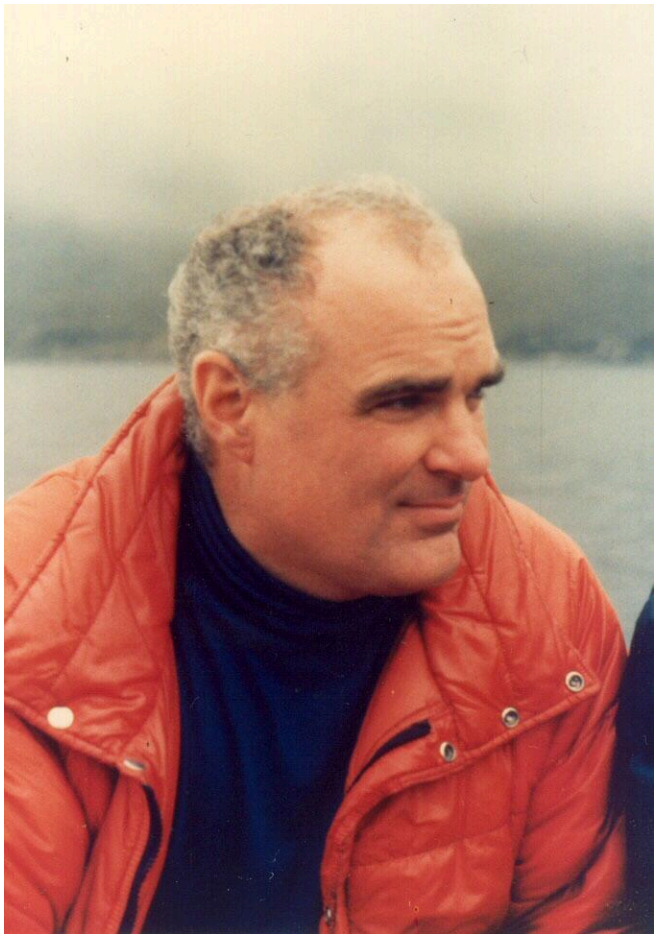
ICE MAN

THE LIFE AND TIMES
OF A COWBOY SCIENTIST



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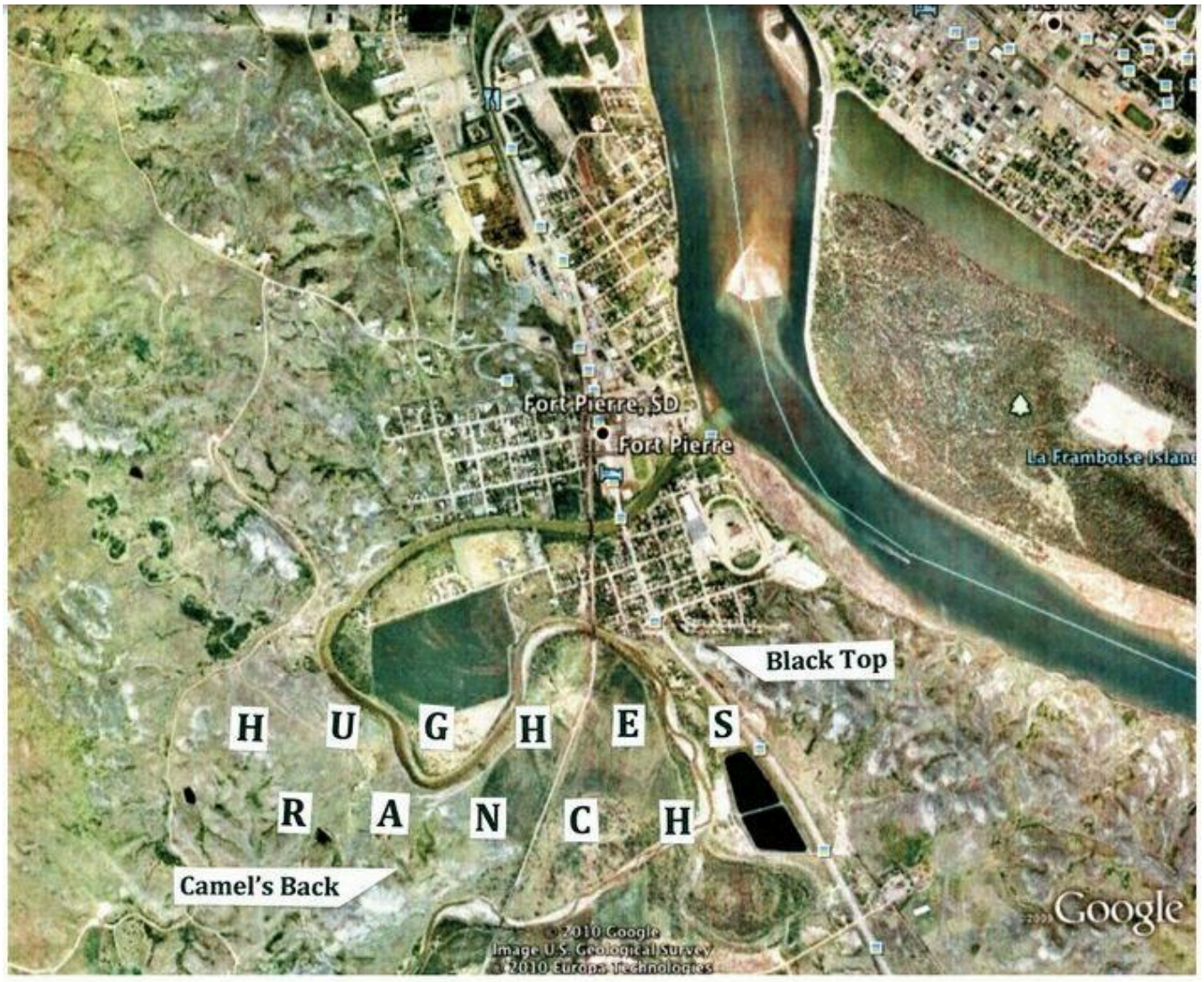

Fort Pierre on Missouri River
and Hughes Ranch in Bad River Valley

Me at Three

The fanatical eyes.
The mischievous grin.
The disheveled clothes.
The sturdy body.
The clenching fists.
The planted feet.
The cowboy boots.
And the charm…
To get away with it!

The Abominable Iceman

Forty-two years later…

And *nothing* has changed!

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Dedicated to Beverly Ann Barr Hughes, my Life's Companion.

Preface

A "Cowboy Scientist" has two meanings in my case. I was a "cowboy" on the Hughes cattle ranch in South Dakota and I was a "cowboy" in the sense of being a renegade in the scientific community, preferring my own path more than following the established path. My fieldwork was conventional, but my theoretical work is mostly what I call Topsy-Turvy Science because it turns conventional "explanations" of things scientific upside down by proposing an opposite explanation. At the end of *ICE MAN* readers will find a lively discussion of my Topsy-Turvy Science.

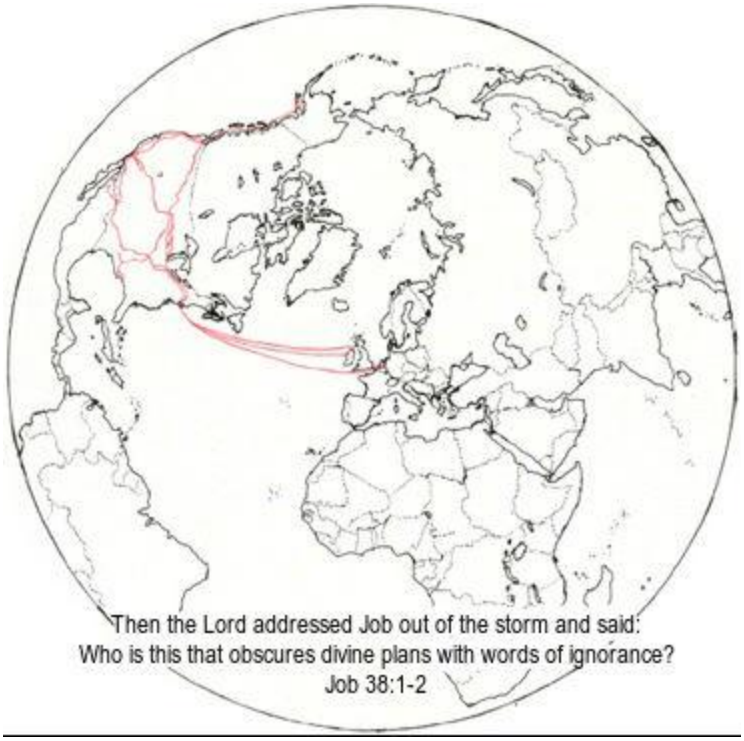
We have all heard of The Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas, a creature we have never seen. Those who have seen these "Yeti" tell us they are hairy ape-like people who live simply and privately on the edge of existence. We don't know who they really are or if they exist at all. *ICE MAN* begins with a photo I call The Abominable Iceman of Glaciology. I am a hairy ape-like creature with a devil-may-care attitude familiar to everyone who "knows" me. Hidden inside is the Terry Hughes I remember most fondly, a thin carefree youth who was a dreamer more than a doer. You will meet him up-close in the first chapter, but he haunts all subsequent chapters. This Terry Hughes wasn't very competitive in sports or studies but he engaged in both for personal satisfaction. He didn't seek awards but some arrived anyway. He was physically strong even when losing weight while gaining height in late adolescence. He was a rebellious youth. Teachers slapped his face hard and often. He liked fights with other boys, "knocking heads" in football, and drawing pictures of antagonists engaged in *violencia e brutalidad*. He enjoyed showing them to other students, and I still have a portfolio of his drawings I show to others from time to time. As a dreamer, he knew what he wanted to accomplish in life, but made no plans to attain specific goals, only using opportunities as they appeared that kept open the possibilities. Eventually all dreams were realized. One dream was to visit "faraway places with strange-sounding names" and he did. Glaciology made it possible.

Readers of *ICE MAN* will find no titillating descriptions of sexual adventures. At age 36 when I got married I was still chaste. I survived on fantasies. Nor did I imbibe tobacco, alcohol, or drugs. As a dreamer, I wanted a life that combined physical and mental activities equally, and I got it as a glaciologist. Fieldwork in glaciology can be physically demanding. I was strong and had stamina so I chose those kinds of tasks for myself on glaciers, leaving lighter work to others.

Spiritually, I was out-of-step with most Establishment scientists. Unlike many Roman Catholics passing from boyhood into manhood, I never doubted my faith and always practiced it. Darwin's notion that we came from worms and will be eaten by worms, and that "explains" human existence was for me the height of intellectual folly. It was like Esau exchanging his birthright for pottage to prefer that to the Biblical view that our origin was in the mind of the Creator of the Universe and our destiny was to spend eternity with Him simply by acknowledging Him and following His common-sense commandments. Only pride that subordinates intellect to will can make that Faustian bargain. Scientific evidence supporting the Biblical view is overwhelming. To avoid making that bargain requires sacrifice. The last and longest chapter in *ICE MAN* describes the sacrifices I made, largely because I married Beverly Ann Barr, a most remarkable woman, as you will see. Sacrifices put me in prisons in six states, but gave us children we otherwise wouldn't have.

ICE MAN is a journey through time and space to all seven continents and over 100 countries. It is a journey through scientific controversies that impact all our lives. It is a journey into the human spirit. It is my journey through life. Please join me. You'll be glad you did.

CHAPTER 1 - ORIGINS



For a larger version of this map click here.

Red lines on the global hemispheres for Chapter 1 show, to the best of my knowledge, travels taken by my kinsmen, mostly before I was born. They show travels to America in the nineteenth century and within America in the twentieth century up until 1940.

I was born in a blizzard on l5 February l938, just missing Saint Valentine's Day. I claim that as the reason why I never kissed a girl until I was a senior in high school, never had a date until I was in my mid twenties, and didn't marry until I was 36. I grew up on a cattle ranch that was the original Hughes homestead in central South Dakota. It was in the Bad River Valley just south of Fort Pierre and not far from a monument that marked the geographic center of North America. That probably makes me a landlubber. My home town was and, in my heart, still is Fort Pierre. The yard of our ranch house ended at the town line. Fort Pierre was laid out in a one-mile square on the west bank of the Missouri River, opposite Pierre, the capital of South Dakota. But it is much older than Pierre. Fort Pierre was the site of an Indian settlement of unknown antiquity when Joseph LaFramboise established a fur trading post there in l8l7. It has been continuously inhabited by white people ever since, making it the oldest such settlement between the Mississippi River and the Spanish missions of the American Southwest.

A fort was built on the site in l832 by Pierre Chouteau for the American Fur Company, founded by John Jacob Astor. It was named Fort Pierre Chouteau. After Chouteau's death it became known as Fort Pierre. The United States Government built a series of forts along the Missouri in the nineteenth century, first to protect the fur trade and then to protect settlers. It purchased Fort Pierre for this purpose in l855, and

converted it into a cavalry outpost. By l880 the fort had been replaced by a thriving little town where Bad River enters the Missouri. Two of the first businesses were Fischer Brothers General Merchandise and Rowe Hardware. Both were very much still in business during my boyhood years, but now they no longer exist.

Construction of a railroad bridge between Pierre and Fort Pierre began in 1905, the year of a devastating flood that washed out the Fort Pierre bridge over Bad River and many houses, including the original Hughes ranch house on the south bank of Bad River. The railroad continued along the Bad River Valley and reached Rapid City in 1907. Fort Pierre was the county seat of Stanley County, which at that time extended from the Missouri River to the Badlands, and included Haakon and Jackson Counties. An artesian spring provided hot water for a bathhouse swimming pool and natural gas for street lighting. By 1910, Fort Pierre had a brick company, a creamery, a hospital, two movie theaters, Catholic and Congregational churches, the Stockgrowers Bank, and a large school. A highway bridge connecting Fort Pierre to Pierre wasn't completed until 1926.

In the middle of the twentieth century, when I was a boy, Fort Pierre still had the look of a frontier town. The 1950 *Hammond Complete World Atlas* showed only railroads on its state maps of the United States, although trucks and cars were replacing freight and passenger trains as the common means of long-distance transportation. The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad ran a passenger train up the Bad River Valley from Fort Pierre to Rapid City before I started school, but it ran only freight trains when I graduated from High School. My older brother, Leo, took the passenger train to Rapid City to have his teeth fixed. He stayed with his Godmother, Irene, who lived there. Towns up the valley from Fort Pierre were Teton, Wendte, Van Metre, Bovine (a signpost when I was a boy), Capa, Midland, Howlin, Powell, Philip, Cottonwood, Quinn, and Wall, where Bad River began in the Badlands of South Dakota. Except for Fort Pierre and Philip, which were county seats, these were small railroad towns, where railroad "section" crews were responsible for maintaining one section of the railroad. Irish immigrants were brought in to help build the railroad. Many of them lived in these towns or became ranchers. I'm descended from them. Philip was named after a pioneer from Scotland, James "Scotty" Philip, and became the seat of Haakon County when it was formed from the western part of old Stanley County. Fort Pierre remained the seat of Stanley County, which was named after Scotty Philip's son, Stanley.

One of the few federal north-south highways in the nation, US 83, came up from Nebraska and dipped down into the lower Bad River Valley a few miles south of Fort Pierre. The gravel Bad River road ran west off US 83 and served ranchers who lived on the meandering bends of Bad River. Motor vehicles on Bad River road had to ford the river twice between Fort Pierre and Midland. Fort Pierre occupied most of the first big bend, our ranch occupied the remainder of the first and nearly all of the second big bend, and ranches owned by Mike Donahue, Joe Schomer, Mrs. Mack Dickey, and Charlie Carlisle occupied the next big bends. Part of the original Hughes ranch lay between the Dickey and Carlisle ranches, but had been sold when I was a boy. That was the pattern of settlement in Bad River Valley all the way to the Badlands. The bluff at the south end of the first big bend was known as Hughes Hill, because that's where my grandfather, John F. Hughes, built his big house after his first house was washed away in the 1905 Bad River flood. US 83 climbed Hughes Hill and then descended into Fort Pierre on the floodplain of the first big bend. It crossed Bad River bridge and passed the town park on the east side, which occupied several acres and included an ice skating rink and a football field. Woods separated US 83 and the railroad tracks on the west side. Beyond the park, US 83 entered downtown Fort Pierre, which was on an alluvial terrace about ten feet above the flood plain.

The first downtown intersection on the terrace had a vacant lot on the east side, which became the site of

the Casey Tibbs 4-H building, and Cannon's gas station on the west side. Across the intersection, the county courthouse was on the east side and a statue where Father Christian Hoecken baptized the first White child in Dakota Territory was on the west side. At this intersection, US 83 made a 90-degree right turn to become Main Avenue, then a 100-degree left turn to become Deadwood Street, and continued north for a mile before turning east to cross the Missouri River bridge and enter Pierre, the capital of South Dakota. The railroad generally paralleled the highway, but not the jog through downtown Fort Pierre. Instead, it cut through a bluff just north of downtown, leaving a shale hill between the railroad and US 83.

Both the railroad and highway bridges were supported by overhead steel spans, one span for Bad River and several spans for the Missouri River. Spans were painted silver on the highway bridges and black on the railroad bridges. I and my brothers, Leo two years older and Tim eight years younger, would sometimes climb the spans and cross the two Bad River bridges like we were on tightropes, but we stayed off of the Missouri River spans. Only US 83 was paved. All the other streets in Fort Pierre were gravel. Years later, the shale hill was removed and used to bring the floodplain up to the level of the terrace where downtown Fort Pierre was located. After that, US 83 paralleled the railroad with no jog.

The county courthouse on the left side of US 83, when it made the right-hand turn onto Main Avenue, was a three-story brick building surrounded by a wrought iron spiked fence. Inside the front entrance was an impressive wide wooden staircase to the first floor, with side stairs to the basement where the county jail cells were located. From the first floor, side staircases went back to a landing below tall windows where a second central staircase led to the second floor. The same pattern continued to the third floor, where the county courtroom was located. Offices ringed a large open lobby at the top of the stairs on the first floor. Directly opposite the staircase was the county sheriff's office, which was open in front and separated from the lobby by a low railing breached by a low swinging door. The office of the county judge, who was my father throughout my boyhood years, was immediately to the right of the staircase. Inside his office, bookshelves along the side walls housed my grandfather's law books, which included leather-bound volumes of New York common law, Reports of the United States and South Dakota Supreme Courts, the Encyclopedia of Law and Procedure, and the Northwestern Reporter for all the upper Midwest states, all dating back to the turn of the century. On the wall behind my father's desk was a large window and a huge map of Stanley County that had printed on it every quarter section of land and its owner. An iron safe on wheels in one corner housed his important documents and his stamp collection. Many years later his stamp collection was stolen right out of his office. The thief and stamps were never found. Also on the first floor of the courthouse, as I recall, were the offices of the county treasurer, assessor, and register of deeds. So was the bathroom. The county library and more offices ringed another open lobby on the second floor. I checked out many books, but I remember only *White Panther* because it contained an exciting account of how an albino panther escaped from the coils of a giant python.

On the left side of Main Avenue, next to the courthouse, was the concrete schoolhouse, built in 1941 when the old school house burned down, with grade school classrooms and a gymnasium with a stage on the ground floor, and high school classrooms and a big assembly hall on the second floor. Above the blackboard in the front of the assembly hall was a picture of Christ at Gethsemane. Continuing east on Main Street was a small Episcopal Church, the Stark house, Fackleman's garage, the Fort Pierre Times building where the weekly newspaper was printed, Warne Grocery, and the Stockgrowers Bank building on the corner with Deadwood Street. On the right side of Main Street was the vacant lot where the Casey Tibbs 4-H building would be located, then there was Charlie Feezer's apartment building, my uncle Kiran Hughes' law office, Fort Pierre Cleaners in a building my father owned, a small empty building

owned by my father which once had been my great aunt Mary Feeney's hat shop, a building with Holland's tailor shop and Johnny Huck's cobbler shop, the Weirich house, the Tumble Inn Café, and Fischer Brothers General Merchandise building on the corner with Deadwood Street. Across an alley from Fisher Brothers was a pool hall, then Frank "Irish" O'Leary's Silver Spur Bar, Fort Pierre's swankiest watering hole, and a big frame building that housed the town's hotel and barber shop. I particularly remember the smell of leather and shoe polish, the lasts, and rotating brushes operated by moving belts in the cobbler shop, the Linotype keyboard-operated typesetting machine, and the printing presses in the newspaper shop, and, in the barber shop, the iron and ceramic barber chair that swiveled, had a footrest, and reclining back, the big mirrors along one wall, hair tonic in primary colors and tall bottles on a shelf below the mirrors, and Earl Fackleman dusting me off with talcum powder after my haircuts—all for 35 cents.

On the right side of Deadwood Street, across from the (brick) Stockgrowers Bank, was Andy Ricketts' meat market when I was in grade school, which became a rowdy saloon called "the snake pit" when I was in high school. Then there was Ed Duffy's brick building, the tallest in town with three stories and apartments above Duffy's Café and Chateau Lounge, a vacant lot well below the concrete sidewalk (with open "rooms" under the sidewalk), Kelly's Chuckwagon restaurant, Rowe's Hardware Store, and the Hop Scotch Bar, both brick buildings. On the left side of Deadwood Street, on the corner with Main Street, was the Stockgrowers Bank Building, which was mostly an office building. Then there was Quentin Sutley's Whiteway Lockers meat market (after the Ricketts meat market closed and became the "snakepit" saloon), a package liquor store operated by Mrs. Sutley, Carmen Sutley's dentist office, the telephone office, the community dance hall, Marvin "Buck" Ronan's drug store, and the Fort Pierre National Bank building, with the Masonic Hall on its second floor. The telephone office was small, and inside all calls passed through a "central" who pulled plugs on long cables from a table in front of her and plugged them into holes on a board behind the table to complete calls (I still remember Billy Fischer's phone number—9652). The (brick) Fort Pierre National Bank had a corner entrance and all the tellers inside were behind a high wooden counter that had barred gates at each window. Anyone could get silver dollars as well as paper dollars in the bank. Rex Terry ran the bank and he paid me a dollar to sweep out the community hall after Saturday night dances. That's how I collected most of my silver dollars. They were all stolen in 1976 from my house in Bangor, Maine, when I was attending a scientific meeting in Russia. Rex was also a Freemason. The Masonic lodge was above the bank. As a Catholic boy, I thought Masonic rites were vaguely Satanic, as Freemasonry was a secret society and what other than devil worship had to be kept secret? But Rex Terry's wife, Delia, was a Catholic and they lived just down from Hughes Hill, so I was of two minds about it.

Downtown Fort Pierre was mostly along Main Avenue and Deadwood Street, and occupied one block. Facing the other two sides of the block, behind the courthouse and the schoolhouse, was the school playground. Across the street beyond the playground was a long shale bluff cut through by the railroad tracks, leaving a barren shale hill. The only buildings on that street were the post office, next to Fort Pierre National Bank, and a gas station across the street from the bank. Inside the post office was a corridor with mail boxes on one wall and wanted posters on the other wall. Each box had a tiny door with a glass window and a combination lock. A sign above the postmaster's big window read, "If you expect to rate as a gentleman, don't expectorate on the floor."

Fort Pierre had three main residential sections. The South Side was south of the Bad River bridge, where US 83 was "B" Street. On its east side were three big houses. Mary Porter's house was at the foot of Hughes Hill on one corner with Park Avenue. She gave me painting lessons when I was a boy. Carl Fischer's house was on the corner with Cedar Street. His sons, Karl and Billy, were Leo's and my age.

Rex and Delia Terry lived across “B” Street from the Fischers. Across Cedar Avenue from the Fischer’s was the Matheson house, which was next to Bad River bridge. It was surrounded by a concrete wall and must have been a showplace at one time. A catalpa tree (with big leaves like tobacco plants) in the yard had branches that extended over the wall. I liked to leap from the wall and swing from one of the branches, until one day I missed the branch and landed on the side of my head on the wooden sidewalk along the wall. I saw stars. There were only three east-west streets off of “B” Street on the South Side, Cedar Avenue, Park Avenue, and Wandel Avenue. Although we lived outside of town, we were part of the South Side.

From my perspective on Hughes Hill, the first street was Wandel Avenue, which ran west to meet Second Street and was halfway down Hughes Hill. At the south end of Second Street were a house on the west side where I spent my preschool years and the Sweeney house on the east side. The Sweeneys lived on the west corner of Wandel Avenue, the Quentin Sutleys lived on the east corner with “B” Street, and in the middle a long sidewalk crossed a big grassy lot owned by John F. Hughes (and later my father) and led to his big house on Hughes Hill just across the town line. On the north side of Wandel Avenue, the Schimmings lived across from the Sweeneys, the widow Barkley lived across from the grassy lot crossed by the sidewalk, then an elderly couple, the Keysers, and the Hucks lived across from Quentin Sutley. Milt Keyser kept work horses in a shed and pasture on the hillside east of “B” Street (US 83). His horses plowed the fields on the east and west sides of the John F. Hughes house when I lived there during my school years. The only ones about my age living on Wandel Avenue were Maureen and Leigh Schimming and David Goodwin. The Goodwins lived in part of the Sutley house. Dave “Goodie” Goodwin had rotten teeth.

Park Avenue ran east and west at the foot of Hughes Hill. Kids about Leo’s and my age who lived on the east side were Freddie Hodoval, Colleen and Tommy Hughes (unrelated to us), Larry and Jim Creager, Terry and Gary Premus, and Joan and “Butch” Halloran. Freddie Hodoval was about three years older than I and he had something of a theatrical personality. Any possibility of a career in show business evaporated when he sang *Frosty the Snowman* at the school’s Christmas pageant. The east side of Park Street ended at the main entrance to the Stanley County fairgrounds, where rodeos and horse races were held, including chariot races. Webb Lambert lived on the west side of Park Avenue. Rightly or not, we understood that he had been an Exalted Cyclops in the Ku Klux Klan when it organized to oppose Al Smith, the first Roman Catholic to run for President of the United States in 1928. Andy and Mabel Ricketts lived on the corner with Second Street. Their grandson Bob Ricketts lived with them, before moving into a new house. He was a year younger than I. We called him “Rapid Robert” because he ran in slow motion (he was short and fat). Park Avenue continued west across the railroad tracks, and joined a road that passed the Wheeler house, the Samuelson farm, and ended at Ivan and Meta Shiflet’s house. Joe Wheeler was my younger brother Tim’s age and his best friend. Kids made fun of Martina Samuelson, a big slow-witted girl who was about Leo’s and my age. Ivan managed or leased our ranch on Bad River at one time.

Cedar Avenue ran east from “B” Street. From the Fischer and Matheson houses on opposite corners were the Anton Fischer house on the right and the Fackleman and Bartles houses on the left. Anton Fischer was one of the original Fischer brothers who founded Fischer Brothers General Merchandise. Eddie Bartles was my classmate in grade school. Then the Bartles family moved to Pierre, and their house was bought by a Texan named George Frick who harvested grain from Texas to Canada with his combines. His son, Glen, was a year below me in school. Other families on or near Cedar Avenue that had kids about my age were the Thompsons, Cannons, Blazes, and Hudsons. “Tuffy” Blaze was a husky kid who palled around with Leo and me. Naturally, most of my boyhood playmates lived on the South

Side.

The other residential sections of Fort Pierre were the East Side, West Side and North Side. The East Side was the smallest. It extended one block from downtown Fort Pierre to the Missouri River. The Cunninghams lived there and their son, Paul, was Leo's age. The West Side was across the railroad tracks. The Congregational and Catholic Churches were just beyond the tracks. The Wharton, Hoffman, Reinhart, Rathbun, Turbell, Kenzie, and Voorhees families had kids about Leo's, my, and Tim's age. Fifty years later Glenda Turbell told a mutual acquaintance that she was afraid of me in school because I drew gruesome pictures of torture and mayhem. The original town school was on a hill on the West Side, as was the town swimming pool, which was in disrepair when I was a boy. The West Side was supplied with natural gas, which was collected in a big dirigible-shaped iron tank in the middle of that part of town. The tank spilled out warm artesian water from a high pipe, and kids liked to splash and play under it. A road from the West Side went up to the Verendrye Hill monument. At that site a lead plate was found by my father's boyhood playmates. Writing on the plate claimed the whole region for France in 1743. My great uncle Andy Feeney lived in the Duffy house at the foot of Verendrye Hill. The road continued beyond Verendrye Hill to join US 14, the highway that went west to Rapid City and the Black Hills of South Dakota. The North Side residential section included the Fort Pierre power plant and was mostly on the east side of US 83. The stockyards, grain elevators, and train station were on the west side. The Hart, Harris, Hackett, Laramie, Soesbe, Windedahl, and Giddings families lived on the North Side and had kids about our age. There were others, but these names come most quickly to mind. James "Windy" Windedahl was Leo's age and he also drew pictures, but not gruesome ones.

I formally retired from the University of Maine on 15 January 2010 and joined my wife Bev. (Beverly) in a house we bought from Nyla Tibbs atop the Missouri Breaks just above Verendrye Hill. It had a view of the Verendrye Monument and the Statehouse in Pierre directly across the Missouri River, and views for miles both up and down he Missouri. We added a Sun Room with big picture windows to capture this panoramic view and a bedroom with big picture windows to capture the view up Bad River Valley where the Hughes ranch had been located.

Fort Pierre had a population of 95l in the l950 census, when I was twelve years old, and even today (2014) only about 2000 people live there. Nonetheless, its location gave it a significant role in the struggle among the Indians, French, and British for control of North America east of the Spanish possessions known as New Spain. French claims to North America began with the Verrazano expedition in l524. It led to the foundation of New France, which by l645 included maritime Canada, Quebec, and all lands surrounding the Great Lakes. From New France, French explorers, missionaries, traders, and trappers spread into the Hudson Bay lowlands and down the Mississippi River. British claims in North America began with the London Company, which founded the Jamestown settlement in Virginia in l607, and with the Hudson's Bay Company, which was founded in l670. New France was a wedge between the largely English colonies on the Atlantic seaboard and the largely Scottish trappers and traders of the Hudson Bay Company. When La Salle sailed down the Mississippi in l682, he gave the name "Louisiana" to all lands drained by what the Indians called the "Father of Waters" and claimed them for the Sun King, Louis XIV of France.

Louisiana was the heartland of North America. It reached from the crest of the Appalachians in the east to the crest of the Rockies in the west, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. It confined the English colonies to the Atlantic seaboard east of the Appalachians, and set the stage for the struggle between the French and British for control of North America that is known in American history as the French and Indian wars. The British won New France and divided Louisiana with Spain, with the

Mississippi River being the boundary. After the American Revolution, the United States gained eastern Louisiana from Britain and, after the French Revolution, Napoleon regained western Louisiana from Spain. In l803 he sold it to the United States, saying, "This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States; and I have just given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride." Control of the Missouri River, "Old Muddy" as it came to be called, was the Key to American expansion westward into the Louisiana Territory. A key location in that enterprise was the site that became Fort Pierre.

Fort Pierre straddles Bad River where it enters the Missouri River through the Missouri Breaks. The Breaks are bluffs where the rolling grasslands of central South Dakota become dissected by creeks and gullies that enter the Missouri River Gorge. The narrow floodplain of the Gorge lies some 400 feet below the high plains. The wooded floodplain with its big cottonwood trees provided shelter against the harsh winter winds blowing over the prairie. The Missouri River Gorge teemed with beaver and other fur-bearing animals during the rivalry between French and Scottish trappers and traders in the seventeenth century, when France and Britain wrestled for control of North America. Bad River cuts through the Missouri Breaks and reaches westward into the South Dakota Badlands, which are the uplifted and eroded floor of an ancient sea. Erosion produced a vast surreal landscape of soaring ramparts, winding canyons, bleak spires, and deep gulches, all banded with the earthy red, pink, brown, yellow, and gray hues of sunbaked clay. Dinosaurs roamed this region and their bones are continually being uncovered by erosion in the Badlands. Beyond the Badlands lies the Black Hills, a gigantic plutonic batholith whose crystalline core is older than Life on Earth. It contains the highest peaks east of the Rocky Mountains. The Black Hills are the sacred Paha Sapa, "Hills of Shadows," holy ground for the Dakota (or Lakota) Indians, where the Great Spirit dwelled. The Dakota tribes were collectively called the Sioux by French fur traders in the eighteenth century. The Indians maintained a semi-permanent settlement at the mouth of Bad River, not only because the site was ideally situated for hunting and trading, but also because the Bad River Valley was the most direct migration route westward to the sacred Black Hills. The original Indians to settle here were Mandans, who built permanent settlements. They were pushed up the Missouri by the Arikaras. The Arikaras were being pushed up the Missouri into Mandan country by the Teton Sioux when French fur traders moved into the region.

The first Europeans known to have visited the large Indian village at the mouth of Bad River were the LaVerendrye brothers, who were exploring Louisiana for Louis XV of France. The LaVerendryes went west to the Black Hills and perhaps to the Rocky Mountains. On their return they stopped at the Indian village and buried a lead plaque on a high gumbo knoll in the middle of the encampment. They carved their names and the date, 30 March l743, on the plaque and claimed all the lands they explored for their king. George O'Reilly and Hattie Foster, teenage schoolmates of my father, discovered the plaque while taking a Sunday walk on l6 February l9l3. After Thomas Jefferson purchased Louisiana from Napoleon Bonaparte in l803, he sent Lewis and Clark up the Missouri River to explore the new territory. They camped at the Indian village on their way to the Pacific Ocean. The village became a permanent "White" settlement after Pierre LaFramboise opened a trading post in 1817. When Pierre Chouteau came up the Missouri on the steamboat, *Yellowstone*, in l832, it stopped at what then became known as Fort Pierre Chouteau. Aboard the *Yellowstone* was George Catlin, an artist from Philadelphia who became a legendary painter of Indian scenes. One of Catlin's most famous landscapes was painted from the Missouri Breaks above Bad River, looking out over the fort, a village of some 3000 Sioux, and down the Missouri River Gorge. It was usual for 600 Indian lodges to be encamped around the fort in those years, up to and after l855 when Fort Pierre was purchased by the United States government.

As a cavalry outpost, Fort Pierre became a center of operations in the Indian wars against the Sioux and Cheyenne. These tribes were led by four great Sioux chiefs, Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, and Spotted Tail (Sitting Bull was more properly a medicine man). They made the Indians of the Northern Plains into the greatest light cavalry on Earth. They out-rode, outgeneraled, and out-fought the US cavalry for three decades. By l876 over one-third of the United States Army was operating against the Sioux. The high-water point of the Sioux was reached on 25 June l876 on the banks of the Little Big Horn River in Montana, where 5000 Oglala Sioux and Northern Cheyenne were encamped. Chief Crazy Horse and his braves wiped out the entire Seventh Calvary led by General George Armstrong Custer. The *Yellowstone* brought the news down the Missouri to Fort Pierre, and from there it was telegraphed to the halls of Congress, where it caused a panic.

The United States Army never truly defeated the Sioux and Cheyenne in battle. What defeated them was the wanton slaughter of the buffalo in the l870s that made their nomadic way of life impossible, and forced them onto government reservations. The Indians used all of each buffalo they killed. The white buffalo hunters were initially interested mainly in buffalo robes, but by the end they harvested only the tongues. From its first trip up and down the Missouri in l83l, the *Yellowstone* returned to St. Louis "with a full cargo of buffalo robes, furs and peltries, besides l0,000 pounds of buffalo tongues." In l830 upwards of 60 million buffalo roamed the Great Plains from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. By l880 the buffalo were all but extinct. Sitting Bull surrendered in l88l and in l885 joined Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show. Sitting Bull was suspected of leading the "Ghost Dances" to bring back the buffalo on Standing Rock Indian Reservation in l890. He was shot by a Sioux scout working for the Army. Sitting Bull was a tall man. He wouldn't fit in the Army coffins. The Army officers ordered that his legs be chopped off and laid on his body in the coffin, so the great Sioux chief would not be buried in a coffin larger than the standard Army issue.

The Indian Wars had two stages that began after Dakota Territory was created by the US government in 1861. Dakota Territory extended originally from Minnesota to the continental divide, and encompassed most of the Sioux and Cheyenne nations. The first stage lasted through the American Civil War, and culminated in "Red Cloud's War." Red Cloud wanted the Bozeman Trail to the Montana gold fields closed, because it ran through the best Sioux hunting grounds. It ended in 1868 when the Sioux were given all of Dakota Territory west of the Missouri River, an area that became known as the Great Sioux Reservation. The second stage began after gold was discovered in the Black Hills and the Seventh Cavalry under Custer was ordered in 1874 to protect prospectors during the "gold rush" into the sacred Paha Sapa of the Sioux. It ended with a treaty that fragmented the Great Sioux Reservation into several smaller reservations in 1889, when North Dakota and South Dakota became the thirty-ninth and fortieth states.

The last engagement with the Sioux took place a year later, on 29 December 1890. When I was a boy, South Dakota history books called it "The Battle of Wounded Knee." Years later, when more objective historians prevailed, it became known as "The Wounded Knee Massacre." Troops from the US Seventh Cavalry, still smarting from Custer's defeat at the Little Big Horn, came riding into Chief Big Foot's starving Sioux village on Wounded Knee Creek at the southern end of the Badlands, on the pretext of ending the "Ghost Dances" that were to bring back the buffalo. They murdered every man, woman, and child that moved, firing cannons lined up on the bluffs along the creek. Of the 300 villagers, half were slaughtered. On the fifteenth anniversary of Custer's Last Stand, 25 June 1891, the US Congress awarded eighteen Congressional Medals of Honor to soldiers who conducted the Wounded Knee Massacre. The Congressional Medal of Honor is the nation's highest military decoration. The Wounded

Knee Massacre was the last military strike against Indians in American history.

When longhorn cattle were driven up the Chisholm Trail from Texas to Kansas after the Civil War, many new cattle trails soon branched northward and westward to supply military posts, mining camps, and towns. Texas ranchers had contracted to supply cavalry troops, reservation Indians, and Black Hills miners with beef, and Texas drovers entering Dakota Territory noticed the vast grasslands west of the Missouri River that had become largely ungrazed as the buffalo vanished. Seeing the opportunity, they brought Texas Longhorn breeding stock into the West River country and became the first ranchers, along with other cattlemen from the Great Plains states.

The cattlemen and cowboys of the American West were the last frontiersmen. They followed the Mountain Men, those explorers, traders, and trappers who opened the frontier. All of them were self-reliant, independent, courageous, and wary of civilization. Most of these people originated in Appalachia. Appalachian "hillbillies" are derided today, but more than any other group they molded the essential American character. To understand them, it is necessary to revisit Ireland in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Since Norman times, the English had tried to conquer Ireland. When Norman attempts to "civilize" the Celtic chieftains by sending armored knights and building castles only resulted in intermarriage and defection to the Gaelic clans, Queen Elizabeth decided to confiscate the lands, expel the Irish, and replace them with English settlers. She attempted this scheme in the northern province called Ulster, where Irish resistance was strongest. It failed because too few English wanted to migrate to such a remote and alien region.

To break that resistance, Elizabeth enacted Penal Laws throughout all Ireland. Made more draconian through following centuries, they made it a crime for Irish Catholics to receive an education, enter a profession, hold public office, vote in elections, engage in trade or commerce, live within five miles of any town, own a horse worth more than five pounds, purchase or lease land, hold a mortgage on land to secure a loan, carry weapons of any kind, acquire land from a Protestant, attend Catholic worship services, or educate their children in the Catholic faith. Catholics were forced by law to attend Protestant worship services and financially support Protestant churches. Priests were hunted with bloodhounds, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered if caught. As a practical consequence of this, the only secure way for an Irish Catholic to support his family was to join the British army and navy at the meager pay available to common soldiers and sailors. It was steady employment, given England's constant foreign wars and empire building, and Irishmen loved to fight anyway. They, along with Scots Highlanders, became the cannon fodder used to forge the British Empire, providing upwards of one-third of the fighting men. Fighting foreign wars also kept Irishmen trained to fight out of Ireland, where they would only foment rebellion. The Penal Laws provided a most tidy "solution" to the Irish Problem.

This situation was acerbated when King James VI of Scotland became King James I of England, thereby uniting the crowns and creating Great Britain. He thought that his fellow Scots could be successful "planters" because they were close neighbors to the Ulster Irish and were fellow Celts. The Ulster Irish had been called Scots in Roman times. They migrated into Caledonia, as northern Britain was called, and made it Scotland. Trade and migration between Ulster and Scotland had gone on for centuries. However, by the time of James VI, the Protestant Reformation had made Scotland Presbyterian, while Ireland remained Roman Catholic.

The opportunity to settle Ulster with Protestants presented itself when the Catholic chiefs of the great Ulster clans of O'Neill and O'Donnell fled Ireland at the end of the Elizabethan era. James was able to confiscate their lands in l6l0 and transfer the land to loyal settlers, mostly Lowland Scots. Scottish

Highlanders were already established in the eastern Ulster counties of Antrim and Down, so only counties farther west were planted. Native Irish were allowed to retain their land if they became Protestants. Otherwise they could only become tenants on plantation lands that had been theirs for generations. The remaining Irish took to the hills and conducted guerrilla warfare against the settlers. A general uprising in 1640 was put down with great cruelty by Oliver Cromwell. As Seumas MacManus describes Cromwell's Puritan army of 17,000 in his *The Story of the Irish Race* (Devin-Adair Co., New York, 1944): "They were extraordinary men, his Ironsides—Bible-reading psalm-singing soldiers of God—fearfully daring, fiercely fanatical, papist hating, looking on this land as being assigned to them the chosen people, by their God. And looking on the inhabitants as idol-worshipping Canaanites who were cursed of God, and to be extirpated by the sword…To keep the men's venom at the boiling point there were chosen to travel with the troops, and also to sail with the fleet, Puritan preachers of the Word distinguished for their almost demoniacal hatred of the Papistical Irish…noted for the violence of their invective against all things Irish and Catholic, preached a war of extermination in the most startling and fearful manner—in the pulpit invoking the curse of God upon those who should hold their hands from slaying 'while man, woman, or child of Belial remains alive'." Sir William Petty estimated that from 1641 to 1652 the Irish population was reduced from 1,466,000 to 616,000.

Frugal Puritan as he was, Cromwell offered confiscated land to his Ironsides in lieu of salaries. Those who took the offer also commonly took Irish brides made widows by the war and accompanying famine. These women secretly, and then openly, taught their children the Catholic faith and the Gaelic language, as their new husbands minus the Puritan preachers succumbed to the charms of the Emerald Isle. The fate of orphans was not so benign. Several tens of thousands of them, mostly teenage boys and girls, were sent as slaves to the British West Indies and the English tidewater colonies in America. Citing Reverend E. A. D'Alton, Joseph Williams, S. J., in his *Whence the "Black Irish" of Jamaica* (Dial Press, New York, 1932): "The old women and men, being of no use, were allowed to starve, but the younger people were hunted down as men hunt down game, and were forcibly put on board ship, and sold to the planters in Barbados. The men and boys were put to work in the sugar plantations; the girls and women—wives and widows of officers and soldiers, gently nurtured, perhaps and in manners refined—were to be the wives and mistresses of the West Indian planters, to take the place of negresses and maroons. Some on the long sea voyage sickened and died, and became the food of sharks, and to them fate was kind. Others were duly landed at Indian Bridge. Their beauty was their ruin, and attracted their master's lustful eyes, and in that land of the tropics and the trade winds they lived as in a prison, their faith banned, their race and nation despised, their virtue outraged, their tears derided; and as they looked out on the waving fields of sugarcane, they sadly thought of their own dear land, with its fields so fertile and so green, now separated from them for ever by thousands of miles of rolling sea."

This Irish slave population mixed with African slaves, and accounts in large part for the prevalence of Irish names among Black Americans today. It would not surprise me if Shaquille O'Neal, a center in the National Basketball Association, and Donovan McNabb, a quarterback in the National Football League, have Irish roots dating from interbreeding in the seventeenth century. The typical "Black" American is brown and his facial features reflect substantial racial mixing with "White" Americans. My guess is most of them have Irish ancestors.

The next large migration of Irish to America took place in the eighteenth century. After Cromwell, a Catholic Restoration of the monarchy was attempted in England. It was thwarted when Parliament brought William of Orange from The Netherlands to be the Protestant King of England. This led to the Battle of the Boyne north of Dublin in l690. Charles II was defeated by William in that battle, thereby ending the Stuart dynasty of Scottish kings on the English throne. From then on, Ulster Presbyterians,

who began calling themselves Orangemen, steadily lost favor with the crown and the English Parliament. Laws enacted in l663, l67l, l698, and l703 ruined Irish trade with the English colonies, destroyed the woolen and linen industries in Ulster, reduced Presbyterians to the level of religious persecution suffered by Catholics, and created an intractable hatred of the English. Crops failed in l7l7-l8, l725-29, l740-4l, l754-55, and l77l-75. Rents on tenant farmers, including the Ulster plantations, were doubled and tripled when the original leases expired. This led to a series of massive migrations from Ireland to the English colonies during the eighteenth century, mostly Ulster Presbyterians who settled in the Piedmont and Appalachian Mountains from Maine to Georgia. However, many of them had been Catholic Irish, as is evident from typical Irish Gaelic names in the telephone directories of Appalachia. The Penal Laws were lifted from these Catholics if they became Protestants, and their priests were hunted in Ireland. Without their priests, it was convenient for them to adopt Protestant ways in the New World. Circuit-riding Baptist and Methodist preachers on the frontier converted most of them, Presbyterian and Catholic alike, into Evangelical Christians.

Eighteenth-century Irish emigrations took place after the seventeenth-century English colonists had settled the tidewater parts of the Atlantic seaboard, mixing with Dutch settlements along the Hudson River, Swedes along the Delaware River, and French Huguenots in the major towns. The Irish had to compete for land with German Rhinelanders who had settled in the Mohawk Valley of New York, in southeastern Pennsylvania (where they were known as the Pennsylvania Dutch), along the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, and on the Georgia piedmont. In addition, Scots Highlanders had settled along the Cape Fear River and Pee Dee River valleys of the Carolinas. The Irish settled in all these areas, but generally occupied frontier lands further west, so that by the time of the Revolutionary War they occupied Appalachia from Maine to Georgia, had fought Indians during the French and Indian War, and were beginning to move down the Ohio River from Pennsylvania and pour through Cumberland Gap in Virginia to occupy Kentucky and Tennessee. During the Revolutionary War, under General John Sullivan, they conquered the trans-Appalachian lands occupied by the Iroquois Indians allied with the English. As a result, the Mississippi River became the western boundary of the United States. During the War of 1812, the English plotted to seize these lands by capturing New Orleans. That hope ended when Andrew Jackson, whose parents were both born in Ireland, defeated the British decisively in the Battle of New Orleans. As usual, Scots Highlanders were cannon fodder marching at the front of English soldiers. In one of the great ironies of history, two Irishmen, Sullivan and Jackson with their Irish soldiers, kept the British Empire confined to Canada in North America. It was the price paid for centuries of persecuting the Irish in Ireland.

After the Revolutionary War, these Irish, largely from Ulster, migrated from Appalachia northward toward the Great Lakes, southward toward the Gulf Coast, and westward toward the Missouri, the Ozarks, and Texas. With generations of internecine feuds in Ireland as their heritage, they made superb Indian fighters and frontiersmen. They were followed and joined by the British, German, and other nationalities in colonial America and from this mix a new nationality emerged, the American. But the basic personality and outlook were forged in Ireland, especially in Ulster. The Irish stamp made them George Washington's most reliable soldiers, constituting from a third to a half of the Continental Army, most enlisting for the duration, it gave the South many of its greatest generals in the Civil War, and it was the backbone of the United States cavalry that opened up the American West. They founded the Republic of Texas. Starting as Mountain Men, fur traders and trappers, they became ranchers, farmers, miners, loggers, and businessmen.

These conflicts were not so different from the guerrilla wars conducted in Ulster between Catholics and Presbyterians since l6l0, and that continue today. Many of the Mountain Men had this lineage. It was

present in the cattlemen who became the West River ranchers of South Dakota and in the miners who populated the Black Hills. Many of the legendary figures of Black Hills history were of this type; Buffalo Bill Cody, Wild Bill Hickok, Jack McCall, Calamity Jane, and Poker Alice, to name a few. The type remains in Northern Ireland to this very day, where Catholics and Presbyterians continue their four-century guerrilla war. On the American frontier, however, these religious animosities gradually died out as the Irish mixed with other ethnic groups, and frontier preachers turned most of this new American breed into Baptists and Methodists.

The final and largest wave of Irish immigration to America took place in the nineteenth century, when several million arrived, compared to several tens of thousands in the seventeenth century and several hundreds of thousands in the eighteenth century. My Irish ancestry stems from this migration. The first peak was from 1846 to 1850 during the Irish Potato Famine, when the choice was emigrate or starve. A second peak took place in the 1880s, when whole villages were recruited by American industrialists to dig the canals, build the transcontinental railroads, and to provide manpower in mines and factories. The famine Irish settled mostly in the northeast USA, where they encountered hostility arising from Puritan bigotry and from fear they would take low-paying jobs from working-class Americans. “No Catholics Need Apply” and “No Irish Need Apply” signs appeared in shop windows and on factory gates. Irish Catholics adapted by taking over the Democrat Party by sheer force of numbers. It had been the minority party in the Northeast, where Whigs were in the majority until the Civil War. In a typical Irish family of eight sons and daughters, sons would become a priest, politician, fireman or policeman, whereas daughters would become a nun, nurse, teacher, or maid in some upscale Yankee family. Firemen, policemen, nurses, and teachers held jobs attained through political connections, which were forged by the politicians, priests, and nuns, with maids providing “inside” information on how the Yankee Establishment schemed to retain power. Catholic hospitals and schools served to cement this base of political power. The result was a strong bond between the Catholic Church and the Democrat Party in America. Another result was a conviction that the most secure ladder to success was provided by government, not by private enterprise. Being the first Catholics to arrive in large numbers, speaking English, and knowing English Common Law, these Irish Catholics established pathways used by other ethnic Catholics to enter the mainstream of American life.

The three waves of Irish immigration in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, though each up to ten times larger than the preceding wave, contributed about the same proportion of people to the American population. In the 1980 census, Americans were asked to name what they considered was their primary ethnic identity, knowing most had multiple ancestries. The largest was German, with 30 percent, then Irish with 25 percent, then English with 23 percent, and so on. These three add up to 78 percent. Today, after a large Hispanic immigration, these percentages are less.

Settlement of Dakota Territory east of the Missouri River was quite different from the West River settlement. The first settlers were farmers, not ranchers. The farmers were mostly from the neighboring states of Iowa and Minnesota, and most of them were descended from New Englanders and New Yorkers who came into the Northwest Territory after the Revolutionary War to settle in what became the Great Lakes states. Settlers were concentrated in the southeast corner when Dakota Territory was created in l860 and Yankton became its capital after a treaty with the Yankton Sioux in l858. Settlement picked up after the Homestead Act of l862, when the Civil War ended in l865, during the good farming years from l868 to l873, and after the railroad reached Yankton in l873. Settlement changed fundamentally during this period. Settlers who originated from the American colonial stock became less numerous than settlers who were descended from more recent immigrants or who were immigrants themselves. These settlers had become the majority when South Dakota became a state in l889.

The earliest settlers were French fur traders and trappers who often married Indian women and became established on reservations, or became merchants and farmers after the fur trade ended. They may have entered South Dakota as early as l679 from Canada to Lake Traverse and Big Stone Lake, by way of the Red River of the North. They were hired by the American Fur Company in the eighteenth century, and became established along the Missouri River. As a distinct group, they are numerous in Union and Spink Counties in eastern South Dakota, but as individual families they are found everywhere in small numbers.

The earliest large group of foreign settlers were immigrant or first-generation Scandinavians, foremost the Norwegians. South Dakota is the most Norwegian state in America. Ethnic Swedes, Danes, and Finns are much fewer in numbers. Emigration from Scandinavia was driven by the shortened growing season at the height of the Little Ice Age in Europe. The pattern of Scandinavian settlement in the upper Midwest duplicated their distribution in Scandinavia itself.

Finns were most numerous in upper Michigan, Swedes were most numerous in Minnesota, and Norwegians were most numerous in the Dakotas. The first tier of Norwegian settlement in South Dakota was in the eastern counties next to Minnesota. From there they spread into all the other counties, including West River counties. Swedes followed the same pattern. In Minnesota, Swedes made Norwegians the butt of Scandinavian ethnic jokes but in South Dakota, where Norwegians were the majority, Swedes were the butt of the same jokes. Danes came into Dakota Territory after Denmark lost Schleswig-Holstein to Prussia in l864. They settled mainly in the southeastern counties. Many of them were Mormons. Gutzon Borglum, who carved the faces of Washington, Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Lincoln on Mount Rushmore, was a Dane. Finns settled in the northeast and in the northern Black Hills.

Germans were the next largest group to settle in eastern South Dakota. They included people who formed German settlements in the Mohawk Valley of New York and then moved westward with the frontier, people who settled the upper Midwest after the Revolutionary War, people who came directly from Germany, and people who had settled in Russia north of the Black Sea. Being farmers, they settled eastern South Dakota first, but they subsequently spread into the West River country. Those who came directly from Germany were mostly Low Germans on the North Sea coast. If people of German ancestry from all sources are lumped together, they are the largest component in the population of South Dakota. Germans have always mixed easily with other ethnic groups, however, so their cultural identity tended to become Americanized. Two exceptions in South Dakota are the Mennonites and Hutterites, whose distinctive colonies were still in the James River valley when I was a boy. They were Anabaptists who resisted military service, so they had to migrate from place to place when wars broke out in Europe. Mennonites lived on individual farmsteads, whereas Hutterites lived on communal farmsteads.

Like the Germans, the Dutch in South Dakota include settlers who can be traced back to colonial New York, specifically the Hudson Valley settlements, settlers who came from the upper Midwest states, and settlers directly from the Old Country. They are concentrated in the southeast counties. Unlike the Germans, they were not numerous and they resisted assimilation. They even established a wooden shoe factory.

Slavic settlers in South Dakota were mainly Czechs and Poles. The Czechs, coming from Bohemia, were called Bohemians. Like most immigrant groups, the Czechs settled in the southeast counties, where their polka music and dances became generally popular, and are now part of South Dakota culture. My aunt

Dorothy married one of them, Joe Veverka. They had nine children. Poles settled in Day County. The most famous Pole is Korczak Ziolkowski, who went to the Black Hills when I was a boy and spent the rest of his life carving Thunderhead Mountain into a gigantic granite "sculpture-in-the-round" of Chief Crazy Horse on horseback leading his Sioux warriors into battle. This project is being continued by his large family. Ziolkowski had worked with Borglum on Mount Rushmore, but the Crazy Horse Memorial dwarfs that and every other sculpture on the planet. I've been watching Crazy Horse slowly emerge from Thunderhead Mountain for most of my life. Nobody knows what Crazy Horse looked like, but they do now (Crazy Horse did not allow photographs, saying, "Would you imprison my shadow too?"). Thunderhead Mountain stands alone in that part of the Black Hills, so Crazy Horse can be seen from miles away in all directions. It is ironic that the closest town is Custer.

Irish Protestants entering Dakota Territory included large numbers from Texas, who drove cattle to railheads in Missouri and Kansas after the Civil War, and then supplied beef to cavalry outposts and Indian reservations further north. They took note of the tall grass in the northern Great Plains after the buffalo were hunted to the verge of extinction, in a concerted Federal campaign to starve the Sioux and Cheyenne into submission when these tribes could not be conquered in battle. These Texans often became ranchers, especially in West River country beyond the Missouri.

Irish Catholic immigrants during and after the 1846-1850 potato famine in Ireland had the same pattern of settlement as the Norwegians and Swedes, numbering less than Norwegians but more than Swedes in South Dakota when immigration dried up during the First World War (26,643 compared to 56,73l and 22,872, respectively, in the l9l5 State Census). The first Irish settled in the southeast Dakota Territory in l859, following the great emigration from Ireland during the potato famine. Another period of large Irish immigration was from l879 to l907, when the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad was extended westward across central South Dakota to the Black Hills. The Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Pacific Railroad had three routes across South Dakota, in the valleys of the Grand and Moreau Rivers to the north and the White River valley to the south. The Grand River route went all the way to Seattle. These railroads were constructed specifically to attract immigrants into South Dakota and farther west. The companies sent recruiters to Ireland and other countries to recruit laborers to build the railroads and then to settle their families on homestead land along the railroads.

Among Roman Catholics in the upper Midwest, Irish-German is a very common ethnic mix. Irish immigrants were poor, and most were brought into the region to build railroads. They then settled the cheap or free land granted as a right-of-way to the railroad companies. German immigrants had more money, so they settled directly on the land. This was the case in South Dakota. I am almost of this mix, being Irish on my father's side and Luxembourg on my mother's side. Although Luxembourg in not strictly a German country, it played a central role in German (and therefore in European) history. In the fourteenth century, the House of Luxembourg produced a line of Holy Roman Emperors who were also kings of Hungary. The Holy Roman Empire was created by Charlemagne when he united the Germanic tribes and brought Europe out of the Dark Ages. When Charlemagne died, the western part of his realm became France and the eastern part became the Holy Roman Empire. Under the Luxembourg emperors, the Holy Roman Empire included all of modern Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Slovenia, and the Czech Republic, along with eastern France, northern Italy, and western Poland. Hungary included modern Hungary, Slovakia, Romania, Croatia, and Bosnia. So the House of Luxembourg ruled all of central Europe, with lands extending to the Baltic, North, Mediterranean, Adriatic, and Black Seas. By marrying into the House of Luxembourg, the Habsburg family of Austria provided Holy Roman Emperors and Kings of Hungary until the time of Napoleon.

I consider myself primarily Celtic and secondarily Teutonic. The Celtic part comes from both Ireland and Luxembourg. The ancient Celts inhabited Ireland and Britain and much of continental Europe for centuries before Christ, Cisalpine Gaul in northern Italy, Transalpine Gaul in France and Germany, Galatia in southern Poland and northern Spain, the Czech republic (Bohemians were originally Boii, a Celtic tribe), much of the Balkans, and as far east as the Ukraine and Turkey (Saint Paul's Galatians were Celts). Luxembourg was at the heart of this Celtic homeland. The Teutonic part comes from Vikings, Normans, and the Anglo-Saxon component of Englishmen who settled in Ireland, and from the Germans in Luxembourg.

The Irish have largely abandoned Gaelic, their Celtic language, and adopted English. There is a reason beyond five centuries of British invasions and settlements in Ireland. The greatest gift of Ireland is its literature and music, both Gaelic and English. I think there is an ethnic bond in both, despite the fact that English has virtually no Celtic grammar and vocabulary. English grammar is primarily Anglo-Saxon and its vocabulary is largely Latin, especially in the educational, legal, religious, commercial, medical, and scientific professions dating from the Norman Conquest in 1066, with additions of Greek in medicine and Hebrew in religion. Anyone who makes the effort will find common Celtic themes and structures in both English and Irish literature and music. I expect these themes exist to some extent in all the countries formerly occupied by Celtic tribes in Europe and certainly in lands subsequently settled by Celtic people, notably America, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand where English is spoken. Celts were the dominant ethnic group in Europe, especially Britain and Ireland, for many centuries and they spoke an Aryan language common to all those countries which still speak Aryan languages, so that is where the common Celtic themes in literature and music will be found. In America, these themes are unmistakable in Appalachia and the Ozarks, which are heavily Irish.

After the close of the Indian Wars, the main obstacles to settlement in South Dakota were droughts and grasshopper infestations, the two often occurring simultaneously, especially in l865, l874, and 1931. When the grasshoppers came in July of l874, their swarms darkened the sun. People thought it was snowing, or that hailstones were hitting the roofs of their houses. Chickens and pigs ate grasshoppers until they couldn't stand. For over a year their flesh tasted like grasshoppers. One farmer, listening to the grasshoppers chewing up his cornfield, decided to give his starving chickens one last meal. He opened his chicken coops and the hungry chickens ran at once into the cornfield and disappeared. There was a great commotion and pretty soon the chickens came running out of the cornfield without any feathers. The grasshoppers were hungrier than they were. Grasshoppers crowded into the eyes, ears, and nostrils of horses and cattle, driving them mad. At one farm, a herd of crazed cattle ran off and was never found. Grasshoppers ate the clothes off the farmers' backs, devoured their crops, and then ate their fences, tools, and buildings. When there was nothing left to eat, the grasshoppers ate each other. Their bodies piled in great heaps around every window and door. Tornadoes would have been welcomed. Then they laid their eggs in the ground and flew off. The l874 infestation extended from North Dakota to Texas, and from the Rocky Mountains nearly to the Mississippi River. Even with that, there were boom years of ample rainfall,notably l868-l873, l879-l886, and l889-l9l0. By l9l0, a family was living on every quarter-section of land in South Dakota, even in the West River country. Since then, the land has become progressively depopulated as farm families moved into towns and because the natural West River rainfall and clay soil could not sustain agriculture over the long term, especially on small 160-acre homesteads.

The major distinction between eastern South Dakota and the West River country is not just the reduction in mean annual rainfall from 22 inches to l6 inches. The major distinction is that eastern South Dakota

was covered by the great Laurentide Ice Sheet that l4,000 years ago blanketed all of Canada east of the Rocky Mountains, spread southward across the Great Lakes, and ended at the Missouri River. The ice sheet transported rich topsoil from Canada and deposited it over the Great Lakes states, and the Dakotas east of the Missouri River. Meltwater along the margin of this ice sheet eroded the Missouri River Gorge. Beyond the Gorge lay the clay soil eroded from the Badlands and deposited over the West River prairie. It could sustain grazing, but not farming. As a boy, I knew that rainfall was about the same in central South Dakota on both sides of the Missouri, about l8 inches per year, and I wondered why farming was possible on the east side but problematic on the west side. I saw the great granite boulders that were scattered over the farmlands, but not the ranchlands, and I knew that they were transported from Canada by the ice sheet. Little did I know that I would spend my adult life studying the dynamics of this ancient ice sheet by studying the present-day dynamics of the remaining ice sheets that cover Antarctica and Greenland today.

In Ireland, the surname "Hughes" is fairly common and is usually a corruption of the Gaelic surname "O'Hea" according to Edward MacLysaght, author of *Irish Families, their Names, Arms, and Origins* (Hodges, Figgis, and Company, Limited, Dublin, 1957) and former Chief Herald of Ireland. Padraig Giolla Domnaigh, in *Some Ulster Surnames*, states the Hughes sept (a genealogical subdivision of clans in ancient Ireland) in County Monaghan claims the Red Hand. O'Hart, a noted genealogical historian, tells the story. The Milesian king sailing off the Ulster coast said, "Whoever touches yon land first can claim it." One cut off his hand and cast it ashore, the Red Hand of Ulster. It's also called the Red Hand of the O'Neills because that clan was dominant in Ulster. O'Neills provided the High Kings of Ireland, ruling from Tary, for 600 years, the oldest and longest dynasty in European history. My wife, Beverly, is descended from the O'Neills. I like to think I'm descended from that one-handed Irishman.

My Great Grandfather, John Hughes, was born in County Monaghan, one of the Ulster counties of Ireland. Before the potato famine struck in 1846, he was working in Scotland on the estate of a knight to earn passage money to America. So he was less destitute than the famine Irish when he emigrated from Ireland in 1848, the worst famine year. He worked on the Erie Canal and saved enough money to go west, where he became a farmer in Scott County, Iowa, in 1852. I don't know what route he took from Ulster to Scott County, but I assume he sailed from Belfast to New York City. Then he would have taken a boat up the Hudson River to the Erie Canal along the Mohawk River. A boat on Lake Erie from Buffalo to Toledo would take him to the continuation of the Erie Canal in Ohio and Indiana, where it was under construction in the 1840s. He could then have taken the National Road (the Cumberland Road) from Terre Haute to Saint Louis, and up the Mississippi by paddlewheel boat to Davenport and Scott County.

John Hughes had married a widow woman, Elisa Parks MacMurray, who was born in County Armagh, a neighboring Ulster county. He was a Catholic and she was a Presbyterian. I am living proof that these two types can get together at least once in a while, even if it takes a potato famine to pull it off. They had two sons, John Francis and Thomas B. (Bernard?). John Francis Hughes, the eldest son and my grandfather, was born in l856. Elisa had four sons and a daughter from her first husband, James MacMurray, Jim, David, Joe, and Jane. I dimly think John sent passage money to bring them from Ireland to Iowa, but I don't know. The oldest son, Jim MacMurray, came to the farmhouse one evening when John was away. He had to have an earnest talk with his mother. My grandfather was twelve at the time. As he told the story, Elisa said, "Let me see if Johnny is still awake." She looked into his bedroom. He pretended to be asleep, but then he listened through the door. Jim MacMurray berated his mother for marrying a Catholic, saying the Catholic Church was the Scarlet Whore of Babylon and the Pope was the Antichrist. Elisa had become more tolerant in America, but her son stiffened her Orange spine. From

then on she reverted to type. Although she was a small woman, when the family took the buggy into town and passed a certain building, Elisa sat up stiff as a ramrod and asserted in her Ulster brogue, "And there's the grand Masonic Temple!" Many years later, my grandfather returned to the Iowa homestead with his daughter, Irene. They looked for his mother's grave and finally found it in Davenport, in the Masonic Cemetery. The name on the headstone was Elisa MacMurray. Irony of ironies, my parents are buried in the Catholic part of a Masonic cemetery just north of Fort Pierre, on what had been "Scotty" Philip's buffalo pasture.

Elisa's only daughter, Jane MacMurray, had become a Catholic. Jane married Johnny Kehoe. They had three sons, Martin, Joe, Leo, and two girls (names unknown). Her brother, Joe MacMurray, married Elisa (family name unknown), and they had three children, George, Harry, and Elisa. So the name, Elisa MacMurray, was carried for three generations at least. "Elisa" also survived in the Hughes line. John's brother Thomas married Elisa McDonald, and they had seven children, Lorretta, Johnny, Ambrose, Marie, Irene, Raymond, and Clemence. Thomas B. Hughes stayed on the Iowa farm and lived to age 94. I have several of his letters to John.

John F. Hughes was thrown from a horse when he was sixteen. His knee struck a tree stump and the wound became infected. His father took him to St. Louis for a life-saving operation. The physician who saved his life and his leg, was impressed and encouraged him to become a doctor. Instead, at age seventeen he began to teach in schools near Davenport and near his father's farm. One day Buffalo Bill Cody arrived and said that he had attended the same school as a boy. His visit inspired John F. Hughes to enter Dakota Territory when he was nineteen. He returned with the intention to study law and go back. After he was admitted to the bar, he returned to Dakota Territory in l882 to establish a law practice in Pierre and take out a homestead in the Bad River Valley just south of Fort Pierre.

That homestead was the beginning of the big Hughes horse and cattle ranch. Like other ranchers, he bought land in Bad River Valley for winter pasture, and then let his animals roam over thousands of acres of open range during the summer. There was a spring roundup to brand the new calves and a fall roundup to take cattle to market. Many of the horses were sold at auction to the big West River ranchers, who needed eight to ten horses for each cowboy during the spring roundup when all branded cattle and their calves on the open range were claimed according to the owners of the registered brands, and during the fall roundup when cattle were sent to market. The Hughes brand was the lazy-J S. He moved his family to the Bad River ranch in l90l, and began a four-year term as State's Attorney for Stanley County, with Fort Pierre as the county seat. Until 1914, Stanley County included Haakon and Jackson Counties, and extended all the way west to the Badlands, and from Cheyenne River in the north to White River in the south. He became heavily involved in the campaigns to move the Territorial Capital from Yankton to Pierre, which was founded in l880 on the east bank of the Missouri River opposite Fort Pierre, and to name Pierre the state capital after statehood in l889. The first Legislature met in Pierre in l890, but the debate wasn't settled until l904, when Pierre became the state capital and the county seat of Hughes County. John F. Hughes was elected judge of the sixth judicial circuit of South Dakota in l9l0 and remained on that bench until he died in l946. He faced election every two years. Hiram Johnson opposed him several times and lost.

The name "Hughes" has been associated with central South Dakota since territorial days. All my life I have been asked if Hughes County was named after my grandfather. It was not. It was created in 1873, organized in 1880, and named after Alexander Hughes, who lived in Elk Point. I heard that he was related to my great grandfather, John Hughes, and he had urged John F. Hughes to come into Dakota Territory, but I no longer remember the source so I cannot confirm it. Two other Hughes boys, Tommy

and Terry, were about my age and attended school in Fort Pierre, but we are not related. Edwin Hughes lived in Fort Pierre at the foot of Hughes Hill. His daughter, Colleen, was a year older than I and his son, Tommy, was a few years younger. Ed's brother, Glen, was a rancher and his son, John Terrence (I'm Terence Joseph), was a year younger than I. We both went by "Terry" and we could have passed as brothers, although he was taller and thinner than I when we were in high school together. Now he is no longer thin.

John F. Hughes (as my father called him) was of stern character. He had a slender frame, fierce blue eyes and jet black hair, that had become white when I knew him in his eighties. His son, Kiran, told about the time when he was helping his father plow land for a garden near the ranch house. His oldest brother, Felan, had returned from college and rode up to announce that he wasn't returning to college in the fall because he was going to be a rancher. Then he rode off. John F. Hughes watched him for some time. Then he said, "If he's going to ranch he sure doesn't need a college education. Giddap!" Kiran said the horse nearly galloped as they plowed the next furrows. John F. Hughes turned over management of his Bad River ranch to Felan because his duties as a circuit court judge consumed much of his time, including riding circuit to county courthouses twice a year to preside at trials. His knee wound never healed properly and later in life, around 1932, that leg had to be amputated above the knee. In succession, children Francis, Kiran, Ret, Irene, and Josephine served as his court reporter. Johnny, Felan's son, tells the story of a trial John F. Hughes conducted at one of the circuit courthouses. The court chamber was at the top of a long flight of stairs, and John F. Hughes had a wooden leg. Here's the account in Johnny's own words.

Wooden Legs and Wooden Heads

This incident was one which I observed when I was asked to go to Gettysburg (I had heard it was Highmore, which was in the Sixth Judicial Circuit over which John F. Hughes presided) on the occasion of the sentencing of two young men who had murdered a school teacher while they were stealing her car. On a Friday evening, this young woman picked up two hitchhikers on her way home from school. One of them pulled her from the driver's seat and the other got her in the back seat of the car and clubbed her to death. They drove at high speed a short way, upset the car, and had to take to the cornfields. Before the sun went down, a group of local farmers captured the two and handed them over to the police at Gettysburg (Highmore?). This was before "Miranda and public defenders." They were guilty and pled guilty, and John F. was to impose the sentence.

As I recall the dialog on the stairway up to the court chamber, an old friend of John F.'s (whom I will call Bill) said, "Golly, Judge, I don't think of anything worse than a wooden leg," and John F. said, "I can't either, Bill, unless it's a wooden head."

There was considerable laughter and John F. said, "No! No! Bill, I did not mean you." This was the time when John F. was much quoted for another statement. When these two pled guilty, he put each of them on the stand and had them describe under oath the stealing and killing. They were from St. Paul or Minneapolis, and they were hitching to the West Coast where they were going to start a school for Pickpockets. They were hitchhiking and the woman stopped so they just decided to get rid of her and take her car.

After their story, John F. said, "I am going to send a transcript of your testimony along with you down to Sioux Falls, so that if ever you attempt a pardon, the board will be obliged to read of your intent and actions." And in conclusion, "If it were not for the unmitigated dunces in our state legislature, we would

have a better solution to your problem."

Within two years, I think, and maybe less, South Dakota adopted the Death Penalty. The newspapers all carried John F.'s remarks. I also heard, at the sentencing, John F. added, "Instead, I have to 'reward' you with free room and board for life, courtesy of the taxpayers of South Dakota." One of them hanged himself in prison. The other was released when he was an old man crippled by arthritis.

That was John F. Hughes. My father told of a fight with his brother Kie that ended abruptly when John F. Hughes appeared and began raining blows on them both with his cane. Even with a cane and a wooden leg, he ruled the roost.

He was a staunch Republican. FDR offered to appoint him as the Federal judge in Sioux Falls, but he refused. His father, John Hughes, had registered as a Democrat in Iowa and, after becoming established, had decided to run for local office. However, the Democratic Party in Iowa was run by the Ku Klux Klan and wouldn't allow a Catholic on the ticket. John Hughes registered as a Republican and the Hughes family remained solidly Republicans until John F. Kennedy ran for President as a Democrat in 1960. The prospect of electing the first Irish Catholic to the presidency caused a split in the family. Felan didn't budge. I didn't know where my father stood. Their two sisters, Irene and Mary, liked Kennedy. At that time I had just begun graduate school at Northwestern University, and Irene had invited me to St. Paul, where she lived, and to ride with her to Pierre to spend Christmas with my dad and their sister, Josie. Mary (whom we called May) was joining us. When May arrived, Irene stacked the glass-topped table on her back porch with cans of 3.2 percent-alcohol Grain Belt Beer. I don't drink so I just watched. May and Irene were elated that Kennedy had won the election and, as the full cans became increasingly emptied, I began to think they were talking about the Second Coming of Christ.

"I'm going to be an American."

On 29 June 1886, John Francis Hughes married Ellen Agnes Feeney in Saints Peter and Paul Catholic Church in Pierre. Dakota Territory didn't record marriages, but the Church did. Ellen was born in Holly Grove, Ireland, on 2 February 1867, the eldest daughter of Patrick Feeney of County Galway and Margaret Connally of County Donegal. Thirteen children were born to this union, eleven of whom reached maturity. Felan was the oldest son, followed by Francis, Kiran (Kie), Leo, and Joseph. Another son, John, died when he was about two. I have a picture, eyes opened, of him in his coffin. Leo James Hughes was my father. The daughters were Helen, Mary (May), Katherine (Kit), Loretta (Ret), Irene, and Josephine (Josie). Josie's twin sister, Agnes, died in infancy. Ellen's uncle, Michael Feeney, was the track foreman for the extension of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad into Pierre in 1879. Her father, Patrick, who was Michael's brother, ran the stables at an estate in County Roscommon, near Holly Grove in County Galway but in a more prosperous part of Connaught, the western province of Ireland. One of his duties was to attend the Dublin Horse Show every year and trade horses. On one occasion, shortly before he died in 1877, he saw a green velvet dress in a store window that he bought for his oldest child, Ellen, who was ten years old. After Pat Feeney died, his brother Mike prepared to bring Pat's family to Dakota Territory in l880.

Queen Victoria was visiting Ireland for the second time in her 56-year reign (the first time was during the 1846-1850 potato famine, when officials ran off all the starving beggars along her route and whitewashed the buildings, so she wouldn't see the poverty of her Irish subjects). The town of Galway was on Victoria's route this time, and Ellen put on her green velvet dress for the occasion. She and her

brothers, Andrew and Michael, and her younger sister, Mary, were standing on the roadside when the Queen's carriage went by. Ellen in her green velvet dress stood out from the others in their drab homespun attire, and Victoria ordered the driver to stop the carriage. She had Ellen brought over and complimented her on her pretty dress. Here is the exchange that then took place:

> "And who are these other three?"
> "They are my brothers and sister."
> "Where are your father and mother?"
> "My father is dead and my mother is a nurse and couldn't come."
> "Oh? And are you going to be a nurse too?"
> "No. I'm going to be an American."

That's the story as it has been passed on in the Hughes and Feeney families. I don't know if it's true, but if it isn't, it should be. That Irish colleen in her green velvet dress is my grandmother.

I don't know how Ellen, her mother, brothers, and sister got to Pierre. Presumably they sailed from Galway to New York, which was common for the Irish of Connaught going to America around 1880. Railroads at that time would take them from New York City to Buffalo along the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys, and from Buffalo south of Lake Erie to Chicago. From there, the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad would take them across southern Minnesota and into South Dakota to Mike Feeney's railroad Siding 6 at what is now the town of Harrold. From there they could follow the construction crew into Pierre in 1879.

John F. Hughes moved to his Bad River ranch in 1901 to raise his family. The ranch house was on the banks of Bad River, on the inside of a big meandering bend just south of Fort Pierre. The part of the ranch that was in the river bottom was about a section of land between a big rounded hill of sunbaked barren black shale called Black Top across the river to the east and a big grassy two-humped hill called Camel's Back at the far end of the bend in the river to the west. In the summer of 1905, a cloudburst in the Badlands sent a flash flood down Bad River. It reached the Hughes house at night. John F. Hughes had to swim for the boat that he tied to a cottonwood tree and used to cross the river when he went to his law office in Fort Pierre, where he was the State Attorney for Stanley County. He rowed back to the house to get the younger children, and rowed them to Camel's Back that was across the floodplain. By the time he got back to the house he had to take the remaining family members from the second-story windows. As he pulled away, the house popped up in the water and headed downstream. They watched it disintegrate in the swirling current. They spent the night in the old Hollenback house behind Camel's Back that had been abandoned when I was a boy.

John F. Hughes built a new and bigger house on a high hill on the Fort Pierre side of the river that became known as Hughes Hill. He brought Ellen's cousin, Owen Lohan, over from Ireland to level the hillside on the town side, using a scoop hitched to a team of horses. The house was built there, just outside of the town limit. It was considered a showplace. It had hardwood floors, big plate glass picture windows that had colored glass inlays and faced the town, large interior rooms separated by big hardwood pillars, and a wide hardwood-paneled staircase to the upstairs bedrooms. A Steinway grand piano that daughter Helen played was in one of the big downstairs rooms, and is now in the state governor's mansion. My father bought a smaller house at the bottom of the hill and just inside the town limit. I spent my early childhood there. We called it the Little House and the John F. Hughes house on

the hill the Big House.

I cherish a handwritten letter from my grandfather written to me on my first birthday on official stationery from his court chambers. Here it is.

COURT CHAMBERS
SIXTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT
HUGHES, HYDE, SULLY, STANLEY, HAAKON, AND ARMSTRONG COUNTIES
JOHN F. HUGHES, JUDGE
FORT PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA

February 15, 1939

Master Terry Hughes
Fort Pierre, S.D.

Dear Grandson:

You are now getting to be quite a man and should be starting in business, so we enclose you 100 cents to aid in any enterprise you may undertake. We wish you many, many other Birthdays.

Your affectionate

Grand-parents

I barely remember my grandmother, Ellen Agnes Feeney Hughes. She had kind eyes and a large frame. After Mike Feeney brought her, her brothers Mike and Andy, and her mother Margaret to Dakota Territory in 1880, they all took out homesteads. Ellen's was a quarter section of land in the Bad River Valley bordering Willow Creek. The great Sioux medicine man, Chief Sitting Bull, is said to have been born there. She never lived on it and no buildings were constructed. Andy's was farther up Bad River. He turned it into a working ranch with a log house, barns, and corrals he built himself. Mike acquired land on the high plains south of the Cheyenne River breaks, on a creek that became known as Feeney Draw. He also built a house and barns of logs. The house had red cedar logs one and two feet thick with white caulking between. A covered porch ran all along the front side. It was a showplace in that remote part of South Dakota.

When Ellen died on 5 October 1942, John F. Hughes moved back into his house in Pierre and we moved up to the Big House. I remember our visits to the Pierre house and the heated arguments between John F. Hughes and my father. When we left, Grandpa Hughes always gave my older brother Leo and me a dime each. Our last visit was just after John F. Hughes died on 8 January 1946, days short of 90 years old. I remember seeing his wooden leg in the corner of a room, and my mixed feelings of curiosity and awe.

His sons, Kiran (Kie) and Francis, were in separate units during World War I but they met in France somehow. That meeting was the basis of a charge that they planned to go AWOL, a charge that John F. Hughes managed to get dropped. They seemed to be benighted young men. They got a reputation as

carousers after the war. This included drinking and playing cars with one of the Tolton boys in the house occupied by the Quentin Sutley family when I was a boy. It was near the Big House on Hughes Hill, but inside the Fort Pierre town limit. The Tolton boy was later found dead on the railroad tracks near the Bad River railroad bridge a mile south of the Hughes house. He had been run over by a train. The story from the Hughes side is that Tolton passed out on the tracks when he wandered off after the card game broke up. The story from the Tolton side is that he was knifed by one of my uncles, Kie or Francis, in a fight that broke out while they were playing cards, and they dumped the body on the railroad tracks. In any case, Ellen gathered all her daughters to pray rosary after rosary during the subsequent investigation. I'm told that a large blood stain can still be seen on the floor in the room where they played cards, but when I was a boy the Goodwins and Sutleys lived in that house, and I was inside many times because they had kids about my age. David Goodwin in particular often played baseball with Leo and me at a ballpark we built on the most level part of Hughes Hill. None of them mentioned a bloodstain and I didn't even know about the Tolton tragedy. No trial took place. The tragedy didn't affect my grandfather's numerous re-elections as Circuit Court Judge. I was told he had opposition from a lawyer named James Calahan.

In the summer of 2012 I learned the real story from accounts kept in a large trunk in the basement of the Big House that I had taken to Maine and back to Fort Pierre after I retired from the University of Maine. In it were cancelled checks written by John F. Hughes, real estate and court documents, and many family letters. These included the Last Will and Testament of John Hughes, his Iowa farm going to his wife and two sons in equal shares, the deed to the homestead purchased by Margaret Connally Feeney north of Pierre, and the will of James "Scotty" Philip giving his herd of 800 buffalo to his heirs, with J. F. Hughes as executor. Several documents dealt with Tolton's death and the subsequent murder charges.

On 12 July 1922 Bob Tolton and five young men were singing, playing cards, and drinking late at night in the Hendrickson house, when that family was absent. It was the Prohibition Era, so drinking alcohol was a crime. Fort Pierre had always been a saloon town so drinking went on, even among young boys. The revelers were boisterous so Ellen Hughes sent her daughters Helen, Ret, and their friend, Mina Porter, into Fort Pierre to have Sheriff Samis investigate. He had James Calahan, States Attorney for Stanley County, secure a search warrant from L. K. Goldsmith (Justice Of The Peace?). Before they arrived Ellen Hughes had met Kie outside the Hendrickson house and returned with him to the Hughes house. When the sheriff and Calahan arrived with deputies Carlisle and Giddings, two revelers had passed out inside and Tolton jumped out through a window. Calahan apprehended Tolton in the nearby Hughes vegetable garden and, seeing who he was, left him there and went back inside. The commotion continued, so my grandmother and Kie followed Ret, Kit, and Mina in going to the Hendrickson house. Helen stayed on the east porch of the Hughes house and saw Tolton get up and head for the railroad tracks. She joined her mother, Kie, and sisters outside the Hendrickson house and told Calahan what she saw. Calahan told her he thought Tolton was too drunk to run away. As they were leaving, the eastbound passenger train roared through.

The next morning Calahan, the sheriff, and the coroner found Tolton's bloody body dismembered on the railroad bridge a mile south of the Hendrickson house. There was vomit next to the body with a trail of blood and gore going back toward where Bad River Road crossed the railroad tracks. The vomit smelled of alcohol. No inquest was held, as the death was deemed accidental. The revelers appeared in the local justice court, pleading "guilty" to intoxication but not to possession of booze. People in Fort Pierre had already massed in the County Courthouse to protest lax enforcement of the prohibition law, and calling for Calahan, the sheriff, and the mayor to resign from office. Calahan reacted by arresting the surviving revelers and, one by one, charging each with murder, including Kie, and getting the Justice Of The

Peace to impose bail bonds of $10,000 on each one, pending their Circuit Court trial in October. Calahan claimed he had evidence one of them struck Tolton on the head with a chair, killing him, then they put the body in a car and dumped it near the railroad crossing where he saw tire tracks. This after Calahan had already told his deputies, my grandmother, and aunt Helen that he had apprehended Tolton in the Hughes vegetable garden. My grandfather was Circuit Court Judge so he recused himself for the trial, after he had the bonds reduced to $2000, as ordered by the presiding Supreme Court Justice for Kie's bond. The Supreme Court appointed Judge Miser of the Seventh Judicial Circuit to preside at the trial.

During this time, brother Francis had been at the Disabled War Veterans School in Minneapolis. Two days before the scheduled October trial, Calahan had men from the Baldwin and Andrews Detective Agency in Saint Paul take Francis at gunpoint from his wife and child at their apartment to police headquarters in Minneapolis, where he was jailed for a week on the charge of murdering Tolton, before being transferred to the Stanley County jail. The transfer included getting Francis, an alcoholic, drunk and in an Agency car to the South Dakota border. There he would be arrested for stealing the car and told the theft and murder charges would be dropped if he testified against the defendants at the murder trial. Francis and two other defendants had not even been in Fort Pierre when the alleged "murder" occurred. Francis refused so he too was charged with murder.

At the 8 October 1922 trial, Calahan refused to present evidence a murder had taken place and moved for a postponement. The defendants and their lawyers insisted on being afforded a speedy trial where they could defend themselves with their own testimony and evidence. The Supreme Court ordered Judge Miser to hold the trial on 14 December 1922. Calahan didn't appear, so Miser postponed the trial until 16 January 1923. On that day Calahan had no such "evidence" to present, so the case was dismissed and the defendants were deprived of a trial by jury to clear their names. My grandfather petitioned the Supreme Court to have the case State v. Hughes, et al. tried in the Sixth Judicial Circuit Court. The Supreme Court set 13 March 1923 as the trial date, Judge N. D. Burch of the Eleventh Judicial Circuit presiding. I don't know what came of this.

Calahan continued making his charges in public and to the press. He insisted he was the one who wanted a speedy trial and the defendants were blocking it, with the aid of Judge Hughes in an attempt to save his two sons. Calahan was backed by wealthy and powerful men in Pierre and Fort Pierre who could and did manipulate public opinion to "convict" the defendants so an unbiased jury was unlikely. These conspirators formulated charges to impeach my grandfather in the State Legislature. "Witnesses" appearing at a House hearing testified they had no personal knowledge that justified impeachment, only what they heard from others whom they didn't identify. The House unanimously dismissed the charges.

Then the conspirators got a Senator to introduce a bill to remove two counties from my grandfather's jurisdiction as judge of the Sixth Judicial Circuit, one being Stanley County where he lived, which would force him to move. The bill passed in the Senate but the House defeated it by a vote of 100 to 2. In addition to Calahan, the conspirators were Burg Brown, L. K. Goldsmith, H. H. Giddings, Andy C. Ricketts, W. R. Dean, Robert Jennings, Frank R. Strain, Fred S. Rowe, and Ray Robar. Most (all?) were Freemasons. My grandfather was a Roman Catholic.

Early in 1924 the Supreme Court considered disbarring Calahan. The Attorney General of South Dakota argued that Calahan had acted in "good faith" and the Supreme Court cleared him. Kie petitioned the Supreme Court on 1 March 1924 to rehear the disbarment case. He cited three other cases in addition to the Tolton case. I don't know how his petition fared, but Calahan was still trying to get the Supreme Court to disbar my grandfather in 1925 after he refused to sentence a young man arrested for

drunkenness near the Fort Pierre stockyards.

Leo and I knew Kie best because he had a law office in Fort Pierre. Kie visited us on many occasions and hired us to tend the grounds around his law building. Francis died in 1936 and we never met him. We were washing the windows on the old Stockgrowers Bank Building in Fort Pierre one summer when a woman called up to us on our ladders. She said she was our cousin, Phyllis. Francis was her father and his wife, Ruby, was her mother. We didn't even know he had married and had a family. Many years later, on 28 January 2003, Felan's son Johnny wrote me from Alaska, "Phyllis was a fine-looking girl. Phyllis was born about 1919 and she was at the University of South Dakota when I was a senior." The Toltons had married into the Nemec family. The Nemecs ranched in the Bad River Valley near Midland in southeast Haakon County. By a curious coincidence, Winifred Nemec married Arthur Bergeson, and they raised their family in the old Hughes Big House after they bought it from the Kleinheksels, who bought it from Paw after he suffered a stroke in 1964. My wife Bev and I became close friends of Winnie and Art Bergeson, even though we lived in Maine. My brother Leo has visited them too. From Winnie, we got the false account of the card game with Kie and Francis that has been passed down in the Tolton family. The Bergesons sold the Big House to the Swansons, and moved to a smaller one-story house on the Missouri River north of Fort Pierre. Bev moved to Fort Pierre in 2004 to avoid allergies that afflicted her in Maine, and I joined her permanently in 2009 pending my 2010 retirement from the University of Maine. We remain close friends with the Bergesons and the Swansons. All of us consider the Big House as "our" house, as it housed all our families.

Ellen and her sister, Mary, liked to paint landscapes in oil or water colors. Ellen painted a picture for each of her children. My brother, Leo, has the painting she gave to our father, a winter scene of a log cabin in the woods. I have two of Mary's paintings, mountain and ocean landscapes. I must have inherited some of their talent, because I like to draw and paint too. I took a few lessons from Mary Porter, who lived in Fort Pierre in a big house at the bottom of Hughes Hill. She was an old woman so bent over from arthritis that she had to walk backward to see where she was going, because her head was between her knees and her face looked behind her. By the Steinway grand piano in the Big House was a large framed painting of two small children on a forest path. A coiled serpent was at their feet and a guardian angel hovered above them. The piano went to the governor's mansion in Pierre and Leo got the picture.

Mary Feeney, whom we called Aunt Mary, never married. She operated a hat shop in Fort Pierre, and lived in the Big House. About the time of John F. and Ellen's golden wedding anniversary in 1936, their daughter Kit Harper arrived with her young son. Early one morning, he came running into Aunt Mary's bedroom. "Good morning, Benny," she said, "and how are you feeling today?" "This is how I feel," he said and then he peed on her. After Aunt Mary died, some people who used her bedroom reported strange happenings, including apparitions. Both Irene and Felan's eldest daughter, Ruth, told about a playful but benign presence. Many people have lived in the Big House since then. Several of them, especially Art Bergeson and my older brother, think the house is haunted. Art said faucets and lights would turn on and off by themselves. I lived there for 18 years and I never noticed anything of that kind. My brother, Leo, did and he is convinced the ghost may be Josie's twin, Agnes, who died in the Big House. Aunt Mary died in Saint Mary's Hospital in Pierre.

Cousin Benny had another moment of fame in 1936, the year Leo was born. FDR was in Pierre during a trip to drought-stricken parts of South Dakota. The Harpers were in the McKay-Kelley Drug Store to visit Kit's sister, Josie Kelley. Everyone but Benny went outside to watch the Presidential motorcade go by. When they went back inside, they discovered that Benny had tipped over the big popcorn machine,

the glass dome full of popcorn was shattered, and popcorn was all over the floor. I was told that Benny had an IQ that was off the charts, but he was too unstable to make use of it. Leo and I visited the Harpers in Ocean City, Maryland, after Bev and I moved to Maine. Leo's youngest daughter, Erin, was representing Washington State in the annual spelling bee held in Washington, DC (she bombed out when she couldn't spell "discerp"). Kit was living with her children, Benny, Kay, and Johnny (who was an ordained priest, but not functioning as one). They owned a rundown motel called Shady Rest. I will refrain from mentioning that it reminded us all of the Bates Motel in the Hitchcock movie, *Psycho*. They lived in a big house not unlike the one that Norman Bates and his "mother" lived in. Benny was weird, weird. They all were. Years later, Bev and I visited them again on Benny's sixty-fifth birthday. We took them all to supper. Benny ordered breakfast (and got it). I have family albums that show John F. Hughes as an old man. There is a wild look in his eyes. Benny has that look. So do I. In 2012 we learned Benny had died in an insane asylum and the Harper estate was going to us and other cousins. I got about $5000.

Certain daughters of John F. and Ellen Hughes, living in the Big House overlooking Fort Pierre and being daughters of a Circuit Court Judge, could at times be counted among those shanty Irish who had "white lace curtain" pretensions. The oldest, Helen, hired a genealogist to trace back the Hughes family in Ireland. Once when the family was gathered around the big table for supper, John F. asked her for a report. She said the genealogist got back only two generations before he hit a dead end. John F. said, "He could have gone farther. He just didn't want to tell you." "Tell me what?" "He found the horse thief." Irene married a Virginia colonel who was also a medical doctor. Ret had a beautiful singing voice and went to Chicago to study opera, but married an engineer instead. Their son, James Harvey, became a playwright, author, and art critic in New York City. Kit married a Washington bureaucrat in the Department of Agriculture. They owned a motel in New Jersey. May married Hans Wagner, a dentist whose practice was in the East River town of Parker, where May taught music. Theirs was an Irish-German match, quite common among Catholics in South Dakota, but May's first love was George Olson. The Olsons operated the ferry boat between Pierre and Fort Pierre before the Missouri River bridge was built. They were a Swedish Lutheran family and back then Catholics and Lutherans rarely married. In the 1970s May and George attended the same reunion of Fort Pierre/Stanley County High School graduates, both were single, the spark was still there, they married, and lived happily ever after.

People in Fort Pierre who lived on the banks of Bad River were called "river rats" by the hoity-toity element in town. Some of the Hughes girls used that description during one of the family meals. John F. said, "You were a river rat before the 1905 flood took out our house on Bad River and those river rats put the food on this table. Your father is an elected judge kept in office by the votes of river rats." End of discussion. Josie, the youngest Hughes girl, never voiced hoity-toity views as long as I knew her. She married Frank Kelley, another shanty Irishman, but he was among the most gifted athletes South Dakota ever produced, holding two world-records in the indoor high hurdles. He became a pharmacist in Pierre and coached the baseball team to five state championships. Frank had a cabinet full of medals and awards, but close friends remember his practical jokes. My first cousin one step removed, Pat Feeney, related one. Frank, Charlie Hyde, and a local judge were playing cards. An "argument" ensued between Frank and Charlie. Frank left the room in a "rage" and came back with a pistol (it was the one that started races at track events and fired blanks). He "shot" Charlie, who fell back "dead" with a large red splotch on his chest (it was catsup). The judge was aghast and left the room in a panic, thinking he'd just witnessed cold-blooded murder.

All of the John F. Hughes children, including the girls, attended college. That was unusual back then. All the sons except Felan became lawyers. Felan wanted to go to Australia, but John F. Hughes prevailed on him to stay in South Dakota and manage the Hughes ranch. When Felan's son, Johnny, graduated from

law school and wanted to seek his fortune in Alaska, Felan remembered his own hopes of going to Australia and gave Johnny his blessing. By the time he retired, Johnny had the biggest law firm in Alaska. Felan was my Godfather. He married a redhead named Florence Chamberlain, from a family in Maine that, we were told, was related to Joshua Chamberlain, the Union hero at the decisive Civil War battle of Gettysburg. They started their own ranch near Lacy, a hamlet northwest of Fort Pierre at the head of Willow Creek (pronounced "Crik" in Stanley County), which empties into Bad River about three miles southwest of Fort Pierre, where John F. Hughes had owned another section or so of land. When my brother Leo and I visited them, Felan and I paired against Florence and Leo to play Canasta and Samba. Florence came to South Dakota from Wisconsin to teach school. She wrote a book about ranch life with Felan. It mentioned his physical appearance only twice. The first time was when she first saw him riding into town, and how "tall and handsome" he was in the saddle. The last time was on the ranch years later, when he had knocked over the cream can that Florence had just filled after running the day's milk through the cream separator. She wrote that she grabbed the mop and bopped Felan over his "bald head."

John F. Hughes moved into a smaller house in Pierre after Ellen died in 1944, and Paw moved us into the Big House on Hughes Hill, so that's where I lived when I started school that fall. Maw took a picture of me carrying a *Pinocchio* book to school on my first day. The top of Hughes Hill was between Bad River and the Big House. From the top we had a grand view of Bad River Valley and the Hughes ranch to the south and of Fort Pierre to the north. Leo and I flew kites from the hilltop that the wind carried across the south side of town to where Bad River divides Fort Pierre. We also built a "fort" on the hilltop. I used an old cylindrical gas heater with an off-center pipe at one end, mounted it on a swivel in our fort, and pretended it was a machine gun. On the east side of the hilltop, Hughes Hill was lower and much flatter, so we played baseball there in the summertime. In the wintertime, snowstorms from the north created big drifts on the southern brow of Hughes Hill facing Bad River. We dug out rooms connected by tunnels in the drifts. Paw had his barns and corrals on level ground on the west side of Hughes Hill facing the railroad tracks. Paw planted corn on the floodplain between Hughes Hill and the railroad tracks. He planted potatoes and other vegetables on the higher level ground on the east side. Paw owned a big empty lot inside the town line at the front of the Big House. Our sidewalk crossed the lot from the front porch to steps going down to Wandel Avenue, the first street in town.

Wandel Avenue is not to be confused with Waldron Street, which meets Verendrye Drive at the intersection with "North Sixth Street" (no street sign) to the house where my wife Beverly and I lived after we bought it from Nyla Tibbs, the widow of Thad Tibbs, brother of Casey Tibbs, Rodeo Cowboy Champion of the World when I was a teenager. Waldron Street is named after an ace Sioux fighter pilot who died in the Battle of the Coral Sea during World War II, as is the bridge over the Missouri River connecting Pierre and Fort Pierre.

Paw kept two horses on Felan's ranch. When Leo and I were old enough, Paw brought them to our ranch south of Fort Pierre and he gave the gelding to Leo and the mare to me. The gelding was "Starface" because he was brown with a white star on his forehead. The mare was "Blackbird" because she was jet black. She had an oversized, badly gnarled front hoof. I told the town boys that she was a killer horse and used that hoof to cut up other horses in fights. She gave birth to a beautiful palomino colt, so I had two horses. Eventually Paw sold them all. I expect my "killer horse" was bought by a dog-food manufacturer. Felan had hired Bernie Duffy to "break" Paw's two horses before they were brought to our barn and corrals on Hughes Hill. Bernie was a son of Ed Duffy, who owned the big house on the West Side of Fort Pierre at the foot of Verendrye Drive. Most of the Duffy children had left home by the time I was a boy and the Duffy house had become a home for housebound elderly people, one of whom

was my great uncle, Andy Feeney. Maw brought Leo and me to visit Uncle Andy several times each year when we were boys.

Many years later, in 2007, Bernie told me he had wanted to be a cowboy when he broke the horses for Felan. Instead he became a successful trial lawyer, and has served as superintendent of Stanley County High School. Bernie and his brother Ed were tall and big-boned, same as their sister Evangeline, who was Maw's housekeeper at one time, until she "waxed" the kitchen floor with furniture polish. Ed was active in bringing rodeos and horse racing to Fort Pierre. He died in 2013.

A wanderlust seems to grip the Hughes clan. When I attended a scientific symposium in Yakutat, Alaska, in June of 2002, I and two graduate students visited Felan's son Johnny in Anchorage. By then he was 85. We met in a downtown hotel lobby because his wife Margurie was ill in their house (she died a few years later). In the hotel lobby Johnny told us how he decided to go to Alaska. A year later I wrote to ask him to write down his account. In his own conversational style, here is what he sent. Johnny is quite a story teller. He's still alive as 2013 draws to a close. His health is failing but his mind is clear. Johnny's daughter Mary Kay looks after him.

North To Alaska

You have asked for a yarn about my first trip to Alaska and here it is. I graduated from Eastern State Teachers College at Madison in the spring of 1935, and taught at Mores County School for the term 1935-1936, being paid in twenty-year warrants that could not be cashed, as the banks and Fischer's (Fischer Brothers' General Merchandise in Fort Pierre) had all they could carry of six percent paper, 20 years behind payment.

The only option was to trade the warrants in at the University (of South Dakota) for tuition. I could enter law school as a junior, but my teaching credits were not sufficient to qualify for junior status there. I went one semester at Vermillion before I could enter law school mid-term with the class due to graduate in 1939, which left me one semester shy of graduating in 1939. It caused me to come back for one semester in the fall of 1939 and graduate in January of 1940, with no place to go in mid-winter.

In the 1930s many flatlanders had gone to California and it was a rare Dakota lad who had no friend or relatives in California. I found that friends were more reliable for bed and board than relatives. I shipped a foot locker to my aunt at 152 Riva Alto Canal, Long Beach, and headed for California with about $110 in my money belt. When I got to a friend in Santa Ana ten days later I was told by my aunt that the foot locker had to go, as she had no room in her garage for such a bulky item. My foot locker stayed with a friend for several months and arrived in Kodiak (Alaska) in spite of its poor California reception.

After a few days in California with friends, I moved up the coast on US 101. February of 1940 found me in Seattle living on 75 cents a day, board and room, with continuous drizzle, clouds, and no one to talk to. The streets, First and Second Avenue, were full of people, many less fortunate than me. I adopted a practice of cleaning myself up each morning and going to the Alaska Steamship office on First Avenue,

"What is the price of a steerage ticket to Juneau?" Next day, "What is the price of a steerage ticket to Seward?" Next day, "What is the price of a steerage ticket to Petersburg or Haines?" I was getting close to the minimum when one day the sun came out, a real beauty, and I felt fine walking up to the Alaska Steamship counter where the girl said without me asking, "The steerage ticket to Ketchikan is $35. The *Kanaw* (*Lacckinaw*) sails tomorrow at 9 AM and you better be on it." "Thank you ma'am." At last someone knew me and I was walking on air.

As I headed to the flophouse where I was staying, I came to an intersection with a stoplight. A young man driving a Chevy coup had his arm out the window. He looked up and smiled at me as he waited for the light. I was still on a high, having had a nice experience with the Alaska Steam counter girl. I stuck out my hand and said, "By God, mister, I want to shake your hand. My name is Hughes." "Mine is Breen," and he is still smiling. "You are the first man in this town who has given me a pleasant look and I thank you." He lost his turn at the light and was still smiling, so I kept on. "I am just as green as a pea but I want to go to Alaska. I can't find anyone who will talk to me. Where can I find such a person?"

Breen said, "I am going out to Fisherman's Dock below the Bullard Bridge. I'm not supposed to have riders but get in and I will take you out to see Jimmy Fox, the Port Captain, but don't say that I brought you. Just talk to him."

"OK, OK," and I was in the passenger's seat so fast I nearly left my pants on the curb. True to his word, he delivered some mail and papers to Captain Jimmy Fox with a short, "Cap, this young fellow would like to talk to you," and out he went.

Captain Fox said, "Yeah, young fellow, sit down," real gruff, and he went about his papers for some time. I thought he had forgotten me. Then, "Yeah, young fellow, what can I do for you?" "Skipper, I am a flatlander from Dakota and I want to go to Alaska, but no one wants to talk to me." "Who do you know in Alaska?" "I don't know anyone but I can get acquainted." "What kind of work do you do?" "What do you have to do?" "Do you belong to a union?" "No, but I would join if asked." "Have you ever been to sea?" "No, but some of my folks have." "Do you have living folks?" "Yes." "Could you get home?" "Yes, but I don't want to go home. I have been there."

"Look, young fellow, I see a dozen lads like you each week. You can't do anything. You don't know anyone. You are doomed to get ironed under. Go home before it's too late." There I was, the man had talked. I had flunked the course. I had to do something and I thought the skipper felt a bit sorry for me. All may not be lost.

"Skipper, I have answered your questions. Will you answer some for me?" "Sure, kid. Go ahead. Shoot." "Where were you from before the west coast?" "Orphine, Idaho." "What were you doing in Idaho?" "I had a stump ranch and ran some sheep." "When did you come to the coast?" "1926." "Where did you land?" "Portland." "What did you do in Portland?" "I worked at whatever I could find until I got a job on a tug boat and ended up here on Elliot Bay in Seattle." There were a few more questions but the answers indicated anything but the Glory Trail.

"Skipper, just one more question. What you have told me does not sound too great. Why didn't you go home in 1926?"

"By God, kid, you just might make it! It just comes to me that Johnny York who owns the *Gloria West* does tramp trading during the summer. I saw him out on the dock this morning. He sometimes takes 'workaways.' Why don't you go talk to him?" "Thanks, skipper. Just point me at him." "Out on the dock and turn a hard right."

Johnny York and the *Gloria West* were there, and the rest is History.

I should add that in his case "history" was founding and running the largest law firm in Alaska.

In the Patrick Feeney family, Ellen and Andy were tall and big-boned, like their mother, Margaret. Mike and Mary were smaller. Ellen, Andy, and Mike left for Dakota Territory and arrived at Siding Six of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad in May, l880, where Pat's brother, Mike Feeney, had the only house between Huron and Pierre. He sold his townsite land to a man named Cavanaugh for $3000, who platted it for a town named after Harrold McCullaugh, an officer for the railroad. That's how Siding Six became the town of Harrold. In 1883, Mike married Johanna Brett, who was born in County Cork in 1853, and they raised four sons on his ranch, James, Harry, John, and Willie. Mary Feeney was too young to make the long journey from Ireland, so she came over alone a few years later when she was ten, after Margaret, Ellen, and Andy had moved to Pierre in 1886. I cannot imagine what it was like for Aunt Mary to make that Atlantic crossing alone, and travel another 2000 miles overland alone, at age ten, to Dakota Territory. Margaret bought a farm three miles northeast of Pierre in 1887. Sometime around 1960, Felan showed Leo and me the location of Margaret's farm. The cornerstones of her house were still in place. She had been Margaret Connally, born in County Donegal. In 2012 Bev. and I got an e-mail message from a Connally lady descended from her.

Andy and Ellen acquired separate ranch holdings on Bad River. In l892 they all moved to the Feeney ranch on Bad River, fifteen miles southwest of Fort Pierre. Andy built a log house and barn from big cottonwood trees. These buildings were still in use when I was a boy. Kevin Costner visited the place when he was looking for locations to film parts of his movie, *Dances With Wolves*. Andy had a big frame and was over six feet tall. He became Sheriff of Stanley County. It was the original Stanley County, from the Missouri River to the Badlands east-west and from the Cheyenne River to the White River north-south. His first detective work was hunting down a murderer named Kunnecke. Here is his account, as he related it to my mother on 29 November l951, when he lived in the Ed Duffy house in Fort Pierre. The request for his account came from Bert Hall, for inclusion in Hall's book, *Roundup Years—Old Muddy to Black Hills* (1954, State Publishing Company, Pierre). Andy had arthritis in his fingers and couldn't write. In a postscript to the account, my mother wrote, "I tried to write this as he told it. I am sorry if it is difficult to read the scribble." Here is his account, as it appears on pages 306-309 of the 1956 Second Printing.

Andy Reports A Gruesome Case

Dear Mr. Hall:

I received your letter some time ago and this is the first time I've had someone here to write for me. Leo Hughes' wife is here doing it for me. I had the flu this wee fall and was hospitalized for over a week; although I feel better, I'm not over it yet.

In regard to that Kunnecke case: Back about 1903, in the fore part of March when I took office as sheriff, Kunnecke was the second person that I arrested. An old Indian was the first victim. I received a letter from Will Rohrbecker of Allison, Iowa, telling me he thought Kunnecke had made away with Andy Danler, his sheep herder. I answered, asking for details, so I could go out to investigate. In due time Rohrbecker's reply came. He stated that when he was at the Kunnecke sheep camp he had noticed blood on a sled near the yard. While stopping to examine the sled, a dog came up, sniffed at the blood stains, then ran rapidly toward the house. This made Rohrbecker suspicious that it could be the blood of

a human.

Danler had not shown up. I didn't know Kunnecke, but when I arrived at the ranch on horseback I asked the man there if he were K. He answered in the affirmative. I asked K if Andy had worked for him. His replies were evasive. He admitted that Andy Danler had worked for him but he'd quit now. I asked him where he had gone and he answered, "Towards Pierre." "Was he afoot, on horseback, or how did he leave?" His reply was, "He went on foot to Pierre and from there he planned to go to New York City."

I told him he'd never reached Pierre and hadn't stopped at any of the road ranches between the place and Pierre. As deep as the snow was, he couldn't have made it between there and Pierre without stopping. Of course, this was just bluff on my part although it was true as we learned later. I asked if there were any old wells or holes that he could have fallen into. He hemmed and hawed around saying, "Yes" and "No." I went around with the other sheep men living near by looking but found no such holes. As I was riding around in the breaks of Cottonwood Creek, I saw K over in the distance. I overtook him and told him the men hadn't seen Danler.

The next day I again left Hayes to K's place. I saw him again and headed him off and again questioned him but he said Danler probably had gone already to New York City. He admitted after questioning that D had some sheep and horses but he, K, had bought them too. I again talked to the herder. He hadn't been there very long and knew nothing of Danler, but I told him what was up. The herder wanted to quit immediately but I persuaded him to stay on as long as we were around for nothing would happen to him. He knew something was wrong however for during the storm K had turned up and was worried about sheep and appeared very nervous.

The next day we saw three wagon tracks instead of two going over the east Plum Creek trail. Then I dismounted and saw where one wagon track pulled a foot or two out of the road. I found K's tracks in the snow and followed them to a water hole nearby. Henry Schack was with me. There was fresh dirt that had been dug up. I sent two of the boys after a spade while we started digging with our hands. Before the boys returned we had removed the dirt from the shallow grave. K had placed him there and had pushed the dirt from the bank over him. The print of one foot showed in the dirt for he had brand new overshoes on. But there was no body. When I saw that, I called the rest of the men, six men and two boys, age sixteen. They returned and I pointed to the grave. We could see that Kunnecke had moved Danler and covered the shallow grave carelessly. Then we again followed K's wagon tracks and we overtook him some three miles from the grave.

He had moved Danler's body from the shallow grave by the side of the water hole, and was now returning from the place where he cached it the second time about l5 miles away. Then it was that we saw him returning. I rode my horse right up in front of his team to stop him. He was sitting on the footboard of the wagon box. I said to him, "Mr. Kunnecke, you're working late and early these days, aren't you?" He must have been out all night that time. He replied that he wanted to get a little wood while the road was frozen, but all he had was a couple of arm loads of dry ash in the wagon box, which belied his words. I said, "What did you do with that corpse?" He replied, "I didn't have a corpse." I said, "You get off that wagon, and I'll take care of you." With that I rolled off my horse and started forward to search him for firearms. He got off the wagon and I called my men to search him, but he was unarmed except for an old broken jackknife in his pocket and an axe in the wagon.

Then I took Louie Olson's saddle horse and commanded K to mount. He insisted that we all go down to his house for dinner. I refused. He said that he would eat at home anyway. "Listen here," I said, "if you

don't do as I say, I'll hog-tie you and throw you in your wagon box and take you to Fort Pierre." Hearing this, he said, "I'll do as you say," and he crawled on Louie's horse.

Schack, Kunnecke, and I stayed at Hayes that night. Earlier I had sent some men back on the trail K had left, to find the corpse. They had no trouble finding it. It was on the east fork of Plum Creek where it entered the Cheyenne River. It was in a washout about 50 feet deep. The body had been chopped in two to facilitate moving. Danler had weighed only about 150 pounds but his body had been frozen in the first grave and was difficult for one person to handle. The men brought the body to Hayes about midnight. I sat up all night watching the prisoner although I had him handcuffed to the bed. The next morning, after caring for the team that States Attorney M.G. Simon had brought out, we started for Fort Pierre, using K's team and wagon to haul the corpse. Simon wouldn't ride with K, so Louie Olson, Simon, and the corpse came in together. Henry Schack brought K in with him, while I rode alongside on horseback.

We were crowded for time, as the sun was setting and there was no way to cross the Missouri except on the ice. There was no jail in Fort Pierre in those days so we had to keep our prisoners in Pierre. When we reached the river, we saw about 20 feet of open water between the sand bar and the main ice. It looked safe, however, so I plunged off into it, knee deep. I told the others to follow. They hesitated saying it was too cold, but they came on anyway. We finally arrived in Pierre, but Schack, K, and I were all afoot because the ice wouldn't hold up much. In fact, it was almost gone out.

We left the horses and wagons on the Fort Pierre side. As we walked past Hilger's store, I told Schack and K to wait there. I'd be right out. I went in to get three pairs of socks. I didn't even wait to pay for them, but when I came out, Schack and K were nowhere to be seen. Hilger wanted to know who I had in tow, a horse thief? "No," I said, "a murderer." Hilger dropped my socks and I grabbed them and went on. K had told me he wanted to see a couple of good attorneys so I guessed he was in the office of Horner and Stewart. Sure enough, he was talking to Mr. Horner. I was surely glad to see him, for I thought he'd left the country. Schack was not with him. I didn't know for sure where he was but thought he was in the next room. I immediately got K, with some difficulty, out of Horner's office, telling Horner he'd have to see him in jail. It was almost dark so I hurried K to jail so I could return across the Missouri before dark, for the ice was very treacherous.

All the while K was in jail, he was devising ways of escape but he was unsuccessful, although he nearly escaped once. One day this prisoner ate a bar of soap and got pretty sick. Then he refused to eat for a week, although he drank water. I'd made many a trip over at the call of Logan, the jailer. Finally I asked K, "Are you sick?", because he wasn't eating. "I'm not sick. You know a man charged as I am doesn't get hungry." I told him that he wasn't going to die on our hands. We'd force him to eat. I'd brought Dr. Lavery over with me and sent the doctor down to K's cell and he came back laughing. Nothing was wrong. K tried to saw window bars, he had one sawed through, and another half way, but was caught in the act.

Kunnecke, through his lawyers, was able to postpone the trial for nearly two years. However, prior to the trial, he pleaded guilty. Then he was sentenced to life imprisonment in the State Penitentiary. He escaped from there after about fifteen years and, as far as I know, he's still running. This is the story as far as I remember. I hope that from this you can write your story. I am sorry I could not do this sooner, but too many things interfered—illness, stiff fingers, no secretary, etc.

Your friend,
Andy Feeney.

Another account was given by Leonard Ellis in the Rapid City *Daily Journal* on 25 September 1955. William Kunnecke was a small man. He and his wife came from Germany in the 1890s and settled in Idaho, where he became a sheep rancher. Soon thereafter, his herd became suspiciously large and some neighboring sheepherders turned up missing or dead. His hired hands also got death instead of wages. He moved to Stanley County in 1901, bought a ranch, and hired a sheepherder named Andrew Denler, who was soon missing. Kunnecke came to Fort Pierre and hired a 16-year-old Iowa farm boy named Rohrbecker and took him to the sheep ranch. Kunnecke told Rohrbecker Denler had left, but Denler's dog was at the ranch. Rohrbecker knew Denler took his dog everywhere. Inside the cook-and-bunk shack Denler used, Rohrbecker saw bloodstains and Denler's sheepskin coat. When he asked Kunnecke about the blood and why Denler would leave without his coat and dog, Kunnecke said the blood was from a sick ewe he had shot, he should take the coat, get to work, and stop asking questions. Kunnecke's voice carried a threat that scared Rohrbecker. He went out to begin rounding up sheep but he feared Kunnecke was following him. He hid in a washout until nightfall, and then began his long hike on foot over the snowy prairie back to Fort Pierre. Without telling anyone, he returned to Iowa, where his parents urged him to report his fears to the Sheriff of Stanley County. He did, and that's when Andy Feeney took over, deputizing Frank Hopkins, Henry Shack, Martin Galligar, John Kahill, Louie Olson, and a local rancher named Weeks in Hayes, a road station on the Fort Pierre-to-Deadwood Trail.

John F. Hughes acquired Ellen's ranch holdings when he married her in l886. Her quarter section was on the east bank of Willow Creek and his section was on the west bank, where Willow Creek enters Bad River. The combined holdings became the nucleus of the Hughes horse and cattle ranch that extended over 20,000 acres of open range. The summer range extended up Gray Blanket Creek and Porcupine Creek as far as the Lower Brule Indian Reservation to the south, and a similar distance up Willow Creek to the north. The animals wintered in the Bad River bottom, where the ranch buildings and corrals were located. Paw told me that, as boys, he, his brothers, and the Feeney boys hand-chopped all the sagebrush out of their mother's quarter section to improve it for winter grazing (it's still sagebrush-free in 2015). The Hughes-Feeney holdings where Willow Creek enters Bad River was special in another way. According to Ellen, it's where Sitting Bull was born.

Mike Feeney became a rancher on the Cheyenne River in northern Stanley County, now northeast Haakon County. His ranch became one of the largest and finest in the northwest. He was a two-term State Senator when he died in 1937. Uncle Mike had a humble beginning. One of his first jobs, after the Feeneys entered Dakota Territory and settled north of Pierre, was with the Hayes and Jackson Cattle Company. Jackson hired Mike to be a cowboy looking after a herd of cattle in the draws and on the flats just south of the Cheyenne River. Mike filled a wagon with supplies, including canned vegetables, and headed into this forlorn region. He dug a cave in the side of a draw called Deep Creek and hung a gunny sack over the entrance. This was his Home On The Range. Some time later, Jackson rode out to see how things were going. He found the wagon and cave, went inside the cave, and found the stash of canned corn, beans, etc. Mike was out with the herd and when he returned, Jackson said to him, "You Irish are all alike. You starve in Ireland and then come over here and live like kings!"

This story was told to me by Mike's oldest son, Pat, when he accompanied me, my wife, Bev, and son, Mac, to show us Uncle Mike's ranch house in Feeney Draw in August of 2001. Pat had just turned 85. I had seen the ranch house once years earlier, and tried to relocate it the year before when brother Leo and I attended the year 2000 reunion of graduates from Fort Pierre (later Stanley County) High School, but I was unsuccessful. That year Pat had taken us to Uncle Andy's ranch, where the house, barn, and corrals,

all made of big logs from cottonwood trees, were still standing. Uncle Mike's house was made of cedar logs and it was also still standing. We drove down Feeney Draw, winding through bushes heavy with wild plums and chokecherries, and there it was, a long, low house with a porch supported by posts along nearly its entire length. Huge cottonwood trees surrounded the house, and a large branch from one tree, perhaps struck by lightning, had fallen alongside the gravel road in front of the house. A creek bubbling with clear spring water passed under the road. Pat told us that someone once said to his father, "I know you were the second man to ranch out here because you have the second-best spring!"

As Mike prospered, he hired a man named David (last name) who had married, Esther (Essie) Skates. Mike told Pat, "She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen." I saw Aunt Essie often enough when I was growing up, after the Feeneys moved to Pierre. Pat lived just above the house where Josie (my father's sister) and Frank Kelley lived. Aunt Essie was indeed an unusually handsome (and kind) woman. Mike paid David $10,000 to divorce her so he could marry her. That is about $500,000 as I type this (in 2013), based on the price of gold. It was $32 an ounce then and is close to $1500 an ounce now. She bore David three sons, one of whom died as a baby, and then divorced him. She married Mike Feeney when she was in her 20s and he was in his 40s, despite objections from her anti-Catholic parents in Illinois. Mike raised the two David boys, William and Kenny. Essie bore Mike six sons, Pat, Mike, Andy, John, Lindy, and Jimmy. Lindy was named after Charles Lindbergh, who had flown across the Atlantic Ocean to Paris. They were mostly grown when I was a boy, but I saw them off and on. I also saw the youngest surviving David boy, whom Mike raised. When my father was working his way through law school, he taught in a one-room schoolhouse on Carlin Flat above Feeney Draw. Some of the Feeney boys attended, and he stayed at Mike Feeney's ranch. On our trip in 2001, Pat showed us the site of the schoolhouse. The concrete foundation slabs were still there. Pat was Uncle Mike's eldest son, and Mike taught him the ranching business from horseback, thereby instilling a desire to continue the Feeney ranching tradition.

Pat told me his mother, pregnant carrying Pat, was in a buggy coming to town when the horses got spooked and took off. The buggy turned over and she broke her ankle. Mike got her to the Missouri where a barge took them across to the hospital in Pierre. Pat was born as the doctor was setting her ankle. A few days later they returned to the Feeney ranch in a Model T Ford that hit a ditch in the road and Pat was thrown through a barbed wire fence alongside the road. His mother, Essie, panicked because it was dark and they couldn't see Pat. Mike said, "If you shut up, I think I hear him crying." And so he was, cut up a bit but unhurt.

Pat was about twelve when he lived in a shack beside a corral where he had four horses he rotated as he tended cattle on the range. One day two cowboys from the Diamond A Ranch rode up. Pat offered them beans and coffee for lunch, so they dismounted and went inside his shack. One asked, "Are there any rattlesnakes around here?" Pat said, "I live with them," and stomped the wooden floor with his foot. Immediately rattlesnakes under the boards began buzzing their tails. The two cowboys dashed out the door and galloped off. Pat told me he killed four or five rattlesnakes every day that summer, but none under the shack. "They had acted like tough hombres," Pat said, "until the rattlesnakes started buzzing."

Pat was a good athlete. He had gone to a Catholic school before he went to Pierre High School. Frank Kelley was the baseball coach, and he asked Pat to take a turn at bat. Pat hit the first pitch over the fence. Pat and Frank were close friends thereafter. Pat told me, "I was a good runner, and Frank and I had lots of races over the years. He always won, thought he must have been twenty years older." Frank married my aunt Josie. We visited them often in Pierre.

When I was a boy, Pat had one of the biggest ranches in the northern plains. At the turn of the millennium, he still raised Angus bulls in Stanley County, and leased them for breeding purposes all over the state. His herd in 2000 was 350 bulls, down from 1500, and Pat was in his eighth decade. At the Fort Pierre High School reunion that year, I gave Pat a map of Stanley County and asked him to locate all the land he owned or leased. When he finished, I had written the name "Feeney" over half the county. He still maintained his office in the Saint Charles Hotel, a stately brick edifice near the State House in Pierre. It has always been the meeting place where big shots wheeled and dealed when the legislature was in session.

The 25 August 2008 edition of the Capital Journal in Pierre carried a story by Jeff Bunn on Pat Feeney. Here it is.

Local Man a Pioneer in Livestock Industry

PIERRE—The blinds in Pat Feeney's top floor apartment are drawn to keep out the mid-day August sun. Still, lights are not needed. A window air-conditioning unit drones, and as he sits down to a small table he motions to an immense tableau dominating the wall of his living room. "That's everything you need to know about me," the 92 year-old says of the scene of two bulls butting heads on the prairie with a cowboy on horseback readying his whip behind them.

A bull man, more precisely *the* bull man, Feeney pioneered the leasing of bulls, owning some 75,000 throughout the 70 years he was in the bull business, making him the largest single owner of bulls, he said. "And they were all good registered bulls," he added.

His forays into new businesses read like a shotgun blast, and the impact his dexterity has had on the community becomes as clear as the view of the Capitol dome and Missouri River from his apartment. It is oil mining and uranium mining in Wyoming; horse track ownership in New Orleans; running a dog racing track; ranching on La Framboise Island before selling it to the federal government. In the mix are owning and managing restaurants and bars, including the original Longbranch. And he was a founder of the Fort Pierre Livestock Auction.

Dismissing the endeavors as "just something to do," the Haakon County native will say he always figured "the more you use it, the better off you are," as if speaking about a part of the brain linked to ingenuity or basic entrepreneurship. Johnny Smith, with the Fort Pierre Livestock Auction, said Feeney not only owned more rental bulls than anyone else but his bull rentals improved blood lines. "I think he had as much to do with improving the cattle industry here in South Dakota by buying good bulls and renting them, as anybody," he said.

Born to a land man in Haakon County, Feeney, the oldest of five (actually six) children, began running the family ranch at 19 after his father died. But he quickly realized that land owning was not to his liking. "He always had his money tied up, and I wasn't much interested in tying my money up," he said. He eventually built enough purchasing power to buy hundreds of bulls at livestock auctions, which was the reason he was successful in renting bulls. "It's a nuisance if you can't buy them all at once," he said. "I would buy them all, from the top-end bulls to the bottom-end bulls," he said. Leasing them would be the easy part.

Storing the massive animals when not being used would be the challenge. "Bulls aren't the easiest things to keep," said Smith. "They get so rambunctious. They'll tear up equipment, or when it gets near spring

and they get mating season calls, they get hard to handle. Ain't everybody can do it." As some cattle breeds became more popular, Feeney made sure he had the bulls to meet the needs of cattle producers. "He had the kind of bulls that would appeal to every kind of cattleman, Smith said.

His success and reputation for entrepreneurship caught the attention of promoters who would contact him about buying a bowling alley or mining. A drawback to the bull business was it took him away from his wife, Yvonne, now deceased, and his children. "She wasn't crazy about it," he said of his late wife. "I was gone a lot of the time."

Now living in an apartment building he once delivered bootleg liquor to during the days of prohibition, Feeney speaks of his desire to get back to the golf course. A recent foot problem has kept him away from the sport and the desire seems in line with the old blood and his belief that "the more you use it, the better off you are." Whatever it was that Feeney used and however long it was that he first used it, it apparently has not been lost.

Pat sold his last registered bull after he turned 90. About a year later, he went to Sioux Falls to open a constricted artery going to his left foot. After the operation, he spent most of July in St. Mary's Hospital in Pierre. I visited him every week and picked up some good stories that I've copied here. His brother Lindy and daughter Patty visited him early in August and got him back into his apartment in Saint Charles Hotel. Pat and I planned to drive to Harrold, a town on the route of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad built on a pre-emption site owned by Pat's great uncle, Mike Feeney, who supervised the Irish construction gang bringing the railroad into Pierre in 1880. Pat was diabetic and his left foot was amputated in the fall of 2008. I visited him every week when our son Mac and I spent Christmas with Bev for two weeks in Fort Pierre. Pat was in St. Mary's Hospital. He had been fitted with an artificial foot. He walked to the exercise room every day using a walker to keep his balance. Pat was in high spirits and looking forward to our trip to Harrold. Mac and I drove back to Maine in January. Six weeks later I got an e-mail from Bev telling me Pat Feeney had died on 13 February 2009 at 92. Two days later I turned 71.

My father stayed at the Feeney House when, as a young man, he taught Pat Feeney and his brothers in the Carlin County country school in northeast Haakon County. I have his Teacher's Contract, dated 30 August 1921. Paw also taught school at Mission Ridge above the Cheyenne River in northern Stanley County. Casey Tibbs grew up on a ranch near Mission Ridge, but he claimed Fort Pierre as his home town. Casey went on to become a world-champion rodeo cowboy; six times the saddlebronc champ, twice the all-around champ, and once the bareback champ from 1946 to 1958. He brought top-ranked rodeo cowboys to Fort Pierre to compete in the Casey Tibbs 4-H Rodeo each summer. Fort Pierre already had a Fourth of July Rodeo, celebrated every year since 1820, the oldest in the United States, I was told. The summer when I was fifteen, I worked in a dry-cleaning shop in Fort Pierre, at 35 cents an hour, and Casey Tibbs brought in his rodeo duds for me to clean. One year he was on the cover of *Life* magazine.

Casey Tibbs became a rodeo cowboy when he was still a teenager. Ranchers knew Casey had a special talent for breaking horses, even as a boy. Pat Feeney told me he hired Casey to break a half-thoroughbred stallion that had never been ridden and Pat had just purchased. Casey and Pat got the stallion saddled in the corral on Pat's ranch. "Casey was about fourteen," Pat said. "He mounted up and the horse bucked around the corral a few times. Then we rode out to the north pasture to round up calves

that had been born that spring, taking different directions to cover more ground. Casey came back with a newborn calf across his saddle. I asked, 'How did you get the stallion to accept that calf?' Casey said, 'I talked to him. We reached an understanding.' Casey knew horses."

My father, Leo James Hughes, was born in 1899. He married late, at age 36. My brothers and I called him "Paw." As a boy, he and Felan were on cattle trains that shipped Hughes cattle to Huron, Sioux Falls, and Sioux City. When he was 16 or 17, they took a trainload of Hughes cattle to Chicago and saw the World Fair that celebrated the United States Centennial. His brothers, Francis and Kiran, were already fighting in France when he graduated from Fort Pierre High School in 1918 and joined the army. He was embarking on a troop ship to France when World War I ended. He was honorably discharged from the army, and attended St. Thomas College in Minnesota and the University of South Dakota. Paw passed the bar examination in his junior year and was admitted to the bar with his brother Kie in 1921, without graduating from college. Back then, passing the bar examination was enough, but Paw repeatedly stressed the importance of an education to his three sons, saying to us, "It's the only thing that can't be taken away from you."

My Father's Odyssey

Paw opened a law office in the Stockgrower's Bank Building in Fort Pierre, but he was lured west after several months with no clients. He heard that the Longview Lumber Company in Maine was hiring lumberjacks to work out of a logging town that it built in Washington. In 1922 he began a seven-year odyssey through nineteen states and into Mexico and Canada. From Fort Pierre, he went to Montana, where he worked in a sawmill near Billings, to Oregon where he picked cherries near Mount Hood, sacked wheat for shipment to Bend, and helped take in the harvest on Billy Sunday's truck farm near Dallas. Billy Sunday was a famous radio evangelist. Paw remembered the sermon when Sunday said, "Will all women in the radio audience please cross your legs. Now the Gates of Hell are closed!"

My father's journey from Fort Pierre to the West Coast was on freight trains for the most part, riding the rails as a hobo, by his own admission. He told us that his most harrowing experience took place when he and two other men were in a boxcar on a train crossing the Rocky Mountains. One man flashed a ten-dollar bill. The other man snatched it away and threw the first man out the open boxcar door as the train was crossing a gorge. Paw had over one hundred dollars hidden in his shoe at the time. Paw never reported the incident.

After harvest time in Oregon, Paw took a train to California from Eugene, had two teeth pulled in Redding, worked in a steel factory in Oakland, went to Los Angeles several times, where he saw the Rose Bowl football game between Notre Dame and Stanford for the national championship and worked as a Hollywood stagehand and extra in movies starring Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Rudolph Valentino. Next, he worked for Southern California Edison Company for two or three years as a brakeman on a work train that hauled rock from an eight-mile-long tunnel dug to bring water from Boulder Dam to a power station in Big Creek. The water was also used for irrigation in the valley. Then he took a bus across northern Mexico (perhaps New Mexico, as there were no major roads across northern Mexico) to El Paso, Texas, where he became a roustabout for the 101 Ranch Circus. The circus train of 35 to 40 cars traveled to Indiana on tour, with stops at St. Louis and other cities. At each stop the circus conducted a parade in which Paw drove a wagon full of Indian squaws pulled by six horses. He left the circus in Indiana and took a passenger train to Detroit, where he worked in a Ford car factory. Then he took a boat across Lake Erie and crossed the Canadian border at Niagara Falls. He went on to New York City, saw the Statue of Liberty, and was planning to go to Maine when he got a

general-delivery letter from his father. Felan had married and was starting his own ranch near Lacy (a little town now "gone with the wind"), and John F. Hughes wanted Leo to return and run the Hughes ranch on Bad River. He immediately took a freight train to South Dakota, by way of Chicago and Saint Paul. The year was l929. The stock market crashed and the Great Depression began shortly after he returned.

After I accepted a position at the University of Maine in 1974, my wife Bev and I picked up Paw at Maryhouse, a Catholic nursing home in Pierre, and we brought him with us. We arrived in Maine in January of l975, with a blizzard chasing us all the way. It took him 46 years, but he finally made his trip to Maine. Paw died in Bangor on 25 April 1986, at the age of 87. Paw wrote the account of his travels when he lived with us in Maine. He lived to see our first son, Shane Felan Hughes. "Shane" is Gaelic for "John", the name of my grandfather, John F. Hughes. Felan Hughes was Paw's brother and my Godfather. "Felan" means "wolf" in Gaelic.

When Paw returned to Fort Pierre in 1929, he met Mary Susan Schiltz. After attending Saint Teresa College in Winona, Minnesota, and Northern State Teachers College in Aberdeen, South Dakota, she came to Fort Pierre in 1925 to teach school. She was the eldest child of Jacob and Clara Schiltz who lived in Alexandria and Emery, farming towns in eastern South Dakota. Their ten children, from oldest to youngest, were Mary, Carl, Bertha, Agnes, Lucille, Lawrence, Wilfred, James, Marguerite, and Dorothy. Except for Lawrence, the boys had blue eyes like their father and the girls had brown eyes like their mother. Carl and Wilfred were tow-headed blondes as boys, and Mary, Bert, and Lucille were brunettes. The rest had light brown hair.

On both sides, the family name was Schiltz with roots in the old Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, which was later divided, part becoming the modern state of Luxemberg and part becoming a province in Belgium in 1839. What is known of the Schiltz genealogy on the Clara Schiltz side began in 1967 when my Godmother, Lucille, sent a copy of a letter to her sister, Bertha, with the suggestion that Bert (as everyone called Bertha) ask their uncle Will, their mother's brother, for more information. The letter was from Bessie Emory to their mother's cousin, Mathias Schiltz. Bert also contacted her cousin, Father Keith Schiltz, who was in Sierra Madre. He became interested in the Schiltz genealogy and had a nun in Chicago draw a family tree that took both branches of the Schiltz family back to Luxembourg. From relatives in Luxembourg, Father Keith obtained letters written by Karl Schiltz, my great grandfather, during the Civil War, which he had translated from German into English. Another relative, Jerry Ruden, got interested after he met Bert when he was visiting his mother, Veronica, in Huntington Beach. Jerry has been busily fleshing out the family tree ever since, even visiting Luxembourg for that purpose. None of this would have happened if Bert hadn't moved to California in 1943 and pursued the project through her contacts with California relatives.

My maternal grandfather, Jacob Schiltz, his brothers Nick and Barney, and his sisters Susie (Schroeder), Angie (Kayser), and Annie (Hillard), were orphans of Christian and Suzanne Schiltz. Suzanne was a daughter of Jean Michel and Barbara (Pohl) Bouquet. They all emigrated from Luxembourg and settled in Minnesota. Jacob was born in Caledonia, Minnesota, in 1869.

As with the Hughes and Feeney families, I don't know how the Schiltz family got to Alexandria, South Dakota, where Jacob Schiltz raised his family. The most direct way would have been from Luxemburg to one of the Dutch seaports, and then to New York City on a ship. Railroads in operation in 1860 would

have taken them up the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys to Buffalo, on to Chicago, and across Wisconsin to Caledonia in the southeast corner of Minnesota, where Jake was born. A Mississippi river boat could have taken him to Dubuque, Iowa. He probably traveled by train when he moved to Alexandria in 1894. Tracks had been laid after 1860.

Jake's father died at age 49 when Jake was 6. Jake's mother then married their hired farmhand, John Ensch, who, the family soon discovered, was mean and cruel. When Jake was 11 and his mother was pregnant and dying, she gathered her children around her deathbed and asked them to forgive her for saddling them with such a stepfather. When she died, Ensch rejected her children, who were then raised by various relatives. Frank and Giddle Bouquet took Jake. Even though he had only a fourth-grade education in a school run by Catholic nuns, Jake spent six months at Capital City Commercial College, a business college in Dubuque, Iowa, before moving to Alexandria, South Dakota, in 1894. There he married Clara Schiltz in 1901 and worked for a dealer in farm implements until 1902, when he became County Treasurer. In 1906 he began a term in the South Dakota Senate. Then he worked in a bank in Emery for eight months and became a successful banker in Alexandria, eventually owning several farms, until he lost everything in the Great Depression. Jake sold the farms so he could cover withdrawals from his bank during the panic in 1929, and he never recovered. There was no Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation to protect depositors at that time. Jake Schiltz was a true Christian gentleman; kind, considerate, honest, and loved by all who knew him. I remember the twinkle in his eye.

My maternal grandmother, Clara Schiltz, was one of twelve children born to Karl Schiltz and Mary Anne Kraack. In an old family photograph, Karl is slender and has sad eyes whereas Mary Anne is plump and has a broad face. Karl Schiltz is remembered with the kind of awe in the Schiltz family that John F. Hughes inspired in the Hughes family. Karl had emigrated from Luxembourg before the Civil War, but he maintained contact with his Luxembourg family by letters. Here is the opening part of a letter he wrote on 10 June 1861 from Rockdale, Iowa, to his parents in Luxembourg. The war had just begun. He saw it through to the bitter end. The letter was in German, but the English translation is elegant.

My Great Grandfather Reports on the Civil War

Dear Parents:

"Give us, O Lord, peace in our time." (written in Latin)

"Look, O God of peace, look down and speedily decree the end of brotherly strife. Close the open grave of war and bring to an end this mad conflict. This great America has gone through its peaceful times, and now prepares for a war that will not end quickly.

You perhaps have heard how it goes here. It is total war, and brothers are slaying one another. You perhaps know this country claims to be a free country, but not for all because there are slaves here in the South. The North won't have it this way and it wants them free, but the South will not give in. They have two parties to elect a president, the Republicans in the North and the Democrats in the South. The United States has 300,000 infantry and the others have about l95,000 men. Both sides have lost many men and there won't be any peace until all is destroyed. In the South there is a law that says anyone declaring he wishes to go to the United States will be hanged. In the North every effort is used in the battle against the South, and in the South are the slaves who have run away from their masters, but it will be rough in America when they are free. A white man can no longer make a living because they work for half price in the South. No white man works there because it is too hot, and about all that

grows there is cotton. They have always depended on the North for foodstuffs but all that is over now. They must either die of hunger or surrender."

Karl entered the Civil War in 1862 as a volunteer in Company A of the Iowa National Guard, which was one of nine Companies in the Twenty-First Regiment of the U.S. Fifth Army. Company A was trained and outfitted in Iowa, and then sent to various training camps in Missouri, where dysentery took its toll on the troops. The first hard battle was in Woods Fork, Missouri, on 17 January 1863, a two-day mismatch that pitted 250 against 4000 Confederates. After recuperating at Iron Mountain, they boarded a boat at St. Genevieve that took them down the Mississippi to join the siege of Vicksburg. Company A had only 200 survivors after Vicksburg, most perishing from disease. Karl was wounded in action. Karl's Company, now part of General Sherman's command, was sent to Louisiana and Texas under Major Crooke, where Karl engaged in guard, patrol, and garrison duty. He was issued a new Springfield rifle, reassigned to the U.S. Nineteenth Army, and sent back to Louisiana on 26 July 1863, where he recovered from sickness in Morganza Bend. Then he was sent on a riverboat to occupy a "Rebel Fort" at St. Charles, Arkansas, on 21 October 1864. By year's end, he was in Memphis, Tennessee, where he was assigned to the cavalry under General Grierson. On 5 February 1865, he was sent to Alabama where he joined the U.S. Sixteenth Army in the Battle of Mobile. He was mustered out of the Army in Baton Rouge on 23 June 1865. Karl arrived in Clinton, Iowa, on 25 July 1865 and wrote, "ALL IS OVER!!! THANK GOD!!!!"

Karl Schiltz never slept in a bed during that whole time. Hunger was often his companion. In a letter to family, he described how he stole ("liberated" he wrote) a small pig and hid it in his jacket until it could be roasted and shared with his fellow soldiers. A letter written to "Parents, Sisters and Brothers, and Friends" in Luxembourg from Kimerville, Louisiana, on 2 February 1865 reveals the horror of war. Referring to his sick leave, he wrote, "I can give you some good news, thank God, for I have not had one sick hour since I came away from my brothers, and added to that I can inform you that we have not been lying idle but since that time we have covered over 1500 miles and have suffered many rough days, but these have gone by just as swiftly as if they had been pleasant. We have done very well against the enemy cavalry—cut it down and slew it day and night and in cold winter weather." Referring to the stifling summer heat in Arkansas and Tennessee, he wrote, "And night time is no fun because the mosquitoes are so terrible you could not get along without a net over your face—otherwise in the morning you wouldn't be able to open your eyes." In those last months of the war, he observed, "I hope God will close the grave of war before more horrors happen. The North has stretched out to the South the hand of peace and I hope God will close the ring of peace…and when peace is made and the arsenals closed, the survivors can march back in triumph to those loved ones so long desired and with the war decoration of the palm of victory on their arms." He described his grounds for optimism: "Yesterday I was in the City of New Orleans where so many southern prisoners have been brought, and they really saddened me. They were very young boys and very old men, they could hardly walk, and seemed half-starved, ragged as beggars. They showed us no mercy when they take us prisoner, and by that fact must they suffer more."

Karl closed his letter by expressing his desire to return to Luxembourg: "I will come out of the war, cross the ocean and direct my steps to that peaceful place, Oberdonven. And then indeed will I enjoy those happy hours so long desired by me." Things had not gone well in Luxembourg during the war years. He wrote, "I have received the sad news from you that my Uncle and Aunt Demuth have lost their dear children. They were so good to me. And now they have gone from us to their heavenly home and leave us with sorrow and disquiet for this world. There they live in peace, no cares and joys without number."

In another letter to his family in Luxembourg, sent from Rockdale on 2 October 1866, Karl Schiltz mourned all of his boyhood friends who had died from "war, pestilence, and hunger that have befallen Germany." Then he wrote, "There were so many deaths, but don't let that discourage you. Good times will come again. Even though our friends are no longer here with us after God has called them home, we can hope to see them in the next world." He added, "The money I sent through the States Bank in Dubuque is for you and for your trouble. Whatever is left, Mother can have if the others are willing. She can use it as long as she lives. I can make my living without any of it. I am only happy that she gets something. I just hope that everything goes well. Don't forget God. He will provide. Things will be better than you expect." Karl closes his letter by writing, "I want to tell you that soon I plan to marry, that I have waited long enough. I think I have a good girl. Her parents are from Rilen, Luxembourg. I don't think you would have anything against her."

Karl Schiltz married Mary Anne Kraack shortly thereafter in 1866. From Key West, Iowa, he entered what he called "the wilderness" of Dakota Territory in 1879. He put up a small shanty and planted five acres in Hanson County, which was named after a major in the Civil War. That was all a Civil War veteran had to do in order to stake a claim. Eastern Dakota Territory had become safe for settlers when Fort DeRoche, later Fort Dakota and later still Fort James, was built on the James River in 1864, after Indians had destroyed Sioux Falls in the aftermath of an uprising in Minnesota in 1862. The fort was abandoned in 1867 when the Indian scare abated. A road that was begun at Yankton in 1872 became a highway for the Black Hills gold rush and reached Fort Pierre in 1876. Alexandria had a post office in 1877, two years before Karl Schiltz arrived. He returned with his wife and seven children in February of 1880, when Mary Anne was pregnant with Paul Schiltz, the grandfather of Jerry Ruden. Paul was the first white male born in Hanson County. Four more Schiltz children were born in Hanson County. Karl's children addressed him as "Father" out of love and respect. As of 1970, he and Mary Anne had 770 descendants. Their children, Paul, John, Peter, Rose, and William Schiltz, Clara (Schiltz), Maggie (Arend), Anna (Jarding), Mary (Jarding), Lena (Steichen), Virgie (Fitzgerald), and Cecelia (McIntyre), mostly married into German and Irish families that were Roman Catholics, but the Luxembourg identity remains in the Schiltz family. When Karl and Mary Anne celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 19l6, over 500 people came—relatives, friends, early settlers, and Civil War veterans.

Jacob and Clara raised their ten children on five acres in Hanson County, with an alfalfa patch, a pasture for a horse and cow, a chicken coop, a windmill, a cistern and well, a large vegetable garden, apple and plum trees, currant bushes, and a surrey with a fringe on top. Jacob became a successful banker in Alexandria, the county seat. I have a recollection, perhaps from my mother (Mary, the eldest), that his bank acquired titles to several farms over time and Jacob had planned to give them to the children who wanted to be farmers. At that time private banks could issue paper currency. When the run on banks took place after the stock market crash in 1929, he sold all the farms so he could pay 100 cents on the dollar to every depositor in his bank. Most banks returned only ten cents to the dollar. As I write this, none of my mother's four living sisters has this recollection, but I did not make it up. Jacob's integrity ruined him financially. Several of his children had some higher education; three years for Mary, two years for Carl at Columbus College in Sioux Falls, one year for Bert at DWU in Mitchell, and seminary for Wilfred. Mary, along with her parents and sisters Agnes and Lucille, put Wilfred through the seminary. He was a priest for life, over 50 years. For many years his parish was in Emery, not far from Alexandria. Wilfred stayed close to his roots.

When she was teaching school in Fort Pierre, Mary was a boarder in the home of Webb Lambert, who was thought to be in the Ku Klux Klan. When the Democratic Party nominated Al Smith, an Irish Catholic, for President in 1928, the Klan burned a cross on Black Top, a high shale hill on the Hughes ranch that had a commanding view of Fort Pierre, Pierre, the Bad River Valley, and the Missouri River Gorge. One day, Webb Lambert's wife said to Mary, "I've known you long enough so I trust you to give me an honest answer to a question that has bothered me for a long time. Is it true that the Catholics are digging a tunnel under the Atlantic Ocean so they can bring the Pope over here to rule?" Mary denied it, of course, but I always thought a better response would have been to say nothing and, looking Mrs. Lambert straight in the eye the whole time, take out a black book, write her name in it, strike a line through the name, put the black book back in her pocket, and walk away. Paw bought Black Top, so as a lawyer and judge he could deal with the Klan if it tried its cross-burning stunt again.

Leo courted Mary for six years but, by the time he turned 36 and she was 32, she decided he would never marry. She went to Mitchell, where her parents lived at the time, but Leo pursued her and proposed. They were married in Holy Family Catholic Church in Mitchell on 3 July 1935. They only had sons. Leo James, Jr., was born in 1936, Terence Joseph (yours truly) was born in 1938, and John Timothy was born in 1946, the year when John F. Hughes died. When Leo was a baby, his parents were trying to get him to say "Daddy" but the little cuss refused. Finally his mother said, "Say Papa," and Leo said, "Paw…Paw." Our parents were "Maw" and "Paw" from then on.

Maw took my picture on my third birthday. It captures a rapscallion with fanatic eyes (John F. Hughes' fierce blue eyes), a mischievous grin, disheveled clothes, clenching fists, sturdy body, legs planted in cowboy boots, and charm that let me get away with it. The essential T. Hughes was in place at age three.

Leo and I spent our pre-school years in the Little House. It was on the floodplain of Bad River. I remember times when the floodwater came right to the edge of our house. Paw would take us to the top of Hughes Hill, where the Big House was located, and show us the flooded Bad River Valley. It looked like a giant lake extending to the horizon and a mile or more wide from bluffs to bluffs on the valley sides. The course of Bad River could still be seen as a parallel line of trees that snaked back and forth from one side of the valley to the other side. One summer, Paw caught some grasshoppers and, hitching strings to them, handed the "reins" to me to "drive" the grasshoppers. Maw took pictures of these scenes with her Kodak box camera, so we have these memories. Each December, Paw would take us out to the cedar hills on the Fort Pierre side of the Hughes ranch, where he pruned cedar (juniper, actually) branches that he took back and tied together to make a Christmas tree. Then he put one green light bulb in the middle of it, and we decorated it with Maw. The cedar berries were natural decorations and the pleasant cedar (juniper) smell lasted for weeks. Even now, the Little House seems like home to me, although I mostly grew up in the Big House. The Big House is John F. Hughes' house. Bill Fischer bought and torched the Little House early in the twenty-first century.

John F. Hughes had divested himself of the Bad River ranch during the Great Depression, because he couldn't afford the taxes on it. Paw bought the original 480-acre homestead between Black Top and Camel's Back at a tax sale and added Black Top to it. When Grandpa Hughes moved back to his Pierre house after Grandma Hughes died in l942, we moved up to the Big House. There was a barn and chicken coop behind the house, and a stock barn for milk cows, some cattle, and horses, with corrals and stalls, on the west side of Hughes Hill overlooking Bad River. Across Bad River, in the big oxbow bend between Black Top and Camel's Back, were more corrals and sheds, and a little house for a ranch hand. The railroad tracks up Bad River Valley to the Black Hills ran through the bend. Paw ran cattle on the

Camel's Back side of the tracks, and grew wheat grass or alfalfa on the Black Top side. Paw planted corn and potatoes on about two acres of land along the Fort Pierre town line on the east and west sides of the Big House. Our only close neighbors over the town line were the Sweeneys, at the foot of Hughes Hill just across the street from the Little House. Their house faced Wandel Avenue, which was lined with houses except for a big grassy lot that John F. Hughes and then Paw owned. A sidewalk crossed the empty lot from Wandel Avenue to the formal entrance to the Big House, a distance of some fifty yards, so the Big House seemed to stand alone on Hughes Hill, facing Fort Pierre. It was an impressive sight.

The top of Hughes Hill was between the Big House and Bad River. Maw took a picture of Paw up there with us there to see the big "sea" Bad River Valley had become during spring floods. When we were older, Leo and I built a "fort" at the top with dirt walls and a mounted "machine gun" I made from the "barrel" of an old gas heating stove. Northerly winter winds piled deep snowdrifts on the brow of Hughes Hill between its summit and US Highway 83. We tunneled into the drifts and carved out rooms and passage ways. Our horses were kept in a barn on the west side of Hughes Hill. Their pasture was the hill and the floodplain north of Bad River. One summer day, when I was about seven years old, I was on one of the horse and cattle paths on the steep south side of Hughes Hill and walked right past a coiled rattlesnake. Nothing happened. My guardian angel protected me just as one protected the two children in the big picture in the Big House. As teenagers, Leo and I built a "backstop" for baseball games on the most level ground of Hughes Hill west of US 83. We had many games with kids from the south side of Fort Pierre. Some years later, Paw had Hughes Hill leveled to the height of the Big House, with the idea of selling housing lots on it. The Big House, Hughes Hill, and the Hughes homestead clear to Bad River were annexed by Fort Pierre a few years later.

As Leo and I got older, we went ice skating on Bad River. Initially, we used the clamp-on skates that our aunts and uncles had when they were children living in the Big House, but eventually we got shoe-skates. We would skate for miles, up Bad River until ice disappeared on its dried-out bed, down Bad River to its mouth, and out onto the Missouri River as far as Farm Island. Closer to home, we would build campfires on the riverbank to roast marshmallows and keep warm. Once we burned a dead hawk to cinders, making a big stink. Another time the fire collapsed on Leo's boots while we were skating, so he had to walk home wearing his ice skates. One winter, a Fort Pierre boy fell through the ice on Bad River while skating. The other skaters could see his face and hands pressed against the ice as the current carried him away. The town fathers decided Fort Pierre should have a skating rink to keep kids away from Bad River. It was installed on part of the town park between the river and downtown Fort Pierre. The west side of town had a hot artesian spring. A big iron tank shaped like a blimp collected the hot water so it could cool a bit, and then it was released through a pipe about eight feet above a wooden platform. If no girls were with them and it was a particularly cold day for skating, boys who were skating on the rink and lived on the west side would strip down to their briefs and stand under the cascading hot water to warm up before they went home. I did myself a few times, although it was out of my way home, and I can say that it was pure heaven. Sometimes boys would wait in line and shiver virtually naked just so they could stand under the hot water again and again.

Every spring, if ice broke up first on Bad River, it would pile up at the mouth against the Missouri River ice that was still intact. Then Bad River would back up and flood if the Missouri ice was late in breaking up. One year, the ice jam backed up Bad River way past the Big House on Hughes Hill. Rumbles sounded from the river as we were finishing supper. It was a sign that the ice was about to start moving out, so Leo and I went down to the railroad bridge below the Big House to watch. The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad track passed through the Hughes ranch as it followed the Bad River Valley from Fort Pierre to Rapid City. Maw warned us to stay off the bridge because one of the Tolton boys had been

killed when a train crossed the bridge. On a dare, I decided to cross the blocks of jammed ice to the other side but, when I got there, the jam started to break up and move. I remembered Maw saying, "Stay off of the railroad bridge," so I had to re-cross Bad River by jumping from ice cake to ice cake, just like Liza in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Naturally, I slipped on one cake and fell in. I was able to scramble up on another ice cake before I was ground to bits, and I made it to the bank just as the whole jumbled mass became utterly chaotic and moved out. Maw called down from the Big House to tell us that *The Lone Ranger* would soon be on the radio. I yelled that we would be back soon, as I ran in circles hoping to dry off but only freezing my tail.

Our younger brother, John Timothy, whom we called Tim, had an even closer call with Bad River. On 11 October 1949, when Tim was three years old, he had wandered off with his dog, Whiz, when Bad River was high from autumn rains. Whiz came running back to the Big House, where Maw was hanging laundry outside to dry, yelping and then running toward the river, and back toward the house. Leo and I were in school, and Paw was at the courthouse in Fort Pierre, where he sat as Judge of Stanley County. Maw frantically phoned him and the Fort Pierre volunteer fire department. Paw and several volunteers quickly arrived, and they followed Whiz to the riverbank, where they saw the place where Tim had slid into the river. They all began running alongside the river. Nearly a mile down-river, Paw and our neighbor, Quentin Sutley, spotted in the muddy current the red and blue corduroy jacket that Tim had been wearing. While some of the men restrained Paw, who was 50 at the time, Quentin Sutley and Johnny Huck dived into the river. Quentin got there first and pulled Tim out with Johnny's help. The jacket had trapped an air bubble that kept Tim afloat, but he was blue and unconscious. The fire department had just purchased a respirator, and some of the firemen had brought it to the riverbank. They immediately started giving oxygen to Tim and rushed him to Saint Mary's Hospital in Pierre. X-rays showed that both of his lungs were half full of the sticky Bad River mud called gumbo. But Tim lived. It was a miracle. So many things had to happen at just the right place at just the right time. We feared that Tim might have had brain damage from oxygen deprivation, but the cold water slowed his metabolism and Tim recovered fully. Even his lungs eventually cleared.

A benefit of growing up in a small town is the community support when a family faces a crisis. Women from Fort Pierre finished Maw's laundry and cleaned the Big House. The concern for our family and for Tim lasted long after he returned from the hospital. Curiously enough, the Sutleys lived in the house where, one evening many years earlier, my uncle Kie and others were playing cards with Bob Tolton, whose body was found on the railroad tracks a mile or two below the Big House the next day. They were all accused of murder, even Kie's brother Francis, who was in Minnesota at the time. By the time Tim fell into Bad River, Francis had been dead for many years and Kie had become a successful lawyer in Fort Pierre.

Tim was ten years younger than Leo and eight years younger than I, so he didn't participate in most things we did together. But we were delighted when he was born, and he was very much loved by all of us. He had a head of golden curls and we called him our Golden Tim. Eventually he did most of the things we did, such as being an altar boy, and some things of his own, like trapping along Bad River. One thing we did do together was sell berries to people living on the south side of Fort Pierre. We had plum bushes growing on the west side of our yard. Chokecherry bushes were plentiful in the woods along Bad River, and currant bushes grew along both Bad River and the Missouri River. Vines of wild grapes grew along the Missouri. We picked all of these, but especially plums because they were so juicy and so close at hand. Leo and I built a "covered wagon" for Tim out of a big wooden box. It had a roof, doors, and windows. We loaded it up with jars of berries, Tim got inside, and we would pull him through the neighborhood crying out, "Plums for the plummie!" We sold a lot of berries, and I still remember

Tim's laughter. We teased him when he started to write his name. The letters were all there, but not always in the right order. So we would call him Mit, Imt, Tmi, Itm, Mti—anything but Tim. Now he calls himself John.

Another thing Leo and I did with Tim was take long hikes up Bad River and down the Missouri River. We picked and ate chokecherries, currants, and grapes along the way. The Bad River hikes followed the meanders of the river for miles, usually to the third or fourth railroad bridge, and then we would walk the railroad tracks back home, despite Maw's warnings. The Missouri hikes followed the Missouri Breaks down river on the west side for about five miles to what we thought was a trapper's log cabin that had been abandoned long ago. After Leo got married, his wife, Naomi, told him it was built by her grandfather Gates in the early 1900s. On some of those hikes, we would swim over to LaFramboise Island, and experience the tricky river currents and snags that sank so many steamboats on the Missouri. When Tim was small, Leo and I would carry him on our shoulders when he got tired. Paw's cousin, Pat Feeney, owned LaFramboise Island. It was named after Pierre LaFramboise, whose 18l7 trading post became Fort Pierre. He grew potatoes there. Mainly Pat raised registered bulls. His holdings were all over the upper Midwest.

Unlike Pat, we were "genteel poor" but didn't know it. Paw was a judge and rancher. We lived in the Big House on Hughes Hill. We took short summer vacations to the Black Hills. But a county judgeship in Stanley County didn't pay much, the ranch was small, and our vacations were cheap. We would attend the summer Passion Play in the Northern Black Hills near Sturgis, frolic in Evans Plunge, the warm spring-fed swimming pool at Hot Springs in the Southern Black Hills, see the buffalo and go through one of the many caves in between, view Roughlock Falls and Bridal Veil Falls in Spearfish Canyon, visit the concrete dinosaurs at Dinosaur Park in Rapid City, take the Needles Highway through tunnels to Harney Peak, see the faces on Mount Rushmore and, later, watch progress on carving Thunderhead Mountain into Chief Crazy Horse mounted on his pony.

When I was in high school, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers began constructing a dam across the Missouri River five miles north of Fort Pierre. Pat ran a lot of cattle along the Missouri and Cheyenne Rivers north of the dam, and this land became gradually flooded after the dam was closed. Pat needed to move his cattle. He rode out to locate them but couldn't find them. Then he heard them, followed the sound, and located them in the woods on a low hill that had become an island in the rising water. Many were already standing in water. He got a barge and after several trips rescued his herd.

Trunks in the basement of the Big House stored things that belonged to our uncles and aunts. A gas mask that fitted over the whole face, with goggles over the eyes and a long flexible breathing tube that ran from the mouth to a can that was a filter for mustard gas was left in one trunk by either Francis or Kie, when they returned from World War I. When I put it on, I looked like a creature from outer space. Tim was outside playing with friends one day, when he was seven or eight, so I put on the gas mask and a dark ankle-length wool coat that belonged to John F. Hughes. Tim didn't know the gas mask was stored in the trunk. I raced up the cellar stairs and chased Tim and his friends around the house, roaring and bellowing and waving my arms. They were terrified. Then I ran over the hill out of sight, and later returned the gas mask and coat to the basement. For years after that, Tim asked me about the "monster" who came out of the basement and disappeared in the woods along the river. I told Tim it could have been an alien from Mars looking to kidnap boys and take them away to The Red Planet. He should be on the lookout whenever he went into the woods. I never told anyone it was a fake, until now.

One of our chores on the ranch was to keep the barbed wire fences in repair. This included replacing

wooden posts that had either rotted out or been eaten away by grasshoppers. Some posts were eaten right down to the heartwood. Paw said grasshoppers did that in 1931, when a swarm flew in during the Great Depression. My only experience with grasshoppers was years later when I was driving on a remote road in western Stanley County. A swarm descended onto the asphalt in such numbers that I had to slow down to a crawl just to keep the car from sliding off into the ditch, because the road had become so slippery from driving over grasshoppers and crushing them. If my car had gone into the ditch I would have been helpless, but I couldn't just stop the car and let grasshoppers get under the hood and clog up the engine. It was scary, and that was just a mild infestation.

Maw did the spanking (with a hair brush) when Leo and I got into trouble, but sometimes Paw did. Late in his life, he told me that he spanked us both in the basement of the Big House, and when he went back down to see if we were up to more mischief he found us asleep in a rocking chair hugging each other. Paw was touched. I was too young to remember the occasion.

Like John F. Hughes, Paw was both a rancher and a judge, but he operated on a smaller scale. His ranch was just the original three-quarter section Hughes homestead in the Bad River Valley between the two high hills, Black Top on the east and Camel's Back on the west, and he was a County Judge, not a Circuit Court Judge. Both were elective offices, and he matched his father's 36 years on the bench. He was judge of Stanley County for all of that time, and of Armstrong, Sully, and Hyde Counties part of that time. Those salaries were low, so Paw usually ran unopposed, but I vaguely recall Calahan opposed him once, and lost. Paw wielded a gavel from 1932 to 1968, when the lingering effects of a stroke in 1964 forced him to retire. County judgeships were eliminated in South Dakota soon thereafter. I appeared before him in Stanley County Court once, when I was about twelve. On the way home from school, I threw a rock at Maureen Schimming on her bicycle but it passed through a street light in Fort Pierre. I was turned in and appeared before Paw with two other juvenile malefactors. That spring, Bad River had again flooded the town park, which extended over several acres from downtown Fort Pierre to the river. The whole area, even the ice-skating rink, had grown up in weeds from seeds brought in with the flood. Paw sentenced all three of us to weed the whole park by hand. It took all summer. We started at the downtown end and, by the time we got to the trees along the river, another crop of weeds had grown up behind us. So we had to start over again—and again and again. Paw wanted those weeds pulled out by the roots, so they wouldn't grow back. They grew from seeds brought down from the Badlands, so the weeds were tough with deep taproots. I didn't dare tell Paw I was "innocent" because I was aiming at Maureen on her bike. Paw was an elected Judge. He made sure voters saw his brat pulling weeds all summer--for the price of a lightbulb.

My older brother, Leo, also got a taste of Paw's justice. Isabelle Warne ran a grocery store in Fort Pierre, and one day she spotted Leo trying to "lift" a candy bar. He saw her watching, so he put it back and she said nothing to him. But she called Maw, who made Leo write, "I will not steal," 1000 times when he got home. Then Paw arrived, questioned Leo, and then took his two-foot-long leather razor strop from the faucet on the bathroom sink. Paw told me to go upstairs and told Leo to go down into the basement. I saw him follow Leo as I left. The Big House was heated by hot air that was piped from a coal furnace in the basement to registers on the floors or walls of every room in the house. The furnace was in the middle of the basement and, with the big pipes rising from it to heat rooms upstairs, it looked like some giant octopus. From my bedroom, I heard the whacks of the razor strop and Leo's shrieks coming up through those big metal pipes. They acted like megaphones and gave Leo's cries an unearthly metallic quality, like a trapped animal, that echoed from room to room all over the house. Leo never forgave Paw for whipping him "like a dog." It could have been worse. Paw sent a classmate of mine to the state reform school in Plankinton for some infraction.

Odd how memories differ. Leo had a paper route delivering the *Daily Capital Journal* to houses on the south side of Fort Pierre. Subscriptions were 35 cents per week (5 cents per edition) and Leo collected on Fridays. My memory was that Meta Shiflet phoned our house to say Leo overcharged her and Paw answered the phone. He told her, "I'll take care of it." That led to the whipping. I recall Leo screaming he didn't overcharge, but Meta trumped his word. Maybe I dreamed it. In any case it was chump change. Sometimes nobody was home when Leo collected, so he had to collect for two weeks. But it was Isabel Warne on the phone. Back then a candy bar cost 5 cents. Leo got "whipped like a dog" for 5 cents. I spent all summer pulling weeds for the price of a light bulb.

Paw's father, John F. Hughes, sent people to the electric chair. I have a vivid memory of Paw taking Leo and me to the state penitentiary in Sioux Falls to show us the electric chair. Perhaps it was after our "infractions" with my stone-throwing and his pilfering episodes. The electric chair may have been underground in a basement room, because there were no windows. The concrete walls were unpainted. The electric chair was made of heavy wood painted a sickly green. It stood in front of one wall. Thick leather straps with buckles were fastened to the arms and legs of the chair. Above the chair was a steel helmet that could be lowered onto the head of whomever was strapped in the chair. A heavy-duty flexible electric coil went from the top of the helmet to an electrical box on the wall behind the chair. A bank of big electric throw-switches were attached to the wall on one side. About eight feet in front of the electric chair was a row of bleachers three seats high where about twenty "witnesses" could watch each electrocution. I imagined being strapped into the electric chair, with no hood over my head so I could see the executioner throw the switches, one at a time. As each jolt hit me I saw all the perverts in the bleachers having multiple orgasms. Drool dripped from their grinning mouths. Their bulging eyeballs feasted on the flashing sparks and curling smoke. Their flaring nostrils sucked in the smell of burning flesh—my flesh. Leo has no memory of this trip. Perhaps it was just a bad dream like the "killer train" nightmares I had when I was younger, but I rarely threw a rock after that, except maybe to skip a flat stone across a pond.

Paw kept getting re-elected as County Judge partly because his rulings often measured justice with compassion (not that I noticed compassion when I appeared before him). Sol Hoy lived with his wife and six children across the railroad tracks on the south side of Fort Pierre (on the wrong side of the tracks, as they say). When Sol's wife died, the Catholic priest and town authorities tried to have the children adopted by different families. Even Mike Donahue, who was the County Sheriff, a fellow Catholic, and had a ranch neighboring Paw's in Bad River Valley, favored splitting up the family. "Otherwise they'll starve," was the argument. "Then they'll starve together as a family," Paw said, and ruled that the family must stay intact. Sol and his children never forgot Paw's kindness. They survived as a family and the children are very close to this day. One of the Hoy boys told brother Leo about this many years later when they both attended a reunion of students attending school in Fort Pierre. Paw was the last County Judge in Stanley County. These judgeships were abolished statewide when better transportation made Circuit Courts more economical.

Paw was a big man, the biggest of John F. Hughes' sons. He was well over six feet tall, even in stooped old-age, and he had a huge big-boned barrel-chested frame. His fingers were like bananas. His three sons are six-footers; Leo is tallest, then me, then Tim. I'm a bit over six-feet, one-inch tall, and I weighed from 250 to 270 pounds during the six years when Paw lived with Bev and me in Maine. Paw was in his seventies and eighties then, and I look small in photographs alongside of him, even though I was heavier. I remember one time when I was a boy playing on the hillside next to the Big House. Paw came riding over the brow of Hughes Hill toward the house, whipping his horse from side to side with

the reins. As the horse galloped toward the house, it collapsed and slid on its belly past where I was playing. Paw stepped off the horse, yelled at me to unsaddle it, and jumped in his Ford and sped off toward Fort Pierre. I don't know if he suddenly remembered he was to preside at a trial that day, or what. The horse got up and seemed no worse for the experience, but it gave me an appreciation of the old cowboy saying, "I feel like I've been rode hard and put away wet."

Paw was not cruel. He had John F. Hughes' blue eyes, but without the fierceness (people say I have John F. Hughes' blue eyes and fierce look). I mentioned the time when Leo and I were young boys and Paw spanked us in the basement of the Big House. He came down to check on us later and found us asleep in a rocking chair in each other's arms. Paw would tell that story with great tenderness. He seldom punished us. That was a task for Maw most of the time. Paw took over if the infraction was serious. I never heard Paw say an unkind word about anyone. Never. He never laid a hand on my mother, nor raised his voice to her, even though he had a terrible temper. He was a loner. Leo and I never knew him well. Tim knew him better. When they were alone after Maw died, Paw and Tim would go hiking and swimming together. When we were all still boys, Paw would go out after supper and drag in fallen logs from the woods along Bad River, and split them into firewood until it got dark. He had cords of wood six or eight feet high all along the driveway opposite the house. On Friday evenings he would go into Fort Pierre to play pinochle with men friends. Maw, who said it was his night to "howl," would go get him when she had enough of it. He didn't argue. He didn't drink and he rolled his own cigarettes. He gave up smoking during Lent, and after one Easter he never started smoking again. During Lent, we said a family rosary on our knees every evening. We never missed Mass on Sundays and Holy Days, and often attended Mass daily during Lent.

Mass was in Saint John's Catholic Church in Fort Pierre. The parishioners were mostly either Irish or German. The Irish families had a lot of tall big-boned people, especially the Duffys, Donahues, Hollands, and Giddings (McMullens on their mother's side) families, but also the unrelated Ed Hughes and Leo Hughes families. The long-time priest at St. John's was Father Guessen, who was made a Monsignor in his later years. At the end of every year he would read from the pulpit the amount contributed by each parishioner. One time, when going through the Hughes names, he came to Felan, paused, and with elevated voice announced, "Felon Hughes, fifty cents!" I wonder how much he would need to have contributed for Father Guessen to call him "Felan" instead of "felon," as if not giving enough to the Church was the same as stealing from it. Felan's ranch was at the head of Willow Creek, with about 30 miles of gravel and dirt roads to Fort Pierre, so he didn't get to Mass (and the collection basket) often. Many parishioners gave anonymously and Felan may have been one of them. The names Father Guessen read from the pulpit were mostly the parish Pharisees who wanted everyone to know how much they gave. Or so I thought.

All of the kids attended Fort Pierre High School, which was a public school, so Father Guessen brought nuns down from Deadwood for two weeks each spring to teach catechism to the Catholic students. Deadwood is an old gold-rush town in the northern Black Hills, and was made famous when Jack McCall shot Wild Bill Hickok during a poker game. Hickok was holding aces and eights, which became known as the dead-man's hand. Deadwood had a number of whorehouses. One was right next to the convent that sent nuns to teach catechism to us in Fort Pierre. When I was a boy, a forest fire in the Black Hills that threatened Deadwood attracted a photographer from Life magazine. He took a shot of screaming nuns in their habits and whores in their skimpies running right toward the camera from their respective establishments, with the flames of the forest fire sweeping over the ridge behind them. It was a two-page photo.

To hold our interest, the nuns would read us stories of martyrs who were tortured to death for their faith. My favorite was Saint Lawrence. He was roasted to death on a red-hot gridiron. At one point during the ordeal, he said to his tormentors, "I'm done on this side. Turn me over and eat." I admired his sense of humor under trying circumstances. I had a mean streak as a kid. One time Gerald "Butch" Halloran stuck a tree branch in the spokes of my bicycle when I was riding home from school. I ran him down and tackled him. On the ground was a foot-long length of garden hose with a metal nozzle at one end. I beat him with that. In a fight with Billy Fischer, I had to be pulled off because I was choking him. He tells me I chased him with an axe on another occasion. One summer, I built a gallows behind our house and lured a neighbor boy, Leigh Schimming (my classmate Marueen's brother), over to "try it out." I had him stand on a stump and put the rope around his neck. I was ready to kick out the stump when Maw came running out of the house and put an end to the proceedings. I spent much of my study time in assembly halls at school drawing gruesome pictures. I still have a portfolio of them. Even when I was very young, I culled excess kittens when litters were born on our ranch. Our first dog, Tippie, had the long haired black-and-white markings of a collie. She bore two puppies one winter day. When the first puppy came out, I said, "Gee Whiz, Tippie set a pup!" The second puppy was sickly. When it died, Paw threw it in the coal furnace, while Leo and I watched, and remembered Saint Lawrence. I said to Paw, "Let me do it!"

We kept "Whiz" and years later he saved Tim's life. I drowned most of the kittens from two litters. We kept one from each litter, Snowball who was white and Nugget who had long golden fur. When skunks burrowed under our barn, baby skunks would come out into the chicken yard. I sat up on the roof with a pile of bricks. I dropped one that blocked the hole to their den and when they ran back and swarmed over the brick, I dropped the other bricks, one by one. Not a nice guy. Leo had set a fire to "smoke" them out, but only succeeded in igniting the barn. There was no serious damage, but some years later Tim succeeded in burning much of the barn.

At about this time, I started drawing pictures depicting violence and mayhem. Instead of studying at Assembly Hall in school, I would often draw one of these pictures and pass it around to other students. It was an outlet for the mean streak I had as a boy, and the mean streak would also come out when I had fights. I continued drawing those pictures through college and graduate school, with the only improvement being in the artwork. I still have a "portfolio" of those pictures, the last one dating from when I was about 25 and a graduate student at Northwestern University. It was a picture of a beefy bully ripping the lower jaw off of a pantywaist in suit and tie. Fellow students told me I was the bully (by then I was beefy) and my advisor, John Brittain, was the victim. They knew I tried his patience. I did some legitimate painting too. Mary Porter gave me lessons in pastel painting. She lived in a big house at the foot of Hughes Hill. By the time I took lessons from her, as I already mentioned, she was so bent over that she was looking between her legs when she stood up, and she had to walk backward to see where she was going. I painted mostly square-rigged ships at sea. The Dakota prairie was my sea. I hadn't seen the real thing. One painting was from my imagination, a ship with furled sails amidst gigantic waves lit by lightning flashes during a storm at night. I gave it to Leo. I have one of a Spanish galleon sailing into the sunset, embellished from a tiny ink drawing at the end of a book chapter. I still have it and my painting of the *Flying Cloud* in full sail, one of the last clipper ships, also copied from a small pen-and-ink drawing.

We had some remarkable teachers in Fort Pierre School when I was a boy. Elda Corey taught first and second grades, and taught music. Nothing fazed her. Leo invited me to his first-grade class one day, and I began to stack chairs. When I was in first grade, Mrs. Corey called me to recite in front of the class one

day. I had to hop over a puddle of pee from the girl in the seat in front of me. Luadda Hoyt taught English and literature in high school. She had us diagram sentences and read some of the classic literature; *Moby Dick, Sohrab and Rustum*, and *Macbeth*, for example. Maxine Mitchell taught typing, shorthand, and junior business. Everyone took typing. She docked us one grade for each typing mistake, so we began typing slowly for accuracy and then typed for speed later. As I recall, Jim Hoffman, Leo, and I were the only boys to take shorthand. Lucille Schiltz, my Godmother, used shorthand as a court reporter for Judge Seacat in Mitchell and I wanted to learn it. Jim was our best athlete and people wondered why he would want to learn shorthand. I was glad he did because I had a pal to work with. The lesson that "took" the best for me was in junior business. To illustrate *caveat emptor* ("let the buyer beware"), Mrs. Mitchell told us she had an eye on a purse in the window of the Hollywood Shop in Pierre but it was too expensive. Then she noticed a higher price tag on the purse one day. Some weeks later the newspaper had an ad announcing a "sale" at the Hollywood Shop. Mrs. Mitchell went there and saw the purse, still in the window marked down in price—to the original price when she first saw it. Elda, Luadda, and Maxine were still "at large" in the 1990s. I last saw them at one of the high school reunions.

Father Christian Hoecken, a Jesuit, baptized the first child born in Dakota Territory west of the Missouri at Fort Pierre in 1840, so my hometown has a Catholic history that spans many generations. For all of my heartless deeds and violent drawings, I was an altar boy for nine years. One time, Larry Giddings and I were serving at a funeral Mass for a Protestant that the nuns at Saint Mary's Hospital in Pierre had managed to convert on his deathbed. All of his family members in the front pews were Protestants. This was when the old Latin Mass was said in every Catholic Church. Larry and I went up to give the wine and water cruets to Father Guessen before the consecration. The wine cruet had about six drunken flies floating on the wine. When Father Guessen poured wine into the chalice, two or three flies flopped in as well. Larry was a big, good-natured redhead with a low threshold for laugher. When he began to contemplate what would happen next, he began to giggle and continued to giggle right through the consecration. When the time came for Father Guessen to drink the consecrated wine from the chalice, he spotted the flies and flicked them out with his finger. Then he drank the Blood of Christ. I thought, "The consecrated flies were now the Body of Christ. He should have eaten them." I suppose that though is what pushed Larry over the edge. He couldn't stop laughing. Neither could I. I wonder what all those dour Protestants in the front pews thought of the Catholic Mass after that.

Bishop McCarty of Rapid City made Father Guessen a Monsignor. Monsignor Guessen could say Mass in 20 minutes, including the sermon, so a number of Catholics came over from Pierre to avoid Monsignor McGuire's long Mass. When Monsignor Guessen died, we got a young priest from Ireland, Father Leo O'Doherty. He was a good tenor, so most of the Pierre Catholics still came just to hear him sing, even though the Mass was longer. Greg Swanson was an altar boy for Monsignor McGuire and became a policeman (his father, "Doc" Swanson, was Swedish but he had married an Irish lass, so Greg was raised a Catholic). One evening Greg pulled over a weaving car on the Missouri River bridge and found Father O'Doherty behind the wheel drunk. Greg was going to let him off with a warning, but then Father O'D backed into the police car, so Greg had to make an arrest. Then Greg met with Bernie Duffy, a lawyer from an old Catholic family in Fort Pierre (Bernie had been a cowboy working for my father's cousin, Pat Feeney, and my Great Uncle, Andy Feeney, lived in the Duffy house in his waning years). Since the Missouri river divides Hughes and Stanley Counties, they decided the question of which county had jurisdiction couldn't be determined, so the charge of drunk driving was never made.

There was no Catholic school in Fort Pierre, so students at the public school were about half Catholics and half Protestants. The only case of anti-Catholic bigotry I saw was when Leo's class was planning the

junior-senior prom, called Carnival. It included a supper that was scheduled for a Friday, which at that time meant Catholics couldn't eat meat. Catholic students suggested offering both fish and steaks. A vote was taken. All the Catholic students voted for that option and all the Protestants voted for steak only. The Protestants prevailed by one vote. Leo and other Catholic students boycotted the event. The Catholics in my class converted two students and were a majority when our turn came, so we had both fish and steaks at our Carnival.

I got into a lot of fights as a boy. Age makes a big difference in the early teens. I won fights with younger kids but usually lost fights with older kids. Leo was two years older than I and he won all of our fights, but he had a tougher time of it as I got older. Some of us Fort Pierre kids would hitchhike or just hike over to Pierre to swim in the Pierre pool. One time on the way back I got into a fight with Karl Fischer, Bill's older brother, and lost. Some guy watching felt sorry for me and afterward showed me how to apply a half-Nelson. I never lost a fight after that if I was able to apply it. The last time I used it was around 1990 in Bangor, Maine. My wife, Bev, and I had been taking in pregnant girls. One showed up penniless on our doorstep and said her landlord in Bangor, a husky guy named Reynolds, had made her pregnant and wouldn't return her deposit money. She was afraid of him because he was a wacko Vietnam War veteran. I went with her to get her money. He was waiting for us. Guns and knives were mounted on the walls inside his house and some towering fat slob was with him. Reynolds held out the money and taunted her. I had to take it by force, and with the half-Nelson I left him unconscious on the floor in about ten seconds. The giant slob just cowered in the corner. Robert Mitchum used a half-Nelson on his victims in the movie *Cape Fear*.

Karl Fischer was Leo's age and Bill was my age. We went through twelve years of school together. They lived on the South Side of Fort Pierre, so we did a lot of things together and became friends, especially Bill and I. When we were juniors and seniors, we realized we needed good grades if we wanted to get into college, so we started studying together. The Fischers are one of the oldest families in Fort Pierre, and the Fischer Brothers General Merchandise store was founded in 1889. The original store was in Harrold, the town built on land owned by my great great uncle, Mike Feeney. When I was a boy, Fischer Brothers in Fort Pierre sold everything; groceries, clothes, saddles, boots, you name it. Most fascinating to me were the spring-loaded capsules that were stuffed with money and fired along ceiling-hung wires from every check-out counter to an elevated command booth in the middle of the store where bills were cleared, entries were made in the books, and change was fired back. Fischer Brothers even operated a delivery truck that brought groceries right to people's houses when they phoned-in orders. The store was sold in 1968, but Karl and Bill still live in Fort Pierre. Karl has a real-estate company and Bill had a bank, both located in Pierre. Bill retired from banking in 2013 and devoted his time to ranching. He takes me to see his cattle during spring calving and fall roundups. So I still get mounted on horseback from time to time.

Karl and Bill made a lot of visits to the Big House when my cousins, Mickey and Ann Schiltz, came from Mitchell for summer visits. Ann was Karl's age. She was pretty, had a bubbly personality, a terrific smile, a good figure, and wore short shorts (she denies this). Mickey was a shy blonde who was some years older than Ann, so she didn't get the same attention. All the boys from the south side of Fort Pierre would make the climb up Hughes Hill at one time or another just to ogle. I said to Karl Fischer, "Luxembergers is good kids." He agreed, at least in Ann's case. We liked to dig trails along the steep side of Black Top, going to and from a big cave with a natural window far above US Highway 83. One time the Veverka family visited us. Mom's sister Dorothy had married Joe Veverka. Joe was an amateur photographer. One day he followed us up to Black Top and took pictures of Leo and me and the Fischer boys in the entrance to the cave. The cave was dynamited years later when 83 was moved closer to

BlackTop. Maybe it had become unstable.

Girls wore knee-length dresses or skirts and anklet stockings. No miniskirts. Few wore slacks or blue jeans, but many wore short shorts in the summer and we boys liked that. We often went shirtless on hot summer days, but we wore long pants. Only "sissies" wore short pants, with one exception. Boy Scout uniforms included both long and short pants. Short pants came in two styles. Some slightly-built energetic boys favored legless short pants and anklet stockings, so their thin legs were fully exposed. More sedentary boys, often chubby, preferred thigh-length short pants and long stockings so only their knees were bare. Most wore long pants. Leo and I wore long pants. Outside of scouting, boys rarely exposed naked legs except in sports like basketball and track. But we swam bare naked in stock dams and rivers if no girls were around. Boys could wear matching jackets and short pants for "dressy" occasions, but few did. At fourteen, I ran for senate page and met senators at the Saint Charles Hotel in Pierre. A slender youth about my age wore a dark jacket that nearly hid legless matching short pants. His naked thin milky white legs got stares. I got the job.

The Boy Scouts was homosexualized in 2013. I Googled "Boy Scouts" and under "uniforms" were photos of Scouts in uniforms here and abroad through the years. One photo was of three slender youths in Boy Scout uniforms and holding hands in a homosexual parade. The back half of their short pants had been cut away to expose their bare butts. They gave the Boy Scout motto "Be Prepared" a whole new meaning. Boy Scouts are natural targets for male homosexual predators. When I was a boy I didn't know homosexuals existed. Now sodomy is "normal" in polite society.

When boys in their early teens are by themselves, they like to run around naked for some reason. Huckleberry Finn and his adult Black companion Jim were "always naked" rafting down the Mississippi. Leo and I and boys from Fort Pierre swam naked in Bad River during summers. The river had eroded a deep hole at a sharp bend, with a dirt cliff on the outer bend and a soft sandbar on the inner bend. We would jump or dive off the cliff into the hole, splash around, and then swim over to the sandbar and sunbathe on the warm sand. At some places, trees on the riverbank had branches that overhung the river. We climbed out on one branch to tie on a "Tarzan" rope and then swing out over the river on it and drop into the water. We also played Cowboys and Indians in the woods along Bad River, and sometimes along the Missouri River when we visited the Giddings boys, Jerry and Larry. Boys who wanted to be Indians wore pants and put "war paint" on their bare chests or, mosquitoes permitting, were "naked savages" wearing only a skimpy loincloth. My "loincloth" was a shoestring holding two postcard-size bits of cloth, one in front and one in back, that barely (pun intended) covered my groin and butt.

As a teenager, I had the slender body of my grandfather, John F. Hughes. In later years it was much more robust, like his wife, Ellen. In those teen years I sometimes stood naked in front of a tall oval wall mirror in the Big House. I thought I looked good naked, a slim well-proportioned body with slender arms and legs. My ribs appeared and vanished as I breathed. My abdomen dipped inward from my rib cage to my pubic arch. My sharp iliac crests stuck out like little hatchet blades below my narrow waist. I liked that, so I wore my trousers low on my hips to showcase my "blades" when I went shirtless. But I rarely went shirtless in the summer, so I never had much of a suntan. As a hairy beefy-pudgy adult with big arms, I usually wore long-sleeve shirts, never wore short pants, and rarely swam in public pools. Why embarrass myself?

One time when some of us were playing Cops and Robbers in the woods near the Giddings house, Jerry and Larry got into an argument, Larry kicked Jerry in the shins and took off running. Jerry wound up

and threw his full-size metal 45 caliber automatic toy gun after him. It whistled right past Larry's head. The Giddings boys lived in North Side of Fort Pierre on "Marion Island" beyond the Slough, which was a swampy area that had once been a channel in the Missouri River when part of the current sliced behind a sliver of the west bank and temporarily made the sliver an island. Jerry and Larry drove their grandfather's prewar Terraplane car to school, because Marion Island was a long walk from Fort Pierre High School. One Halloween Eve, I was roaming with Leland and Loren Carroll looking for mischief. They were big, husky kids. Leland was a redhead, so we called him "Red." Loren was blonde, so he was just Loren. We walked out to Marion Island and Red saw the Terraplane parked near the Giddings house. He lifted the hood and ripped out the wiring. Loren and I couldn't believe it, and we all ran off. Dick Giddings, Jerry's and Larry's father, heard us and came out of their house yelling, "Come back here!" Loren turned and yelled back, "I'll be damned to Hell before I come back!" Then he ran on.

Halloween pranks were a tradition with kids in Fort Pierre. The deeds were done on Halloween Eve, which we called Tick Tack Toe Night. The best prank when Paw was a boy was taking a cow into the Principal's office at school and leaving it there overnight with a bale of green hay. When the Principal came in the next morning, the cow had eaten much of the hay and shat all over the floor. He called in the janitor, who put a rope around the cow's neck and tried to pull her out. She panicked, and began charging around in the office, slipping and sliding in the crap, so the bookcases fell over and everything was upended. Then the cow slipped and fell and broke its neck and died. The cow was dragged down the hallway and out the front door, leaving a streak of shit.

Our best (worst?) stunt was taking "Sutley's Gut Wagon" and upending it inside Kelly's Chuckwagon Restaurant across Deadwood Street, when people were eating supper. Quentin Sutley, who had pulled Tim out of Bad River, had a meat market and slaughterhouse called White Way Lockers on Deadwood Street in downtown Fort Pierre. His butcher piled the guts from the hogs and cattle he slaughtered in a two-wheeled wagon out back. We called it Sutley's Gut Wagon. After we upended it, we ran to the top of the high shale hill between the railroad tracks and Deadwood Street, also US 83, and watched as Harvey Fackelman, the town cop, arrived to investigate. Fortunately for us, nobody identified us. If someone had, I would still be weeding the town park today. Ironically, Quentin later hired me to design and draw weekly advertisements in the Fort Pierre Times for his meat market and his appliance shop when I was a junior and senior in high school. Maw kept all of my drawings, pasting them in a notebook which I still have.

Most of our pranks were more benign. Some outhouses were still in use in those days. We liked to move them off their holes, in the hope that someone coming out at night to use them would fall into the hole instead. It would have been a soft landing. We put one outhouse from the town park in the middle of the bridge over Bad River. "Buck" Ronan came driving home after an evening of revelry at the Hop Scotch Bar. He pulled up in front of the outhouse and bellowed, "Who put that goddamn whorehouse in the middle of the road!" Then he headed back to the bar.

No prank could top what happened when a circus came to town and Quentin Sutley arranged for the three circus elephants to perform on the sidewalk in front of his meat market, as a publicity stunt. The circus trainer put the pachyderms through their paces. The finale was when each elephant reared up and put its front feet on the rump of the elephant in front of it, and then all three marched in a circle in front of the store. One began to shit, the second then did the same, as did the third. Imagine soft turds the size of two-hundred-pound nail kegs dropping from six feet up onto concrete, again and again and again. When the trainer finally got his elephants away from Sutley's entrance, customers needed hip boots to go inside. Quentin got his publicity.

As long as I'm on this subject, I should mention Baird Langworthy. He had been peeing into a big can for weeks one summer, and when it was full he took it down to the woods along Bad River about a hundred yards from downtown Fort Pierre. Then he built a fire under the can and got the piss boiling. The breeze from the woods brought the stench right into the business district. You cannot imagine the smell of boiling stale piss. It made people vomit in the streets. Some of us finally tracked it down, but by then Baird could say "mission accomplished."

Leo and I and some of the other boys on the South Side of Fort Pierre would climb up on Black Top, the big shale hill where the Ku Klux Klan burned its cross in 1928, and cut trails along the steep side of the hill facing Bad River Valley. A cave with a big shale window overlooking the valley was near the summit of Black Top on that side. We used picks and shovels to cut a trail in the shale down to the cave, and a series of trails from the cave to other hiding points. We would roll big blocks of shale down the steep slope to scare drivers of cars down below on US 83, which went south from Fort Pierre. A deep drainage ditch between the highway and Black Top prevented most of the shale blocks from getting out onto the highway, but the drivers didn't know that. They would swerve their cars into the far lane of traffic when they saw the chunks tumbling down. Fortunately, there was never much traffic. When we got our trails dug, we would play Cops and Robbers on them. Another favorite place for playing Cops and Robbers or Cowboys and Indians was a winding arroyo in the Missouri Breaks east of Black Top and just south of the Stanley County Fairgrounds in Fort Pierre. It had lots of places for ambushes, and it looked like the settings for Western movies we would watch at the Saturday afternoon matinees in Pierre.

Fort Pierre had a real cops and robbers gunfight during the gangster era before I was born. In 1925, five bandits robbed the Fort Pierre National Bank of $11,000. My great aunt, Mary Feeney, was in the bank at the time and recognized one of them, George Jefferies (a local bad boy), even though they wore masks. He told her, "Now Mary, just stay still and you won't get hurt." One robber tied up the telephone operator, whose office was next to the bank. The operator got loose and made a call that was intercepted by Joe Depner, who ran a bakery nearby. John C. Hughes, Felan's son, told me that Joe was called the "buffalo hunter" because he occasionally brought buffalo meat to the Buffalo Café, which was located on the ground floor of the old Stockgrower's Bank building, where Paw had his law office (that wasn't the bank that was robbed). Joe crossed Deadwood Street to the F. S. Rowe hardware store, took a 30.06 rifle from the wall, loaded it, and started shooting when the bandits came running out of the bank. He shot one dead. The others escaped in their getaway car. They were later apprehended a few miles out of town. Felan was bringing a load of poles up the Sansarc trail that morning and he saw the gang when they were on their way to rob the bank. That evening, Felan told his son, "By God, Johnny, I saw George Jefferies with a group of men on the trail this morning." When I was a boy, reports came in that a Chicago desperado, George Sidney Sitz, was on the lam and heading into South Dakota. We were hoping he would come to Fort Pierre, so there could be another shootout.

Things like that gave Fort Pierre the reputation of being a wild town. It had two saloons, two taverns, and three package-liquor joints on Deadwood Street, which was only one block long. The Missouri River is the boundary between the Central and Mountain Time Zones, so the serious boozers from Pierre would come to Fort Pierre at midnight to get an extra hour of drinking. The Silver Spur owned by "Irish" O'Leary was the classy bar, Ed Duffy's Chateau was the quiet bar, and the Hop Scotch was the rowdy bar (but nowhere near as rowdy as a dive known as The Snake Pit, which Duffy owned and was at the south end of Deadwood Street). Marvin "Buck" Ronan was one of the serious drinkers. The Hop Scotch was just across the street from his drug store. One night, a drinking buddy of his passed out.

Buck went over to his drug store and came back with two big candles in candlesticks. “Lay him out on the bar,” Buck said. Then he put a candle at the man’s head and feet and lit them. “Now we’ll have services.” That sobered up a few of them.

Also across the street from the Hop Scotch, and next to the bank, was the town dance hall. Rex Terry, the banker, paid me a silver dollar to sweep the place out every Sunday morning after the Saturday night dances. I earned that dollar. The bathrooms were under the stage. There was often vomit on the floor in the men’s room and sometimes the toilet in the women’s room had run over because Kotex had clogged it. The musicians came from a wide area, and some of them were tough hombres. Ted Bordeaux was a Sioux Indian who played the steel guitar. Nobody messed with him. Rex was a Freemason and the Masonic hall was above his bank. His wife, Delia, was a Catholic. They are buried together in Scotty Philip Cemetery north of Fort Pierre. Her slab has a Celtic Cross carved on it and his has the Masonic emblem. My mother and father and two of his sisters are buried there. My bigoted Orange Irish great grandmother, Elisa MacMurray must be pleased that three of her Catholic grandchildren are buried in a Masonic cemetery, as she is herself.

My first job was as a ditch-digger when I was twelve or thirteen. Leo, I, and “Tuffy” Blaze liked to tinker with things. We called ourselves The Three Sorta Scientists (prophetically, we all got engineering degrees—close enough to scientists). Tuffy’s dad, Frank Blaze, needed a sewer line from his house to the main sewer line on the street. Tuffy was a husky kid, so his dad paid him fifty cents an hour to dig the ditch. Leo agreed to help for a fifty-fifty split, and then he hired me at ten cents an hour to help too. Tuffy’s dad had three kids working for him, one at 25 cents an hour, one at l5 cents an hour, and one at l0 cents an hour. Why didn’t Frank Blaze become a millionaire?

Tuffy was a good athlete. By the time he was in high school, he was about five-feet ten and he dressed out at about 250 pounds. He became the state high-school shot putting champ in track. In football, he played tackle but on short yardage plays we put him in the backfield and gave him the ball. He rarely missed making first down. He was our center in basketball. Although he wasn’t tall, he could muscle the other players out from under the basket to take his shots and get rebounds. I saw him pick up the back end of a car once. The only one who ever took him down in a fight was Jim Hague, who was older and faster. Jim became City Superintendent of Fort Pierre years later.

I wasn’t a good athlete, but I was stronger than other boys. My spare muscles lacked quantity, not quality. I could do fully extended one-handed pullups with either arm. I still can, but not as many. My one moment of glory was at a track meet in Pierre when I ran the mile on a quarter-mile track. The leader was close to overtaking me on his fourth and final lap when I was still on my third lap. The officials pulled the tape across the finish line as he approached, but I put on a burst of speed and broke the tape with my hands clasped over my head in victory. Some people who hadn’t been watching the race closely thought I had won until they saw me keep running to finish my final lap. My moment of infamy was during a football game at White River, near the Rosebud Indian Reservation. Their players were Indians and some were grown men. Their big fullback was Virgil Becktold. I was playing guard on defense when the guard in front of me “pulled” aside and I saw Virgil Becktold coming at me with the ball. I crouched down to meet his charge. One knee hit me in the helmet and I went over backwards. Virgil tromped over me and was twenty yards down-field before Jim Hoffman tackled him from behind. I liked football because I was strong and got to play, but I was no star. Our teams were The Fort Pierre Buffalos because “Scotty Philip of Fort Pierre saved the Buffalo from extinction.”

In basketball, I had the most fun during “shirts and skins” practice scrimmages. Girls could watch us. To

me, “shirts” looked like sissies in short little dresses because their sleeveless jerseys covered their short pants. Being a “skin” was better. I wore my short pants low on my hips to expose my sharp iliac “blades” that made me look like a “skin” who was really skinny. Adolescent flab repulsed me. Larry Giddings weighed 235 pounds. His blubbery torso jiggled when he ran up and down the basketball court on the “skins” team. I called him “Guts” but soon stopped. He was too good-natured. Larry was athletic, tall and coordinated. Larry became an outstanding math teacher when Fort Pierre High School became Stanley County High School. He had the longest tenure of any teacher there when he retired. Larry’s older brother, Jerry, was about six feet seven inches. He didn’t play basketball because he had a trick knee. I seldom got to play in games, so I skipped basketball for much of my senior year. The little East River town of Agar (under 200 people) always beat us. Their coach, Bill Pape, had toddlers on the Agar basketball court dribbling and shooting during halftimes of their games. Only boys played sports. Girls were cheerleaders. As far as I knew, we were all chaste. There was little dating and no pornography. Masturbation was taboo, and sodomy was unknown. Flirting was acceptable.

Hubert Hadorn coached all sports. He was intense and wiry with crew-cut black hair and he was a winner. He left to coach in Highmore after my freshman year. He was replaced by Duncan Kearns, who was big, beefy, balding, and a loser. He was called “Pinky” because of his florid complexion and red hair. Our coach taught world history, physics, chemistry, and all three sports. Hadorn had our respect, both as teacher and coach. I was something of a troublemaker. In the sixth grade, Mrs. Woosaw slapped my face hard on the first and last day of classes and on many days in between. But when I pulled some stunt in Hadorn’s physics class, he just said, “Hang your head, young man!” And I did. Two years earlier, Hadorn literally butt-kicked Leo out of his physics class. One day, Pinky Kearns said in one of his classes, “I heard that Coach Hadorn got a gold watch when he left. All I’ll get is a knife in the back and a boot in the butt.” That’s about what he got.

The big professional sport in Fort Pierre was the traditional Fourth of July Rodeo and the 4H Rodeo in August that Casey Tibbs started when I was in junior high school. A few of the older school kids competed in these rodeos. The events were saddlebronc riding, bareback riding, bull riding, steer wrestling, and calf roping Successful rodeo cowboys are often wiry types, because they don’t hit the ground as hard and they mend faster. But some are burly. One of the burly ones was Jim Hannum, who was in Leo’s high-school class. His dad, “Red” Hannum, was the foreman of Fischer Brothers’ Ranch on Bad River near the hamlet of Wendte, south of Fort Pierre. At one of the rodeos, Jim came out of the chute on a horse that wouldn’t buck, no matter how hard he spurred it. He cursed and screamed, “Buck you bitch!” It started to buck, Jim went flying, and the rodeo clowns carried him away with a broken leg. Another high-school cowboy was Jim Aplan. One time he hit the dirt stiff-legged on one foot after he was bucked off. The fibula leg bone shattered and the tibia leg bone went right through the heel of his boot and six inches into the ground. That ended Aplan’s rodeo career. Billy Kelly, a wild kid a year or two below me, was more successful.

Pierre also had a rodeo during its Days of ’76 annual celebration. Pierre Street would be blocked off and used for carnival rides, games, sideshows, and concessions. One year the sideshows included “Anna Mae Miller, the Girl in the Iron Lung.” Polio was the childhood scourge when I was a boy, so I paid my quarter and walked up the steps to her trailer to have a look. The iron lung was a round tank about six feet long and two feet in diameter. It had windows on the side, a head hole at one end, and a leather diaphragm at the other end that moved in and out, cycling the air pressure inside the tank to make her breathe. Only her head was outside of the tank and she stared into a tilted mirror mounted above her face. I looked through the windows at her emaciated body, and watched her chest rise and fall as the leather diaphragm moved in and out. It was terrifying. Anna Mae was about my age. Was she destined to

spend the rest of her life trapped in an iron lung? I didn't know. What if it stopped working? Would she die a horrible death? I didn't know. I didn't want to know. Gerald Cooley, a boy about Leo's age, had died of leukemia when he was only nine. One day we saw him attending classes and playing at recess. Then one day he was gone and we never saw him again. Donald Ochs was a "bleeder" who also died at age eight or nine.

One summer during those years, Colonel Tim McCoy came to Fort Pierre with his wild west show. He had been a cowboy star in the silent movie era and in the early talkies. Like William S. Hart and Tom Mix, he was a real Westerner who had been on the frontier before he went into the movies. He must have been in his sixties or seventies when he came to Fort Pierre. His roustabouts erected a "big top" tent in the city park I had weeded after a spring flood for my stone-throwing crime. The bleachers were full when Tim McCoy came riding in dressed in a fringed buckskin jacket, cavalry pants and boots, and a big white hat, and mounted on a magnificent white stallion. He took off his hat and waved to us as he galloped in a wide circle.

Then he pulled a carbine rifle out of the gun boot next to his saddle. High overhead at one end of the tent was a big rotating target with small colored balloons attached to its perimeter. As Tim McCoy continued riding in his circle, he started firing at the balloons rotating in their circle. He fired straight on, over his shoulder, and from side to side, depending on where the horse was in his riding circle. Tim McCoy popped every balloon without missing a shot. There must have been a dozen of them. It was the most astonishing exhibition of horsemanship and marksmanship I have ever seen or ever hope to see.

When I was fourteen in the spring of 1952, Bad River and the Missouri River flooded simultaneously, making it the worst flood of the century in Pierre and Fort Pierre. It was worse than the 1905 and 1927 floods, which were mostly in the Bad River Valley. Snow had been heavy in the winter of 1952, and an early spring thaw sent a cascade of water down Bad River before ice on the Missouri had broken up. The wall of water piled the Bad River ice on top of the Missouri River ice, making a huge ice dam at the mouth of Bad River. A few days after high water crested on Bad River, a wall of water came down the Missouri River and it flooded. The two floods put about 85 percent of Fort Pierre under water. The Pierre business district was under water during the Missouri flood. Fortunately the railroad remained in service, and the Coast Guard arrived with amphibious boats called "Ducks" that were used to evacuate people, and then to carry sandbags to the Fort Pierre power plant to keep it from being flooded. The power plant looked like it was in a hole with the water brim full against the sandbags all around it. The sandbags eventually caved in and the power plant was flooded. Right up until that happened, we school kids were busy filling sandbags to be hauled over to the power plant. A Red Cross canteen was set up to provide everyone with black coffee to keep us awake. It had to be boiled to prevent typhoid. I never liked coffee anyway, but this stuff was so awful that even the smell of coffee brings back that terrible taste to this day. I couldn't drink it, so I just went thirsty. Another Red Cross canteen was set up in the Big House for isolated families on the South Side of Fort Pierre. Many people had to leave their houses. We took in the Strohfus, Shaffner, and Spencer families. All that summer, Leo and I had jobs shoveling river mud out of the basements of south-side houses in Fort Pierre.

When I turned fifteen halfway through my freshman year in high school, I served as a page in the South Dakota State Senate. Paw and Maw decided I should run for that position because Rex Terry, a native of Fort Pierre, presided over the Senate as the Lieutenant Governor and every senator was a Republican, so the time seemed right. They had name cards made for me and took me over to the Saint Charles Hotel in Pierre to meet all the senators personally before the legislative session began. The senators voted on the candidates. Three of us won, so I was a Senate Page in the l953 Legislature. Our main job was to get

every bill from the print shop to each senator's desk well before debate on bills began. We also ran errands, such as fetching cigars for some senators. One thing we didn't have to do was empty the senatorial brass spittoons beside each senator's desk. All but one Representative in the House were Republicans. Among them was Joe Foss, a World War II ace fighter pilot who went on to become governor and a founder of the American Football League. What impressed me most about him, though, was that he looked like John Wayne. That was the year when the Legislature repealed the law that criminalized selling liquor to the Indians.

One senator, Roy Houck, later had a big buffalo herd on his ranch northwest of Fort Pierre. National television showed his herd on stampede, jumping his fence like a rolling river, during a particularly bad winter blizzard in 1996. Much of Kevin Costner's movie, *Dances With Wolves*, was filmed on Houck's buffalo ranch. By the turn of the century, buffalo (North American bison) were nearly extinct due to hunting and disease. Fred Dupree saved nine abandoned calves in South Dakota. His herd had grown to thirty-five when he sold it to "Scotty" Philip, who turned them loose on his 15,000 acre "buffalo pasture" north of Fort Pierre in Stanley County, which was named after Philip's son. Another blizzard, in March of 1966, was one of the worst in history. Houck's rancher neighbors, Bob O'Day and Jim Sheehan, lost nearly a thousand head of yearling steers in the storm, and Houck also suffered heavy losses. As a boy, Roy had seen the Philip herd and marveled at the massive power of the shaggy animals. Houck started buying buffalo after he purchased the Standing Butte Ranch in northern Stanley County in 1960. He moved the cattle from his East River ranch near Mobridge to his new West River ranch in a big cattle drive across the Missouri River and through the Cheyenne River Indian Reservation in 1963. His buffalo herd had grown to seventy head when the 1966 storm struck. While counting his cattle losses from the storm by air, Houck flew over his buffalo herd. The herd was in a V-shaped formation of bulls facing the wind, with the cows and calves sheltered between the limbs of the V. The bulls rotated from the tip to the limbs of the V to conserve energy, and the V formation moved constantly into the face of the storm. There were no losses. Houck realized that buffalo were genetically conditioned to ride out winter blizzards on the high plains of South Dakota, whereas his cattle were not. He decided to raise only buffalo in the future. Houck had 3500 buffalo on 50,000 acres when *Dances With Wolves* was filmed in 1988. Roy Houck was a freshman state senator in 1953 when I was a Senate page. Even then, I knew this man had a future.

When I was sixteen and a sophomore, I became Patrol Leader of the Boy Scout troop in Fort Pierre. Under my leadership, we specialized in mayhem instead of merit badges.

When I was seventeen and a junior, Paw and Maw decided I should go to Boys State, which is a mock state government sponsored by the American Legion. Paw was the only Legionnaire who had a son in my class, so I had no competition. At Boys State, I was admitted to the bar, elected to the legislature, and appointed a police magistrate. The only one I know of who outdid me in reprehensible activities before or after being in Boys State is Bill Clinton.

When I was eighteen and a senior, I was Senior Class President and Prom King (actually, the Carnival King; our prom was called a carnival). The reason why I was Class President is because all of the most popular kids in my class had already been a class president before our senior year. The reason why I was Prom King is because it was traditional for the Prom King to kiss the Prom Queen, and my classmates saw this as the only chance to make sure I kissed a girl before I graduated. The Prom Queen was Bea Soesby, a pretty blonde. If I had to kiss someone, she was quite acceptable. Bea is now Abby Rathbun. She and Ray Rathbun still live in Fort Pierre.

When I graduated from high school, I had all the credentials that impress people; Senate Page, Boy Scout Troop Leader, a member of Boys State, Senior Class President, and Prom King. And every one was either rigged or a sham.

My job as a Senate Page when I was fifteen had a salary, and income taxes were charged on earnings over $600. Wanting to keep Uncle Sam frugal, I needed a summer job that kept me below that amount. Paw owned the building that housed Fort Pierre Cleaners. The owner had trouble paying the rent, so Paw said if he hired me for 35 cents an hour, he could cut the payroll and make the rent payments. I was put in a tiny back room that housed the gasoline washing machine, the tumbler that dried the gas-washed clothes, and the chemicals and steam gun for getting various stains out of clothes before they were washed. The steam presses were in a room between the front and back rooms, but the exhaust from the presses came into the back room. The only ventilation was from fan blades that turned slowly in a round hole cut in the outside wall. In short, I was in a sweatshop. It was the most grueling and hazardous job I ever had, given the stifling heat and the noxious chemical fumes that never really got flushed out. But I did get to meet Casey Tibbs when he brought in his grubby rodeo duds, and I did manage to keep my annual earnings under $600 so Uncle Sam couldn't go on a spending spree with my taxes. It was all worthwhile when I got to steam out all the grass, mud, sweat, blood, and horseshit stains from clothes worn by the hero of every boy in Fort Pierre, six times national rodeo saddlebronc champion, twice rodeo bareback champion, and once all-around rodeo cowboy champion. And get paid 35 cents an hour to boot!

Many years later, in 2005, I was awarded the Goldthwait Medal by the Byrd Polar Research Center at The Ohio State University. In my acceptance speech, I told the guests how special this was for me. To make that point, I described for them my summer job at Fort Pierre Cleaners and who Casey Tibbs was. Then I said, "Getting the Goldthwait Medal is right up there with getting the grass, mud, sweat, blood, and horseshit stains out of Casey Tibbs' rodeo duds. To appreciate that you would have to be a fifteen-year-old boy in Fort Pierre, South Dakota, when Casey Tibbs of Fort Pierre was Rodeo Cowboy Champion of the World."

Casey grew up on the Tibbs ranch on Mission Ridge and I grew up on the Hughes ranch in Bad River Valley, but we both claimed Fort Pierre as our hometown. In 2009 the Casey Tibbs Rodeo Center opened atop a bluff above Fort Pierre, just across Verendrye Drive from the knoll where the Verendrye Monument is located. There the Verendrye brothers buried a lead plate in 1743, upon which they inscribed a claim to all this land in the name of the King of France. Above both sites atop another bluff is the house where Casey's brother, Thad "Doc" Tibbs lived with his wife Nyla. Nyla was one of the Nash girls from the south side of Fort Pierre. After "Doc" Died, Nyla sold their house to Bev and me in 2005. There we spent our retirement years.

I had become a glaciologist at The Institute of Polar Studies in 1968, before it became the Byrd Polar Research Center. Glaciologists are scientists who study the big ice sheets that cover much of Earth's high and middle latitudes during Ice Ages. The last million years encompass the Quaternary Ice Age. We're still in it. Ice sheets thousands of feet thick cover Greenland and Antarctica today. South Dakota east of the Missouri River is strewn with boulders brought down from Canada by the former Laurentide Ice Sheet during the last glaciation cycle of the Quaternary Ice Age. That cycle ended only eight thousand years ago. As a boy, I saw those boulders, some as big as a house, and I knew they were deposited when the ice sheet melted. Little did I imagine I would spend most of my life trying to understand how such mind-boggling things were possible.

When I was sixteen, my summer job was working for Bob Hutcheson, who sold and erected steel grain storage buildings for ranchers and farmers in central South Dakota. Leo had already worked two summers for him. Bob lived on the south side of Fort Pierre and had a passel of kids, all younger than I. The buildings were of Quonset design and were called Wonder Buildings ("It's a wonder they stand," we joked). The semi-circular ribbed arches that bolted together and constituted the self-supporting roof were factory-made and shipped to Fort Pierre, and the ends were interlocking sections of straight sheet metal that were cut to fit the ends at Bob's assembly yard. Then all the disassembled pieces were loaded on a flatbed truck and taken to the farms and ranches to be assembled. The truck towed a big two-wheeled cement mixer that was used to pour the footings of the foundation. One customer was Oldrich Drobney, who had a ranch near Martin in the southern Badlands. Bill Smiley, a Korean War veteran, drove the flatbed truck to Drobney's ranch on a winding road through the Badlands. Three of us were in the cab. I was next to the right-side door. We were on a dirt road with no guardrails. As Bill rounded a curve, a pickup truck was passing a car coming toward us. We were on the outside curve. The three vehicles passed side by side. All I heard was screaming metal. I looked out the window on my side and all I saw was the bottom of the canyon hundreds of feet below. I didn't see the road at all. All of us stopped to inspect the damage. The car had crowded against the canyon wall that rose up on the inside of the curve, and that side of the car was scraped flat. The other side of the car had a streak of red paint from the pickup. The pickup on the car side was scraped of most its paint, and on our side had deep gouges from the sheet metal piled on our flatbed truck. The wheel tracks of the flatbed disappeared off the road on the gorge side. I have no idea how our flatbed stayed on the road. Either our guardian angels held us up or all three vehicles were somehow locked together.

When we got to Drobney's ranch, we unloaded the truck and started assembling the ribbed sections, and unhooked the cement mixer so we could pour the foundation footings after lunch. While we were eating lunch, I made a deal with Bill Smiley that if I climbed into the cement mixer, he would give me a penny for every rotation until I told him to stop the mixer. We wanted to carry out the bet during lunchtime, so we went over to the mixer and I started to climb inside. Bill said, "Wait a minute. We should load it because we're making the pour right after lunch." I thought that was changing the rules of the bet, but said "okay" anyway. Bill threw in the cement and gravel and turned the water hose on the pile. Then I climbed in, sat on the pile, and braced myself against the mixer blades. Bill started the mixer engine and released the clutch lever to get the mixer barrel rolling. But he released the lever too fast, so the barrel began to turn with a lurch that jerked me away from my brace against the blades. I was tumbling around with the gravel, cement, and water. Bill was watching and counting the turns. Bob Brokaw, our foreman, came running and put an end to the proceedings. He had heard the mixer start up before he was ready for it. I crawled out of the mixer's maw with cuts and welts all over my body. The gravel and cement actually helped, because they cushioned my falls against the blades.

At another job site, Brokaw caught one of his crew goldbricking and chewed him out. After Bob walked away, the guy muttered, "It's bad enough I have to show up every day. You expect me to work too?" He didn't last long.

When I was seventeen, I was back to being a ditch digger, like I was when I was about twelve. After the l952 flood, Congress decided to put an end to flooding along the Missouri River by authorizing construction of a series of earthern dams across the Missouri River Gorge at various places in South Dakota, North Dakota, and Montana. The biggest of those dams was near the site of the old Oahe Mission, about five miles north of Pierre and Fort Pierre. It was called the Oahe Dam. Congress authorized archeological investigations of prehistoric Indian sites that would be inundated by the lakes

behind the dams. An archeologist named Wheeler from the Smithsonian Institution arrived in the summer of l955 to conduct digs at probable former Indian sites that would be flooded north of Fort Pierre. He hired Larry Giddings, Bob Ricketts, and me to dig for him. Bob was heavy and ran in slow-motion, so we called him "Rapid." Doc. Wheeler brought his daughter, Valerie, with him and we boys would serenade her with *The Happy Wanderer*, for which the refrain was, "Valerie, valerah, valerah, val-a-rah-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha!" That was a fun job and we did indeed find many Indian artifacts. To impress her we would hold our long shovels out horizontally at arm's length. I kept mine out with either arm much longer than Larry or Bob could with their shovels.

When I was eighteen, my summer job was with an extra gang on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. My great-great uncle, Mike Feeney, had brought the railroad into Pierre in l880. A railroad bridge across the Missouri River was completed in l907, and rails were laid up the Bad River Valley to Rapid City. A lot of Irish laborers were brought in for the job. They and the other workers settled in little towns along the way that divided the new railroad into sections. In subsequent years, each section of track was maintained by a "section crew" of four or five men who lived in these little towns. Others became ranchers in Bad River Valley, and their herds were brought to the towns during the fall round up for shipment east in cattle trains. Once every year a work train would go up Bad River Valley to supply gravel and wooden cross-ties and do heavy-duty work using machinery the section crews didn't have. Machines for each heavy-duty task were on special cars of the work train. When I was younger, in my childhood mind they seemed like torture devices. A steam locomotive pulled the train and blasted hot steam alongside the railroad tracks to kill the weeds. That also seemed menacing. I called it The Killing Train. When it came through, I would have a nightmare in which The Killing Train would leave the tracks and start up Hughes Hill to the Big House. Then it came up the stairs to my bedroom. I always woke up before it came into my room.

Even with the section crews and the work train, the overall condition of the railroad had deteriorated over the decades since the tracks were laid. The extra gang was to bring the tracks up to their original condition. About a dozen of us were on the extra gang, and we had help from the section crews for each section. Several Sioux Indians were on the crew. The Sioux are tall, big-boned people. I worked with White Buffalo, Crazy Bear, and Yellow Horse. They taught me some words in Dakota, their Sioux language. That summer, we rebuilt the tracks for the Fort Pierre, Teton, Wendte, Van Metre, Capa, and Midland sections, taking us about a third of the way to Rapid City. Only Fort Pierre and Midland were real towns. Teton was just a railroad siding and a sign. Van Metre was a ghost town. The Carters and Popes lived in Wendte, the Polers and Philip O'Connor lived in Capa, all railroad people.

In Capa, abandoned buildings included a Catholic church and a school with separate outhouses for boys and girls. Capa still had the big wooden water tower alongside the tracks that was used to supply the steam locomotives with water from a mineral spring that once supplied hot mineral baths in the Capa Hotel. We were really hot and sweaty when we got there, so I and a skinny boy we called "Slim" stripped naked and climbed up the ladder to take a swim in the water tank. A ladder went into the tank so we could climb out but we jumped in. Philip O'Connor, was a big husky lad about my age. He wanted to be a Catholic priest. He and his uncle, Tammy Poler, worked on the Capa section, but Tammy was practically an alcoholic. His eighty-year-old mother, Mary Poler, owned the Capa Hotel, which rarely did any business. Capa was one of the towns built in Bad River Valley by Irish immigrants who laid rails from Fort Pierre to Rapid City for the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad in 1907. Bovine was a rural post office near Capa that opened a year after the Great Sioux Reservation was opened for settlement in 1890. Capa made it obsolete. A sign (Bovine, 1891) marks its location. The only older Bad River "town" was Nowlin, west of Midland and established in 1890.

In 2010 I retired from the University of Maine and returned to Fort Pierre. Lance Nixon was the managing editor of the *Capital Journal*, the daily newspaper in Pierre. He was interested in local history for the *Dakota Life* section. In the summer of 2012 I took him up Bad River Road to Midland via Van Meter Road and Capa Road so he could see ghost towns built when the railroad went through. Van Meter, a ghost town when I was a boy, was altogether gone. In Capa, the hotel and the Catholic church still stood, as did the town school, with separate outhouses for boys and girls, all dilapidated of course. Capa was "haunted" by Philip O'Connor, the only "ghost" still living there. He never became a priest but he had become educated and well-travelled before returning to his roots. Lance did a *Dakota Life* story on me and the Hughes family (21 September 2012), then one on the Carlisle family (28 December 2012) after I took him to Jim Carlisle's ranch, which was near the up-river part of the old Hughes ranch and was now 100 years old. Another neighbor in those early years was Paul Prairie Chicken, a tall 400-pound Sioux Indian whose house still stands. Jim Carlisle told us Paul shoveled all the manure from his barn into Bad River while sitting on a stool. He sat on his stool and threw shovel's full toward the river, then moved his stool to that pile and threw it a similar distance, until it was all in the river. Lance's colleague, Allison Jarrell, did a *Dakota Life* story on Capa and Philip O'Connor (28 September 2012). She did another story on Irene Caldwell, who just turned 100 (24 January 2013). Irene edited the book, *Bad River, Ripples, Rages, and Residents*, published in 1983 by the Bad River Women's Club in Fort Pierre.

On the extra gang, rattlesnakes infested the big sandstone blocks that had been dumped at the ends of trestles and bridges to prevent erosion when the railroad was first extended up Bad River Valley. We would lunch at those places because the quarried blocks had flat faces that made good chairs and tables. As we ate, rattlesnakes buzzed their tails within the rocks under us. In one of the big downstairs rooms of the Big House, a tall wall painting showed two children playing in the woods with a rattlesnake coiled just inches away. A guardian angel hovered over them. It stayed in the Big House when we moved in, so I saw it every day. Brother Leo's elder daughter, Mary, now has the picture. The cattle had worn many trails on the side of Hughes Hill, and when I was a small boy I was walking along one of those trails and walked right past a coiled rattlesnake. I didn't see it until I almost stepped on it. It didn't strike. My guardian angel was looking out for me.

The hottest days on the extra gang were in July and August when there were few clouds. There were no shade trees along the railroad. When we worked in draws, there was no breeze. With the sun reflecting from the rails and the gravel, I expect the temperature got up to l20 degrees Fahrenheit at times. Even so, everyone kept his shirt on except "Slim" who had a slight frame, thin face, and boyish good looks. Slim never wore a shirt. All he wore were low-top tennis shoes with no sox and beltless trousers that hung so low on his skinny hips he had to roll up the trouser legs. He hopped off a sandstone block one day and his trousers dropped to his feet when he landed, leaving him bare naked. Slim had sharp elbows and knobby knees, all his ribs showed, his hipbones stuck out in front, his shoulder blades winged out in back, and his vertebrae protruded like beads down his backbone. Comic books back then often had *Charles Atlas* advertisement cartoons aimed at skinny boys. Slim was the 97-pound weakling in those cartoons. I mention this because within a year I would look like him. At the beginning of summer his smooth skin was creamy white. At the end of summer he was so dark and his blond hair had sun-bleached so white that he looked like a walking photographic negative. Despite his frail body, Slim was a good worker. Everyone worked hard. Working on the railroad was the best summer job I had, lots of fresh air and good exercise.

The railroad towns between Fort Pierre and Midland were Teton, Wendte, Van Metre, and Capa. When I

took the gravel road along the railroad in 2013, Teton was just the siding (no sign), only one family lived in Wendte, Van Metre had neither buildings nor a sign, and only Philip O'Connor lived in Capa, but several empty dilapidated buildings remained, including the Poler hotel, Phil's house, the town school with outhouses, the Catholic church, and a big once-grand house at the edge of town.

During the summer of l957, when I was nineteen, Leo and I had construction jobs on the Oahe Dam that was being built across the Missouri River north of Fort Pierre. We worked on the "graveyard" night shift in the control shafts above the tunnels that would eventually deliver water from the lake behind the dam to the turbines that generate hydroelectric power. Leo worked the night shift in the tunnels. The US Army Corps of Engineers supervised all construction on the dam. I had graduated from Fort Pierre High School in l956, and I had just finished my freshman year at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology. Leo was also attending the School of Mines. Two years earlier Maw had been diagnosed as having cancer. I have two vivid memories of that.

The first memory was from sometime between 1952 and 1955. Paw had put in a downstairs bedroom and bathroom after the 1952 flood, so Maw didn't have to climb stairs, and he converted part of the Big House into an apartment so she wouldn't have so much to clean. One evening I heard her crying from my upstairs bedroom and I came downstairs to see what was wrong. Paw was holding her in the new bedroom and he had the saddest eyes I have ever seen. I don't think we knew she had cancer then, at least I didn't. Paw was in his fifties and he could no longer work the ranch, so he had leased it to Ivan Shiflet. Then he sold it to Quentin Sutley, our neighbor who pulled Tim out of Bad River in 1949. I had expressed an interest in eventually running the ranch and Paw said, "I'll sell this ranch right under your nose before I'll let you waste your life here." When he sold the ranch, I thought he was just making good on his promise, but he needed that money to pay Maw's doctor bills at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. She was there in the summer and again in the fall of l955 for cancer treatments. Felan, Florence, and their grand daughter, Marietta, came to look after us and the house while Paw and Maw were in Rochester that summer. Then they moved to Arizona. Paw couldn't bear being with Maw during her agonizing cancer treatments. He felt helpless. For the next treatment, Maw left Pierre alone by train. Her sister Lucille (my Godmother) met her in Huron one cold December night and accompanied her to Rochester. Lucille drove her to Rochester once or twice after that, and Marguerite took her there once.

The second vivid memory is of one Sunday in July of 1957 when Paw took Leo, Tim, and me to Saint Mary's Hospital in Pierre to visit Maw. When we entered her room, she seemed to be asleep, but her eyes were shut tight and her face was twisted into such a mask of pain that I barely recognized her. Paw went over to her bedside, bent down, and kissed her on the forehead. She opened her eyes and immediately was all smiles. I burst into tears. Tim looked curiously at me because he had never seen me cry, and I grabbed his head and turned it away. Tim didn't yet know what I finally realized. Our mother was dying. Two weeks later she was dead. It was 25 July 1957, within three months from her fifty-sixth birthday (October twelfth). Her sisters, Lucille and Marguerite, were at her bedside, along with Paw and his sister, Josie Kelley, and our Fort Pierre neighbor, Mary Sweeney. They were reciting the prayers for the dying with the chaplain, who had his finger on Maw's pulse. He nodded to them when her heart stopped beating and everyone said, "Eternal rest grant to her, O Lord." Lucille told me that many years later. Paw never mentioned it, at least to me.

Some years later, my Godmother, Lucille Schiltz, showed me a letter Maw had written to all her brothers and sisters on 24 June 1957, saying the doctors at the Mayo Clinic couldn't find any cancer in her but she was in such constant pain that she could barely sleep or move. They had subjected her to prolonged x-ray treatments, and had put radioactive cobalt capsules in her uterus where the cancer was located.

This “therapy” burned her flesh so she suffered excruciating pain every time she needed to pass urine. In fact, she died of urine poisoning because she couldn’t pass it at all eventually, so it backed-up into her body and killed her. That blockage and burns from the x-rays and radioactive cobalt were more painful than the cancer. Imagine being unable to urinate--ever--despite the pain. The doctors made her a guinea pig for their experiments and tortured her to death, while telling her they couldn’t find any cancer.

Here is the letter Maw wrote, a week after she read letters from her brothers and sisters in the Round Robin that she had initiated earlier that year when she attended her mother’s funeral in Mitchell. Our last photo of her is from that visit. She is seated by the kitchen table reading Round Robin letters. She looks healthy and serene.

My Mother’s Last Letter

Fort Pierre, S. Dak.

June 24, 1957

Dear Family,

The Robin lit the middle of last week so here goes to send him on his way again. It was so nice receiving him and learning about all of you.

First of all—about Leo and Terry. They arrived home on June 7 from a very busy and successful year at Mines. Terry received a Metallurgy scholarship for next year as that is what he has decided to make his major. Leo plans to go with his class the week before school starts this fall on an extensive geology field trip through Yellowstone, etc. They both are intensely interested in their work. When they arrived home, I decided that I would ask St. Joseph to help them get jobs; I chose him because I thought he might have a little more time to devote to my petition. I put it right up to him, asking him to see that they had jobs by Friday night. If they did, I would continue with the special prayers until the end of June. At 3 on Friday, the Employment Office called and said there was a chance for two young men with Oahe Constructors in the tunnel area. Now, the best part of it was that the boys had been all over the dam earlier in the week and had been told right and left that no college boys were wanted for they wanted someone who would stay right on the job. The boys went out prepared to work, lunches all packed and a goodly supply of work gloves. They didn’t return until after the first shift. So you see, Good St. Joseph really was on the ball for us. The boys work a 48-hour week at $1.47 an hour with time and a half for overtime. They have night shifts which vary according to the job they are doing. So far Terry has put in three 12-hour days and Leo has put in four or five. Terry is in the control shaft of the one tunnel—midway between the entrance and exit of it. Leo is just inside the exit, preparing for the spillway which will lead from the tunnels. It is dirty work and tiring, but those two have always been able to do whatever is expected of them. Leo hopes to make enough to finish his senior year, with the Personnel Office job. He has used up all his bonds, his stocks and his savings so he starts from scratch. Both boys started working for good money following the 1952 flood so Terry has a much better financial backlog than Leo had. Terry has about $1600 in savings besides his bonds and stock. Most of the boys around here are working this summer; there are very few idle ones and those just because they are lazy.

Tim right now is busy with catechism; the Sisters are here for two weeks. I guess the enrollment is

crowding 150 for the first eight grades. There are three Sisters. He has come home with a medal of honor and with a rosary so far. He is the fisherman of the family. Yesterday he caught his first catfish; the others have all been bullheads. He made his own rod and reel out of a spool, etc. He goes just behind the house and under the bridge.

The State Women's Clubs have a project on Pioneer Women of South Dakota. One of the Pierre women asked me to write up about Mom after seeing her obituary. So I did. I sent a copy to Bert to have Uncle Will verify and then I thought she might make copies for all of you. I also did one for Mother Hughes. Of course the big story in that was the 1905 flood when they lost all they had and almost lost their lives.

Then I wrote Berna and asked her to check with Celia and John Bouquet and Mrs. Welscher on some facts about Dad's early life. I though that just for our own pleasure I might write up a similar one about Dad.

Now comes the part of this letter that I don't like to write and that is the state of my health. As you all know, I definitely do not have cancer now. That trip to Rochester with Marg in Lu's car gave us that satisfaction but gave me no relief from the hurts, aches and pains that I have been constantly having since mid-February and which have been steadily becoming more painful. Two weeks ago, I think—I hope—the climax was reached, and now maybe I can begin to regain my strength. I hope no one of you ever suffers from muscle spasm. I understand there is very little that can be done to relieve it, that one must just sweat it out, especially when you have had the cancer therapy that I have. My right leg swelled to one-third its normal size and made it almost impossible for me to walk. I became allergic to aspirin which the doctor had recommended and then was so sick for several days until all that was out of my system. Now I literally sweat it out; I take anywhere from four to six hot—and I mean hot—twenty-minute baths a day; Leo massages me until I think he is tearing out the muscles. I sit for 15 or 20 minutes, then I must change my position. I walk with a cane but not very far or very long at a time. I have difficulty sleeping until I drop off for two or three hours from utter exhaustion. But, enough of that part. I have not been upstairs or in the basement for over two months. When the weather is warm enough I go for a little ride but not over twenty minutes. Fortunately the lady in the apartment—even with her ten children, the oldest of which is 12—is very wonderful to me. She does the laundry and she and her daughter go over the house twice a week. We gave them three bedrooms upstairs when she volunteered to be such wonderful help. I want you to know that I am fighting every single minute, that very seldom do I cry—but I do when the very bad muscle spasms hit, for crying seems to help me relax. I haven't been to Mass for several weeks, can't even walk about the lawn. But I do get the meals and usually do the dishes so I don't feel completely useless.

Now just imagine what Papa Leo's job is! He has surely been a tower of strength and has taken on all these extra tasks such as picking up things from the floor, which I cannot do. The good Lord surely should have a wonderful reward for him. He goes to Highmore once a week as county judge; he does all the outside jobs with Tim and with the boys besides all the things that need to be done in the house. Helen, his sister, died of cancer just about ten days ago. She had taught up until April 29 this year when she went to the hospital. She had enough deep therapy so that she didn't need too much medication to relieve the pain. Hers, as you may remember, was discovered some four months after mine, but hers had metastasised. However, she did go back to teaching and almost completed the year. She did not know how bad hers was and kept hoping that she would recover.

I'm anxious to see the apartment (the Schiltz apartment in Mitchell) since it is rearranged (after Clara Schiltz's funeral). I don't imagine I will for I know that I could not even make a trip to Rochester except

by plane and then with a wheelchair available there. Where do the three of you plan your vacation?

Felan is here from Tucson, has Helen's apartment. Irene and Ret were also here for the funeral. I couldn't go. Leo and Terry were pallbearers and Tim served Mass.

We had a terrible accident on the railroad bridge behind the house mid-morning yesterday. A drunk (local) was crossing the bridge and somehow fell across the tracks and was hit by a train. Whether he'll live, I don't know. (He died.) The train was surely noisy trying to get him off the tracks.

Our rains continue; the country looks beautiful, and the weeds flourish.

I surely enjoyed all your letters—I'm tiring now—have done this in relays. Don't feel sorry for me—just pray for me!

God love you

MARY

That year, 1957, was the worst of my life. The pall of death hung over our family. Grandma Schiltz died in March. Our last trip to Mitchell as a family was to attend her funeral. Aunt Helen, Paw's sister, died of cancer in June. Then my mother died in July. Christmas was grim. We wanted it to be a happy time for Tim's sake. He had turned eleven on September eighth, just weeks after Maw died. We got the cedar (juniper) branches from trees on the Missouri Breaks, as always, and constructed our usual pungent Christmas tree. But Kie and Helen were absent. They traditionally joined us for Christmas dinner and they always treated Tim like Tiny Tim in *A Christmas Carol* after he almost drowned in Bad River in 1949. Kie, who had a law office in Fort Pierre, had died suddenly of a heart attack in l954, while watching a baseball game in Pierre. His wake was held in the Big House, and Helen was so grief-stricken that she almost dove into the coffin with him, crying out, "Poor Kie!" Wakes in the Hughes family were traditionally held in the Big House. Many big lilac bushes grew in the yard, and their blossoms were used at the summer wakes. To this day, the smell of lilacs is for me the smell of death. What reminded me of the scent of lilacs that Christmas was not the absence of a favorite uncle and aunt. Someone else was missing. My mother.

Her final sickness and death took its toll on us all. My first driver's license at fifteen had me five feet nine inches tall and weighing 135 pounds. During my senior year, when I was eighteen, I was six feet tall and weighed 145 pounds. The next summer, when I was nineteen and working the night shift on the Oahe Dam, Emil, one of the older men on my shift, asked me how much I weighed when we were in an elevator that went down to the tunnels. I wasn't eating much and knew I was going from thin to skinny because I swam naked in Bad River behind Hughes Hill every morning after work. I didn't mind being skinny. But this time I saw how skeletal my body had become. I was as skinny as Slim, the blond youth on the railroad extra gang, only I had black hair and no suntan. If he was a walking photographic negative, I was the walking positive print. When I stretched out to dry on the warm sandbar after my swim, the "blades" of my sharp iliac crests I had admired now looked grotesque jutting from my sunken abdomen. Back at the Big House, I stood naked in front of the tall oval wall mirror and ran my fingers over bones protruding from my shoulders to my groin. Then the naked skin-and-bones boy in the mirror

smiled at me and began to pose. Was he tempting me to be even more skeletal? On a store scale I discovered I weighed only 120 pounds clothed, a few pounds less if naked. Did I have a death wish? That thought scared me enough to start eating more.

By the end of summer I wasn't quite so skinny. When I returned to college that fall after Maw died, I decided to go out for football. My height and weight were recorded during my physical examination, and were entered in the team roster. The little booklet listing team members had me down as six feet one inch and 135 pounds. It was the same weight when I was fifteen, but I was nineteen and four inches taller. That was the toll Maw's suffering and death took on me. It was also the year of my worst grades in college. I matured physically only during my last year. When I graduated, I was six feet one and a quarter inches tall and weighed 225 pounds. Those 90 pounds put lean muscle on my thickening bones. Every pound added since then has been meat marbled with fat. Twice I topped off at 300 pounds, but was usually from 260 to 270. The lithe youth with the smooth adolescent body was history. I miss him but his spirit remains.

Maw's death took its toll on Leo too. He went to the School of Mines two years before I did. He did okay in his freshman year, but he joined a fraternity and started to booze and carouse during his sophomore year and his grades plummeted. He probably realized sooner than I did that Maw was dying. He got kicked out of the School of Mines the year Maw died, and he went to work for the State Highway Department in the soils laboratory in Pierre. There he met Naomi Gates and she began to straighten him out. They were married by a Justice of the Peace in February of 1959 and in the Catholic Church in September of 1959, which is what Maw would have wanted. Leo got back into the School of Mines that fall, having missed two years. A year later their first child was born, and they named her Mary Susan Hughes, after Maw. Leo graduated with me in 1960. They had two sons, Leo Shannon and Sean Timothy, and another daughter, Erin Alane. They celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in 2009, all children and grandchildren attending.

Maw's death also took its toll on Tim. He turned eleven just after she died. Paw seemed to lose interest in life, so Tim almost raised himself. Paw asked two of Maw's sisters, Bert and Marguerite, to raise Tim. They declined, which led to a special relationship between Paw and Tim that Leo and I never had. They did many things together, going swimming, putting a low concrete wall around the plot where Maw was buried in Scotty Philip Cemetery, and landscaping Paw's lots on the Mary Knoll part of Hughes Subdivision on Hughes Hill. After Tim graduated from high school in 1964, he attended Black Hills Teachers College for two years and then dropped out. Maw would have made sure that he graduated from college. He went back to live with Paw in Fort Pierre. When that wasn't going well he stayed with Paw's sister Josie in Pierre. Josie's husband, Frank Kelley, had died in 1953. He may be South Dakota's greatest athlete. He held two indoor world records in the high hurdles. Another track record lasted 26 years. He led South Dakota State to an undefeated football season and a bowl win in Hawaii. He also played professional football in the era of Red Grange and Jim Thorpe. The Cleveland Bulls (later Browns), Chicago Bears, Green Bay Packers, and Kansas City Cowboys made offers. He played for the Bulldogs, Packers (with Red Grange), and Giants. He played professional baseball with the Saint Louis Cardinals. When he returned to Pierre as a pharmacist, he coached the Pierre American Legion baseball team to five consecutive state championships. That team is still remembered as Kelley's Kids.

While Tim was staying with Josie, he met Eileen Frazer, a Pierre girl, and married her. They had three children, Brian, Brett, and Tara. Tim has a rebellious streak. He decided the Federal Income Tax was unconstitutional, and refused to pay it. That kept him from owning property in his name for years because the IRS would confiscate it for back taxes. IRS could seize his wages if agents found out how

much he earned. Part of Maw (a small part) would approve. Tim eventually cut a deal with IRS that allowed him to start an upholstery business and purchase land in Colorado, some in the mountains and forty acres of "rattlesnakes and cactus" on the plains between Colorado Springs and Pueblo, where Tim lives to this day. Tim is a survivor.

The toll was worst on Paw. He never did recover fully from Maw's death. He hired a housekeeper, Edith Tassevigen, who noticed that some mornings he would get up disoriented and forgetful. They were mini-strokes that went unheeded, because they didn't last. Then, three years after I entered graduate school at Northwestern University, he had a massive stroke in 1963 that left him partly paralyzed on one side and unable to speak coherently. Maw would have seen the warning strokes for what they were, and insisted that he undergo tests until the cause was discovered. It was a clogged artery to his brain. It could have been cleaned out and that would have prevented the massive stroke. I returned to South Dakota, took care of Paw's business left hanging, took him to McKennan Hospital in Sioux Falls where doctors tried unsuccessfully to reopen his artery, and then got him into Hot Springs Veterans' Hospital in the southern Black Hills for physical rehabilitation. To prove that he qualified because he was a World War I veteran, I had to hunt down his honorable discharge certificate. After that, he stayed at the Big House in Fort Pierre and even resumed his duties as Stanley County Judge. When that was no longer possible, Josie and I got him admitted into Maryhouse, the Catholic nursing home in Pierre. There he stayed until Bev and I brought him with us to Maine in January of 1975.

Andy Feeney, my great uncle and the last surviving Feeney who was born in Ireland, spent his last two years in Maryhouse, and died in 1956 at age 86. It was the year I graduated from high school. After he retired from his Bad River ranch in l928, he lived in the Duffy house in Fort Pierre. Maw would take us there to visit him regularly. He gave us candy, and told us stories about his cowboy years on West River roundups. In l95l, Maw wrote down his account of tracking down the murderer Kunnecke in March of l903, shortly after Andy became sheriff of Old Stanley County.

Maw started the Round Robin letter with her brothers and sisters at her mother's funeral in 1957. I have a photo of her taken then. She looked fine. A few months later she was dead. The plan for the Round Robin was that, as the oldest, she would write what was going on in her life and send the letter to the next oldest, who did the same, until the youngest returned the package of letters to Maw. Then Maw would pull out her letter and write a new letter relating everything that happened since her first letter. This has been going on for five decades until 2009, and it includes letters from three generations of descendants of Jacob and Clara Schiltz. It has become Maw's farewell gift to her family. Maw was born on 12 October 1901. She liked to say she and Columbus discovered America on the same day. Maw's three sons with some of her nine grandchildren were at a Schiltz family reunion at Fort Robinson in northwestern Nebraska a century later, in August of 2001. Agnes and Lucille were over 100 in 2009. Bert would be well over 100 had she not died at age 97 after a car accident. Dorothy entered her 90s in 2012. Maw died at age 55.

Maw was buried in Scotty Philip Cemetery, just north of Fort Pierre, county seat of Stanley County, which is named after the son of James "Scotty" Philip. Scotty Philip was born in Scotland and the cemetery is Masonic, but many Catholics are buried there. Scotty Philip is among the handful of men who are credited with saving the buffalo from extinction, because he rescued a few and let them breed on his buffalo pasture where the cemetery is located. Calves from his herd were the beginnings of the big buffalo herds in the national parks of the Black Hills. Trees, shrubs, and flowers around the graves in the cemetery are watered from a natural spring on a nearby hillside of gravel that was dumped by the big ice sheet on one of the few occasions when it advanced beyond the present-day channel of the Missouri

River. Paw is buried beside Maw in the Hughes plot, along with his sisters, Irene and Josie, and Josie's husband, Frank Kelley. All those Hughes Catholics are buried in a Masonic cemetery, just as is their Orange Irish grandmother, Elisa MacMurray Hughes, in Davenport, Iowa, by her own wish. The John F. Hughes family plot is in Calvary Cemetery, a Catholic cemetery high on the Missouri Breaks across the Missouri River in Hughes County, but in sight of Scotty Philip Cemetery. Margaret Connally Feeney and all her children are buried there; my grandmother Ellen, Michael and his wife Essie, Andrew, and Mary. John F. Hughes is there with Ellen and John his namesake, Josie's twin sister Agnes (Margaret's middle name), along with sons Francis and Kiran, veterans of The Great War. Of all the prairie songbirds, the call of the meadowlark is the most beautiful and lonesome. Meadowlarks are always seen darting among the tombstones and nesting in the foliage of these cemeteries. Their mournful cry is forever in the air.

Photos for Chapter 1: Origins, Sheet 1.

Photos are numbered from left to right and from top to bottom.

1. My father Leo J. Hughes as a cowboy on the Hughes cattle-and-horse ranch in Bad River Valley. He took over running the ranch from his older brother, Felan, my godfather.

2. Me with my brother Leo in the yard of the Little House in Fort Pierre. I started life as an Aryan. Then the dysgenic genes kicked in.

3. My second birthday outside the Little House, 15 February 1939. We all "peak" at two.

4. Leo and I in cowboy suits made by our mother Mary. She took all but two of these photos.

5. The Big House on Hughes Hill. My grandfather built it after the 1905 flood of Bad River took out his original house by the river. We moved into the Big House when I was six, after my grandmother had died in 1944 and grandfather had moved to Pierre.

6. Paw with Leo and me atop Hughes Hill watching Bad River flood the Hughes cattle ranch. The two-humped hill in the background is Camel's Back.

7. Paw, Leo, and I with our horses, Starface (Leo's horse), Blackbird (my horse), and her palomino colt, in the pasture on Hughes Hill. The barren hill in the background is Blacktop.
9. Paw's oldest brother, Felan, with me. Felan is my godfather. The house in the background is where Paw's other older brothers, Francis and Kiran, were accused of murdering Bob Tolton.

8. Leo and I in the cave on Blacktop. Many years later, the "government" dynamited the cave so it wouldn't collapse from its own weight and tumble onto U.S. Highway 83.

9. Me in 1950, age 12, with the pirate ship I carved from a log after seeing the Walt Disney movie, *Treasure Island*. Fifty-three years later I assembled a model of *Le Soleil Royal*, flagship of the French Navy, with 103 cannons and 22 sails, commissioned by Louis XIV of France in 1669.

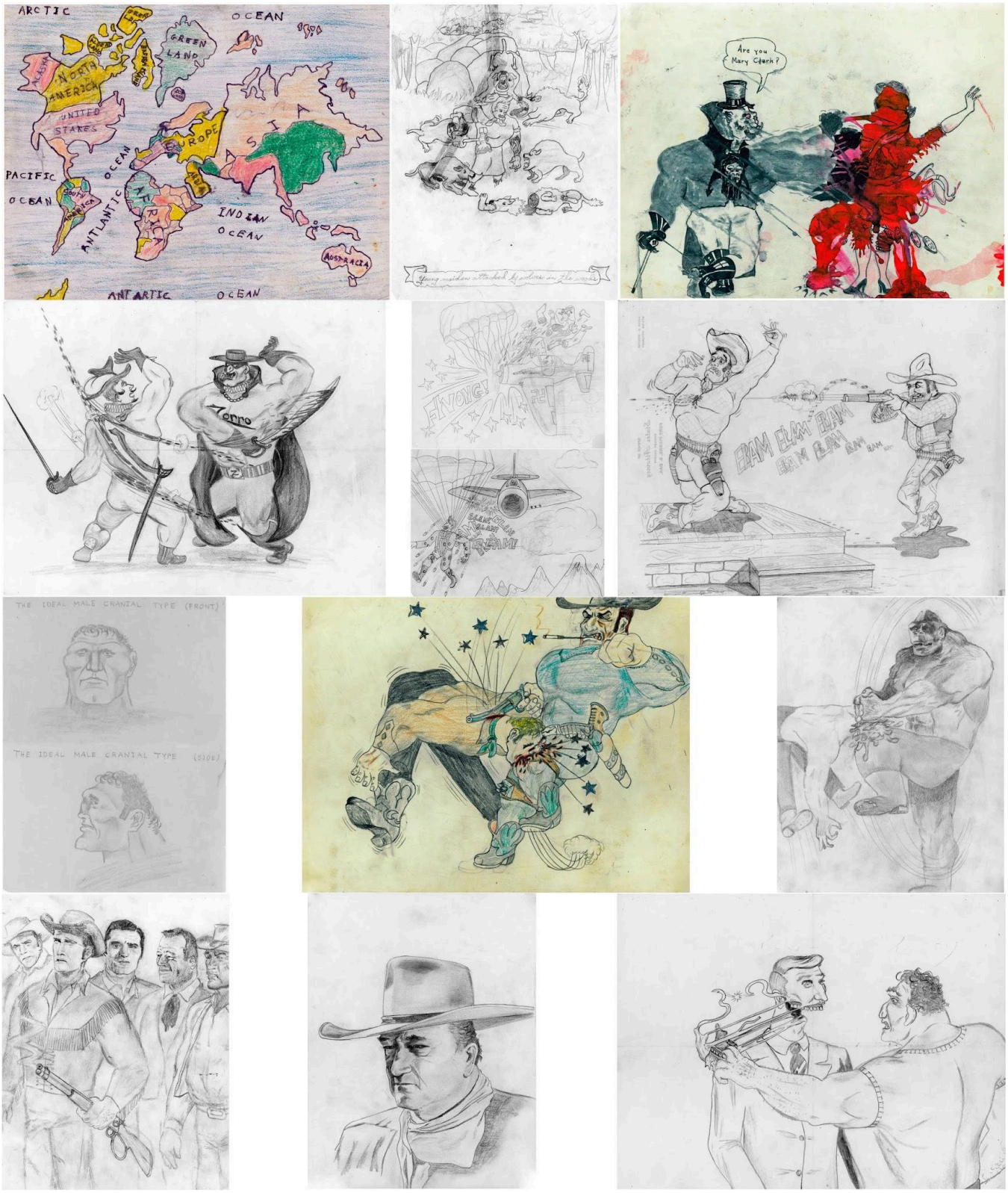
10. My younger brother John Timothy with his dog Whiz, when Timmy was three years old. A few months after Maw took this picture, Whiz saved Timmy from drowning in Bad River.

11. Paw, Maw, Leo, Tim, and I in the yard outside the Big House in 1952. Leo was sixteen, I was fourteen, and Tim was six. The family resemblance of we thee boys is striking.

12. Deadwood Street in Fort Pierre during the 1952 flood. From left to right the buildings are the Hop Scotch Bar, Rowe's Hardware, Kelly's Café, the Chateau Bar and Grill, the Duffy building, and the Stockmen's Café. Next was a saloon called "the snake pit" Indians patronized.

13. The last picture of my mother, in Mitchell in 1957, three months before she died of cancer. Maw is writing "thank you" letters to people who sent sympathy cards when her mother died.

Drawings for Chapter 1: Origins, Sheet 2.



Drawings are numbered from left to right and from top to bottom.

1. A map of the world I drew when I was seven years old.

2. “Young Maiden Attacked By Wolves In The Woods” is a drawing I made in grade school.

3. This is Jack the Ripper slicing up a prostitute. I drew it after I saw a movie in which Jack asked “Are you Mary Clark?” before he took out his knife, a Gurka knife in my drawing.

4. Zorro cutting his signature “Z” in an adversary.

5. Drawings I made during World War II and the Korean War. The “bad guys” win.

6. I call this drawing “The Back-Shooter.”

7. In high school I drew “The Ideal Male Cranial Type, Front and Side Views” after seeing imaginary drawings of cavemen in a book on human origins. Note the tiny brain pan.

8. *Violencia e Brutalidad*. The “hero” has a cigarette holder, steel knee spikes, and notched gun handles that combine class with crunch.

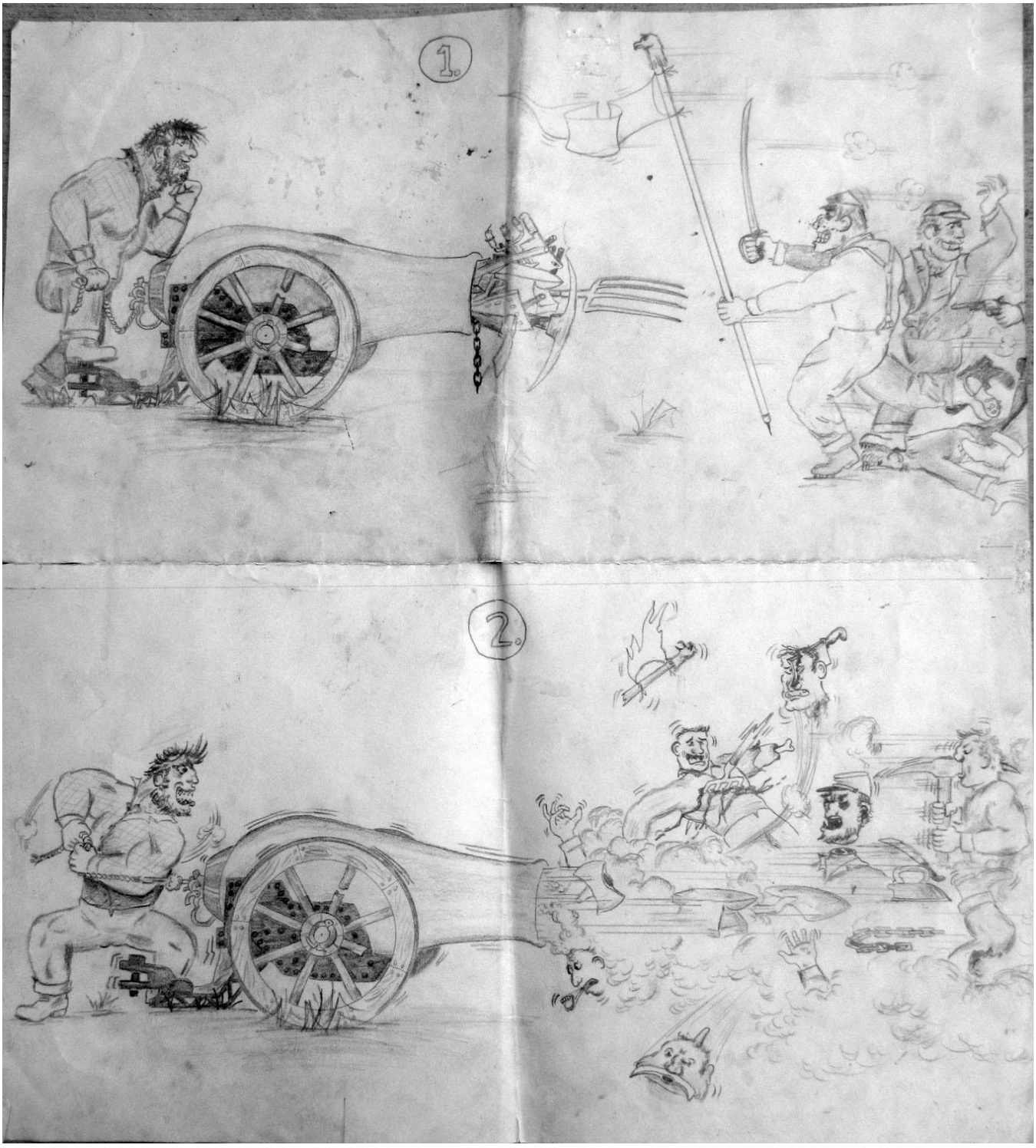
9. This is my “eggshell” drawing. The “hero” has gorilla features and enjoys crushing eggs.

10. I drew this in college at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology when television “Westerns” were popular. From left to right, these “heroes” are Matt Dillon (James Arness) in *Gunsmoke*, Lucas McCain (Chuck Connors) in *The Rifleman*, Cheyenne Body (Clint Walker) in *Cheyenne*, John Wayne as John Wayne, and Seth Adams (Ward Bond) in *Wagon Train*.

11. My drawing of John Wayne as “Ethan Edwards” after I saw the 1956 John Ford movie, *The Searchers*, in Rapid City.

12. I drew this when I was a graduate student at Northwestern University. Fellow graduate students thought the “bully” was me and the “victim” was my advisor, John Brittain.

Drawings for Chapter 1: Origins, Sheet 3.



I call this “Pickett’s Charge” during the Battle of Gettysburg. My drawing is in two parts, before and after the cannon is fired. I was in either high school or college when I drew it. The Confederates wear hob-nailed boots. Cannons firing grapeshot did as much carnage as my drawing shows.