.edu

Get to Know: Brooks Jacobsen, the robotics and electronic systems technology supervisor, makes it easy to learn. He shows how the material connects to the workplace.

Bite to Eat: Harry's Haircuts and Hot Towels (16 W. Kemp) features 36 tap beers, award winning burgers, salads and nachos — and they offer barbershop services. Get a free beer with your haircut on Thursdays.

Quiet Spot to Study: Lake Area study rooms have comfy egg chairs and huge white boards.

Campus Mainstay: It's tradition for students to rub the Scholar Stone for good luck before exams.

Sweet Treat: Watch through a window at the Watertown Confectionery (116 E. Kemp) as chocolates are hand-

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MMC's Must Attend: The sisters at Sacred Heart Monastery hold a Coffee and Canvas event. Students can grab a cup of java or iced tea and their favorite pastel colors and create an original work of art.

dipped. Try the South Dakota Cow Pie, a delicious blend of milk chocolate, English toffee and coconut.

Art to See: The Redlin Art Center is Terry Redlin's gift to South Dakota. The Watertown native was world renowned for his wildlife art. About 150 large Redlin originals are on display.

Piece of Pie: Dempsey's (127 N. Broadway) is a second-generation Irish brewery that also serves award-winning pizza. Owner Sean Dempsey is South Dakota's only certified pizzaiola, or pizza maker.

MOUNT MARTY COLLEGE

Yankton | (855) 686-2789 | www.mtmc.edu

Get to Know: No one exemplifies the Benedictine values of service and social justice better than Sister Ann Kessler. She joined the Benedictines of Sacred Heart Monastery in 1945 and taught history and political science at Mount Marty while also helping shape policy — particularly criminal justice and corrections — as a member of several state government committees.

Bite to Eat: The burritos at Big River Burrito (100 Douglas Ave.) are enormous. You can also get salads and fresh, homemade pico de gallo, and eat on a patio across the street from the Missouri River.

Historic Landmark: Consecrated in 1950, Bishop Marty Chapel is named for Martin Marty, first bishop of the Dakotas. The modified Gothic church features beautiful stained glass and is wonderful for quiet contemplation.

Music to Hear: An annual Vespers program, held during the Christmas season in Bishop Marty Chapel, showcases beautiful music from several singing groups on campus.

Take a Hike: Gavins Point Nature Trail west of Yankton loops through prairie meadows and forests and provides a sweeping view of the wide Lewis and Clark Lake.

Join the Club: You don't have to be Robin Hood to join the Archery Club. Students meet two nights a week at the NFAA Easton Yankton Archery Center, a world-renowned training facility that draws archers from around the world.

Adventure and festivities in South Dakota

Traveler



5K in Snowshoes?

Running a 5K is challenge enough for most people, but have you ever done it in snowshoes? A Snowshoe 5K is just part of the fun in the Northern Hills Recreation Association's Snow Jam Races (Feb. 3 and 24, Tomahawk Country Club, Deadwood). Other events include cross-country skiing and fat tire biking through the Northern Hills.

Snow Jam

Traveler

Adventure and festivities in South Dakota

EAST RIVER EVENTS

Jan. 1: **First Day Hike.** Oakwood Lakes State Park, **Bruce.** 627-5441.

Jan. 1: **First Day 5K and Pet Stroll.** Lewis and Clark Recreation Area, **Yankton.** 668-2985.

Jan. 1: **Winter Wonderland Nature Hike.** Hike in the park, hot apple cider and cookies. Park entrance license required. Big Sioux Recreation Area, **Brandon.** 582-7243 or 594-3824.

Jan. 1: **First Day Hike.** Fort Sisseton Historic State Park, **Lake City.** 448-5474.

Jan. 1: **Winter Walk Through The Woods.** Snowshoes available if there is snow. Park entrance license required. Newton Hills State Park Warming Shelter #3, **Canton.** 987-2263.

Jan. 3: **Sesame Street Live.** Denny Sanford Premier Center, **Sioux Falls.** 367-8460.

Jan. 3-5: **Dakota Farm**

Show. Agricultural exhibits and vendors. DakotaDome, **Vermillion.** (507) 437-7969.

Jan. 10-11: **Ice Fishing Expo and Tournament.** Two-person competition, ice expo, vendors and panel discussion. Scherr-Howe Events Center, **Mobridge.** 845-2500.

Jan. 12: **Christmas with the Animals.** Watch the animals unwrappresents filled with treats. Great Plains Zoo, **Sioux Falls.** 367-7003.

Jan. 18-19: **Media One Funski.** Skiing, snowboarding, team tubing, Frozen Leg kickball, snow sculpture, zipfysled racing and cross country skiing. Benefits Children's Inn. Great Bear Recreation Park, **Sioux Falls.** 339-0000.

Jan. 19: **James Valley Model Railroad Association Open House.** Model trains on landscaped layouts. Free admission. Old Milwaukee Railroad Depot, **Aberdeen.** 226-2139.

Jan. 19: **Lakota Games on Ice.** Mike Marshall, of the Rosebud Sioux Tribe, teaches games his ances-

tors played in the winter. Prehistoric Indian Village, **Mitchell.** 996-5473.

Jan. 22-26: **Sioux Empire Farm Show.** Market and purebred livestock and agricultural exhibits. W.H. Lyon Fairgrounds, **Sioux Falls.** 336-1620.

Jan. 23-25: **Sioux Falls Farm Show.** Agricultural technology and services. Sanford Arena, **Sioux Falls.** (507) 437-7969.

Jan. 26: **All Mozart, All the Time.** Sioux Falls Symphony Orchestra performs. Washington Pavilion, **Sioux Falls.** 367-6000.

Jan. 26: **Living History Fair.** Demonstrations of pioneer life. Lake Area Technical Institute Student Center, **Watertown.** 886-7335.

Jan. 26: **Ice Fish Fest.** Ice fishing tournament. Catfish Bay, **Sioux Falls.** 339-0911.

Jan. 26: **Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band.** Denny

Tree Treats

We all love a good Christmas tree during the holiday season, but not necessarily to eat. It's a different story at the Great Plains Zoo in Sioux Falls. At Christmas with the Animals (Jan. 12) the zoo's critters get to unwrap presents of fruits, vegetables, garlands made of Cheerios and, yes, Christmas trees to munch. It's all part of the zoo staff's efforts to encourage natural behaviors like foraging, scent marking and hunting.

Did you say Funski?

Winter can feel like the longest season in South Dakota. Beat the cabin fever at the Media One Funski Jan. 18 and 19 at Great Bear Recreation Park in Sioux Falls. Enjoy skiing, biking, snowboarding, snow tubing, Frozen Leg kickball, sledding and a snow sculpture contest. Since 1989 this event has raised money for Children's Inn, a non-profit organization that provides services to victims of domestic violence.

Sanford Premier Center,
Sioux Falls. 367-8460.

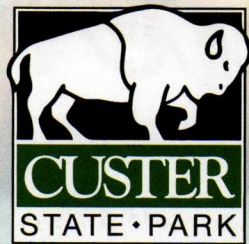
Jan. 26: **Cool Kids' Classic Fishing Derby**. Fishing derby for children 15 and under. Oakwood Lakes State Park, **Bruce**. 627-5441.

Jan. 26: **Sioux Empire on Tap**. Craft beer festival. Sioux Falls Convention Center, **Sioux Falls**. (800) 745-3000.

Jan. 27: **Carnival of Silver Skates**. More than 100 skaters perform. Outdoor Rink, **Groton**. 397-8422 or 397-8470.

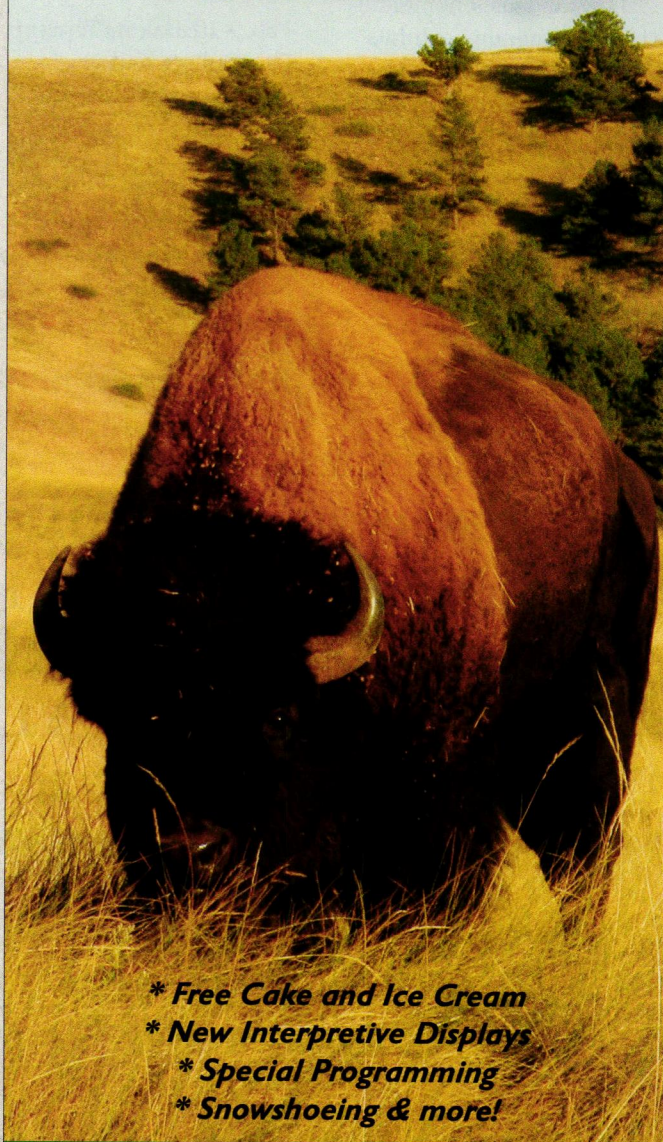
Jan. 27: **Groundhog Day Ski/Snowshoe Poker Run**. Poker runs, kicksled race and potluck. Oakwood Lakes State Park, **Bruce**. 627-5441.

Feb. 1-3: **Winterfest of Wheels**. Car, truck and motorcycle show and family activities. Convention Center, **Sioux Falls**. 231-3100.



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Traveler

Adventure and festivities in South Dakota

Feb. 2: **Fleetwood Mac**. Denny Sanford Premier Center, **Sioux Falls**. 367-8460.

Feb. 5-9: **Watertown Winter Farm Show**. Livestock shows and sales, home and family programs, exhibits and Lego contest. Codington County Extension Complex, **Watertown**. 886-5814.

Feb. 8-9: **Twilight Flights for Valentine's Day**. Wine tasting, heavy appetizers, helicopter ride over Sioux Falls, dessert and dessert wine tasting. Reservations required. Strawbale Winery,

Renner. 543-5071.

Feb. 9-10: **Jurassic Park — In Concert**. Sioux Falls Symphony Orchestra performs. Washington Pavilion, **Sioux Falls**. 367-6000.

Feb. 9-10: **Dakota Territory Gun Collectors Association Gun Show**. Convention Center, **Sioux Falls**. 630-2199.

Feb. 12-13: **Paw Patrol Live**. Denny Sanford Premier Center, **Sioux Falls**. 367-8460.

Feb. 15: **Valentine's Day**

Winemaker's Dinner. Five course meal with wine pairings. Valiant Vineyards, **Vermillion**. 624-4500.

Feb. 15-17: **Artists of the Plains Show and Sale**. Hilton Garden Inn, **Sioux Falls**. 274-4007.

Feb. 16: **Blake Shelton**. Denny Sanford Premier Center, **Sioux Falls**. 367-8460.

Feb. 16: **Owl Moon Hike**. Guided hike under a full moon. Oakwood Lakes State Park, **Bruce**. 627-5441.

Feb. 19-21: **Aberdeen Ag Expo**. Speakers, seminars and ag vendors. Best Western Ramkota, **Aberdeen**. 725-5551.

Feb. 21-23: **Sioux Falls Sno Jam Comedy Festival**. Thirty comedians from around the country perform. Benefits Special Olympics of South Dakota. Fernson on 8th and various locations, **Sioux Falls**. 681-3706.

Feb. 22: **James Taylor**. Denny Sanford Premier Center, **Sioux Falls**. 367-8460.



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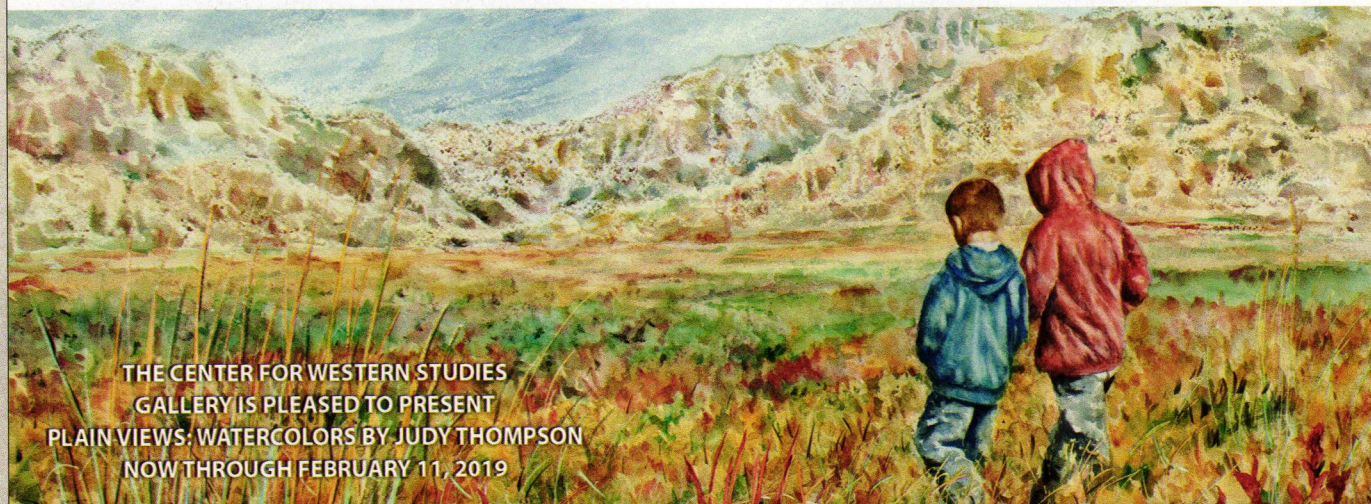
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Gentle Giants

A team of Percherons known affectionately as the Gentle Giants will perform at Rodeo Rapid City (Jan. 25 through Feb. 2). Organized by the Sutton Rodeo Company, audiences can also watch mounted shooting competitions, check out the Dakota Junk Market and go backstage with Duane Reichert as he dons makeup and crazy clothes while sharing stories of his rodeo clown life.



Feb. 22-24 & 28 March 1-2: **Bill W. and Doctor Bob.** Pierre Players Community Theatre. Grand Opera House, **Pierre**. 224-7826.

Feb. 24: **Stained Glass Concert.** South Dakota Symphony Orchestra performs. St. Katharine Drexel Parish, **Sioux Falls**. 367-6000.

WEST RIVER EVENTS

Jan. 1: **First Day Snowshoe Hike.** Learn to snowshoe. Call for rental information. George S. Mickelson Trail, **Lead**. 584-3896.

Jan. 4-5, 11-12, 18-19: **A Doll's House, Part Two.** Firehouse Brewing Theatre. Firehouse Brewing Co., **Rapid City**. 716-9463.

Jan. 11: **Lights on the Ice Teen Night.** Dance party for teens on the ice rink. Main Street Square, **Rapid City**. 716-7979.

Jan. 11-12: **Red Dirt Festival.** Casey Donahew Band, Chancey Williams & the Younger Brothers, Troy Cartwright, Chris Colston, Scooter Brown Band and Brock Finn. Deadwood Mountain Grand, **Deadwood**. 559-0386.

Jan. 12, 26 & Feb. 9, 23: **Snowshoe on the Trail.** Guided 2-mile hike. Snowshoes provided; reservations required. Peter Norbeck Outdoor Education Center, **Custer**. 255-4515.

Jan. 13: **Yoga on the Ice.** Free yoga class on the ice rink. Main Street Square, **Rapid City**. 716-7979.

Jan. 17-26: **Winter Art Show.** Regional artists display their work. Matthews Opera House, **Spearfish**. 642-7973.

Jan. 18: **All the World's a Song.** David Kelly performs. Matthews Opera House, **Spearfish**. 642-7973.

Jan. 18-20: **Winterfest.** Snowmobile poker run, winter games and music festival. **Lead**. 584-1100.

Jan. 19: **Heroes Skate Day.** Military men and women, law enforcement, firefighters and their families skate for free. Main Street Square, **Rapid City**. 716-7979.

Jan. 19: **Focus on Fall River County History Conference.** Presentations and lunch. Supports Pioneer Museum. Mueller

Civic Center, **Hot Springs**. 891-9357.

Jan. 19: **Bark Beetle Blues Crawl.** Variety show, fireworks, live music and the Burning of the Beetle. Various locations, **Custer**. 440-1405.

Jan. 19: **Black Hills Symphony Orchestra Young Artist Competition.** First United Methodist Church, **Rapid City**. 348-4676.

Jan. 19: **Lunar Run.** Flare lit nightskiing. Terry Peak, **Lead**. 584-2165.

Jan. 21-24: **Ski for Light Winter Event.** Skiing, snowshoeing and snowmobile rides for those with impaired vision or physical disabilities. Terry Peak, **Lead**. 584-2165.

Traveler

Adventure and festivities in South Dakota

Jan. 25-26: **ISOC Deadwood SnoCross Showdown and Snowmobile Rally.** **Deadwood.** (800) 344-8826.

Jan. 25-26: **Snowmobile Rally.** Pro snocross racing. Days of '76 Rodeo Grounds, **Deadwood.** 578-1876.

Jan. 25-Feb. 3: **Black Hills Stock Show & Rodeo.** Tradeshow, horse events, livestock sales and rodeo. Central States Fairgrounds and Rushmore Plaza Civic Center, **Rapid City.** 355-3861.

Jan. 25-27, Feb. 1-3 & 8-10: **Crimes of the Heart.** Black

Hills Community Theatre. Studio Theater, **Rapid City.** 394-1786.

Jan. 26: **Skates and a Movie.** Showing *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them.* Main Street Square, **Rapid City.** 716-7979.

Jan. 26-Feb. 2: **Rodeo Rapid City.** PRCA Xtreme Bulls, 20X High School Rodeo, Sutton Ranch Rodeo, PRCA Xtreme Bronc Match and mounted shooting. Rushmore Plaza Civic Center, **Rapid City.** 394-4111.

Feb. 2: **Eagles and Bagels.** Baldeagle presentation,

bagels and hike. Oahe Downstream Recreation Area, **Fort Pierre.** 223-7722.

Feb. 3: **Snow Jam Races.** Cross-country ski, fat tire bike and snowshoe races. Tomahawk Country Club, **Lead.** 569-2871.

Feb. 8: **Lights on the Ice.** Dance party on the ice rink. Main Street Square, **Rapid City.** 716-7979.

Feb. 8-10: **Black Hills Sports Show and Outdoor Expo.** Rushmore Plaza Civic Center, **Rapid City.** 939-1812.

Feb. 8-10 & 15-17: **Return to the Forbidden Planet.** Community theatre performance. Matthews Opera House, **Spearfish.** 642-7973.

Feb. 16: **Skates and a Movie.** Showing *Dirty Dancing.* Main Street Square, **Rapid City.** 716-7979.

Feb. 22-23: **State Wrestling Championships.** Rushmore Plaza Civic Center, **Rapid City.** 394-4111.

Feb. 23: **Rodney Carrington.** Deadwood Mountain Grand, **Deadwood.** 559-0386.



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Good Clean Fun

Participants in the Nemo 500 fundraiser (Feb. 23 at the Nemo Guest Ranch) race in some very unique rides ... outhouses. This family friendly and free event features three age division races, a shovel competition for the kids and a chili cook off. Build your own outhouse (or borrow the loaner) and push, pull, pedal or drag it along the course for your chance at first place.

Feb. 23: Last Day to Skate Beach Party. Main Street Square, **Rapid City**. 716-7979.

Feb. 23: Riders Cup Race. Ski and snow boarding race for the whole family. Terry Peak, **Lead**. 584-2165.

Feb. 23: Nemo 500 Out-house Races. Races, chili cook-off and fundraiser for NAJA Shrine Kids Transportation. Nemo Guest Ranch, **Nemo**. 578-2708.

Feb. 24: Snow Jam Winter Games. Cross-country ski, fat tire bike and snowshoe events for all ages. Tomahawk Country Club, **Lead**. 569-2871.

Feb. 25: RCCA Presents Chris Brubeck's *Triple Play*. Rushmore Plaza Civic Center, **Rapid City**. 394-4111.

Feb. 28: Senior Slope-Side Day. Free Slope-Side Poker Run, lunch and Terry Peak Trivia contest for seniors age 70 and over. Terry Peak, **Lead**. 584-2165.

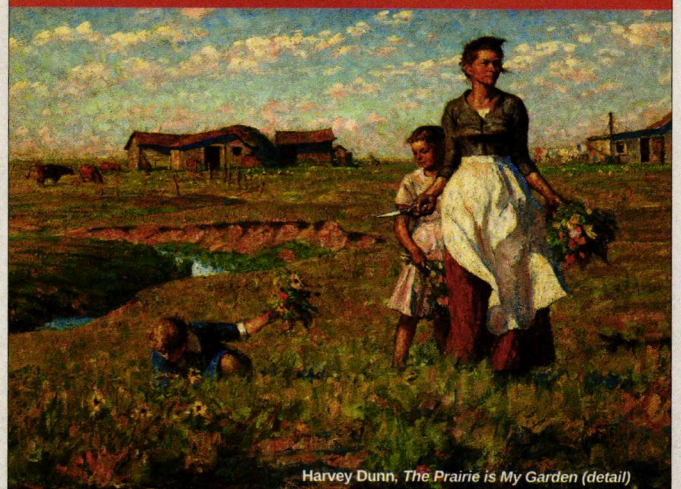
Note: Times or dates may change. Please call organizers to confirm. The area code for all phone numbers is 605 unless otherwise noted. For more events, visit www.SouthDakota-Magazine.com.

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Harvey Dunn, *The Prairie is My Garden* (detail)

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If

If someday you find me in the cows
Don't cry too hard
No better place to go
For a cow man like me

If you find me at field's end
Propped up against a tractor tire
Smile for a moment for you see
It's the place I'd want to be

To die outside don't you see
Is the right place for me
I've trod these fields forever it seems
This is where my last round should be

Not in some bed or home for me
No machine to keep me living
Just sky above and dirt below
When my time comes I hope I'm working

Don't feel too bad I've had it good
It's how I'd spend my last day
Been outside for most my life
I sure hope God has fields to hay

*Gary Jongeling
Watertown, S.D.*

Taking a Walk on the Wild Side

After a quick January thaw,
a smeared paw print lies frozen
in the mud alongside my machine shed,
showing a fox in a hurry.
Months will pass before spring rain
will soften the paw print,
smoothing it
to the point of being again just mud,
no longer a reminder of my surprise
at seeing a clue
to the wild coming out
and taking a walk on a warm
winter night
while I slept.

*Bruce Roseland
Seneca, S.D.*



Horses caught in a Perkins County blizzard near Shadehill. Photo by Ruth Wiechmann

Solitary

A lone Canada goose, flying erratic circles
overhead, separated from her crèche and her mate
by some accident of fate

maybe from staying too long
in her downy Ontario nest
or, flying through the low-lying fog bank

perhaps crested left on an eddy
and wrongly angled westward
while her vee was still

pointed south.

They mate for life, Canada geese.
What would make her feathered twin
leave her behind,

foundering through the thick
winter morning sky,
crying out to find her way

in the daylight breaking
the waves of slow rolling cloud?
She shot the rising nebula of sun

and vanished in the frosted brume.
My heart,
firmly seated in my chest,

followed earthbound,
catching to it every echo cast
back, every last forsaken call.

*Stacey Potter
Rapid City, S.D.*



OUR WILD SIDE

South Dakota's Untamed
Flora and Fauna



Unwelcome Guests ... Eurasian collared doves make for a pretty picture in winter, but biologists and birds native to South Dakota may wish they had never made it across the ocean. The doves are considered an invasive species, known carriers of diseases that can be fatal to other bird species and aggressively compete with native doves, cardinals and blue jays for food and habitat. Eurasian collared doves originated in the Asian subtropics and had spread to Western Europe by the 1950s. Fewer than 50 escaped captivity in the Bahamas in 1974, and within a decade they were found in the wild in Florida. Today they are plentiful throughout much of the Lower 48 and Mexico. During winter, they live in flocks of multiple pairs, so they are easier to find in leafless trees. This dove was fluttering around a Pierre backyard.

Photo by Chad Coppess/S.D. Tourism



From the Arctic

Common redpolls are infrequent visitors to South Dakota during winter. They nest in the Arctic and fly south — sometimes as far as South Dakota — to forage for seeds. A year ago, about eight to 10 birds showed up in Jarris Wentzel's backyard near Madison. "It's quite a treat to have them," Wentzel says. "I'm hoping they'll remember me and come back again this winter." The brown and white birds are recognizable by the red patch on their forehead. Males also have a pale red breast.

Bearded Wonder

Though a wild turkey's beard appears hairy and bristly, it's considered to be a modified feather. Scientists call them mesofiloplumes, and consider them important in studying how dinosaur skin evolved into feathers. Its purpose is debatable; females might consider beard length when choosing a mate. Beards grow continuously at a rate of about 5 inches per year, but beards beyond 12 inches in length are rare because of wear and tear. The longest beard ever recorded in South Dakota is 13.375 inches on a Rio Grande turkey in Todd County.



Bruce Porisch

Bruce Porisch



BULKING UP

To prepare for winter, South Dakota's whitetail deer eat 5 to 9 pounds of food per day during fall. In winter, when their food source changes from lush, green plants to nuts and woody plants, they will draw on fat reserves accumulated in the preceding months. By spring, a deer may lose up to 20 percent of its body weight.

WALKING IN THE WILD

Custer's Hay Flats

The Hay Flats, in the southwest corner of Custer State Park, is a high, grassy plain about 4,200 feet in elevation surrounded by rocky hilltops. It's a secret small grass sea where you can see for miles across a flat-tish expanse.

Both the Centennial and the Prairie Trail get you close to the Flats. Park at the Highland Creek parking area on NPS 5 where the Centennial crosses from Wind Cave National Park into Custer State Park. Cross the street into the state park, open the gate and be on your way. You'll hike through patches of ponderosa pine forest and open meadow, and through some recent burn areas. Just shy of 3 miles in, a logging road crosses the trail right as you reach a gully that joins Flynn Creek a short ways west. A right turn leads to a climb with sweeping views of a half-burned valley to the north. The road peters out a mile in. From there, follow game trails down a pass into the dog towns of Flynn Creek valley, close to the Prairie Trail.

From here, a two-track takes a northeasterly climb



Michael Zimny

before meeting another that switches back southwest onto the Hay Flats. Some southeasterly trailblazing leads to another two-track over piney hills and back to the junction of NPS 5 and the Centennial Trail. My route clocks in at 8.6 miles and only includes about a quarter mile that is truly off-trail.

—Michael Zimny



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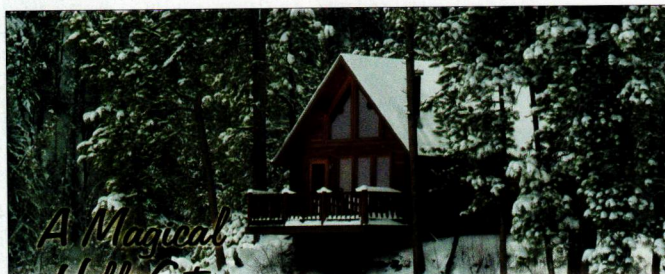
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Christian Begeman

TOUGHING IT OUT

Not all robins fly south during the winter. Migration patterns depend more on food availability than temperature. When the ground freezes, robins search for fruit to eat, instead of worms and insects. That fruit would quickly disappear if they all stayed, so the birds spread out to ensure there's food for everyone. The hearty robins that stay in South Dakota find a bounty in places like the Big Sioux Recreation Area near Brandon, where a few berries still cling to leafless trees.



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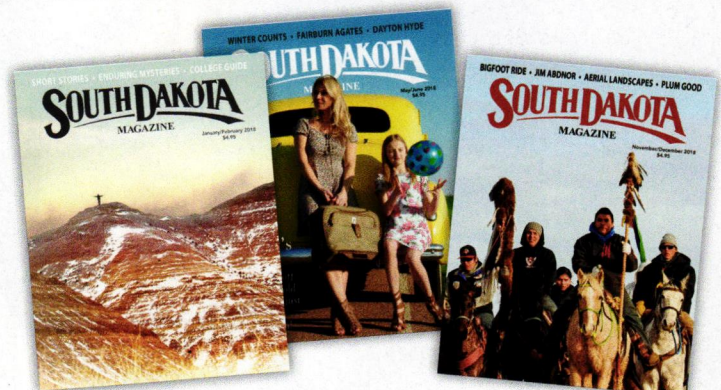
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THIS TIME OF YEAR



Dave Tunge

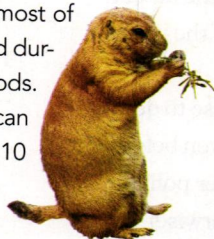
Frigid temperatures add layers of ice to South Dakota's lakes. Look for at least 4 inches of clear ice before walking on a frozen lake, and 16 inches before driving a vehicle.



About 36 percent of snowy owl sightings in South Dakota occur in January. The birds venture south from Canada during winter when food is scarce.

Black-tailed prairie dogs do not hibernate, but they spend most of their time underground during especially cold periods.

A prairie dog town can measure 100 feet long, 10 feet deep and can contain 50 to 100 burrows per acre.



The Great Backyard Bird Count takes place Feb. 15-18. South Dakotans are encouraged to survey their own bird populations and enter the results online at gbbc.birdcount.org.

Chad Coppess / S.D. Tourism



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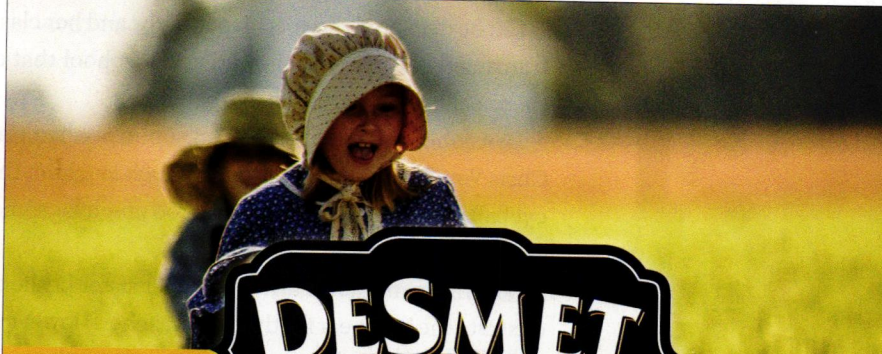
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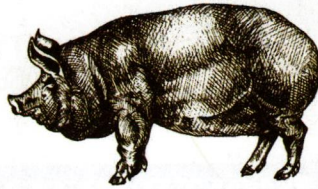
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TOO LONG IN THE SUN



IN A PIG'S EAR

BY BERNIE HUNHOFF

DAN JOHNSON AND his wife Mary are Yankton physicians, so they were well qualified to assist their oldest daughter, Carrie, when she began to study human anatomy in middle school science class.

In fact, when Dan learned that Carrie was to give a report on the human eye, he contacted Cimpl's meatpacking plant in Yankton and was able to obtain a cow's eye. The Johnsons refrigerated the specimen for use as a prop in Carrie's presentation.

Carrie delivered the speech perfectly, and her classmates were transfixed because she showed up for school that day carrying the eyeball and wearing an eye patch.

Dan Johnson told the story last summer when Carrie married Chris Vondracek. He admitted, to much laughter, that the actual eyeball and suggestive patch were too much for some of the more squeamish students.

Several years later, Carrie's younger sister Leslie chose to demonstrate the inner ear for the same teacher. However, even before her doctor/dad could visit the meatpackers, the teacher politely pleaded that Leslie bring no real body parts, pig or otherwise. 