

SHORT STORIES • ENDURING MYSTERIES • COLLEGE GUIDE

SOUTH DAKOTA

MAGAZINE

January/February 2018
\$4.95





Great FACES
GREAT *Places*

CUSTER STATE PARK // MOUNT RUSHMORE NATIONAL MEMORIAL



WHEN THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE AND DO,
YOUR ONLY CHOICE IS TO HAVE A GREAT TIME.

South Dakota

TRAVELSOUTHDAKOTA.COM
1-800-732-5682



HOMEGROWN WITH HEART.

SPACES WITH STYLE.

Showplace Cabinetry is nationally-known, but most importantly, we are locally-owned right here in South Dakota. Our employee-owners take great pride in every cabinet crafted for you, your family and your home. Featuring heirloom quality and trendsetting style, your creative choices are nearly unlimited, and backed by the assurance of a limited lifetime warranty. Visit one of our proud Showplace dealers to learn more.



SHOWPLACE
CABINERY

100%
EMPLOYEE
OWNED

MADE IN
AMERICA
SOUTH DAKOTA

LIMITED
LIFETIME
WARRANTY



ABERDEEN

House of Glass
2 N. State St.
(605) 225.2010
www.house-of-glass.com

BELLE FOURCHE

Dakota Lumber
18751 US Hwy 85
(605) 892.4041
www.dakotalumber.doitbest.com

BRITTON

Britton Lumber & Home Center
767 Vander Horck St.
(605) 448.5282
www.brittonhomecenter.com

FAIRFAX

Koenig Lumber
30209 US Hwy 18
(605) 654.2101
www.koeniglumber.com

GETTYSBURG

212 Kitchen & Bath
113 W. Garfield Ave.
(605) 765.9331

HURON

Farmers Cashway
1820 US Hwy 14 W.
(605) 352.7118
www.fc.doitbest.com

MILLER

Builders Cashway Inc.
1120 E. 3rd St.
(605) 853.3515
www.builderscashway.com

PIERRE

Simply Unique Cabinetry
331 S. Pierre St.
(605) 494-1010
www.simplyuniquecabinetry.com

RAPID CITY

Westport Kitchen and Bath
2951 N. Plaza Dr. Ste. 100
(605) 348.4704
www.westportkitchenbath.biz

SIOUX FALLS

Showplace Kitchens
804 S. Minnesota Ave.
(605) 335.9600
Also in Harrisburg
www.showplacekitchens.com

YANKTON

The Kitchen Place of Yankton
309 W. 11th St.
(800) 249.3837
www.tkplaceyankton.com



Bassett

BENCH★MADE

*American Hardwoods.
Crafted in the USA.*

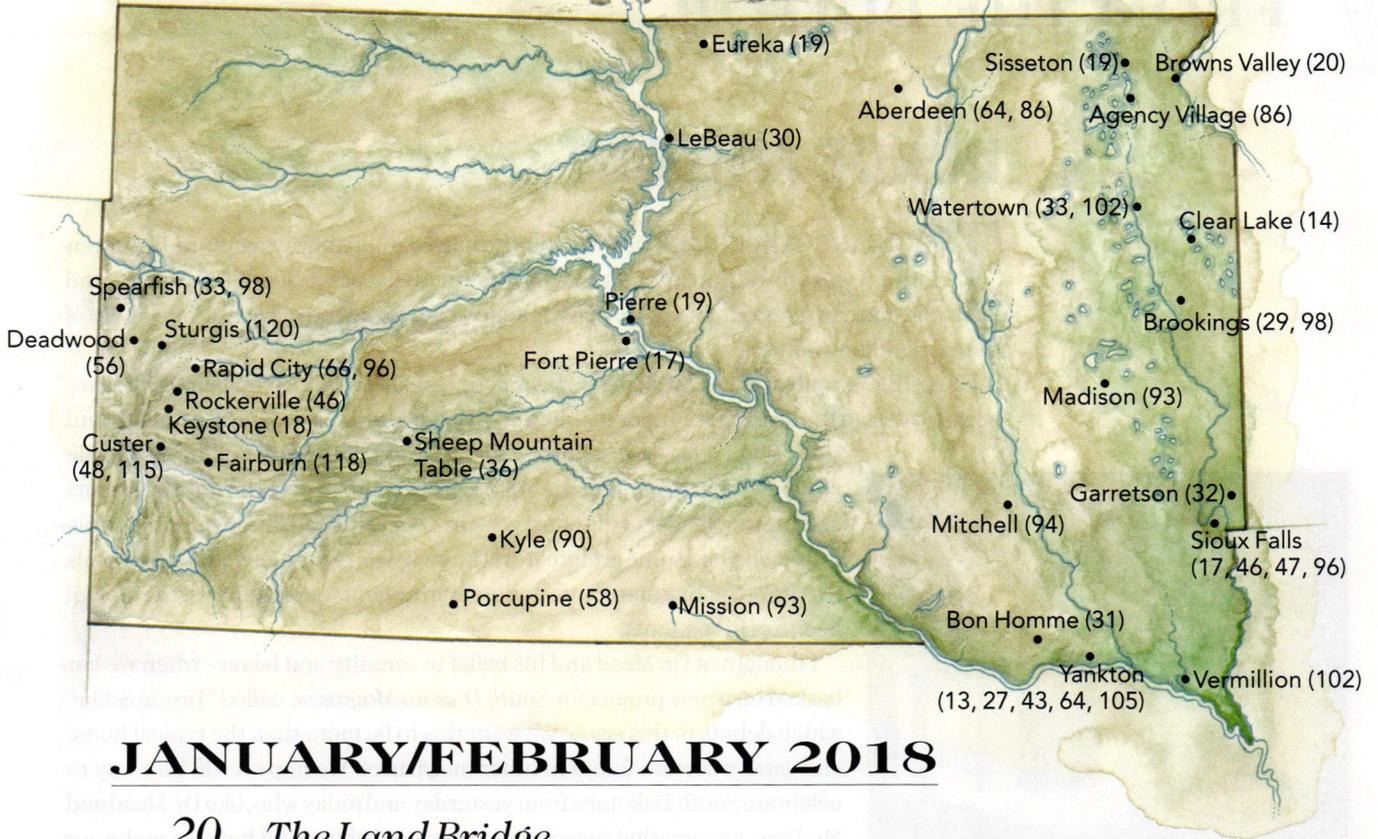
MONTGOMERY'S

SIOUX FALLS | MADISON | WATERTOWN

South Dakota Family-Owned Since 1888

MONTGOMERYS.COM

#MYMONTGOMERYS



JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2018

20 *The Land Bridge*

Browns Valley separates two great waterways.

By *Bernie Hunhoff*

26 *Enduring Mysteries*

Lost treasures and other puzzles of S.D. life.

By *John Andrews*

36 *Return to Sheep Mountain Table*

Where an adventurous woman raised her family.

By *Bernie Hunhoff*

70 *The Bed of Ikpsapewin*

A short story by *Bernie Hunhoff*

74 *Only Fair*

A short story by *Joseph Bottum*

78 *Sparrows & Finches*

A short story by *Elizabeth Cook-Lynn*

85 *Guide to Higher Education*

Hot spots in our college towns.

Inside & Out

Our new design section premieres on p. 55!

DEPARTMENTS

9 Mailbox

13 Dakotiana

43 Writers & Artists

50 Seriously Folks

52 Big Picture

82 Mountain Airings

107 Traveler (Events)

114 Poetry

115 Our Wild Side

120 Too Long in the Sun

OUR COVER: Bonny Fleming of Rapid City photographed the Badlands on a snowy day.



INSIDE AND OUT

THE QUARTZITE BUILDINGS of the state hospital campus always captured my attention as I was growing up in Yankton. I have learned that other South Dakotans found the place mysterious and perhaps even scary, but I loved the magical atmosphere of the castle-like structures.

Famed Sioux Falls architect Wallace Dow, sometimes called “The Builder on the Prairie,” began to design the beautiful campus in the 1880s. However, his plans became stalled until 1899 when a tragic fire burned an old wood dormitory, killing 17 female patients. That prompted the state legislature to restart the improvements and the new leader of the effort was Dr. Leonard Mead, the hospital administrator who had some architectural knowledge. He convinced state officials that an attractive and comfortable environment would improve the mental health of his patients.

I thought of Dr. Mead and his belief in serenity and beauty when we embarked on a new project for *South Dakota Magazine* called “Inside & Out” which debuts in this issue. We want this to be more than the typical home and garden section found in other magazines. We hope it will be a way to celebrate South Dakotans from yesterday and today who, like Dr. Mead and Mr. Dow, are creating spaces that are not only beautiful but also make our state a better place for all.

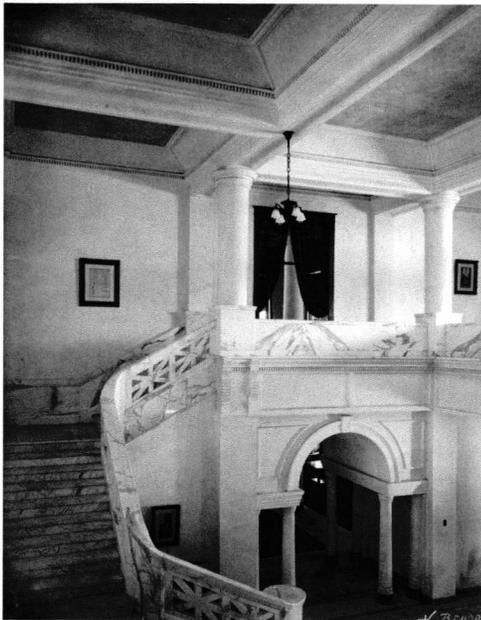
Throughout our 33 years of publishing, architecture and geography have been important parts of what we do. As we explore South Dakota’s towns and cities, we constantly look for interesting places and the people behind them.

Southern novelist Eudora Welty once wrote, “Every story would be another story, and unrecognizable if it took up its characters and plot and happened somewhere else. Place is the crossroads of circumstance, the proving ground of What happened? Who’s here? Who’s coming?”

That’s the spirit of “Inside & Out,” which begins on page 55. You’ll find stories on an old auto garage that is now a popular Rapid City meeting place, a new town being built in the Badlands and other such places.

We’ve already learned from this project that South Dakota’s designers and architects have great reverence and respect for places built long ago, so sometime soon we’ll have to write more about Dr. Mead’s efforts to create a magical hospital campus because a few of those structures are still standing and the grandest of them — now called the Mead Building — will become Yankton’s “new” museum this year.

One of South Dakota’s greatest charms is that it’s not so much a state as a big, sprawling community of 850,000 people. Compared to other communities of our size, we’ve built an impressive and varied collection of places that are unique to the world. It will be fun to learn more about them. Look for “Inside & Out” in every other issue of *South Dakota Magazine*.



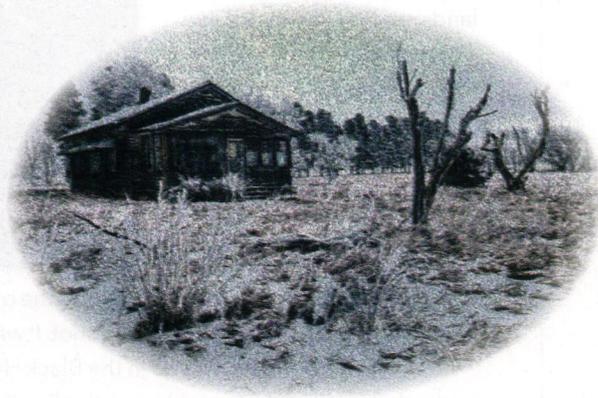
The Mead building, soon to be Yankton’s new museum, features a grand marble staircase.

Katie Hunhoff

— Katie Hunhoff



ANOTHER GREAT MEMORY FROM DE SMET FARM MUTUAL



PRIDE IS A VIRTUE TO A DEGREE
IN RURAL AMERICA, BUT CAN A MAN BE

TOO PROUD IN WINTER?

THERE ARE SAD TALES of how some of our proud pioneer ancestors let their children go hungry rather than ask for help.

We never missed a meal, but Dad had too much pride at times. I remember a stormy winter's day when our pickup truck stalled on a dirt road 2 miles from our farmhouse. Dad decided we would walk home, despite the cold and blowing snow. We passed two neighboring farmsteads on our way. It was a long and chilly hike against snowdrifts and a bitter wind.

We drove back the next morning to retrieve the pickup. While we were working on the carburetor, one of the neighbors came by and was clearly unhappy when he figured out our predicament.

"Why didn't you stop for help yesterday?" he asked. We heard some hurt in his voice. Dad didn't have an answer.

Don't hesitate to reach out when you need a hand, especially in the winter cold. It can be a kindness to both the giver and the receiver. People want to help their neighbors in De Smet Farm Mutual country.

DE SMET FARM MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

For an agent near you, visit our online directory at www.DeSmetFarmMutual.com
or call (605) 854-3337 • De Smet, South Dakota

SOUTH DAKOTA

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 33, NUMBER 5
JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2018



Published in the historic home
of Territorial Governor
John L. Pennington at Yankton

Publishers

KATIE HUNHOFF
HEIDI MARSH

Editor-at-Large

BERNIE HUNHOFF

Managing Editor

JOHN ANDREWS

Advertising

HEIDI MARSH, DIRECTOR

Circulation & Marketing Manager

LAURA JOHNSON ANDREWS

Marketing Coordinator

JENESSA KNIFFEN

Production Manager

ANDREA MAIBAUM

Special Projects Coordinator

REBECCA JOHNSON

Subscriptions

KAYLA BARGER

KATELYN HAMIL

LIZA SANDOVAL

Contributing Editors

PAUL HIGBEE

ROGER HOLTZMANN

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscriptions are \$25 per year,
\$45 for two years. Mail change of
address and subscriptions to:

410 E. Third St.,
Yankton, S.D. 57078,
or call (800) 456-5117.

Hello@SouthDakotaMagazine.com
www.SouthDakotaMagazine.com

All contents are
Copyrighted 2018 by
South Dakota Publishing, LLC.

CONTRIBUTORS

BONNY FLEMING

Our cover photo of the Badlands came when Rapid City photographer Bonny Fleming was hiking with a group of friends below Sheep Mountain Table on the south side of the Badlands. "The fella in the photo is Charles Michael Ray," Fleming says. "He hiked up the



butte to see if there was a route to take on the other side. A group of us stayed down below, and that's when I grabbed the shot. It was a really great day out exploring."

Fleming was born and raised in the Black Hills. She works in multiple media, but particularly enjoys photography, especially when she's out exploring South Dakota's back roads. She also took our Big Picture photo on page 52. Fleming owns Bonzeye Studio and art gallery in Rapid City.

JOSEPH BOTTUM



Joseph Bottum returned to South Dakota from Washington, D.C. several years ago, writing from a historic home in Hot Springs. When he moved again to Madison to become professor of cyber-ethics and director of the new Classics Institute at Dakota State University, he decided East River seemed a natural setting for his new short story that appears in this issue (page 74) as part of our annual Winter Reader, a collection of fiction from South Dakota writers.

"I'd seen a news report about a sheriff in one of the Sun Belt states embarrassingly admitting that he'd dug up a yard on a tip from a psychic, and I thought of porting it to South Dakota for a serious note about relying on psychics," Bottum says. "But the story just turned comic as I tried to write it out, with 'Only Fair' the result."

Bottum is the former literary director for the *Weekly Standard* and wrote the South Dakota memoir *The Christmas Plains*.

ELIZABETH COOK-LYNN

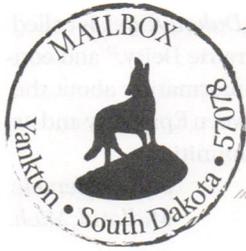


Elizabeth Cook-Lynn's short story is called "Sparrows and Finches," but it has nothing to do with birds. "It is really a woman's story, and it is about loneliness," Cook-Lynn says. "But what is she lonely for?"

Her story, written in what she describes as a minimalist style, begins on page 78 as part of our Winter Reader.

Cook-Lynn was born at Fort Thompson and is a member of the Crow Creek Sioux Tribe. She is professor emeritus of English and Native American Studies, which she taught at Eastern Washington University in Cheney, Washington. Since her retirement, she has served as writer-in-residence at universities around the country. She is also a founding editor of *Wicaso Sa Review: A Journal of Native American Studies*.

Cook-Lynn lives in Rapid City.



Bernie Hunhoff

Big Stone Lake, in far northeastern South Dakota, boasts seven islands including Manhattan (pictured), the former home of a YMCA youth camp.

CATTLE ON KITE'S ISLAND

The article ("Manhattan Island," Nov/Dec '17) about Kite's Island brought back memories. My dad used to help Mr. Kite with his cattle and grain in the winter. They were friends for many years. We often wondered why a family would decide to move to an island.

Angie Fryer
Hartford, S.D.

PLANTAIN HEALS

My daughter brought your article about medicinal plants ("10 Plants We Should Know," July/Aug '17) to our cabin on Iron Creek Lake. Our four granddaughters spent an entire afternoon playing in the creek without any sunblock. We were shocked at how badly they were sunburned. We had no creams or sprays, and were 15 miles from the nearest store. Then we remembered the article and realized that plantain was growing around the cabin.

We picked the leaves but they were very dry, so we chopped them and smashed them with water. We put

the plantain bits on the sunburns and left it for about 10 minutes. I was sure they would suffer all night long, but not so. There was no reference to the burns at all, and by morning the skin wasn't even red. We have decided that plantain is a miracle remedy.

Sydney Reyes
Salida, Calif.

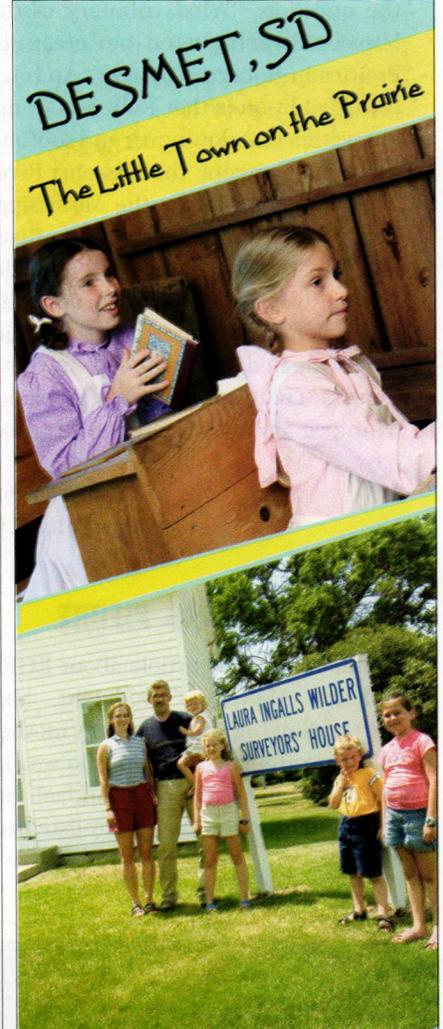
KOHLRABI FAN

Imagine my surprise to find the lowly kohlrabi given press ("Farmers Market Discoveries," Sept/Oct '17). All the years that my grandma and my mother planted a garden, there was space devoted to kohlrabi. We treated them the same as a carrot or radish. We couldn't wait for them to mature, because they were pulled, cleaned and eaten on the spot.

Richard Krista
Littleton, Colo.

ROBERTS' RIVERS

In your Sept/Oct '17 edition, you asked



Discover the world of
Laura Ingalls Wilder's
"Little House" stories
when you visit:

THE ORIGINAL SURVEYORS' HOUSE
from *By the Shores of Silver Lake*

THE INGALLS HOME
built by Charles "Pa" Ingalls

THE FIRST SCHOOL OF DE SMET
attended by Laura and Carrie

EXHIBITION
see original Ingalls-Wilder artifacts

THE DISCOVERY CENTER
for hands-on fun!

Tours available year-round.
Located one block east of the Courthouse

1-800-880-3383
www.DiscoverLaura.org

the question, "What tributary of the Missouri River begins on the Coteau des Prairies in Roberts County?" An interesting addition is that Roberts County has waters that flow north and south to three major rivers: the Missouri River (from the Big Sioux); the Mississippi River (from the Little Minnesota River into Big Stone Lake, then into the Minnesota River to the Mississippi); and the Red River. Lake Traverse is the beginning of the Red River that flows north to Canada. This waterway flows into Lake Winnipeg and eventually into Hudson Bay.

*Bob Peterson
Sioux Falls, S.D.*

LISTENED TO MRS. PIERRE

Thank you for the article about KGFX and Ida McNeil ("Goodnight, Mrs. Pierre," Nov/Dec '17). When my mother was expecting me in 1936, she was in Pierre and my father was in Ideal. He found out he had a baby girl by listening to KGFX.

We eventually moved to Pierre, and I remember listening to the hospital report just to hear Ida's descriptive words to convey how patients were doing. My favorite was when she would describe a patient who was about to be released as "up and about." I sometimes catch myself saying that when a friend is recovering from an illness.

*Rita Potas
Benson, Minn.*

FOR MORE ABOUT EPIPHANY

I greatly enjoyed "Saintly Swindler" (Nov/Dec '17) about Epiphany's Father Kroeger. For those interested in more about Epiphany during that time, I'd suggest Lori Thompson's book *Prairie Stars* (Egress Books, 2007). It is a fictional novel based on interviews conducted in the 1990s of older people in the area and on published articles from the early 1900s. Several names were changed. For example, Assumption in the book is Epiphany, and Fr. Wingen is Fr. Kroeger. Also, chapter 8 in Robert

Fritschen's book, *Dakota/Eifel*, is called "Epiphany — a Prairie Deity," and contains additional information about the relationships between Epiphany and its neighboring communities.

*James Mentele
Midland, Mich.*

THIRD TRIBAL CEMETERY

In "Stories Beneath the Stones" (Nov/Dec '17) you missed the new tribal national cemetery on the Sisseton-Wahpeton Reservation west of Sisseton along Highway 10, about a mile west of Nicollet Tower. We happened to stop when it was under construction in 2016. It was completed in the spring of 2017. So we now have six national cemeteries in South Dakota, not five.

*Arlo Levisen
Wilmot, S.D.*

STUDENT OF MCNEIL

Your article on Ida McNeil ("Goodnight, Mrs. Pierre," Nov/Dec '17) was very in-

WHERE FUN & FAITH MEET

Give your child an experience of a lifetime at Rainbow Bible Ranch,
our fourth-generation family-operated summer camp
for boys and girls ages 6 to 18.



teresting. Living between White River and Wood, I recall sometimes hearing a lady broadcasting on the Pierre station (KGFX) in the 1950s, even though we generally tuned into WNAX at Yankton. The part that hit home was learning that her youngest son, Richard McNeil, taught electrical engineering for 35 years at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology in Rapid City. I graduated from there in 1965 and remember him as an instructor. What was really bizarre was that at a reunion of Mines alumni living in New Mexico held in October of 2017, I talked to a 1982 graduate who also had him as an instructor.

*Ernie Endes
Carlsbad, N.M.*

CAMPED ON MANHATTAN

The article "Manhattan Island" (Nov/Dec '17) brought back memories. In 1969, I was a YMCA Camp Teepee-tonka counselor on the island. I was from Orlando, Florida, and in college in St. Pe-

tersburg. I wanted to have an adventure, applied and was accepted. There was a great group of counselors and kids at the camp, many from Sioux Falls. A highlight of my summer was going horseback riding. I thought a Floridian galloping across the prairie was amazing.

In 1991, I got a job with the Black Hills Passion Play at their Florida theater. I came to Spearfish with the show, met my wife to be and settled down. South Dakota kept tugging at my heart.

*Walt Pharr
Spearfish, S.D.*

FUN IN SUMMIT

I love "The Lutefisk Tradition" (Nov/Dec '17). As a non-fan of lutefisk, I completely endorse the recipe described in the lead paragraph. But my attachment to Summit and recollections of many childhood visits there are tasty several decades later.

Though my hometown is Browns Valley, Minnesota, much of my pre-teen years were spent working at my Grand-

pa Weeks' farm near Peever and riding with Dad as he delivered bulk gasoline and other petroleum products to Sinclair outlets in Summit, Sisseton, Peever and Lohre's (a rural general store atop the Glacial Hills west of Peever). Summit was my favorite destination, mostly for a new bicycle (I didn't yet have my own) that the Sinclair dealer let me ride while Dad offloaded the delivery.

*Wendell Duffield
Greenbank, Wash.*

SEND US YOUR COMMENTS

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



Rainbow Bible Ranch
14676 Lonetree Rd., Sturgis, SD
605-923-6056 | RainbowBibleRanch.org



PROPRIOCEPTION,
ACCOMMODATION
REFLEX, AND PRECISION
KEYBOARDING IN
LONG-DISTANCE FIBER
OPTIC NETWORK
INFORMATION SHARING

NETWORK REACH

A TECHNICAL ANALYSIS
BY SDN COMMUNICATIONS

SDN Communications' vast network of over 30,000 miles of fiber optic cable makes moving massive amounts of secure data as simple as a few clicks on the keyboard. So while you might occasionally strain to hit the shift key, with SDN your reach extends thousands of miles in every direction.

10 FINGERS

30,000 MILES OF FIBER


SDN COMMUNICATIONS

Enjoy the UPTIME. | sdncommunications.com



DAKOTIANA

Observations and Discoveries of Life in South Dakota



Bernie Hunhoff

Winter Huddle ... Birds are adaptable by nature, but the common rock pigeon takes the cake — especially if you leave the cake outdoors and unattended. And therein lies the secret to the species' success. Pigeons thrive on scraps and whatever can be found, whether it be corn piled at the grain elevator or popcorn spilled at the ballpark. They are homebodies who wouldn't dream of migrating south in the winter. Pigeons seldom even leave the neighborhood where they are raised. These birds are happily warming themselves on a lighted motel sign in Yankton on a frigid winter day.





NO SWEAT

Dan Gates made AC inspections cheaper and easier

Dan Gates knew that getting to the evaporator coil on an air conditioner can be a pain. The Clear Lake heating and air conditioning specialist was on a service call and ended up removing a large section of the unit just to get to the coil, which sits inside a small box on the very top.

When he finished, he returned to the shop and immediately started sketching prototypes that would make the job easier. The result is what he calls the CheckEZ Inspection Frame. It features four ac-



cess holes — one on each side — that allow inspections to be done by feeding a camera inside. The holes also help technicians take temperature, static pressure and carbon monoxide readings.

The metal frame is placed under the coil and on top of the furnace. It adds just 1 3/4 inches to the total height of the furnace, but saves time and money. “Once the frame is

installed, service calls that once took hours may now only take a few minutes,” Gates says.

Gates works in a one-man shop. A local Hutterite colony helps cut frames and he gets boxes from Wattertown Box Corporation. But 4 million new HVAC units are sold annually in the nation, so if the CheckEZ catches on Gates may need to expand. “Growing to that kind of capacity is probably a ways down the road, but that would be huge for the people I work with,” he says.

Historic Dates

In South Dakota

RENVILLE'S TREATY

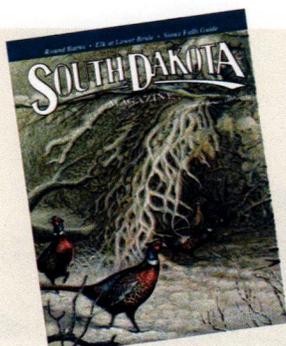
Feb. 19, 1867 ... Gabriel Renville, the last chief of the Sisseton and Wahpeton tribes, signed a treaty with the U.S. that created the Lake Traverse Indian Reservation in northeastern South Dakota and southeastern North Dakota.

VANISHED

Jan. 11, 1969 ... A plane carrying four Augustana College debate team members and two advisers disappeared while returning from a tournament in Colorado. Rescue teams searched for the wreckage through the winter. Hunters discovered the crash site in the Sandhills of Nebraska in the spring.

TIBBS DIES

Jan. 28, 1990 ... Rodeo legend Casey Tibbs died at his home in California. The Stanley County native won eight Rodeo Cowboys Association world championships, 28 saddles and 76 gold and silver buckles. When he died, he held the all-time world record for points at 42,065.



BEST QUOTE 25 YEARS AGO

“She would be working at the sink in the kitchen, and she’d say if the phone rings and it’s Sherri, she would drop everything and go. I’ll never believe that she is dead. I never will until there is proof.”

—Rita Anglin in our Jan/Feb 1993 issue about her mother’s reaction after Rita’s sister, Sherri Miller, and Pam Jackson, both Vermillion High School students, disappeared in 1971. The girls and their car were discovered in the low waters of Brule Creek near Beresford in 2014.



C A M B R I A[®]

THE NEW CENTER OF ATTENTION

With beauty that's impossible to ignore, people just can't stay away from a Cambria[®] kitchen.

Gorgeous selections, including Annicca,[™] and our stunning Cambria Matte[™] finish make the allure even more irresistible.

Find more than 140 designs for your dream kitchen or bath at Creative Surfaces.

© CAMBRIA 2017

 **FAMILY OWNED
AMERICAN MADE**

 **CREATIVE
SURFACES INC.**
CASEWORK • SIGNS • COUNTERTOPS

Black Hills: 605-348-8411
Sioux Falls: 605-362-5853



SOUTH DAKOTA TRIVIA

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



1 >> According to legend, who burned the cattle town of LeBeau to the ground in 1910?

2 >> Where will you find a concrete donkey known as Depression Nag?

3 >> Who sculpted the dinosaurs at Rapid City's Dinosaur Park?

4 >> At what bar is it a tradition to smash your empty bottles under the dock before ordering another?

5 >> What is South Dakota's official state dessert?



Bernie Hurthoff

6 >> WHERE WILL YOU FIND THIS BRONZE FARMER?

We'll See You Through Every Stage of Life

Your vision needs may change but your eye care team doesn't have to. At Ophthalmology LTD, we've assembled a comprehensive team of specialists offering a full range of vision diagnostics and treatments under one roof.

Call or go online to request an appointment with one of the region's most trusted and experienced eye surgeons.



(605) 336-6294
OphthalmologyLTD.com



OPHTHALMOLOGY LTD.

THE REGION'S MOST TRUSTED, EXPERIENCED EYE SURGEONS



Russell McKnight

TOP 7 *Things Judith Meierhenry Loves About South Dakota*

Judith Meierhenry grew up in Burke. She attended the University of South Dakota and worked in state government before becoming a circuit court judge in 1988. Meierhenry served on the South Dakota Supreme Court from 2002 until her retirement in 2011. She and her husband, Mark, live in Sioux Falls.

Mediterranean Eats

I love tabbouleh salad, and no one makes it better than Sanaa Abourezk. But then everything is good at Sanaa's 8th Street Gourmet at 8th and Railroad in Sioux Falls.

River Walk

Whenever I stay in Pierre, I try to walk the trail along the river. I especially enjoy the path on the east side of the river as it meanders from the railroad bridge, under the highway overpass down to LaFramboise Island. At sunset, the pink sky reflects off the blue water.

Southern Drive

My favorite drive is Highway 18 from Pickstown west across the Missouri River, to my home country and then west through Mission and Pine Ridge. The power of the river and surrounding hills, the

soothing prairie and the vast landscape through the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Reservations bring back memories and give me joy.

Hasselstrom's Reflections

Raised west of the Missouri River in Gregory County, I relate to Linda Hasselstrom's works. Her own story and her other writings remind me of why I love the South Dakota prairie and how the wind, the weather, the smell of the earth and the prairie vistas become part of who we are.

Prairie Cabin

My spiritual retreat is at my prairie cabin, next to the land my grandparents homesteaded and parents farmed, and the place I grew up. There, I can absorb the beauty of the land, reflect on my life

and feel the spirit of my ancestors. It is peaceful and calming.

Bucket List

On my to-do list is a hike to the top of Black Elk Peak. Being a prairie person, I prefer to sit on the deck of my cabin in Gregory County and absorb a 360-degree view of the prairie. I feel like I can see forever. But I suspect I will also feel that way when I make it to the top of Black Elk Peak.

State Capitol

I've loved the state Capitol from the first time I saw it, to the 1980s when I worked in government, to more recently when I had an office in the judicial wing. To this day, when I walk into the building I am awestruck. I love the echo of footsteps in the halls. I can't help but feel the history that has unfolded there.

Happy Campers

For the last 30 years, Fred and Cheryl Leetch have enjoyed meeting family for a weeklong summer campout at the Lewis and Clark Recreation Area west of Yankton. When they retired last June from careers in state government, the Fort Pierre couple decided to see what the rest of the state had to offer. Beginning June 11 at West Bend Recreation Area near Pierre and ending Sept. 27 at Custer State Park, the Leetches camped in every one of South Dakota's 52 state parks.

The odyssey began with intense planning. Fred created a spreadsheet that listed each park and then tried to create a route that made sense. "Every 15 days or so, we'd come home to pay bills and mow the lawn," he says.

In addition to state parks, they visited the outdoor campuses in Sioux Falls in Rapid City, fish hatcheries and recreation areas, making a total of 72 stops in four months. Highlights included helping to launch a fishing tournament at West Whitlock near Gettysburg and playing on the giant checkerboard at Lake Louise near Miller. The Leetches also took in interesting side trips to places like Lemmon's Petrified Wood Park and the McNenny State Fish Hatchery, where they watched fish swim in a crystal clear pond that measures 121 feet deep.



Fred Leetch



LOU DEL BIANCO (top right) and extended family members helped unveil a plaque in September honoring Lou's grandfather Luigi, chief carver at Mount Rushmore.

Del Bianco Gets His Day

A new plaque honors Mount Rushmore's chief carver

A new marker unveiled in September of 2017 at Mount Rushmore National Memorial commemorates the contributions of chief carver Luigi Del Bianco and ends a nearly three-decade effort by his descendants to ensure their family patriarch's place in history.

Del Bianco, a classically trained Italian stone carver from New York, worked parts of eight seasons at Mount Rushmore, primarily refining the four faces. Del Bianco's family knew little of his involvement on the monument until his son combed through Gutzon Borglum's papers at the Library of Congress and realized how heavily Borglum depended upon Del Bianco. "He is worth any three men I could find in America," Borglum wrote in one letter.

The Del Bianco family presented their findings to Mount Rushmore in 1991, but was told all workers were honored equally. That remained the policy until Cam Sholly became director of the National Park Service's Midwest Region in 2015. He sent historians to examine the papers, and they recommended a separate plaque for Del Bianco.

"We are so proud of his accomplishment and only wanted him to get the credit he was due. No more, no less," says Lou Del Bianco, Luigi's grandson. "To our family, justice had finally been served, and history is now telling a more accurate story. My grandfather is a great representative of the immigrant who comes to America to live his dream."

YOUR MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE BEGINS HERE!

DEADWOOD, SOUTH DAKOTA

BLACK HILLS
ADVENTURE LODGING

605-490-9944 | www.BlackHillsAdventureLodging.com

A Magical Hill City Hideaway

Bask in cozy comfort while enjoying the breathtaking views of the Black Hills. Close to Hill City's shops, art galleries, restaurants, and adjacent to the famed Mickelson Trail. Open year-round.

NEWTON FORK RANCH

605.574.2220 | NewtonForkRanch.com

De Smet, SD

FUN

HISTORIC

FAMILY ADVENTURE

HUNT & FISH

STAY HERE

www.DeSmetSuperDeluxeInn.com

1-877-687-7523

ONLY ON OUR WEBSITE

www.SouthDakotaMagazine.com



TWO ISLANDS — Farm Island and LaFramboise Island lie in the Missouri River near Pierre. Both are popular in fair weather, when visitors enjoy the lush nature, varied wildlife and miles of hiking. But snow and ice lend a different perspective to their beauty. See more photos from Lance Bertram at www.SouthDakotaMagazine.com/island-winter.

Join the Conversation

Readers are still talking about stories from the *South Dakota Magazine* archives that now appear on our website. Ann Wolff shared her experience making borscht, featured in our May/June 2011 issue:

“As a new bride in Eureka, I tried to make borscht. I started with some soup bones from Boschee’s store and they were just that — bones and no meat. I added a quart of water and several cans of veggies with the juice. The kettle was getting full, so I started another. It tasted bland, so I added beef bouillon cubes. Now, what to do with six quarts of ‘soup’? Bottle it and share with the neighbors! Like I said, I was a new bride. The neighbors felt sorry for my husband and proceeded to bring in meals. My first attempt at kuchen wasn’t much better — a cherry soufflé scorched to the bottom of the oven. I became the best customer of the Eureka Bakery and Lyric Lanes!”

Share your comments at www.SouthDakotaMagazine.com/borscht-a-roots-soup

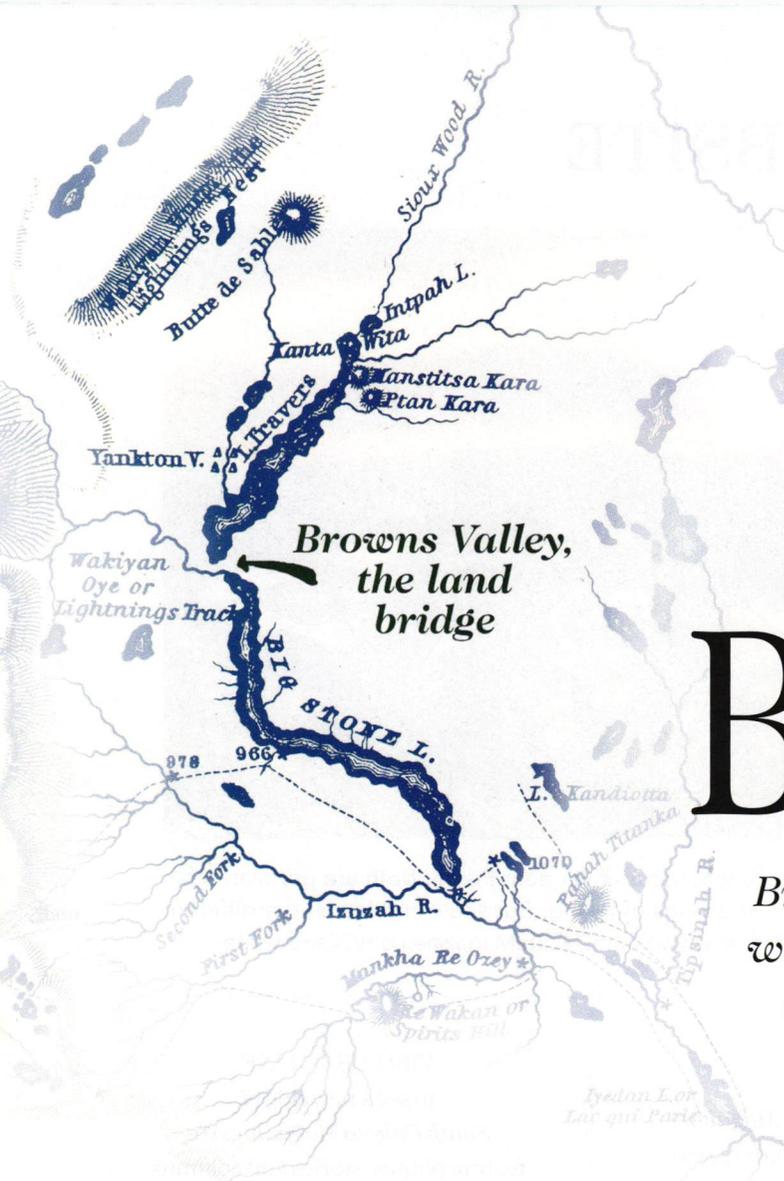
Trivia answers, page 16: 1. Murdo MacKenzie; 2. Tinkertown; 3. Emmet Sullivan; 4. The Ice House in Yankton; 5. Kuchen; 6. Stockyards Ag Experience Museum in Sioux Falls.

VISIT US ONLINE

to see a new 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.

167

years ago, Indian land in Iowa and Minnesota was ceded to the federal government through the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux. A silver peace medallion, a gift presented to the tribes on the day the treaty was signed, still survives and is held by a family from Sisseton. Read about it at www.SouthDakotaMagazine.com/sisseton-peace-medallion



THE LAND BRIDGE

Browns Valley separates two great waterways and blends the cultures of South Dakota and Minnesota

STORY AND PHOTOS BY BERNIE HUNHOFF

FEW SOUTH DAKOTANS have been to both the arctic Hudson Bay and the tropical Gulf of Mexico because they are 3,000 miles apart as the crow flies. However, the headwaters of the two seas can be traced to a pleasant, rural meadow in South Dakota known as Browns Valley, where a continental divide drains the prairie in opposite directions. Lake Traverse flows northeasterly to the bay and Big Stone Lake flows southeasterly toward the gulf.

Browns Valley seems tame today but it was the epicenter of an Ice Age, a place where native civilizations gathered for eons and where Vikings may have come 700 years ago. Within the last 200 years, the three-mile-long land bridge has been the scene of racial unrest, political battles and archaeological mysteries.

Harold Moore, 94, a longtime historian in the Coteau hill country of northeast South Dakota and southwest Minnesota, says Browns Valley is significant for several reasons. "This is the only land bridge between the Gulf of Mexico and the Hudson Bay," he says.

Moore and his historian cohort in the valley, Rich-

ard Johnson, know the land bridge like few others. In a two-hour car ride, they pointed to a place in a gravel pit where the remains of a prehistoric man were discovered — a man who walked today's Dakotas and Minnesota 8,700 years ago. They drove us to the shore of Lake Traverse, the southern edge of the Hudson Bay's drainage system, on S.D. Highway 10, and to an old cemetery now closed to burials.

Johnson grew up on a farm on the South Dakota side of the border. After retiring from a construction career in the Twin Cities, he came home and now serves as president of the Browns Valley Historical Society. He says most of the few hundred tourists who visit the off-the-beaten-path valley each year are surprised to learn of the geological wonders and history.

The natural history of the valley can be traced to glaciers that scraped across the continent 20,000 years ago in the last Ice Age, bulldozing earth and stone and causing flatlands and ridges. "Then the ice began to melt about 12,000 years ago and ancient Lake Agassiz was formed," Johnson says. "When the lake level reached a

The museum at Browns Valley, Minnesota, is rich with South Dakota artifacts and information. The main building is a two-story log cabin that was built as a scout's headquarters at Fort Sisseton. Joseph Brown moved the cabin to the town named for him, and later his son Sam — famous for surviving a chilling ride — lived in it for many years.





The Medbery family farm house partly constitutes the remains of the 19th century hotel in Travare, a town that flourished briefly on the South Dakota side of Browns Valley. Pictured are Sharon and Lon and their son, Lon Jr.

certain level — maybe 150 feet in depth — tremendous flows of water went north and south, forming the Minnesota River valley to the south and the Red River valley to the north.”

The flooding exposed the bedrock granite. As the waters receded, the glacial lakes of Minnesota and the Dakotas appeared, including Big Stone and Traverse, separated by a three-mile-long land bridge that was appreciated by prehistoric man. Physical proof came in 1933 when fossilized remains were discovered by William Jensen, a local man with an interest in ancient history.

The Browns Valley Man, as he became known, was loaned to the University of Minnesota where archaeologists reconstructed the skull and estimated that the adult male was less than 40 years old and had walked the lakes country now known as South Dakota and Min-

nesota in about 6,000 B.C. Carbon dating later revealed that the bones were much older, probably about 8,700 B.C.

Eventually the remains were returned to Jensen at Browns Valley. In 1999 they were interred in a small graveyard near Sisseton to comply with the federal Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act.

Fossils of mastodon and mammoth bones have also been found in the region, and traces of Native American villages from more recent times — a simple millennium ago — have also surfaced.

Moore and Johnson, and other regional historians, also wonder if Scandinavian explorers may have visited the valley. Discovery of the Kensington Runestone fueled such speculation; though it is now considered a hoax, archaeologists do agree that there's evidence of Leif Erikson traveling to Newfoundland, and that adds

credibility to the notion that he or other Viking explorers may have followed the waters of the Hudson Bay into modern-day Minnesota and the Dakotas.

Johnson and Moore say that boulders found around Browns Valley and other parts of the tri-state area also contribute to the mystery. The boulders have triangular or round holes. There are two theories; one is that the stones were used to anchor the Viking boats, and the other is that the holes were drilled not by 14th century Norsemen, but rather by 19th century Norse immigrants who marked their property with them as was a custom in some Scandinavian farming neighborhoods.

Historians may never know when the first Scandinavians arrived, but there's certainty that the Cheyenne and Iroquois came to Browns Valley centuries ago. "They came down this way across the Great Lakes and came here to cut across Big Stone and Traverse," says Johnson. Later, the Dakota Indians arrived in the region.

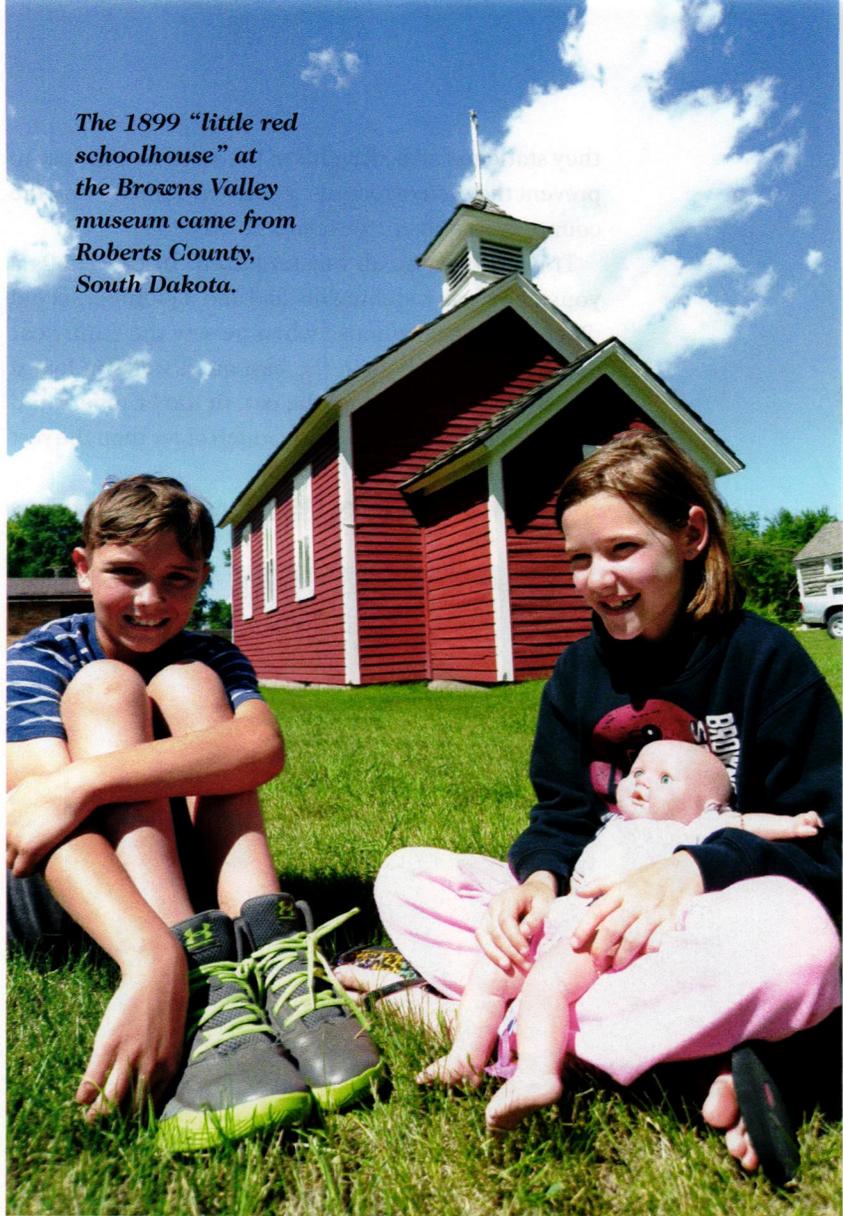
NOW THE CITY OF Browns Valley, population 550, lies on the Minnesota side of the valley. It was named after Joseph Brown, who arrived in the region in 1820 as a teenage musician with the U.S. Army and became a political and entrepreneurial force (see accompanying story). He was a close friend and political partner of Henry Sibley, the first governor of Minnesota.

In 1862, hostilities erupted when Dakota Sioux warriors, hungry and frustrated by broken promises, attacked white settlers in Minnesota. Sibley took charge of the state militia and camped in Browns Valley for a brief period as he worked to quell the fighting.

Joseph Brown's son, Sam, gained fame and respect when he survived a nightmarish ride for peace on April 19, 1866. The younger Brown was serving as an Army scout at Fort Wadsworth (today's Fort Sisseton) when he was sent by horseback to alert settlers and military of a potential Indian war party. He rode 55 miles in five hours, arriving at Elm River near today's Aberdeen only to discover that the warning he'd spread was false. Worried that his misinformation might actually ignite hostilities, he jumped on another horse and retraced his route. Meanwhile, a spring blizzard swept across the prairie. The young scout survived the ride but his limbs were so badly frozen that he could not dismount from the horse. He never walked another step.

Historians have referred to Sam Brown as the Paul Revere of the Prairie. His marathon ride is not widely known, but it deserves to rank as one of the great survival stories of the American West. Many people mistak-

The 1899 "little red schoolhouse" at the Browns Valley museum came from Roberts County, South Dakota.



only think the community of Browns Valley was named for Sam rather than for his father because he became a prominent citizen and accomplished much in his life. Sam married, raised four children and served as a minister, newspaper writer, county commissioner, notary, realtor, city councilman and postmaster.

Johnson and Moore drove us to Brown's grave in Plateau Cemetery, on a hilltop where burials have been halted. The inscription notes only that he was the son of Joseph Brown and that he made the amazing ride; the many contributions of his other 79 years are not in stone.

ATOWN NAMED Travare briefly existed just west of Browns Valley on the South Dakota side. Travare was established in the 1870s and in 1884 it gained prominence as the county seat of Roberts County, but the nearby town of Wilmot continued to fight for the title. Travare's leaders quickly built a courthouse and established a newspaper and other businesses, and

they stationed armed guards at the wood courthouse to prevent the theft of records. Wilmot eventually won the county seat (only to lose it later to Sisseton).

Travare became all but forgotten. In the 1960s a young boy was watching his dad and a plumber fix old pipes in their farmhouse when he saw the family cat disappear into a hole in the basement wall. He found a flashlight and followed the cat, finding timbers and stone work that was obviously much older than the rest of the house.

The boy, Lon Medbery, began to ask elderly pioneers



Wilmot farmers Kent and Jason Frerichs have found mooring stones on their land, which lies about 15 miles south of Browns Valley and the land bridge.

about the history of the house and he discovered that the foundation was a remnant of the Travare House, a hotel in the town. Medbery, who still lives in the house, has saved a thick file of history on Travare and Browns Valley.

“My grandfather came here in 1901 after the town had already died,” he says. “Part of our house was the old hotel. The courthouse sat on a knoll to the southeast but it was later moved to Wilmot and it’s still there. There is clay dirt where the courthouse stood and you can still trace its outline when the grass is low.”

Half of the Medbery farm lies in South Dakota, the other half in Minnesota. That’s not unusual here. Although the Little Minnesota River meanders near the two lakes and creates a noticeable division, businesses, families and schools place local culture over invisible government boundaries.

There’s a history of loyalty to geography over govern-

ment; when Travare became a ghost town, most of the businesses and residents moved across the valley to Browns Valley, Minnesota. The door to the Travare post office is on display at the museum in a country schoolhouse, Grant Township No. 4, which also stood on the South Dakota side of the lakes.

HAROLD MOORE IS another example of the dual allegiances that exist in the Browns Valley country. He lived and worked in South Dakota for decades, assisting tribes with art and economic development efforts. Now retired, he resides just across the border in Browns Valley, where he spends much time assisting at the local museum with its South Dakota memorabilia.

Even the museum building came from South Dakota. The log structure was part of Fort Wadsworth before it was moved to Browns Valley in 1871 where it became the home of Sam Brown, the famous peace rider. Stories of his ride, his wheelchair and numerous Brown family artifacts are among the exhibits.

“Sam lived here but he also used the cabin as a trading post and he started to collect some of the antiques that have been here ever since,” says Moore. “The state of Minnesota owns the land, the city now owns the building and our local historical society is in charge of the museum.”

The museum sits on land along the Little Minnesota River where Sibley’s militia camped in 1863. Eventually Sibley and the government pushed the Dakota from Minnesota onto reservations in Nebraska and South Dakota, and the Sisseton-Wahpeton tribe’s Lake Traverse Reservation still shapes the culture and economy of Roberts County, west of Browns Valley in South Dakota.

“My interest in our history has always been on the era of the Indians and the early pioneers,” Moore says. And then, with a twinkle in his 94-year-old eyes, he adds, “And I wonder how did the Indians exist here for 10,000 or 12,000 years without us?”

Browns Valley and the lakes that rise above it to the north and south have been a border to Minnesota and South Dakota for the past two centuries, but for eons before then the valley and the land bridge have been attracting and blending peoples and cultures. 

Harold Moore, the 94-year-old historian quoted above, passed away on Oct. 18, 2017, just a few weeks after we’d interviewed him for this story. Mr. Moore assisted South Dakota Magazine with several articles through the years. We will miss his friendship, knowledge and assistance.

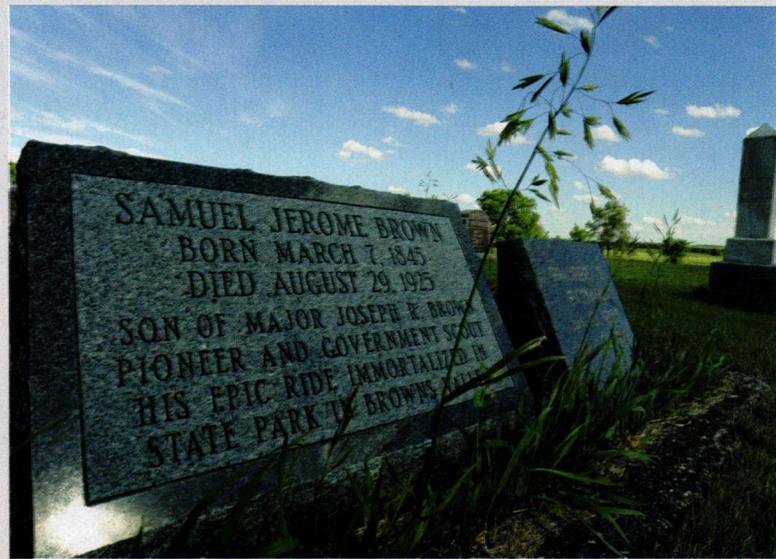
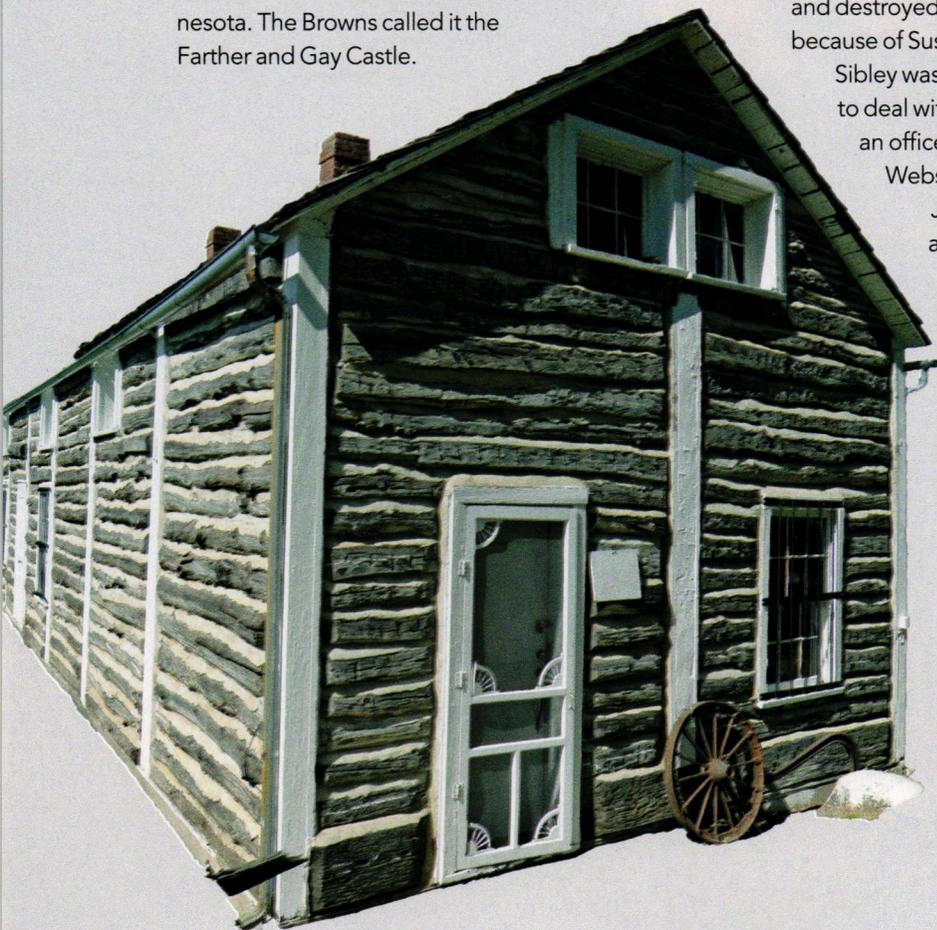
THE NAMESAKE OF THE BORDER VALLEY

JOSEPH BROWN, the namesake of Browns Valley, came to the Traverse and Big Stone Lake country in 1834 as a fur-trading agent. He became involved in statehood efforts for Wisconsin and was among the first to propose another territory that was loosely referred to as Minnason, Minnay-Sotor and Minesota. He chose the latter, and added an "n."

Brown persuaded Sisseton and Wahpeton tribal leaders to sell their lands so that the Lake Traverse country could become part of the new state of Minnesota; then he convinced the Indians to use the proceeds to pay debts owed by individual Indians to the trading companies. Brown had been considered a leading candidate to be Minnesota's first governor, but such profiteering hurt his reputation.

His friend Henry Sibley became governor, thanks in part to overwhelming support from southwestern Minnesota. One particular county voted 221-2 for Sibley, prompting complaints of voter fraud and again Brown was suspected.

Scandals didn't hurt his friendships with the tribes. He married Susan Freniere, a woman of French and Native American blood, and they had 12 children. In 1861 they built a three-story granite house near the town now known as Sacred Heart, Minnesota. The Browns called it the Farther and Gay Castle.

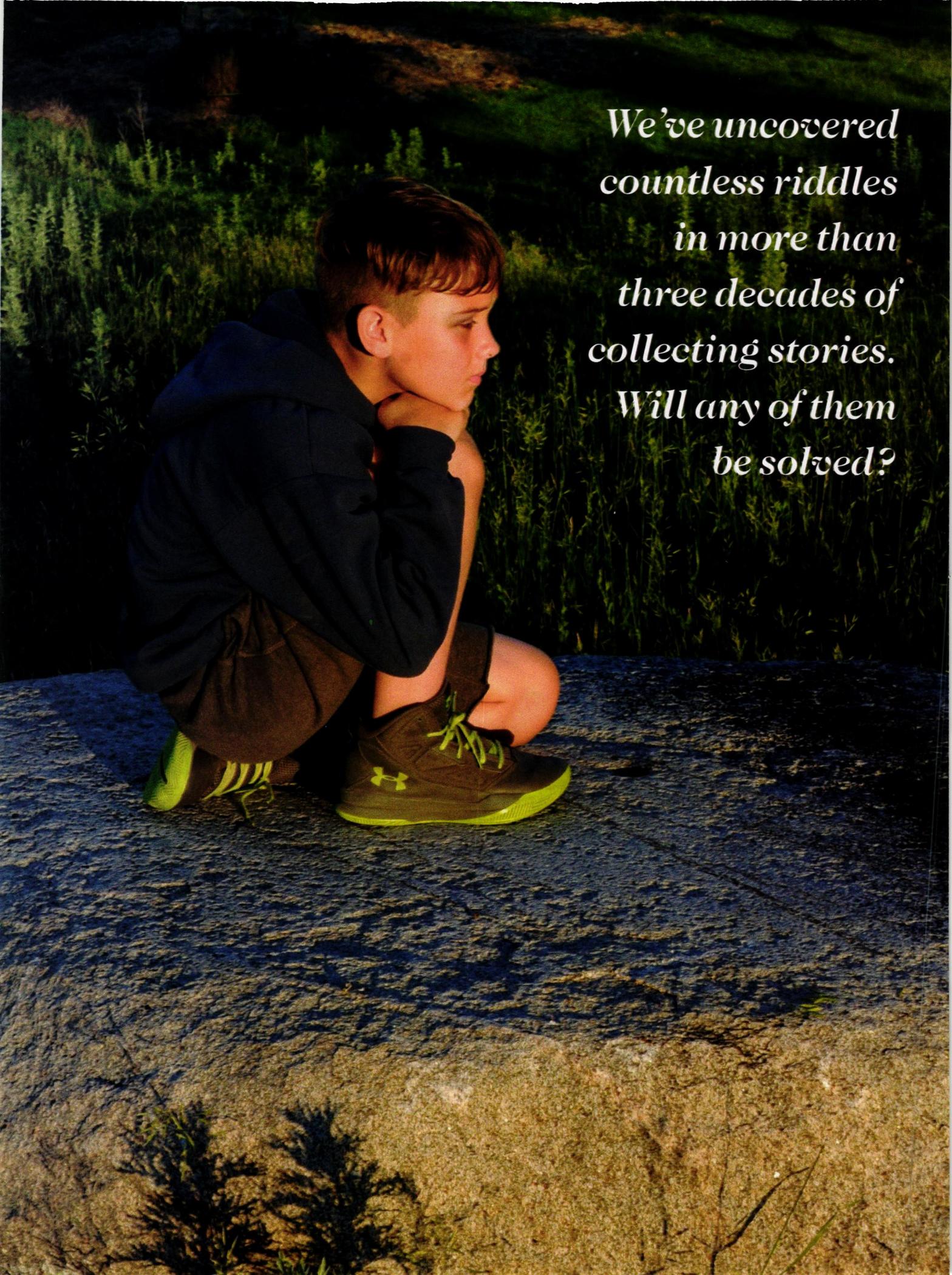


Brown, ever the schemer, proposed a canal between Lake Traverse and Big Stone Lake so the border waters could be used to ship northern Minnesota pine lumber. In 1862, Brown was developing a steam-powered wagon train to haul freight across Nebraska when he learned of hostilities between whites and Indians in Minnesota. He rushed home to find his castle burned and destroyed. Fortunately, his family was spared because of Susan's ancestry.

Sibley was appointed to lead a Minnesota militia to deal with the warring Indians. Brown became an officer, and served at Fort Wadsworth near Webster in Dakota Territory.

Joseph Brown used his political skills to argue that all the Dakota people should not be punished for the crimes of a few, and he advocated for the Sisseton-Wahpeton reservation west of the Traverse and Big Stone lakes that exists today. For the next several years, until his death in 1870, he represented the tribes in government negotiations, and he resumed the fur trading activities of his youth.

Sam Brown, paralysed for life after his historic ride, lived in a log cabin (left) that was moved from South Dakota in 1871 and stands today. His wheelchair is inside the door. Sam Brown was buried at the nearby Plateau Cemetery, while his famous father Joseph Brown was interred 200 miles to the east in Henderson, Minnesota.

A young boy with short brown hair is crouching on a large, textured rock. He is wearing a dark blue hoodie, dark shorts, and brown sneakers with bright green accents. He is looking off to the right with a thoughtful expression, his hand resting on his chin. The background is a field of tall, green grass under a bright sky.

*We've uncovered
countless riddles
in more than
three decades of
collecting stories.
Will any of them
be solved?*

SOUTH DAKOTA'S *Enduring Mysteries*

BY JOHN ANDREWS

IN 2012, we published a book called *South Dakota Outlaws and Scofflaws* about the scandalous men and women who shaped our culture or who otherwise played significant roles in our state's history. The book included a chapter on Jack McCall, certainly one of Dakota's most infamous villains. He was the man who murdered Wild Bill Hickok during a card game at the Saloon No. 10 in Deadwood in 1876. The killing helped fuel the lawless Wild West image that grew to surround the gold mining town

and is no doubt part of the reason why tens of thousands of people visit Deadwood every year.

McCall was tried, convicted and hanged in Yankton in early 1877. Despite his wicked crime, we feel a strange closeness to McCall because he spent his last moments in a jail cell just blocks away from our magazine office. He lies in an unmarked grave in a cemetery on Douglas Avenue.

Our chapter needed a photo, so naturally we ran the black and white image of McCall that has been included in countless other chapters



We've long believed that this is Jack McCall. But is it?

and articles over the past century. Not long after the book's publication, Yankton historian Bob Hanson stopped by our office with a startling suggestion. He doesn't think Jack McCall is the man in the photo.

Among the discrepancies Hanson cited was the man's nose, much too straight for someone who contemporaries called "Crooked Nose" or "Broken Nose" Jack. Hanson also believes the man in the photo appears much older than McCall, who was around 25 when he died.

We held that thought in the back of our minds until this year, when another Black Hills historian raised the same questions. We began to wonder if the man in the photo — the man we've come to simply assume is Jack McCall — could ever be positively identified.

Maybe it will go down as one of South Dakota's enduring mysteries. We've uncovered several riddles like this in more than three decades of collecting stories. We don't know if we'll ever find their answers, but here are a few in case our readers can help us out.

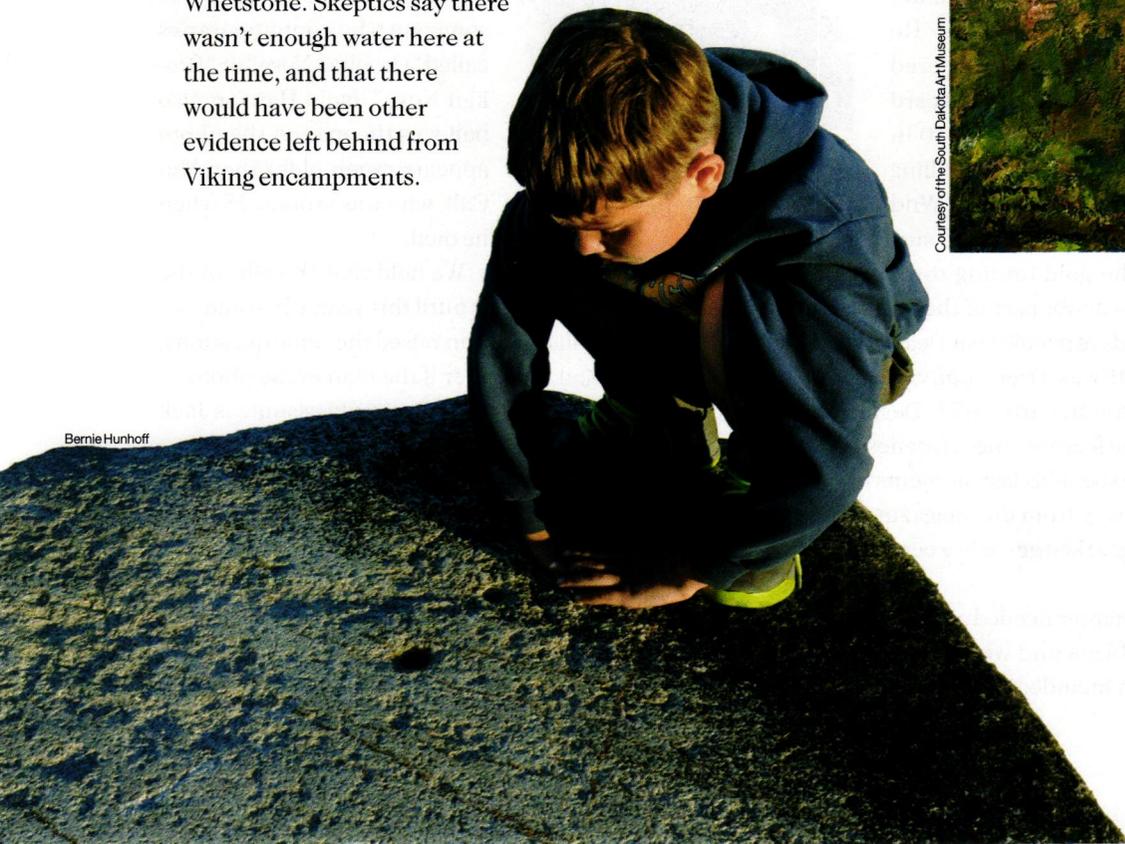
Why Do These Rocks Have Holes?

The landscape of northeastern South Dakota is dotted with boulders, deposited when glaciers swept across the region thousands of years ago. They seem a natural component of the prairie, but upon closer examination, several dozen of them have holes bored into them. Who did it, when and why are questions that have stumped locals and experts.

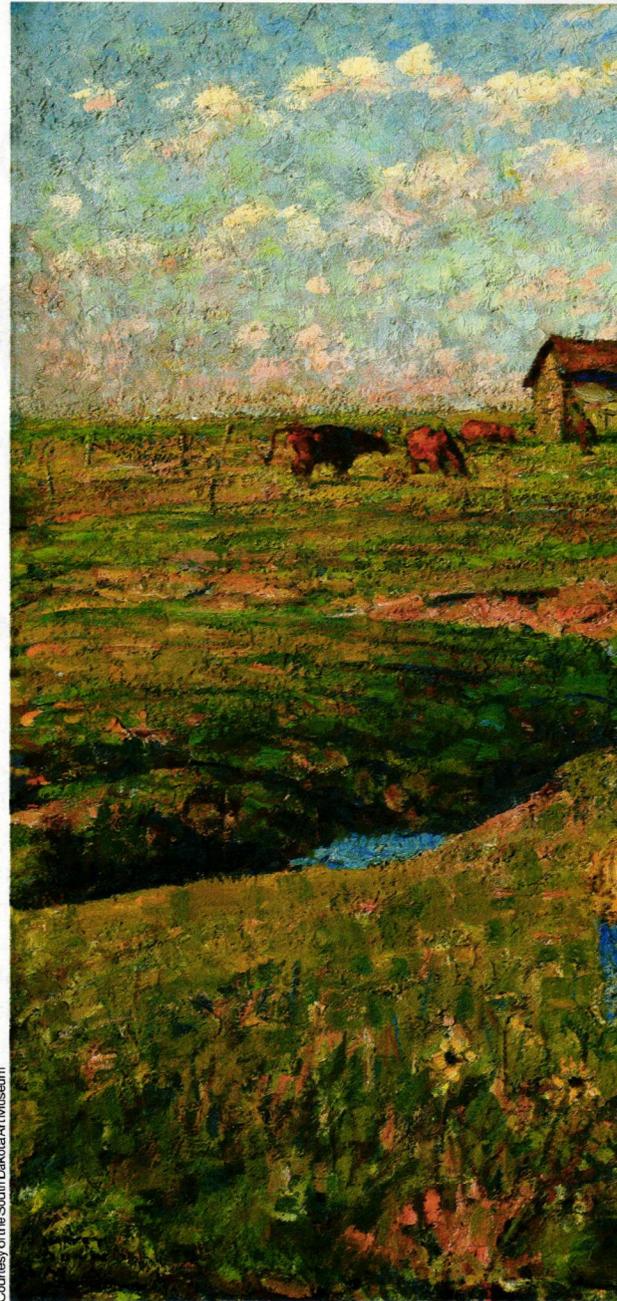
Most of the “holey rocks” are found in Roberts County along the north fork of the Whetstone River from just north of Wilmot to Corona. The holes are all three-sided, roughly an inch in diameter and 4 to 12 inches deep. There have been many theories. Maybe someone put dynamite in them to blast them apart, or used them as survey markers. Could pioneers have done it in an effort to clear fields, or collect foundation stones?

They all might be plausible, but another theory has elicited passionate opinions from historians and archaeologists — these were mooring rocks for Viking ships that explored the region nearly 1,000 years ago. Supporters say it would have been possible for boats to navigate that far inland. From Hudson Bay, they could sail to Lake Winnipeg, up the Red River to the continental divide in far northeastern South Dakota, down the Minnesota River and up the north fork of the Whetstone. Skeptics say there wasn't enough water here at the time, and that there would have been other evidence left behind from Viking encampments.

Bernie Hunhoff



Courtesy of the South Dakota Art Museum





Who is the Woman in *The Prairie is My Garden*?

Some think it's their aunt or grandmother gathering wildflowers in *The Prairie is My Garden*, but no one knows the identities of the people in Harvey Dunn's masterpiece.

The original hangs at the South Dakota Art Museum in Brookings, which houses the largest collection of Dunn's works in the country. "We have lots of claims from people who *know* who it is," museum director Lynn Verschoor told us years ago.

"But he [Dunn] was an illustrator. He drew people all the time, with just generic faces."

Dunn grew up on a Kingsbury County homestead and eventually moved to New Jersey. The scene is likely a combination of Dunn's childhood memories and his summertime visits home, when he spent countless hours behind the wheel of his car sketching prairie vistas.

Where's the 2nd Verendrye Plate?

The Verendrye Plate, housed at the Cultural Heritage Center in Pierre, is among South Dakota's most important artifacts. French-Canadian fur trading brothers Louis-Joseph and Francois de La Verendrye buried the lead plate on a Missouri River bluff overlooking Fort Pierre on March 30, 1743, establishing the earliest known date of European exploration in present-day South Dakota. Schoolchildren found the plate in 1913, and it eventually made its way into a museum.

But in 1995, a Floridian named Max Rittgers (a Madison native) and his dog were on a canoeing adventure West River when they apparently discovered a second plate near the confluence of the Cheyenne and Belle Fourche rivers. Its inscription predated the previously discovered plate by 23 days.

Museums and institutions clamored for the priceless artifact. The stir caused Rittgers so much stress that he later announced he had flown over the Cheyenne and tossed the plate back into the river.

Could Rittgers really have thrown away such a potentially important piece of history? Is it still there? Did it lodge in a river bluff, or did it ride the current all the way to the Gulf of Mexico?



LeBeau was a bustling cow town along the Missouri River before fire destroyed it in 1910.



Did Murdo Destroy LeBeau?

Murdo MacKenzie was one of West River's great cattle barons, but some people also believe he burned an entire town to the ground to avenge the murder of his son.

It all started on Dec. 11, 1909, when MacKenzie's son, Dode, walked into the Angel Bar in LeBeau. The little town along the Missouri River about 70 miles north of Pierre had become one of South Dakota's busiest cattle-shipping points, with 150,000 head boarding rail cars in the fall of 1909 bound for eastern markets.

There are conflicting stories about the exchange between the younger MacKenzie and Bud Stephens, who was tending bar that day. Whatever happened, Stephens felt threatened and shot MacKenzie three times in the chest with a .44 revolver.

Murdo MacKenzie believed it to be an open-and-shut case of murder. But a jury found Stephens innocent on the grounds of self-defense. MacKenzie, who had used the Angel Bar as an informal headquarters for his vast cattle company, Matador Ranch, pulled all of his resources out of town. No Matador cowboy ever set foot in LeBeau again.

Then, six months after the verdict, a suspicious fire swept through LeBeau, destroying nearly everything on Main Street. Even more suspiciously, a second fire later broke out, burning what the first blaze had failed to consume.

Stories circulated that the fire brigade had tried to respond but its fire hoses had been cut. Years later, Bud Stephens was found dead in a field in Montana. Was it Murdo MacKenzie's final revenge? Maybe Stephens simply met a sad ending, just like the town of LeBeau, which now lies beneath the waters of Lake Oahe.

Who's Buried in the Custer Graves?

In the spring of 1873, Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer led his Seventh Cavalry into Yankton for what was supposed to be a brief stop on the regiment's way to Fort Rice in northern Dakota Territory. But the group was waylaid by a late spring blizzard and ended up spending nearly a month camped just east of town.

When they finally departed on May 7, they were delayed once again by the swollen waters of Emanuel Creek and Chouteau Creek in Bon Homme County. They camped four days along Snatch Creek near the village of Bon Homme, while a detachment constructed bridges. Legend says that while they waited, soldiers contracted typhoid fever and died.

Today, a large headstone stands in the Bon Homme Cemetery inscribed with the words, "In Memory of Six Unknown Soldiers

Buried Here." Their names have never been discovered, and despite the long-held belief that they are Custer's men, it has been equally difficult to prove that they were indeed members of the Seventh Cavalry.

Regimental records indicate no deaths during May of 1873. Contemporary newspaper articles mention nothing, nor did Custer's wife Elizabeth write of any such tragedy in her memoir *Boots and Saddles*, which includes the Seventh's march through Yankton.

Local scholars have tried to solve the mystery. Hazel Belle Abbott, a Bon Homme County native who earned a Ph.D. at Columbia University, spent her later years researching the regiment and its movements through Dakota, but found no clues. Perhaps the men beneath the stone will forever be unknown.



John Andrews

Helping Raise Generations of South Dakotans.
Learn. Dream. Grow.



Christian Begeman

Did Jesse James Jump Devil's Gulch?

Every time we stop by Devil's Gulch on the edge of Garretson we wonder how he did it. According to local legend, this is where outlaw Jesse James spurred his horse and leapt an 18-foot chasm high above Split Rock Creek. The jump happened after the James gang robbed a bank in Northfield, Minnesota in September of 1876. A posse had chased James into Dakota Territory and was left in disbelief on the east side of the creek after the legendary leap.

Historians have questioned if James ever ventured into Dakota at all, much less jumped the gorge. But whenever we go to Garretson we meet people who are convinced it happened. Local historian and Jesse James expert Don Schubert once showed us an old photo that appeared to show a narrower gap, possibly because some rocks have fallen away.

If only the trees could talk.

Is the Thoen Stone Real?

On March 14, 1887, Norwegian brothers Louis and Ivan Thoen were collecting sandstone on Lookout Mountain near Spearfish when Louis noticed a large slab with what appeared to be cursive script. After prying it from the ground, he read this inscription:

Came to these hills in 1833 seven of us

DeLacompt

Ezra Kind

G.W. Wood

T. Brown

R. Kent

Wm. King

Indian Crow

All dead but me, Ezra Kind. Killed by [Indians] beyond the high hill. Got our gold June 1834.

And on the reverse:

Got all the gold we could carry. Our ponies all got by the Indians. I have lost my gun and nothing to eat and Indians hunting me.

If authentic, the stone would prove that gold was discovered in the Black Hills four decades before George Custer's expedition in 1874, which launched the Black Hills gold rush.

Skeptics find it hard to believe that such a relic would happen to be discovered by a stonecutter, which was Louis Thoen's occupation. Today a replica stands where the brothers made the find, but the real thing resides in the Adams Museum in Deadwood. Visit and make your own judgment.



Deadwood History / Adams Museum Collection

Where's the World's Largest Painting?

When John Banvard died penniless in Watertown in 1891, the fate of his masterpiece likely died with him. Banvard had achieved international fame with his *Mississippi Panorama*, a painting 12 feet high and 3 miles long that depicted 3,000 miles of riverbank from the mouth of the Yellowstone River to New Orleans.

Banvard was born in New York City. As a teenager, he traveled the Mississippi River system looking for jobs as an artist, which is where his panorama idea was born. When finished, his masterpiece was attached to a mechanical device that incorporated hand-cranked cylinders on each end that allowed the huge canvas to be scrolled from one end to the other, an undertaking that took two hours to complete.

Audiences flocked to see what they called *The Great Three Mile Painting*. Banvard even took it to England for a special performance before Queen Victoria.

Unfortunately Banvard lost everything in the Panic of 1877. He moved in with his son Eugene, a Watertown lawyer, in 1880.

Banvard wrote and painted during his time in Dakota, but nothing as incredible as the *Mississippi Panorama*. After his death in 1891, his masterpiece's whereabouts became a mystery. Some locals in Watertown claimed it had been shredded and used as insulation in houses. Others recalled it being used as a backdrop in one of Watertown's opera houses.



S.D. Archaeological Society

An effigy on Snake Butte near Harrold became more visible when the stones were dusted with flour and then photographed from a helicopter by the South Dakota Archaeological Society.

Treasures Found and Lost in South Dakota

We've heard several tales of buried or lost treasure in more than 30 years of collecting South Dakota stories. Many of them are family legends passed from generation to generation. Nathan Sanderson, who works as the director of policy and operations for the state of South Dakota, told us in 2015 about lost riches supposedly buried on a ranch in Perkins County. The story comes from his wife's grandfather, Lester Blomberg. He told his descendants that a gang stole a chest full of gold from the Wells Fargo stagecoach as it traveled between Deadwood and Bismarck, and then stashed the riches somewhere on their family ranch, about 45 miles southwest of Bison.

Other stories come from local history books, such as the mystery of Ed Sanchez's loot. Sanchez was one of Haakon County's earliest homesteaders, settling on land near the Grindstone Buttes in 1878. He operated a roadhouse, ran cattle and carried the mail from Grindstone to Pedro. His

business ventures must have been lucrative because local legend says that before Sanchez died in 1902, he buried his fortune in fruit jars along Dirty Woman Creek.

Two mysteries in particular involve well-known historical characters. We know Ed Lemmon as a cattleman and founder of the Perkins County town that bears his name. But in 1881, when he was running cattle for the Sheidley Cattle Company, Lemmon claimed to have stumbled upon a treasure cave.

He was in a gulch along the White River on the southeast side of Cuny Table when he reported finding "a cavern eight or ten feet high and about as broad." He rode down what appeared to be an abandoned trail into what he called a vast "treasure room" that measured 25 feet across and 20 feet high, and was filled with buffalo robes and other relics.

Lemmon feared he had stumbled upon the hideout of a gang of thieves, and rode back to camp about 18 miles

Mystery Mosaics

Hundreds of rocks the size of bowling balls are carefully arranged in the shapes of snakes and turtles atop several buttes in the Missouri and James River valleys.

One of the largest is a serpent that rests on Snake Butte south of Harrold. Longtime state historian Doane Robinson investigated it in 1914 and measured it at 308 feet long (and 522 feet when you account for the twists and turns). A 9-foot turtle is nearby.

Medicine Knoll near Pierre also has snake and turtle effigies that have been there since at least 1831, according to oral history passed down through generations of the Deloria family. Noted author and scholar Vine Deloria Jr., told us that his grandfather, Saswe, had a vision quest atop Medicine Butte in that year and reported seeing them.

Stone patterns have also been found in Brown, Lyman, Harding and Meade counties. Experts have estimated them to be between 200 and 600 years old, but exactly who made them and why they chose these particular images remains a mystery.



Who Shot Jack Sully?

Jack Sully was a renegade or the Robin Hood of the Rosebud, depending on your point of view. Sully commanded an extensive cattle-rustling network that operated throughout the Upper Midwest and into Canada. But was it for personal gain, or retribution against cattle conglomerates from the south that drove their livestock north every year to graze on grass that was supposed to support his neighbors' modest herds?

Many people in Gregory County saw him as a protector of their livelihoods. The law viewed him as a criminal. In May of 1904, Deputy U.S. Marshal John Petrie and four locals formed a posse and left Chamberlain bound for Sully's ranch. Sully tried to escape on horseback, but the posse opened fire and he was killed.

When we wrote about Sully for our book *South Dakota Outlaws and Scofflaws*, many of the stories we found about the shooting suggested a man named Harry Ham fired the fatal shot. But after its publication, we received phone calls from old timers in Gregory County who were sure they knew the true identity of the triggerman — and gave us two different names.

Perhaps the odds of discovering the truth remain as remote as Sully's lonely gravesite in rural Gregory County.

away. He didn't take note of any natural landmarks that would have led him back to the cave, and he doubted his ability to lead his fellow cowboys to its location. He decided not to tell anyone about his discovery, but he vowed to return.

Lemmon did come back to the White River valley twice, but failed to rediscover the mysterious treasure. He believed a washout might have obscured the entrance.

Cuthbert Ducharme, also known as Old Paps, settled in present-day Charles Mix County during the fur-trading heyday of the 1850s. He built a trading post about 2 miles east of Wheeler in 1857 and began a profitable career peddling furs and booze.

Business boomed for Old Paps, whose post stood near the well-traveled Sioux City to Fort Randall military trail. Some people claimed he was worth more than \$75,000.



Cuthbert "Old Paps" Ducharme

Later in life, he began to worry about the safety of his fortune — both from robbers and himself. Knowing he could easily squander his wealth on whiskey and gambling, he gave his wife, Theresa, \$50,000 in gold and told her to bury it somewhere near his post for their retirement. But Theresa died unexpectedly in 1900, and directions to their hiding place went with her. Local legend says Old Paps drove himself insane looking for the lost loot. He was admitted to the State Hospital in Yankton, where he died in 1903.

If Old Paps' treasure did exist, today it lies at the bottom of Lake Francis Case. You might have a better shot unearthing a fruit jar along Dirty Woman Creek, or stumbling upon Ed Lemmon's lost treasure cave.

Return to Sheep



Mary Hynes and her family lost livestock to the steep drop-offs that surround Sheep Mountain Table, and they always worried about their children as they played outdoors. Today's tourists have the same concerns for their curious youth.

Mountain Table

The southern Badlands plateau has regained its ancient aura

BY BERNIE HUNHOFF

WE DROVE SIX HOURS with the hopes of meeting Beverly Hynes Page on top of Sheep Mountain. But the sky grew cloudy and dark as we went west on Highway 44. By the time we arrived in the Badlands, the wind was shaking our car and heavy raindrops were splattering the windshield.

It rained five furious inches that night. Just as the sun rose in the morning, Beverly called from her home in Rapid City. “The roads will be too wet to get up the mountain,” she said.

What a disappointment; we had hoped for a guided tour of legendary Sheep Mountain Table with the granddaughter of the woman who homesteaded there more than a century ago. But nobody knows the mountain like the Hynes family, so we knew we should heed her advice on the dirt road that winds up to the flat plateau.

As the rest of the world becomes more settled and civilized — whether by wheat fields, suburban yards or concrete parkways — the Badlands of South Dakota seem more unearthly every year. It’s not that they’ve never changed. The land here was once a sea bottom, then a tropical forest that became a grassland prairie. But the beauty of the Badlands, and especially of Sheep Mountain Table, is its aura of antiquity.

Certain places in the 243,000-acre Badlands National Park seem too populated with people, and they’re motoring on roads like you might find in a big city. Good roads are nice and functional but in the Badlands they are somewhat out of place, like headlights on a horse. Not so on Sheep Mountain Table, which rises over the Stronghold Unit that is co-managed by the Oglala Sioux Tribe and the National Park Service. The table is 4 miles south of Scenic, one of the most bedraggled little towns in the American West, and the road leading there is an adventure of ruts and crumbling shoulders even on dry days.

The reward for getting to the 3,282-foot summit is panoramic



Mary Hynes and her family survived for 28 years on Sheep Mountain Table. They carved a road to the top that Badlands visitors still travel today.

views of castles, mesas, canyons and grasslands. But imagine, while up there, that you're a mother of 12, homesteading in a snake-infested sod hut, praying that your cattle and your kids won't fall off the steep sides of the mountain and hoping that enough rain will come to grow a crop.

That was the life of Mary Hynes, a woman who briefly tamed Sheep Mountain Table. We hoped her granddaughter could tell us more.

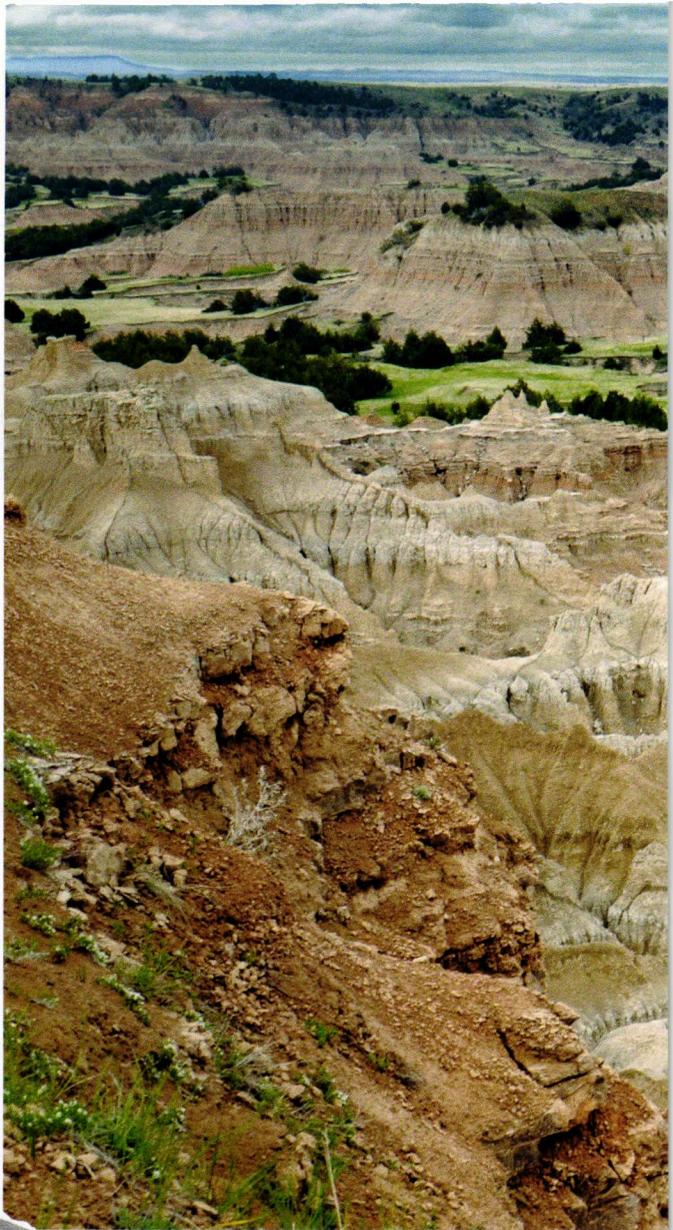
SINCE THE ROAD WAS SLICK, Beverly and her husband, David, agreed to meet us at the old Congregational Church in Scenic. At noon, they arrived with two boxes full of photographs and mementos of life in the Badlands. "We were married here," says Beverly, looking around the church, which is now a gift shop run by a local rancher's wife and stocked with T-shirts, South Dakota caps, postcards and Indian art.

We soon learned that Beverly intimately knows the entire town of Scenic. She grew up there in the 1940s, the daughter of Clarence "Hap" and Estel Iva Hynes. Her dad, who was 19 when the Hynes family homesteaded on Sheep Mountain, ran Hap's Bar and her mom ran the hotel.

"This was a bustling little place back then," she said. "Saturday night was a big night. There was always a dance in the community hall. We could go to the dance but we were not to go out of the hall ever because there were some rough people here."

Childhood memories are selective and strange; she recalls sitting on a bench in front of the hotel in 1956

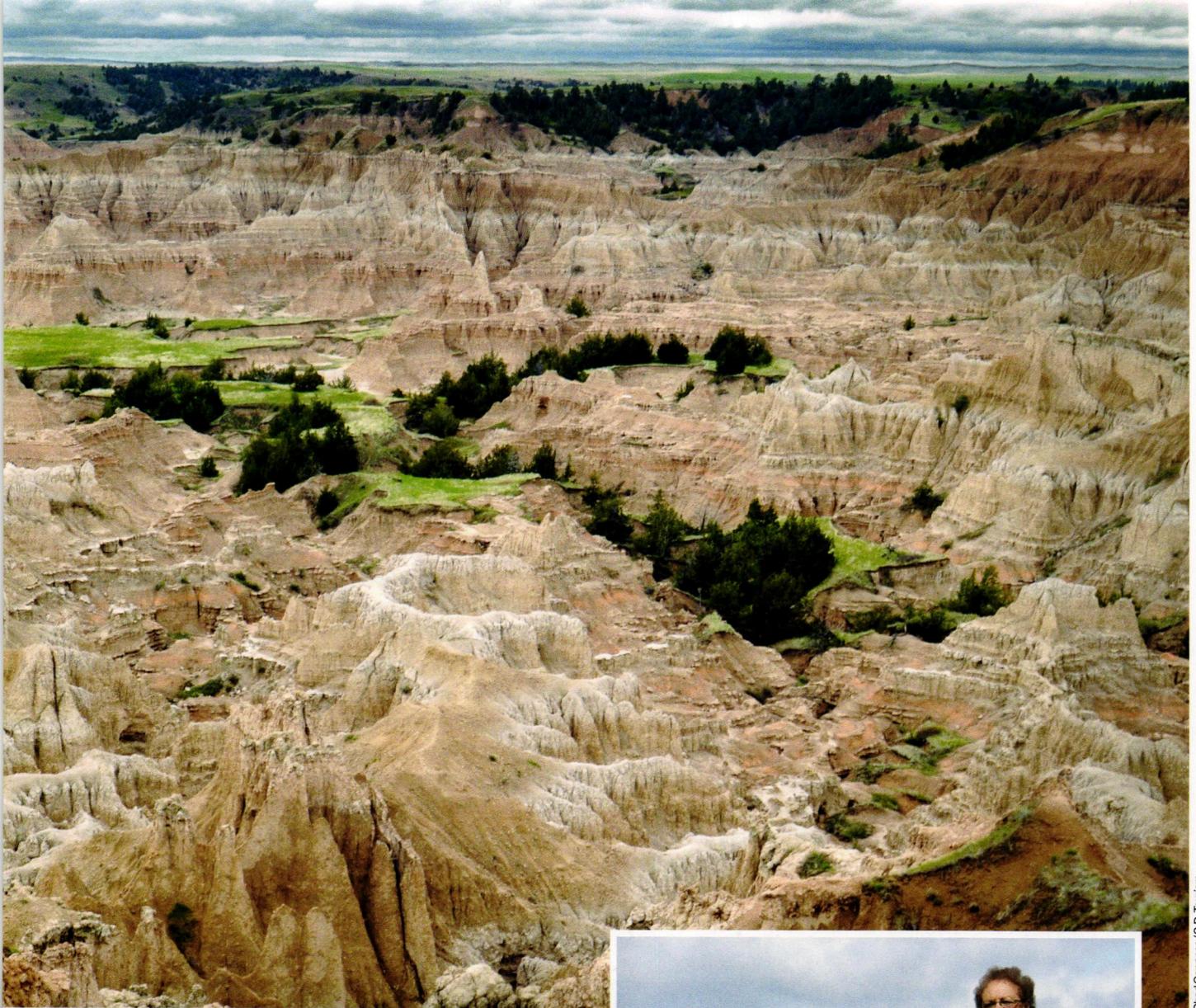
Hap Hynes (pictured with his family, including Beverly, center) was 19 when his mother decided to take on the mountain. They later ran the hotel and bar in nearby Scenic.



and hearing somebody say, "You could murder a man here and nobody would ever know." Days later, an old man named Tom Friet, who made jewelry from Badlands agates and fossils and sold them at his little shop, was found strangled to death in his one-room shack. "Tom was like part of our family," Beverly says. "He made me jewelry. Everybody was shocked, and they never found out who did it."

Those were hard times in many ways. Both Beverly and her father were stricken with polio in about 1948, when South Dakota had the highest rate of victims in the United States per capita. They were treated at the Hot Springs Polio Center, and both survived without permanent paralysis.

Back then, the railroad ran through Scenic. "Sometimes very poor people would



Chad Coppess/S.D. Tourism

be on the trains. I remember one lady had three children at the train station. They were hungry so I brought them home to the hotel and my mom made tomato soup for them.”

But most of her memories are good. “In summers we would go up to Sheep Mountain. Usually we would go when there were tourists who wanted to see the top,” she says.

She remembers her father’s stories about homesteading, and she has a four-page history that he wrote, starting with his mother running a hotel in Murdo and being “left alone” with 12 children in 1907.

Mrs. Hynes heard there was still some land to be claimed by Scenic, but when she got there she learned why; the last 160 acres was on Sheep Mountain Table and it was considered inaccessible. She had to climb a ladder to get a look, but when she got to the top she must have liked the view and the soil, which hadn’t eroded like the valleys below.

Hap and the other children used picks and shovels



Bernie Hunhoff

Beverly Hynes Page (above) recalls her father guiding tourists, movie producers and geologists to the mountain. Views from the top (elevation 3,200 feet) are expansive and unspoiled.

to make a trail to the top (the same trail traveled today, though slightly improved.) “We took material for a shack up in sections and put it together,” he wrote. “We fixed a road and got a wagon and hayrack to the top and started selling hay, we got \$3 a ton.”

Though there was a spring 50 yards from the house, Hap wrote that water was always a problem. “That spring

I fixed a water system. I had a large galvanized tank at the bottom of Sheep Mountain where there was water. I used a gasoline engine to pump it to the top into another large tank. But we never had enough water for everything we liked. The soil was such that it would not hold the water when I fixed a dam. I dug a well 90 feet deep but only got a trickle.”

The mountain got its name because it was home to a herd of bighorn sheep. “Probably it should have been called Mountain Sheep Table to be grammatically correct,” says Richard Brewer, a naturalist and historian who works at the nearby White River Visitor’s Center. Brewer and many others believe the bighorns were Audubon sheep, a now-extinct species that once roamed the Badlands and prairies of the Dakotas along with elk and grizzly bear. Some scientists believe they were simply Rocky Mountain bighorns that had drifted east.

Hap Hynes noted that the sheep were there when he arrived in 1907 but hunting was taking a toll. “To the best of my knowledge, the last sheep was shot in 1924,” he wrote. In 1964, Rocky Mountain bighorns were introduced in the Badlands and that herd sometimes is seen on the mountain. Sylvan Lake Lodge in the Black Hills has a taxidermy mount of one of the last Audubons shot in the Badlands.

Hap’s homesteading account lists many troubles. “In 1914 we had a severe hailstorm which came up from the

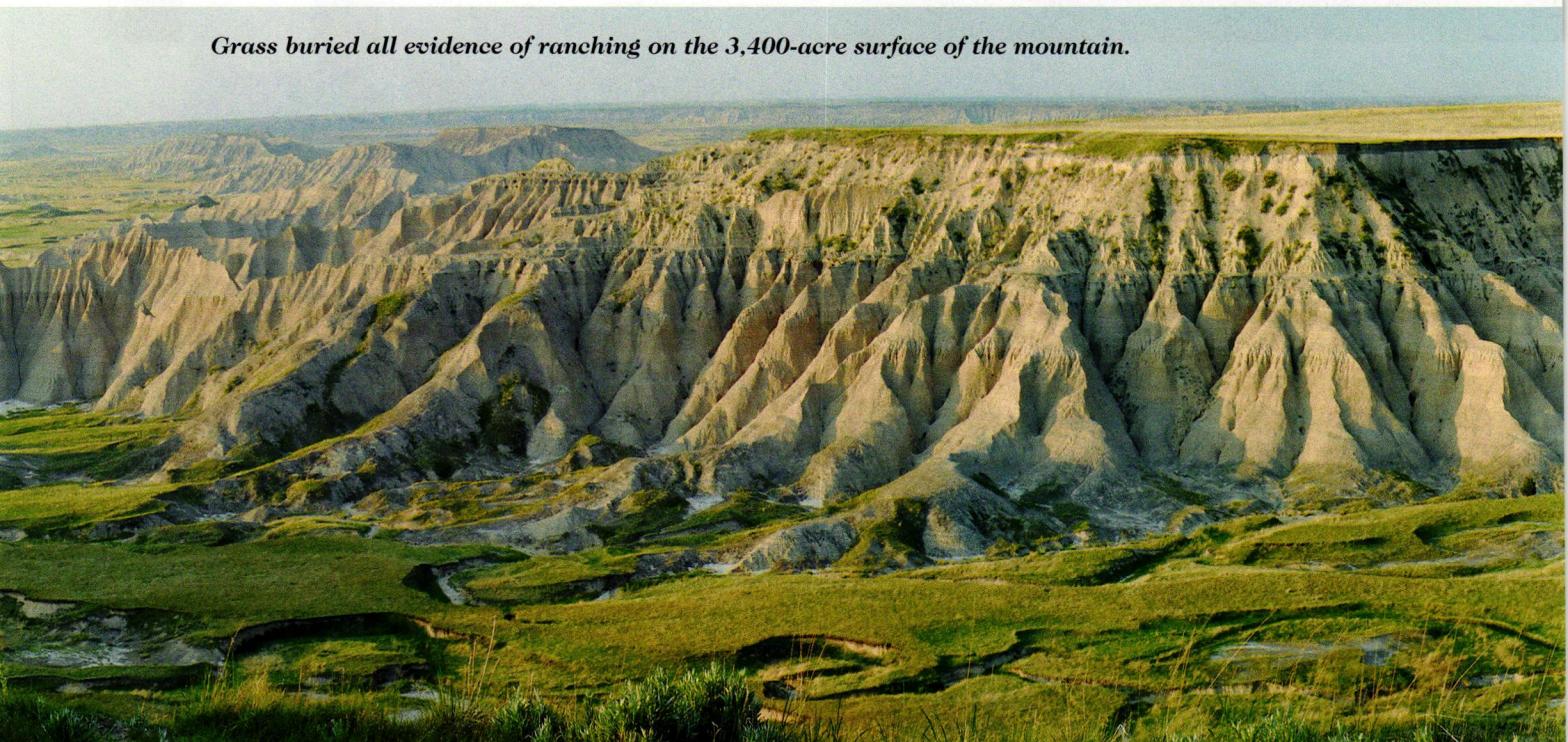
southwest and drove 23 of my cattle over the bank. Fourteen of them were killed below; the surviving cattle were scrubs and the best ones died.

“In 1919 we decided we better move out of our old sod house. We had a reason for this. I got up one morning and found a 2-foot rattler on my pillow. I killed it but an hour later mother found another big rattler in her room. I killed that one. The next day my sister was going to sit down in a rocking chair when I saw a big rattler coiled around the top of it. I grabbed her away in time and killed the snake.”

He continued, “Living on the top of a mountain gave one something to think about when raising children. One day after I was married and raising my own children my small son with his little wagon, in a playful manner, started backing up away from me. He was nearly to the edge of the cliff and when I talked to him to come toward me he thought I was playing and backed up further. I finally made a dive for him and got him just in time before that game of his sent him over the embankment.”

Hap wrote that on another occasion he was on foot leading his horse, while looking for a missing milk cow, when the horse froze in its tracks and forced him to stop. “It was very dark but upon investigation I found that in about another two steps I would have gone over a steep embankment. After that I believed in ‘horse sense.’ It saved my life.”

Grass buried all evidence of ranching on the 3,400-acre surface of the mountain.



TODAY, THERE'S NARY a trace of the Hynes family's barns, homes and corrals. Wild grasses cover the 3,000 flat acres on Sheep Mountain Table. The highest of the grasses is mullein, an herb with pale green leaves, and a seed spike that shoots as high as 8 feet in the air. Farmers and ranchers consider mullein a noxious weed but it has been valued for its medicinal properties since ancient times, and the oily stalks make good torches.

South Dakota's badlands are part of the National Park System, but the southern Stronghold Unit is also within the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. Native Americans lived and hunted here for ages, dating back perhaps 11,000 years when the last Ice Age ended. More recently, the Arikara and Lakota called it home.

In that context, the homesteading era was very brief, especially on Sheep Mountain Table. Mary Hynes came in 1907, and successfully raised her children there. In 1924, at age 66, she was beginning to enjoy the fruits of their labor. Sadly, she was going down the mountain with her daughters to attend a rodeo in Scenic when the tongue broke on their horse-drawn wagon. The wagon crashed in the steep ditch of the very road they had created 17 years earlier, and she was badly injured.

Mrs. Hynes went to Florida to recuperate with a daughter, and then she moved to Ohio to heal with another daughter. However, she was homesick for the mountain

and her family. Hap decided that he needed to be with her. "I got on the train the way I was, work clothes and all, and went to Ohio," he wrote. "I stayed there with her for two years until she passed away in 1926, without having seen her beloved Sheep Mountain again."

Hap brought their mom's body back to South Dakota for a funeral service in the Congregational Church that is now a gift shop. He ranched and lived on the mountain until 1935, when the National Park Service bought the property, and then he moved to Scenic and bought the hotel and bar, where he raised Beverly and her siblings.

That same year, Frank Lloyd Wright came to the Black Hills. He was invited by Governor Tom Berry to submit ideas for construction of a new lodge at Sylvan Lake (South Dakota architect Harold Spitznagel eventually won the assignment). While driving back home, Wright visited the Badlands and was awestruck: "Here, for once, came complete release from materiality," he wrote. "Communion with what man calls 'God' is inevitable in this place. It is everywhere around him and when the man emerges to the brown plateau and looks back, as I did, the sun now setting, a paled moon rising in darkening rose and blue sky as rays of last light drifted over, linking drifting water lines of dark rose in pallid creamy walls, gently playing with the skyline, with mingled obelisks, terraces and temples more beautiful than thought, eternal ... he will leave that place a





Bernie Hurnhoff

Other than the dirt road, visitors to the mountain find no evidence that it was once a Badlands ranch. Points of interest known to the Hynes family include Buzzard's Roost, Suicide Point and Dead Man's Gulch, but they are unmarked.

more humble seeking soul.”

Now, bighorn sheep once again graze the mountain — not Audubons, but the Rocky Mountain sheep from Colorado. Rattlesnakes are fewer, but they're still there. Scenic flourished for a few decades; maybe flourished is too strong a word, but it did survive better than many little West River towns because Twila Merrill, a bronc rider, and her extended family kept the famous Longhorn Saloon alive, as well as a gift shop and gas station.

In 2011 the Philippines-based Iglesia ni Cristo Church bought most of the town's buildings and surrounding 46 acres from the Merrills for more than \$700,000, a price that created lots of laughs and some nervousness for local residents. So far, the tiny Christian congregation that now meets Thursdays and Sundays in the community building seems only concerned about saving souls, and nobody here has a problem with that.

Iglesia ni Cristo's purchase did not include the Congregational Church building or the cemetery north of town where Beverly's parents and grandmother are buried. We went there with Beverly and David to see the graves. Mary Hynes' big stone is overgrown with volunteer cedar trees, shade she probably would have greatly appreciated up on the mountain in her working years.

The Pages also took us to the dirt road leading to Sheep Mountain. Beverly gazed up to the flat highland where her

grandmother homesteaded, but she wasn't about to go any closer on that wet afternoon. Water was still running in creeks that are usually dry, and pristine white sand glistened in the bottoms of the valleys, eroded overnight from the peaks like new-fallen snow.

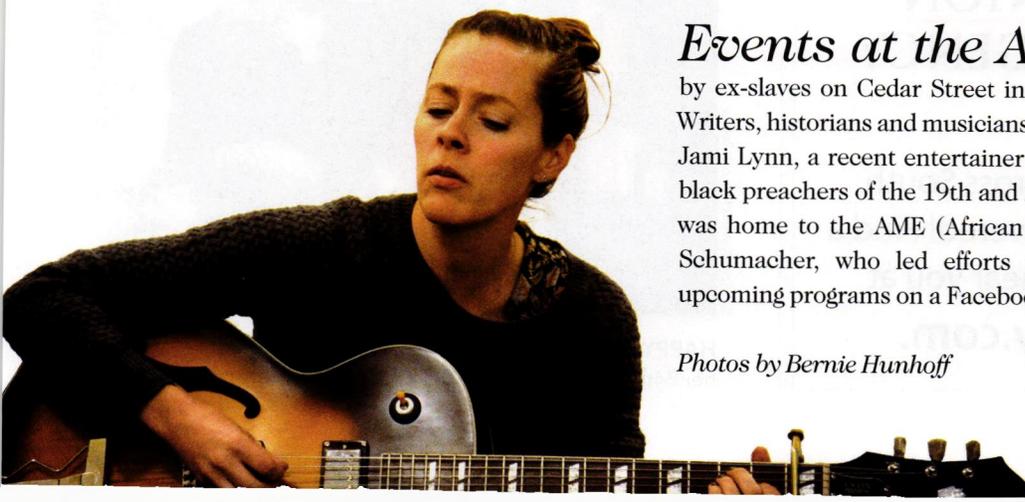
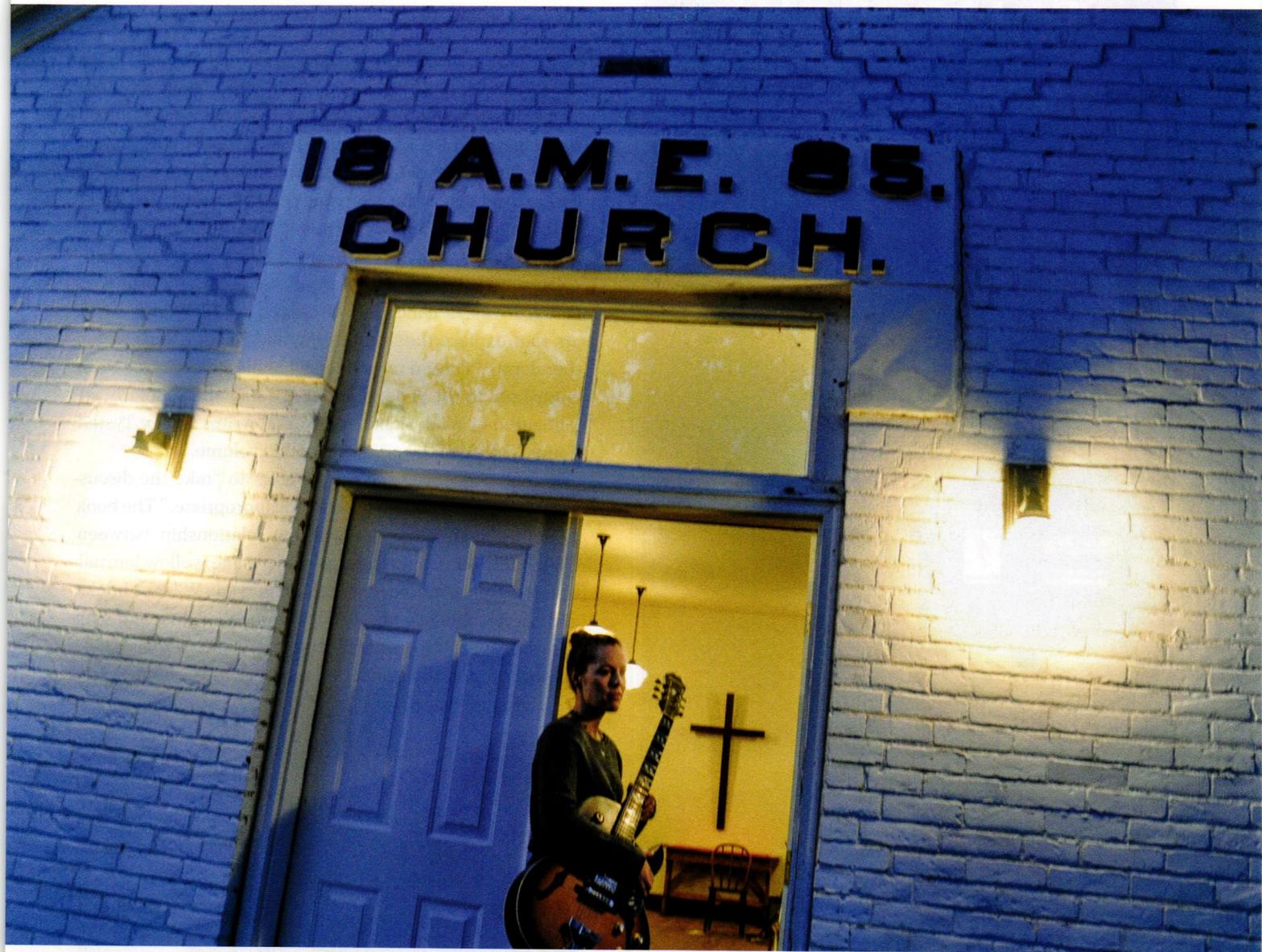
But, like her father and her grandmother before her, Beverly loves to get atop the mountain and enjoy the scenery and the prairie breezes. “Our grandson just came to visit us and we took him up to see it,” she says. “He thought it was so beautiful that it should be on a visitor's list of things to see,” she laughs.

Beverly and David departed for Rapid City; we waited a few hours as the sun dried the road. Just before sunset we drove to the top without a problem. The dirt trail parallels a sharp and steep ridge; after driving about a half mile there is a pull-off known as Lookout Point where you can park and enjoy a panoramic view. Three young Europeans were there, gazing excitedly at the evening vistas and snapping photos with cameras and phones — all the while, being careful not to step too close to the edge.

The town of Scenic and the road that leads there can be faintly spotted from on top. Other than that, you must look very hard to see anything else made by the homesteaders or any other human beings for that matter. Sheep Mountain Table is returning to its prehistoric roots, and Mary Hynes' family is fine with that. 

Writers & Artists

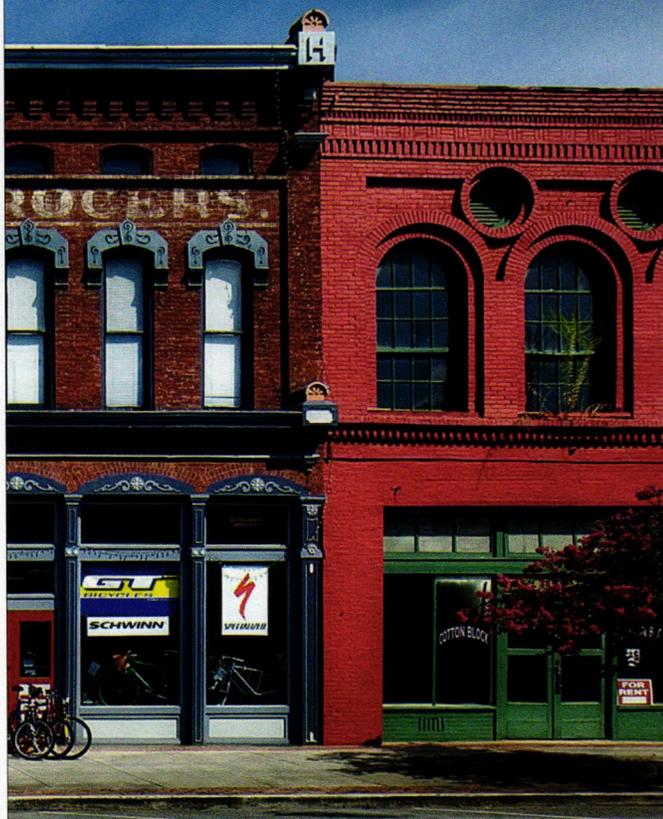
MUSIC - ART - BOOKS - CULTURE



Events at the AME ... A humble 1885 church built by ex-slaves on Cedar Street in Yankton has become a cultural center. Writers, historians and musicians — including Spearfish singer/songwriter Jami Lynn, a recent entertainer there — tread the same wood floors as black preachers of the 19th and 20th centuries when the brick structure was home to the AME (African Methodist Episcopal) Church. Michael Schumacher, who led efforts to repurpose the church, announces upcoming programs on a Facebook page titled Events at the AME.

Photos by Bernie Hunhoff

INSURING A BRIGHTER TOMORROW



FARMERS UNION INSURANCE AGENCY

With over 30 agents across South Dakota, we've got you covered! Find a Farmers Union agent near you at www.fuiagency.com.

Writers & Artists

Perspectives on a Pioneer Girl

*Laura Ingalls Wilder scholars
explore the writer's life and times*

When the South Dakota Historical Society Press earned the right to publish Laura Ingalls Wilder's autobiography *Pioneer Girl* in 2010, editors hoped to sell 5,000 copies. Eight printings later, more than 150,000 copies had been sold. *Pioneer Girl* ended up on bestseller lists around the country, proving that Wilder was just as relevant today as when her popular "Little House" series debuted decades ago.

On the heels of that book's success comes *Pioneer Girl Perspectives*, a collection of essays by 10 Wilder scholars that explore the author's life and relationships in further depth. "I began to wonder, what did *Pioneer Girl* itself contribute to the general understanding and scholarly appreciation of Wilder's life and work," writes Nancy Tystad Koupal, editor of the press and of this volume.

Koupal challenged the contributors to "take the discussion in any direction that you deem appropriate." The book examines topics like the working relationship between Wilder and her daughter, Rose Wilder Lane; yellow journalism; the prairie myths that seem to pervade Wilder's books and career; Wilder's ideas about women's rights; and why her work appeals to a new generation. As such, *Pioneer Girl Perspectives* is the perfect companion to the immensely popular autobiography.



Laura Ingalls Wilder Memorial Society

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HALF-PINT Laura Ingalls Wilder celebrates her 84th birthday at the Mansfield, Missouri, library in 1951.

TRUTEAU ON THE MISSOURI

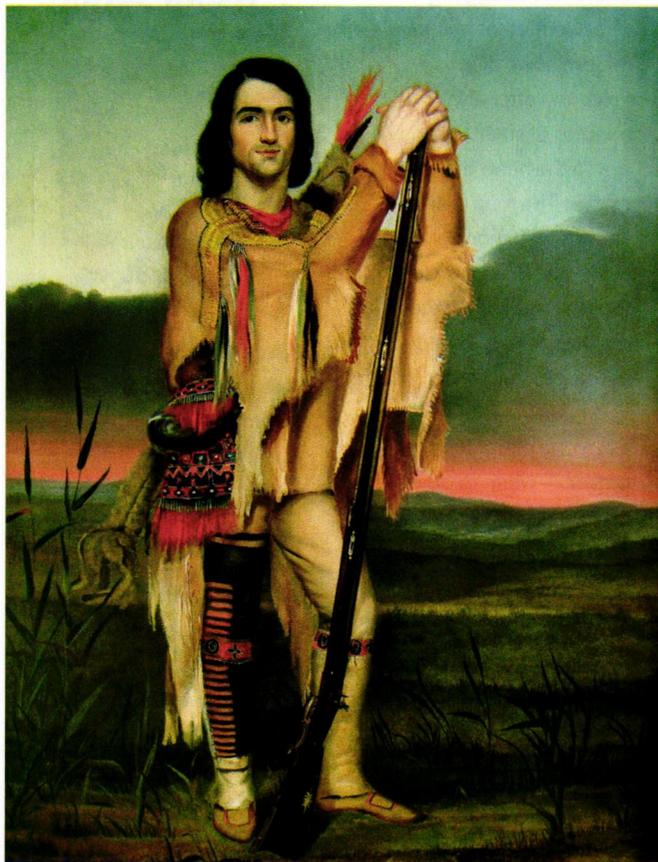
French explorer's journal is republished

Early in the summer of 1794, Jean Baptiste Truteau left St. Louis with eight men and two years' worth of trade goods. His mission was to ascend the Missouri River, establish peaceful relations with the Mandan Indians in present day North Dakota and set up a trading post, all while gathering as much information as possible about the people and geography of this little-known part of the continent.

Truteau made it as far as the mouth of the Cheyenne River, where he lived among the Arikara Indians for the next year. By the time he returned to St. Louis in 1796, many people considered his foray to be an economic failure. But the journal he kept remains our best source of information about life in the Missouri River valley during the late 18th century.

Bits and pieces have been published over the years, but a new comprehensive volume from the University of Nebraska Press called *A Fur Trader on the Upper Missouri* includes, for the first time, both Truteau's journal and a summary he wrote in 1796 analyzing the region's potential fur trade value. The book also includes early maps and sections that help readers understand the early French fur trading vocabulary that appears in the journal entries.

PARTING GIFT Jean Baptiste Truteau received clothing from the Osage Indians before leaving St. Louis in 1794.



Gary Trudeau collection

AFTER THE UPRISING

Curtis Dahlin has illuminated a new chapter in the history of Indian and white relations following the 1862 Dakota Uprising in his new book, *The Fort Sisseton Dakota Scouts and Their Camps in Eastern Dakota Territory, 1863-1866*.

After the uprising, a network of scouts/soldiers were to be stationed along the Minnesota River to prevent further violence. Soon, however, the scout concept of interception moved westward, mostly centering in North and South Dakota.

The friendly Dakota Indians were in a difficult position.

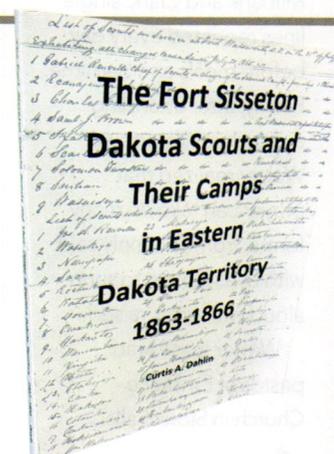
"In the eyes of many of their fellow Dakota, they were siding with the enemy, the whites," Dahlin writes. "That is never a comfortable position to be in."

A mixed-blood scout named Sam Brown, head of scouts at Fort Wadsworth (now Fort Sisseton), summarized the situation in his journal entry from May 16, 1865: "For a Sioux to show his loyalty by taking up arms against his own nation by which he makes the chastisement of his own people, and at the time is molested by

those he is fighting for, deserves the highest reward from government."

About 280 scouts, many from the Sisseton and Wahpeton tribes, were placed in units of four to six men, charged with stopping renegade Indians. Their effectiveness was incredible; between 1863 and 1866, only one further Dakota skirmish occurred.

One of the most incredible accomplishments of this book is the listing of all 280 scouts by name and assignment. Thousands of Americans now have a direct link to one



or more of their ancestors.

Dahlin grew up in Roberts County. After a career in the Minnesota Department of Transportation, he cultivated an expertise in eastern South Dakota frontier history.

— Donus Roberts

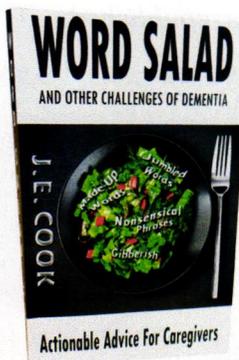
FOR THE SOUL

Adam Weber knew his friend was struggling. The two met for coffee in downtown Sioux Falls, and after about 10 minutes of small talk they got to the heart of the matter. The man didn't know how to pray.

He told Weber he felt foolish for asking a question that must be obvious to everyone, but Weber knew that wasn't the case. Everyone struggles with prayer — when to do it, how to do it, what to say. That conversation led Weber to write his new book, *Talking with God: What to Say When You Don't Know How to Pray*.

For Weber, the question was deeply personal. He writes of his own experiences with prayer as a child growing up in Milbank and Clark: single lines repeated every day before meals and bedtime. Finally, after attending a church in Watertown, Weber realized that prayer can take on many forms, from solemnly said with eyes closed to sung aloud with arms raised.

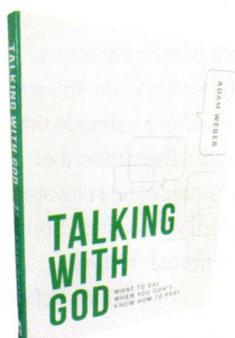
Weber is the lead pastor of Embrace Church in Sioux Falls.



When their pastor's wife was diagnosed with dementia, Judy Cook and several members of their congregation volunteered to serve on a caregiving team that provided round-the-clock help. The disease's progression took eight years, and in that time Cook amassed a wealth of knowledge about caring for someone with dementia. That background, plus another 10 years of researching the disease, led to her book, *Word Salad*.

Readers are introduced to potential warning signs, risk factors, what to expect as the disease progresses and helpful tips to help alleviate stressful situations. Cook is clear that she is not a medical professional. Her book is both memoir and caregiving manual, meant for spouses, family and friends who want a better understanding of the disease and who wish to provide home care for a loved one.

Cook is a freelance writer and secretary at Eastside Baptist Church in Sioux Falls.



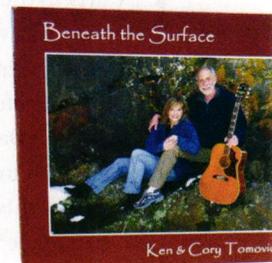
Mountain Music

We all have childhood memories, and our work-a-day lives are occasionally disturbed by flights of fancy. For most of us, these pass in and out of our thoughts, leaving no trace. Cory Tomovick is an exception. She mines her memories and daily “disturbances” with a poet’s sensibility, and with the help of her musician husband, Ken, turns them into beautiful music.

Their album *Beneath the Surface* features 11 songs by Cory, and a bonus track by fellow Black Hills songwriter Jerry Garcia. No selection better typifies Tomovick’s talent for turning the mundane into music than “Mean Mommy,” about the age-old struggle between mothers and their recalcitrant children — rendered, unexpectedly, in a smoky blues style.

*So pick up your toys, clean up your room
Cause if you don't, this mean mommy's comin' after you
I'm a teacher, I'm a preacher
I'm an actor, I'm a factor in your life
If you listen to me
You just might turn out all right*

The Tomovicks live near the Stratobowl, the topographic feature in the Black Hills famed as the launching point for high altitude balloon flights in the 1930s. They regularly perform around the state and have been featured on South Dakota Public Radio.



RICK ODLAND'S NEW BOOK, *Sioux Falls*, is a 96-page photographic journey showing the city's growth from a town grounded primarily on agriculture to a prairie metropolis home to nearly 200,000 people. Odland scoured private and public collections to find images of historic buildings, neighborhoods and people who have shaped Sioux Falls from the 1950s to today. While change is a recurring theme, certain scenes remain the same. Readers won't be surprised to discover that Phillips Avenue was as busy in August of 1958 (above) as it is today.

CHANGING THE WORLD... ONE PAINTING AT A TIME

A Sioux Falls girl's art aims to save endangered animals

Over 16,000 animals around the world are categorized as endangered according to the International Union for Conservation of Nature, and if Bria Neff has anything to say about it, she'll paint a picture of every one. She's already done more than 200, and at age 11 she's got plenty of time to work on the rest.

In 2017, her paintings — which raised \$10,500 — earned her a Young Eco-Hero Award from Action for Nature, an international organization that salutes children age 8 to 16 who undertake a significant project to help sustain the planet. Neff was

one of 13 young environmental activists in the world to collect the honor. Her initiative, called "Faces of the Endangered," is affiliated with the Jane Goodall Institute's Roots and Shoots program.

Despite her young age, Neff, who is a student at the Learning Garden Arts Academy in Sioux Falls, has already enjoyed an impressive art career. She has illustrated a coloring book for the Great Plains Zoo, staged three art shows in various Sioux Falls galleries and donated a painting to the hospital in Vermillion that showcases 23 endangered species.



PAINTING AURA Eleven-year-old Bria Neff of Sioux Falls works on *Aura*, a 4-by-4 foot painting of an Asian elephant, endangered since 1986.

Before you hit the slopes, come see us.

Offering specialized care for cataracts with the newest multifocals, corneal disease, detached retina, diabetes-related eye disease, glaucoma, treatment for macular degeneration using the latest injectable drugs and all laser LASIK.



**OPHTHALMOLOGY
ASSOCIATES**

Dr. Curt Wischmeier and Dr. John Bormes • Ophthalmology Associates
310 Eighth Ave. NW, Aberdeen • 605-226-2108 or 1-800-255-7448

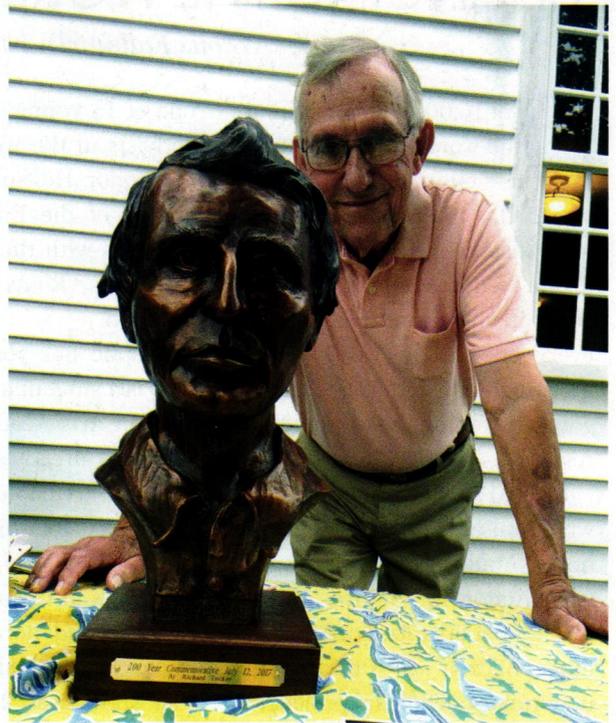
FROM CUSTER TO WALDEN POND

S.D. sculptor's bust of Thoreau heads east

A life-size bust of Henry David Thoreau that now stands in the Massachusetts bedroom where the vaunted American author was born in 1817 began in a studio along America Center Road near Custer.

Sculptor Richard Tucker began the project in 2016 when Mark Wetmore, a Thoreau enthusiast from Vermillion, commissioned the piece for his private collection. After it was cast in 2017, an anonymous person donated one of the 200 busts that were produced to the Thoreau Farm near Concord, Massachusetts. The gift was especially fitting since staff at the farm was preparing to commemorate the 200th anniversary of Thoreau's birth.

Tucker studied photographs of Thoreau and read physical descriptions of him from contemporaries like Ralph Waldo Emerson and Nathaniel Hawthorne. He also read Thoreau's *Walden* to get reacquainted with the writer and philosopher. Tucker chose to portray Thoreau as informally dressed and clean-shaven, since that was the author's style during the Walden years.



CUSTER SCULPTOR Richard Tucker brought his bust of Thoreau to the Thoreau Farm near Concord, Massachusetts to help commemorate the author's 200th birthday in July 2017.

SOUTH DAKOTA STORIES



CELEBRATING THE LIFE AND LEGACY OF LAURA INGALLS WILDER
Pioneer Girl Perspectives: Exploring Laura Ingalls Wilder
Edited by Nancy Tystad Koupal
\$29.95, hardcover

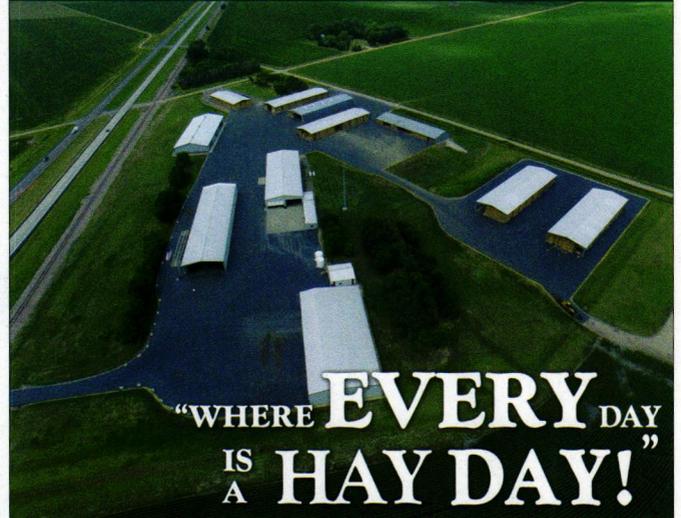


STORIES FOR YOUNG, OLD, AND EVERYONE IN-BETWEEN
Glorious Fourth of July and Other Stories from the Plains
Artwork and stories by Catherine Rademacher Gibson
Recounted by Mary Gibson Sprague
\$19.95, hardcover

SOUTH DAKOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY PRESS
900 Governors Drive, Pierre, SD 57501
sdhspress.com | (605) 773-6009 | info@sdhspress.com

We grow the hay - so you don't have to.

FREEBURG HAY



The Freeburg Family knows hay! They've been operating their family farm — specializing in 2,500 acres of alfalfa and mixed grass — in southeast South Dakota for over 45 years.
Our hay is barn stored at a convenient location with scale on-site!

605-267-4426 | www.freeburghay.com

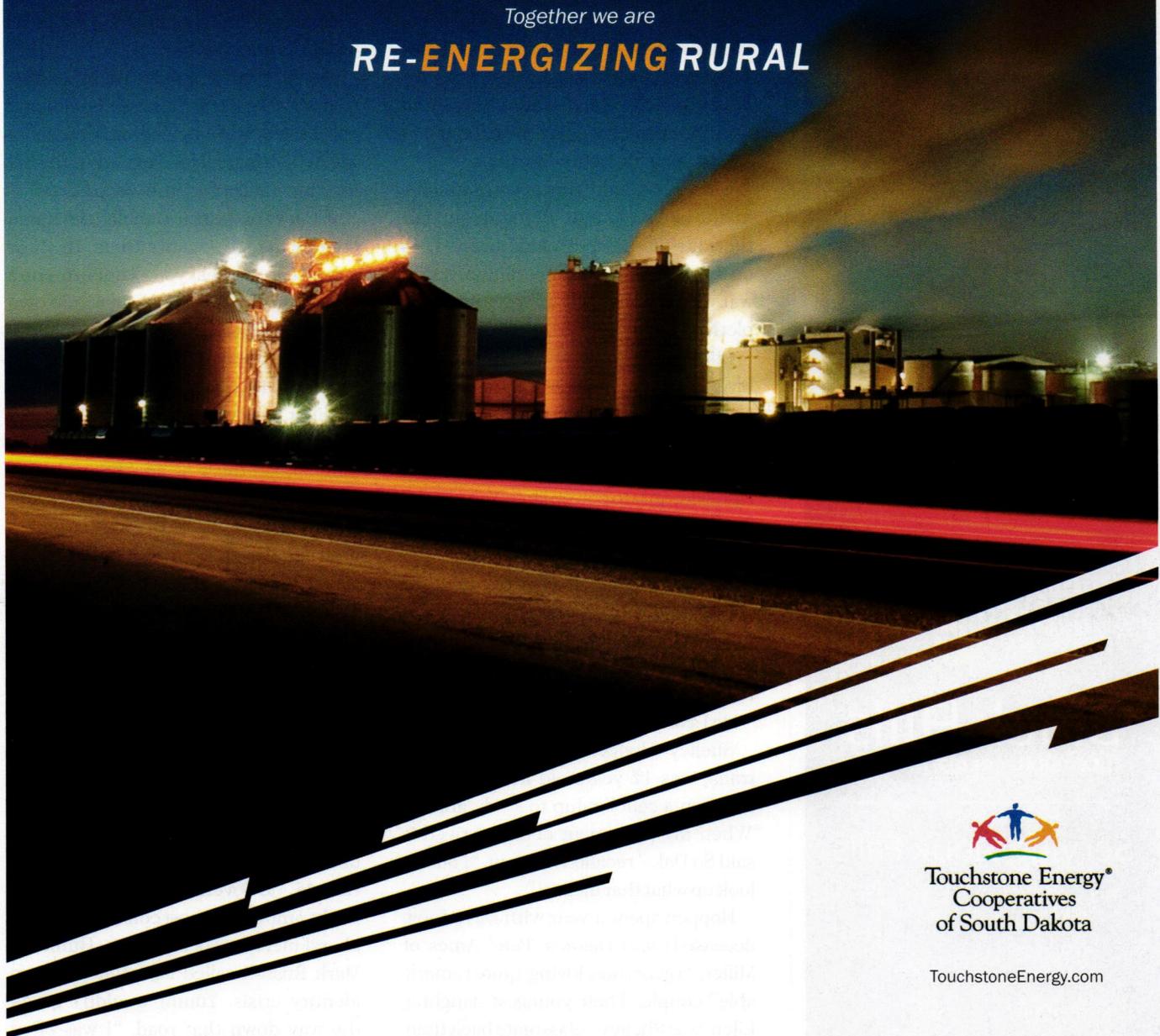
~We guarantee our product and your satisfaction.~

INSPIRING LIFE OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS

We're committed to bringing our local farmers, manufacturers, communities and families the tools, technology and economic support to realize our region's full potential.

Together we are

RE-ENERGIZING RURAL

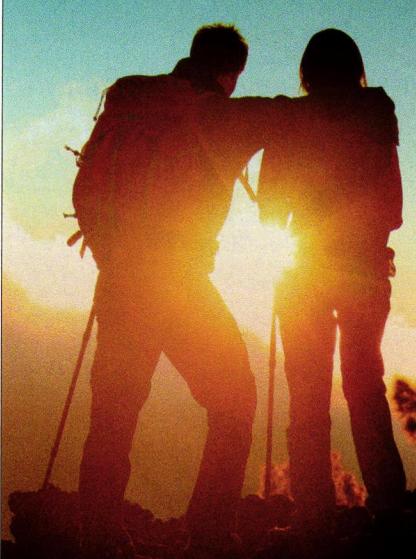


Touchstone Energy®
Cooperatives
of South Dakota

TouchstoneEnergy.com

**WE
IMPROVE
LIVES**



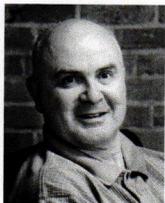




Black Hills
FEDERAL CREDIT UNION

Serving Sioux Falls
41st & Hawthorne

bhfcu.com



SERIOUSLY, FOLKS

By Roger Holtzmann

FROM DOWN UNDER TO SO DAK

LET US TAKE a moment to praise the unsung heroes who made this moment possible: Laura, Kayla, Katelyn and Liza, the *South Dakota Magazine* subscriptions department. Neither snow, nor rain, nor gloom of night — neither cranky nor garrulous callers — stays these ladies from the swift completion of their appointed tasks. They keep magazines flowing from Andover to Zell, which is a *monumental* task. You can't swing a cat by the tail in Zell without hitting a subscriber.

Things generally run on greased skids in the subscriptions department, but there are moments of sound and fury. As on the day Laura, the majordomo, waged war with the Post Office. My, how the expletives did fly!

Like most publications, we have a love/hate relationship with the men and women in grey trousers. They do a bang-up job for the most part, but when there is a problem it lingers, then is seemingly resolved, only to pop up later. You may be familiar with this dynamic from dealing with your car repair guy.

On that particular day, the issue involved getting magazines to subscribers in Lilydale and Brisbane, Brandbu and Nagoya. I wondered, "How did we get readers in Australia, Japan and Norway?"

So I asked.

Shelley Hoppen, of Brisbane, Australia, was 17 years old in 1983 when she won a scholarship to study abroad. "When my placement details arrived it said So Dak," recalled Hoppen. "I had to look up what that meant!"

Hoppen spent a year with Dave (now deceased) and Delores 'Pete' Ames of Miller, "a generous, loving, quite remarkable" couple. Their youngest daughter, Ellen, was Shelley's classmate back then,

and is one of her dear friends now.

If there is ever an opening at the state tourism department Ms. Hoppen would fit right in. "There is so much to admire about South Dakota," she wrote. "It is a delicious, rich tapestry of lovely, interesting people and natural beauty. South Dakota is definitely punching above its weight in many areas."

Not that we're perfect. We mix lollies (marshmallows) with sweet cream and call it salad, and we celebrate Homecoming. Which is great fun, according to Shelley, "but makes no sense whatsoever."

If you've ever seen a small town homecoming parade — a fire truck, the high school band in heavy wool uniforms on a 90-degree day, followed by a windblown king and queen in the back of a pickup — you know she could have characterized the festivities much less charitably.

Miller has done its part in selling Our Fair State. Yuumi Sasaki, of Nagoya, Japan, landed there as an AFS exchange student in 1975. Her hosts, Bobbie and Herb Heidepriem, "treated me as part of their family," she wrote, "and I have always felt that was such a privilege."

Sasaki has made her way back to South Dakota a dozen times since then, including an annual trek to Pierre from 2007 to 2014. She rubbed elbows with Democrats and Republicans, lobbyists, bureaucrats and ordinary voters, and came away with an appreciation of our sometimes-contradictory ways.

For most of the 1960s, South Dakota's two senators were Karl Mundt and George McGovern, who were, respectively, among the most conservative and liberal members of Congress. Humorist Mark Russell called us a state with an identity crisis. Yuumi wouldn't go *all* the way down that road. "I was often

puzzled,” she wrote, “to see narrow-mindedness or stubborn intolerance in the same person who was open and kind to a stranger like me.”

Bjørn Egge, of Brandbu, Norway, gets the magazine as a Christmas gift from relatives in Sioux Falls. “South Dakota is well-known in every corner of Norway since so many people emigrated there in the 1800s,” wrote Egge. Among those were two brothers on his father’s side. “There are now about 400 of my relatives spread all across the upper Midwest and other states.”

Egge has visited South Dakota several times, so I asked him where he would go if he only had one day to spend here. “The Black Hills and Deadwood are great,” he replied, “but watching a real pow wow of the American Indians gave me a special thrill. It’s something that I will never forget.”

My correspondents were all generous in responding to my queries, but the Most Comprehensive Reply Award goes to Bill Hayes of Lilydale, which is just east of Melbourne. I learned about his kids and grandkids and his profession: he’s a master plumber whose specialty is sprinkler systems that spray water on the exteriors of homes to protect them from Australia’s legendary bush fires.

Bill and Yvonne’s daughter, Noelene, was an agriculture student who spent a year working with Scott and Paula Hamilton on their farm near Hitchcock.

“We wanted to meet Noelene’s hosts, which we did in 1993,” wrote Bill. “We have visited South Dakota several times since, and loved every single minute of it. We sampled life on the farm and visited several of the Hamilton families around Hitchcock, and were blown away by the hospitality shown to us.”

Shelley, Yuumi, Bjørn and Bill really like South Dakota, so naturally they had nice things to say about it. But they reminded me that I am privileged to know many people like the kind, generous, welcoming souls that they met. I like this little corner of the world, too. 🐾

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



INTRODUCING FOUR NEW SCULPTURES FROM 2017!

Bronze sculptures of South Dakota governors grace the pathways of our capital city.

Tom Berry, 1933 – 1937
Sculpted by John Lopez

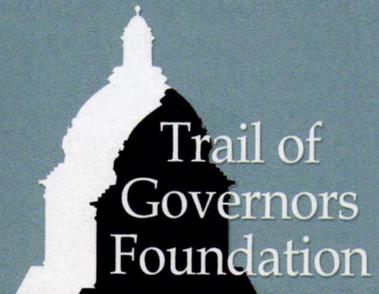
Leslie Jensen, 1937 – 1939
Sculpted by James Van Nuys

Sigurd Anderson, 1951 – 1955
Sculpted by James Michael Maher

Joe J. Foss, 1955 – 1959
Sculpted by Lee Leuning & Sherri Treeby



Photography by Tony Verhuizen



www.TrailofGovernors.com | Pierre, South Dakota

Bargain Rates in the Hills!

Book one of our beautiful vacation homes & take advantage of our extra-low off-season rates.

Large cabins – only \$179/night!
Smaller cabins – only \$99/night!

Special pricing offered
October 23, 2017 through
April 12, 2018 on base rate;
excludes Thanksgiving, Christmas,
and New Year’s holidays. Extra person
charge is \$20 per person/per night.



Call today: 605-574-9003
Located 4 miles west of Hill City
in the heart of the Black Hills!
www.HighCountryRanch.com



THE BIG PICTURE

Badlands Beauties

Badlands National Park's peaks and valleys blend with ranch country by the Stronghold Unit near Scenic. That's where Rapid City photographer Bonny Fleming spotted this herd of horses. "It was funny because I loved the way they looked against that bluff but as soon as I got out of the car and walked up to the fence the entire herd ran up to me. I stood with them for about 45 minutes before I got too cold and had to continue on my way home," says Fleming.

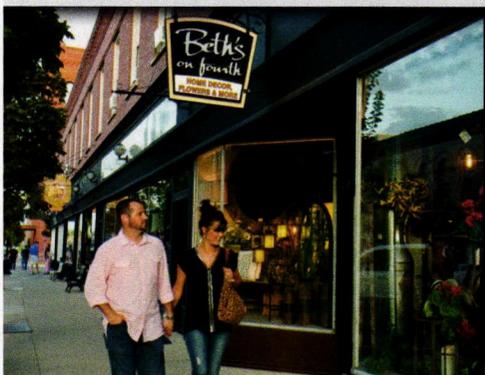




BRETT YOUNG | ANTHEM | 10.20.17

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

OVERNIGHT SENSATION



ENJOY
**LOCAL
SHOPS,
LIVE MUSIC,
craft beer &
INSPIRED FOOD**

**VISIT THESE
GREAT ATTRACTIONS:**

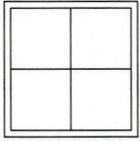
- Hard Rock Hotel & Casino
- Tyson Events Center
- Orpheum Theatre
- Historic Fourth Street and Pearl Street Districts



IN SIOUX CITY'S
DOWNTOWN
DISTRICT.



FIND OUT MORE AT VISITSIOUXCITY.ORG



INSIDE AND OUT

Designing South Dakota

Intersecting Cultures

Nine concrete tipis that rise above rest stops on I-90 and I-29 in South Dakota are the creation of Sioux Falls architect Ward Whitwam. Gemma Lockhart, a Lakota writer, called the tipis a “contemporary intersecting of cultures.” The oldest are more than 50 years old and are on the National Register of Historic Places.

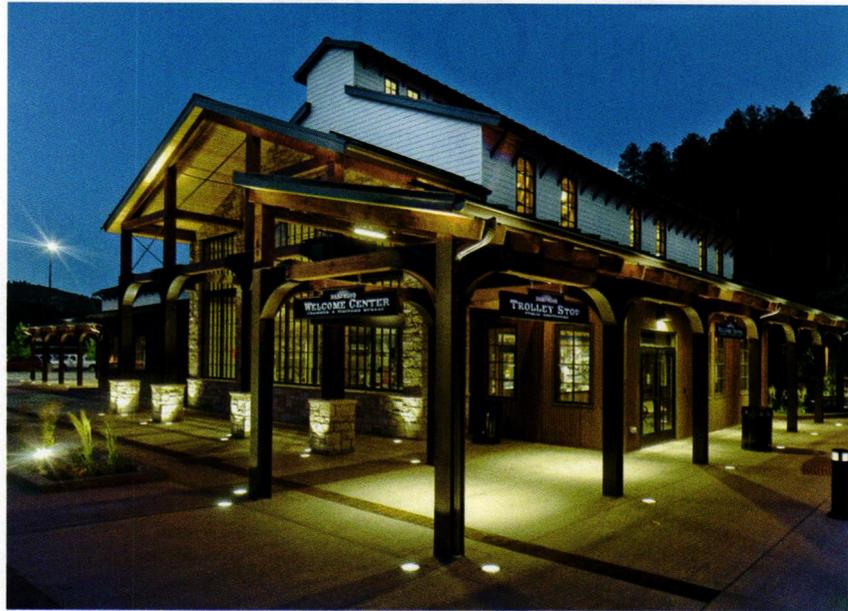




INSIDE & OUT

Q. Why does Dale Lamphere's iconic 50-foot sculpture, "Dignity" face the southeast countryside rather than nearby Interstate 90 or the Missouri River? We asked Rapid City landscape architect Pat Wyss, who assisted Lamphere with the project.

A. "The quilt is as much a part of the sculpture as the figure herself, and Dale felt that the quilt should be viewed from the highway. As you leave your car at the visitor's center, Dale felt that she should be welcoming you as you walk up to see her. We moved her right to the edge of the bluff so she and the quilt are visible from the highway, but you cannot see the face. That creates some mystery and perhaps encourages people to leave the road for a closer look."



SITTING ON THE EAST END of Main Street is the new welcome center — 9,300 square feet of space to greet visitors to Deadwood.

SOLUTION IN STONE

Because visitors were missing Deadwood's Main Street

How would it feel to learn that someone drove for hours to visit you but then they couldn't find your house? Deadwood officials were similarly upset when they found that some of the 2 million people who visit each year were having difficulty with finding the right turn to historic Main Street, the heart of the entertainment mecca.

"We discovered that people were coming by car from Interstate 90 and they weren't sure where Deadwood stopped or started so they sometimes just kept driving, and they would end up frustrated and maybe missing our town altogether," says Lee Harstad, executive director of the Lead-Deadwood Chamber of Commerce.

The solution came last summer with the opening of a 9,300-square-foot welcome center on the east end of Main Street, where drivers were most apt to take a wrong turn. "In August we were seeing more than 750 people a day, so this is really solving the problem," says Harstad.

Designed by Chamberlain Architects of Rapid City, the new \$2.3 million welcome center features stone and steel on the exterior. Inside, visitors enjoy interactive exhibits, native wildlife mounts and the assistance of travel experts. They may also park for free at the center and walk or take a trolley ride up Main Street.





LEADING BY DESIGN

Project: ARCH HOUSE
 Award: 2017 AIA South Dakota Design Honor Award
 Category: Unbuilt Architecture
 Location: Sioux Falls, SD
 Description: Designed for Affordable Housing Solutions, ARCH house challenges the negative stigma of affordable housing and creates a model that can be adapted to the context of any city-core neighborhood. The design utilizes passive strategies and super-efficient equipment to achieve extremely low energy use.



Project: Stockwell
 Award: 2017 AIA South Dakota Design Merit Award
 Category: Architecture
 Location: Sioux Falls, SD
 Description: Stockwell's new office building boasts great employee amenities and breathtaking views of Falls Park. The building includes lower level parking and two floors of Class A office space. The modern design takes its cues from the character of the surrounding warehouse district.



Project: Prairie Berry East Bank
 Award: 2016 AIA South Dakota Design Merit Award
 Category: Architecture
 Location: Sioux Falls, SD
 Description: Prairie Berry East Bank brings back to life The Frank Transfer & Storage Building which sat vacant and deteriorated for many years. The strategy of a light intervention with careful coordination of building systems highlights the inherent quality of the 1900 structure.





Designing a New Town

Artists, architects and carpenters learn Lakota style

BY BERNIE HUNHOFF

“**W**hy are some of our students struggling in school?” asks Andrew Iron Shell. “Maybe it’s because they live in grandma’s house with 13 other people.”

Maybe the house is drafty and cold in the winter, and there’s not enough money for the light bill and groceries. Maybe some of the 13 people are doing beadwork or painting pictures to pay the utility bill. “Maybe one of the 13 is selling drugs in the basement and grandma doesn’t even know it,” says Iron Shell. “All she knows is that you’re giving her \$100 a month to help pay the bills.”

Iron Shell is among the leaders of Thunder Valley Community Development Corporation, an organization on the Pine Ridge Reservation committed to the idea that well-designed homes and communities that fit the Lakota culture will make a difference in one of North America’s poorest places. A housing study recently showed a shortage of more than 2,500 homes on the reservation, which has a population of about 30,000.

Thunder Valley staffers recognized that some reservation families don’t like the usual cookie-cutter ranch homes commonly built in low-income neighborhoods, so they involved artists, designers, families and tribal elders as they made plans for a new community now being constructed on open country south of the Badlands.

Thunder Valley will eventually be home to perhaps 800

people living in single family homes and some multi-family complexes. The 34-acre site near the town of Porcupine is also designed for pow wow grounds, recreation, schools, stores, food plots and a stylish, solar-powered chicken coop.

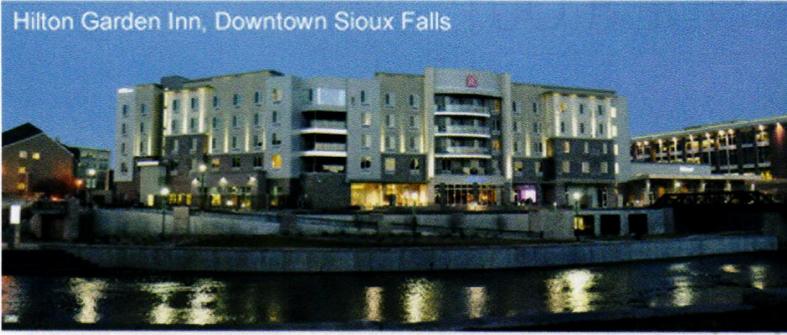
“The chickens will be free range,” says Iron Shell. “They’ll eat the bugs and fertilize the gardens,” and they’ll be feathered symbols of a sustainable lifestyle Thunder Valley supporters hope to create.

Failed housing projects are scattered across South Dakota’s nine Indian reservations, but Thunder Valley seems different because of extraordinary efforts taken to build it in a way that fits local culture. Iron Shell says Thunder Valley, a non-profit group that started in 2008, learned the hard way. “When we first came up with a design it was the usual straight streets lined with square buildings and the elders hated it. They thought it looked like a concentration camp.”

After much more community engagement, everyone agreed on a design with circular streets, front porches and big windows open to the expansive prairie landscapes of the Pine Ridge country.

“There is no modern Lakota style of architecture,” says Kaziah Haviland, an architectural designer who serves as the director of design and development, “so we are drawing inspiration from the traditional forms, where you can

Hilton Garden Inn, Downtown Sioux Falls



Van De Walle
Architects LLC

Your Partner in Collaborative Design

ARCHITECTURE • INTERIORS

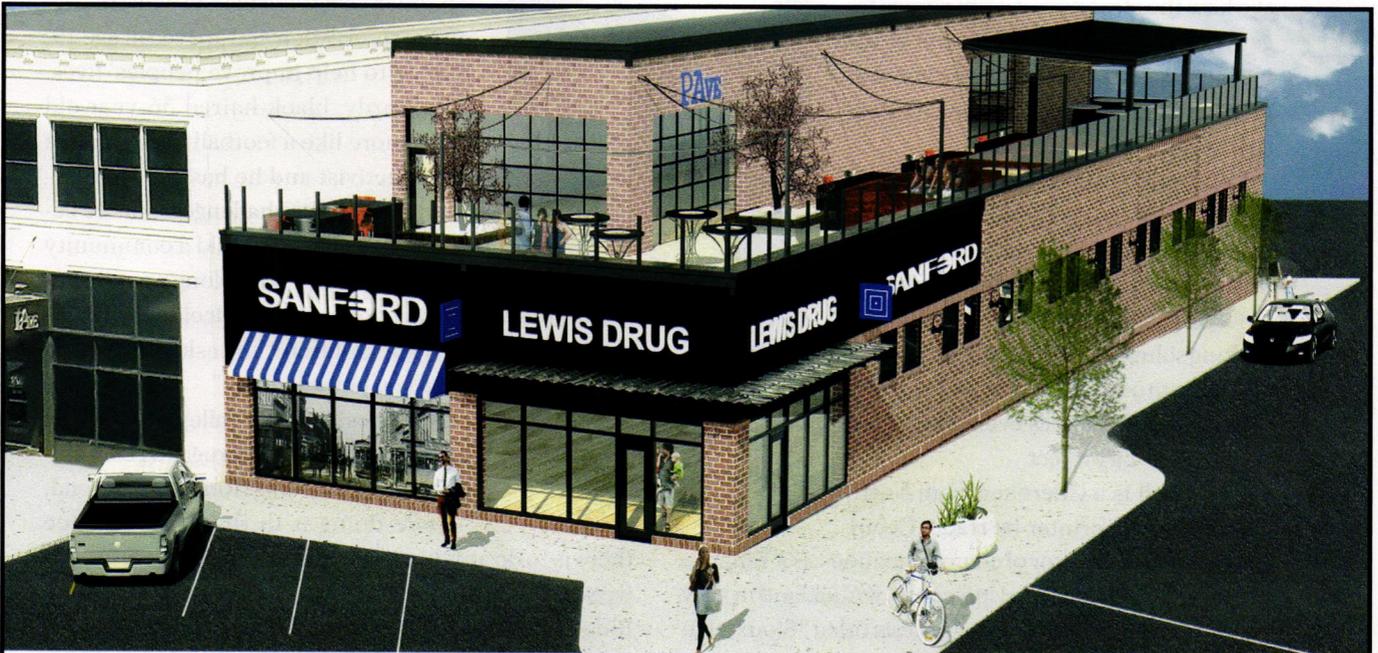
vandewallearchitects.com 605-339-4411



CarsForSale.com



First Bank & Trust



CONTINUED GROWTH IMPROVES THE LIVABILITY OF DOWNTOWN SIOUX FALLS.

Development at the corner of 10th and Phillips brings exciting new services to downtown Sioux Falls including Lewis Pharmacy, Sanford Clinic and the addition of a rooftop patio to PAve Bar!





INSIDE & OUT



Thunder Valley's leadership team includes (from left) Nick Hernandez, Nick Tilsen, Cecily Engelhart and Andrew Iron Shell.

see how the structure of a tipi comes together. Being able to see how the building is put together seems important, and incorporating the sky into the architecture is valued.”

Educated in Connecticut and Texas, Haviland came to Thunder Valley as part of the national Enterprise Community Partners program, which connects emerging designers with communities seeking solutions. Thunder Valley probably constitutes the most diverse group of design professionals ever gathered in the region for a project.

Iron Shell is a Cherokee from North Carolina and a printer by trade. Cecily Engelhart, the director of communications, is a Yankton Sioux who studied at the University of Auckland in New Zealand and finished a master's thesis titled “Sioux table Food” before coming home. Liz Welch, the foundation director, worked for community development in New Orleans, Milwaukee and Cape Town, South Africa.

“When we started here there were just three of us,” says Iron Shell. “Now the last payroll there were 40 of us plus a summer youth program of 40 more.”

Nick Tilsen, the founder and executive director of



Pine Ridge tribal member Alden Brewer found work at the Thunder Valley project.

Thunder Valley, is a Lakota who grew up off the reservation and arrived at age 19, hoping to help improve peoples' lives. The sturdy, black-haired 36-year-old looks more like a football tackle than a social activist and he has NFL-like determination. His challenge from the beginning has been to build a community the Lakota way. “How long are you going to let other people decide the future for your children?” he asked doubters. “Are you not warriors?”

He hopes Thunder Valley becomes an inspiration for other struggling communities across the Pine Ridge and beyond. “We're doing it in the hardest place

there is to do anything,” he recently told a reporter, “so we sort of tongue-in-cheek say, ‘If we can do it on Pine Ridge, what the hell is everybody else's excuse?’”

The Badlands experiment may cost \$60 million. Iron Shell says the Pine Ridge residents and financial backers knew existing government programs weren't working, and they slowly but surely embraced the new concept. “There's very little government money in Thunder Valley,” he says. “There is a lot of philanthropy and a lot of volunteerism and some HUD and USDA

Rural Development dollars but it's not dependent on 'gimme' programs."

He says the ultimate goal is to build the community (the first houses are now taking shape) while creating employment opportunities on the reservation. "Right now if you need a plumber or an electrician the closest might be 90 miles away in Rapid City. We figure every day that maybe 2,500 of the 5,200 people who work on the Pine Ridge come from outside the area. They bring a sack lunch and they don't drop a dime. We want to build our social enterprise with stores owned by the people who work there, and for that to be successful we need to have the workers and their paychecks here at home."

Because the project is committed to design that fits the Pine Ridge, an 11-member Artists' Advisory Council was formed, including sculptors, musicians, poets, quilt-makers and painters. "They have been key to shaping our building plans," says Haviland. "Not only do they influence the aesthetics, but also they give us very practical information. As we were designing the community building, they guided our decisions because they had very practical information on how people here will culturally use the building. They explained the importance of family and suggested we put a play ground near the community center, outside a big wall of windows so grown-ups attending events inside have a visual and safety connection to their children."

Iron Shell says Thunder Valley may take 10 years to build, but the payoffs have already begun because local people are taking control of their lives, learning skills and earning paychecks.

"The process is way more powerful than the building stock," says Iron Shell. "We're not only building homes, we're building community champions." 



Thunder Valley seeks to balance tradition with innovation. Above is an architect's drawing of the community center.

THIS IS WILD BILL. HE'S A WIENER DOG. HE WORKS AT CO-OP ARCHITECTURE. HE'S NOT A GREAT DESIGNER. FORTUNATELY, WE'VE GOT OTHER PEOPLE FOR THAT.

aberdeen | rapid city | sioux falls | or find us online at www.co-oparch.com



At Sandro's Woodshed on Lake Hendricks or on your homesite, Mark Sandro and his crew build timber houses to last centuries. The beauty of heavy posts and beams, joined with wooden pegs in old European style, remains exposed inside the home. For Sandro, satisfaction is in the wood and in the craft.

- Custom Furniture • Carving
- Cabinetry • Timber Framing

SANDRO'S WOODSHED

MARK & LOUISE SANDRO

(605) 479-3875

20018 486th Avenue • Hendricks, MN 56136
www.SandrosWoodshed.com

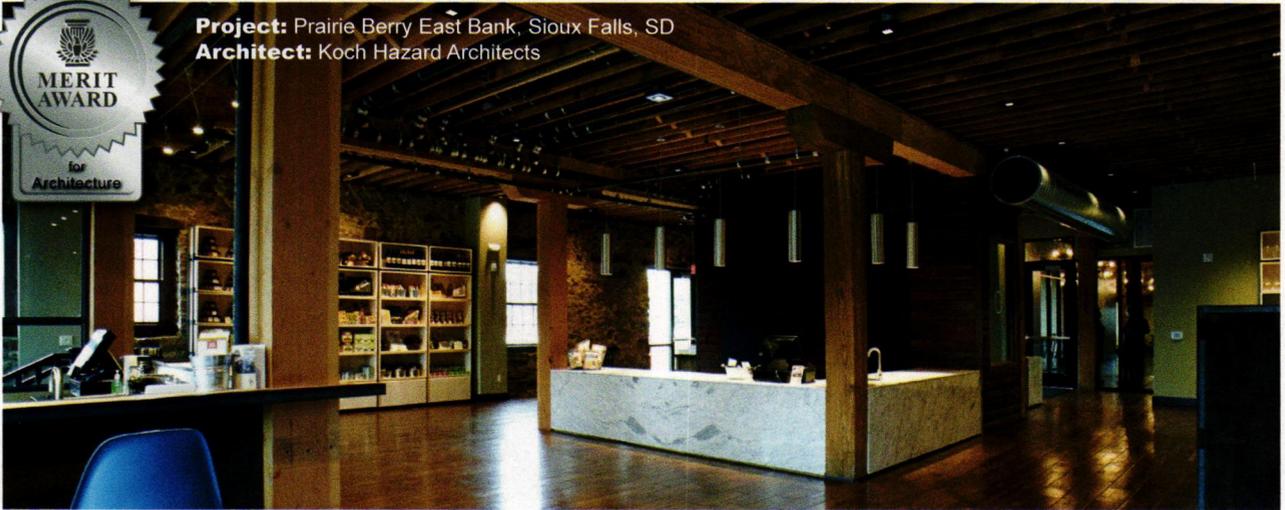


AIA
South Dakota

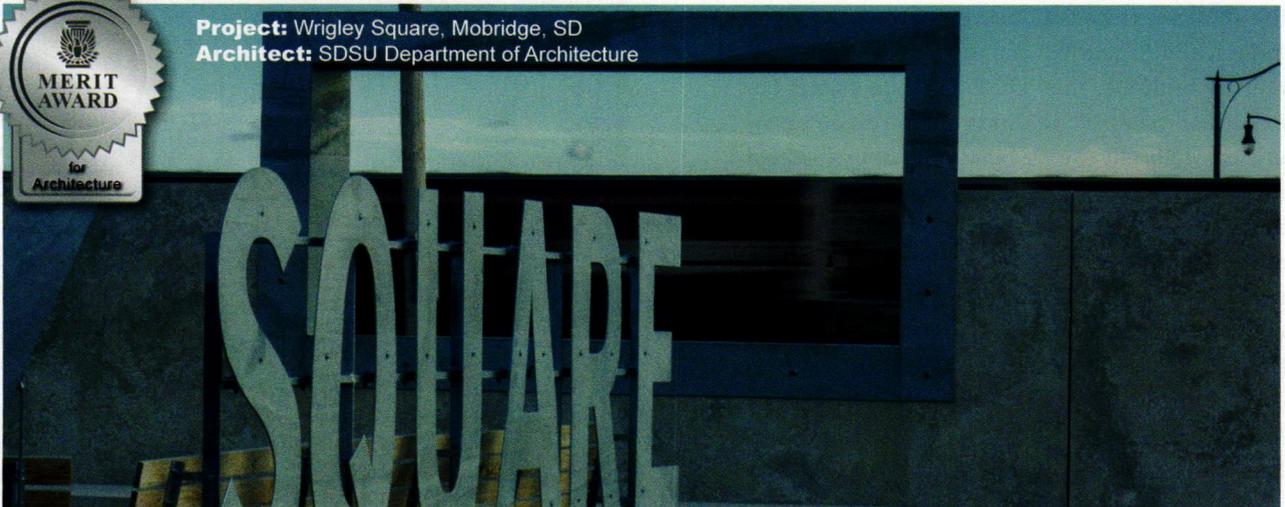
American Institute of Architects (AIA) South Dakota
Design Award projects for 2016:



Project: Prairie Berry East Bank, Sioux Falls, SD
Architect: Koch Hazard Architects



Project: Wrigley Square, Mobridge, SD
Architect: SDSU Department of Architecture



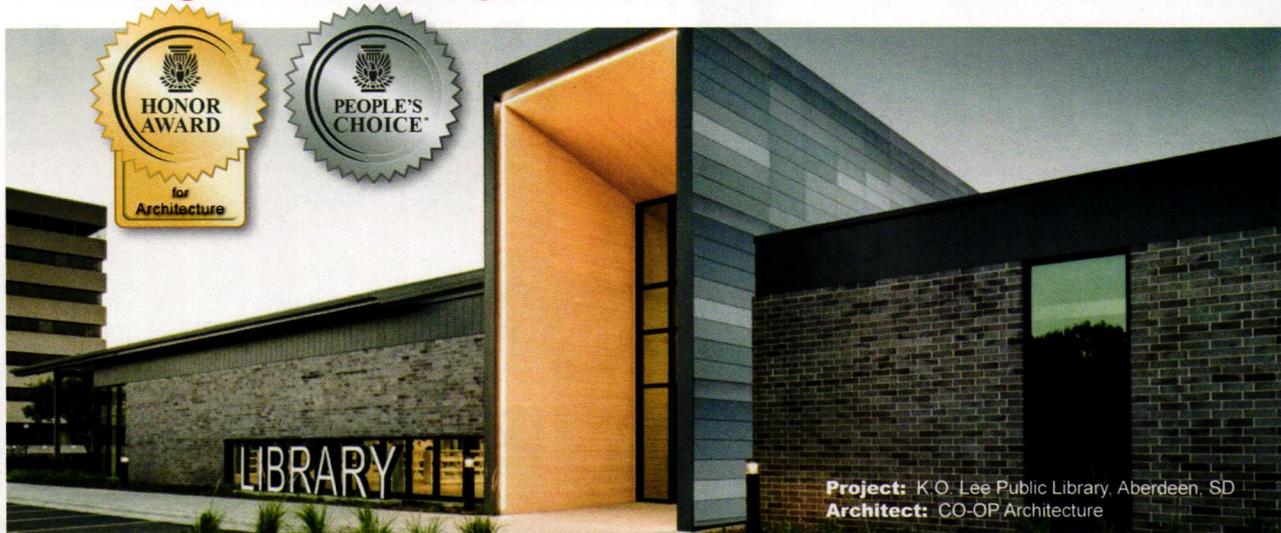
Project: Tallgrass Liquor, Marshall, MN
Architect: TSP, Inc.



**People's choice is non-juried. The two juried awards were judged by Marlon Blackwell Architects in Little Rock, Arkansas.*

American Institute of Architects (AIA) South Dakota
Design Award projects for 2017:

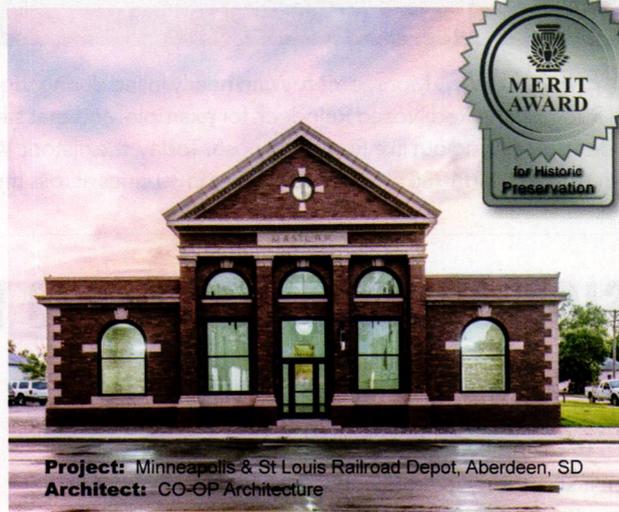
LEADING
 BY DESIGN



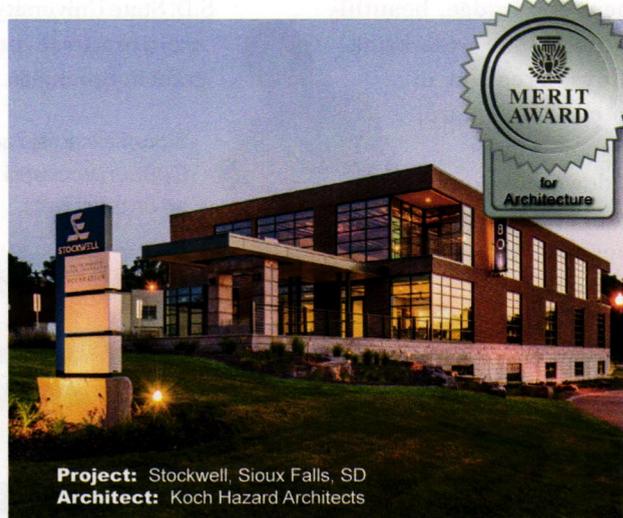
Project: K'O. Lee Public Library, Aberdeen, SD
Architect: CO-OP Architecture



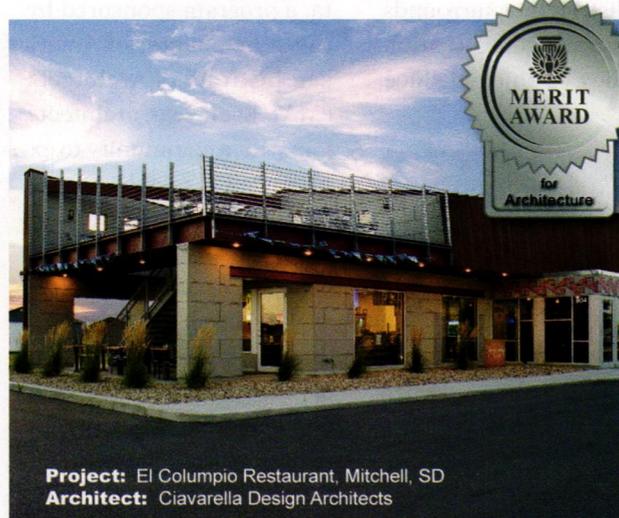
Project: ARCH House
Architect: Koch Hazard Architects



Project: Minneapolis & St Louis Railroad Depot, Aberdeen, SD
Architect: CO-OP Architecture



Project: Stockwell, Sioux Falls, SD
Architect: Koch Hazard Architects



Project: El Columpio Restaurant, Mitchell, SD
Architect: Ciavarella Design Architects

**People's choice is non-juried. The five juried awards were judged by El Dorado Inc. of Kansas City.*



"Now" photo courtesy of Tom Hubbert



AFORE & NOW ... Montgomery Ward nearly failed during the Great Depression until new management became aggressive. Ward created Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer, for example, and that same year (1938) the retail giant built a tall Colonial Revival-style store in Aberdeen that stood out like Rudolph's nose. Today, the historic Ward store is home to the flagship institution of Dacotah Bank, which began in Aberdeen in 1955 and now has banks in 30 cities across the Dakotas and Minnesota.

DESIGN SOUTH DAKOTA EYES THE MERIDIAN DISTRICT

When architects, designers and city planners came to Yankton last summer, the old Meridian Bridge and the historic district that surrounds it got more loving attention than they've enjoyed since

the double-decker bridge (now a pedestrian crossway) was built in 1924.

The visitors were participants in Design South Dakota, a program sponsored by the state chapter of American Institute of Architects (AIA). Each year, architects join with a community to explore how it might improve through design. The project begins with community discussions and culminates with an intensive charrette during which the professionals walk the streets, identify challenges and then gather to brainstorm solutions.

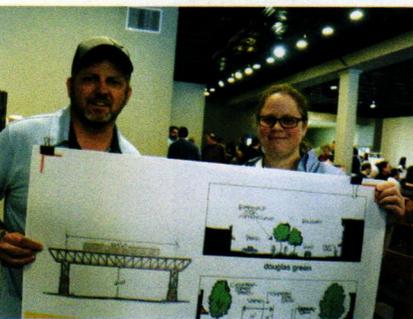
The 19th century architecture of the Meridian District and the old steel bridge

posed unique issues. Proposals from the AIA-South Dakota members included steel-framed entrances to the district that complement the bridge, beautification of the wide brick alleys, creation of an outdoor square, encouragement of downtown lofts, improved store facades and lighting.

An entrepreneurial support group known as Onward Yankton led the effort to bring

Design South Dakota to town, along with the Meridian District, city officials, youth and community leaders, Dakota Resources and S.D. State University's architectural program in Brookings.

Sioux Falls artist Zach DeBoer proposed art on the streets.



Rapid City designer Erik Heikes presented a plan for gateway arches in the district.





Lamella Arch at McCrory Gardens. Image: Svavar Magnusson

DoArch

South Dakota State University / Department of Architecture

Building Arts + Public Works

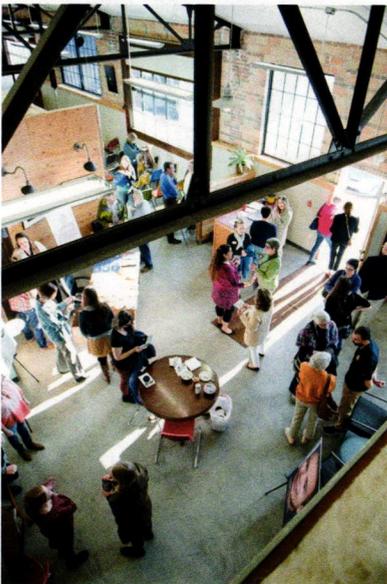
DoArch was founded in 2010 as the first professional architecture program in the state of South Dakota and the newest architecture program on the Great Plains in a century.

With a degree in any undergraduate field one can pursue a Master of Architecture at DoArch.

www.sdstate.edu/architecture
www.facebook.com/SDSUDoArch
instagram: sdsu_doarch



Sharing a Garage



Rapid City's iconic auto garage has been repurposed as a community gathering place. Patri Acevedo was the architect. The exterior (right) looks so original that some visitors ask for an oil change.

Rapid City's Alex Johnson Hotel opened in 1928 to much fanfare and excitement. That same summer, Edgar Morrison built a car garage just two blocks east on St. Joseph Street with far less hoopla. The grand, nine-story "Alex," as it's often called, has been a downtown landmark ever since, while Morrison's car garage, where Studebakers were sold in the 1950s, slowly lost favor to bigger, glassier auto showrooms on the edge of town.

The garage at 402 St. Joe's eventually became a vacant building, a brick blight in a city working to rejuvenate its business district. But several entrepreneurs changed that in 2014 with a plan to make the garage into a shared workspace, a concept that began in San Francisco about a decade earlier.

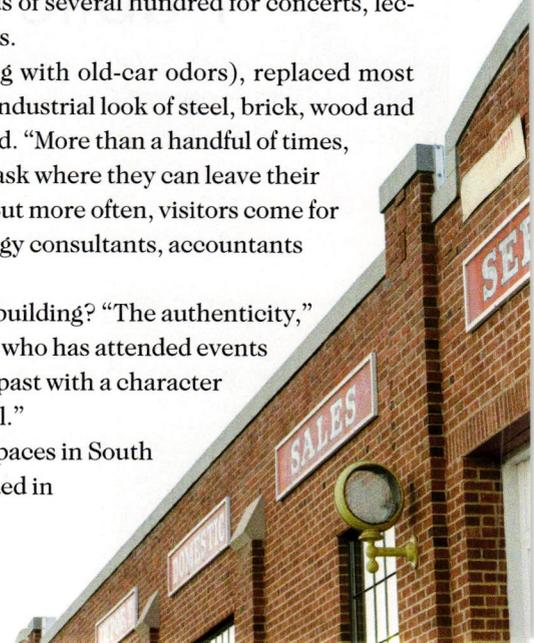
"We wanted to create space that was very open and community focused," says Matt Ehlman, a leader along with Kerry Brock and Ted Stephens III of the Numad Group, which founded the project. "This has always been an iconic building and we didn't want to lose that so we've reused all the old windows and doors — even the old porcelain water fountain is functioning again."

Ehlman's company partnered with downtown Rapid City developer Steve McCarthy, who has worked on many historic properties, and McCarthy's son-in-law Peter Anderson. They created 11 small offices, open work stations and common areas that have drawn crowds of several hundred for concerts, lectures, art shows and other public events.

That "new car smell" is gone (along with old-car odors), replaced most mornings with coffee aromas. But the industrial look of steel, brick, wood and vintage auto signage has been preserved. "More than a handful of times, we've had people walk in the door and ask where they can leave their keys for an oil change," says Ehlman. But more often, visitors come for the attorneys, graphic artists, technology consultants, accountants and other professionals based there.

Why do people love an old, salvaged building? "The authenticity," says Rapid City architect Eric Monroe, who has attended events in The Garage. "It harkens back to the past with a character that cannot be replicated today. It's real."

The Garage pioneered shared workspaces in South Dakota, but variations have also sprouted in Yankton, Aberdeen and Sioux Falls.





AIA
South Dakota

American Institute of Architects (AIA) South Dakota honors these 2017 Professional Award Winners:



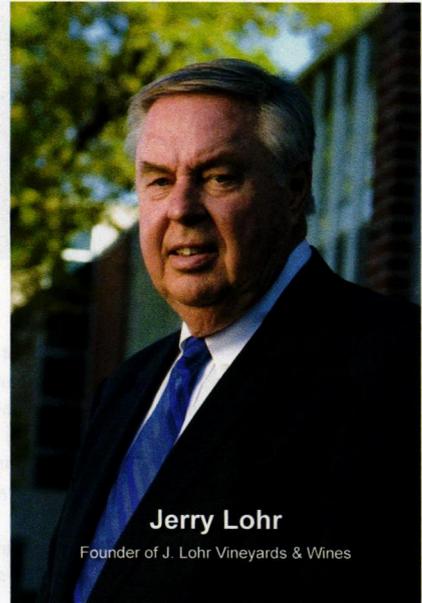
Andrew Eitreim, AIA
Vice President and Principal Architect
of Architecture Incorporated

YOUNG ARCHITECT AWARD



Dick Dempster, AIA
Founding Principal Architect and Adviser
of Architecture Incorporated

LEGACY AWARD



Jerry Lohr
Founder of J. Lohr Vineyards & Wines

CHAMPION OF ARCHITECTURE

First-ever South Dakota Champion of Architecture
Award for unparalleled support of the SDSU
Department of Architecture

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



Puetz
CORPORATION

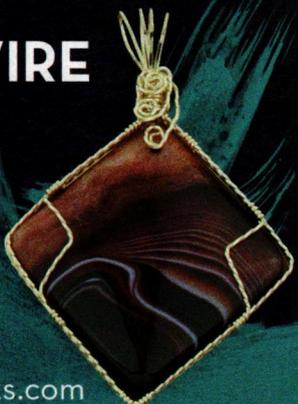
Architecture • Development
Construction Management • Construction

800 N Kimball Street • Mitchell, SD 57301
P: 605.996.2276 • www.puetzcorp.com

Made in South Dakota

CUSTOM WIRE WORKS

Handmade chains, earrings, bracelets and pendants



605-646-3850
www.customwireworks.com

DAKOTA CARE PACKAGES

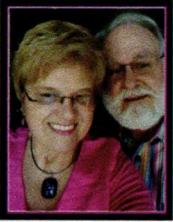
by Clark Flower & Gift Shop

South Dakota is the "land of infinite variety." Try the best of South Dakota with our Dakota Care Packages.

Send something special!
Call or visit our website for a complete list of products to choose from.



www.clarkflower.com • (800)658-3966 • 102 Commercial St., Clark, SD



"At times our own light goes out and is rekindled by a spark from another person. Each of us has cause to think with deep gratitude of those who have lighted the flame within us."

 -Albert Schweitzer

Thanks to all of you who have rekindled our light these last seventeen years!
Happy New Year 2018
judie & Jerry



Available at:
1166 Skyline Drive, Watertown Shop On-Line
stainedglasscustomdesign.com 888-886-6767 prairiefireflies.com

Elk Ivory • Black Hills Gold • Trophy Rings • Custom Design

ROGER WAGONER DESIGNS INC.®

FINE JEWELRY & SCULPTURE



Roger & Ildiko Wagoner

Elk Ivory & Tanzanite

See us at the 2018 Black Hills Stock Show • 605-787-6228



PETE'S PEEPS

COOPS & BAT HOUSES

Call today to order
605-496-2622

Getting bugged in your backyard? Buy a bat house!

- Bats are pest control specialists. A single bat eats 1000+ mosquitos a night — for a human that'd be 32 pizzas!
- Bat houses have been used in Europe for over 200 years.
- Baby bats are called pups.
- Heirloom quality
- Rehome your bats, they're already here!
- Makes a great gift
- Price: \$100

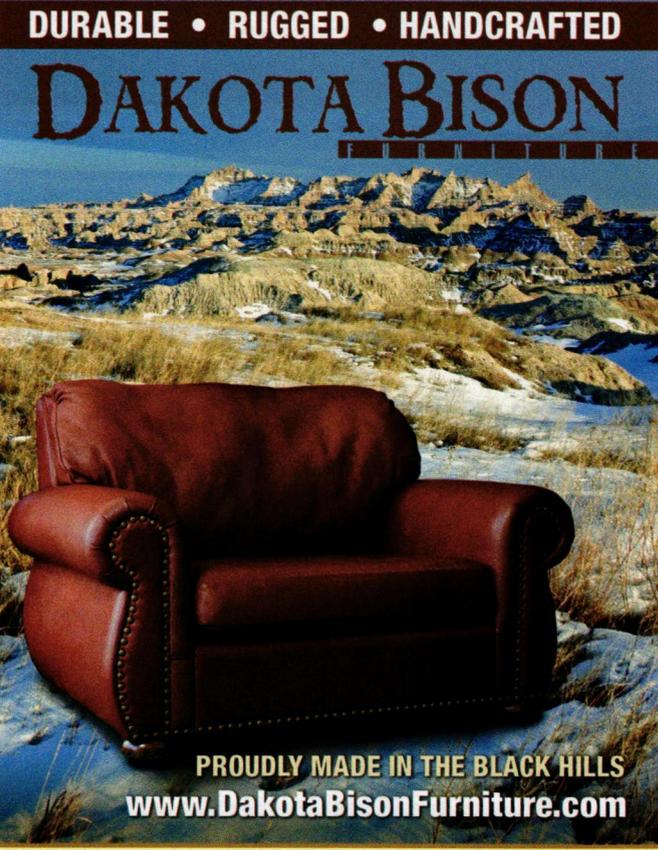



Traditional chicken coops, built to last!
Available in 12' standard size. We deliver!

DURABLE • RUGGED • HANDCRAFTED

DAKOTA BISON

FURNITURE



PROUDLY MADE IN THE BLACK HILLS
www.DakotaBisonFurniture.com

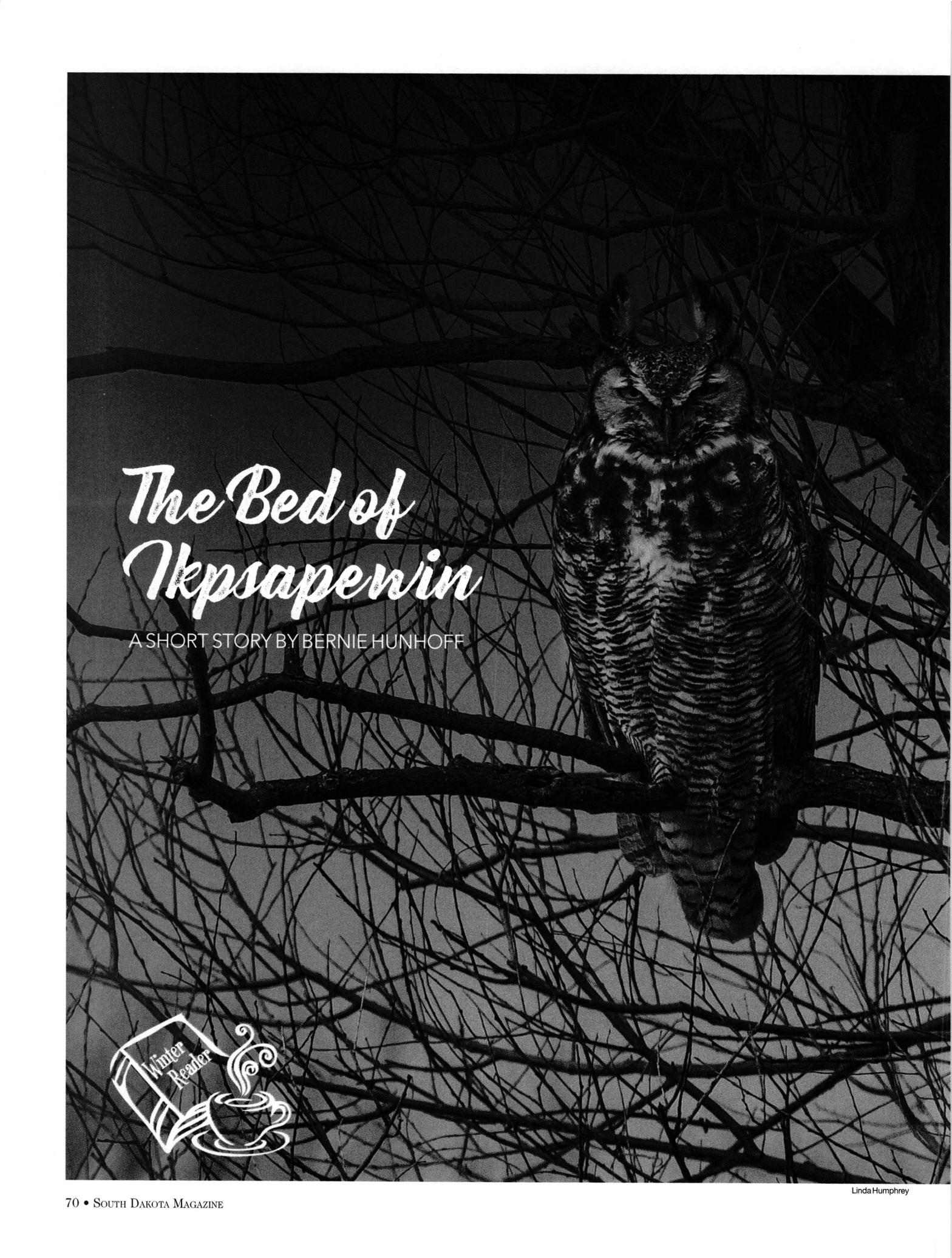
(888) 411-2202 • gstone6201@gmail.com • 2511 W. Chicago, Rapid City, SD



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.*





The Bed of Iksapewin

A SHORT STORY BY BERNIE HUNHOFF



NOT TEASING THE locals should be the first rule of a travel writer, but my Chicago journalism professors never brought up the subject and that's a good thing because I found Mom Clark through an innocent tease while hitchhiking a ride home to Montana for the holidays with Jonathon, a college buddy and fellow Montanan.

"Half-way there," said Jonathon as we crossed the South Dakota-Minnesota border.

I needed a story for my travel writing class but I had zero inspiration through Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Two hours and 500 cornfields later, South Dakota wasn't any better, not until we pulled off Interstate 90 at the rest stop by Chamberlain and there she was: a thin, pretty woman in her twenties with straight black hair that flowed down to her nametag, Leah Clark.

This was no ordinary rest stop. A replica of the big boat used by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark on their famous trip was docked indoors, along with a map of the route. Leah, standing near pictures of Lewis and Clark, was entertaining a busload of senior citizens with a practiced monologue on local history. When she invited questions I elbowed Jonathon and asked smartly, "So your name is Leah Clark. How are you related to William Clark?"

She'd have an equally smart reply, I expected. But she looked like she'd never before been asked that. Without expression, she said, "Actually I'm not related to William Clark. I am a descendant of Captain Meriwether Lewis."

The old-timers in front of us were all nearly napping, but they came awake. A man with a Minnesota Twins cap and a matching blue flannel shirt immediately asked the obvious: "How can you know that?"

The young lady — her dark complexion and raven hair suddenly more telling — said matter-of-factly that her great-great-great-grandfather was a Native American named Joseph Lewis and when he was baptized by missionaries

as an old man he listed his mother as Winona, a Sioux woman, and his father as Meriwether Lewis.

"That would make me his great-great-great-great-granddaughter," she said. "The story has been passed down by my grandmother."

Leah returned to her monologue and told us about the four dams that were built on the Missouri River and how the reservoirs flooded Indian lands, displacing many families. Then, for some reason, she again went off-script, saying, "My grandmother cries sometimes when she goes down to the river and looks at the old roads that lead into the water where she lived when she was young."

Jonathon wasn't listening. He wanted to get back on the highway. "Let's wait and talk to her when she's done," I said with the practiced ear of a travel writer.

She was collecting her notes in a manila folder as I stepped forward. "Are you for real?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" Without the script, she spoke in a monotone, like a lady poker player in a cowboy movie.

"I mean Lewis being your great-great ... your ancestor."

"I don't usually talk about it here," she said. "It really doesn't matter. You just asked and I said it. That's all."

"So it's not true?"

She looked puzzled. "Of course it's true. Why would I say it otherwise?"

She was stepping away, so I had to hurry: "I'm a writer. Can I just ask you a few questions for a story?"

"There's no story."

"Give me five minutes," I pleaded.

"I don't have time, I'm off for the holidays and I have to find a way home before supper," she said.

This was as close as I'd ever been to a real story so I persisted. And she kept walking. Finally, she said emphatically, "I don't have time. My mother is sick and she needs me and she lives 100 miles from here and I need to find a ride to get home."

"We'll take you," I said.

Jonathon's neck jerked 90 degrees.

"A hundred miles which direction?" he asked. It was a fair question.

West, Leah said, to the Pine Ridge Reservation, the same as Montana. She looked at Jonathon and me, assessing whether we were safe to ride with. We must have passed the test because five minutes later we were all on Interstate 90, headed for the reservation. Leah sat quietly in the back seat. This was a challenge for a travel writer.

I decided to ease into the discussion about her connection with Lewis and Clark, so I asked about her mother. "Has she been sick long?"

She was in a wreck with a horse 20 years ago and she has some complications. Nothing serious right now.

Gradually I switched the topic to the history of Lewis and Clark. Leah said she had read the journals, looking for any mention of her many-times great-grandmother, whose real name was Ikpsapewin. It was Englishized to Winona by some missionary do-gooder.

Leah said she was intrigued that the explorers camped by modern-day Chamberlain in 1804 on their way to the West Coast, and then again at the same spot in 1806 on their return voyage. She didn't know whether Lewis met Ikpsapewin on the first or second stop. "Maybe both," she wondered aloud. "Maybe the baby was there for him to see on the way back." Speculation seemed out of character for her.

Nobody said anything more for miles. I think all three of us were imagining the captain stopping at the Sioux camp two years later and being introduced to his one-year-old son by Ikpsapewin. Did Ikpsapewin expect anything from the captain? Did he show any interest in her child? Did he ever think about her or the boy as he returned to his life on the East Coast?

Finally, Leah broke the silence. She said she grew up with the story of her famous ancestor on her mother's side and she had many cousins who shared the history so it didn't seem remarkable or unusual.

"Grandmother will talk about it. Mom

was a single mom and she just never says much about it. Grandmother is the talker. She never said anything good or bad about Captain Lewis. She thought it was funny that she married a man named Clark. Family is important to my people. If he was our ancestor, he was part of the family, whether he stayed or left or was native or not. It's what it is."

I wanted her to say something profound about the generational effects of a famous many-times-great-grandfather, and while she didn't seem to mind the questioning she also didn't volunteer any more personal thoughts.

No, she didn't think it made her think or feel any differently than anyone else. "That was more than 200 years ago," she said. "Do you think you are affected by your ancestors from 200 years ago? Do you even know anything about them? Maybe Lewis is your great-great-great-great-grandfather, too," she said.

"That would make us cousins," I quipped. Leah grinned just a little ... a poker player grin.

At dusk we pulled off the Interstate and headed down a two-lane road toward the reservation. Two black cows were walking on the road. A bird as big as a dog swooped in front of our headlights. "Is it safe out here at night?" asked Jonathon. I was wondering the same but I wouldn't have asked. Maybe Jonathon should be the travel writer.

"Safe from what?" Leah asked. "That's just an old great horned owl."

Neither of us knew what to be worried about so we continued into the darkness. Then we took a left on a dirt road, and a right over some steel pipes they call a cattle guard. We came to a tiny town with a shabby wood church and a few dozen small one-story houses.

"There." She pointed to a pink house with a tire-swing on a big tree in the front yard scattered with plastic toys. A 1980s Ford Bronco was parked in a dirt driveway with a flat tire.

The town was dark, but the windows of the house were beaming a welcoming yellow light.

Leah cheerfully said, "Thank you for

the ride," as if we'd transported her a hundred times, and she opened the car door to leave. But before shutting the door, she leaned back to ask if we wanted to ask her mom any questions. The invitation seemed out of character. Now we looked at her the same way she looked at us when we invited her to get in the car. Who was in the house? Was it safe? Jonathon said we should get on the road to Rapid City. I said we'd like to meet her mother.

We followed Leah toward the house, and as we opened the aluminum screen she hollered, "Hi, mom. I've got company."

In we walked; parked there in the middle of a tiny living room was her mother in a hospital bed that took up half the space. It was positioned in front of a picture window that seemed over-sized for the little house. A food tray on wheels was on one side of the bed, an oxygen tank on the other side. The smiling, middle-aged woman in the bed, Mom Clark, was immediately more talkative than her daughter. Thanks for bringing Leah home, she said. Where are you from? What are you studying? Where are you going?

And then she answered my questions. She was in the hospital bed since the horse fell on her and broke her back. It was a stupid freak accident. She was helping her then-boyfriend herd his cattle. He only came to see her once since she was injured and good riddance. She had three children when it happened and, like Winona, no husband. Leah was barely one year old, maybe the same age as Joseph Lewis when his father, the captain, came back to the village by Chamberlain in 1806.

"Leah was out of diapers, that was a good thing," she laughed. "I told the kids how to cook and do the laundry, and I could help with their homework and told them how to plant the garden. And my mother and the neighbors helped us. They take good care of me," she said. "Leah's my baby, and she's always here for me."

"You're no trouble, mom," said Leah,

as she smoothed her mother's black hair.

Pictures of Leah and her two sisters and some grandkids and nephews and nieces cluttered the walls and tabletops in the little house. There were school pictures, graduation pictures, basketball pictures and birthday pictures. There were also some old black and white pictures of Mom Clark's relatives. But no pictures of Meriwether Lewis.

Jonathon and I hardly said a word during our three-hour drive to Rapid City. I don't know what he was thinking, but I was wondering about the great explorer and what he'd say if he could visit the Pine Ridge country and see his great-great-great-granddaughter in the bed.

Mom Clark and Meriwether Lewis must be as different as night and day, even after taking into account the 200-year separation in their lives. Lewis, I later learned, was a wealthy and well-connected dandy, a personal friend and assistant to Thomas Jefferson. He made one of the greatest trips in history. He never married, and he died of a gunshot three years after returning from the trip. Some think the bullet was self-inflicted, maybe because he was depressed after the excitement of the journey died away.

Mom Clark told us she never traveled outside western South Dakota, and she hardly left her house in 20 years. She raised three children and became the matriarch of a big family from a hospital bed. How does a woman on a bed manage to be useful and cheerful for 20 years?

As the darkness of the highway blended into the bright lights of Rapid City, I wondered if the answers to such questions are buried with Ikpsapewin. 

This story is fictional, but there was a real Joseph Lewis who listed his parents as Meriwether Lewis and a Teton Sioux woman, Ikpsapewin, and he has many descendants. The rest stop at Chamberlain does have an impressive Lewis & Clark exhibit. And the writer met a Native American mother who raised her family from a living room bed.



®

FIRST DAKOTA
NATIONAL BANK

Member FDIC

**BUSINESS
LOANS
BACKED BY
PERSEVERANCE.**

ACCOUNT
FOR
YOUR
DREAMS
.COM



Only Fair

A SHORT STORY BY JOSEPH BOTTUM



THE TROUBLE STARTED when Madame Sosistro came to town, Junior realized. The witch. The medium. The fortune-telling psychic who told his cousins where to find a legal document they thought they'd lost. Then his sister went to the little place the woman had rented up by the college, all spooky lighting and dark curtains, and learned some secret about her no-good ex-husband. Then his mother and his uncle, then what seemed like half the people in town were getting "consultations with Madame Sosistro," until Junior himself went to visit, just to learn what it was all about. Only a few weeks later, she told him about the bodies.

Junior Tullete took down from the wall the framed certificate from an FBI seminar he'd attended and added it to the box on his desk. Acting sheriff, he thought. Huh. Acting sheriff of Veronica County. The job came with a new Ford SUV cruiser, a nice office in the courthouse on a leafy street in the South Dakota town of Van Buren, and a staff that knew what they doing. Knew what they were doing better than he did, at any rate, and Junior was as happy as he'd ever been, the day the county commission offered to promote him from deputy to acting sheriff.

To lose the "acting" part of his title, he'd have to win the next election, a year and a half after his appointment. But Veronica County didn't tend to vote out its incumbents, and with all his relatives in Van Buren and the outlying townships, he figured he'd be in good shape, come that November vote.

Not perfect shape, of course. A little bit depended on whether Sheriff Trollman decided to keep to the retirement his doctor had insisted on, after the heart attack. What Junior needed to be sure of his job was a good bust, a major case, something that would get his name on the front page of the *Van Buren Gazette* or the state's biggest news-

paper, down in Sioux Falls. Maybe even something national, like *USA Today* — with television shows and radio interviews, the whole nation talking about the great investigator out in Van Buren, South Dakota.

From his first day as a deputy, seven years earlier, Junior had wanted to unearth some great crime. If nothing else it would prove to Sheriff Trollman, his mother's distant in-law, what he was worth. Junior knew that he'd gotten the job in Veronica County mostly through his relatives. The sheriff had made it clear he didn't think much of Junior and his criminal-justice degree from Badlands State College. But once the family set a plan in motion, the sheriff knew enough to sigh and get out of the way.

Junior had made his share of mistakes as a deputy. He understood that. On the north edge of Van Buren was a small state engineering college, mostly doing things with computers he didn't understand, and handling the college kids was delicate. The sheriff's department had to crack down on them when they got up to mischief out on the highways, but the school was the county's largest employer and nobody wanted to give the area a reputation for being unfriendly to the students who brought in so much out-of-town money. And while he was starting out as a deputy, Junior had made two or three fumbles. First he went too hard on the students, then he went too easy, and then he tried to arrest the dean, a former Air Force colonel turned military historian, for having marijuana plants in plastic pots on the back seat of his car. Junior still wasn't convinced they were really tomato plants. After that, Sheriff Trollman had made Junior radio in for instructions after every traffic stop of a car with a college parking sticker.

Junior's worst mistake came toward the end of his time as a deputy. The county didn't have a lot of money, and on his own, Junior had to come up with

half the cost to fly back to Virginia and attend an FBI seminar on major crimes. It was there that he'd learned about how many people went missing every year, all across America, and how the latest thinking of the FBI's profilers was that traveling serial killers were responsible. Junior found himself staring hard at every tourist, every oversized RV, every out-of-state plate that he saw passing through Veronica County. With thousands and thousands of people disappearing in the United States, the odds were good, he thought, that one of them would eventually pass through Van Buren. That was why he arrested the Nestleders, driving their Winnebago motorhome out by Harrison Lake.

Look, he tried to explain to Sheriff Trollman, they acted suspiciously from the first moment he stopped them, laughing and grinning like they didn't have a care in the world. No, they hadn't been speeding, but their motorhome was so big they couldn't help touching the lines on the side of the narrow road that skirted the lake, and those Florida license plates were a clue, all by themselves. He'd seen on an old episode of *COPS* that most of the heroin traffickers drove vehicles with southern license plates, and, well, yes, Veronica County had more trouble with homemade meth than with Florida heroin, but he had enough reason to keep the Nestleders on the side of the road till Deputy Tilhenger, the county's one K-9 officer, could show up with his drug-sniffing dog.

And was it Junior's fault that the dog had alerted on Marge Nestleder's luggage? Deputy Tilhenger himself said it was a good bust, even if they couldn't find any drugs in the motorhome beyond the woman's prescription pain pills, tucked away in one of the suitcases. And between their wallets and the little wall safe, Junior had found almost \$8,000 in cash. They said it was for their trip across the country, but any police

officer would know better. Nobody needed that much cash, and besides, Tilhenger's dog had alerted on the money, so at least some of it somewhere had to have been in the vicinity of drugs. Junior was forced to let the Nestleders go, since they hadn't been caught committing any actual crime. But he felt proud of his work as he filled out the civil-forfeiture forms to confiscate the money and the motorhome. And just to be sure their names were in the system, he gave the husband a moving-violation ticket for crossing the lake road's white lines.

A good weekend's worth of work, he thought, all in all. It wasn't until Monday, when Sheriff Trollman got back from a fishing trip, that Junior suspected maybe he had been wrong. Was it his fault that Jason Nestleder would prove to be a retired district attorney from Tallahassee who had gone to law school with the governor? Was it his fault the Nestleders were exploring South Dakota, visiting the state parks before heading over to the capital in Pierre to stay with their old friend? Their angry old friend, the governor turned out to be — angry enough to call the county commissioners, one by one, and tell them he'd withdraw every drop of road and bridge money if they didn't fix their sheriff's department.

Sheriff Trollman knew nothing about the incident, but by the time he had fielded half a dozen calls early Monday he was boiling. The governor of Florida had called, too, and there was a message that the state's senior senator in Washington, D.C., wanted a word. Even the Nestleders' daughter, apparently some hot-shot private detective down in Miami, had telephoned several times to find out who was responsible for Veronica County stealing her parents' property and putting her mother in the hospital with a panic attack. Everyone seemed to think Trollman himself had authorized it, and he was yelling for the clerk to bring him the file on the incident when Junior arrived at work.

Half an hour later, Junior was called

into the sheriff's office to explain. It hadn't gone well for him, and it had gone even worse for Sheriff Trollman. Junior could barely get a word of defense in as the sheriff raged at him for being the fool who had arrested the governor's friend, made his wife sick, and cost the county any shred of good will it had in South Dakota. But midway through all the shouting, Trollman clenched his right fist against his chest, rolled up his eyes and stumbled to the floor.

A heart attack, bad but not terminal, the paramedics said, and Junior, as the senior deputy present, was left to keep the office running. He quietly erased the civil-forfeiture forms he had come to the office to file and returned the morning's phone calls. All it took was a little misdirection, not even really lying, to explain to the county commissioners that the sheriff was too ill to discuss the case that had caused so much bother. He told the Nestleders' lawyers, some politically powerful law firm in Sioux Falls, that the elderly couple was free to pick up their money and vehicle, with the sheriff's apologies. A few more phone calls, this time to members of his family, and Junior sat back in the sheriff's chair, at the sheriff's desk, to wait for what came next.

Two days later, furious about the old sheriff's apparent misdeeds, the commissioners declared Trollman medically unfit. Deputy Tullete was appointed acting sheriff of Veronica County, South Dakota. And he was free at last to find the major case that would make his name a household word.

Madame Sosistro couldn't have been in Van Buren for more than a few weeks when Acting Sheriff Tullete drove his cruiser to her front door — a few weeks in which she had seemed to have turned the town upside down. Everybody was talking about her, all the things she could do, all that the spirit world let her know. She was careful not to charge any money for her consultations, careful to show up for services at Emmaus Lutheran Church every Sunday morning and

careful to donate to all the town's small charities.

She had a kind word for everyone, chatted with all the clerks in the Van Buren stores and seemed to know just about everything about everyone, almost overnight. Plus, people told Junior, she was good looking, attractive in a way somehow both comfortable and exotic. After a dozen recommendations, Junior decided he would go see for himself. Not that he had lost any papers or had any secrets that needed revealing, but maybe he could figure out what her game was, what brought her to a small city like Van Buren.

Madame Sosistro met him at the door, a slight and beautiful young woman in a white peasant blouse and a loose purple skirt. A silk scarf tied in her dark hair, gold gypsy jangles on her belt, and a shy look on her face, she urged him into the old house's parlor. A piece of cloth over the lamp cast red shadows across the room, with its old-fashioned Victorian furniture and throw pillows like a half-remembered scene from Junior's great-grandmother's house.

"Welcome, sheriff of Veronica," she said, waving him toward an overstuffed chair.

"Just acting sheriff," Junior answered, a little gruffly. Beautiful women always made him feel like a clumsy bear, especially small graceful women, and he could feel the police items on his belt banging awkwardly as he lowered himself into the too-soft chair.

"But not forever, yes? And not for long, I suspect," Madame Sosistro murmured, pouring him tea in a cup so delicate that he felt he had paws for hands. "And I believe I may say that an interesting future awaits you as a famous man of the law. Yes, without breaking confidences, that much may surely be said."

"I didn't come to talk about the future," Junior said in a voice that he hoped sounded firm and no-nonsense. "I don't believe in that stuff."

"No, my sheriff? Then why did you

come, if I may ask? The pleasure of my company is surely not enough recompense for a busy, important man such as you."

She glanced up at him, smiling softly, and Junior Tullete was lost. Her eyes, her voice, her wisdom — it was all too much. In visit after visit, day after day, he learned how much he loved being near her, telling her about his job and his ambitions, and in her strange way, she seemed to approve of his coming to her house. Soon, whether it was from communing with spirits or just from her own sense of people, she was helping him solve the county's petty crimes. Far more often than any of his deputies, she seemed to know the likely suspect in a burglary or hit-and-run, and more often than not she pointed him in the right direction to find the necessary evidence.

"There is a great evil near this place. I feel it when I walk through the town. I felt it from across the country. This is what drew me to Van Buren, to your county, sheriff. Uncovering this great evil is the work of my life. Of yours, too, I think, yes?" Madame Sosistro brushed back the hair from Junior's forehead, his head on her lap on a quiet afternoon.

Junior sat up and turned on the sofa to look at her. "You mean . . ."

"Yes, my sweet, my stern man of law. The spirits have revealed to me where a foul murderer has his nest. A man who smiles and smiles at his neighbors, but travels far and wide — collecting his victims, delighting in their murder. You have heard of such people? Monsters who kill secretly and silently, one poor victim after another, unsatisfied by the tortures they inflict on the innocent?"

"Serial killers. A serial killer, here in South Dakota. That can't be right." Junior picked up his hat, fiddling with it as though it were a puzzle he couldn't solve.

"Oh, yes, my sheriff. Even here. You think, 'It cannot be.' You say, 'He is too nice, too friendly.' You argue, 'These are problems of the big cities.' And all the time, evil hides itself among you. I tell

you, a killer is near, and he has buried the bodies of his victims in the yard of his quiet home, just outside this town."

The red shadows of the parlor seemed to swirl. Madame Sosistro's perfume made him ache with some unexplained hunger. The tea on his tongue tasted like ashes. Even his hat felt rough in his fingers. Junior Tullete, acting sheriff of Veronica, went to the county courthouse late that afternoon and swore out a warrant to search the property of Swen Erlig — retired president of the Van Buren Savings Bank, donor to the college, friend of the mayor and usher at Emmaus Lutheran Church.

The arrival of the reporters the next morning should have been Junior's first clue that something was amiss. Sioux Falls was almost an hour south, but here was a Sioux Falls television truck pulling up to film when the backhoe he'd commissioned was taking its first stabs at Swen Erlig's yard. Then a radio crew came rushing in, and then newspaper reporters from all the nearby towns. Junior wanted publicity for his grisly discoveries, but he had not planned to call a press conference this early. And now the TV crew had shots of an old man in handcuffs, shouting at the acting sheriff of Veronica County not to be a bigger idiot than God had already made him.

Worse, the reporters seemed to know that a local psychic was his confidential informant. He'd gone to the busiest, least inquisitive judge he knew to get the warrant approved, and he thought he was safe, but someone must have tipped off the press. Junior tried calling Madame Sosistro on his cell phone, even had a deputy swing by her house, but she didn't answer, and the reporters were getting louder and louder, shouting out their questions as the morning wore on and the backhoe ripped away the Erlig sod to reveal nothing. No bodies, no mementoes, no serial killer's signs.

By mid-afternoon, with the mayor and what seemed like half of Van Buren gathered to watch the digging around the house just over the city limits, Ju-

nior called it off, releasing Swen Erlig and heading back to the office. The call from the county commissioners, telling him of his suspension, came just about when he expected it. Junior Tullete was already packing up his things and taking his framed certificates down from the wall.

The trouble, he realized, started when Madame Sosistro came to town. He had wanted to get his name in the *Van Buren Gazette* and *USA Today*, his face on television across America. And now he was famous, a national figure. Just not quite the way he'd hoped. The only missing piece was Madame Sosistro, whom none of the reporters could find. The locals swore she existed, but several national columnists and television talking heads refused to believe them, insisting that even the psychic was something Junior had made up.

She wasn't, of course. In a Sioux Falls hotel room, a few hours before her flight back to Florida, Krista Nestleder carefully repacked the peasant blouse and gold gypsy jangles she'd brought with her from Van Buren. She didn't need the wig anymore, she decided, and left it on the bed. She washed her hands in the bathroom sink and studied her face for a moment in the mirror.

Bah, Krista thought. It would take her weeks to lose the all-innocent-but-all-knowing expression she'd had to hold for days on end while doing her psychic act. That wasn't a look that would carry her far as a private detective once she got home to Miami. Still, it had been worth it, she decided. Put her father in handcuffs, would they? Put her mother in the hospital? And then promote to acting sheriff the man who did it? Veronica County had to pay. Junior Tullete had to pay. It was only fair. 

*Joseph Bottum is a professor of cyberethics and director of the Classics Institute at Dakota State University. His most recent book is *An Anxious Age: The Post-Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of America*.*

Sparrows and Finches

A SHORT STORY BY ELIZABETH COOK-LYNN



LIGHT FLICKERS in the window from the down side of the sky close to the dark earth made pale blue in the early dawn. Not a single star in the great expanse. Tops of fir trees next to bushy limbs of cottonwoods and elms filter the light that way for a while, the quietest moment ever in a moment of time.

She stretches her legs under the heavy blanket.

In minutes sand-orange streaks rise through the dark leaves making the rising sun too bright to look at.

She closes her eyes to keep them from hurting. The silent morning closes in around her. Typewritten papers lay on her desk. The lamp now unnecessary, she reaches up and turns the light off.

The sand-orange sky turns grey and white and its new brightness makes a strange gloom fall on the papers. She touches the papers to make sure they are still there.

She sees the light sinking as a car leaves the premises slowly, slowly like the changing sky. It makes its way down the gravel road, a reluctant early intruder. In a minute it turns around, headed the other way, leaving the cul-de-sac and its darkened houses behind.

Barely visible, sparrows and red-headed finches are sneaking toward the bird feeders she filled with thistle seed yesterday just before she left for class. Like the children in the back of her homeroom trying not to be noticed, they dart from feeder to branch and from desk to hallway, from room to room, and they huddle together to keep warm.

She gets up and pads toward the bathroom where she fills the tub with hot water. She wraps her hair up in a towel and steps into the steaming water. She sits down and lets the water come up almost to the overflow drain and it washes across her neck like a wavering measuring stick. After several minutes she stands up, dries herself and curls up under the covers in her still warm bed,

hot tears inexplicably streaming down her face.

Later, she dresses. Puts silver hoops in her ears and pulls on a new pair of leather boots. It has turned cold outside during the night. Windy. She stands at the doorway a long time with her coat on.

Then she walks to the Mother Jones Community Center four blocks away to talk to the civic-minded people of the town gathered there to visit and talk about food for The Old Folks' Home. Tomorrow, she tells them, she will see to their donations of books for the children. The people seem reluctant, their worn, worried faces seem to be almost out of focus.

She reads from a James Welch poetry book:

"A time to tell you things are well.

Birds flew south a year ago.

One returned, a blue-wing teal.

Wild with news of his mother's love

...

I saw your spiders weaving threads

To bandage up the day ... and more...."

When she finishes they are quiet. They sit and watch and listen. They stare at the floor, examining broken fingernails and blood veins on their flat hands as though they are afraid she will say something to them that will be personal, perhaps intrusive.

The watery eyes of one old man meet hers and they are pleading as though his unspoken pain can be either erased or understood. The dullness in his eyes makes her feel somehow responsible. A woman in the front row slides her finger across her iPad and says nothing.

Turning away from the old man's glare and the woman's indifference, she can hardly wait to leave. She pushes her chair forward and grabs her coat. At the exit sign above the door she starts to run. Run.

The wind hurts her eyes and she

squeezes them tight and runs blindly.

When the hilly street curves, she opens her stinging eyes and sees the bridge up ahead. It is said that this bridge has been here since before the 1920s and she remembers that her father, or was it her grandfather, told her that he once was a janitor at the hotel-on-the-creek now still located on the corner, a destination tourist place way back in 1919 when he just got out of the Army.

The bridge's crumbling steps welcome her and she walks carefully toward the creek. She stands there and sees a man sitting near a boulder smoking a cigarette. The creek rushes by, turning dark as it goes. The man lifts his head to get his dank black hair away from his eyes. She wonders if she knows him. When he stares at her she steps back up on the bridge and hurries away. She thinks she hears him singing faintly as she leaves.

When she reaches the house where she rents a couple of rooms she doesn't take off her coat but pours water into the coffee maker and presses the blue button and it turns red. She makes two pieces of toast but doesn't eat them. She reaches into the cupboard for the pill box, takes out four Tylenol and washes them down with a glass of cold water.

She listens to the burble of the coffee maker but turns for the door and walks down the steps to the corner store. It is two blocks away. She sees no one on the street. It is getting dark now. She buys some individually wrapped cheese slices and leaves the store.

She feels the wind and lets it push her close toward a couple of empty storefronts. She puts the cheese in her pocket and steps into a wide doorway made of rough unpainted wood.

Hanging on to the railing, she enters a smoky room where men are playing poker and drinking beer. She sits down at a large round table. She does not look up. She hears the faint guitar playing of Keith Urban coming from an adjoin-

ing room where there are a few dancing couples. Closing her eyes, she sits quietly, unnoticed.

A fat, untidy waiter wearing a plaid jacket with the sleeves cut out to show his thick arms comes over and puts his rough hands on the table.

“You want something?”

She purses her lip.

“Um ... you don't have some vermouth, do you?”

He looks around the room, a smirk on his face ... then back.

“You kiddin'?”

She laughs. Only a strangled sound comes out.

The waiter turns, goes to the bar and comes back with a beer.

The bottle is cold and wet. She lays some dollar bills on the table and he grabs them.

“Change?”

“No.”

“Thanks.”

From a dim corner of the room, the man from under the bridge smiles at her. She looks away.

Um... He comes over to the table and sits down, raises two fingers to the bartender but says nothing. She notices his leather jacket. Nice dresser.

Now we are two people sitting in a café-bar neither of us hungry nor particularly thirsty. Now we look at each other. His eyes are very black, past twilight, past safety.

“I saw you at the bridge.”

“Yeah.” He lights another cigarette, his hands strong but oddly delicate, slim with long fingers ... he cups the flame. He offers her the lighted cigarette, at once intimate, yet aloof. She shakes her head.

His eyes are shiny just like his hair.

Ah, she has known men like this.

Wants to make it with somebody who looks like she's got it together, sort of. Hey, any port in the storm, like they say.

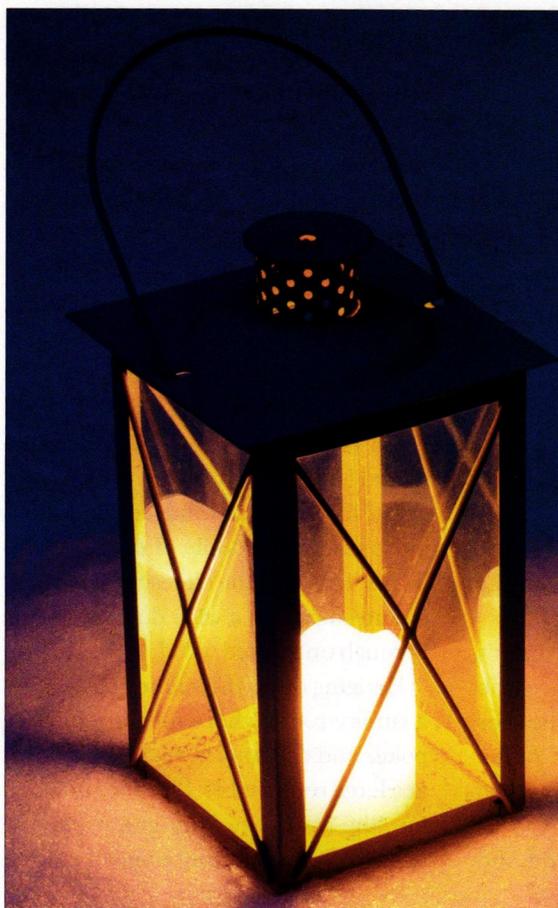
Another loser, she thinks. Next he wants to borrow your car or says he needs ... something ... a few coins ... a ride here or there.

Stupid.

I can spot this guy across a crowded room. How many times? How many times have I ... ?

They get up and leave together and he takes her arm as the wind pushes them against each other. Her head down, she notices his boots as they walk together in silence. Tony Lamas, like her dad used to wear, his jeans just the right length.

She looks up and stares into the darkness, no street lights on this street. As they walk, she can barely make out the rooming house up ahead where she lives which looks suddenly like its haunted, dark and shadowy even in the midst of the blowing shrubs along the walkway. There are no lights on in the house either, even though the neighbor



WRITING CONTEST

Trophy and Cash Prize for Best Original Manuscript

Blazing Lantern seeks to recognize extraordinary artistic works. Victorious authors receive a publisher's advance, a percentage of royalties, and a case of printed books.

Submission Deadline: March 11, 2017

New York has, for too long, overlooked gifted Midwestern artists. We're a new, South Dakota-based publishing house. Our mission: Promote superb, entertaining, inspirational tales penned by outstanding regional authors. Great writers welcome!

There's no entry fee, reading fee, editing fee, or any other fee. Our contest is FREE. We'll publish winning novels at our expense. For additional information about Blazing Lantern's Fiction Prize, including the contest guidelines and requirements, please see our website:

www.BlazingLantern.com

who lives upstairs is probably home. The old crone usually watches everything from the upstairs, goes to bed with the chickens.

Closing her eyes again, she lets him walk slower, his hand on her back. Suddenly, she pulls her cold hands out of her coat pocket and pushes at him ... hard. Hard. She pushes again and as he steps back she feels his hand reach for her shoulder.

She runs ahead. Up the steps.

She pulls the unlocked door open, steps inside and slams it shut, turning the lock beneath the knob with shaking, stiff fingers.

She is in her kitchen, gasping. There is no sound but her own breath coming now in great gulps.

She stands in the darkened room a long time but does not move. She does not look outside to see if he has left. She tries to be quiet, holding back her breath.

There is no sound.

There is no knock. The wind is rising.

She leans against the kitchen cabinet and sinks to her knees. Tears are in her eyes and she wipes them away.

THE NEXT MORNING, she looks over the books strewn on the table, little piles of them here and there. And the woman with the iPad, now animated and talking above the chattering girls from the nearby Catholic School, is saying how wonderful it is to be able to find such an array of fine books.

"Look at the beautiful covers." The woman holds them up, first one, then another.

The woman with the iPad has a lovely, shy smile on her face and she raises her eyebrows as she holds up *The Diary of Anne Frank*, looking into the face of a 12-year-old girl whose pony tail bobs up and down. She is tempting the child to grab it and turn the pages.

The woman's phone rings and she turns away, leaving the students and

their teacher standing.

Now, turning away from the phone user and gathering her own thoughts, the teacher realizes the pleading old man is no where in sight. At the meeting yesterday he seemed almost shameful, modest, needy, but of little consequence and now she is wondering if something has happened to him.

She is momentarily thrilled that the children are talking to each other and looking everywhere, animated, anxious. She doesn't trust herself to talk to them, country kids with long skirts and short boots and heavy coats. Almost shabby, with high voices exclaiming over each new find. They finger *Dylan Thomas Poems*, puzzled looks on their faces. Poetry to a bunch of kids, she knows, is at once luminous and engaging, yet obscure and hidden. Perplexing, veiled, their faces turn serious and skeptical.

She picks up another book, this one *Dreams and Thunder*, and thrusts it toward a skinny boy too small for his jacket and says, "Take it."

"Here," now in a louder voice. "Take it."

They're just kids, she thinks. These aren't the right kind of books.

Who brought them? Old women, probably, retired teachers who no longer read about vampires or science fiction or the new Avatar stuff.

Holding back any words she might have said, she has the sense of how aware she is of herself standing there ... back when she was just a kid in a library looking for a book, when there was no memory inside of her just like there is no memory inside of the little boy in front of her.

She picks up another book, *The World Between The Rivers*, and pushes it at the skinny kid and he lurches backward, off balance. He looks up at her almost afraid of her sudden intensity. She takes his hand and folds his fingers around the book, forcing him to hold it. She wishes they could find a warm place to sit and talk and tell each other real stories.

Looking around she sees no chairs. No rugs. No place to sit, just the sounds and echoes of their desultory words in this place ... a bare room and a shiny hallway. Children's voices filling the air. She looks toward the huge oval window at the end of the hall and sees the rain beginning to fall into the darkness, the wind tearing at the frail trees so recently planted. It gets dark so soon these near-wintery days, she thinks.

She knows she has to leave.

Touching on an unexpected memory of her grandfather, the one who was a janitor at the hotel-on-the-creek after the war, she turns away and waits for the memories to consider the unexpected stillness through which they move. It takes a moment. But, then, she remembers how he told stories. The ones about the spider and the ant. The ones about the water beings, half man and half fish. *Yes, Hoga — Waka ki wayak ya ke — when the sky was red just before the sun appeared, o-han.*

He told her stories like that and also the ones that cursed the drunken officers who brought about the beginning of their doubt a hundred years ago.

She moves away from the children and picks up her coat.

A shadowy ambivalence rescues her and in her heart she knows that everyone believed the old grandfather's stories.

She leaves the building feeling exhausted, spent. The night, she thinks, will soften what has been taken from her and what she must give back.

No one sees her leave.

No one calls her name. 

Elizabeth Cook-Lynn was born at Fort Thompson and is a member of the Crow Creek Sioux Tribe. She taught English and Native American Studies at Eastern Washington University in Cheney, Washington. Cook-Lynn is a founding editor of Wicazo Sa Review: A Journal of Native American Studies. She lives in Rapid City.

W.H. OVER MUSEUM
OF NATURAL & CULTURAL HISTORY

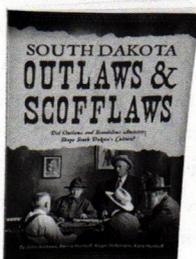
Adventure
into history!



Mon. – Sat.
10 AM – 4 PM

WHOOverMuseum.org | 605-659-6151
1110 UNIVERSITY ST. • VERMILLION, SD

Order
your
copy
today!



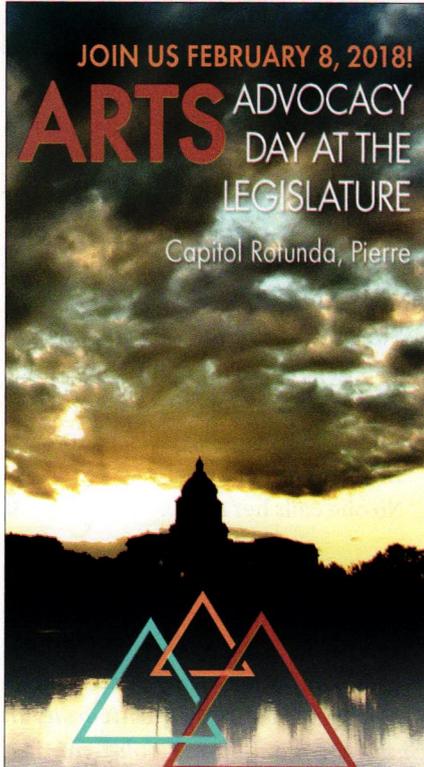
\$14.95
plus s/h

Call 1-800-456-5117 or order online
www.SouthDakotaMagazine.com

JOIN US FEBRUARY 8, 2018!

ARTS ADVOCACY
DAY AT THE
LEGISLATURE

Capitol Rotunda, Pierre



ARTS SOUTH DAKOTA

For more information, visit ArtsSouthDakota.org



MOUNTAIN AIRINGS

By Paul Higbee

PUMPING DINOSAUR

“**W**HOA. WHOA!”

The shouting man ran my direction. We were in the desert and at first I guessed he wanted to stop a runaway horse. Then I realized he was making eye contact with me.

“Please stop,” he said as he reached me.

Stop what? I stood near my car at a rural service station, preparing to pump gas.

“You can’t do that here, sir,” the guy continued. “I have to fill your tank. Otherwise you’ll be fined, and I’ll be fined, and I could lose my job. It’s the law.”

At first I didn’t believe him, and momentarily thought I’d met a con man, maybe even a carjacker. But then I remembered crossing a border 30 minutes earlier, into a state with certain laws that many South Dakotans consider bizarre. I won’t mention the state by name for fear of embarrassing its fine residents, some of whom are my close relatives. But for readers with a road atlas handy, it’s one of the 48 contiguous states, is located on the west coast, and isn’t California or Washington.

“You’re telling me there’s a law here saying I can’t put gas in my own car?” I asked.

“Yes. Surprises a lot of out-of-staters. I think we’re one of two states with that law. Cash or card?”

“Cash. So do people tip you?”

“No one is obliged to tip. But, of course, some do.”

Hint, hint.

He filled my tank thoroughly and professionally, and I tipped him two bucks. Later in the trip, I routinely tipped these gasoline hops more be-

cause I felt sorry for them. A good portion of their workday involves interpreting local law for out-of-staters, some of them pretty irate about being stripped of their right to operate a gas pump.

Can you imagine the outcry if the South Dakota legislature considered outlawing self-service gas? I wondered what makes the law palatable in this coastal state. Job creation? A strategy for thwarting gasoline theft?

“No, it’s fire safety and protecting the environment,” another gasoline hop told me up the road. “It prevents gas spillage. People are sloppy. Check out our restrooms if you don’t believe me.”

Later, when I told friends back home about this strange ritual in a distant western land, most just shook their heads in that disbelieving way South Dakotans have perfected. One friend guessed perhaps I felt transported backward in a time machine, back to the era before self-service gas took root anywhere. Actually, no. Back then, smiling attendants wearing military-style caps were wiping your windshield before you had the engine turned off, asking, “Fill ’er up? Check the oil?”

My west coast experience was nothing like that. Most gasoline hops I saw wore baggy jeans and hoodies, and not one cleaned my window or inquired about oil. That’s because as soon as they pumped fuel and collected payment, they’d spot an unknowing out-of-stater and were off to the races. NO! STOP! DON’T! HOLD IT! WHOA!

I grew up around gasoline, cutting grass after priming Briggs and Stratton mower carburetors, and filling my grandpa’s pickup from his farm tank

long before I could drive. I liked to paint (not art, but houses and barns) and I cleaned my brushes with gas. Was there spillage? Probably. But I don't think I'm any worse for the experience, nor is the overall environment of South Dakota and other Midwestern states where I tinkered.

There came a summer in my teen years when I grumbled mightily after my dad decided to abandon gas-powered mowers and invest in an electric model. I cursed the extension cords that wrapped themselves around trees, got snared in shrubbery, or simply detached. I had always thought I loved the scent of fresh-cut grass, that sure sign of summer's arrival. Turned out I loved the smell of just-cut grass mixed with exhaust fumes. It wasn't the same with electric power. After a couple years, my dad apparently decided he missed the noisy, fuming machines, too, and we went back to running gas mowers over our lawn.

My own kids may have pumped gas at ages younger than appropriate. We got into the mystique of the Sinclair dinosaur. I explained to my daughters that the big creature represented crude oil, gasoline in its rawest form, the remnant of plant and animal life from prehistoric days. In other words, pump some gas and there's very likely a bit of dinosaur in there, I said. So when the car's gas gauge dropped low, our family's rallying cry became, "Let's go pump some dinosaur!" Once we got to the service station, the question was raised: "Why should Dad get all the fun?"

Was there gas spillage when my kids pumped gas? Absolutely none, because no dad would leave his kids without close supervision when handling a dinosaur — even one long dead and transformed into gasoline. In fact, if a state wants to prevent spillage, a good plan might be to encourage children to pump gas, on the condition that parents watch them like hawks. 🦅

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

BUILD YOUR LEGACY™
POST & BEAM BARNs, HOMES, CABINS, AND VENUES

LEGACY Post & Beam

VISIT OUR WEBSITE TO RECEIVE A FREE CATALOG

WWW.LEGACYPOSTANDBEAM.COM

Build Your Legacy Post & Beam Barns, Homes, Cabins, and Venues

national music museum

"One of the largest and most important collections of historical instruments in the world." The galleries teem with masterpieces."
— *The New York Times*

Make a sound decision.

Visit the National Music Museum.

414 E. Clark St., Vermillion, South Dakota
605-677-5306 | nmmusd.org

Peghead of 'Rawlins' guitar by Antonio Stradivari, Cremona, Italy, 1700.

2017 CERTIFICATE OF EXCELLENCE
tripadvisor

Ambitious? We are too!

Rated a Best Regional College

By US News and World Report – 2018

Named a Best Value School in Midwest

By US News and World Report – 2018

**Ranked One of 25 Most Affordable
Business Degrees**

By CEO World Magazine – 2018

Let's do this!

Together, we can accelerate your path to success—with on-campus and online programs designed to fit your talents and abilities, and a supportive faculty committed to helping you reach your goals.

Visit www.dwu.edu for more info on DWU's on-campus experience.

Or go to info.dwu.edu to learn about our fully online programs.

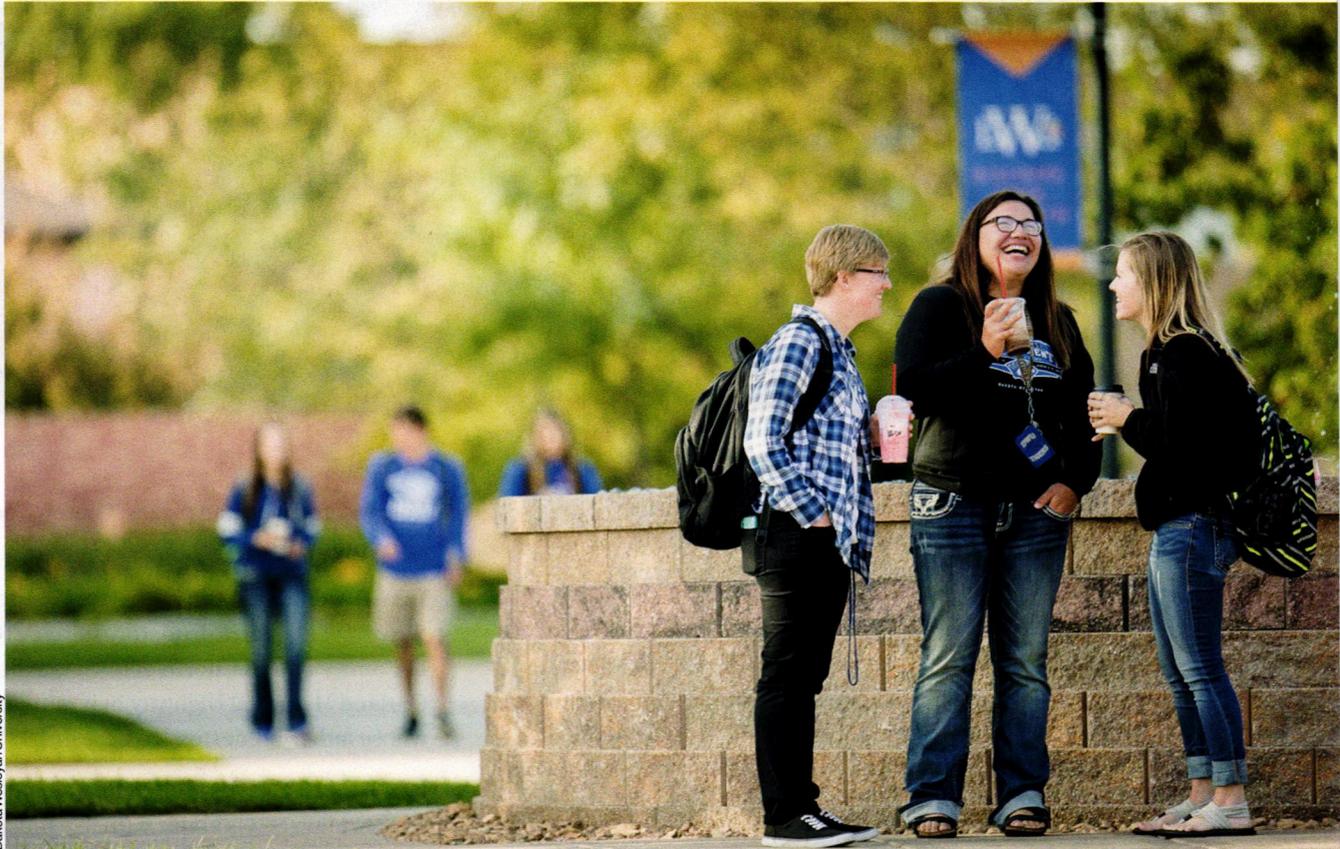


DAKOTA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

DISCOVER YOUR STRENGTH.

2018 GUIDE TO:

Higher Education



Dakota Wesleyan University

The Charms of our College Towns

Who doesn't love college towns? They exude youthfulness, culture, creativity, heritage and architecture and excitement.

South Dakota's 13 communities with colleges and universities — from the largest urban cities to the rural reservation country — are as diverse as you could possibly imagine and still share the same borders. Some schools recruit football tackles and others want steer wrestlers. Some have 10,000 students or more and others have just hundreds. Many teach nurses and teachers. Some teach law and

medicine and others teach aviation and how to fix wind turbines.

Yet all are interesting and entertaining in their own ways. We sought to capture their individual charms in our 2018 Guide to Higher Education. Where are the best places to impress a visiting parent? What's the local music scene? Where's the best place to hide and study? Where's the nearest nature trail?

Whether you're an aspiring student looking for a place to continue your education or just someone who likes to explore South Dakota, this guide's for you!

INDIAN TACOS ARE A FAVORITE AT THE AGENCY VILLAGE COLLEGE CAFE.



Sisseton Wahpeton College

ABERDEEN

HOME TO: NORTHERN STATE UNIVERSITY (626-2544), PRESENTATION COLLEGE (229-8492).

FAVORITE EATERIES: Palm Garden Cafe (602 S. Third St.) has a variety of entrees from broasted chicken to mouth watering vegetarian options, plus a beer and wine bar and chocolate shop. Mazatlan Mexican Restaurant (1 S. First St.) serves traditional fare for lunch and dinner. And it's a tradition to stop at Twist Cone (503 N. Third St.) for ice cream in summer.

TAKE THE PARENTS: CJ's Patisserie (224 First Ave. SE). Treat your parents to croissants, éclairs and cream puffs at the town's newest made-from-scratch bakery.

PHOTO OP: A medieval castle (complete with moats and knights) is just one of many fun photo ops at Storybook Land, which features 65 themed exhibits.

AND THEY'RE OFF: Catch a horse race at the Brown County Fairgrounds in the spring. It's the next best thing to the Kentucky Derby.

GREAT PIZZA: Jimmy's Pizza. Locals love the fresh ingredients. Favorite pies include the Hawaiian

Volcano and German pizzas. Gluten free options are also popular.

LITERARY BENT: L. Frank Baum, writer of *The Wizard of Oz*, ran a drug store here. A 10-mile section of County Road 11 north of town is called the Hamlin Garland Memorial Highway in honor of the author whose father homesteaded here in 1881.

BEST COFFEE SHOP: Red Rooster Coffee House (202 S. Main St.) is abuzz with live music, films, an art gallery, DJs and karaoke, dances and theme parties, writing projects and a knitting club.

AGENCY VILLAGE

HOME TO: SISSETON WAHPETON COLLEGE, 7 MILES SOUTH OF SISSETON (689-3966).

GOOD EATS: Indian tacos are a favorite at the College Cafe. Students also head to the Agency Village C-Store (45680 Veterans Memorial Dr.) for burritos and other treats.

BEST STUDY NOOK: It's not always the quietest place on campus but the Student Lounge is popular for group study.

BEST PHOTO OP: The SWC library features a brick



UNIVERSITY OF
SOUTH DAKOTA

→ **Named a *Forbes*
Top Research University**

62 national scholarship winners in 16 years –
Fulbright, Truman, Goldwater and Udall

→ **Affordable Quality**

Ranked No. 5 for the Most Attractive
Yet Affordable Campus by Affordable Colleges

→ **South Dakota's only
Medical and Law Schools**



**GO TO
USD.EDU/VISIT**

TO SIGN UP FOR A VISIT DAY OR
SCHEDULE AN INDIVIDUAL VISIT

414 East Clark Street
Vermillion, SD 57069
877-COYOTES
www.usd.edu



2018 GUIDE TO: Higher Education



South Dakota State University

**SEE DIRTY LIL AND WEARY WIL
OUTSIDE THE SDSU STUDENT UNION.**

mural designed by tribal elders. You'll find an eagle, graduation cap, buffalo, a book and a wolf paw print. All represent important Lakota values.

FAVORITE HIKE: Students take a break from the books at Sica Hollow State Park, 17 miles north of the college. The fall foliage makes it an especially popular autumn destination.

ART STOP: Not only does the Sisseton Wahpeton College bookstore carry books, it has Dakota language audio recordings produced on campus and Native art.

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

BIGGEST WEEKEND: The Founder's Day Pow wow kicks off the school year every August.

FAMOUS SON: Chief Gabriel Renville walked in both white and Indian worlds in the 19th century. He's credited with bringing new skills to his people, but some say he gave away too much, too easily.

BROOKINGS

HOME TO: SOUTH DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY (688-4121).

FAVORITE EATERIES: Sake Sushi & Hibachi (724 22nd Ave S.) has an eclectic atmosphere, plus some of the best sushi around. They offer great Monday specials, so you'll find students gathering and socializing there to kick off their week.

BEST PHOTO OP: Get a picture with Weary Wil and Dirty Lil. The sculptures by SDSU grad David Anderson stand outside the Hobo Day Gallery at the student union. The Bummobile is on display inside.

UNUSUAL SHOPPING: The Carrot Seed Co. (310 Main Ave.) offers local specialty foods and fun kitchenware that make even the most non-domestic students want to learn to cook.

ART STOP: Harvey Dunn's masterpiece, *The Prairie is My Garden*, hangs inside the South Dakota Art Museum (1036 Medary Ave.).

FAVORITE HIKE: Dakota Nature Park (22nd Ave. S.)

INNOVATION IN ACTION

32

majors—all
infused with
technology

95%

overall job
placement rate
for DSU grads

100%

job placement
rate for 10
majors

Find your innovative future at dsu.edu.



Dakota State University | Madison, S.D. | 888-DSU-9988

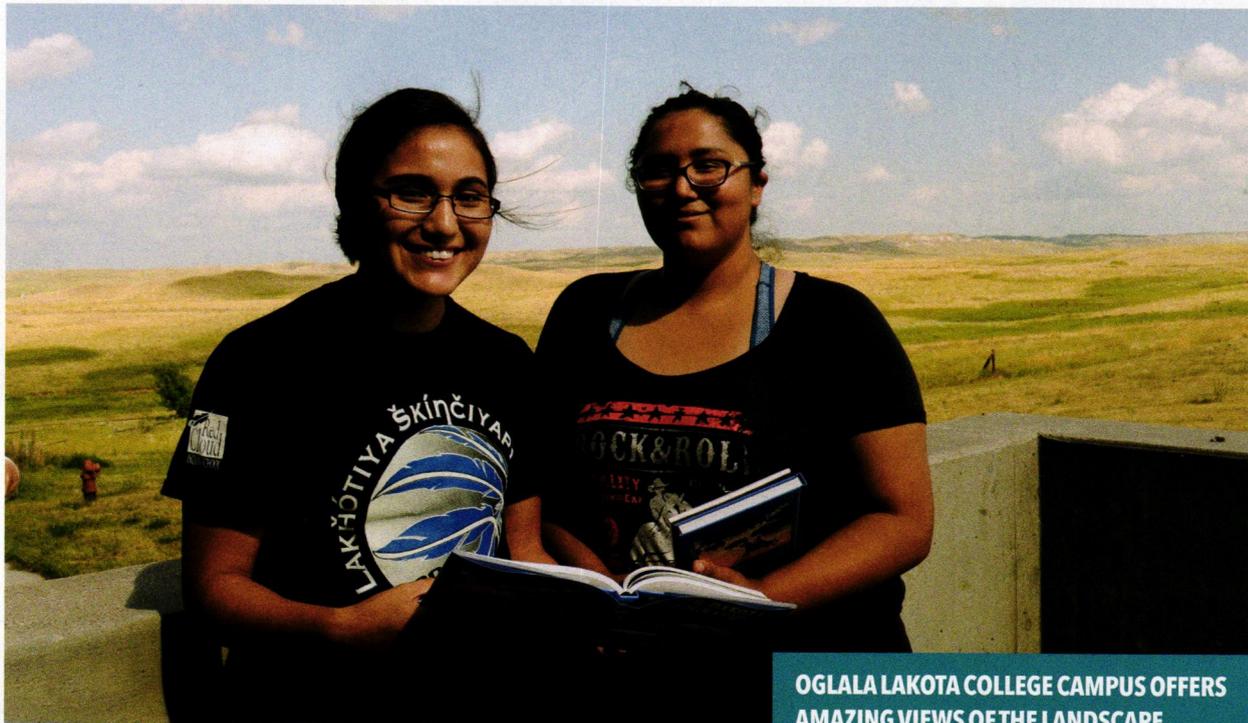


**AFFORDABLE
ACCESSIBLE
RELEVANT**

graduate programs and certificates
ministry, counseling, spiritual direction, & more

**sioux falls
seminary**

www.sfseminary.edu



Bernie Humhoff

OGLALA LAKOTA COLLEGE CAMPUS OFFERS AMAZING VIEWS OF THE LANDSCAPE.

has great trails and other recreational activities. It's right on the edge of Brookings but feels like it's miles from town.

MOST UNUSUAL TAVERN: Wooden Legs Brewing Co. (309 Fifth St. #100) offers brews made onsite along with delicious food options. The stars are flatbread pizzas and pretzels.

STUDY HIDEOUT: Lower level of Hilton M. Briggs Library — a quiet place to focus. The library has 693,000 books and 80 computers.

FUN EVENT: Downtown @ Sundown is a free summer concert series featuring local bands plus food and drink vendors.

BEST COFFEE SHOP: Choco Latte (2308 Sixth St.) has great coffees and espressos along with delicious homemade fudge, candies and sweets.

FAMOUS ALUMNI: Graduate Zach Zenner (a 2014 alum) is a running back for the Detroit Lions.

KYLE

HOME TO: OGLALA LAKOTA COLLEGE, WITH BRANCH CAMPUSES IN NINE SURROUNDING COMMUNITIES ON THE PINE RIDGE RESERVATION (455-6000).

KNOWN FOR: South Dakota's blackest day happened here Dec. 30, 1890 when the Seventh Cavalry massacred 300 Lakotas in a frozen valley called Wounded Knee. Marilyn Pourier gives tours of a Wounded Knee exhibit on the Kyle campus.

ART STOP: Find authentic Lakota art at the Singing Horse Trading Post, about 10 miles southwest of Sharps Corner. You might meet a few friendly Lakota women beading and telling stories.

BEST STUDY SPOT: Check out Higher Ground, a hip coffee and lunch place on Highway 18 in Pine Ridge. And each campus branch has study centers and computer labs.

GOOD EATS: The college headquarters is 6 miles west of Kyle, but Lakota Prairie Ranch Resort (7958 Lakota Prairie Dr.), just across the highway, serves three meals a day. Bette's Kitchen in Manderson is a homey reprieve.

BIGGEST WEEKEND: Graduation is celebrated at the end of June with a three-day pow wow.

BEST PHOTO OP: You're about a half-hour drive south of the Badlands, but the surrounding prairie grass and rolling hills are breathtaking too.

FAVORITE SON: Red Cloud and Crazy Horse were



Back row: Deb Bordeaux and Mary McDonnell (Actress in *Dances with Wolves* and *Major Crimes*). Front row: President Bordeaux and Ms. Sinte Gleska University, Jakayia Hesse.



Sinte Gleska University

**Founder's Celebration
Jan. 24 – Feb. 4, 2018**

**Wakinyan Wanbli Multipurpose
Student Center in Mission, SD**

Sinte Gleska University is governed by people rooted to the reservation, and provides Lakota people an opportunity to pursue an education while focusing on career and personal needs. Our mission is to plan, design, implement and assess post-secondary programs and resources to promote individual development and tribal autonomy.

Sinte Gleska University
PO Box 105 • Mission, SD 57555
605-856-8100 Fax: 605-856-5401
www.sintegleska.edu



Mitchell Technical Institute

Be The Best!

When you enroll in one of Mitchell Tech's more than 30 high-demand, high-tech programs, you will experience the best technical education available.

The bottom line... if you want to be the best, you have to work hard, learn by doing and put your skills to work in the real world.

Our mission is to prepare you for a successful, skilled career. Come and visit or check us out online and you'll find out very soon how you can "Be The Best!"

How do we know that technical education may be your best choice?

- Top 150 Two-Year Colleges
- Fully Accredited
- Numerous Program Accreditations
- Unique Programs
- Many Dual Credit Options Available
- 99% Job Placement
- The Newest Campus in the Region
- Top 20 Best Community College (WalletHub)
- Military Friendly



www.mitchelltech.edu • 800-684-1969



Over 30 programs to choose from!

- Accounting
- Allied Health
- Bookkeeping
- Business & Technology
- Business - Entrepreneurship
- Business - Office Professional
- Business - Social Media Marketing
- Computer-Aided Drafting Technician
- Computer Science
- Criminal Justice
 - Law Enforcement Emphasis
- Dental Assisting
- Drafting & Machining Technology
- Electrical Trades
- Emergency Medical Technician (EMT)
- Environmental Engineering Technician
- Fire Science
- Health Information Management
- HVAC/Refrigeration Technology
- Library Technician
- Medical Assisting
- Medical Laboratory Technician
- Paramedic
- Pharmacy Technician
- Phlebotomy/Laboratory Assistant
- Plumbing Technology
- Practical Nursing
- Precision Machining Technology
- Surgical Technology
- Technical Studies
- Transportation Technology - Light Duty
- Transportation Technology - Heavy Duty
- Welding & Fabrication

96%

of our graduates are working, continuing their education, or serving our country.

81%

of our employed graduates are working in their field within six months of graduating.



WESTERN
DAKOTA
TECH



wdt.edu

800 Mickelson Dr. • Rapid City, SD 57703

Oglala Sioux; so is 1964 Olympian Billy Mills — the first American to win the 10,000 meters.

MADISON

HOME TO: DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY (888-DSU-9988).

BEST PHOTO OP: Prairie Village, on the west edge of town, features historic buildings and farm antiques. Enjoy carousel and train rides, a car show, a pageant and the annual threshing jamboree.

ART STOP: John Green's art gallery (111 S. Egan Ave.) is a local treasure, featuring his original landscapes, farmscapes, cityscapes and wildlife paintings.

FAVORITE HIKE: Walk, bike, jog or skate the 4.2-mile Madison Trail that runs from Madison to picturesque Johnson's Point or to the public access area on Lake Madison.

SECOND HAND SHOPPING: Four Seasons Flea Market (223 N. Egan Ave.) offers furniture, clothes, antiques and collectibles, and the Fifth Season sells books, jewelry and unique gifts. Browse a variety of re-purposed household furniture at Urban Junk (217 N. Egan Ave.); The Encore Family Store (209 S. Egan Ave.) is a thrift store, with proceeds going to support ICAP programs and unmet needs in Lake County. Unique Boutique (1229 NW Second St.) sells clothing, home décor and accessories on consignment.

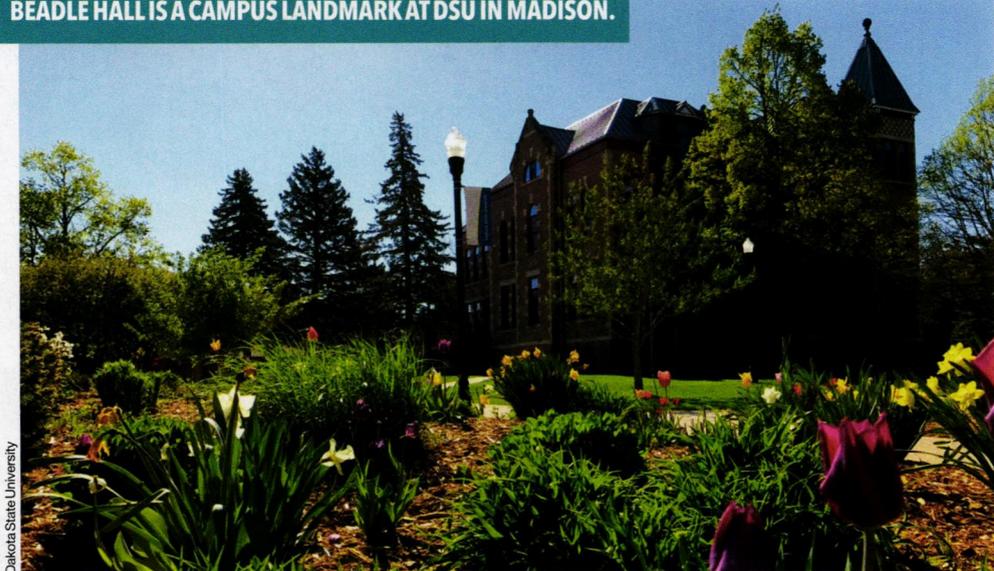
CAMPUS LANDMARKS: The campus green features a rose garden, sundial, and artworks near the 1886 Beadle Hall.

ESCAPE TO NATURE: There are hiking trails located close to campus, including the Gerry Maloney Nature Area. Lake Herman State Park and Lake Madison are just a few miles away.

BEST EVENT: Trojan Days homecoming week brings people together to celebrate with football, volleyball and a festive parade.

TAKE THE PARENTS: Nicky's (1407 NW Second St.) is a Madison tradition — an old-style steakhouse with great prices.

BEADLE HALL IS A CAMPUS LANDMARK AT DSU IN MADISON.



BEST COFFEE SHOP: Mochavino (100 S. Egan Ave.) offers beverages, food and entertainment.

FAVORITE SON: Karl Mundt, who served 34 years in Congress. Born at Humboldt, Mundt taught at Dakota State (when it was still Eastern State Normal School) and cofounded the National Forensics League. While in Washington, Mundt helped develop the Missouri River dams, chaired the McCarthy hearings and became a close friend of Richard Nixon. Nixon came to Madison in 1969 to help dedicate the Mundt Library. The Mundt Archives, a collection of over 1.9 million documents and other items, is housed inside.

MISSION

HOME TO: SINTE GLESKA UNIVERSITY (856-8100).

TAKE THE PARENTS: Soldier Woman Art & Gift Gallery (286 Second St.), 1 mile south of Mission, features art, jewelry, clothing and crafts by award-winning Native American artists.

ART STOP: The University Bookstore offers textbooks, literature, Lakota crafts and arts.

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

FAMOUS SON: Spotted Tail is from the area, as is game show host Bob Barker. Crazy Horse was born across the border in Nebraska.



Chad Coppess/S.D. Tourism

MITCHELL'S JADE MONKEY IS A FAVORITE LOCAL BAND.

FAVORITE HIKE: Walk around the Student Services Center near Antelope Lake. Ghost Hawk Park, 4 miles west of Rosebud on BIA Highway 7, is a great hiking and camping spot.

GREAT PIZZA: PJ's Perfect Circle (171 W. Second St.) serves delicious pizza at affordable prices. We recommend the Hawaiian. PJ's is also known for great wings and biscuits and gravy.

BEST PHOTO OP: The Lakota Studies Tipi houses the Lakota Studies department and creates the Sinte Gleska skyline.

MITCHELL

HOME TO: DAKOTA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY (995-2600), MITCHELL TECHNICAL INSTITUTE (800-MTI-1969).

BEST PHOTO OP: As countless billboards declare, Mitchell is home to the world's only Corn Palace.

GOOD EATS: Bread and Batter (417 N. Main St.) has a sandwich for every palette. Try the "Mad Mac" — seasoned pulled pork between two crispy mac 'n cheese waffles. If you aren't in the mood for a sandwich, head to Hungry Dog (422 S. Sanborn Blvd.) for a gourmet hot dog.

BEST COFFEE SHOP: Cornerstone Coffeehouse and Deli (123 E. Third Ave.) is a favorite for students because of the seasonal brews, like the maple caramel latte, and their commitment to community service. They sponsor "Chase the Chill," which gathers mittens, hats and scarves for those in need.

FAVORITE HIKE: Lake Mitchell has walking trails, bike paths and fishing opportunities.

GREAT PIZZA: Marco's (605 S. Sanborn Blvd.) is the newest pizza place in town and is a favorite of college students. Try their award-winning White Cheezy for something different — it features four types of cheese plus bacon, onions, tomatoes and garlic butter sauce.

FAVORITE LOCAL BAND: Jade Monkey (playing rock, alternative and pop) has a big South Dakota following. The members come from legendary bands including Jimmy on the Rocks, Midnite Highway, Go Figure and the Jokers.

FAVORITE SONS: George McGovern, former U.S. Congressman, Senator and 1972 Democratic presidential nominee, who died in 2012. NBA star Mike Miller also grew up in Mitchell. He played high school hoops for the Kernels and has suited up for seven different NBA teams since 2000.



NATIONAL AMERICAN UNIVERSITY



NAU TUITION ADVANTAGE LOWER TUITION, GRADUATE SOONER

CLASSES START SOON. ENROLL NOW.

Rapid City

605-394-4800

Sioux Falls

605-336-4600

Watertown

605-884-7200

Degree programs offered in online, on-campus, and hybrid formats.

For more information about our graduation rates, the median debt of students who complete the program and other important information visit <http://www.national.edu/programdisclosures/>. National American University is accredited by the Higher Learning Commission - www.hlcommission.org - 800-621-7440. 11/17

EXPAND YOUR HORIZONS

www.BHSU.edu

Imagine a place where education and adventure connect. A place where inspiration is endless and innovation is sparked. A place where students engage with a supportive community to reach their full potential.

A place **Where Anything is Possible.**

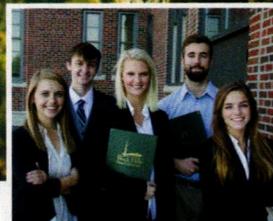


SPEARFISH, SD



UNDERGROUND CAMPUS

Faculty and students conduct research at Sanford Lab in one of the only underground campuses in the world.



AACSB ACCREDITED

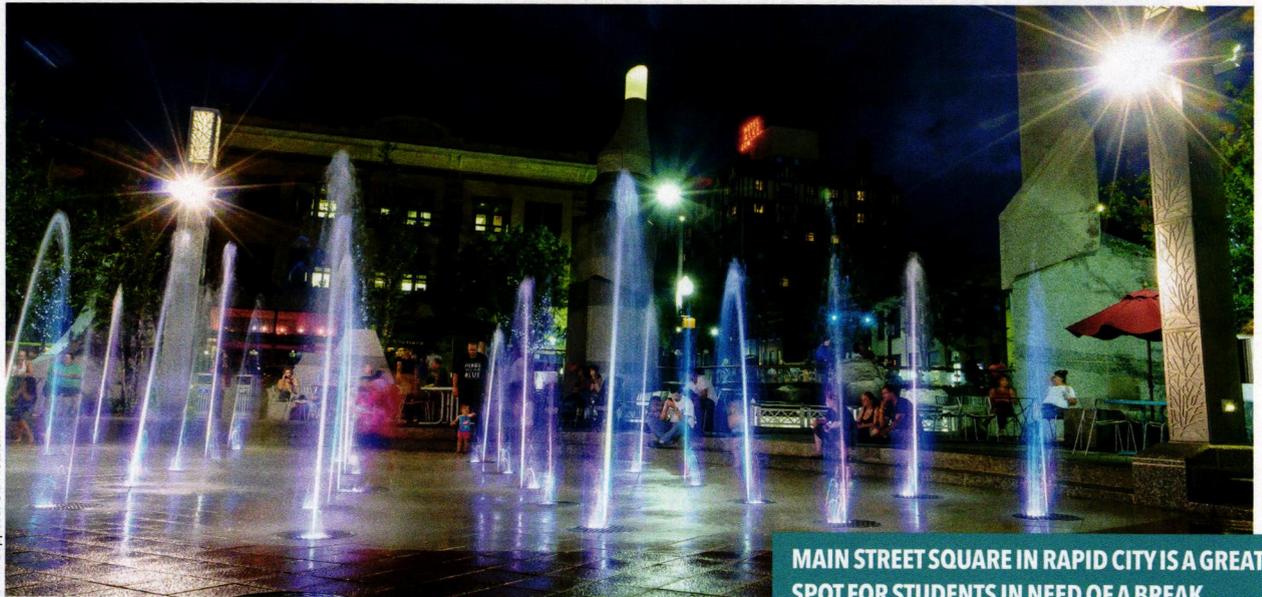
AACSB accreditation puts BHSU in the top 5% of business schools worldwide, and graduates are internationally-recognized.



TOP EDUCATION PROGRAM

Future teachers are mentored by field experts in the top education program in the region and the largest teacher preparation program in SD.

2018 GUIDE TO: Higher Education



Chad Coppess/S.D. Tourism

MAIN STREET SQUARE IN RAPID CITY IS A GREAT SPOT FOR STUDENTS IN NEED OF A BREAK.

TAKE THE PARENTS: A local production at the Pepsi-Cola Theatre for the Performing Arts (700 N. Main St.). Planned performances this year include *It's a Wonderful Life* and *9 to 5 the Musical*.

ART STOP: Take a closer look at the intricate murals outside the Corn Palace.

RAPID CITY

HOME TO: SOUTH DAKOTA SCHOOL OF MINES & TECHNOLOGY (394-2511), WESTERN DAKOTA TECH (394-4034), NATIONAL AMERICAN UNIVERSITY (394-4827), OGLALA LAKOTA COLLEGE (342-1513), SDSU WEST RIVER GRADUATE CENTER (394-6823).

GOOD EATS: Tally's Silver Spoon (530 Sixth St.) serves an eclectic crowd in the heart of downtown. Can't decide what to order off the tantalizing menu? Try the Indecision and get a mysterious, custom-made creation from the chef.

BEST PHOTO OP: Iconic Dinosaur Hill shows a sweeping overlook of Rapid City, plus there are plenty of selfie opportunities with the large green critters.

ART STOP: The Suzie Cappa Art Center (722 St. Joseph St.) is a division of Black Hills Works that supports artists of all abilities in creating inspiring art. It is a vibrant, non-profit studio established in 2001 in memory of Suzie Cappa.

FAVORITE HIKE: M Hill is an amazing hike in the

center of Rapid City. With roughly 20 miles of hiking all over the 300-acre mountain, your sense of adventure will be satiated.

TAKE THE PARENTS: To Main Street Square (526 Main St.) for art, shopping, ice skating and great eats.

THE PUB-LOVER'S PUB: The Firehouse Brewing Company (610 Main St.) is housed in Rapid City's original firehouse, and has brought good beer and comfort food to Rapid City since 1991. Now they've added their own wine to the menu.

BOOKSTORE: Mitzi's Books (510 Main St.) is a charming, two-level bookstore in the heart of downtown. Staff members host book clubs and recommend favorites.

FOR SERENITY: Scoot to Canyon Lake Park to feed the ducks, paddle a boat or kick back under a gazebo — nature isn't in short supply here.

FAVORITE BAND: Brandon Jones and the Thirsty Fish, a fun country and rock cover band. They are regulars at Rapid City's Summer Nights concert series.

SIoux FALLS

HOME TO: AUGUSTANA UNIVERSITY (270-0770 OR 800-888-1047), SIOUX FALLS SEMINARY (336-6588), SOUTHEAST TECHNICAL INSTITUTE (367-6040), UNIVERSITY CENTER (274-9500), UNIVERSITY

WE KNOW YOU HAVE LOTS OF CHOICES FOR COLLEGE

**At Southeast Tech,
we'd like to be yours!**

With more than 50 career paths to choose from, your future can be exactly what you want it to be.

We work to strategically align you with high-paying, rewarding careers right here in the Sioux Falls' area... or anywhere else you'd like to go. And we've been recognized as one of America's Best 2-year colleges.

**Isn't it time you knew more
about Southeast Tech?**



**AFFORDABLE. ACCESSIBLE.
ATTAINABLE.**

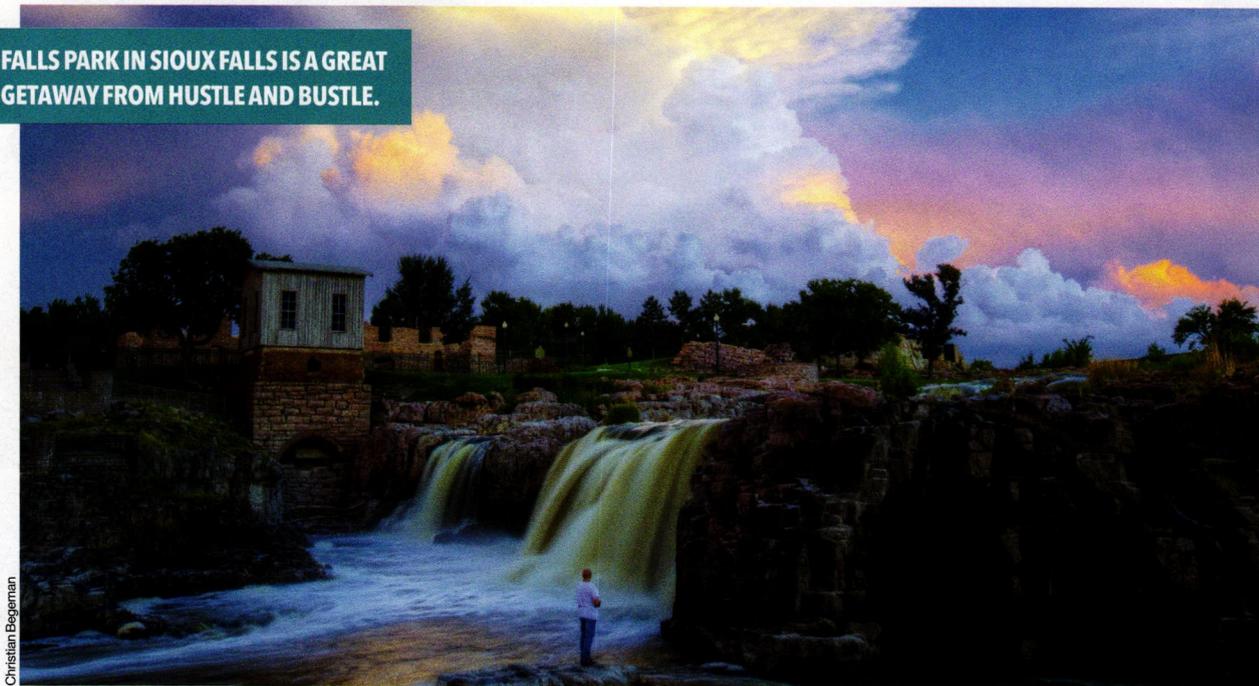
SOUTHEAST TECH

605.367.6040 | Sioux Falls, SD
WWW.SOUTHEASTTECH.EDU



@SoutheastTechSD

FALLS PARK IN SIOUX FALLS IS A GREAT GETAWAY FROM HUSTLE AND BUSTLE.



Christian Begeman

OF SIOUX FALLS (331-5000), GREAT PLAINS BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL (339-2038), NATIONAL AMERICAN UNIVERSITY (336-4600).

UNUSUAL SHOPPING: The beautiful buildings in downtown Sioux Falls offer more than a shopping experience. It's an adventure of interesting people, great coffee and fun art. But the shopping can't be beat. Try Murphy's Irish Gifts for one-of-a-kind Irish imports, Zandbroz for fun gift items or Keller's Green Grocery for locally sourced foods and wine.

MOST UNUSUAL TAVERN: Fernson Brewery (1400 E. Robur Dr.) opened a sleek, modern taproom this year. They sell pretzels, but otherwise like to focus on their brewery so they welcome you to bring your own food and wine.

BEST PHOTO OP: Falls Park offers a breathtaking and iconic backdrop.

ART STOP: The Museum of Visual Materials (500 N. Main St.) has craft classes for kids and adults as well as two galleries that feature local, national and international artists.

FAVORITE HIKE: Good Earth State Park at Blood Run is South Dakota's newest state park. Six miles of trails take you through woodlands, prairies and river bottoms.

BEST COFFEE SHOP: Josiah's Coffee House and Cafe (101 S. Reid St.) features an outdoor patio and is dog friendly.

TAKE THE PARENTS: Do a walking tour of the downtown sculptures, then see what's new at the Washington Pavilion.

LUCK OF THE IRISH: Every weekend offers something, but St. Patrick's Day gains the biggest, best downtown crowd every March.

FAVORITE SON AND DAUGHTER: Television icons Pat O'Brien and Mary Hart grew up in Sioux Falls.

SPEARFISH

HOME TO: BLACK HILLS STATE UNIVERSITY (642-6011 OR 800-255-2478).

BEST PHOTO OP: Anything shot eastward from Lookout Mountain in the early morning, from any elevation and in any season.

ART STOP: Matthews Opera House Art Gallery (612 Main St.) in downtown Spearfish hosts more than 40 area artists, art openings and community art projects.

FAVORITE HIKE: Crow Peak to the west if you have a couple hours or more, or Lookout Mountain east of downtown if you have an hour or less.



Ready to impact.

Students from every state and more than 90 countries.

At SDSU, our students are getting ready. Ready to advance agriculture, to help solve hunger, to educate today's students to become tomorrow's leaders and ready to shape their communities.

And it all started when they chose a university ready to provide the knowledge, the research opportunities and a community that empowered them to make a difference.

Every day, students are choosing South Dakota State University. Join them to discover when you graduate from here, you graduate ready to impact.

www.sdstate.edu • sdsu.admissions@sdstate.edu • 605-688-4121



**SOUTH DAKOTA
STATE UNIVERSITY**

Be Great. Start Here.®



Black Hills State University

BHSU STUDENTS DECORATE THE "H" ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

FAVORITE EATERY: Leones' Creamery — at least for those who like ice cream morning, noon and night. The cozy shop is located in the old City Hall building (722 Main St.). Check out the "Scoop it Forward" board where customers sometimes pay for friends, strangers or students. (Only open weekends in winter.)

UNUSUAL SHOPPING: Handmade art and jewelry at Common Grounds (135 E. Hudson), plus smoked salmon and salmon filets because the proprietor, Corey Brost, is also a commercial fisherman in Alaska. His salmon sandwich is a favorite.

CAMPUS LANDMARKS: The "H" on Lookout Mountain has existed since the 1950s. The tradition of whitewashing the letter, which stands for Hills, died in the 1970s, but it was recently revived and students love it.

FAVORITE LOCAL BAND: Judd Hoos, a five-member rock band, is one of the most popular groups to play Downtown Friday Nights in Spearfish. Watch for them across the western states, and check out their new single "Breathe In" on YouTube.

KNOWN FOR: Outdoor adventure. Some of America's most beautiful scenery is within a hike or bike ride of Spearfish.

BEST EVENT: No controversy here — surely it's the annual Mines Hardrockers vs. Black Hills State Yellow Jackets football game, considered the oldest rivalry in NCAA Division II and the third oldest in college football. Opening day on the nearby ski slopes at Lead-Deadwood would be a close second.

COOL BOOKSTORE: The Jacket Zone (619 N. Main St.) in downtown Spearfish has local literature, Einstein Bros. bagels and Chubby Chipmunk truffles and candies straight from the factory in Deadwood.

BEST COFFEE SHOP: Tough call here, but the Green Bean has super coffees and a great atmosphere for studying — at both the Spearfish (304 N. Main St.) and Belle Fourche (710 State St.) locations. The latter is in a cozy old green house with lots of nooks and privacy.

SECOND BEST PHOTO OP: The sandstone arches on campus, popular because their beautiful hues change with the time of day. They are the remnants of a grand campus building that burned in the 1920s.

FAMOUS ALUMNI: Brian Shaw came from Colorado to study wellness management at BHSU and play basketball. The 2004 grad developed a love for weightlifting while on campus and won the title of World's Strongest Man in 2011 and 2013.



Have a lot to **look**
forward to.

Visit lakeareatech.edu
to see more about scholarships,
financial aid and enrollment.



1201 Arrow Ave NE • Watertown, SD 57201
1-800-657-4344 or (605) 882-LATI (5284)



Lake Area Technical Institute: superior, comprehensive technical education that changes lives and launches careers.

Lake Area Technical Institute does not discriminate on the basis of race, color, national origin, sex, disability, or age in its programs, activities, and employment. The following person has been designated to handle inquiries regarding the non-discrimination policies: Vice President, PO Box 730, (605) 882-5294 x 225. Those in need of accommodations should notify their instructor and make appropriate arrangements with the Office of Disability Services at (605) 882-5294 x 225. For further information on notice of non-discrimination, visit <http://www.lakeareatech.edu> or call 1-800-421-3483.

SOUTH DAKOTA



SCHOOL OF MINES
& TECHNOLOGY

Our students
drive change and
build solutions

This is why our graduates have a
96% placement rate and average
starting salary of **\$63,000**.

viewbook.sdsmt.edu

877.877.6044



Higher Education



R-PIZZA IS THE GO-TO PLACE FOR A THIN AND CRISPY CRUSTED PIZZA IN VERMILLION.

VERMILLION

HOME TO: UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH DAKOTA (877-COYOTES).

KNOWN FOR: The venerable DakotaDome, roofed home of USD athletics since 1979, and now joined by the Sanford Coyote Sports Center for basketball and volleyball.

GREAT PIZZA: R Pizza (2 W. Main St.) is the go-to place for pizza with a thin and crispy crust. Try the spinach/artichoke or the meat supreme. The Dakota Brick House (15 W. Main St.) is a gastro pub featuring brick-fired food and 20 beers on tap.

CAMPUS LANDMARKS: Old Main, USD's original building has been restored and refurbished. Nearby stand statues of Doc Farber, legendary political science professor, and *Legacy*, honoring USD's coyote mascot.

ART STOP: The Oscar Howe Gallery inside historic Old Main houses the largest collection of works by the famed Dakota artist.

STUDY HIDEOUT: Among the stacks of books in the I.D. Weeks Library or in the glassed link that joins the library to the Muenster University Center.

TAKE THE PARENTS: Dinner at Red (1 E. Main St.)

and a shopping trip down the block at Charlie's (2 E. Main St.) for some Coyote gear.

ESCAPE TO NATURE: Mulberry Bend or Burbank Beach on the Missouri River, or Spirit Mound north of Vermillion.

BEST COFFEE SHOP: Cafe Brulé (24 W. Main St.) or The Bean (8 W. Main St.), newly opened inside the Iron Rooster, an eclectic furnishings store.

BEST PHOTO OP: Howling by the *Legacy* coyote.

WATERTOWN

HOME TO: LAKE AREA TECHNICAL INSTITUTE (800-657-4344), MOUNT MARTY COLLEGE (800-658-4552), NATIONAL AMERICAN UNIVERSITY (884-7200).

KNOWN FOR: The Redlin Art Center (1200 33rd St. SE), a majestic building that houses originals from the popular rural America painter. Free admission.

GOOD EATS: Harry's Haircuts and Hot Towels (16 W. Kemp) is an unusual name for a restaurant, but accurate. Harry's features 36 tap beers, award winning burgers, salads, wings and nachos. They also offer barber shop services. Watch for the free beer with haircut special and ask about the burger of the week.

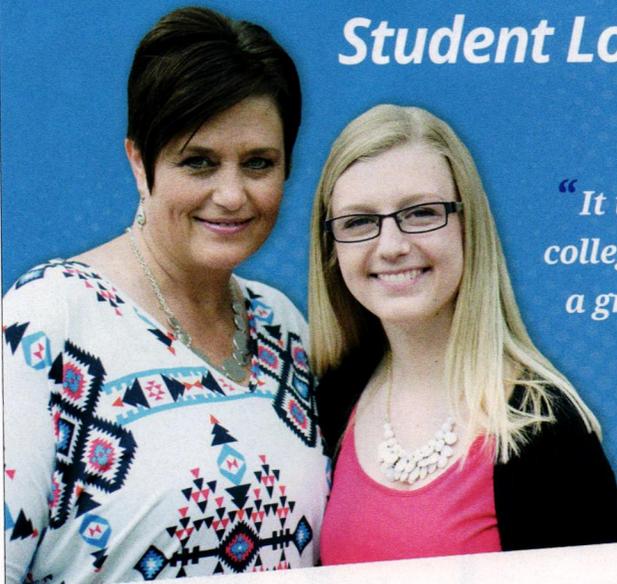


PRESENTATION COLLEGE



**THE
WORLD
NEEDS
MORE
SAINTS**

ABERDEEN, SD - PRESENTATION.EDU - 800.437.6060



***Student Loans from MAIN STREET
NOT Wall Street***

“It is very hard to get all the funds needed for college through the federal programs. iHELP has a great program that is fast and easy, plus they have great customer service.”

- DeAnna Hauge, Mother of College Student

(800) 645-7404

iHELPlloan.com



iHELP *Student Loans from
Community Banks*

- ✓ **No origination fees**
- ✓ **Great variable rates**
- ✓ **Personalized service**
- ✓ **Flexible repayment options**

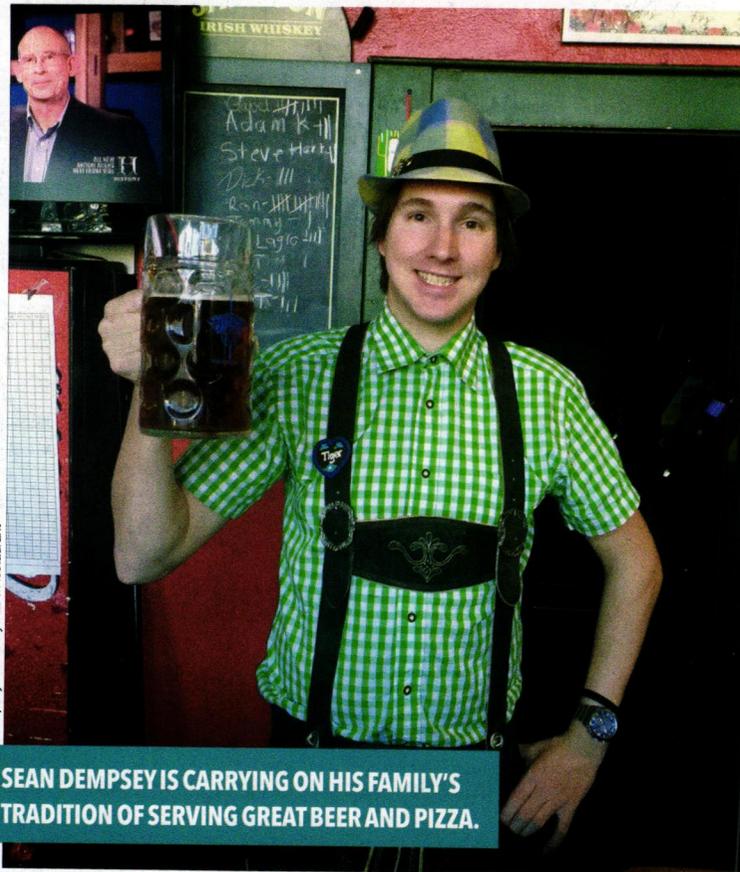
2018 GUIDE TO: Higher Education

UNUSUAL SHOPPING: Watertown Confectionery (116 E. Kemp) is a family owned business that caters to guilty pleasures including chocolate, wine and fresh-roasted coffee. Watch through a window as the confections are hand-created.

BEST COFFEE SHOP: Gather (122 E. Kemp) Watertown's newest coffee shop, has home baked goods and plenty of room for students to study or gather with friends.

CAMPUS LANDMARKS: The Scholar Stone (rub for good luck before exams). The stone is dedicated to all former, current and future members of Lake Area Tech. The dedication reads: "Students ... your path will not always be easy and your way forward will not always be clear ... the greatest moments of your journey are those that still lie ahead."

GREAT PIZZA: Dempsey's (127 N. Broadway) is a second-generation Irish brewery that serves lunch, dinner and delicious, award winning pizza.



Dempsey's Brewery Pub & Restaurant

SEAN DEMPSEY IS CARRYING ON HIS FAMILY'S TRADITION OF SERVING GREAT BEER AND PIZZA.

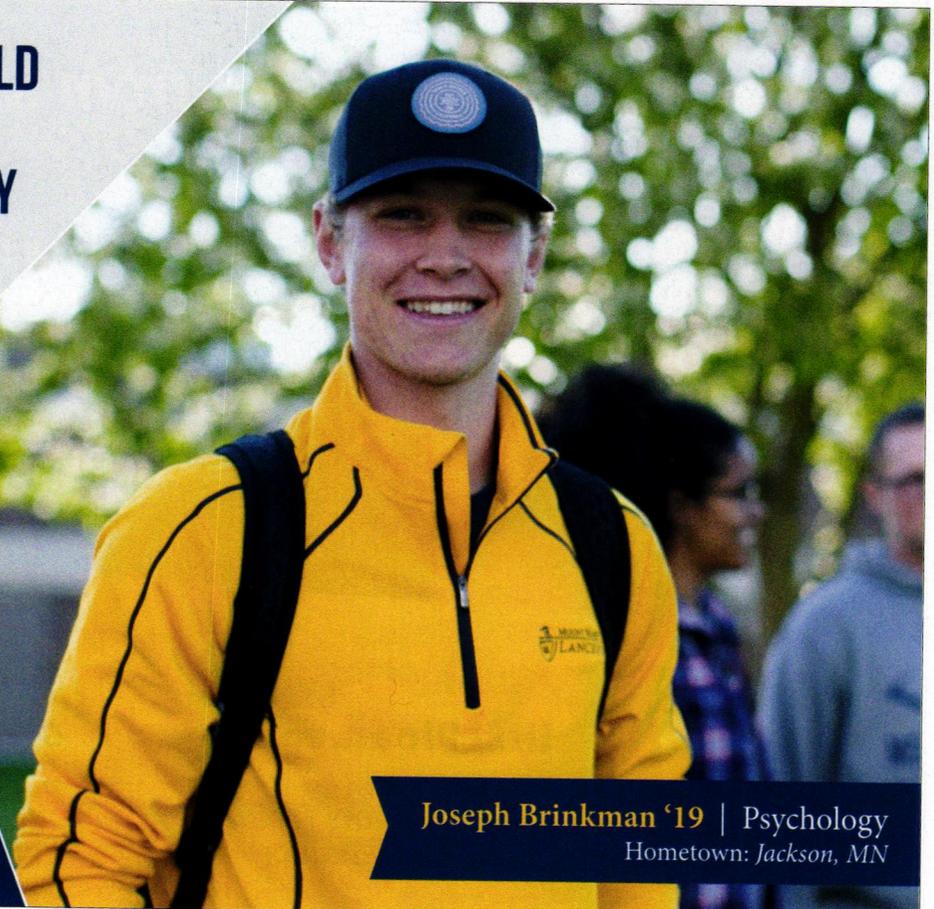
"MY PROFESSORS HOLD ME TO THE HIGHEST STANDARDS AND THEY CHALLENGE ME, EVERY DAY, TO BE THE BEST PERSON I CAN BE."



MOUNT MARTY
COLLEGE

LEAD. SERVE. IMPACT.

Yankton, South Dakota
1-605-668-1545 | mtmc.edu



Joseph Brinkman '19 | Psychology
Hometown: Jackson, MN

BEST PHOTO OP: The unique rooms on the third floor of the Goss Opera House (100 E. Kemp) provide a charming backdrop for photos.

TAKE THE PARENTS: To the restored Goss Opera House. Inside, you'll find delicious food at Charley's and live music on Thursdays.

FAVORITE BAND: Party of Five is a cover band featuring five local guys who love performing pop rock from the past, including Three Dog Night, Dire Straits and the Beach Boys.

BEST STUDY SPOT: The Egg Chairs in Lake Area Tech Study Rooms.

ESCAPE TO NATURE: Serene Lake Kampeska features a long, sandy beach and accommodations for camping, fishing or boating and a walking/biking trail. Or simply enjoy the gulls and the sound of the waves.

YANKTON

HOME TO: MOUNT MARTY COLLEGE (668-1545 OR 800-658-4552).

KNOWN FOR: This storied river town, once a steamboat hub, was the original capital of Dakota Territory. Wild Bill Hickok's killer, Jack McCall, was hanged and buried here in 1877.

FAVORITE RESTAURANT: Czeckers Sports Bar (407 Walnut St.) offers great burgers and traditional Czech food on weekends. The relaxed atmosphere provides entertainment such as darts, checkers, several televisions, pool tables and a Wii. Charlie's Pizza House (804 Summit St.) has been a beloved date location in Yankton

Onamission toraisethebar andlowertuition

UNDERGRADUATE

Campus Preview and Accepted Student Days

- ▶ Monday, **January 15**
- ▶ Monday, **February 19**
- ▶ Friday, **March 9**
- ▶ Friday, **April 20**
- ▶ Schedule your personal visit at usiouxfalls.edu/admissions.
- ▶ USF offers **top academic programs** and **100% of freshmen receive financial aid.**

CONTINUING & PROFESSIONAL STUDIES

Online and on-campus programs available.

- ▶ Degree Completion Program
- ▶ Master of Business Administration
- ▶ Master of Education
- ▶ Education Specialist
- ▶ Accelerated Nursing
- ▶ RN-to-BSN
- ▶ Center for Professional Development

Live Fully Engaged

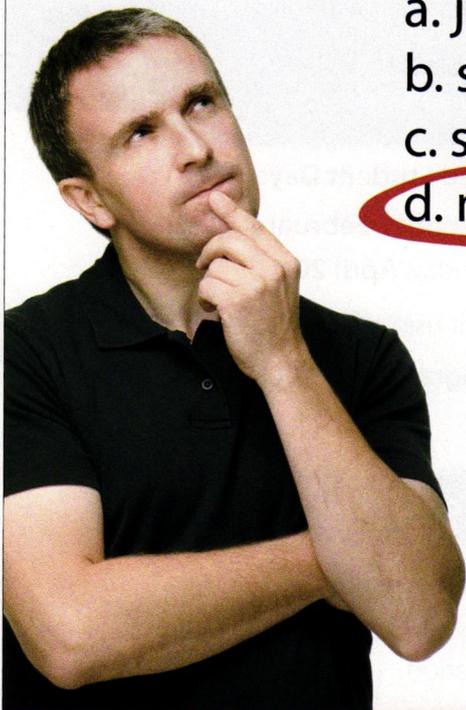


University of **Sioux Falls**

(605) 331-6600 || usiouxfalls.edu



When should college preparation begin?



- a. junior year
- b. senior year
- c. sophomore year
- d. middle school**

MIDDLE SCHOOL
IS THE BEST
TIME TO START
PREPARING YOUR
CHILD FOR COLLEGE

DON'T LET YOUR CHILD'S FUTURE FADE

SEE HOW YOU CAN PREPARE IN ADVANCE:

www.SelectDakota.org



for decades. Order the Festus (with sauerkraut and meatballs), a local favorite.

BEST STUDY SPOT: Grab coffee at Willa B's (114 Douglas Ave.) downtown and stake out a seat. They serve soups and sandwiches to fuel your studies. Or, take a break from studying and join one of their Bingo nights.

TAKE THE PARENTS: Across the Meridian Bridge. The pedestrian bridge offers beautiful views year-round, and is the nation's longest walking bridge that connects two states.

THE PUB-LOVERS PUB: The Ice House (101 Capitol St.) is one of the few places in the U.S. that serves beer outdoors on an ancient wooden loading dock. Smash your bottle under the dock afterward. It's tradition.

ICE CREAM AND SAILBOATS: Grab a malt or sundae at the Dairy Dock (4804 W. Eighth St.) and head out to the Lewis and Clark Marina (43527 Shore Dr.) to watch boats cruise in front of the lake's chalkstone bluffs.

FAVORITE HIKE: Locals love the Smutty Bear Trail located near the entrance to Gavins Point Recreation Area.

BEST EVENT: Riverboat Days, the third weekend in August. Students arrive on campus before classes start to enjoy Yankton's river heritage with great food, live entertainment and arts and crafts.

FAMOUS SON: Former NBC anchorman Tom Brokaw graduated from high school here. He and his wife, Meredith, donated money to the city for a bike trail bearing their family names.

Traveler

Adventures and festivities in South Dakota

Fatten Your Tires

Bicycling isn't just for summer. The annual Spearfish Challenge, Feb. 10 at the Big Hill Trail System 8 miles southwest of Spearfish, combines skiing, snowshoeing and fat tire biking. The bigger tires make riding on the snow much easier, turning a fair-weather pastime into a winter thrill.



Traveler

Adventures and festivities in South Dakota

Gun Shows

Historic guns, rustic knives and handmade game calls are among items you'll find at several Dakota Territory Gun Collectors Shows this winter. Call (701) 361-9215 for more information on each show.

Jan. 13-14: Swiftel Center, Brookings

Jan. 27-28: National Field Archery Association Building, Yankton

Feb. 3-4: Dakota Event Center, Aberdeen

Feb. 10-11: Convention Center, Sioux Falls

Feb. 17-18: Ramota River Centre, Pierre

EAST RIVER EVENTS

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

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 will be available if there is snow. Park entrance license required. Newton Hills State Park Warming Shelter #3, **Canon.** 987-2263.

Jan. 3-5: **Dakota Farm Show.** Agricultural exhibits and vendors. DakotaDome, **Vermillion.** (507) 437-7969.

Jan. 11-13: **Ice Fishing Expo and Tournament.** Two-person competition, ice expo, vendors and panel discussion. Scherr-Howe Events Center, **Mobridge.** 845-2500.

Jan. 13: **Christmas with the Animals.** Watch the animals unwrap presents filled with treats. Great Plains Zoo, **Sioux Falls.** 367-7003.

Jan. 13-14: **Copland & Mexico.** South Dakota Symphony Orchestra performs. Washington Pavilion, **Sioux Falls.** 367-6000.

Jan. 18-21, 25-28 & Feb. 1-4: **Heathers — The Musical.** Sioux Empire Community Theatre. Orpheum Theater, **Sioux Falls.** 360-4800.

Jan. 19-20: **Media One Funski.** Skiing, snowboarding, team tubing, Frozen Leg kickball, snow sculpture, zipfy sled racing and cross country skiing. Proceeds benefit the Children's Inn. Great Bear Recreation Park, **Sioux Falls.** 339-0000.

Jan. 19-20: **Winter Show.** Exhibits, entertainment and educational speakers. High School Practice Facility, **Sisseton.** 698-7261.

Jan. 19-21: **Poinsett Pounders Winter Games.** Winter survival exercises, fishing tournament, kids' snowmobile races, hot dog and chili feed, antique snowmobile contest, family ride and poker run. Lake Poinsett Recreation Area, **Arlington.** 203-1594.

Jan. 20: **Beat the Blues.** Blue morpho butterflies, tai chi, yoga and wellness activities. Butterfly House & Aquarium, **Sioux Falls.** 334-9466.

Jan. 20: **James Valley Model Railroad Association Open House.** Model trains on landscaped layouts. Free admission. Old Milwaukee Railroad Depot, **Aberdeen.** 226-2139.



Hang On, Cowboy

It's a good thing sheep are woolly. Kids need something to hang on to while trying to ride the critters around a rodeo arena. Mutton bustin' is one of the cuter events at the Black Hills Stock Show (Jan. 26-Feb.4), which also includes cattle shows and sales and a ranch rodeo.

Jan. 23-27: **Sioux Empire Farm Show.** Market and purebred livestock and agricultural exhibits. W.H. Lyon Fairgrounds, **Sioux Falls.** 336-1620.

Jan. 24-26: **Sioux Falls Farm Show.** Agricultural technology and services. Sanford Arena, **Sioux Falls.** (507) 437-7969.

Jan. 26: **The Lee Boys.** Gospel blues show. Orpheum Theater, **Sioux Falls.** 367-6000.

Jan. 26-27: **Living History Fair.** Demonstrations of pioneer life. Lake Area Technical Institute Student Center, **Watertown.** 886-7335.

Jan. 26-27: **Day County Farm, Home & Sport Show.** Vendors, food, entertainment and seminars. Armory, **Webster.** 345-4668.

Jan. 27: **Ice Fish Fest.** Ice fishing tournament. Catfish Bay, **Sioux Falls.** 339-0911.

Jan. 27: **Video Games Live.** South Dakota Symphony Orchestra performs with video screen visuals, special effects and interactive segments. Washington Pavilion, **Sioux Falls.** 367-6000.

Jan. 27: **Lakota Games on Ice.** Mike Marshall, of the Rosebud Sioux Tribe, teaches games his ancestors played during winter. Prehistoric Indian Village, **Mitchell.** 996-5473.

Jan. 27: **Cool Kids' Classic Fishing Derby.** Fishing derby for children 15 and under. Oakwood Lakes State Park, **Bruce.** 627-5441.

Jan. 27: **Sioux Empire on Tap.** Craft beer festival. Sioux Falls Convention Center, **Sioux Falls.** (800) 745-3000.

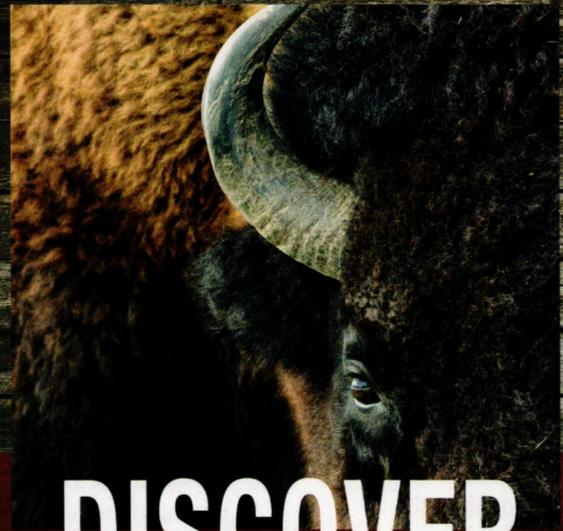
Jan. 28: **Carnival of Silver Skates.** More than 100 skaters perform. Outdoor Rink, **Groton.** 397-8422 or 397-8470.

Jan. 28: **Groundhog Day Ski/Snowshoe Poker Run.** Cross-country ski poker run, snowshoe poker run, kick sled race for kids and potluck. Oakwood Lakes State Park, **Bruce.** 627-5441.

Feb. 2-4: **Winterfest of Wheels.** Indoor car, truck and motorcycle show with activities for the whole family. Benefits Cure Kids Cancer. Convention Center, **Sioux Falls.** 231-3100.

Feb. 3: **Mahler & Bartók.** South Dakota Symphony Orchestra and Youth Orchestra perform. Washington Pavilion, **Sioux Falls.** 367-6000.

Feb. 6-10: **Watertown Winter Farm Show.** Livestock shows and sales, home and family programs, presentations, exhibits, zoo demonstrations and Lego contest. Codrington County Extension



DISCOVER

The Historic Frawley Ranch

AND LEAVE YOUR LEGACY



ELKHORN RIDGE

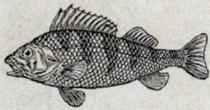
Spearfish, SD

To book a cabin call 605-722-1800

To book a tee time call 605-722-4653

Traveler

Adventures and festivities in South Dakota



Cool Kids

The fishing is for kids only at the Cool Kids Classic (Jan. 27). Bait is provided and staff at Oakwood Lakes State Park will even drill the holes for you. Stick around for the weigh-in to see who pulled the biggest Northern from the icy waters.

sion Complex, **Watertown**. 886-5814.

Feb. 9: **Tinsley Ellis**. Blues artist performs. Orpheum Theater, **Sioux Falls**. 367-6000.

Feb. 9-10: **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. 10: **Valentine's Day Winemaker's Dinner**. Five course meal with wine pairings. Valiant Vineyards,

Vermillion. 624-4500.

Feb. 11: **Stained Glass Concert**. South Dakota Symphony Orchestra performs. Gloria Dei Lutheran Church, **Sioux Falls**. 367-6000.

Feb. 15-17: **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. 16-18: **National Pheasant Fest & Quail Classic**.

Tradeshow and seminars focusing on wildlife conservation, hunting, dog training, wildlife habitat management and wild game cooking. Convention Center, **Sioux Falls**. (651) 209-4933.

Feb. 16-18: **Artists of the Plains Show and Sale**. Hilton Garden Inn, **Sioux Falls**. 274-4007.

Feb. 20-22: **Aberdeen Ag Expo**. Speakers, seminars and ag vendors. Best Western Ramkota, **Aberdeen**. 725-5551.

Feb. 22-25 & March 1-4:

38TH ANNUAL ARTISTS OF THE PLAINS ART SHOW & SALE



THE CENTER for WESTERN STUDIES – OPEN M-F (8-5) & FIRST SAT (10-2)

FEBRUARY 16-18, 2018

Fri. 5-9 pm (Premiere Showing),
Sat. 10 am-6 pm & Sun. 10 am - 3 pm

Hilton Garden Inn
Downtown Sioux Falls, 201 E. 8th Street

FREE ADMISSION

For more information about the artists
attending please visit www.augie.edu/cws.

AUGUSTANA
UNIVERSITY

One Man, Two Guvnors. Sioux Empire Community Theatre. Orpheum Theater, **Sioux Falls**. 360-4800.

Feb. 23-25 & March 1-3: **The Three Musketeers.** Pierre Players Community Theatre. Grand Opera House, **Pierre**. 224-7826.

WEST RIVER EVENTS

Jan. 1: **First Day Hike.** Guided trek on Creekside Trail. **Custer State Park**. 255-4515.

Jan. 1: **Bird Watcher's Hike.** Park entrance license required. Angostura Recreation Area, **Hot Springs**. 745-6996.

Jan. 12: **Red Dirt Festival.** Music festival featuring the Casey Donahew Band, Josh Abbott Band, Chancey Williams & the Younger Brothers Band, Troy Cartwright and Brock Finn. Deadwood Mountain Grand, **Deadwood**. 559-0386.

Jan. 12-13, 19-20, 26-27 & Feb. 2-3: **Dead Man's Cell Phone.** Firehouse Brewing Theatre. Firehouse Brewing Co., **Rapid City**. 716-9463.

Jan. 13: **Snow Jam Winter Games.** Cross-country ski, fat tire bike and snowshoe events for all ages. Tomahawk Country Club, **Lead**. 569-2871.

Jan. 13: **Heroes Skate Day.** Military men and women, law enforcement, firefighters and their families skate for free. Main Street Square, **Rapid City**. 716-7979.

Jan. 13: **Snowshoe on the Trail.** Guided 2-mile hike. Snowshoes provided; reservations required. Peter Norbeck Outdoor Education Center, **Custer**. 255-4515.

Jan. 17-26: **Winter Art Show.** Regional artists display their work. Matthews Opera House, **Spearfish**. 642-7973.

Jan. 19: **Portland Cello Project Concert.** Matthews Opera House, **Spearfish**. 642-7973.

Jan. 19-20: **ISOC Deadwood SnoCross Show-down and Snowmobile Rally.** **Deadwood**. (800) 344-8826.

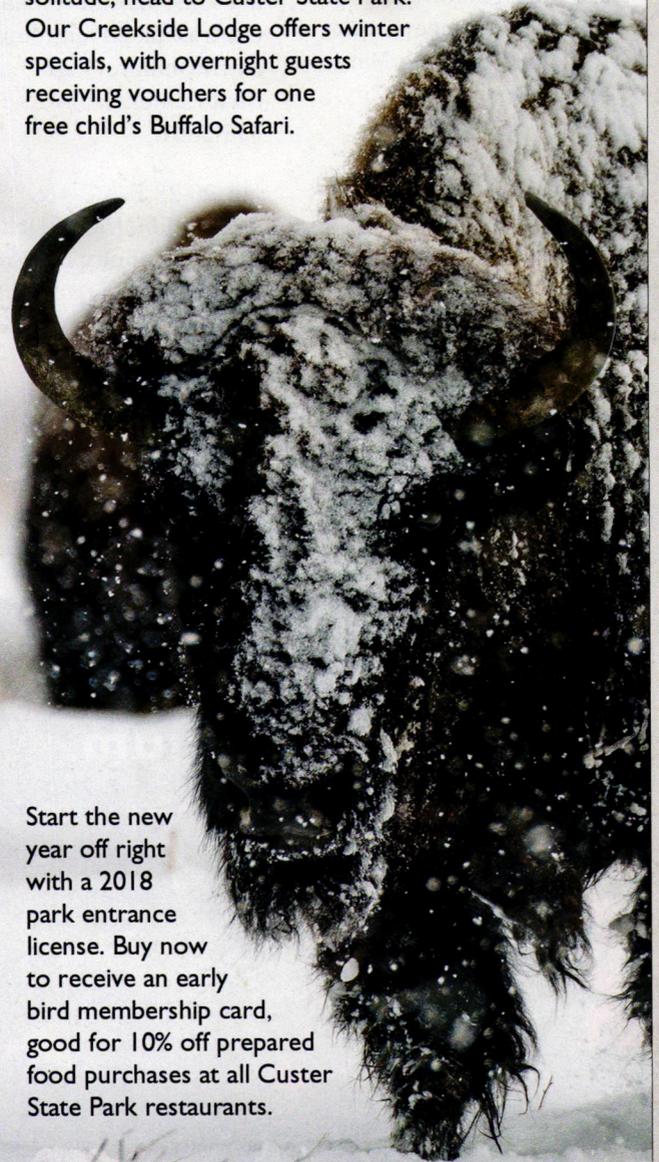
Jan. 20: **Focus on Fall River County History Conference.** Presentations and lunch. Supports Pioneer Museum. Mueller Civic Center, **Hot Springs**. 891-9357.

Jan. 20: **Bark Beetle Blues Crawl.** Variety show, fireworks, live music and the Burning of the Beetle. Various locations, **Custer**. 440-1405.

Jan. 20: **Black Hills Symphony Orchestra Young Artist Competition.** First

Custer STATE PARK

If you're looking for mild weather that's perfect for a campfire, frolicsome wildlife and a little Black Hills solitude, head to Custer State Park. Our Creekside Lodge offers winter specials, with overnight guests receiving vouchers for one free child's Buffalo Safari.



Start the new year off right with a 2018 park entrance license. Buy now to receive an early bird membership card, good for 10% off prepared food purchases at all Custer State Park restaurants.



Select cabins are open all winter at the State Game Lodge!

www.CusterStatePark.com

LODGING: 888-875-0001 | www.CusterResorts.com
CAMPING: 800-710-2267 | www.CampSD.com

A South Dakota State Park Entrance License is required.

Traveler

Adventures and festivities in South Dakota

United Methodist Church,
Rapid City. 348-4676.

Jan. 26: **Lights on the Ice Teen Night**. Dance party for teens on the ice rink. Main Street Square, **Rapid City**. 716-7979.

Jan. 26-Feb. 3: **Rodeo Rapid City**. PRCA Xtreme Bulls, 20X High School Rodeo, Sutton Ranch Rodeo, PRCA Xtreme Bronc Match, mounted shooting and North American trick riding competitions. Rushmore Plaza Civic Center, **Rapid City**. 394-4111.

Jan. 26-Feb. 4: **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. 26-28, Feb. 2-4 & 9-11: **Rabbit Hole**. Black Hills Community Theatre. Studio Theater, **Rapid City**. 394-1786.

Jan. 27: **Tables du Jour**. Musically-themed luncheon and entertainment presented by Dakota Choral Union. Youth and Family

Services Center, **Rapid City**. 348-2895.

Feb. 2-4: **Founders Day Wacipi**. Multipurpose Building. Sinte Gleska University, **Mission**. 856-8100.

Feb. 3: **Eagles and Bagels**. Bald eagle 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. 8-11 & 15-18: **The Nerd**. Community theatre performance. Matthews Opera House, **Spearfish**. 642-7973.

Feb. 9: **Lights on the Ice Teen Night**. Teen dance party on the ice rink. Main Street Square, **Rapid City**. 716-7979.

Feb. 9-10: **Mardi Gras Weekend**. Parades, cook-off, costume contests and live music. **Deadwood**. (800) 999-1876.

Feb. 9-11: **Black Hills Sports Show and Outdoor**

Steve Bormes

Deep Sea Imaginarium

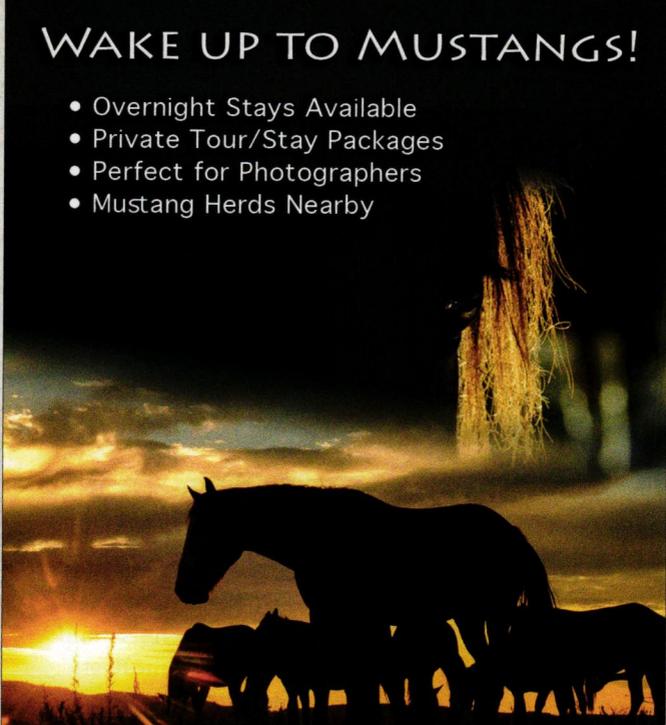
December 5, 2017 - April 7, 2018



SOUTH DAKOTA Art MUSEUM
1036 Medary Avenue | Brookings, SD 57007
605.688.5423 | SouthDakotaArtMuseum.com

WAKE UP TO MUSTANGS!

- Overnight Stays Available
- Private Tour/Stay Packages
- Perfect for Photographers
- Mustang Herds Nearby



BLACK HILLS WILD HORSE SANCTUARY
OPEN YEAR ROUND
WWW.WILDMUSTANGS.COM



Beetle Burn

People in Custer wanted a fun way to talk about pine beetles and the devastating effects of their infestation in the Black Hills, so they came up with the Bark Beetle Blues (Jan 20). The day includes music, art, local foods and the ceremonial burning of the beetle at dusk.

Expo. Rushmore Plaza Civic Center, **Rapid City**. 939-1812.

Feb. 10: **Spearfish Chocolate Festival.** Vendors, food, chocolate and wine. Proceeds benefit a local charity. City Park Pavilion, **Spearfish**. 484-7456.

Feb. 10: **Spearfish Challenge.** Cross-country ski and fat tire bike races for all ages. Big Hill Trail System, **Spearfish**. 569-2871.

Feb. 10: **Valentine's Lovers' Leap Snowshoe Hike.** Hike through dense pine forest near Grace Coolidge Creek. Reservations required. Peter Norbeck Outdoor Education Center, **Custer State Park**. 255-4515.

Feb. 12: **Hot Club of Cowntown.** Western swing group

performs. Rushmore Plaza Civic Center Fine Arts Theatre, **Rapid City**. 390-3463.

Feb. 16-18: **Counts of the Cobblestone Car Club Car Show.** Rushmore Plaza Civic Center, **Rapid City**. 342-8775.

Feb. 17: **Governor's Snowmobile Ride.** Ride through the Black Hills. Hardy Camp, **Lead**. 272-5900.

Feb. 22: **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.

Feb. 23: **Big Easy Rail Jam.** Park jam to celebrate Deadwood Mardi Gras. Terry Peak, **Lead**. 584-2165.

Feb. 24: **Riders Cup Race.**

Ski and snowboarding race for the whole family. Terry Peak, **Lead**. 584-2165.

Feb. 24: **Lead Winter Festival.** Cross-country ski, fat tire bike and snowshoe events. Country Club, **Lead**. 569-2871.

Feb. 24: **Nemo 500 Out-house Races.** Races, chili cook-off and fundraiser for NAJA Shrine Kids Transportation. Nemo Guest Ranch, **Nemo**. 578-2708.

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.



Romantic Journey

Enjoy great wine and a breathtaking evening view of Sioux Falls at Strawbale Winery's Twilight Flights for Valentine's Day (Feb. 9-10) Begin with hors d'oeuvres and wine, followed by a helicopter ride over the bright lights of the big city. The evening concludes with desserts and dessert wines at the winery.

Crossing Over

(excerpted from the book *Ancients of the Earth*)

She mailed them to me in a brown envelope, a clump of roots with soil clinging to their sides

I wondered if they carried hidden life

I wondered how and where to plant this gift, this daylily.

Red, she'd said the blooms would be cherry red

an old pail filled with water became a temporary home a place for the roots to rest

it seems we all need this kind of place —

the blooms convinced me.

*D.A. Hickman
Brookings, S.D.*

Springtails on the Snow

Snow fleas, (not fleas), black specks, unseen on the ground, contrasting nicely with the winter cover.

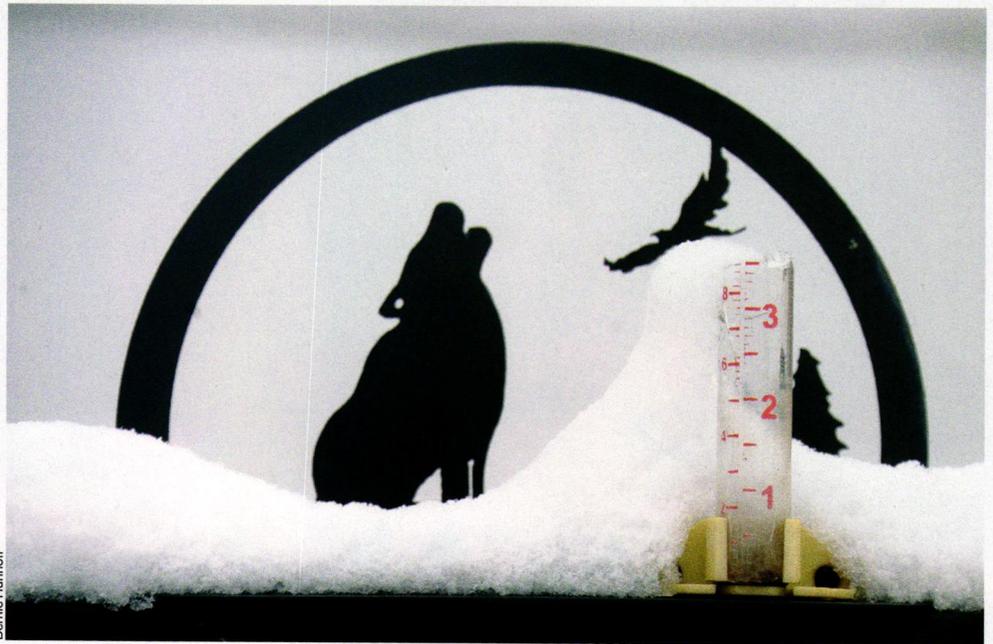
Called Springtails because they suddenly release their back hooks, leap great distances for such a micro insect.

I wish.

Watching them on the sun sparkling whiteness I wonder if a genetic memory of skeleton-less lightness encourages me to fantasize about superpowers, leaping tall buildings, soaring high above the trees, having fearless, unbreakable landings far from where I began. Could I give up this self-conscious life for the freedom of flight, I don't think.

But to be so small, compact, so unfreezable and careless, has its attractions.

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



Bernie Hunhoff

"Here in this cold, sweet air I feel quite free / And as for cares, they seem like fancied things / That, fearing light, fly off on coward wings."

— *Audrae Visser, poet laureate of South Dakota from 1974 to 2001.*

Have You Dug Wall Drug?

I have melted caramel drizzled fudge from The Candy Shop
On the interior seats
Of my car while licking
The crumbs of maple icing
From my doughnut dusted fingertips.

I have soaked my sundress
In leaping waters and gone home wet
But giggling.

I have danced in front of the T-Rex,
Waiting for a roar, being utterly brave
And then screaming.

I have marveled,
At the accents employed
Over the summer months,
Meeting faces from around the world
At my familiar stop.

I have chomped sweet cherries
And scooped whipped cream
Off pie
And
Ridden in the covered wagon.

I have stuck, pressed,
And peeled stickers from every surface
Proclaiming how much I have dug
Loved Wall Drug.

*Franki Hanke
St. Paul, Minn.*



OUR WILD SIDE

South Dakota's Untamed
Flora and Fauna



Winter in the Park ... After the annual fall roundup and auction, about 950 buffalo were left to roam Custer State Park during winter. Their heads become snowplows, as they forage for grass on the park's 71,000 acres. Some early ranchers referred to buffalo as the "king of the blizzard," because when a raging snow storm hit, the animals forged into it looking for shelter, rather than retreating like cattle.

Photo by Joel Schwader



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The great horned owl, found in woods and barns throughout South Dakota, is known by several names, including hoot owl for its distinctive call and tiger owl because early naturalists referred to them as “winged tigers,” or “tigers of the air.” They don’t have horns (it’s a reference to the tufts on their ears) or any physiological connection to tigers, but they are fierce. A great horned owl can prey on much larger birds, including falcons and other owls, using their strong talons to sever the victim’s spine. When clenched, the talons require 28 pounds of force to open.

Seeds, Please

Birds like the white-breasted nuthatch become increasingly dependent on the kindness of humans in winter. Seeds are just a small part of their diet during the summer, but can make up more than 60 percent during winter. They are often spotted on the trunks or larger limbs of trees, sometimes stashing seeds into crevices in the bark. This nuthatch has a beak full of suet, plucked from a Moody County feeder.



Bruce Porisch

Bruce Porisch



SNOW BED

South Dakota’s whitetails and mule deer are well prepared for winter, long before snow blankets the ground. The animals begin storing fat around their internal organs in the fall. It helps insulate against the cold and provides energy when food becomes scarce. Their biggest asset is their coat, comprised of coarse guard hairs and dense, woolly underfur. The undercoat traps layers of air, keeping the warmest layers closest to the body.

WALKING IN THE WILD

Needles Highway in Winter

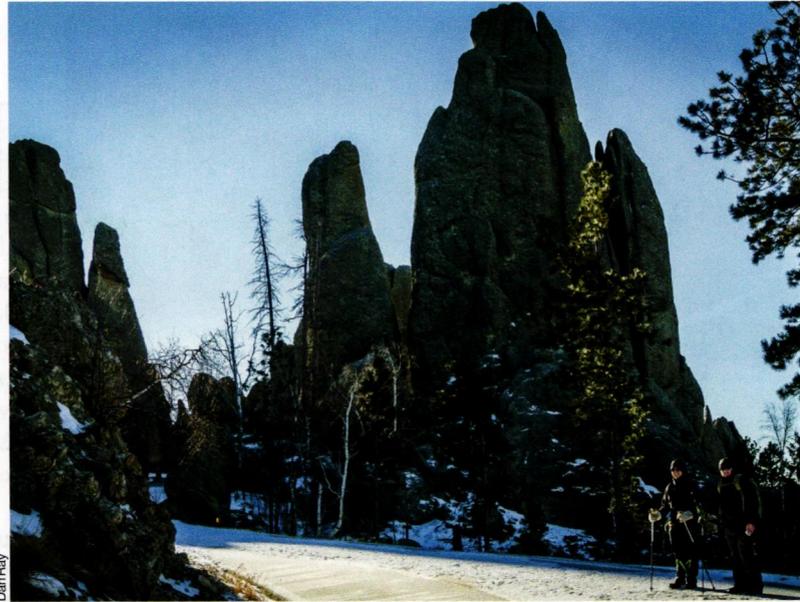
I had always wanted to hike the Needles Highway in winter, when it's closed to traffic.

We drove Highway 87 until the road was no longer maintained and left our pick-up car. Then we headed to Sylvan Lake. The trail to the Needle's Eye was slightly uphill and the snow varied in depth, but never enough to warrant snowshoes. We crunched on, viewing sights we'd seen before but never on foot. It was silent — no birds, no squirrel chatter, no sounds but the crunch of snow under our cleats.

The large overlook past the Eye was magnificent. The high from the exercise, the beauty and the pure joy of the moment were profound.

The last great sight was the Cathedral Spires. We tried to stay on the path. There was snow everywhere. We fell silent as we entered the trees. This leaned downhill for miles, but there were no sounds — nothing but our thoughts. Stay right on the track and you are fine. But vary a bit and it's like walking on marbles.

For people who are really in shape, the best part of this journey is the hike to the Cathedral Spires. Beyond that is a long, downhill hike through the trees and with-



Dan Ray

out many views. A hike to the Cathedral Spires and back when there's a fair amount of snow would be a great one-day excursion.

For a more limited hike, the trek from Sylvan Lake to the Needles Eye or a bit beyond is a good half-day event with great rewards.

—Dan Ray

LOVE WHERE YOU LIVE

There's something special about getting into your first home. Good thing the First Time Homebuyer Program from South Dakota Housing makes it easy!

- 🏠 Down payment and closing cost assistance
- 🏠 Tax credit
- 🏠 Competitive rates



SOUTH DAKOTA
HOUSING
DEVELOPMENT AUTHORITY
605-773-3181 | www.sdhda.org



Deadwood!

catch the bus & leave the rest to us!

- Transportation • Lodging
- Free Slot Play • Meals
- Slot Tournament
- Fun Activities & More

Call Ardene!
800-401-4385

Deadwood Gulch
gaming resort

www.deadwoodgulchresort.com



John Mitchell

DUCKS ON ICE A freak conversion of weather systems over the Black Hills in 1941 trapped hundreds of ducks, turning them into huge hailstones that fell in the streets of Fairburn.

THE DAY IT RAINED DUCKS

Black Hills photographer Bill Groethe and a buddy were hunting ducks near Fairburn in the fall of 1941 when they discovered an entire flock — mostly mallards, but some canvasbacks, redheads and buffleheads, and puddle ducks from gadwalls to pintails — dead on Main Street. Each bird was encased in ice.

They were victims of an unusual late season storm. Warm weather created a drastic difference in air mass temperatures. Then, large summer-like thunderstorms built on a leading edge that divided the hot and cold air masses. By the time the frontal edge of colder air arrived over the Black Hills uplift and collided

with its warmer counterpart, a convection current with dramatic and powerful updrafts reaching into the tops of massive cumulonimbus clouds was functioning. At the same time, the unlucky birds found themselves far below the cloud tops and prime candidates to be captured by the violent updrafts, which circulated them inside the bowels of the storm. As they gathered more and more ice, the updrafts began to have difficulty lifting them into the storm's higher regions, and eventually the birds fell to earth as essentially very large hailstones. The streets, backyards and building tops of Fairburn became their final resting places.

— Tony Petres

**Art of the Lakota
plus much more . . .**

- Lakota Arts & Crafts
- Filson & Pendleton
- Fine Art & Jewelry
- Pottery & Glassware
- Lamps & Clothing
- Books, Videos & Music
- Botanicals & Craft Supplies

FILSON
SINCE 1897

PRAIRIE EDGE
606 Main St., Rapid City, SD • 800-541-2388 • prairieedge.com

**WELCOME TO ALL
OUR NEW READERS**

Thousands of people are reading this magazine for the first time because they received a holiday gift subscription. Welcome to our big magazine family. We hope you enjoy our explorations of this great state. Call us at 800-456-5117 if we can ever serve you.

— All of us at South Dakota Magazine

THIS TIME OF YEAR



Chad Coppess / S.D. Tourism

Winter is a great time for eagle watching, especially along the Missouri River. The Karl Mundt National Wildlife Refuge near Pickstown is a popular spot. Eagle numbers peak in December and January.



Watch for snow buntings, late winter visitors to South Dakota. They often appear after a fresh snowfall, foraging along the sides of roads.



Jackrabbits change their coat from brown to white in winter to blend in with the snow and hide from predators.

Red foxes can hear even the faintest rustling of mice under snow as deep as 3 feet. They'll jump and dive headfirst into the snow to snare a meal.



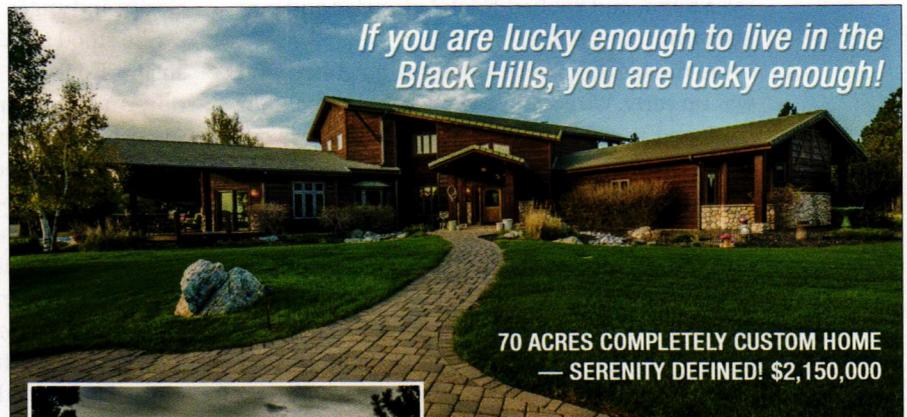
Sioux Falls largest all-inclusive hotel & conference center.

Family-Friendly Hospitality • Indoor WaterPark
Free WiFi • Restaurant & Lounge • Exercise Room

Ramkota Hotel

(605) 336-0650 • SiouxFalls.BWramkota.com

Each Best Western® branded hotel is independently owned and operated.



If you are lucky enough to live in the Black Hills, you are lucky enough!

70 ACRES COMPLETELY CUSTOM HOME
— SERENITY DEFINED! \$2,150,000



— SOUL SOOTHING VIEWS —



FINE ATTENTION TO EVERY LITTLE DETAIL!



YOU GOTTA
HAVE FAITH!

Faith Lewis, Broker Associate, specializing in one-of-a-kind Black Hills properties.

faithlewis@kw.com
605-863-0725

KW BLACK HILLS
KELLER WILLIAMS REALTY



TOO LONG IN THE SUN



OUR BACKYARD CIRCUS

BY MARGI BETTELYOUN

OUR NEIGHBORHOOD in Sturgis was full of children. We roamed from morning 'til night on those quiet summer days in the 1960s, but most of our time was spent in our big backyard, which served as the scene of many adventures.

One day, we decided to stage a circus. No parents were advised, especially not ours. My mother was a registered nurse and worked nights. We were always under strict orders to be quiet. Putting on a circus is not a quiet project, but we managed to keep it under wraps. We put posters all over town, and robbed Kool-Aid, sugar and popcorn from our houses.

On the big day, every kid in the neighborhood was up early. We couldn't wait for Dad to leave for work and Mom to go to bed. As soon as they were out of the way my brothers mowed the grass. My sister and I gathered blankets and sheets and made Kool-Aid and popcorn.

Soon, our house and yard was abuzz with activity. Blankets and sheets hanging on Mom's clotheslines housed our sideshows. The swing set became a trapeze. Our kitchen chairs, and chairs from other houses, were set under the pines for our audience. Admission was 10 cents.

My sister wore heavy, forbidden make-up and lots of old jewelry, and sat in her blanket room staring at a glass bowl turned upside down and filled with crumpled tin foil and plastic wrap. For 5 cents she would tell your future. My oldest brother wore a wrestling singlet and lifted a broomstick with hubcaps (each labeled "500 lbs.") attached to the ends. A friend and I borrowed one of Mom's old housedresses. She stuck out her left arm and leg and I stuck out my right. We became

a freaky two-headed girl, one redheaded and the other brunette. Kids wandered around selling Kool-Aid and popcorn. We used Mom's juice glasses and cereal bowls.

The refreshments were our undoing. We had no idea that anyone would come to our circus, let alone pay. To our surprise, the yard was packed with adults from all over town. The frequent and sloppy trips into the kitchen for Kool-Aid finally roused Mom. The scariest sight of the day was the sunlight reflecting from a pool of Kool-Aid into my mother's face, a cloud of confusion, curiosity and anger.

She stood in her nightgown, bare feet stuck in sugary Kool-Aid. I took advantage of her hesitation and ran. Another neighbor was wowing the crowd with his unicycle, so they didn't see my mother in her summer nightgown, with hair askew and red Kool-Aid feet.

But soon, her anger was replaced by wonder and pride. She said we should have let her know so she could take pictures. She was amazed that we pulled the whole thing off.

I was one of the youngest conspirators, so I was not informed of any profits. They probably weren't much, because we never held another circus. But if we had, Mom would have been the first to know. She might even have made the Kool-Aid. 

Margi Bettelyoun managed a convenience store at Oglala, served as postmaster at Wounded Knee and was director of the AmeriCorps Program at Red Cloud Indian School. Now retired, she lives and writes near Oglala.