

THE DREAM ENDS

It would be difficult to overestimate the effect of Jer's death on the Irish community in Nunda Township. They were already besieged with serious problems; years of drought, a faltering national economy, a farm economy controlled by monopolies and unsympathetic political bosses, and epidemics of diseases that could suddenly decimate entire families. In many ways, Jer had been a symbol, a sign that all of this was only temporary, and not really so bad anyway. People looked on the bright side when Jer was around. After he was gone, a gradual transition seemed to set in. Time was reckoned from that date, looking back to a 1902 storm it would be placed as having occurred "nine years after Jer died." There was a general nostalgia, a looking back to the good things of the past, instead of forward to the good things of the future. The tight knit community became more disperse as time went on. No doubt some of this was due to other influences, and would have taken place anyway, but his death seemed to partly cause, as well as symbolize, this transition.

Certainly it had a most immediate effect on Jerry, who seemed to grow old overnight. The ensuing winter was very hard on him, and he followed Jer to the grave less than three months later. To add to the gloom, Pat and Johanna's son William, who farmed the place northwest of Jerry, died of typhoid later that year. Jer was buried at the Badus cemetery, near the church that he had done so much to help build, but Jerry's body was interred at the cemetery in Madison, beside Ellen, and a common marker was placed over their graves. It still stands there, a light colored square stone pillar about four feet tall. It says:

JEREMIAH LYONS Died Feb 9, 1894 Aged 75 Yr

on one side and

ELLEN Wife of Jeremiah Died Dec.29,1889 Age 68 Years

on the other. ***** It's a long way from Dungarvan.

As the spring of 1894 came on, it was time for some very serious thinking about land. Will, as Rich's partner, was still operating four quarters, Jer had left three of his own and Jerry's place made for a total of eight quarter sections, or 1280 acres. Rich was totally committed to his business in Carthage, he and his brother-in-law partner, James Coughlin, had also purchased quite a bit of land around Carthage, so there was no possibility that Rich could come back to active farming at Nunda. John Rei already had 2 quarters of his own, all that he could use, and the Pat Lyons family was already totally committed too. Dennis and Emma had their two quarters, they had William's quarter now, Pat had the Deragish place, and Katie and Margaret had bought the quarter across the road. Delaneys also had all of the land that they felt they could handle.

Will and Rich came to talk with Mary Ann. The Boss and Miss Kitty had

been married for seven years now, and their family was off to a good start with Dennis, Ann, Jim and Jerry. Miss Kitty's younger sister, Mildred, and their mother, Bridget Crossgrove, lived with them as well. The farm in section 15 was seen to be somewhat of a model, and several other farmers had expressed an interest in renting it. Will had purchased the SE quarter of Sect. 9 from his sister Kate earlier, so he had that, actually he was also the owner of Jer's east quarter, Jer and Mary Ann had sold it to him when they moved to Madison, although Jer had actually been farming it since they moved back.

Mary Ann had decided that she wanted to stay in her house, and try to farm with the help of hired men, but the operation that Jer had left was too big. After kicking this around for a while, they decided on a new plan. Dennis, then 7, was able to remember some of it in later years. The farm in section 15, three quarters, would be rented out by Rich, this effectively terminated the partnership that had gone on for ten years or so. The Boss and Miss Kitty would move onto the Hoidal place, which would remain as part of Jerry's estate, and eventually belong to his heirs as tenants in common. Ownership of Jer's south quarter (the Tufte place) would go to Will and he would deed Jer's east quarter back to Mary Ann, so that she would have their original farm back. Will would have three quarters to farm, (SW 8, NE 17, and SE 9). Much of the livestock operation would be carried on at Mary Ann's place, where they had better facilities for it, but Will would continue to be involved, at least at first.

Spring was moving time. Will was able to find a married hired man who needed a place to live, so that family occupied the buildings in the NE quarter of section 17. A few years later the hired man left and The Boss and Miss Katie changed over to the Tufte place for the sake of better buildings there.

This arrangement put the two Lyons families on adjoining farms, less than a half mile apart, and started a close relationship that was never broken. There were 9 children in the two families, Bessie was 10, and all of the rest were 8 or under, so it was quite a tribe, and represented a lot of business coming up for the little school a half mile further west. Annie Rei was grown up now, at 21, and Pat and Johanna's progeny on the Deragish place had no children, so this was the Lyons tribe in that neighborhood. Emma and Dennis, of course, had their regrowing family 3 miles to the southeast.

If the fates had been unkind to Mary Ann, they made a gesture in her favor at this point. It came in the form of young Irish lad known as Pat Clair. No one knew much for sure about Pat's history before he showed up in Madison that spring, looking for work. He was 18, he said (at least part of the time) and was from Ireland. There could be no doubt about the second part of his statement, but Pat did love to talk, and his listeners were sometimes left in doubt as to whether Pat knew, or cared, if he was 16, 18 or 20. He once told Miss Kitty that he had worked as a boy in Ireland with a group of men who were stacking hay, or peat, or some such, in a field, when a group of English lords, on a fox hunt came through.

The two groups interfered with each other in some way and an altercation ensued. In the resulting melee, Pat had, unintentionally, caused the death of one of the

fox hunters. As a result he had been on the run in Ireland, found passage on a ship bound for America, and worked his way west. Miss Kitty gave his story more credence than your narrator is willing to accord it, having heard several identical accounts about other Irish immigrants. If all of these stories are true, then life for the foxes of Ireland in those days must have been difficult indeed. Another account has it that there were many orphans in Ireland in those days. These children were often destitute and near starvation, as we know. Some charitable organizations were formed to try to do something about this by bringing groups of such children to America. By this account, Pat was one of these children.

How he came from that status to be a strapping lad of 18? in Madison, South Dakota, in the spring of 1894, looking for work, we are not told. When Andrew Kettelsen came around, on June 28, 1900, to take the census, Pat told him that he had come to America in 1893. Perhaps he did. Many of us who knew him would have trusted him with our life (when he was sober), but would place scant credence in such a statistic. He also told Andrew that he could read, write and speak English.

Pat came on the train, and stayed for fifty years. As far as anyone knows, he never again spoke to, heard of, or saw any person that he had known before that day. He walked around the busy town, a tall and energetic figure, engaging those he met in conversation. He had an engaging manner that belied his sharp gaze, and a heavy Irish brogue that fascinated some of the Scandinavians. He met people easily, soon half of the town knew he was there, and somebody mentioned him to John Fitzgerald. John knew about the decisions made by Rich, Will and Mary Ann, and had been on the alert for anyone that might fill the bill as a hired man for Mary Ann, so he sent someone to ask Pat to come down to the store.

John was impressed with his apparent intelligence and good nature, and Pat seemed to know something of farming - John didn't regard himself as the best judge of that. John decided to tell Pat of the situation, and Pat was interested at once. It seemed as if he thought he could get on anywhere but still would like it best if he could work with someone of his own ethnic background. Tom Flynn was in town, so John got hold of him and asked if he would take Pat back with him and introduce him to Mary Ann, and to Will. Tom was a very personable man, and one of the leading farmers in the area. By the time his buggy got to Badus, Tom was convinced - here was a prize. He had worked with Jer 15 years earlier, and knew both Mary Ann and Will very well. As they moved on up the road, he began to give some thought to the question of how to handle this. This was not a chauvinistic society, Tom's wife was probably more of a community leader than even Tom was. On a national and state level, women did not have the vote, and this was a serious problem for some people, but on a local level in this Irish community, to a very great extent, men and women were equal partners.

There was, however, a traditional division of labor, and this was on Tom's mind. He wasn't quite sure how to talk to Mary Ann about this. Hewell knew that her mother had been running the farm in Iowa ever since John Harrington had died, but that was a little different, Maurice had been old enough to play a role, the community and the farms were better established, the operation was more routine. Pat was "just

off the boat", so to speak, and couldn't know very much about this type of farming. It would be different than working for a man who would be beside him in the field much of the time, Mary Ann had 5 young children. Tom was full of admiration for Mary Ann for what she was setting out to do, and believed that she knew farming well enough to direct the operation, but would she be able to direct this garrulous young Irishman? Tom wanted to help, but he didn't want to be giving unwanted advice either, it might appear that he was talking down to her. It would be better, he thought, if this came from within the family - so he took Pat to Will. Pat reminded him very much of a younger Will anyway.

The Boss and Pat Clair hit it off at once, as Tom thought they would. Will's nickname was mostly just a nickname now, the day of the operation that spawned it was gone, but he had the experience of working with lots of men, and Tom thought he was a good judge. Besides, the spring was getting on and there was work to be done. Will suggested that Tom leave Pat with him, they could talk, and he would take him over to see Mary Ann in the evening. Will had seen Mary Ann in action when it came to business, the self deprecating manner that characterized her at most times would drop away, she would listen carefully and then fix the other party with a steely gaze and state her position without nonsense. He had no doubt that Pat would understand; and he did.

It turned out to be great success. There was never any doubt about who was boss, and there was great respect on both sides. This was serious business, these were hard times and the livelihood of seven people depended on their efforts. Even so, they were able to be themselves. Pat was always ready with some joke, told in his Irish style, for everyone. He became like a big brother to the children, and to Will's tribe as well. This Irishman was full of stories, seemed to carry half of the fairy tales of Ireland in his mind. Jerry would have loved him. In contrast though, Jerry's eyes twinkled when he told his stories -children might believe him but most adults would see it as blarney. Pat told his tales with a straight face, most people thought that he actually believed in fairies and elves - but who could be sure?

John Schuster told of a night when Pat and a friend had gone to a dance in Ramona, by horseback. They had a good time and were returning home late that night along the road west of Mary Ann's farm, past the Advent church there, and the little cemetery just east of the church. It happened that a white horse was there, grazing in the churchyard, it saw them riding by and set out to follow them. Pat got a glimpse of it behind them as it came past the edge of the cemetery and out onto the road. "Ghost!", he screamed, "Ghost!", as he put his horse into a gallop and headed down the road for home, a mile and a half away. As the story is told, Pat didn't stop until his exhausted horse pulled up at the barn, and his friend could hear him shouting every step of the way.

Mary Ann often wondered how wise it was to let him regale the children with this stuff, certainly he did frighten them at times, and himself as well, but it was an Irish tradition of long standing. She contented herself with poo-pooing the tales when she talked of it, and telling the kids that it was just a story. They should get used to hearing stories, and knowing the difference between a story and a true event. Even

Mary Ann was never sure if Pat really knew the difference.

On the farm, Pat turned out to be a gem. He treated everything as if it was his own, as far as caring for it, listened attentively when Mary Ann told him what she wanted done, worked hard, and ranged the countryside getting acquainted and learning how things were done. He talked frequently with Will, and soon came to know Pat and Johanna, and young Pat. He seemed to find a special kinship with them because of the tie with the old country, and they enjoyed his tales of a more recent Ireland. Pat Clair soon became a familiar name and figure at the Badus church and all around the neighborhood, he and his horse were often seen at Mullaney's, Reis and Flynn's. As time went on, he came to have a good grasp of how they did things, and talked freely with Mary Ann about whatever he learned, they functioned effectively as a team.

The final years of the century ticked away as these two groups of cousins grew up on these adjacent farms, and attended school in the small frame building on the corner to the west. Most people that remember that school will remember it as the Deragish School, but it was the Kellogg school then, Pat Lyons had not yet sold his place to John Deragish, and Kelloggs were still in the neighborhood, across the road north of the school. The old school was torn down and replaced by a new one in 1926, we have already talked of that. Pat Clair won a reputation, during those years, as a favorite of the children. He always found time for them, to fix a toy, to tell a story, to hear their opinion, to explain what he knew about it, to sympathize or help. Thirty years later, when I was nearly four, my brother was born and a council was underway about what to name the baby. My suggestion, still occasionally recalled in family circles, was "Let's call him Pat Clair."

The two families continued as neighbors until 1901, by then Bessie was a young lady of 18 and Rich, John, Nelle and Mary were 15, 13, 11 and 8 respectively. Will's Dennis was 14, and Ann, Jim and Jerry followed at 12, 10 and 8. Catherine and Bill were also on hand at ages 6 and 2.

Another tragedy had intervened just before Christmas In 1898, involving another son, John, who was then two years old. Most pioneer families kept a supply of carbolic acid (phenol alcohol) on hand. It has many uses in medicine because it is highly poisonous to living matter and is often used to kill bacteria. Most typically, they used it to disinfect wounds, especially on livestock. The material, in very small doses, also has use as an internal medicine, but it is an acute poison in any overdose. Miss Kitty had a bottle of it which was safely kept in a high kitchen cupboard, the children knew what it was and what danger it posed. On that fateful day ,little Johnny had, unaccountably, managed somehow to climb to the top of that cupboard and take the bottle out. When they heard his screams he had taken it down and drunk from it. Agony followed immediately, and he died in his mother's arms before they could even try the antidote of alcohol, or send anyone over the winter roads for the doctor in Madison.

As many others do, his grave in the Badus cemetery lay unmarked for seventy years, but his surviving brothers have now emplaced a stone with his name

and dates. Actually, his burial there had been noted before that, the family had donated a shrine, erected in 1944 in the southeast corner of the cemetery, in memory of Johnny, and in memory of other pioneer relatives buried there.

In Iowa, as elsewhere, the world moved on. By 1897, Mary Harrington had been operating her farm without John for nearly 20 years. Maurice was nearing 40, and had been there for most of those years. The end came quickly for Mary, as her obituary shows:

MORTUARY

HARRINGTON.--On Tuesday, March 2 at 3 P.M. of neuralgia of the spine, Mrs. Mary Harrington in her 57th year.

Mrs. Harrington, nee Horen, was born in Queen County Ireland and came to this country when but a child many years ago, and grew to womanhood in the state of New York, where she married John Harrington to whom she was married 18 years. They came to Iowa 35 years ago, since when they resided on a farm 3 1/2 miles south of Canton. The deceased was sick only three weeks and was attended by three physicians who had hopes of her recovery up to the last. She leaves an aged mother, seven daughters, and one son to mourn the loss of a kind and loving mother, whose noble and generous nature won the love and esteem of all: it can be said in this instance, "None knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise." Her remains were interred in Plymouth Rock Cemetery Thursday March 4, followed by a large concourse of relatives and friends. Among those present were her married daughters, Mrs. J. Lyons, Mrs. Mullaney, Mrs. Roche, her sons' in-law Messrs. Bernard Fleming and John Mullaney from Dakota and her relatives from Decorah.

As with many newspaper accounts, some of the numbers are suspect. The 1870 census indicates that she was born in 1838 and would be 59, rather than 57. She and John were married on July 4, 1858 so would have been married about 19.4 years at his death on Jan. 21, 1873. The town of Canton, incidentally, is in Minnesota, the Plymouth Rock community is just south of the Minnesota-Iowa border. The funeral was, as modern day funerals are wont to be, a family reunion of sorts. For Mary Ann it was the first time that she had been home since Jer died, and it became an emotional experience for her. She had been away for 15 years now, previous homecomings had been just that, homecomings. Now - suddenly, it seemed, as she looked about, home was gone. The Lyons farmstead was gone, torn down and plowed over as Hanlon's converted it back to farm land. The church was the same but seemed to be full of strangers. The house seemed the same, but the huge missing presence of her mother made her pause, even there. Maurice was still farming there, and would continue to do so for another six years, he and Kate moved to Dakota and farmed south of Madison after that. Amy still lived there and they corresponded occasionally so it was good to visit with her again, and to see her home.

One incident did cause a stir among her daughters, she had brought Bessie, Nelle and Mary with her to Iowa, Rich and John stayed with Pat at home. As they walked along the road from the church to the house one day, they met a man in a

buggy who stopped to talk with their mother. The conversation went on for a long time while the girls occupied themselves playing along the road. Afterward, one of them got the idea that this had been their mother's former boyfriend, who she had given up with some reluctance when Jer was courting her. The topic occupied the interest and conversation of the girls for another fifty years, but they never found out whether or not it was so.

As the obit mentions, sisters Sarah Roche and Lizzie Mullaney were also there from Dakota. Annie and her husband, Bernard Fleming, lived in Dakota too now, near Montrose, a little town east of Salem, and about 45 miles southwest of Nunda. They had farmed near Kendallville, a tiny village about six miles southwest of Harringtons, when they were first married, but had moved to Dakota in 1894. Their first son, Bernard, was a tiny baby at the time of Mary's death, the winter in Montrose was hard, and Annie was simply not able to come; but Bernard came and was there. Life for the Flemings at Montrose in those years was much like life on the farms in Nunda Township. Annie's second daughter, Claudia (Fleming) McCart, in 1966, wrote an account of her memories. Let us simply repeat part of what she said.

I, Claudia Loretta Fleming McCart, was born on a farm near Kindleville, Iowa, Winneshick County. Kindleville is a little inland town, I guess it is still there in 1966. We lived on a farm. I was born March 2, 1891.

In the spring of 1894, my father came to Canistota, South Dakota. He had a friend, Rob Armstrong, who was a banker. He started Dad with about 100 head of cattle. Dad did the work and got half of the cattle. Dad came first, and the first part of May, 1894, Mother, Bessie and myself came. I remember we stayed at Grandmother Herrington after Dad sent out our belongings to Dakota. Uncle Morris took us in a wagon to the railroad station about 20 miles. That was a day's trip with a team of horses. The first time I ever stayed in a hotel, I thought such a large building. In late years I saw the same old hotel, so small, I wonder why they called it a hotel. As I recalled, it poured down rain the lightening was sharp, and I know now, Mother was so lonely, leaving her old home and the storm, she was scared to death. I don't think any of us slept all night. Calmer, Iowa was the name of the town. Next morning, about 3:30 a.m. a man came with a lantern (Kerosene) n not much light. He took us to the train, still so dark and rainy. The trip was uneventful, and got into Bridgewater, South Dakota, about 4 p.m.

Uncle Mike and Dad met us. Uncle Mike Fleming came west with Dad. Another long ride in a wagon. Dad had rented a farm from Kit Lane that was in May, 1894. I was 3 and my sister, Bessie, was 6. When we came to South Dakota, there were very few trees. The farm had a tall, unpainted house; two bedrooms upstairs and one big room and bedroom down. The big room, we used for kitchen, dining room and living room. It was bleak place no well. Water had to haul in boilers on a stone boast. The cattle were on the range and drank water from water holes. That year was a dry year, hardly a blade of grass let alone crops. I don't recall how the cattle made out. We weren't hard off. Dad had quite a bit of cash. He sold the 40 acres of land he had in Iowa. Dollars went far those

days. I remember a farmer sold Dad a half grown cow for \$3.00. He wanted to mail a letter.

Next February, 1895, had a little sister born. I remember Mother had a Dr. from Canistota, Dr. Siemmons. He came in a horse and buggy-stayed all night. Next morning, he had breakfast with us. The baby was never strong, and in June, 1885, she died. She had whooping cough and was buried In Salem, South Dakotan later moved to Montrose to the St. Patrick Cemetery at Montrose.

That year the crops were good. Dad farmed 160 acres. The cattle did well. In the spring of 1895, when I was five, Dad moved to a larger farm. Montrose was a town. We got our mail and went to church. The house were large nice outside buildings. We had a boy herd the cattle, Willie Healy was his name. Bessie and I went to a little one room school house. Dad was on the school board. The crops were good; hay plentiful. Farmers used to help each other. It seems like Mother always had a bunch of men to cook for. We had a windmill at this place. Water was plentiful.

That fall, October 2, 1896, my brother was born. We called him Bernard Edward Fleming. Uncle Mike had got married, he was no longer with us. Aunt Sarah and Uncle Phil Roach had moved to Salem, South Dakota on a farm. Their daughter, Isadore still owns the farm in 1966. About twice a year we would go visit them. It was quite a trip. We pack a lunch, take the wagon and away we go. It was a day long trip. We did so enjoy it. Mother always had fried chicken, a cake and also lemonade. We ate alongside the wagon "field day" for us children. Two years on that farm and it was sold. We had to move. This farm was a little closer to Montrose. It was owned by Adma Nurow, that too didn't have any windmill. The men usually had to haul water with pails from a deep well. We had about 60 cattle. In about 1898 we moved again to a farm five miles west of Montrose. Dad bought 160 acres. It had a nice house and out buildings, lots of trees which Mother loved. The house had two big rooms upstairs, two down. Dad built on a large room--dining room and kitchen. The school was about 1/4 mile away. We came home for lunch. We had a cook stove in the kitchen; seems like every time we came home from school, Mother used to have something good cooking or else baking bread. In the living room we had a hard coal heater. It had isinglass all around. At night, when the lights were out, it looked beautiful.

Things went well with the family for a few years. Dad had plenty of cattle, hogs, crops were good. He bought the place for \$20.00 an acre. In the spring of March 9, 1902 twins were born, Mary Bernice and Annie Marie, we called the Mae and Marie. Mother was very ill before she got out of bed. Our brother, Bernard, took pneumonia. For a week he wasn't expected to live. He finally got better. From then on things went wrong. Dad had sixty hogs that year, they took Hog Cholera and they all died. Dad signed a note for a fellow. He skipped out, and Dad had to pay that. Then in the summer, one of the babies took ill. She was sick a long while and that took money. In the spring of 1904, Dad sold the place. We moved to a farm a mile south. That was a new farm, all new buildings, had a well with a windmill. Didn't have many cattle now. People was building and fencing in the

land and had to keep the cattle in pasture. That summer we had six calves that strayed away. We never found them. Dad always said that people driving cattle going west of the river took them along.

While we were on this farm, the folks bought another farm. It was raw land, part of a school section. The county gave the school a section of land to each township to sell or rent as they pleased. Dad had to dig the rocks and break the land. Then he built a big barn, granary, chicken house and moved a house he bought for \$250. It had three bedrooms and a large room for kitchen, dining room and living room. We heated it with a wood cook stove. Almost froze to death in the winter. At this place Dad started to feed cattle. He kept them in the feed lot then when they were fat he shipped them to Chicago. The first few shipments he did fine, but hard luck hit again. Prices went down. He went broke.

We kids had a good time winters we had Candy pulls, parties and dances. On that farm Dad got us an Edison Phonograph. It had round records. Before it started to play it always said "Edison Record." We had "Wait till the sun Shines Nellie," Preacher & the Bear, quite a few other kids came in and we danced in the big room.

Before we moved to this house people used to come and visit. Nothing to do all winter, no mail, newspaper or phone. Got together to tell all the old tales people told years before. Montrose was an Irish settlement. The old folks still believed in fairies and ghosts. I recall one evening a friend by the name of Mike Mannion came over and sat till about one in the morning. Finally he asked Dad for a lantern. He got himself so scared he was afraid to go home. Us kids listened and afraid to go up to bed. I still don't like the dark. We had a cellar under the first farm we bought. Dad always got a boiler of apples, big boxes of dried fruit, a sack of flour and sugar, and put them down in the cellar. The spuds would be down there packed in straw. It was up to us kids to go down and get the things up for dinner. It was black as night, and of course, we were scared to death.

Going back to the farm--he built the house on. His Uncle Dick Keef died. He left Dad \$250 and Dad put in a deep well and windmill. We had plenty of water if the wind blew, and it always did in Dakota. It was hard for Mother. She had to do all the washing with a wash board, cook on a cobs stove. Bud and I had to pick cobs. By that time Bess had gone--she was teaching school. I left that fall and went to school in Montrose, country school only went as far as the eighth grade. Barney, Mae and Marie went to school a mile from the farm, walked. About that time Dad sold that farm to a fellow by the name of Bump.

We moved to a farm rented that year. Crop failed--guess Dad gave up--that was about 1908. I taught school a year and in the fall of 1909 we moved in town. Dad got work in a machine shop. I started to work in the Herald office, worked there till 1911. In the meantime Bessie got married to Clayton Lewis, in Sept. 1911. I stayed at the office till Dec., 1911. The lady and I didn't get along, I quit. In the meantime Dad got laid off. , came to Sioux Falls, Dec. 11, 1911, got work the next day at the 10 cent store. Stayed at 1428 N. Main with a lady from

Montrose, Mrs. Mary Ann Noon. On St. Patrick's Day 1912 Mother and the three children came to Sioux Falls. Dad had been down here working in the packing house since Jan. 1912. He had a house next door from where we stayed rented while I lived with Mrs. Noon.

I met Harley McCart a young fellow roaming around the country. He and a pal Harry Miller.

Claudia goes on to talk about her family's life after she and Harley were married, we will meet them again later. For now we will leave the Harringtons and briefly look in on the Finleys. Jerry and Ellen's daughter, Elizabeth Josephine (Lyons) Finley, was born a twin, they were called Josie and Jane, but Jane died as an infant, and Josie became Lizzie from then on. When she was about 18 she left Burr Oak and went to Chicago, lived with Margaret and worked for the Pullman Co. Coughlins lived there too, and, later, Lizzie visited them at Carthage, worked in their store, and met young Pat Finley, from Wisconsin.

Pat and his brother farmed about 10 miles NW of town. She and Pat were married in the Coughlin home over the store in 1885, moved on to that farm, raised ten children there, and were a big element of that community from its earliest days until the drought and dust storms of the 1930's temporarily converted the area into a virtual desert. Most of the children farmed in that area too, and there are many farm houses northwest of Carthage that could tell us much of the history of Dakota, if those old walls could speak. As in much of Dakota today, most of those houses are gone or stand empty, as huge machines till thousands of acres of the farms once so familiar to Pat and Lizzie Finley. Their children are: Mary, William, Nellie, Richard, Joseph, Margaret, Clarence, Florence, Francis, and Marcella. Florence (Finley) Kolbach and her family are responsible for a lot of the Information that we have about Jerry and Ellen and their progeny.

Meanwhile, also in Carthage, the firm of Coughlin and Lyons In-General Mercantile" was doing very well, thank you. Both families were also growing rapidly, Thomas was born to Rich and Sarah In Iowa, Just before they moved to Carthage, she had ten more children after they came to Dakota and ten children were born to the Coughlins. With the Finleys nearby they had a good start on a town just with their own families. Jane's children, Nelle, May and Jennie were also there in the earlier years of the Carthage era.

In Nunda In the mid 1930s there was a wooden bench that sat on the sidewalk, facing the dusty street, outside the pool hall. On warm summer days it was the gathering place for ancient local philosophers. As a small boy, I could sometimes be on hand to listen, if one of my parents happened to be in town on business, or working as Postmaster. Hans Alfson, Poker Ole, Bill McGinty, Sarge, and Jim Fairferlick were often there. Every subject had two or more sides in these debates, there was no slavish obeisance to the conventional wisdom, these guys could argue, often effectively, about anything. They excoriated Roosevelt, and Hoover before him; hail insurance, the state cement plant, the Wobblies, and crop rotation all received

detailed consideration; Rockefeller, Henry Ford, and the banking system were always big.

The rules were unwritten, but scrupulously followed. Nobody ever interrupted, presentations were universally short and positive, no Socratic questions here, and these were statements of men who thought before they spoke.

After each statement there was a short period of reflective silence, followed by scathing counter-point from further down the bench. They pulled no punches, but they addressed the subject, I never remember anyone of them coming back with anything about the motives or personality of the previous speaker. On almost any topic that could be stated, someone would rise to the bait, and the argument was on. One subject however, won universal agreement, no one was foolhardy enough to take issue with it and it came to constitute a sort of closing ritual. As the day wore on to a certain point the discussion would slow, and someone would glance at the position of the sun in the sky. A short period of silence would follow, and then he would say:

"Yep, the thing that ruined the country was the automobile."

Nothing further was ever said; they contemplated this universal truth for a moment or two, spat reflectively into the dust, rose, and went their separate ways.

They had a point, in a way. The communities that grew up there at the turn of the century had much to recommend them, in view of the social order that has developed since. There was no need for media to trumpet the Idea that "people are Important", It would never occur to anyone to think otherwise if they lived in Carthage in 1899. The small towns were the center of these communities, they had barbers and doctors, bankers and storekeepers, dozens of small businesses, schools and churches. By the end of the 1930's and 40's, Carthage looked as if it might dry up and blow away, and a common suggestion about Nunda, once voiced by Russell Gerrits, was that the best thing to do with It would be to put it into corn.

The demise of these once thriving communities was, indeed, largely due to the coming of the automobile. It is hard to realize now how much business was done by these small towns. The Coughlin and Lyons enterprise is an example. They bought from Marshall Field and sold to everyone - coal, kerosene, flour, coffee, planks and lath, buckwheat flour, cod-fish, sweet potatoes and butter. Overcoats, shoes, silk and flannel, harness, saddles and whips. In February, 1890, C.A. Clark bought 3 hanging lamps at \$7.50 each, 25 gal. of kerosene, and a set of china (144 pieces) at \$32.75. A top buggy came at \$200, two suits of clothes were \$65, and gold rimmed spectacles were \$3.00/pr. May Lyons took out a dozen bandannas for 50 cents, perhaps with a family discount? A bottle of ink was a nickel, a stiff hat was \$2.50 and revolvers went to Frank Kime and to W. L. Palmer for \$3.00 each. Palmer was something of a dude, he also took a suit of clothes for \$50, a silk hat for \$5, and a gold watch and chain for \$100. They took notes to extend credit, bought and sold these notes, dealt with everyone, and did well. Family members worked in the store, Nellie was very active in this respect. In 1890 she was 17 and had become a major factor there.

After this, Nellie started school to win a certificate so that she could be a teacher. After a couple of years of this she won a **FIRST GRADE CERTIFICATE** signed by A. W. McClaran, the Supt. of Schools of Miner County, the county that Carthage is part of. Howard is the county seat. The certificate says that Supt. McClaran had examined Nellie C. Lyons in various branches of study, 12 in all, and that she had also furnished satisfactory evidence of good moral character and was granted the certificate good for two years. Nellie did well on the exam, she scored 96 on Reading, 95 on Writing, 94 on Geography and 96 on Current Events. She did less well on Orthography, and fell to a mark of 80 in Didactics.

Two years later she had a letter from a new Supt. renewing her certificate, congratulating her on her work at the Institute at Howard, and urging her to continue her efforts until she would "stand in the front rank with a life diploma." Later that year she had a new First Class Teacher's Certificate from Winnesheik County, with a new set of scores, perhaps she had moved to Iowa to escape South Dakota's obsession with Didactics, that branch of study was not included in Iowa's exam. They did have "theory of teaching", and our Nellie scored a resounding 100 there; Orthography was still down a little at 89. By 1897 she was back in Carthage, teaching at \$40/month.

The following year saw her with a certificate and contract In Mandan, North Dakota at \$50/month. We are pleased to report that she had vindicated herself In Orthography, the North Dakota certificate shows a score of 100 in this important area. With this triumph behind her, Miss Lyons decided to return to Miner County and try to become the County Superintendent of Schools herself. When the votes were counted on November 6, 1900, she had, indeed, prevailed, and County Auditor Girton signed the appropriate Certificate of Election. Two years later she did it again, this time a new Auditor, Frank Smith, did the honors.

What followed next may be gleaned from a reprint of a newspaper article that appeared in the **HOWARD ADVANCE** on Sept. 16, 1904.

A DOUBLE WEDDING

Married at the old-time home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R.F. Lyons, Carthage, September 12th by Rev. Thomas Stecher, Mr. Frank Smith and Miss Nellie C. Lyons.

The bridegroom is our Auditor while the bride is also serving as County Superintendent of Schools. Some might form the opinion this was an official trust, we would state, however, that neither of these parties are candidates for reelection and that both will retire after having served the county well for four years.

It is not too much to say that this couple rank among our best people, Mr. Smith having the additional distinction of being a soldier of the First South Dakota Infantry in the Philippine War.

At the above time and place and by the same officiating minister, Mr. Earl

Maloney and Miss Jennie C. Lyons gave the plighted vows of marriage. The brides in this interesting ceremony are sisters. Mr. and Mrs. Maloney are residents of Madison and, while unknown to the most of our people, those who have the pleasure of their acquaintance unite in speaking of this young couple, only with words of praise.

Among those present outside of the county were Mrs. Catherine Shea, of Plymouth Rock, Iowa, a lady of eighty-two years of age, Mrs. M. A. Shea and daughter, of Decorah, Iowa, and J. E. Shea at that time living in Minnesota, but now residing in our city.

The presents were numerous and beautiful. Shortly after ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Smith took the train for points in Iowa. Mr. and Mrs. Maloney departed for St. Paul for a visit with a brother of the bridegroom. The ADVANCE extends congratulations.

The other sister, May (Mary Loretta), never married, so this was the only wedding to be held in that family. It sounds as if they "did it up brown". Grandma Shea came from Iowa, she had many thoughts during this ceremony, thoughts of the years that these girls had been part of her home, both before and after Jennie's death.

Later that year, Rich, at age 56, decided to retire from the business. It was done at Sarah's urging so that they could move to Vermillion and be near the University of South Dakota there. Perhaps he also thought that one Lyons as active as Nellie was enough for Miner County. Rich remained active in politics, served on the board of directors of an Insurance company, and was later mayor of Vermillion.

Frank and Nellie later moved west, to Walla Walla, Washington, and then to Twin Falls, Idaho. Maloneys were lifelong residents of Madison, and one son, John, is still a fixture there with wife, Gerry. In leaving Dakota, Neli may be said to have abandoned the educational field to her younger cousin and namesake, the daughter of Jer and Mary Ann. This Nelle Lyons, later Nelle Malland, set her sights even higher and ran for South Dakota State Superintendent of Schools. She didn't make it, but she gave it a shot. Anyone who knew her knows that she would have done it well.

Rich and Sarah had another connection with education, and with Nunda Twp. in 1901. As the population grew, there came to be need for another grade school to serve the area around the farm in section 15, where the partnership had prospered in earlier years. Rich agreed to donate the land, and he and Sarah deeded an acre over to the Hyland School District on August 31, 1901, for \$1 and other valuable consideration. The deed stipulated that the land was to be used as a site for a school, and contained a "reversion to grantor" clause whereby the land was to come back to Rich if it ceased to be used as a school. The small, one room school was built immediately adjacent to the farmstead, almost within it, and was used as a school intermittently for many years. The Dennis Lyons children and the children of the Mike and Frank Tobin families were some of its main customers, it was probably known as the Tobin school in the early years.

The school was closed in 1935, but later reopened when Ernie and Fern Carson and their family moved onto that farm. Ann DeWitt was teaching there when she and I were married in 1949. Later, the building was purchased and moved to Madison as part of Prairie Village, west of town. It stands there today, with the pictures of Washington and Lincoln, the blackboard and alphabet, the desks, etc., looking just as it, and a thousand other schools like it, looked in the years that we studied in them.

After Mary Ann returned from her mother's funeral, farm life continued on. Times were a little better, crops were a little better. The kids were a little older. The time was at hand for Bessie to be thinking about her life ahead as an adult. Nan Rei had married Edward Coffey, and they had an adopted son, Joe. It was said that Joe's biological mother was also from within the community, but there was not universal agreement on this, and the principals in the matter chose to keep their own counsel. It is known that Joe was much doted over as a child, Nan kept him with long hair and fancy clothes too long to suit some of the neighbors and relatives; apparently this was more Ed's idea than Nan's, though. Kate Hoy, and others, often laughed about this, but Kate did something more one day when she was left alone with Joe. She turned the conversation to a pair of scissors there, talked about how they were used to cut cloth and such things, pointed out that some people also used them to cut their hair, wondered if anyone had ever cut Joe's hair, and then found a reason to leave him alone with the scissors.

Joe was a favorite of our family in later years (the 1930's) when he often worked on our farm as a hired man. On Valentine's Day we would each receive an appropriate comic valentine from an anonymous source if Joe was around.

In 1900 some land south of the road between Mary Ann's and Rei's places became available for purchase. John and Bridget were interested in buying part of it, so they talked with Mary Ann to see if she might be interested in buying more land. It was quite a step for her, but she thought that she could handle it and was thinking toward the day, not far off, when Rich and John would be old enough to help with the farm work, and possibly want to stay on the farm. With this in mind, they closed the deal, John and Bridget got the quarter just west of their farmstead, and Mary Ann bought the north 80 of the quarter just west of that, so that she had two quarters and an eighty (400 acres), and Reis now had three quarters (480 acres).

The neighbors all thought that it was quite a tribute to Mary Ann that she was not only succeeding, but branching out as well, and indeed it was. She seemed indomitable, but she had experienced days when she was near to surrender too. She told once of a hot summer day when she had to go to Madison for supplies. Everything had been going wrong, a valuable horse had died, cutworms had taken almost the whole field of corn on the east quarter, there was no rain, she had debts that she couldn't pay, Pat had gotten involved in a drunken party in Ramona and missed an important two days of work at a bad time, and she was lonesome and tired.

As she and the children returned home from Madison In the wagon the team

plodded along, the sun bore down on them like a furnace, and the dusty road ahead of her seemed to stretch out forever. She had pulled off into the shade of a few trees for a brief respite for the horses and themselves, and sat there in the wagon seat, staring at the ground, while the horses drooped and fought off the flies. All seemed hopeless, she would have to quit, she couldn't do it, there was no way. In the midst of this, from the rear of the wagon, up piped the voice of little Mary, repeating the standard jocular remark about hot weather that she had heard so often from others, "Nice and warm, ain't it," she said. Nelle giggled, and the spell was broken. Mary Ann shook off her mood, and took up the battle anew for another day, and then another. Bessie was duly enrolled in the Normal School in Madison to start training to be a teacher. She was a busy young lady because, in addition to school, she was being courted by John Schuster. John was no longer the teen aged lad that had been such a good helper for Jer, in 1900 he was 21, a mainstay on his father's farm, and on his way to becoming one of the kindest men that ever lived. John had a style of speech that was unique in our community with the ye's and thou's that came with him from Pennsylvania, and stayed with him all of his long life, everybody knew John. Horses were his pride, he had a high stepping grey team, and a buggy to go with, that was the envy of all of the young men of the country side.

The Schuster farm was in Sect 8 of Badus Township, 6 miles west and a mile north of Bessie's home. She turned 17 in October of that year and was staying in Madison during the week, while attending Normal School. General Beadle was one of her teachers. The courtship developed an unflinching weekly routine to go with these circumstances, Each Friday afternoon, John would get his team ready and set off for Madison, in cold weather the buggy would be well equipped with robes and blankets. It was 17 miles to Madison, when he got there he often ran a few errands for the farm, and they visited briefly with the people where she stayed while the team got a short rest. After that, they would head for Ramona, and dinner at the hotel there, another eleven miles to travel. Following dinner was the Ramona Friday night dance, a must for decades for many young people from miles around, later to become another victim of the automobile. John's grey team took their ease at the local livery stable while all of this went on, usually until past midnight.

When the dance was over, they would be on their way again, headed for Mary Ann's farm, and adding another ten miles to the odyssey. After their good nights there, with plans for the weekend established, John and the team would set off for home. After 45 miles, the greys were glad to see the barn.

In the end, Mary Ann was able to make it because the farm was already paid for when Jer died. With the economy and interest rates what they were, she probably would have had little chance without this. Will and Miss Kitty were not so fortunate, they had moved onto the Holdal place with a substantial load of debt. It didn't seem like so much at the time, they had grown accustomed to thinking in terms of a big operation during the heyday of the partnership, but it pressed down on them inexorably in that situation of "limited cash flow", They were by no means alone, many families were being driven to the wall by a combination of debt and low cash income. Those without debt could make it fairly well because they were largely self sufficient.

This situation set the stage for a sort of mini-exodus in 1901 when Rich found out about a strange situation on the Yankton Indian Reservation in Charles Mix County. This area is in the south central part of the state, near the Nebraska border, just east of the Missouri River, Wagner is the county seat. The situation grew out of an earlier fraud, sixteen quarter sections of good land had been allotted to people with Indian names, but it now turned out that these names were fictional. Legally, it was a complex situation, the original perpetrators of the fraud appeared to have disappeared from the scene, along with the elements of the scheme that they had expected to profit them. There seemed to be reason to think that the land was available for the taking, by virtue of a provision of the law commonly referred to as squatter's rights.

This looked like a good deal to Will and Kate, and to several other families of relatives and friends, including the Hoys, the Whalens, and John and Bridget Delany; they closed out their operations in Nunda Twp., sold their farms, moved down there, and occupied the land. Their claim was disputed by some representatives of the Indians, and a protracted court battle took place.

The day that they left was an emotional day for everybody, the two families had been so close for so long that it seemed like a divorce, with half of the family going one way, and half the other. Dennis was 14 by then, and Ann, Jim, Jerry, Catherine and Bill followed in order, Bill was 2, and Mary was to be born shortly after they moved. Bessie, at 18, was moving into her own world, but Rich, John, Nelle and Mary ranged from eight to fifteen, it was hard to believe that the neighbors and cousins they had grown up with would be gone tomorrow. Mary Ann no longer had to lean on Will for advice about farming, but she knew that she would never be able to replace them as neighbors. It was a hard day all around.

Later, all of the children of Jerry and Ellen quit claimed their interests in the Holdal place over to Rich, and he sold it to E.M. Coffey. It was probably the last thing that they ever did together in their role as the children of those parents.

Very few things happen at the right time and the rest do not happen at all. The conscientious historian will correct these defects.

HERODOTUS (484 - 425 B.C.)

Greek Historian

Chapter VIII

INTO THE 20TH CENTURY

The Nunda Irish were diminishing in number as the twentieth century came on. Jerry and Ellen were now gone from this world, and Pat and Johanna soon followed them. Rich and family were established in Carthage, and would soon move to Vermillion and the University there. Will and his large family, and some others, were now residents of far off Charles Mix County, and very involved in their own problems. Fitzgeralds and Sheas had moved on, Dooleys traded their land for tracts in the Ramona area, and Molumbys moved on as well. Flynns and Tobins were still going strong, and Flemings were closely allied with Tobins through two marriages, while the Lyons clan had come to be represented by the families of Mary Ann, Dennis, and John Rei, along with the Delaneys and the younger Pat Lyons. Mullaneys, as we have said, remained until son Francis sold the farm to Frank and Mame (Flynn) Kehrwald in 1918. Other Tobins, including Civil War veteran William Tobin, were farming in Rutland Twp., the next township to the south. His son, another William Tobin, was to marry Rose Whalen and continue to operate that farm up until World War II and beyond. The Horens, also, were to stay on their farm in Sect. 34 of Nunda Twp. up until the last death in the family in the 1950s. Margaret Lyons was to die in 1906, while her sister, Katie, lived on for many years as Mrs. Pat Clair, but that gets ahead of the story.

In due course, Bessie finished the course of study at the Normal School in Madison, was awarded her teacher's certificate, and was hired as a teacher of a rural school. This development was watched with interest, and some skepticism, by the entire community. The tone of the discussion changed considerably when it was found that her salary exceeded that of most of the men working as hired men on farms in the community, this was no surprise to Mary Ann, however. The value of education had long been apparent to her, although there were few of her friends who thought much about this.

In the first years after Jer's death, Mary Ann could think of little beyond survival. She was a shrewd observer, however, and a person who thought of the future and tried to plan for it. Farming, to her, was a great life, but there was a danger in it, the danger of a narrow point of view. She watched the successes of the families of Rich and Ellen in Carthage, Dennis in Cresco, and John Fitzgerald in Madison, and could see that there were also other things in the world. She knew of Ellen's efforts in education for her children in the early days, and saw these successes as a direct result. Without this, it was quite possible that they would be numbered among the slum dwellers of New York or Boston. "Now," said Mary Ann, "it is my turn." What should she be doing that would help her children as they grew older? As she pondered this question it seemed apparent to her that education was the key, not only for economic success, but for a full and enjoyable life as well. In a time when many of her neighbor's children would not finish the eighth grade, Mary Ann vowed to send her kids to college.

The courtship of John Schuster and Bessie Lyons continued apace, and to its logical end. They were married on Tuesday, February 17, 1903, at the Badus church. At the time they had two matched teams of horses, a wagon, a plow, his buggy, and \$500 in the bank. He was 24, she was 20. Everybody thought that they were far better prepared for marriage than most couples.

There was a plan. John and Bessie needed a place to farm while Mary Ann was faced with the problem of sending the rest other children to Madison for college, Rich had already started and John and Nelle were ready to go . There was also another complication, Pat and Johanna had died and The Boss and Miss Kitty gone to Charles Mix County, this created a gap in Pat Clair's social life, he had spent a lot of time at both places. Pat Lyons the younger was now staying with his half sisters, Margaret and Katy on their place across the road and farming their land, so Pat (Clair) became a frequent visitor at that house. He and Katy had become a couple, and were talking of marriage.

Katy was 44 and had never been married, so it was somewhat unusual thing for those days. To the extent that we can believe what Pat told the census taker, he was 28. We have only Pat's word of course, and many would regard this as a slender reed, but most people did think that she was quite a bit older than he was. Margaret had been Mary Ann's maid of honor, 21 years earlier, so they visited together frequently, and agreed that such a marriage would be a good idea. Everybody picked up on the idea as time went on and the wedding ended up as quite a festive affair - but back to the plan.

Mary Ann had talked with Bessie and John about it a good deal before their wedding and the three of them had decided that John and Bessie would move onto the farm, and that Mary Ann, Rich, John, Nelle, and Mary would move to Madison so that the kids could attend college there. Rich and John were 17 and 15 and could help on the farm during the summer and other busy times, Bessie would continue to teach to maintain the "cash flow." Mary Ann would also be able to spend time at the farm, and Nelle and Mary were old enough to come with and help. It was an arrangement that had a lot in common with the time 15years earlier when she and Jer had lived in Madison briefly, and this fact was often in her mind during the years that this arrangement was in effect. The similarity was strengthened by the fact that Nellie Lyons and Annie Rei had lived with them and attended the college when she and Jer had lived here before, now, her own children were the ones who were up and off to classes every morning and continually involved in one school activity or another. Rich had been a baby then, now he was a young man and talking of going on to the University at Vermillion, he was much encouraged in this ambition by his namesake uncle in Carthage, soon to become a Vermillion resident himself, and later to serve as mayor of that city.

For now, though, things were busy enough at Eastern Normal at Madison, General Beadle saw to that. In the nation's capital in Washington D.C. there is a large room off of the Rotunda, in the early years of the country, this was the senate chamber. As states were added to the nation the senate grew and this room became

too small, so the present building that houses the senate was built, but at one time the senate met in this room off the Rotunda, and there are interesting tales of those days. The acoustics are such that there is a spot in the room from which any sound, even a whisper, in any other part of the room can be heard distinctly. It is said that John Quincy Adams discovered this fact and arranged to have his desk placed there. The room is now used as a sort of display room for statues of famous citizens, perhaps five dozen of them in all. While making the acquaintance of these famous ladies and gentlemen one day, I was surprised to come upon Gen. William H.H. Beadle, standing near the entrance and to the left as one enters. He is known in South Dakota as "the man who saved the school lands", and indeed he does deserve a great deal of credit there, but he also played other important roles in Dakota history. Ironically, he is best known now to a different audience; in the mid 1900s the college in Madison was renamed in honor of his memory, and became the General Beadle State Teacher's College. In the eyes of the general public, college names get most of their exposure on the sports pages of the newspapers, or on TV sports programs as legions of breathless announcers rush through the litany of the scores. The name caught on, and threatened to replace Slippery Rock State Teacher's College for comic relief in these exercises. Generations of hapless Madison, So. Dak. jocks received national attention that rivaled that accorded to Notre Dame. Later, the name was changed again, this time to Dakota State, so those daycare gone forever.

The real General Beadle was an imposing figure in Dakota history, although the Lyons children and their classmates also saw him as something of an eccentric. He came to Dakota in 1869 as Surveyor General. Due largely to his efforts, half of South Dakota was surveyed by the time that statehood arrived. Ten years later he was appointed as Superintendent of Public Instruction for Dakota Territory. It was in this office that he made his enduring reputation in the school lands controversy. Federal law set aside two sections (16 and 36) of each township as school lands. There was a strong movement to sell off these lands at \$2.50 per acre, but he proposed that a minimum price of \$10 per acre be set, that all proceeds from the sale or rent of these lands be invested in a permanent trust fund, and that the interest earned by this fund be used to support education. His position eventually prevailed, and his proposal was included as an important part of the state constitution. He argued from the example of Indiana, and other frontier states, where the school lands had been frittered away. While he was at it he used the power of his office to prosecute the many squatters who were settling on school lands.

Starting in 1879 he also became the leader of a group of reformers in the campaign for statehood - altogether quite a mover and a shaker. Later he became the head of the college at Madison, and taught many of the classes himself. Bessie had him as an instructor, as did Rich, John, Nelle and Mary. He was a very brusque individual, and obviously felt that it was important that the president of the college present the proper example to the students on all occasions, something left over from the military, perhaps. His apparent disdain for the weather was a topic of considerable wonder, and not a little amusement, among his students. On the coldest and stormiest winter day he would stride across the campus as if he knew nothing of it. As my mother often said, "He'd pay no attention to it." In class he was a terror, but a terror with some inexplicable habits. One of his sternest admonitions was:

You can do one of three things, have your lesson ready or get out of class!

What did he mean? Nobody ever dared to ask.

John always claimed that he also said: "All of you people that are taking physics, get a piece of paper and come with me." But Uncle John was quite a kidder, and I was never sure whether to believe that or not. He was the one who used to give me pennies to plant south of the house so that they would grow up into trees and yield a crop of pennies for me for the next year.

Things went well during those Madison years. Mary was ten when they moved, and was very worried about leaving her pony, but John Schuster (Johnnie now) assured her that he would take the best care of it and that it would always be ready there whenever she was home. They took one last ride, up the road towards Hemres, then out across the east quarter, running like the wind. When they got back, the wagons were waiting, and they set off forth new house in Madison. Nelle could start at the Normal, it was actually a sort of combination of high school and college, but Mary was too young, and was off to a strange school alone and in town. It was a big change, she and Nelle had always walked down the road to the Kellogg school, where she knew everybody.

Johnnie Schuster proved to be the outstanding farmer that everyone had thought that he would be, and Rich, John and Mary Ann were at the farm a lot, although Rich was soon to be getting to be quite busy with other things. As the third year in Madison started, the first grandchild made her appearance at the farm. Mary Ann was off on her career as grandmother, and it was to be one of the most successful careers that anyone ever had anywhere, as we shall see later. The baby was named Mary Eileen, she was born on October 5th, 1905, and for nearly eight years she was to be the only grandchild. The baby's parents were overjoyed, The Boss sent word to Bessie that now she would find out what she had put him through, and Mary Ann was more pleased than her reserved manner would allow her to express.

Mary was starting to think about the Normal school too, now, and Rich would soon be finished there. He would also try his hand at being a teacher, but only for a short time, his plan was to make a little money so that he could get into the University and start working toward a law degree. John showed a talent at mathematics that so impressed his teachers that he was occasionally pressed into service when the instructor was called away. Nelle was younger but was doing equally well.

After a couple of years more, it seemed that it was time to get back home. John and Rich were done at the college, and the Schusters were anxious to get out on their own. They had decided to take advantage of a farming opportunity in Clark County, northwest of Watertown, and moved that spring. It was good to be back at home again, Nelle and Mary could commute or stay in Madison as seemed to work out best as the time came, Nelle was getting toward 17 and had her sights set on the University anyway. Mary Ann, at 48, could perhaps feel she was well along the way

toward her incredible objective, she had been in Dakota for twenty five years now, more than half of that time as widow, her mother had been gone for ten, life before Dakota was distant memory -- except when she went to bed after a busy day, and things came flooding back for a moment, before sleep took her.

Progress, of a sort, was also at hand in the form of the Great Northern railroad. During the Dakota Boom, many rival railroads were built to bring settlers into the country, these were all east-west routes, one came through Wentworth and Madison and on west while another went through Brookings, Volga and DeSmet. It was the construction of this road that created DeSmet and brought Laura Ingalls Wilder and her family to that area from Minnesota. There were almost no railroads that went north and south, however, but one was now under construction from Sioux Falls to Watertown, giving Wentworth a two railroad union depot and making it into a terminus of sorts.

The railroad construction continued on north, and reached Rutland in 1905, and Nunda in 1906. Of course, as we have said, there was no Nunda then, it was created by the railroad. Both towns were named by the railroad, and named after the townships in which the station happened to land, as was the normal practice. Both townships were named by John Fleming. John and William Fleming had homesteaded in section two, between Dooleys and Flynns, and John had become a Lake County Commissioner in 1885. As part of his duties there he was asked to select names for several townships, including these two. He had lived in Vermont at one time, and Rutland and Nunda were two townships near his home there, so he chose these names. When the railroad came in and the town of Nunda was established, the settlement of Prairie Queen ceased to exist, and that picturesque name was lost, except as the name of the church that Ole Overskie had donated land for. No doubt, Nunda could have been Prairie Queen, if someone would have stepped forward and made an issue of it.

Nunda, once established, built up rapidly - soon there was again Street east of the tracks with a flagpole as the main intersection of town. On the north side of the street in the block east of the flag pole, they built a town hall, with light plant and jail, flanked by Hagensick's hotel to the west and the Erickson-Nelson implement company on the east. A church, schoolhouse, a ball diamond and the Hanson -Alfson Well Co. sprouted up further east while three grain elevators, a stockyard and a Std. Oil bulk plant appeared west of the tracks, on the way out of town, and a livery stable, lumber yard and John Deere implement Co. fronted the tracks on the east side. The block west of the flagpole was the main business district and was built up solid on both sides with the Faiferlick Pool Hall, the post office, Mickelson's store, Ruggles Cafe, Moser Hardware, and the W.C. Fields drug store on the north side while Caldow's store and bank, Thoreson's saloon, the meat market, Lysne's barber shop and Carl Hammer's store faced them from across the dusty street. There was also Gullickson's harness shop and an implement shop SE of the flagpole.

On the surface, most of this was but little changed 30 years later, although the hotel was no longer functioning as a hotel, telephone "central" had taken over the post office, the drug store was Hannah's cafe, the doctor had left town and the bank

had gone broke. Prohibition had, it is true, intervened, but it was gone now and Nunda had not slavishly followed every detail of its complex restrictions in any case. Joe Whitehorse worked for Flynn's most of the time but didn't live there, he had a room up over the hardware store and in the back. Joe seemed to understand the complexities of the prohibition law about as well as anybody, people often visited his room to have it explained. In the thirties, after prohibition was over, he still had the room there, and bought pop bottles that we kids picked up along the road. Joe was a personable guy, and had a different accent, his real name was Joe Wczycolowitz. My dad claimed to be the only man in town that knew how to spell Joe Whitehorse's name.

The Boss and Miss Kitty had known some hard times since they made the move to the Wagner area. The land deal turned into a protracted court battle that has never been totally resolved. They finally bought four contiguous 40 acre parcels from an Indian woman, Mrs. Forman, for \$10/acre, moved three existing claim shanties together to make an L shaped house, and went from there. Four more children died, including polio crippled Catherine on her 9th birthday and 1 year old Richard Rei the next day, both from scarlet fever. They traveled ten moonlit miles to the cemetery, by wagon, with simple coffins, on two successive nights, because of the quarantine. The farm grew, and the kids grew up, Will bought an empty schoolhouse and moved it home to add more space to the house. It was a homey, busy place, there wasn't much but there was something to eat and everybody was welcome. They went 9 miles by wagon to church without fail each Sunday.

Nineteen ten seemed to be a little exception from the unremitting hard times they had been seeing. After 23 years of marriage, someone got the idea that they should have a second honeymoon. The older children were working, and one of them had access to that modern wonder, a car - they decided to go to Nunda and take everybody. It turned out to be the celebration of the century. Kate had written to Mary Ann when they first started talking about it, and she got word to the Schusters, Rich was home from the University on summer vacation, and so everybody was able to be there. After living almost like brothers and sisters for seven years, most of them hadn't seen each other for the next nine, so it was a great occasion. Pat and Katie Clair were thereof course, and the Dennis Lyons family and Reis and Coffey joined in too as Mary Ann organized a giant picnic for everybody in the grove southeast of the house.

Two other automobiles showed up, including one borrowed by Johnnie Schuster from his brother, so they organized an impromptu parade around the neighborhood, with cars and horses, and descended on Flynn's, Mullaney's, Fleming's and Tobins, recruiting some of them to come along. The next stop was Nunda, they had to show off the new town, and it was very strange to see it there for Will and Kate. After a tour around town they moved in on Shorty Ruggles' Cafe (later, Goodmansons'), and cleaned him out on ice cream while they caught up on all of the things that had happened and saw many people that they knew. It was quite a day, The Boss and Miss Kitty had always been popular around Nunda, and they had a good time on their second honeymoon.

They had good times at their farm near Wagner too, if 9 miles can be called near, but these were busy and demanding years, and a lifetime of hard work was to end in disappointment when the depression and drought of the 1930s took their farm from them, as it took the farms of most Dakota farmers of that time. Meanwhile, they raised a wonderful family of successful children. Miss Kitty, too, taught at home, and entertained the family breasting aloud for hours, to family, neighbors, and hired men alike. Her mother, Bridget, had slaved for years as a scrub woman to get her through school so that she could become a teacher, and Kate was determined that her children would have no less.

It is strange to think of Bridget, with her cob pipe, as a champion of education, but it was so. She was unlettered, and silent to the point of being morose, but she was a lady who had ideas and a fierce independence. When she was a young girl in Ireland her mother once sent her to the store on an errand. It happened to be a day of celebration for the Protestant Irish, the Orangemen, anon her return she found that they had draped the bridge across the River Shannon with their orange banners. Rather than cross under those colors, she strapped the provisions to her back and swam the river to reach her home.

Bridget and her daughter were divided on one issue, Miss Kitty deplored the use of liquor. It was never a problem between them at home, but once in a while Bridget would go with someone when they took a wagon into town. When the wagon returned, one look was enough to tell. If her chin was out, her pipe was jutting up and she was talking - they knew. Grandma talked if she had a snort or two.

Others in the family, including Will, also tried Miss Kitty's patience on this issue from time to time - not often, but once in a while. Probably no married couple ever lived that treated each other with greater respect, or had greater respect for the other's role, so they could work it out. Will was flamboyant enough when he was sober, Kate felt, but she would never have wanted him to be a different person than he was. He had a team of very spirited broncos that he liked, although they were hard to handle. One day he and the two Whalen boys were returning from town behind this team, after a few drinks, and expansive talk filled the air as they rode along. Finally, Will turned to the other two and said, "Have you ever taken a French ride?" This silenced them for a moment, they both had to admit that they had not. "Well", said Will, "would you like to?" They said. "Sure."

The "Immortal Bobbie Burns" would have understood. We cannot possibly improve on how he put it in Tam O'Shanter.

*Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!*

With a flourish, Will threw the lines over the side of the wagon into the road, meanwhile cracking his whip over the rumps of the broncos. The Whalen brothers gave a horrified gasp as the broncos exploded into a stampede, and both of them bailed out over the side, leaving Will to reap the whirlwind alone. It was a costly

harvest, in terms of his person, his equipment, and his dignity. Afterward, he drugged himself and his injuries into seclusion and did not reappear in public until they healed.

As Will expanded his farm, and the family grew, the raising training and trading of horses became one of his main activities. On some occasions he would take a bunch of horses up into North Dakota, to sell them where railroads were being built and some very large farming operations were being carried out under a single central control. He would usually take another man with him, and they would travel by horseback and wagon, camping along the way, so an expedition would occupy some time. Will enjoyed doing it, it seemed to take him away from mortgages and schedules for a while, it reminded him of the days when he used to stay overnight on Jer's claim, and of the time when his sleep was so unceremoniously interrupted by Blue, the big ox.

Will often had hired men, including Martin, who had no teeth. Martin loved a chew of tobacco, but was handicapped in that he couldn't bite it off the plug - had to use a knife or something which was often unhandy. He and Will developed a routine whereby Martin would give Will the plug, and Will would bite off a piece for him, perhaps something unique in employee - employer relations. Withal of these people, Miss Kitty's small house was a busy place indeed. During summer months the men and boys usually slept out in the granary.

One quiet day, Kate came to him and said, "Will, why don't you go up by the north line fence there and see what is going on. There's a team and wagon up there, leading another horse, and its been going back and forth along the fence for the last two or three hours." Will went to see, and found a man who said his name was Ole Haugen. Ole was obviously recovering from a king sized drunk. He was sober when Will found him, but suffering and obviously disoriented. After they had talked for a while Will suggested that he come down to the house so that Miss Kitty could fix him a little something to eat. Ole was glad to do this, it really hit the spot for him, and he soon became his usual affable self. They had a good visit, and someone suggested that he put up his team and stay for the night, he did still look a little weak. In the morning he wanted to help Will clean out the barn, to repay them for what they had given him, when evening came he was still helping and they had mutually decided that he might as well stay a little longer. He did nine years longer.

Bob Lyons, born in 1909, is the youngest member of the family, he was a little boy then and remembers that Ole was the only one who could cut his pancakes right. Ole cut pancakes into squares, and somehow they were a lot better that way. There was never a kinder or more considerate man than Ole Haugen, when the older children would go out to dances, etc., at night, Ole would stay up until one or two in the morning to be there and put the horses away when they came home.

As we have mentioned, when Will and his family moved to Charles Mix County from Nunda, the Hoy family did the same, and they were lifelong neighbors there. Hoy was an Irishman who was a lot like Will, he became known as "The Governor", and they were quite a pair. The state had a farmer's hail insurance program that was quite a political football, the farmers suspected that it was largely a

device by which some bureaucrats were farming the farmers and taxpayers, but they paid their premiums and signed up. As harvest approached one year, a hailstorm did come through. After it had passed, The Boss and The Governor went out together to look at their damage, only to find that their barley fields had escaped almost unscathed. They knew how the program worked, the estimator would be through for a whirlwind tour the next day, and all of the farmers in the damaged area would get a check from the government. They didn't think that the estimator was all that smart, but there would have to be some sign of damage. Soon after, Bob Lyons and Bub Hoy happened to be herding cows along there, and they happened to get away and happened to go through those barley fields. The cattle knocked down some of the grain so that the fields temporarily presented quite a bedraggled appearance after it was over. The estimator appeared on schedule, barely paused as he went by, and the checks appeared as expected.

Within her world, Miss Kitty was certainly the most respected, and the most loved, of women. She managed her family with a loving, but unyielding, hand. There was no room for question, they would study, they would attend church, they would recite the rosary with the family during each of the 40 days of lent, they would do their work, but each was loved, and none worked any harder than Kate herself. She knit continuously, she was a skillful cook, an ardent gardener in the most adverse of conditions. She loved trees, and there were virtually none to be seen, so each child brought any seedling that could be found to her, and she nurtured it. Who could do more? If we look at such women as Kate, Mary Ann, and Ellen; and then think of the image of women of the past as projected by the Woman's Lib movement, there seems to be a discrepancy. These women don't fit the image, they are equal partners or leaders, not slaves. Has the movement painted the past as it never was? Probably not, it merely shows that the past, like the present, is too complex to be described by any simple picture.

However that may be, Miss Kitty achieved great results, her children went on to do many good things. We shall meet the oldest, Dennis, again soon. Both surviving daughters became teachers, and young Bob had occasion to have both of them as his teacher at one time or another as he worked his way through the public schools. Mary was also a farmer's wife as Mrs. Vince Robinson. Jim went into the army, almost as soon as he was old enough, and retired as a colonel some 34 years later. Jerry was dentist in Omaha, Bill, Tom and Bob were all South Dakota farmers, Bob also served in the South Dakota state legislature. There are many grandchildren and great grandchildren to carry on, we will meet many of these people again later.

Back in Nunda, things have been happening too. Schusters returned to Lake County in 1911, and bought a farm, the SE quarter of Sect. 2 in Badus Twp., just four miles from Mary Ann's place, where John, at 23, was now established as the farmer. He and his mother were to operate the farm for many years. Little Mary Schuster was now six, and the delight of her young life was to visit at Grandma and Uncle John's place - it was their delight too. Rich was very busy at the University law school, with still another year to go.

Another Richard Lyons, the third son of Rich and Sarah, was also a student there. Rich and Sarah had left Carthage for Vermillion seven years earlier. With two students in the law school both named Dick Lyons, something had to be done, so they were dubbed Black Dick and Red Dick, based on the color of their hair. They became close friends, and Red Dick came to be well known in Madison and Nunda, as he often came along when Rich came home from school to visit. Nelle also attended the University after she finished with General Beadle and his idiosyncrasies and put in a short stint at teaching, not in Law but in Education. As we have said, she became a school principal and once ran for the office of State Supt. of public instruction. Mary was nearly done at the Normal School, and would soon be teaching rural school near Nunda and staying at home with MaryAnn and John.

The Nunda social scene, for people of Mary's age, was quite active now, and still closely tied to the dances in Ramona. This made for a close connection to the many young people around Badus. This scene was considerably enlivened by Agnes and Katy Lyons, daughters of Dennis and Emma. These two, along with their younger brother Leonard, had come to constitute a sort of a second family of children after that terrible day two decades earlier, when diphtheria had all but wiped out the children of this couple. Chris and Francis had survived, were now 30 and 32, and worked with Dennis and as hired men around the community, neither ever married. Katy and Agnes were outgoing young ladies, unconventional, interested in people, and acted as social catalysts. They got around, met people, knew everybody, and took an interest in the lives and problems of the people they knew.

Others of that age of the remaining Nunda Irish were the Flynns, Horens, Flemings and Tobins; Dooleys were in Ramona but still came around. The Flynns were Mame, John and Joe and were to be Nunda mainstays in later life. Nick and Walter Tobin were popular, their next younger brother, John, became a priest. Katy and Agnes also had relatives their age around Nunda from their mother's side of the family. Emma's father, Christ Collier, had come to Dakota early and others of the family followed. One of these had married a Downs, and there were Downs boys of that age. John Lyons seemed to hold back a little from this social whirl, Katy would sometimes be concerned about him. She would often beat Mary Ann's house, with a group, getting ready to go to a dance or something, and John would be staying home. "He's too lonesome here", she thought, "it's not good for him."

For little Mary Schuster, though, and for her younger sisters and cousins who came later, John was the ideal uncle. He was always ready with a bouncy ride on his knee, a joke or story, or a real ride on one of the workhorses, as the team came in from the field. This was a great experience, you could sit forward on the horse, on top of the harness and fly net, and hold onto the hames. The team plodded along, snorting occasionally as they smelled the water tank ahead, and bumping gently together on top of your leg as they shivered their hide, swished their tails, and tossed their heads to ward off flies. It smelled of sweat and harness oil, mixed in with fresh hay and the odor of the hog house. The sun beat down, the harness creaked and snapped, the men talked to the horses, and grandma's dinner table was only a few minutes ahead.

Mary, when she was an only grandchild, got into the habit of visiting with grandma, a habit that persevered over the years. One of her fascinations was the lamp that Amy Schneider had given to Mary Ann that day so long ago. The boy on the base of the lamp was still there, riding in the cart as he had been that day when Mary Ann and Jer were married at the Plymouth Rock church in far off Iowa. The cart was still hitched to the two dogs, and the dogs were still in pursuit of the rabbit. When Mary Ann lit the lamp at night, little Mary would sit and watch it for hours and wonder - would those dogs ever catch that rabbit? One night they were there, the child seated, watching the lamp, the grandmother standing, with a hand on the child's shoulder. "You really like that lamp, don't you," said Mary Ann, "When I don't need it anymore, you can have it."

As Mary realized when she was older, what grandma meant was that the lamp would go to Mary when she died, but her statement turned out to have a different meaning, some twenty-five years later. At that time (1939), REA brought electricity to those farms, and Mary Ann didn't need the lamp anymore. She remembered the conversation, and, one day when Mary was there, suggested that she take the lamp. Mary is 85 now, and still checks each day to see if those poor old dogs are making any progress. So far, they seem to still be about where they were when Amy brought the lamp to the Harrington farm in 1882. The lamp has been shown at many antique exhibits but no one at these events has ever seen another like it. Mary also has another precious memento of grandma. When Jer and his brothers and sisters went to Chicago, on that ill-fated trip to visit Margaret and see the World's Fair, he had bought a salt and pepper set with painted violets to take home to Mary Ann. It came to her with his body that terrible day in 1893, and had always graced her table on special events such as the annual family Christmas celebration at her house.

Before we continue, we need to go back to the early days of the Swiss Colony at Badus and say a little bit more about it. Most of the original ideas behind it did not last, at one time a village of Badus had been platted, and a communal corporation had been set up, the Ligia Greischa, originally founded in Switzerland in 1424. A group of Swiss immigrants in Stillwater, Minnesota, founded a chapter there in 1875 and a small group from there was sent to Dakota to look for land in 1877, they staked some claims around what was to become Lake Badus, and returned to Stillwater. The next year a group came to build houses and break land, they also organized the colony. A certificate of corporate existence, recognizing the Ligia Grischa as a body politic and corporate was signed by George Hand, Secretary of Dakota Territory, on March 17, 1880. Strange, that it happened to be on St. Patrick's Day. The bylaws, adopted in Stillwater and written in the Romansch language, contain 25 numbered paragraphs, having to do with membership, dues, officers, etc. Perhaps the most interesting one is #8:

Disagreements between members of the Ligia Grischa have to be settled by the society itself and nobody shall have the right to look for justice elsewhere. ...

The organization built a Colony House, had a storekeeper and a postmaster, (Joseph Muggli was appointed the first postmaster of Badus in May, 1879).

Apparently the group contemplated communal living, at least in some limited degree. The most enduring structure built by the Ligia Grischa was a school. The school was finished by May 20, 1880, when it was also used for a Catholic mass and baptismal service. Lumber for construction of the school was purchased in Stillwater, and shipped by rail to Volga. The building continued in use as a public school until 1948, when it was destroyed by fire. Use of the school building for church purposes involved more than the Badus Swiss colony, one of the first baptisms there was that of Rose Tobin, infant daughter of Edward and Mary (McBride) Tobin, and granddaughter of Catherine Tobin, of Nunda Twp.

After a few years, the Irish and the Swiss communities felt the need for a church. A young priest, Father Flynn, had been given responsibility for the Catholic churches of Lake County, and he encouraged a cooperative effort between the two groups. Another corporation was formed in 1884 with both Irish and Swiss signers, the corporate name was the "Ramona Catholic Church of St. Ann, of Badus, Dakota." Tom Flynn was an original signer as was Joseph Muggli, by the fall of 1884 the church was far enough along to be used, about 100 families were members of the new church. The parish was split into two in 1898, and a second church was built in Ramona. Flynn Field, in Madison, is named after the priest, who was to be well known in the county in later years. One of his first acts as a priest was to confirm 25 young people into the church at Badus on Sept. 13, 1882. Several of the Nunda Irish were among the 25, including Francis Tobin, David Molumby, John Fleming, James Ryan, Mary Ann Molumby, Martha Fleming, Anna Dooley and Martha Ryan.

In 1886, the Ligia Grischa at Badus was disbanded, but the ties to Stillwater, Minnesota, remained very active. Many families had members in both places, and there was a continual exchange of people, as some people came out to Dakota to try their luck, and others decided to return to Stillwater. Young men from Stillwater would sometimes come to Dakota to find work with relatives there, or with neighbors of relatives. Sometimes these young Swiss men would bring friends with them, friends of other nationalities, also seeking work. By this process, a young Stillwater man, John McDonald, happened to come to Lake County, South Dakota, about the time that World War I broke out in Europe.

John was not Swiss, but many of his friends were, as he grew up in Stillwater at the turn of the century, he was born to Dugald and Cecelia (Donalds) McDonald of that city in 1892. His parents were married in St. Michael's Catholic Church, on South Third St. there, when it was new. It is still the most imposing structure in town. Both families, and many others, came to Stillwater in the 1870s or so, from New Brunswick, Canada. New Brunswick had developed as a lumbering area in the early 1800s, before that, it had been sparsely populated by the Loyalists, who were driven out of the Thirteen Colonies after the American Revolution. Still earlier, it had been a French settlement known as Acadia. After England defeated the French, those French settlers were deported. Many of these deportees settled in Louisiana, leading to the Cajun tradition there, and spawning their story in Longfellow's Evangeline.

The immigrants after 1800 were mostly from Scotland and Ireland, and

included Dougald McDonald, Oliver Shortall, Jeremiah Donalds, and John Buckley, the grandfathers of Dugal and Cecelia. After the trees In New Brunswick were all cut down, there was a great migration from the Chatam area, around the mouth of the Miramichi River, to Stillwater, Minnesota, where the rapacious lumbering off of the huge pine forests along the St. Croix River was getting into full swing. Many members of the McDonald, Shortall, Donalds, and Buckley families joined this movement, others did not. James Shortall still lives in New Brunswick in the same house that Oliver Shortall occupied when he came from Ireland in 1844. Matt Shortall, son of Oliver and Julia (Burns) Shortall, was chief of police in Stillwater in the 1870s and 1880s, and has often been featured in the "News 100 Years Ago Today" column in the Stillwater Gazette.

One product of all of this was young John McDonald, age 21 in 1913, looking around for employment and adventure. His father was something of a jack-of-all-trades, Dugal seemed to be a farmer at heart, but he worked as a lumberjack in the logging camps in the woods during many long winters, also worked in factories that had grown up in Stillwater at one time, and later worked as a teaming contractor in Stillwater. He would have had this in common with Jerry Lyons if they had ever known each other. After several moves in Stillwater, Dugal and Cecelia bought a forty acre farm south of town, where the St. Croix Mall now stands, and he farmed on a part time basis, while continuing his other employments. When the older boys were old enough to help, they also set up a milk route, producing part of the milk themselves, and purchasing the rest from farmers, like the Evermans.

One of John's first jobs as a teen aged boy was delivering milk around town with a team and wagon. He often recalled his problems with fussy customers, especially old Mrs. Cavanaugh, who found the milk to be of inferior quality in some new detail every time he came around. She often threatened to cancel her small order, and finally did, much to his relief. A month or so later, however, she hailed him as he came by. He stopped the team, and went up to her door, where she met him and imperiously reinstated her order.

John could not resist the temptation to get in a little dig. "But, Mrs. Cavanaugh," he said, "you told me that our milk was no good." "Well," she snapped, "Taint, but it's the best in town." John had a host of aunts, uncles and cousins, an older brother, two younger brothers and three sisters. They were all part of a very active Scotch-Irish community that centered around the church and the "Sister School", and shared the town with equally active French, German, Italian, Swiss and Swedish communities, and many others who did not identify themselves with any of these groups. Stillwater had three Catholic Churches, the French Church, the German Church, and the Irish Church.

After John finished the eighth grade at the Sister School, he began to look around for work. With the large family, he was not always needed at home, although his services were often required on Dugal's farm. He found work at the Shoe Factory, and on farms in the Stillwater area, by the time that he was twenty he had been a valuable, skilled, and industrious worker for several different employers. He was no

stranger to work.

John's friend, Jack Pauley, was in similar circumstances in Stillwater. Jack, too, had many relatives in town, the Swiss community was large and active. He also had relatives in Dakota, around Badus, and so the two of them had the idea that they should try their luck in South Dakota and elsewhere. They spent a little time in Omaha, where they knew some people, but they were thinking mostly of Dakota. When they arrived they were both fascinated by the country, as farming country. Stillwater is a fairly hilly, wooded area, fields are here and there, roads wind and turn to suit the terrain. South Dakota was quite a change from this, trees were rare, except for those that had been planted and survived, the land was quite flat or gently rolling. From the top of any of the occasional hills, one could see for miles in all directions. The roads formed a giant checkerboard pattern, they either went straight north and south or straight east and west, and they were all a mile apart. The division of land into quarter sections, eighties and forties, was an obscure art on the farms around Stillwater, here it was all laid out in magnificent detail right before your eyes - the land was its own map.

Farming was bigger too - not a lot different really, mostly different because it was on a bigger scale. There was another, more subtle, difference too, it seemed to arise from the fact that this was newer, as farming country. Some characteristics of Stillwater farms, John came to realize, were actually obsolete, and had never been built into these newer operations. The farm granaries were an example, on almost any good farm around Stillwater, the granary stairway was exceptionally well built. It was typically handy to the door, broad, not too steep, and had steps that were wide and solid. In Dakota, he saw, it was often little more than a ladder. Amid so many new scenes it was a while before he realized that this phenomena was general, and another little while before he figured out why. It was not a question of why these stairways were so poor - why were those in Minnesota so good? They must have cost a pile of money.

As with many mysteries, once the right question was asked, the answer was obvious. The stairways had been made to accommodate a farming practice that was becoming obsolete in Minnesota, and had never been practiced in South Dakota at all, that of sacking grain away from the thresher. In the old practice, grain was sacked at the thresher, the sacks were loaded onto a wagon, hauled to the granary and carried upstairs one by one. Upstairs, each sack was dumped into the bin and the empty sacks were returned to the wagon and thence to the thresher for another load. Anyone who has ever carried even one 2.5 bushel sack of barley up a set of stairs will understand immediately why the stairway was well made. These Dakota farmers could not possibly afford the manpower needed to handle grain this way, they loaded it loose into wagons and unloaded it into ground level bins with scoop shovels, or used mechanical elevators to put it into the granary through a hole in the roof. The virtue of this approach was not lost on the Minnesota farmers either, but there were problems in converting the old granaries to the new system.

John McDonald soon became well known in the Badus community as a

skillful and willing farm worker, and as a personable young man. He won many close friends among the second generation of those Swiss farmers, friendships that were to last a lifetime. Tony Manthey was a particularly good buddy, and did a lot to help him ghetto know so many of these people. Jack Pauley, also, remained a lifetime friend. Jack stayed in Dakota for many years, but eventually returned to Stillwater. As the months wore on, John McDonald came to be a regular figure at the Ramona dances, now held on Saturday nights, and at other social events; as well as a regular attendee at Sunday mass at Badus. Among the young people that he came to meet in this way was Mary Lyons, now a teacher at the Tobin School, and generally acknowledged to be one of the most attractive young ladies in the community. Mary continued to live at home with Mary Ann (now "Ma" to her children) and John. Nelle was also home frequently, as she finished up at Vermillion and worked as a teacher and principal.

One day, when John was between jobs, he chanced to be in Madison, and someone introduced him to Pat Clair. It was nearing harvest time, and Pat had a good crop, including a 40 acre field of barley that was almost ready to be cut. For our city friends, we should perhaps explain what is involved here. The grain grows on stalks, with the kernels at the top. When it was ripe, it was cut with a binder. This machine, usually eight feet wide and pulled by three or four horses, went around and around the field, cutting a swath and tying it into "bundles", which were accumulated and carried along in a bundle carrier, and then dropped off into rows, usually in bunches of three or four. These bundles were then built up into "shocks", by standing 7-9 of them together on their butt ends to keep the kernels of grain away from contact with the ground, so that they would not spoil.

Shocking was a hand operation that required a measure of skill and a lot of endurance. A good man could shock 20 acres of a normal stand of grain in a day, if the day wasn't too hot. A novice would do well to cover 5, and many of his shocks would probably fall down anyway. Ability at shocking grain was, in some ways, taken as a "measure of the man." The grain would finish ripening in the shock, well built shocks could withstand rain and storm until the threshing crew reached the field. Timing was very important when it came to cutting the grain. Grain cut too early would be subject to spoilage in bad weather, and would be of poor quality even if it didn't spoil. If the farmer waited too long, on the other hand, the kernels shelled out of the stalks, fell to the ground, and were lost. A delay of day or two could be enough to cause a major loss, depending partly on the weather.

Pat decided that this young man looked as if he could do some work, and hired him on the spot. It was agreed that John would be at the farm in the morning. Pat had other work to do as well, but the main thing was to be all set to go after the barley when it was ready. Evening was near as the two men parted, expecting to see each other early the next morning. A few minutes later, unfortunately, Pat ran into some of his friends, friends that Katy knew all too well. One drink led to another, one tale to a better one, and soon Pat was off on one of his "Toots", an extended one as it turned out. Five days passed into oblivion, on the sixth he finally got himself organized and headed home.

The depth of Pat's *folly* became apparent as he headed up the long road, it was obvious that the grain had come along rapidly, he saw fields already cut that had been noticeably greener than his when came down this road six days earlier. As he moved along he shuddered at the thought of facing the edge of Katy's tongue, in fact, it was partly this that had kept him in Madison after the second day. Another verse from Tam O'Shanter, about another Kate, could well have been written for Pat that day:

*While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.*

When Pat arrived he rushed past Katy as best he could, muttering something about the urgency of the harvest. He did not escape unscathed by any means, and they both knew that there would be more later, but he was soon out of the house, dressed for work, and headed for the barn to rally his new hired man so that they could get the equipment together and get into the field at once. He was more than a little disappointed that John did not seem to completely respond to his sense of urgency, and spoke quite sharply to him about it.

John McDonald had heard something of Pat from various neighbors, so he was not as surprised as he might have been when he reported for work on Monday morning, and his employer was nowhere to be found. Pat's problem was not an unusual one among farmers of that day, as John well knew. He introduced himself to Katy, who was already mad, and got no welcome there, so he went to look about the place. The horses were in the pasture, so he let them into the barn to see what they were like. They found their own stalls, so he tied them and looked over the harness and gear and could see what went where. He was pleased that the horses seemed to be good stock, and well trained. He then looked over Pat's binder, greased and oiled it, looked around for the canvases, and put them on the binder after making a few repairs.

The screen door on the house slammed, which he took to mean lunch, so he went there to see. It was a good lunch, though eaten in silence. Afterwards he looked about the farm further, and especially took a careful look at the barley field. As he did so, it was apparent that it was pretty much ready to be cut. There were a couple of low spots in the center that could still use a day or so, but most of it was ready. He decided that it wouldn't hurt for him to tryout the binder and the horses to see if everything worked right. He could make a couple of rounds and that would make some room along the fence, so that he could clear the bundles out of the back swath, that way it would be all set for Pat to start on Tuesday morning. This went well, he made two rounds, and was finished by about four o'clock, so he put the horses away and went back to the field, carried the bundles out of the back swath and shocked

them up

It was nearly seven when he finished this so he went to the house, only to find out something that somebody should have told him about Katy, because everybody knew. Katy put supper on the table at six, she didn't call anybody, and at six-thirty she took it off, whether anybody had come in to eat it or not. John looked hungry, and somewhat nonplussed. Katy had seen what he had done during the day, and took pity on him, in her way. "Supper's at six here," she snapped, but then she did set out some food for him. He could well see, however, that this would not happen again. She then pointed out a room for him to sleep in, and so the day ended.

On Tuesday morning, still no Pat, but a hot, dry breeze was blowing and John knew that there was not another day to waste, so he set about cutting the barley, Pat or no. He finished up on Wednesday night, by going out for an hour or so after supper, and started shocking on Thursday. He had finished the field about an hour before Pat came rolling in, as noon approached on Saturday, and was patching some harness and taking it a little easy for a change.

Pat was, for once, speechless, when he saw what had happened, it was the beginning of a long friendship. John was to become a farmer himself, and farmed the place that adjoined Pat and Katy's farm on the east, so they were neighbors for many years. Pat gave John a lot of help in the first years when he was trying to get his farm started, and he was also a great favorite with the McDonald children when they started to appear, always ready with a joke or a story at either farm, or a piece of candy or some such if he chanced to meet them in town. We may mention some of these episodes later.

As the years passed, though, Pat's drinking became more and more of a problem. When he got to be old it reached the point that he became a near derelict. His dialect was unusual anyway and, in later life, after even a single drink, it was almost impossible to understand what he was saying. Before it got that bad, he was known for taking his team and wagon to town, after everybody else had cars, although Pat did have a '29 Pontiac for awhile. They used to come to church in it on Sundays. Unlike everybody else, he would always turn the car around and back into a parking space in the church yard, "ready for a flying start", my mother always said.

In the early 1940s, Pat Clair was hit by a car on the highway north of Madison one night. Nobody ever knew how it had happened, he was apparently on foot, the car was never found. He was severely injured when John McDonald reached him in the hospital. Pat lived through it. He was never the same after the accident, although he lived for some months more. Heavy drinking is not a game for old men. Pat had many good years, and enriched the lives of those about him incomparably during those years. We should remember him for that, and not for the bad years at the end. We do well to also remember what happened to him, however.

As the reader has no doubt guessed, John McDonald was to become my father, and Mary Lyons was to become my mother. They both worked hard in the

years after they met to put together a nest egg, and they were married at the Badus church on November 29th, 1916. They were both 23, nearly 24, at the time, and a host of well-wishers filled the church as Father Collins did his duty. Tony Manthey was Best Man, we had not yet joined the Allies in the madness of the Great War. Sister Nelle did the honors as Bridesmaid, signing herself "Ellen Anna Lyons" to attest to the formality of the occasion. She would appear there again a few months later for her own wedding, she and Bill Mailand were married there on July 18, 1917, before the same Father Collins.

No one hates a job well done.

ANONYMOUS

You must remember, if it wasn't for bad luck, you might not have any luck at all.

NEWTON A. MOEN

Chapter XI

SOME NEW PIONEERS

Dennis Lyons, first born child of The Boss and Miss Kitty, was born in Nunda Township on December 7, 1887. When the family moved to Charles Mix County in 1901, he was already 13, in 1908 he was a young man of 21. Through a set of circumstances that he will describe, some new land became available for homesteading. It was homesteading with a difference, the area to be homesteaded, though large, was surrounded by civilization on all sides. Dennis decided to get involved in this, and became one of those homesteaders. The ranch that he settled was to be his home for the rest of his life, and is still operated by one of his sons. Life in that area was hard in the 1930s, with drought, depression and grasshoppers, and Dennis would often think of the chain of events that brought him there with his family. He was a reflective man, somewhat of a dreamer, thoughtful and well read. In 1933 he decided to sit down with pen and paper to describe what had happened. He did it very well, far better than we could paraphrase his remarks, so we will devote this chapter to a reproduction of his writing in its entirety. We must count ourselves as lucky indeed to have before us a firsthand account of this chapter of Dakota history, written by an articulate and thoughtful man who had been there and part of it, day after day, for 25 years. Dennis died in 1974, he speaks to us below from 1933, over an intervening period of more than fifty years. Thanks, Dennis.

PIONEER ON THE ROSEBUD - By D. B. Lyons

If I were to make a complete record of the development of the country, namely the Rosebud, I would want considerable time to set correct dates of the events leading up to the real opening of the Rosebud Reservation. So as time presses me I will cover those events according to memory, and I will have to be pardoned to some extent if my Irish imagination gets mixed with memory.

Sometime just previous to 1904, a great agitation was set in motion to make a treaty with the Rosebud Sioux to purchase the eastern portion of the Rosebud Reservation from them and open it for white settlement under the Homestead Laws, which were that the homesteader be required to pay to the government the purchase price, that to be in turn paid to the tribe and in addition to that amount the cost of administration was added. The Indians were to receive 160 acres each, which was known as the allotment.

At that time there were no rural delivery routes and consequently few daily papers but many weeklies. The papers all carried black headlines on the news from Washington regarding the question. The economic theory advanced by western Congressmen was the necessity of increasing the citizen population of Western states and development of agricultural resources. It was argued that the increasing population of the world necessitates the development of all the Agricultural

Resources. The argument advanced against it was that the Indian was being robbed of his heritage by the white man and so the battle waged until congress finally passed the bill ratifying the treaty, which gave each Indian of one eighth blood, 160 acres and proceeded to open what is now Gregory County S. Dak. to white settlement.

The Bill was signed with a great deal of ceremony. Each western congressman wearing a Rosebud in the lapel of his coat and President McKinley signing with a pen holder made out of the stalk of a rosebud with a small rosebud carved on its end. There were so many anxious to settle in the new country that it was decided to draw lots for the 160 acre homesteads.

The settlement was finally accomplished and proved successful. All was well until about 1907 when a new urge was felt to open more of the Rosebud. Due to the fact that the settlement of the eastern portion had proven so successful less opposition was met by the new bill and it was passed.

Again all the news in the headlines was of the new opening of the Lost West. At this time the economic cycle was in its upward swing. The country had fully recovered from the depression of the 90's and the country at large was experiencing a wave of prosperity. Land values were rapidly increasing and anyone willing to work was assured of success. So we saw in the papers such slogans as:- "The Lost West", "Go west and grow up with the country"; "What will you do when the land is all gone?"; "Will your children be landless." The Government weather reports were put out showing sufficient rainfall for crops. Soil analysis was given showing fertility. All looked rosy. But the Government overlooked the fact that it was attempting to ratify marginal areas and encouraging settlers to attempt an unproven enterprise.

When I was a boy it was commonly believed that the one hundredth meridian was the western limit of profitable farming.

The 100th meridian runs through the Rosebud just west of the west boundary of Gregory County and through Tripp County, but the general report was that more rainfall would follow the plow.

Up until this time the area extending from the west boundary of the Pine Ridge Reservation east to the west boundary of Gregory County and from the Nebraska and Dakota boundaries north to White River had been utilized as cattle range under what was known as the Range Permit system. Under this system the cattle owners had a fee of about \$.15 per head per year for permission to let their cattle and horses range free over the range. The income from these fees went into the Indian Tribal fund out of which they received houses, cattle, horses and other equipment as the Indian Dept. at Washington D.C. saw fit. Under this arrangement the cattle industry prospered and the Indians were content.

But the generation of the period had forgotten that History repeats itself in its economic cycles and that nature never changes. We were ready to risk the prime of our lives, to risk all the heart breaking toil of developing a new country against

nature. To win from her homes on the Semi Arid soil of what was once known as the Great American Desert of the Great Basin.

So here enters the tales of some of those who made that sacrifice. In the fall of 1908 I went to Chamberlain S. D. on an excursion train from Chicago, to register for the drawing of lots for choice. In this arrangement of lottery the names of all who had registered were placed in a container and two little girls drew the first names. The first 3000 choices were to cost \$6 per acre, the next \$4.50 and the rest \$2.50. They had to use their choice in rotation beginning at number one. The first choice was filed by a lady named Mae Keiser, at the land office in Gregory S. D. on the morning of April 1st, 1909. The filing continued until Oct. 1st at midnight, when all land not filed on by choice was thrown open to Squatters Rights. During the period of filing a new industry developed, known as Locating. This was done by men who were experienced in traveling over prairie country and locating different quarter sections of land. They generally drove over the country and made a book showing the choice land. Then, when they took a prospective settler out to the land and showed it to him if he filed on it the one locating him got a fee.

At that time I was just 21 years old and was only one of the many unexperienced on that train who little realized the significance of pioneering a new country.

Finally the lots were drawn and the papers published the list. There were few if any newspapers in the United States that were not read that day as people from every state in the Union had registered. But my name was not among those drawn. In the spring of 1909 the filings began. Many who had drawn numbers had no intention of remaining and developing a homestead so a profitable business of dealing in relinquishments sprang up. The system of handling these relinquishments was as follows:- First the holder of a number selected a quarter section and filed on it. He then had six months to establish his residence on the land. In this time he would have some dealer, known as a Real Estate man bargain with some prospective settler for the sale of his relinquishment. The money usually was left in some bank, subject to the filing of the relinquishment. When the settler's turn came to file after October 1st, the real estate man went to the land office (office of entry). The filing of the relinquishment cleared the land of any former entry. So the settlers' office of entry was accepted. Then the bank released the money to the real estate man. The reason for all this formality was the fact that it was unlawful for anyone to directly sell his homestead right.

I was still more restless than ever to acquire a homestead, so I came to Dallas S.D. in September 1909, Dallas being 5 miles west of Gregory and on the boundary of the Reservation. On the 20th of Sept. I bargained for a relinquishment at \$1600, besides the \$6 to the Government for the Indians. On the 18th of Oct. I entered filing on the land. On this land a house and some fence was already built, and some hay was stacked. The original filing choice was #1196.

So at last I had taken the first important step in my life and the next one was

to follow soon. It seemed to have a homestead with a house on it. I implied that I should also have a wife. Having this matter under consideration for sometime before, the question was finally settled on April 5, 1910, and we got ready to start for the new home. This place was and still is 37 miles from the nearest town. My new wife had never been out of town over night in her life.

The winter of 1909 and 1910 was one of exceptional snowfall, and travel was almost impossible so the land office gave a leave of absence until May 5th, 1910. When the snow did thaw in March it all went in two days and flooded the whole country. The Missouri River gorged with ice for eighteen miles and flooded all the bottom land and destroyed all the roads leading to the ferry landings. The gorge smashed all the ferry boats and we were on the east side and had to get across. About the 1st of April, the Snake Creek Landing ferry got in operation. This being west of Platte, S.D. On about the twelfth we started with three loads, including household provisions, seed potatoes, and some old farm machinery including a walking breaking plow; one cow, ten one year old heifers, two hogs. I had 3 good horses and three old ones. My father and brother helped me to move. I took seven days to travel the 130 miles. To say we traveled on roads would give the wrong impression, though we called them roads at that time. We were stuck in the mud before we had gone 6 miles, and lost about three hours. But we continued on until we arrived at the Missouri River at noon the third day. There we had to wait our turn to get ferried across and then we had to go up the four mile hill. Our horses began to give out so we had to hire a four horse team to help us up. We finally arrived at the top just at sunset. As we were out of provisions and horse feed we had to pull on to the little inland town of Lucas, S.D. arriving there at midnight. The new wife had gone by way of Running Water, S.D. by train and waited at Dallas for us.

In recording the events of the development of this country, I would fail in part if I passed over Dallas without a description. Dallas that night was a camp of crooks, gamblers, horse traders, salesmen, emigrants, and regular freighters. The streets were a-jam of loaded wagons ready for the trail. Hanging around the corrals were shifty eyed horse traders. The emigrants consisted of a conglomeration of humanity, ranging all the way from the experienced plainsman to inexperienced eastern merchants, old ladies, school teachers, street car conductors and almost any other class to be found in the United States at that time, all in high hopes. I saw one man, his wife and ten year old boy starting out with a horse and buggy and a lunch basket, to start homesteading. I asked him where his location was and he showed me his filing papers giving the legal description. It was thirty miles from the nearest town but he expected someone would be there to sell him provisions. I feel safe in saying that every state was represented there that morning.

We finally got ready to start but before we got out of town discovered that all our provisions had been stolen in the night so had to go back and restock ourselves. This cost \$14.00. About 10 o'clock we got out of town. Now from Dallas out one had to know which trail to take as at that time there were no section lines to follow. But everyone carried a Government plat of the county. Each Indian allotment was shown by number of this plot and a new stake was driven into the ground at the

corner of each allotment with its number painted on it by the surveyors.

By checking up on plot and stakes one could tell where he was. But unless he knew the trail he was apt to miss his destination. The system of trails was comparable to the system of a huge railroad switch yard.

The trail we took led us southwest about 20 miles then we had to break a new trail by the plot for 18 miles. This in itself was not so bad, but we had to ford 4 creeks and one river, and at the first one we met our difficulties. Ponca Creek is 3 miles out of Dallas. At that time it had about 18 inches of water flowing over about 2 feet of blue mud, and right there in the middle of Ponco Creek, knee deep in blue mud, began the difficulties of family life.

As the heavily loaded wagon went down the bank to ford the creek it tipped over into the middle of it with the new wife, provisions, household goods and all. What was said as soon as the mud settled enough so speech was possible is better forgotten. We got her pulled out of the mud all right but she started back for Dallas on foot but was so badly loaded with mud she couldn't travel and finally had to sit down and content herself with telling us what she thought of homesteading. In the course of about two hours by prodding in the mud with sticks we salvaged all the goods and got them loaded. By that time the sunshine had helped considerably more to smooth the difficulties and we started on again to the nearest settler's home where we stayed for the night, having made five miles the first day. The rest of the trip went well and we arrived at the new home in the afternoon of April 20th.

In the late fall before, a prairie fire had burned over most of the country and at that time it looked like a black desert as far as the eye could see with only an occasional white dot which was a claim shanty. It has been said and truly so, that "nature in the raw is seldom mild". None can realize this better than the pioneers but we came with the courage equal to the occasion.

In the following month the sound of hammers driving claim shanties together sounded like woodpeckers in a grove of trees. Over the trails came loads of lumber and supplies, and along the sides of the trails could be found broken-down wagons with loads on.

The reader of today will no doubt picture two horses hitched to a wagon going along a graded road with fences on either side. But not so the real picture. Picture if you can in this day of highways and high speed motor transportation, the break of day at a feed barn, from 10 to 50 wagons loaded with from two to 6 horses hitched to each outfit ready to start. The 6 horse and sometimes the 4 horse outfits consisted of two wagons, one called the trailer, hitched behind the other in such a manner that it could be easily unhitched and left while the team hauled the first through bad places or up steep hills and then came back for it.

Listen and perhaps you can hear the noise as they start, drivers giving the command to their horses, lead teams tightening their chains, the crack of whips at the

slow horses, the jerk as the slack comes out of the trail wagon chain and off with creak and groan of the loaded wagons. Follow them out on the trails if you will, not over bridges, through cuts and over fills, but wandering up around hillsides with drivers urging their horses; down steep hillsides with brakes squeaking-horses holding back and just before the bottom is reached and all the momentum is lost the driver kicks his brake loose, shouts at his horses and they run for the up grade. If all goes over well the top is reached and a stop is made for the horses to get their "wind" and to look back to see if the next man needs help. If not, in about a minute on they go again out over more level land perhaps, with the loads rocking and swaying into the chuck holes, each load making them deeper. Finally when the trail forks they begin to separate into two's or more generally trying to keep together to help in case of hard luck. And so they go, not for 8 or 10 miles but for 40 or 50.

As I pass on I wonder if the youth of today as they ride in modern autos and travel over highways made smooth by the toil earned taxes of the pioneer ever try to visualize the pictures I have tried to paint. Can they feel the stinging cold? Can they ever know the feeling one experiences when upon waking up in the morning one finds a blizzard raging with 40 miles to go with a load of freight? When one must scoop through snow filled gullies, break the frozen snow and icicles from the horses nostrils so they can breath, to have to unload part of the load 20 or 30 miles from home and go back after it, though it were probably badly needed supplies. Can they ever know the weariness of walking in the snow beside the load to keep from freezing?

On May fifteenth the last of the settlers had arrived. Some of the trouble makers rode all night to see if anyone failed to get on his land. In case they had failed to arrive these people could connive to get a fee from someone else to inform them and testify in a contest, but no one failed in our neighborhood. The next day was quite generally spent in calling around amongst the new neighbors. Imagine if you can a whole community set down on the prairie in a day. You might say each one a perfect stranger to all the rest and all coming from different occupations and modes of living. I soon came to know them all and found the adjoining neighbor on the west to be a tobacco farmer from Kentucky; the one on the south a railroad section boss from Nebraska, one southwest a blacksmith from Iowa. The two on the east were Iowa farmers, while the three on the north were, one an artist student from Chicago, one a railroad surveyor from Oklahoma, another boiler maker from Peoria, III. All were strangers but all had the same problems in common. But the nature of man being what it is it was only natural that a strong spirit of fellowship soon sprang up amongst us and common customs soon became established. Even the language used in discourse took on words and phrases singularly descriptive of our work and lives. Some used to more polite customs might be somewhat shocked at some of the conversation. Everyone learned to tell his troubles, no matter how delicate they might be. This was not done as mere gossip but that neighbors might understand each other's difficulties. The proper reply in these cases was "Let us know if you need help".

It soon developed, however as might be expected that we had trouble makers as well as peace makers amongst us. "Devils as well as Angels" and many petty quarrels broke out. But when trouble overtook anyone, friend and enemy alike came

to his assistance.

It must be remembered that no doctor, priest, or preacher was within forty miles, and nothing but trails for one to come over. So necessarily many emergencies had to be met with what means were available.

An account of the social development of this community would be far from complete unless I include one particularly saintly old lady. Her life had been a more or less hard one but she had educated herself to a remarkable degree. Her husband was old and a ne'er do well. To her we all looked in times of trouble. She knew botany, and identified all the native grasses and weeds. She understood some medicine and doctored the sick. She could preach a sermon and buried the dead. She had been a teacher and helped the teachers get ready for their examinations. She was old and understood the passions of youth and taught the precept that "charity covereth a multitude of sins."

To the young mother she was a guardian Angel. She moved back to Iowa and died in 1917 or 1918. Though her passing was without much demonstration it is seldom when the Old Timers talk of Old Times that her name is not mentioned. Her name was Mrs. John Moffett. God Bless Her.

My train of memory has carried me away from the progress of my history so I must go back to May 15, 1910. In the course of a few days after May 15, black ribbons began to appear on the prairie, this being new breaking and day by day the ribbons grew wider until mid-June when the black turned to green and the first cornfields became a reality. In planting the sod corn many methods were employed. One method and perhaps the most primitive was by using a sharpened stick to punch holes in the turned sod and dropping the seed by hand. Another was dropping the seed by hand in every fourth furrow and covering it with the next furrow slice. But the most common method was with a common two row corn planter with a special attachment known as "sod shoes". These sod shoes were invented by a blacksmith homesteader and consisted of two triangular steel plates welded together on the diagonal edges and sprung apart behind to form a wedge shape. This was attached under the regular shoe and cut a narrow slit in the sod into which the regular planting device dropped the seed corn and the slit automatically closed up covering the seed.

Range Cattle: - In describing the range cattle situation I abruptly left it, intending to cover it later and now I come to its finis. While this condition or overlap I might say, it quite generally ceased to be during the summer of 1910.

At the time the Sioux treaty was ratified, large eastern cattle corporations ranged thousands of head of cattle on the Reservation, among the largest was the U Cross Cattle Co. Their headquarters was at Cut Meat (now called Parmelee) So. Dak. A picturesque character by the name of "Billy Brown" was their range foreman. His ability at handling cattle and cowboys, drunk or sober is still legend amongst old cattle men. In the Spring of 1909 the Indian Department, Washington, D.C. sent orders to the Indian Agent at Rosebud, S.D. to refuse any further range permits and

ordered Tripp County cleared of range stock. This was undertaken in good faith by the cattle companies but the task was a huge one and many wild cattle were missed by the riders of the Round Up. The U Cross had succeeded well under Brown until about Sunday Oct. 15, when they were within about two hours drive of Dallas with a herd of several thousand head of two and three year old steers. That one night a severe electric storm struck. The thunder and lightning stampeded the herd and all but about five hundred scattered over the range again. Brown and his men came on into Dallas as soon as the storm abated. The men had been on a hard round-up and were proud of their accomplishment until the storm defeated them. Then they were sullen, cold and discouraged when they arrived in Dallas that night.

Cowboy fashion, they proceeded to get revived by getting a bar tender out of bed. The next morning when I got in town the town was all excited. I asked why, and they said that the U Cross Roundup was in town to load cattle that day. About 10 o'clock that morning Brown began getting his riders ready to go out. The men had celebrated long but not wisely and were hard to get started. Brown used methods somewhat crude but effective and soon they were gone. From sometime in the night before and all day stock trains arrived. About 1 o'clock that afternoon a dark mass mottled with white appeared on the hills west of town. The U Cross cattle were coming. Hundreds of spectators were waiting. Men and women who had never seen range cattle before. As the cattle moved nearer the town they became panicky and a bedlam of noise broke loose. Cattle bawled, horns clashed and riders cursed. The big herd milled round and round. Six-shooters were shooting trying to move them on. Finally they were started with riders riding ahead of them. The horses ahead seemed to quiet their fear. When the gates of the stock yards were reached they refused to go in and again they started to mill. Brown in disgust rode up and drove all the spectators away from the yards and told the train crew to pull the train up the track. When we saw the train signaled to back in again we knew they were ready to start loading so we went back. The loading was a surprise to me as I thought the cattle would surely refuse to go into the cars. But not so.

The yards of course were not large enough to hold all the cattle but after the first went in the rest were not hard to hold. The loading chutes were jammed full of bawling cattle. On the plank walk up the side of the chute a man stood with what is known as an electric prod. This is a common bamboo fish pole with a wooden plug driven into the end of it. In the plug two small nails are driven and attached to these are two wires leading from a battery. When the steer is touched with the business end of this pole he gives one lunge and one bawl and lands in the car. About five o'clock the job was done and the U Cross Herefords were on their way to Chicago. But the cattle that stampeded the night before had drifted back over the range and had to be gathered again. Many were missed that fall and the following summer riders rode the settled parts of the old range looking for what was called "tail-ends".

If all the cattle had been gathered as faithfully as the large companies gathered theirs the settlers would not have experienced much trouble with range stock. But it seemed that some of the small outfits didn't take the matter seriously and let their cattle go. The country was still free range so far as being able to collect for

stock damage was concerned. All unorganized counties in So. Dak. had no fence law until the people therein voted on the question. We of course had not had an election yet.

In the fall of 1909 several after filing on their claims, came out and cut and stacked what hay they could get that fall and fenced it in. In the spring when they came back the hay was gone. Range cattle had eaten it.

In the fall of 1910 an election was held and among others question the fence law was voted on making owners of ranging stock liable for any damage they might do. Then we thought our range trouble was over; but not yet. A good many Indians and mixed breeds had stock ranging on the remaining part of the Reservation west of us which drifted across the land into the settlement at times and we found to our sorrow that we had no recourse against an Indian without suing the United States Court of Claims at Washington, D.C. Nebraska was having the same trouble until an attorney in Valentine by the name of Andrew Morresy now Judge of the Nebraska Supreme Court tried a case in Federal Court and got a decision contrary to the former ruling.

At about this time our neighborhood received its first shadow of sorrow. One Sunday afternoon an eighteen year old girl with a mental defect, flew into a fit of anger because her parents refused to let her go visiting, grabbed a bottle of liniment used for wire cuts on horses and drank it. It contained Corrosive Sublimate and of course was fatal. We tried to get a doctor but had to go so far that when we got to him, he said there was no use of him coming. She died that night and the following day Mrs. John Moffett conducted the funeral services. The parents and a neighbor took the body to Valentine, Nebraska and shipped it back to their old home.

During the summer of 1910 the county was organized by petition and a set of officers appointed but no regular election was held until the fall of 1910. The first term of court was held in June of 1910 with Judge Robert Tripp on the bench. Before entering into the procedure of that 1st term of circuit court, it is necessary that I go into a more or less detailed description of conditions at that time. It may be tedious to the reader, but necessary in order that the reader may realize that this judge and jury were facing problems which perhaps no other tribunal had ever faced.

In the first place it will be remembered that the country was going through a sudden change from range conditions to intensive agriculture. Now as I have shown before these industries did overlap and caused considerable friction and many disputes over brands and "slicks" or unbranded cattle, arose. It must be evident to the reader by now that the settlers were a determined lot and generally ready if not willing to fight. Another thing which caused a lot of trouble was the "squatting" and many fights were the result.

Another element which I must introduce here was the natives, these were mostly mixed blood Indians. They were for the most part the descendants of "White Soldiers of Fortune" and Indian wives. They had grown up here and under a hardy

environment and had little use for courts to defend their rights in as they usually did that themselves. One such character was one John Arcoren. He was known as Old Jack. No one knew where he came from or when he came. He had the appearance of being a mixture of Negro-white-and Indian. He was about five feet tall and looked as though he was made of sun scorched saddle leather and more long hair. He had been a government scout and interpreter, had been with General Geo. Custer shortly before his fatal battle, had rode with Buffalo Bill, known Sitting Bull and had been at the battle of Wounded Knee. He had married an Indian woman and settled down to Indian life on Dog Ear Creek near the town of Lamro. He had a son whose name was Rudolph.

To continue on with these characters would be another story and perhaps tire the reader with its monotony. So now I will attempt to explain the procedure of exercising "Squatters Rights". The requirement was to establish a residence. This might be done in many ways, but anything that left evidence on the ground at the beginning of a home was sufficient. Thus a well started, a few posts set to start a fence, or a tent to live in. Usually one night spent on the land was enough. These were not so much in question as the fact of who arrived first. It will be remembered that at mid-night, Oct. 1, 1909 was the zero hour.

Consequently when daylight came it was found that some quarters had several squatters on them, all claiming to have been there first, and each with witnesses to prove the same. Then came a race to the land office in Gregory to get first filing on the land. The filing then was usually contested by the other claimants and a trial was held before the Receiver of the Land Office to decide the proof. If all these cases had been settled in this way all would have been well, but many of these fiery and determined people were used to fighting their own battles and many fights ensued. The reader will now be able to understand the motives and decisions in the first sitting of Circuit Court.

The first criminal case on record is the State of S. Dak. Vs. Rudolph Arcoren and William Truedell. Chief complaining witness being one G.O. Van Meter, the defendants were charged with the theft of one dark red heifer branded Circle V on left hip. The next a companion case was State of S.D. versus John Arcoren, complaining witness the same G.O. Van Meter. The defendant was charged, this time with assault and battery without justifiable or excusable had made assault with a dangerous weapon, - to-wit - a large rock with the intent then and there to injure the person of G.O. Van Meter, contrary to the form of the statutes in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the State of S. Dak.

As to the findings of the jury in the first case I do not remember, but the out of court story seems to be of an argument as to the reading of the brand in which "Old Jack" Arcoren, father of Rudolph took a hand in his characteristic way. Now as you will remember "Old Jack" was a man of small stature and Van Meter was a large man and as a matter of equality, "Old Jack" picked up a rock and Van Meter seeing this made the mistake of daring old Jack to throw it. The finding of the jury was guilty. The sentence imposed was, cost of trial which was \$106 and 15 days in the county

jail. In the records of the case I find a petition to the court signed by many petitioners, setting forth the facts:- That the time the county jail was a one room of board structure with a tin roof there-on and two persons already confined therein. That the sanitary condition of the jail with two persons already confined therein would be very poor and would be very detrimental to the health of said John Arcoren and said other persons, that to confine the people in said jail at this time of year was dangerous. That acting States Attorney W.B. Backus was willing that said sentence so imposed be modified on act of said condition to \$30 additional fine and suspension of said 15 days in jail. This closed the first criminal case.

The next was one of more importance and the cause of much interest. On the morning of Oct. 2, 1909 it was found that two squatters had squatted the N. W. 1 of Sec. 15, Twp. 101, Range 74, one being Chris Pringle and the other Margaret Langon. Chris Pringle had for his witness one Alfred A. Woods, who had filed on the quarter section adjoining on the south. Margaret Langon had for witness, her brother Frank and Leo Hannon, Frank and Leo being young men. It appears that Pringle and Woods intimidated the Langons and Hannon that morning and attempted to drive them off. All started for Gregory to offer filing on the land, but there were so many waiting at the land office that it was impossible to file for many days. The Langons with their father John Langon and Hannon went to William McDonald's law office to get legal advice. While they were there Pringle and Woods came and much angry disputing took place. John Langon accused Pringle and Woods of running the girl and boys off. They in turn admitted it and made further threats if they attempted to come back. It appears that they did come back and cut some hay at some time later and on Oct. 14th went back to get the hay. While loading the hay, Woods began shooting at them and shot five times at them from behind a haystack. They had no guns so galloped their teams to get away. On Oct. 16th they came back and brought rifles. Woods living close by saw them and took his rifle and went again to scare them off but this time John Langon was with them and they had rifles also. The result was that Woods was shot through the heart and died where he fell. He did not return for dinner and his wife went to look for him and found him dying. Langons went to another settler's cabin and told him Woods was shot and had him go to him but he was dead.

Today Circuit Court records of Tripp Co. June, 30, 1910 shows:- State of S.D. vs. John Langon, Frank Langon and Leo Hannon, defendants. The records also contain the instructions to the jury by the Honorable Robert Tripp, wherein he in substance said: "If you find that defendants in the performance of a lawful act were so harassed that they in actual fear did shoot Alfred A. Woods then you shall find defendants not guilty. The findings of the jury were not guilty and the prisoners were discharged on July 1st, 1910.

This closed the first murder trial of Tripp Co.

Heretofore I have dealt with only the natural side and the reader will no doubt think that our time was all spent at the tasks at hand. But stop for a moment and consider. Most of us were young, high spirited people, full of vitality and the love of adventure, and here as well as of old the ways of the man and the maid were beyond

understanding. There were but few maids but many young bachelors, so much competition existed in that unfinished business of the man and the maid. It was not uncommon to see from 1 to 5 saddle horses asleep on one cocked ankle with bridle reins on the ground in the corral at the maids home, waiting, waiting.

Sometimes the parental members were pleased and sometimes otherwise. But not alone did the maid and bachelor enjoy Sundays and Holidays for seldom did a day for recreation go by that nearly everyone did not join a group somewhere. The banter and wit developed at those gatherings would draw a crowd today. Practical jokes were played, tests of physical skill (wrestling, boxing and acrobatic stunts) were indulged in and finally long yarns of doubtful truth were told. It was a sad day for anyone who couldn't take a joke and he soon realized that he wasn't wanted. And last but not least came the "eats". Never, I sincerely believe, were there more hungry gangs assembled. Each one generally brought some "Grub" and all was put together in a common lot. The claim shanty was seldom large enough to hold us all so the men had to stay outside while the ladies prepared the dinner. Then it was brought out and eaten in the shade of the shanty. Not only the day was spent this way but often the men went home to milk the cow and came back for the evening. In the whole community in 1910 there was only one baby and she was surely a prize to anyone who did get a chance to take of her. She was "The Homestead Baby" and was a wonderful one. She seemed to acquire the uncomplaining habits of her people, for she could sleep through any kind of noise. Her name was Marie Storms and if I continue to completion you will hear of her again.

Finally came the 4th of July, and a great day it was. It was decided to celebrate on the bank of the Keyapaha River on Monto Frinkman's claim as there were some old cottonwood trees growing there. Enough lumber was borrowed from settlers to build a bowery and speaker's platform. A program was arranged by everyone who could, volunteering to do something for entertainment. We had an invocation, vocal solos, recitations, chalk talk, and an oration by an Attorney homesteader, by the name of George McMannus. In his discourse he defied the power of foreign nations to suppress our liberties but warned against the development of a rotten core within our nation.

A load of supplies was brought from Valentine, Nebraska and William Gooby ran a stand. I dare say there were 5 hundred people there that day. All strangers but friends. There were wagons by the score with horses tied to them eating hay. There were a few buggies and many saddled horses; but no autos at that time there was nothing to tie the saddle horses to so It was a common sight to see from 3 to 8 horses tied to each other's saddles in a circle and usually a pair of boots tied to the saddles as the boys carried their shoes and changed. This was not alone the case with the boys, but some of the girls as well. A good saddle horse was as acceptable to most girls then as an automobile is today. The happy day finely came to an end and the big dance was on. All who stayed ate supper out of lunch pails. The ladies "fixed" their hair and we were ready for the dance. We knew nothing of the "Turkey Trot," the "Bunny Hug", the "Shuffle", or the "Charleston", but danced to the tune of Anheiser Bush, In the Shade of an Old Apple Tree and the Quadrilles. We needed no expensive

orchestra. A "fiddle" and anything else available would do. The dance carried on and all were enjoying themselves when about midnight someone noticed a black cloud in the west. A storm was coming and no place to go. All was excitement with everyone trying to find their horses. Everybody was confused in the dark and no one able to get started. The storm struck with its fury of wind, rain, thunder and lightning. Horses broke loose and ran away. The next morning every claim shanty nearby was full of people some of which had to walk home. This ended the first July 4th celebration.

As I near the 24th mile post in this year of 1933 I am inclined to weigh in the scale of comparative value those hearty, original pleasures, against the expensive ready-made ones of today and I find the present wanting. I wonder if poetic justice has found us guilty of extravagant frivolities and imposed the sentence of depression upon us.

When the season had advanced and it became too late to break sod and plant corn the next thing in order was the building of sod houses and barns. To build a "Soddy" in a neat and durable way was an art in itself, and some men became expert at it. These men became known as "Sod Carpenters" and were in much demand. When a house was finished it generally got a "house warming", that is a dance. Not all the houses of course were soddies but it made no difference as to the "house warming" if it had a floor in it. Not only the youths attended these dances but young and alike. Whole families came in wagons, bringing bed quits for children to sleep in when they got tired. Few who read these lines will ever know the real joy of these parties. Everyone came to enjoy themselves and do their part to make everyone else happy. Old men and old ladies danced and cut up like children and formalities were laid aside. Wit and humor flowed back and forth. Due to the size of the house it was impossible for all to get inside at the same time so those outside would dance the Indian Pow Wow dance at the door, sometimes when they tired out, this playful mischief began. Horses were changed from one wagon to another sleeping children were changed from one wagon to another. Hats were hid and anything else that might be thought of was done. When the party was over all was confusion, some looking for their horses, women looking for children, or lost hats, but all in a happy mood. And so homestead life slipped by.

As time went on duty called out and we proceeded to establish a Civil Government. By petition of the freeholders we established township and school District organizations. The township name was Beaver Creek and the school district was the same. We voted a \$500 bond and let a contract for the erection of a school house in the center of the district. The district just north of us built a sod school house. Our school wasn't finished until late in the fall so the teacher held school in our house until it was completed.

By the fall of 1910 the country was taking on the appearance of a more permanent habitation. Some fences were built. Sod barns with hay stacked around them were to be seen.

During this first summer that terrible malady known as homesickness

developed, and many of the women wept themselves almost sick at times. Only those who have broken home ties and gone out on the lonely prairie can understand this to its full extent. Imagine if you can, no roads, no fences, no towns, no railroads, no buildings, no wells, no schoolhouses, no church. To the man busily employed it was not so bad. But to the lonely woman the monotony of the long days was almost unbearable. "New Comers" of later years who come to the country remarked at the habit of gossip among the people, but they do not know that this habit was a child of necessity. How do you suppose news spread with no newspapers, no telephones, and seldom any mail, unless by the so called gossip. When special events were about to take place or special news arrived, each one made an effort to get the word to his neighbors. So I feel we are unjustly accused of gossip.

Finally came the first Thanksgiving Day. All gathered at the new sod school house to eat, drink, dance, and be merry. People came in pairs, and in crowds. Wagons with four horses brought whole loads. The music was furnished by a "fiddle" and an old organ with anyone who could taking turns at playing. To rehearse the doings here would be but a repetition of the description of other dances except that oysters were cooked in a wash boiler and an oyster supper was served.

The winter was a mild one. The only blizzard being on New Year's Day, and any time a few neighbors got together a party might develop. It was a small matter to send a few riders out to spread the invitation which was not of the formal kind but was: "Tell everybody to come". The winter parties varied from those of the summertime only in that if the night was bad hay was carried in after the party was over and what was known as a "Shake Down" was made and those from long distances lay down to rest until morning. In the morning the hay was carried out, the floor swept, coffee boiled and what food was left over from the party was eaten.

As a pioneer I have often been asked about Prairie Fires. These fires were a continuous source of fear to the settlers and every set of buildings and every haystack was protected by a Fire Guard. A fire guard consisted of a series of furrows plowed about 4 rods apart around the object to be protected. This was left until a fire threatened, then the grass between the furrows was set on fire and burned out, thus leaving a strip about 4 rods wide around the object with no grass left to burn. This of course in no way protected the buffalo grass on the winter range. Our township joins the east boundary of the remaining part of the reservation so it became advisable to run a fire guard from the Dakota-Nebraska line north. Each township doing the same unless it happened to have a road on the county line. In that case the road answered the purpose. This work was done voluntarily under the supervision of the Township Boards. The first thing to be done was to plow the line. This meant 4 furrows one way and 4 furrows back, or 12 miles around. It was accomplished by working in pairs. Two men and 4 horses on a plow would plow 1 furrow Y2 way back and others would do the same until the eight furrows, six miles long were finished. Then a day was set to burn it out and all were expected to be there to help. In doing this crews were picked with a boss, each crew having a given distance to burn. The system usually employed was that first a fire spreader or torch was made by tying some slow burning material on the end of a wire. It was set on fire and a man dragged it through

the grass along the guard on the opposite side from which the wind was blowing from. This set a fire which had to burn against the wind therefore it burned very slowly and didn't get *too* hot. Two men followed him with wet sacks to prevent any fire from starting outside of the strip of plowing. When these men had advanced sufficiently so the heat from the main fire would not reach them the same thing was done on the windward side. Then a roaring flash and the ground was bare.

We have had many fires but the one on March 22, 1916 was the worst. For several days we could see a fire burning at night a long way west of us but the wind was from the southeast and was carrying it away from us. At about 11 o'clock in the morning the wind went down and it became very still. About 12 o'clock while sitting at dinner I smelled smoke. The wind had changed to the northwest but wasn't blowing hard *yet*. I got on my saddle horse and started to ride northwest to get on top of a butte about eighty rods away to locate the fire. Before I had gone halfway I was met by a blast of wind, smoke, and ashes and the western horizon was a boiling mass of smoke. Then I remembered it was the equinoxial period when we get sudden wind storms. The horse refused to face it so I turned back. Rabbits with singed hair ran along beside me. Prairie chickens flew by. Russian thistles and tumble weeds also tumbled along. The smoke got so dense that I could hardly breathe. I rode by the house and called to my wife to get the children into the cave then ran on and got the gates open and turned all the stock into a bare cornfield. Then I pumped 2 pails of water and took it to the cave. I then attempted to set fire to the grass in the yard to backfire it around the buildings but the wind was blowing so hard it was impossible to get a match to light. In the course of about thirty minutes the fire came. Pictures of the infernal regions have been attempted but none as real as that picture. Fire came over hills and hollows as far as I could see, hissing as it came down hill and roaring going uphill. The wind blew so hard it had jumped all fire guards. It blew so hard that it caused a back draft from the buildings and blew the fire away from them so not many buildings were lost. But the prairie was strewn with dead and dying horses, cattle, rabbits and birds.

On the county line there is a fence. Against this fence were about 65 range horses, some dead, some with the flesh burned off their heads, with teeth and part of their skull exposed. Some had holes burned through their sides and intestines dragging on the ground. They were all shot. A sudden March shower followed the wind storm and extinguished the fire.

Another continuous fear was rattlesnakes. They were numerous and worst in the fall when first frosts came. At that time they seemed to be kind of stupid from the cold nights and were not noticed until they were disturbed then they rattled and struck at whatever disturbed them. Due to this many cattle and horses and some people were struck by them. The poison was fatal to human beings. It crippled stock but they generally lived. The first aid treatment consisted of cutting open the area around the little wounds made by the fangs and sucking the blood and venom out, then applying an application of turpentine and salt. If this was done at once there were no ill effects but if neglected for only minutes the venom became absorbed by the blood and the victim died in about four hours. The snakes lived in or near prairie dog towns. One

neighbor killed 146 snakes one sunshiny morning after a frosty night. Though a person never had seen or heard a rattlesnake they could surely jump with an apprehension fear the first time they heard one rattle. There is no sound like it. The rattler is not very prolific and one once discovered was never allowed to get away, so they are extinct here now.

The reader by now will wonder how and where we did our trading, and how we made anything to buy with. It will be remembered that the "opening" was advertised in the east. Up until this time the holder of land was sure to increase his wealth by increasing values. So many who drew numbers came, filed and lived on the land the required eighteen months, proved their residence and got patents from the Government expecting either to sell then or hold for future advances.

These people had no intentions of settling permanently so made no effort to establish a working unit. They had some money and hired most of their work done. That is their lumber, coal, and other supplies were freighted in and some breaking done. This made quite a bit of work for anyone with horses. We got \$.35 per Cwt. for hauling from Valentine, Nebraska or Dallas, S. D. and \$3.00 per Acre for breaking. To haul a load from town took 2 to 3 days per trip and we could haul about 2500 lb. which amounted to about \$8.75. Out of this came about \$2 expenses leaving \$6.75 for three days with four horses. Two trips a week was all a team could stand. The breaking was some better. A four horse team could average about 2 acres per day amounting to \$6.00. To break 2 acres with a walking plow the man and team had to travel 14 miles. We had to buy and haul the horse feed from Nebraska. It cost \$.55 per bushel for corn and \$.40 per bushel for oats. The maintenance on the plows was about \$.25 per day, making a daily cost of about \$1 leaving \$5 for the day's work. Of course everyone was anxious to get his own breaking done and only went out to break when he had to have money. To make a walking breaking plow work smoothly and with a minimum of draft on both team and man was the job of a wizard. The giver of gifts doesn't give me the power to describe a stubborn plow. It used to be said that a stubborn plow and a stubborn calf that refuses to drink were of the same breed. Only those who have followed one for 14 miles can appreciate the task.

Now before the settlers came there were little Inland trading posts, usually only a store with a Post Office scattered over the reservation. Two of these were in the line of the proposed railroad. One, Colome, was on the Indian allotment belonging to a quarter breed Indian by the name of Colombe, This was the first one to the west from Dallas and the only one that survived. The next to the west was Lamro, on the allotment of another quarter breed Indian by the name of Oliver Lameraux. This little town seemed to be in the direct line of the new railroad so a great deal of speculation took place there. It was situated on the bank of Dog Ear Creek and had a water supply which was of much Importance at that time as water was hard to get in the northern part of the county. It also was the County Seat.

The town was platted and lots sold. A courthouse and school and many business buildings were built up in the summer of 1909. All was booming until about Oct. 1st, 1909, when a crew of surveyors was discovered surveying and plotting a

townsite one and one-half miles north east of the town. The land which they were working on was the allotment of Harriet De Chaim Biggins, the wife of a white man. On investigation it was found that the land had been bought by the Western Townsite. The people of Lamro claimed that the new townsite was a fraud and to sell town lots. The new townsite people claimed it was too costly for the railroad to build a road bed across the low land surrounding the town of Lamro. The Lamro people claimed the new town could not get water and refused to sell them any. So the fight went on until the railroad survey finally swung north and headed towards the new town. The new town was the winner, and was named Winner, S.D.

Still the people of Lamro held out until the election in the fall of 1910 when the county seat was voted to Winner. That night was one to be remembered. The people of Winner took teams and wagons to Lamro to get the records from the old court house there. The Lamro people resisted them and there was much free for all fighting but the Winner people finally succeeded though not in the orderly way they should. The books were fought for piece by piece and those not entirely destroyed were thrown into the wagons as so much hay might have been and men jumped on top to fight the others off. The books were such a mixed up mess that they were never fully separated and finally were burned in a fire which destroyed the temporary court house. When the old town lost the county seat the people gave up and there was a great rush of moving buildings to Winner. As many as four or five Stearn tractors hauling buildings could be seen at a time. In the summer of 1910 the railroad built its road to Winner from Dallas, and on July 4, 1911 the first passenger train came into the new town. On that day was celebrated the first Independence Day in Winner. Homesteaders and Indians were there by the thousands that day. Teams were tied to wagons out of town as far as one quarter of a mile in all directions, there being no room closer in. Everything imaginable in the way of western entertainment was furnished free. A free movie was given in the street by stretching a canvas between two poles. There were no sidewalks, no cross walks, and no drinking fountains, but wood barrels were set on street corners and filled from a water tank hauled around on a wagon. Tin cups were chained to the barrels but no provision was made for the Indian dogs to drink. In midafternoon the dogs became thirst crazed and began jumping into the barrels. In doing this they of course fell in head first and were unable to get turned around in the barrel and drowned unless someone happened to be near to pull them out and sometimes two at a time got in. The first one I saw I thought was some kind of a side show to draw a crowd, as it looked funny to see the dog's tail waving out of the top of the barrel. The problem was solved by placing a guard at each barrel. On July 5th there were still many people camped around town.

The summer of 1911 proved to be very dry and very little crop matured. Many of the settlers had paid high prices for flaxseed and sowed it on new breaking but it was mostly a failure. But still the faith held and everyone said next year would be the year after the dry year. In the fall of 1911 the first eighteen months of residence began to expire and many made their proof and got Government patents to their land. Nearly all had to get loans on their land to pay the Government fee of \$6, 4.50 and \$2.50 and in addition got more, some to improve their land, others to buy stock and equipment. The sad thing is that most of these loans have continued to increase until

they have taken all of the owner's equity.

The summer passed and winter came, and the spirits of the people were filled with more content. Homes were becoming more comfortable. Livestock was beginning to increase. The people had some poultry, butter and eggs to sell.

The most essential of all, new babies began to arrive, the first being Miss Raymalee Adams, Miss Marie Larsen, Francis Sharkey, James Lyons and Helen Storms. This was encouraging but many new problems presented themselves. Many of the young mothers went back to their old homes to spend the winter months. Those who stayed were subjects of much solicitude. For instance when Helen Storms was born her folks had no cows giving fresh milk and I got the honor of furnishing a cow to provide the milk.

During this winter many literary societies were formed, including singing, debating, public speaking and etc. It must be remembered at this time there were no libraries or other reference books in the country and everyone had to help the debating teams with what knowledge they had at hand. Here again I recall Mrs. Moffett who taught one of the schools. One widow woman had a very accomplished daughter who taught one of the schools. Her name was Miss Mary Hodges and she coached home talent plays. As a whole it was one of the most pleasant winters I ever spent. Homesickness began to disappear. Schools were well established. Church organizations held services. Roads were made passable by bridges and markets established with fair prices.

The spring of 1911 ended the first two years of development. To continue with the events of the following years would be of little interest to anyone except one intimately acquainted with the individuals, therefore I leave the personal incidents of the people and attempt to deal with the State and National events and their bearings on our new development.

Up until March of 1913 the Republican Party had been in power. In the fall of 1912 at the National election, President Wilson of the Democratic Party was elected. Now as is generally the case when the Administration changes to a new party many new or progressive laws were passed. Amongst these were the Federal Income Tax, the Federal Reserve Banking System, Federal Farm Loans, Downward Revision of Protective Tariff, National Good Roads Act, Two Amendments to the National Constitution; Direct Election of U.S. Senators. These laws had no chance to become effective due to the World War. The State of S.D. in following the trend of the times passed many progressive laws also. Amongst these were the Initiative, Referendum and Recall; Rural Credits; Development of State owned Coal and Cement Plants; Bank Guaranty Law; Motor Vehicle Regulations; State Hail Insurance; The building of State Owned Bridges across the Missouri River and a law exempting from Taxes to the extent of \$500.00 value each farmers house and farm equipment. Also Woman Suffrage.

Many of these laws answered their purpose well for a time but in the test of

time failed. Others were found Unconstitutional by the Supreme Courts. Others have endured. And so we drift along in the march of time, over the hills of prosperity and down into the valleys of depression always swayed by mass psychology; bound together by patriotism while fighting wars, then broken asunder by the madness of great wealth; with monsters of business and industry sapping the economic life through manipulations. Sometimes under protection of law and other times by pure fraud, with us of the masses their prey. We are a fertile field for agitators and become victims of our own lack of judgment. We become so blinded by suspicion, so desperate by deprivation of the fruits of toil that we refuse the leadership of real leaders and follow the false Prophets who lead us as sheep to the slaughter, that they may win selfish ends. And I wonder, "Are we truly, Brothers of the Ox?"

Finally in that ever onward march of time, I find myself almost at the quarter century of the development of this county. With the dreams of 25 years vanished, with fancy's pictures faded, with youth gone and age here, with economic disaster spreading despair in its wake, with drouth and grasshoppers making our land uninhabitable. But from the human heart springs hope eternal, and in the active hours of daylight with sober logic born of experience I can see again a future, as I know that history has always repeated itself. But in the evening:- "Between the Daylight and Darkness, when comes that pause in Life's Occupation" a still voice whispers to me; "Backward turn Backward, Oh time in your flight!"

D.B. Lyons

1933 Beaver Creek Township, Tripp County, South Dakota

Distributed by R.F. Lyons, Cambridge, Mass. 1983

Chapter X

WITCHES AND WAR

Volume IV of G. Kingsbury's HISTORY OF DAKOTA TERRITORY, published in 1915, contains thumbnail sketches of many prominent South Dakota people, a sort of Who's who of Dakota. Rich had, by then, finished school and started the practice of law. He was included in the book, his sketch is reproduced below:

RICHARD J. LYONS

Richard J. Lyons is an active member of the South Dakota bar, practicing at Madison, in which city he was born on the 1st of March, 1887, his parents being J. J. and Mary (Harrington) Lyons. The father was a farmer by occupation and after residing for some time in Iowa came to Dakota Territory in 1880. Lake County was at that time still a frontier district, much of the land being in the possession of the government and in consequence destitute of all Improvements. Mr. Lyons homesteaded, securing the southeast quarter of section 8 and the southwest quarter of section 9, and also obtained a tree claim in Lake County. He at once began to till the soli, finding it an arduous, difficult and wearisome task to break the sod and prepare the land for cultivation. His work, however, was carefully and systematically continued for a number of years and his labors were crowned with good results. He died in the year 1893 and the community thereby lost one of its representative citizens. The mother survives and is residing on the old homestead.

Richard J. Lyons supplemented a public-school course, in which he mastered the common branches of learning, by study in the Madison State Normal School and later entered the University of South Dakota at Vermillion, where he prepared for the bar, being graduated on the completion of the law course with the class of 1912. It was his desire to enter upon a professional career and the same year he was admitted to the bar. He afterward spent a year in the law office of Winsor & Keite, able attorneys at Sioux Falls, and then returned to his native city, where he opened an office for the independent practice of his profession. He has met with a fair measure of success, has been found thorough and painstaking in the preparation of his cases and resourceful in the presentation of his cause before the courts, where he has won many notable verdicts that have furthered the interests of his clients.

Mr. Lyons exercises his right of franchise in support of the men and measures of the Democratic Party and has been its candidate for states attorney. His religious belief is that of the Catholic Church and he is a member of the Commercial Club of Madison. He is still a young man, alert, progressive and determined, and already he has attained a position in professional circles that many an older representative of the bar might well envy.

The same book carries a somewhat longer article about Rich's namesake uncle, Richard F. Lyons, Sr, then of Vermillion.

The Schusters furnished Mary Ann with her second grandchild in 1913, Rita was born on April 1st. Mary was seven, so it was a really big deal for her. When she was at Grandma's house, Mary Ann got detailed accounts of everything that Rita did. Three years later, on June 1st, June Schuster joined her sisters. June was to be a striking beauty as she grew up; there was unanimous agreement that she was one of the most attractive girls ever seen in that community. The Schusters also purchased a new farm that year, it was called the Ripley farm, and was a mile west and across the road from the place that Johnnie had been farming before that.

The Ripley farm was to be the Schuster home for the next forty-one years, the Schuster School was just a half mile east of the house, Mary was to be a teacher there in later years, and June was to be one of her students. As their neighbors were fond of saying, 1916 was a big year for the Schusters, a baby daughter, a new farm, and a new Ford car. The new big house was exciting for Mary, then ten. There were four upstairs bedrooms and her big decision was to pick one for her own. It was a great place, a younger cousin; Eileen (Mailand) Bearss tells how she remembers it:

When you were welcomed into Schusters it was always cool and shining and kind of elegant. There was always great cheer and warmth, and quiet togetherness. I loved the two front doors, one for the living room and one for the dining room. The upstairs balcony made me feel like a scared princess.

The house was near the crossroads, and a house also stood on two of the other three corners. Schneiders were permanent residents but the people in the other house changed every year or so - there were always lots of playmates, and Schneiders had a big grove of trees. The long peaceful summer vacations stretched ahead forever. After their few chores were done, the kids spent hours together in Schneider's grove or on Schuster's big front porch, playing house or farming or grain threshing. It was a busy, happy place to grow up.

Later that year, on November 29th, Mary Ann got her second son-in-law, as Mary and John McDonald were married at St. Ann's church in Badus. A few months later they were all back there again as Nelle, ("My name is Ellen Ann, but they call me Nelle"), was married to Bill Mailand. Genevieve McDonald was born in December that year (1917), and Mary Ann, now nearing 60, had four granddaughters. Annie (Rei) Coffey had died in 1912 at the age of 39, leaving Joe an orphan as a young boy, Rels had retired from farming and moved to Madison, Bridget was to die there In 1919, 75 years after her birth, which came as Jerry and Ellen waited In Ireland for passage to America. Ellen Coughlin was also gone, having died in 1907 at the age of 58. We have neglected the Coughlins shamefully, as we have many others. There are too many stories to put in one book. We will say something later about one of Ellen's sons, Charlie.

Ellen Flynn also died at an early age in 1902, this came as a great loss for the whole community, she was such a cheerful and energetic leader. After Mame married Frank Kehrwald, this left the Flynn household with four men and no women. Tom died in 1922 and his brother Pat lived on until 1935. Ellen's sons, John and Joe became "the Flynn boys" and continued to farm together until their deaths in 1964. My brother Jerry liked to go there to visit; Dad always said that he was over playing with the Flynn boys. John never married, and Joe did not marry until quite late in life. Like their parents they were leaders in farming and in the community; they always maintained a close relationship with the McCabes in Iowa. The gracious big house that Tom and Ellen built is gone from the farm now; it was moved to Madison after Joe's death.

In 1917, Mary Ann also had a son at war. After three years of unspeakable carnage in Europe and elsewhere, President Woodrow Wilson had led the United States into the war on the side of France, England, Italy, Belgium, Russia, Japan and others. Their chief adversaries were Germany, Austria and Turkey. There had been many quarrels among the countries of Europe that led up to the "Great War." By 1914, the diplomats had nearly despaired of finding any solution, and seemed to almost welcome war as a way to settle the disputes. It is said that this was an enormous miscalculation on their part; they had little appreciation of what such a war would turn out to be.

Europe had experienced other wars in the preceding century, and the leaders of those countries thought that they knew what to expect. Technology, however, had advanced in such a way that this war turned out to be far more destructive than they had imagined that it would be. There were no winners, and the old order had virtually disappeared by the time that it was over. The turmoil left in its wake eventually led to an even greater slaughter in World War II, in a sense, it was all one war. The new technology that made the First World War so destructive was not so much in new weapons as it was in the ability to produce and transport. Immense quantities of men and material could be quickly concentrated and maintained, so that killing on an unprecedented scale could continue for months in battles like the one at Verdun. Well over ten million soldiers were killed in this war, and millions of others suffered horribly. Direct civilian casualties were not as common as they have become in more recent conflicts, (or were in still older ones), but indirect civilian casualties in WW I, through disease, starvation, etc., were high indeed, ten million or more.

It is difficult to comprehend suffering on such a scale; the dead from World War I would outnumber the entire population of South Dakota, twenty times over. Human nature is such that we sympathize and empathize with a person such as Mary Ann or Ellen or Pat Clair. We suffer and triumph with them, but we give little more than a passing glance when fifty others like them, who we don't know, are wiped out entirely in some calamity. Indeed, in war at least, we do our bit to hasten their demise. This attitude toward life is really broader than humanity. Nature is a wastrel with life, whether we think of weed seeds or fish, trees or mosquitoes, dogs or cats, herrings or humans. Perhaps it has been brought about by evolution; life of all kinds is possible only because it is so renewable. A thousand seeds may rot for everyone that grows,

but still, a hundred grow for everyone that can mature. It is distasteful for us to put ourselves in the place of the seed, because we have a strong instinct for self survival, and for survival of those close about us - but the seed may be said to have that too, certainly the herring does.

The United States today has a population of 250 million people, and is perhaps the most advanced nation on earth - in government, in technology, in literature and in many other ways. We have thousands of huge libraries to store our knowledge, we have schools, roads and factories that are modern wonders. Imagine, for a moment, that some huge natural calamity occurred tomorrow that wiped us out, say that a huge tidal wave swept across the country that destroyed every building, and killed every man, woman and child in the country; a catastrophe of unprecedented proportions. Now, look ahead a short century and ask what would be the likely effect of such a thing on the world of that day. If we are honest, we will have to say that it probably would have had very little effect.

In this way, until now at least, nature has been able to transcend war, as far as survival of humankind is concerned. Some nations or societies have perished; some others have resorted to new social practices, such as polygamy, to replenish the stock after most of their young men had been killed, but our species as a whole has increased its numbers. We hope, of course, that there is something within us that is above this, that we can create a society in which the individual person has an importance that transcends the way of nature with weed seeds. Indeed, we do sometimes seem to struggle a bit towards this in time of peace. Within the family we often attain it, but this is perhaps a bit analogous to the protection that the seed and his brothers get while they are still in the pod, certainly it is less than a general endorsement of a doctrine of human rights.

In time of war, any doctrine of human rights tends to give way entirely once we select an enemy, a good argument can be made that it cannot do otherwise. The wonder is that we go to war so easily. It has often been said that many among us secretly want an excuse so that they can smite an enemy vicariously, that something within us delights in the killing of foreigners. Certainly history gives us many examples that seem to support this analysis, and these examples are not restricted to war alone.

The leaders of Europe in 1914 should have had a better appreciation of the fact that wars can get out of hand. If they looked a little further away than Europe, or a little further back than 100 years, examples would have confronted them immediately. The so called Thirty Years' War (1618-1648) was a major event in European history, religion and politics were closely related at that time, this was a power struggle between governments, between religions, and between religion and government.

That war was fought largely in what is now Germany and Czechoslovakia, the armies of six nations were there, manned largely by mercenaries. These armies suffered terribly, the civilians suffered worse; it was a sort of anarchy on a big scale,

under the control of no one. The civilian peasants and churchmen were fair game for all of these armies, often murdered just for fun, and everything in sight was destroyed as well. The population of Bohemia fell from 3 million to about one fourth of that - most villages were eventually emptied, in some places there were no villages or houses left for sixty miles, the farms were idle, the country deserted. Other areas suffered a similar fate. War can be this way, imagine a war on American soil that left only one person out of four alive.

At about the same time, The Netherlands was attempting to put off Spanish rule; the barbarities committed there should also have been enough to make the leaders pause, in 1914, before resorting to war. For an example nearer in time, though further in distance, they could have looked at events in China at the time of our Civil War. A rebellion started there in 1850 that was, in a sense, the forerunner of Mao Tse-tung's revolution. It was called the Taiping Heavenly Kingdom, arose from dissatisfaction with the government, and was led by a fanatic who some thought to be actually insane; he claimed to be the younger brother of Jesus Christ.

Astonishingly enough, the movement had great success, and came near to overthrowing the government, perhaps would have if it only had some better leader. Certainly it shows how badly things can get out of hand in a war; there were huge losses of life in the conflict. It is impossible to say what the losses actually were, Ripley's Believe it or Not claims that 50 million people died, far more than all of the losses in World War I. Yet it is a war that few Americans have ever even heard of.

As the early years of World War I raged on, much of the animosity spread to America. Large segments of our population traced their roots to England or to Germany, many were recent immigrants. The melting pot had not entirely mixed, there were many aliens, lots of them were subject to the military draft in the old country, and many of them wanted to return and serve. Huge profits were being made in the sale of armaments, and wages were high as a result. Foreign agents were active, and a "business class" vs. "labor class" conflict began to parallel the English vs. German fight. After the United States got into the war, these animosities turned to violence, it is said that the business interests used "patriotic terrorism" against labor. A hysteria developed that severely curtailed freedom of expression, especially after the Russian revolution. Generally there was more pro German sentiment in the mid-west than in the east, it sometimes reached the point that anyone of German ancestry was a suspect traitor. The persecution of labor organizers continued after the war.

In Dakota, the labor bogey man was more theoretical than real, it was primarily an agricultural state. The hysteria was there in full force, however, often directed at German immigrant communities. Like a virulent strain of bacteria, it spread and was soon directed at anyone who was different; conformity became a virtue, non-conformity was suspect, thought to be, probably, traitorous. Many people suffered as a result of this hysteria, the Hutterites are an example.

These people had come from Europe to escape religious persecution, their beliefs and practices are similar to the Amish and the Mennonites. The original

Hutterite leader, Jacob Hutter, had been burned at the stake in 1536 at Innsbruck. They came to Dakota and formed colonies, incorporated bodies similar to the one we saw at Badus, except that the Hutterites continued to live a communal life. There were 19 Hutterite colonies in 1917, 17 of these were in South Dakota, the other two were in Montana. They were able, hard working people, and the colonies were relatively prosperous. The people spoke German, and had little contact with the outside world. War was against their religion, they refused to buy war bonds or be in the army. The Hutterites soon became a target of the war hysteria; some of the actions taken against them can only be classified as atrocities, flagrant violations of civil rights. For the most part, the actions taken were by individuals, rather than by the government, this stands in contrast to the episode that took place in World War II when citizens of Japanese ancestry were interned in camps on our west coast by our government.

At one point, a vigilante committee invaded one of the Hutterite Colonies and took away a hundred head of cattle and a thousand sheep, which they intended to sell to satisfy a "quota" for war bonds placed upon the colony by a local committee. A Sioux Falls newspaper of that day applauded the action of the raiders, but others had better sense, the slaughter house refused to buy the stolen animals. The "committee" then sold the herd at auction for about half of its value, but the War Loan Committee then refused to take the funds. There were other, similar, incidents. Many of these ended up in inconclusive, and even comical, situations.

There was nothing comical about the treatment given to the Hutterites drafted under the Selective Service Act, however. The law provided for conscientious objectors in that they could be non-combatants within the military, but the Hutterites refused to wear the uniform. At Camp Funston they were beaten, jabbed with bayonets, thrown into cold showers for long periods, chased with motorcycles until they dropped, fed bread and water and abused with foul language. At Fort Lewis, four men sentenced to 37 years in prison for refusing to put on the uniform or do work assigned to them, were sent to Alcatraz, put in solitary in a filthy, dark and cold dungeon in their underwear, and told that they would die there like their predecessors unless they put on the uniform that was placed beside them. For five days they were kept there without food and with little water, tied to the ceiling, and beaten with clubs. They slept in their underwear on the cold, wet concrete, tormented by insects, and bitten up so badly that the swelling kept them from being able to fit into their jackets when they got out.

After four months at Alcatraz they were sent to Leavenworth for another, similar initiation. Two of them died as a result. When Joseph Hofer's wife, Maria, was finally allowed to see her husband's body, she found that the guards had dressed it in a military uniform before placing it in the casket. Most of the Hutterites left Dakota for Canada after this, fleeing yet another country to escape religious persecution. The once prosperous colony sites became ghost towns on the prairie.

What we refer to as religious persecution is often tied so closely to some political conflict that it is hard to say where one starts and the other leaves off. The story of Galileo is usually presented as a science vs. religion conflict, but one could

well argue that the political aspect of it overshadowed both of these. Galileo was an outstanding scientist and mathematician of his time (1564-1642), very well known and highly respected. After the glass lens became available he used a pair to build a telescope, and soon revolutionized astronomy. Based on his observations and study, he became convinced that the sun does not go around the earth; instead, the earth goes around the sun. Publication of this point of view eventually brought him into conflict with the authorities of the church, who held his view to be a heresy. He refused to recant, even after a long time in the dungeon, and was eventually summoned before the tribunal of the Inquisition, where he was forced to renounce his view to avoid being burned at the stake.

On the surface, this certainly sounds like a science vs. religion episode. If we examine that history more carefully, however, other questions emerge. The church of that day was a major political force in the western world, it directly ruled a large part of what is now Italy and it also exerted a major influence on the governments of all European countries. The political power of the church was closely tied to the power of religious dogma over the people. To hold its influence, it was essential that the church maintain its image. A great deal was at stake, many leaders felt that chaos would result if the church faltered.

The events involving Galileo were played out over many years and, reading about it, one gets the very definite impression that the church was making every effort to avoid the confrontation. Perhaps the Pope knew, as well as Galileo did, that the sun went around the earth, but both were trapped in their roles. The fate of Bruno seems to support this idea. Bruno was another figure of that time who preached the heliocentric (sun centered) idea. Unlike Galileo, however, Bruno was primarily a politician rather than a scientist. He apparently took up this issue in an effort to discredit the church. Politics in those days was hardball, as it still is in much of the world; Bruno was arrested, tried for heresy, found guilty, tied to a stake and burned alive, all in fairly short order.

In Switzerland, Michael Servetus had earlier suffered a similar fate at the hands of John Calvin, ostensibly for professing a number of heresies, including an idea that the blood circulates from the heart to lungs and comes back purified. It is said that he shrieked in agony when the flames reached his face, and died after a half hour of burning.

We can argue that no end is worth these means, but at least the tribunal of the Inquisition and John Calvin had an end in mind. If the lives of thousands or millions hang in the balance, how important is the life of one? A hard question, even if you grant the importance of the end, which is often another big question. At the time of World War I, as at all times, there were writers, editors, politicians, churchmen, bureaucrats, capitalists, labor leaders and others whose thoughts and pronouncements did a great deal to shape public opinion. Within the group that urged on the vigilantes that stole the Hutterite cattle, and among the military guards that killed Joseph Hofer, there were doubtless those who thought such means were justified, and needed, as part of the effort to stem the terrible slaughter in Europe.

It is said that no country can succeed at modern war unless it first succeeds with a propaganda effort to de-humanize the enemy. The emotions generated are difficult to control. Often others are able to turn these emotions to their own ends, for profit or power. We saw the charge that industry used "patriotic terrorism" against labor during that era. This view seems to treat the vigilantes as mere pawns of the power brokers, but there is an even uglier side to the equation, people seem to welcome the chance to join a mob or watch a lynching. The occasions of burning of heretics by the Inquisition in Spain became great public celebrations, like county fairs. Any official who cancelled such an event was in great danger of losing his own life to the mob. Sadly enough, we can point to instances of this mentality, even in the United States, and even in time of peace.

Witch hunting, in the late middle ages, combined the worst of all of these excesses. The events that took place in what is now Germany, especially, constitute one of the blackest chapters in the history of western civilization. More than 100,000 people were put to death, most of them burned alive after terrible tortures. Some towns had virtual small woods of stakes outside the village gates, used for this purpose, some used ovens, and others chained the victims to a stone wall above the fire. The practice thrived on superstition, but was actually driven by a profit motive. The property of the executed "witch" was forfeit to the government, divided among local officials. In contrast to England, where most of the thousand or so "witches" killed were eccentric old women, property owners were the favorite targets in Germany. To ask which motive was the worst is perhaps to attempt to measure incommensurables, the horror in England and Scotland is not lessened by the larger one on the continent.

The excessive use of witch trials by unscrupulous officials in what is now Germany was widely recognized and condemned, but belief in witchcraft was almost universal. German immigrants to Pennsylvania marked their houses and barns with "hex-marks" to keep witches away, replicas of the marks are sold to tourists there now. Fortunately, witch trials never caught on well in the America, although there were incidents in New England starting in 1647. About a dozen people were executed prior to 1692, including Goody Glover, who thought herself to be a witch. The main American incident came at Salem, Massachusetts, that same year. Nineteen people were hanged, one died in prison, and Giles Cory was pressed to death by piling rocks on him, in an effort to extract a plea. It is hard to believe, but the judges were some of the most highly educated and respected men in New England. All of the victims were convicted on the false testimony of children, a fact that may have a special significance for us today as we agonize over how to convict the many child abusers in our midst without doing a terrible injustice to the many others that are falsely accused of this despicable crime.

Our Salem trials and executions stand as an ominous reminder of things that can happen if hysteria is allowed to intrude into our justice system, but they are mild episodes if compared to the things took place in Europe.

But we digress. For the most part, Nunda and its environs escaped the worst of the war hysteria, although it still had a considerable effect on people's attitudes. Perhaps a reaction to these excesses set in after the war, and helped to make Nunda a very tolerant place, even though ethnic groups were well identified. The war effort was generally well supported, perhaps the Irish were less than enthusiastic about our English allies, but the American cause was generally seen as a just and important one. Many young Nunda and Badus men were soon in uniform, including Richard Lyons.

The army of that day apparently had no great need for lawyers, as such. Rich came home from France as a Sgt. 1st Class, from the 10th Provincial Motor Supply Transportation Bn. He stayed in the military after the war as a member of the National Guard in Madison, and eventually became a high ranking officer in the South Dakota National Guard. The Badus church, like many others, had a plaque made, showing the names of its thirteen sons who served the military in World War I. Many of the names are familiar to us.

Nicolas Tobin	Joseph Flynn
Walter Tobin	Richard Lyons
Raymond Fleming	*Raymond Schnell
Frank Schnell	Joseph Tuor
John Deragisch	Mathias Cassutt
Anthony Manthey	William Sullivan
Sylvester Schnell	

Syl Schnell was to later become the husband of Mary Schuster, and his sister was to marry Joe Flynn. Tony Manthey and John McDonald had become close friends in the years when they were young single men in the community, and this proved to be a lifetime friendship, although Tony's life was not to be a long one. He farmed in sect. 12 of Badus Twp.. He and his wife and children were all musicians, and they had a family band. It was a popular group, both parents were very personable and all five children joined right in - Genevieve, Bob, Mary Jane, Polly and Caroline in order of age, if my memory serves me correctly.

The Manthey Meadowlarks played at dances all around the countryside in the 30's and early 40's, but all of this was tragically cut short one day in 1941 when Tony's tractor rolled over on him while he was working a field near his house. Agriculture played a major part in the World War I war effort; most farmers were left at home to farm. For John Rei and Bill Tobin, there was a special meaning about watching the war activity, and seeing these young men go off to the military. Their days as Civil War 90Idiers were far behind them now, but not forgotten.

The war ended with Armistice Day, November 11, 1918. By the middle of 1919 the surviving soldiers were all home, and the world of South Dakota rapidly returned to normal, although it was never again quite the same place that it had been. For America in general, but especially for places like Dakota, world and national affairs were much more a part of daily life after the war. The years of great suffering on the part of so many people, the Intense coverage that It received, the hope for

worldwide political solutions like the League of Nations, the labor battles in the big cities, the advent of the movies; all of these had gone far to supplant local affairs as the almost exclusive interest of the people. The returning soldiers gave the outside world a reality that it had never really had before, and technological progress in communication and transportation was making the world still smaller every day. The bane of our Nunda philosophers, the goddamn automobile, was yet to fully make its impact known, however.

South Dakota in the twenties was a pretty good place. It was less isolated than it had been, but there was still a very strong sense of community. Weather, crops and prices were all fairly good, although there were many problems for those who had taken on debt. A substantial deflation after the war caused quite a number of mortgage foreclosures, and there were quite a few bank failures. These problems led to disaster later, as the thirties came on, and the state government itself had a lot of problems in the twenties because of a number of socialistic ventures it had undertaken that had gone sour. But compared to what was coming, the twenties were pretty good.

Small towns were booming, Nunda had a bank, a railroad depot, a cop, a barber, a hotel, a doctor and a drug store, and its own electric generating plant. Cars and trucks were becoming common; some main roads were pretty good in most weather. Farm tractors for the ordinary farm were beginning to come in; these were in contrast to the huge, locomotive type of machines that had been around for some time. Steam engines were common, used mostly as stationary engines to operate threshing machines and similar equipment. Schools were being modernized in that some of the older ones were being replaced by structures like the previously described Deragish School. Still one room country schools to be sure, but a big improvement. This transition was never to be completed, except in a few scattered sites. It was cut off by the depression in the 30's, and then by the move to consolidate schools, as busses and roads improved and teacher's salaries rose.

The country schools are all gone now, most of them without a trace. The fences around the playgrounds were taken down, the buildings removed, along with their meager foundations, and the land was plowed over. For those of us who knew them, there is something ghostly about the sites now. Most of the surroundings appear to be unchanged, the same roads, the same fields, the same farmsteads off in the distance; but the school, the center of it all - gone somehow. It is like a dream where one enjoys an ordinary evening at home, then to the bedroom to go to bed, but the bedroom somehow, inexplicably, becomes your uncle's law office or some such. The school - it should be right here - here where all of the feet trod, day after day; where the bell rang, the children shouted, the teacher read; here where we put up blankets and sheets to make a stage for Christmas programs and here where the County Superintendent of schools came to visit. How can it not be here? Everything else is the same.

Actually, of course, nothing is the same except the road and the field. The farmstead, if you go closer, stands empty and deserted, the buildings gone or falling down. The children are old men and women, many of them dead and buried; there

have been no shouts of children here for forty years and more. It only looks the same because the population has steadily diminished and there has been no occasion to change the roads or the fields, or to tear down the deserted farmstead.

It was during the twenties that Mary Ann became "Grandma" to most people in the family, and "Mrs. Lyons" to most of the neighbors. It was a strange thing, virtually everybody in the community was universally addressed by his or her first name or by a nickname, but there were two exceptions. One was Mr. Ness, and the other was Mrs. Lyons. Martin Dahl was a leading farmer in the community, head of a large family (mostly grown), a stalwart in the Lutheran Church, had lost part of one arm in a farm accident, and was one of the most respected and imposing looking men that I have ever known. I was a bedraggled looking little kid, yet, when we talked, (which, it is true, was not often), I called him Martin and he called me Billy, I don't think that I ever heard anyone address him as Mr. Dahl.

I didn't know Mr. Ness well, he lived north east of Flynns, actually in Brookings County, most of the time, but later moved onto the old Fleming place when Soren William Sullivan sons left there and moved onto Mike Tobin's place. How he came to have a title, in contrast to everybody else, I never knew. I always assumed that Grandma got hers out of respect for what she did in running the farm and raising her family, but maybe it was partly because Uncle Rich was a judge. I don't suppose that anyone could really say exactly how it came about, it not as though she or Mr. Ness were knighted in some formal ceremony.

As 1920 came on, Mary Schuster was getting ready to turn 15, so Mary Ann came to contemplate the prospect that she would soon have adult grandchildren. Dick McDonald was born that year, and Eileen Mailand bowed in in 1922, so her tribe was growing. The homestead that she and Jer had labored over so diligently was now thought of as John Lyon's farm. Mary Ann's house had graced the high ground beyond the grove for more than thirty years now, and was coming to be known as Grandma's house to a vocal tribe of youngsters. She had played many roles, but none better than her performance as grandmother, if we can believe the words of her grandchildren. Writing in 1984, June (Schuster) Rounds tells us how she remembers it.

One of the happiest memories of childhood was going to visit at Grandma's and Uncle John's.

When God made our Grandma, he really made a masterpiece. She was the dearest, sweetest, nicest, kindest, and most loving person I have ever known, a lady who was young at heart with a lively Irish sense of humor, we all loved her dearly. She was a hard working, busy person who had much to do but somehow she always managed to make everyone feel welcome and at home and was willing to lend a helping hand to anyone who needed it.

She had a special talent for making each person feel loved and important to her.

Uncle John was jolly and so much fun to be around and always took the time to kid with us and see that we had a good time.

Grandma always had treats on hand and let us explore to our heart's content. The first sign of summer was when Uncle John got the hammock swing down from the attic and put it up on the front porch for us kids.

Gram was a wonderful cook and could whip up a scrumptious meal from scratch on the spur of a moment. She was famous for her home-baked bread, green tomato pie, yummy cakes and cookies and other delicacies too numerous to mention. I remember those afternoon lunches with baking fresh from her ovens.

In the summer we were allowed to go to Grandmas alone for a few days vacation. How we looked forward to that! And how we reveled in all that special attention. She fixed our favorite foods, we could walk just down the road to play with our McDonald cousins, we would get to go to Nunda and have treats there and Grandma and John would think up all kinds of fun things for us to do.

Then the magic of sleeping with Grandma in her big feather bed. It was heavenly and like sleeping on a cloud. Then the luxury of getting up late to find the table laid out with a special breakfast just for me.

Our families always got together for all the holidays and often for Sunday dinner after mass or for Sunday afternoons. I remember best Christmas at Grandma's and Uncle John's with all the aunts, uncles and cousins gathered for the occasion. I can see the long table with the white tablecloth laden with food and all manner of goodies.

Uncle John liked to have his little joke and he would say to us kids, "say, do you know that we have a dead turkey in the oven?" Then Grandma would open the oven door and we would crowd around to look at the huge golden brown turkey. The grownups vowing that it was even bigger than last year's bird.

We children would bring our Santa Claus presents along to play with while the ladies put the finishing touches on the sumptuous Christmas dinner. After dinner, there was much fun and hilarity exchanging and opening our Christmas gifts and then a grand time displaying our new treasures, playing with our toys and games and gorging ourselves on candy and nuts and goodies while the grownups settled down for a fine afternoon of visiting and good times.

Thus would end another memorable Christmas day at Grandma's house.

Rita Schuster was three years older than June, but eight years younger than their sister, Mary. Rita leaves us many fond memories of those days too.

We all loved our Grandmother, Mary Ann Lyons, and always wanted to go to "Grandma's." She always had time for the grandchildren and was so pleasant and kind. I never saw her act cross. Think of her hard life! A young widow with five children and on her own. In those days there was no ADC or any help of any kind. It was sink or swim. But never one word of discouragement did anyone hear. She had a bright, happy spirit.

A highlight of our summer vacation was to spend a week at Grandma's. That was an adventure, even if we were only five miles apart. We were treated like little princesses. Of course, Uncle John Lyons was a great uncle and helped make our stay wonderful.

I remember one time (This was in the later years) when I was staying at Grandmas and your family lived on the farm south of her home. Dickie and Genevieve were small children. Your mother and dad were going to a dance. A neighbor woman was to take care of Dickie and Genevieve, but I was to stay with them also, in case she needed help. After supper, I walked down. When your folks were ready for the dance they made a handsome couple, well dressed, young, and good looking. I went back to Grandma's after the little kids went to bed.

All of the families loved the summertime when Aunt Nellie and Eileen came for their summer visits. This was true for as long as they lived in Mobridge. We'd get together every day we could, either at Grandma's, McDonald's, or Schuster's. Aunt Nellie made such good potato salad, one time when she and Eileen were at your home, one of your little boys said, "Aunt Nell, will *you* make some picnic potatoes?" We associated potato salad with picnics. It was always served then.

Sunday was a great day for visiting, either at neighbor's homes, our homes, or Grandma's home. Sunday evenings we would drive to Grandmas and laugh and talk the evening away, pretty soon Grandma would go to her pantry to prepare a lunch-she always had good things on hand-and one thing for summer evenings was lemonade. I can still see her making it in a large crock, I was always surprised that she had lemons-they weren't an ordinary grocery item, and then, at the very last, someone would pump cold water from the cistern (no refrigerator or ice cubes those days) and, Oh, was that lemonade refreshing.

Some Sunday afternoons, we'd be invited to Grandma's because Aunt Sarah Roche and children, Isadore and "Bud" were coming. Sarah was Grandma's sister. Sometimes Uncle Will Lyons and some of his children would be there, but, you know, I was small then and saw those people so seldom that I don't remember much about all that. We went to Grandma's to see some relatives, but that's about all I remember.

Grandma always remembered us on our birthdays and on holidays with cards and gifts too.

One time in the winter I was sick and had been in bed some days when, near supper time, Grandma and Uncle John came with a sled and team of horses, because of so much snow, and brought homemade ice cream. Such a treat. Even before supper, Mother hurried and fixed a tray with a small dish of ice cream for me. I well remember sitting up against the pillows and relishing that good ice cream. Grandma and Uncle John stayed for supper, everybody had homemade ice cream, and I had a second dish.

On the last day of school each year a school picnic was held for all the children, parents, and neighbors. That was fun, the entire family going to school bringing good food to share at a big picnic. One year someone got the daring idea to go to Lake Badus for the school picnic. So that year everyone from Schuster School had their picnic at Lake Badus.

We have already heard from Mary, who knew her first and, probably, best. A lot of what we know about Grandma comes from Mary (Schuster) Schnell. She has told us other things, too, things that contrast those earlier days with our times, how neighbors visited so often, and took turns having card parties in the winter, how everyone expected to work hard. "As the women talked and laughed," she said, "I never remember them complaining how busy they were, as women do now." "They had to bring in every drop of water they used, baked all of the bread and pastries, churned butter, filled those kerosene lamps and canned and cured the meat."

We also heard from another granddaughter, Genevieve (McDonald) Olson, in an earlier chapter, but she has more to tell us about Mary Ann Lyons:

Certainly I was a recipient of her knack for finding and sharing joy in the commonplace. Sometimes, as I walked to school in the morning, she would meet me at the corner with a special treat for my lunch pall homemade beet pickles or sliced tomatoes from her garden. She would cut a slip from her favorite plant for me to take home, plant in a coffee can and have in my room for my very own. Grandma loved sweets and often received a box of candy from one of her children on a gift-giving occasion. She usually did not open the box at that time but would "hide" it away. Then some quiet time when I was visiting she might say, "go upstairs to the spare room and look in the second bureau drawer, under Nelle's white shirtwaist" There I would find this delightful treat, wrapped in cellophane and ribbons" We'd each have a piece or two, and I'd be allowed to select just the right number of chocolates in their little, pleated, paper cups to take home for the members of my family. Needless to say, by the end of my visit the box of candy was pretty much depleted, unless there were two layers. In that case, it might be "hidden" away for another day.

As I knew him in my early childhood, John surely must have been the ideal

"favorite uncle" - young, handsome, intelligent and kind. With his quick wit and happy, light-hearted disposition, perhaps Inherited from his father, he was such fun, every ready to tell a story, teach a game, provide a treat or make provision for a young niece or nephew to accompany him on his work about the farm. Sometimes, even on a winter evening, he'd say to Grandma, "I think I'll walk down to check on the kids." Then at our house came a knock at the door and there would be Uncle John, out of the cold, blustery night, come to spend a happy hour of conversation before we were tucked into bed.

What do I have to "remember them by?" A couple of snapshots; a little, cedar box Uncle John brought for me from a carnival when I was seven; an extra-large, aluminum, pie pan that Grandma knew I needed when I started a family of my own; and her gold earrings and pin that I wore on my wedding day, as she did on hers, and which I will someday give to my granddaughter to wear, if she wishes, on her wedding day. But best of all - I have the loving memories of Uncle John and Grandma Lyons.

The Mailands lived at Mobridge, in north central South Dakota, about 270 miles from Nunda. They had been married at the Badus church in 1917 at age 27. Nellie had an active career, as we have said, as a teacher and school principal, and undertook the race for the office of State Supt. of Schools at one point. Bill's interests were many, he ran both the theatre and the bank in Mobridge, was charter member of the State Historical Society, and worked with Senator Peter Norbeck in hiring Gutzon Borglum and beginning the Mount Rushmore Memorial. His bank, like thousands of others, failed in the early thirties, and he and Nelle lost everything, but then got on with the Federal land Bank, and worked himself up to a good position in that organization. He was eventually transferred to their home office in Omaha, and finished his career there. Eileen was an only child, born in 1922. In spite of the distance, the Mailands were an active part of the Nunda scene. Bill traveled a great deal, and Nelle and Eileen spent a large part of most summers at "home", i.e., at Mary Ann's house. All of Mary Ann's children referred to her place as "over home" all of their lives. Eileen, writing in 1986, also has some things to tell us about her memories of Grandma:

Summer - the day school was out I was raring to go to grandma and uncle John's, which meant not just grandma and uncle John, but wonderful exciting, fun times with Genevieve, Dick, Bill, Dean and Jerry McDonald and Mary, Rita in June, Schuster.

When I think, I think of her greediness as we drove up to the gate, with the right lower corner of her bib apron and hat and in a cheery "heh, heh" which I was interpreted as "I'm so glad you came, I've been waiting." When I think grandma, I think of an apron full of baby chicks, green tomato pie, the aroma of hot buns, Sunday handkerchiefs in a wee wicker basket, featherbed, garden, plants in the South living room window, sunbonnet, churning, our gnarled hands and her admonition, "remember Eileen, there's only one right place in the cupboard for anything." I think of lilac bushes in the field and smell of cool

earth under them, Blackie, Uncle John's horse, the huge silo, the chirp of crickets at night in the spoon holder. When I do something stupid to this day, I can still hear grandma say, "Well ain't I the booby, though!"

Christmas at grandmas was always gala and filled with delicious smells. But summer was what I waited for. A flood of early memories: stalwart uncle Rich bringing pop and watermelon in the wash tub war with ice for the Fourth of July celebration; Genevieve recruiting us all to give a play - how we were rehearsed "The Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia" - the terror that struck my heart for the day that the team ran away with Bill; how at Mary knew to put soda on Dean the day the hornets stung him; the chaos the day baby Jerry burned his hands on the back of the kitchen stove. What wonderful horses, we plotted and played in the grove. The day Bill and I were midway between McDonald's and grandmas when we spotted a tornado. Our friend and Uncle John Lyons were running to warn us to lie down. It was pouring rain. Bill assured me that he knew just what to do and then I never doubted he knew. We were about six years old.

Aunt Mary never ceased to amaze me - even as a little girl I admired her organization and cleanliness - the fantastic baking and sewing. She had mounds of washing and ironing plus the garden and thrashers but never too tired to have a gathering of the clan. I can still taste the home canned beef. June and I gathered wild roses for Aunt Bessie when she was sick. Her illness and death were hard for me to understand and I wanted to go to the funeral, but it didn't fit the plans. I remember pumping their pump and the delicious feel of cold water on a hot day; and yummy cake and frosting in the pantry properly placed for checking! Although I was younger they always made me feel important and needed. Uncle Johnnie even included me in the dances at the Odd Fellows Hall (I must have been a big help).

I loved to go to mass at Badus and feel the aura of inheritance and family history and it thrilled me. Secretly, I always wished Mrs. Deragisch, the organist, would jazz up "On This Day Oh Beautiful Mother" just a little but she never did.

I possess and treasure several family heirlooms: The Harrington family Bible, Mary Ann Harrington and Jeremiah Lyons Deed to Dakota territory signed by President Chester A. Arthur; Their drop leaf black walnut table and one chair; the quilt Grandma pieced for me; the chopping knife made from the cycle Jerry Lyons brought from Ireland in 1848; Head of Christ picture from over Grandma's bed; her Sacred Heart statue (Rec'd when i was sixteen) and companion statue of Blessed Virgin given me by Uncle John after her death when I was married; The cake stand that held Grandma's wedding cake, all of her daughter's and granddaughter's wedding cakes and those for great-granddaughters Judith and Pamela Bearss.

Around Nunda, the flapper era didn't bring the huge changes in life that it did in the cities, yet it had an effect. No society could assimilate the movies, the radio, the automobile and prohibition without being changed. The people of Mary Ann's generation were becoming the older people of the community now, she herself turned 65 in 1924. Reis had moved to Madison and Bridget, who made that Atlantic crossing with Jerry and Ellen as a little baby, had died in 1919 at age 75. Tom Flynn died in 1922 at 71. Many others were gone, but all of the Harrington's still survived, Maurice and Kate farmed south of Madison so Mary Ann saw more of them than she did of most of the others. They all kept in touch by mail, Margaret and Catherine still lived in the community near the home farm where they all grew up.

The Flemings, Roches, Coughlins and Finleys of that generation were aging or gone too. Mike Fleming went on to the afterworld, but only after a notable false start. Mike was much loved, but his incorrigible ways had always been a trial for the family. When he was old he became very ill and was in the hospital in Huron, unconscious. A call went to his favorite niece, Claudia McCart, and she and Harley dropped everything to go, in spite of some very great inconveniences to themselves, to their family, and to Harley's employer. Harley rushed to the hospital where a solemn nurse ushered him into the room with whispers, the patient was near death, she said. She cautioned him to be very quiet and to stay only a short time, and left him with the frail, aged figure on the bed. When Harley spoke his name, Mike opened one eye, saw Harley, and fairly beamed. "Harley," he croaked, "sure and yure a sight for sore eyes, me boy." Then, with both eyes open, he glanced furtively about the room as his voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper; "And would ye be having a wee drop of something about you, lad?"

Harley exploded in indignation, and headed back for Sioux Falls - "That old sob is no more dying than I am." he grouched, and he proved to be right. Mike left the hospital to live a while longer in his inimitable style.

With the war hysteria gone, the younger generation had a desire to live in a more modern way, many of the old prejudices were thrown off and the country became a more cosmopolitan place. Advertising, mass production, and the throwaway society were being born or coming of age in the twenties, for many people. It was a way of life that was to receive something of a setback in the thirties, especially in Dakota, but it was a way that would eventually prevail.

Life is a great bundle of little things.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Chapter XI

CHILDHOOD ON THE FARM

One pleasant summer day in 1928, Mary Ann was busily caring for some hens with baby chicks, hurrying a bit so that she could get to the house and prepare some lunch for John, and hired man Bill Moore, before they came in from the field. A half mile to the south, where The Boss and Miss Kitty had once held forth, Mary (Lyons) McDonald was in the summer kitchen on the west end of the house, struggling with the gasoline engine on her new fangled May tag washer. It was a new machine, and quite an improvement over the old one, with a metal tub and a ratchet action foot pedal for starting it. To use it inside, as she was doing, you had to pipe the exhaust fumes to the outdoors, and John had acquired a piece of flexible metal pipe for this purpose. Ordinarily, this worked well, the single cylinder engine popped softly and contentedly away in rhythm with the agitator as the pipe carried the offensive fumes, and much of the engine noise, out into the yard.

Today, in the midst of a load of white, her machine had spluttered and stopped. She soon found the problem, in turning the machine to line it up with her second tub of rinse water, her exhaust extension had come in contact with the spark plug wire, and when it got hot from the exhaust gasses it was carrying, it had shorted out the plug and killed the motor. Fortunately, the insulation on the wire didn't seem to be badly damaged, when she rearranged the exhaust and the wire and tried the pedal it sprang into life and seemed to be good as new.

Mother usually churned the same day that she washed. Genevieve, and now Dickie, could crank the churn under her supervision, as she went about her work. It took a long time before the butter appeared, especially if the cream wasn't just right, but it was usually ready by the time that she finished the wash and put the machine and tubs away. Then they could drain off the buttermilk, add salt and coloring to the mass, and then knead and work it into forms like miniature loaves of bread. Butter was touchy, in a way, and each farm wife had her own way of doing it. One of the adventures of living there in those days came when you got to eat at someone else's house and try out their butter. Grandma had good butter, and it was fun to have that as a change from time to time, but it wasn't really as good as what we had at home. Actually, no one else really had butter as good as ours. Our bread was outstanding too, everybody always said that Grandma had about the best bread around, and it really was good - a little different from ours - but I wouldn't really say better.

Genevieve was ten now, and able to do a lot of this stuff. At harvest time the next year she was also enlisted to attempt to drive the new tractor, as it replaced the three horse team that had always pulled the binder. After some abortive attempts, she became fairly adept at making the difficult corners, but she had an alarming tendency to doze off as the long hot day progressed. The tractor was the John Deere model GP, which was so popular then, though it looks tiny now, and had the standard hand

clutch. Dad partly solved the problem by attaching a rope to the clutch lever, which he ran back to the seat from which he operated the binder. With this innovation, he could halt the tractor at any time.

Genevieve had come along in school so well that the teacher had decided to skip her ahead a grade, and she was going to start the seventh grade in the fall at the new Deragish school- it didn't seem possible. Country school had some unique advantages, one was that a good student could listen in to the recitation of classes ahead of her, and take two or three grades at a time, in a manner of speaking. There were various arguments in educational circles, and in the neighborhoods, as to whether or not skipping grades was a good idea, even for those kids who could do it. I think that the bureaucracy eventually prevailed and the practice was discontinued, whether it was a good idea or not.

Dick was seven, and beginning to outgrow his propensity for searching questions that no one else would probably ever think of. Some of these gave his parents, and many others, some amusing moments, but thoughtful ones too. He seemed to give these matters a good deal of thought before he finally came to the house and brought them to his mother. Mother's favorite was, "Mama, what would you do if I had three legs?" His purpose in asking that was too far removed from my understanding for the question to be very interesting to me. My favorite among these queries was, "Mama, do hens lay eggs on Sunday?" which I thought was a very reasonable thing to ask. It would probably be hard to explain why, in today's society, but for a little kid growing up on a farm then, and trying to understand what it was all about, it was a good question. I thought he deserved credit for asking it. I can think of other questions that it would have been good to ask, if someone had formulated them as well.

The farm, originally homesteaded by Severt Tufte, had changed hands several times since Will and Miss Kitty had departed for Charles Mix County in 1901. It was owned by Virginia Hanson now, and we had been renters there for twelve years. Dad had, meanwhile, bought the next quarter section to the south, which had no buildings, and he was farming those 320 acres. The plan was to build a farmstead on the south quarter, and to move there. The farmstead had been laid out, and a lot of trees had been planted to form a grove and windbreak on the north and west of the building site. Dad had built a new, white, double garage, it became the only building there.

The Tufte farm was a pretty good farm, except for the buildings, which weren't much. A sudden gust of wind outdoors could sometimes be seen to lift the linoleum off of the floor in the living room, so that gave a sort of a clue. The barn was unique, the east end was dug into a hillside so that the east entrance (nearest the house) was on the second floor, and was the horse barn. The rest of the second floor was the haymow, and the cattle barn was under the mow, with the milk cows tied in stalls with neck chains. On the north wall, opening into the horse barn and into the haymow, was a long, horizontal door, hinged at the bottom. Teams of horses could be tied and fed there, this was done at threshing time when there were a lot of teams

there. For reasons that I don't remember, this is also where mother penned the geese when she took the goose down for making blankets.

There was a well and windmills near the barn, and another well with a hand pump in the trees northwest of the house. It must have been quite deep; pumping it was a big effort. The wind failed for several days one time, and Dad had to water the cattle from this well. He took a wash tub out there, pumped laboriously for perhaps five minutes to fill it, and the first big old cow stepped up and drank it dry.

The driveway led down from the house to the road on the east, perhaps a hundred yards, past a field of snapdragons on the north side, and a row of small trees on the south, each tree was privately owned by one of us kids, my tree was the second one down from the house, and was a wonderful friend to me. South of the driveway was a small, flat, productive field, it was in oats the next summer, and an airplane came along and took low level aerial photos, to our great excitement. I still have one of them, it is in the photo album - with the shocks, and the driveway and the trees, and part of the farmstead - to look at it is almost to smell it, and see it, and be there again.

Later, it was time to thresh those shocks, and the neighborhood threshing crew was hard at work. Threshing was a group activity; one farmer (Charlie Struey in this case) owned the machine, a group of farmers worked together and went from farm to farm. "Bundle Pitchers", each with a team of horses and a hayrack on wheels, went through the fields, loaded the bundles from the shocks onto the racks, and hauled them to the machine, where they were separated into straw and grain; straw out the blower into the straw pile, grain out an auger on the side into a wagon. When the wagon was full, it was replaced by another and one of the "Grain Haulers" took the loaded wagon, pulled by a team of horses, to the farm granary or to the commercial elevator in town, and unloaded it.

On that day they were threshing on our south quarter, and the Grain Haulers were busily hauling the oats to our farmstead and unloading the wagons into the granary. Brother Dean and I, at ages 2 and 4, were privileged to sometimes ride back and forth with one of them, seated with Joe on the spring seat mounted on the three box wagon. We were bound back to the field from the granary on one trip, when he stopped at the house to fill a water jug. Mother and Velma Johnson were in the house, Velma was a young newlywed wife who lived near us, and was there to help Mother cook for the threshers. Joe was driving Dad's gentlest team, and thought it was safe to tie the lines and leave us there on the seat for the minute or two that he was in the house - he apparently didn't know little kids very well.

When he left I took the lines from the post and said to Dean, "This is the way the men do it," and flapped the lines down over the horses rumps. I don't know exactly what caused them to panic, but they took off at a run and headed for the barn, wheeling about in a tight circle that threw us from the seat, me into the bottom of the wagon box, Dean over the side and down onto to driveway surface. Seeing the barn closed, the team circled the windmill at a dead run and headed for the driveway once more, as Mother and Velma came rushing from the house. Mother ran to Dean,

snatched him up, and scrambled for the house as the team and wagon thundered by with me aboard, over the exact spot where he had been sprawled on the ground a moment earlier.

They next crashed into, and mostly over, Dickie's tree and on down the driveway, with Velma in hot pursuit, though afoot. In their panic, the team went wide of the driveway on the north, through the fence, across the ditch and over the mailbox. This was enough to tip the wagon over and break it loose from the harness, so the team went on alone, leaving the wagon on its side in the ditch. A breathless Velma arrived moments later to find me crawling out, essentially unhurt, asking, "Where's Dean?" I remember that I expected to be severely punished, but nothing happened.

One of the big worries afterward, that I was too young to appreciate at the time, was that Mother may have injured herself by what she did. There was some question as to whether or not she had completely recovered her health after the trauma surrounding the birth of my brother, Jerry, on January 5th. The birth came a little before it was expected, and under some very bad circumstances. Dad had taken a load of cattle to Sioux City by rail, and a bad snowstorm had come up, when she realized that labor was starting. She realized immediately that there was no possibility of getting the car out and to the hospital in Madison, even if she was able to get someone to drive. There were already big drifts in the yard, and many of the roads had not been open for several weeks. With the snow coming as it was and the strong wind, highway 81 would probably be the only road open, and it was two and a half miles away. Fortunately, she did have the telephone.

Rural telephone service was recent, and one of the greatest boons to come to the people of that community. Like the rural electrification that came much later, it was scoffed at at first. The very idea that it would be practical to run a telephone line out to all of those farmers on those dirt roads was held to be akin to childish wishful thinking. Besides, who knew what harm might come from having those wires all over. Once the project got underway, however, it turned out to be quite simple. Party lines were used, with a switching central in Nunda and other villages, so that one pair of wires, strung on posts with glass insulators, could run for miles, and furnish telephone service for all the farms along the way. Each party had a "ring", ours was a long, two shorts and a long. Anybody else on the line could listen in, or even join in the conversation, and frequently did. This process was known as "rubbernecking", and was usually treated as quite a normal thing.

So when Mary McDonald called her mother, Mary Ann Lyons, about seven o'clock on that stormy January night, many others heard the call. When Grandma heard what the problem was, she suggested that they start by trying to get Mrs. Feldberg, who had some experience as a midwife. As it turned out, Mrs. Feldberg was already on the line, and made herself known. She said that she would get ready and come right up; it would probably take an hour since she would have to walk. Meanwhile, she thought that they should do everything possible to try to get the doctor, and she had some suggestions to make, because she had talked with Mother previously, and was concerned. With that settled, Grandma said that she would try to

reach Dr. Kellogg in Madison, to see if there was some way to get him out to the farm.

Grandma asked everybody else to get off the line so that she could get the clearest possible connection through Central, and then rang a long and a short, for Central. She came on at once, and the line to Madison was good; in a short time Grandma was talking with Mrs. Kellogg at the doctor's house. He wasn't there, however, had been called to a place on South Eagan Ave. to help a man who had been injured, Mrs. Kellogg expected him to be back soon, probably by eight, and would tell him what had happened and have him call. Grandma asked if they might be able to reach him where he was treating the injury. She thought that might be worth a try so they rang Central in Madison, and soon Grandma and Dr. Kellogg were talking on the phone together.

He was almost finished there, and agreed that he should try to come. Grandma suggested that Uncle John could take a team and bobsled and meet him on Hwy. 81 if he could get that far. He said that he would stop at the courthouse on the way home and talk with the Sheriff, to see what they knew about the road, or if there were any snowplows out, and would call back when he got home. He also had some instructions for Mrs. Feldberg, who was, by then, making her way through the storm on foot toward our place. After Grandma called Mother to report, John collected some heavy robes and blankets, took his lantern, and went out to get the team and sled ready. The phone rang shortly before nine, and "all systems were go." The state plow had been down 81, which was well graded, and didn't drift in as bad as the country roads anyway. Several cars had come down from Arlington within the last hour, and the doctor was getting ready to start out.

John was ready too, and they met about an hour later on the corner west of the Advent Church, where Odlands had once farmed. Before midnight they were at our house, where things were progressing rapidly, but not well. Brother Jerry entered the world a couple of hours later.

It has always seemed remarkable to me that I have distinct memories of that night; not all of the detail above, of course. My fourth birthday was still six weeks away, but I do remember the night. Our old wood and leather davenport was in the living room, across from the entrance to the downstairs bedroom, and I was sleeping on it amid all of the furor, covered with a bunch of blankets. I heard the baby's cry (probably his first), and sat up to see someone rushing into the bedroom, and I remember earlier sounds of anguish coming from the room. I also remember a woman being there, but no one else.

At any rate, in the wee hours, the doctor decided that he could leave, John retrieved his team from the barn, and they set out for the Buick parked in the snow over on the Meridian, amidst concern over whether or not it would start. (One of Dad's lifelong projects, never attended by success, was trying to explain to Pat Clair why that road was called the Meridian.) By morning, the storm had abated, and Grandma walked down to the house, to find a scene still in chaos, every person in the

house was crying, she said. She made light of this, then and in later years, feeling that the crisis had passed, and went about setting things back into some semblance of order. Things were much better by the time she left.

The harvest and the runaway were still ahead that day, as Mother hurried to finish her washday, and to get the new butter wrapped and into the cellar while she sent Dick out to pick the eggs and started dinner (lunch, to you city slickers). Nelle and Eileen were over at Schusters, and had planned to come over for the afternoon, June would probably ride along, they said. She was anxious to try to get some of her work out of the way so that they would have some time to sit and visit. Also, she expected Regina Schnell to stop by, probably with her sister, Catty.

Regina was to start teaching the Deragish School that fall, and was a much liked and admired young lady of the St. Ann's parish at Badus. She seemed to enjoy visiting at our house, and was a favorite of the whole family; she shared a name with Mother, who was baptized Mary Regina Lyons. Mother was making fresh bread, and rolls, and had new tomato preserves, so she could serve that, along with lemonade; perhaps she should make a few cookies, the kids would like that, but she didn't really want to bake because she would have to fire up the kitchen stove, and it made the kitchen so hot. Except for baking, she mostly used the kerosene stove in the summer kitchen for cooking at this time of year, as many people did. Her old kitchen stove was getting pretty bad anyway, and she had talked with John about the possibility of getting a new one, which they did the next year, a glistening, enameled, "Home Comfort".

In fact, the next year brought a number of things, for me, my first year at school. It also brought a near disaster involving the new stove; a modern wonder in a battery operated Philco radio; and a new, four doors, 1929 Pontiac, "The King of the Sixes". Hard times followed 1929, and that Pontiac was to be the family car until 1937. My first memory of baseball came over that Philco on a quiet and pleasant Sunday afternoon that fall, when Mother remarked that the "Cubbies" were having their problems, as they battled Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics, in the World Series. The stove episode involved Jerry, Aunt Nelle and Eileen were there visiting from Mobridge again, there was a hot fire in the stove, and Jerry crawled into the narrow space behind the stove, between the stove and the wall. His screams suddenly announced that he was there, and had come into contact with some hot part of the stove. He was found to be badly burned in several places when snatched out of there, and a rushed trip to the doctor in Nunda followed. He recovered, although one of his hands is smaller than the other from this misadventure.

Fall came, and it was time for me to join Genevieve and Dickie in a daily hike across the field to school, but I don't really remember much about that first year. I had been at the school before, of course, everybody went for the annual Christmas program, and other plays. Genevieve, now in the eighth grade, triumphed in a play about whether milk placed in a cream pitcher was properly called milk or cream. After a long argument, they ended up dropping and shattering the pitcher, and she burst into tears, while Delbert attempted to comfort her, saying, "there's no use crying

over spilled milk." Wailing, slobbering, and angry, she brought down the house with the punch line, "it ain't spilled milk, its spilled cream." My homecoming after the first day of school was memorable to Dad, he was visiting with me about it at supper and asked what I thought of the teacher, but I answered that the teacher hadn't been there that day. He pressed me further, but I was adamant, no one was there except Regina and the kids.

I do remember that there were a lot of big kids there, to my awe. Each day, we had to sing the YCL song while marching around the room and through the rows of desks, with one of the big kids in the lead and me, usually, at the tail end. One day the leader came up behind me, closing the loop, and I took a wrong turn. He, unaccountably, followed me, and suddenly I was leading the whole procession as we marched about and sang:

We march and we sing, our voices ring, Young citizens are we,
Leagued in a host whose watchwords are; youth, courage, loyalty.
Hailing our nation's banner, afloat in the sunlit sky,
Which thru hopes and fears, thru all the years,
We will hold evermore on high.

I wonder whatever became of the YCL.

The beginning of school did reveal some of my social inadequacies that would plague me as life went on. It was nearly impossible for me to make my physical needs known to the teacher, or even to confirm my need when she asked me about it. I would stand there squirming while she asked me if I had to go, answer that I did not, and wet my pants a moment later. In thinking back about it now, I'm amazed at how good she and the other kids were about the problem, I don't think that anybody ever criticized me or teased me about it.

It was a lonesome time, I guess, in retrospect. I didn't have any friends, but I was too little to know any better. I don't think anybody ever hurt me, Weckey Heath did scare the dickens out of me, but that was my own fault. Wesley liked to drive his horses in a somewhat flamboyant manner, standing braced into the wind, shouting at the top of his voice, with the lines in one hand and a long whip in the other. He was a young man of perhaps eighteen then, tall, rangy and muscular. On a muddy spring day during recess he was coming from the east on the road that passed the school, encouraging and berating the team In his usual manner - you could hear him half a mile away.

The older boys all gathered along the ditch to give him a bad time, yelling back, perhaps even throwing mud balls. This struck me as great sport so I joined in, even got up front so I could get in on it better - this turned out to be a bad idea. As he pulled abreast of us, Weckey jerked the team to a halt. In a single motion he had hitched the lines, vaulted over the side and was after us. The older boys were equally fast, but I stumbled and went rolling into the ditch. In a flash, he had me by the scruff of the neck and had lifted me clear of the ground, facing him; and there I was. It was a

sight to see for me - this big, angry, incredibly strong man, with me in one hand and a six foot whip in the other. He apparently thought his catch not worth keeping, however, for he put me down, got back in his rig, and continued on his way.

It was about a mile to school across the field, a mile and a half if conditions were such that we had to go around on the road. It was a nice walk in good weather; we took our time and had many adventures along the way. The year I started the second grade, Dick and I stopped one afternoon where John Lyons and Bill Moore were cutting grain, and tried our hand at shocking. Genevieve had gone off to live with Mailands in Mobridge for a year, to attend high school. Dick was able to put together a somewhat credible shock, but I still remember the amusement on the men's' faces as they evaluated my effort.

If the weather was real bad, Dad or Mother would sometimes come and get us - usually Dad, because bad weather usually grounded the car and the trip would be horse drawn. Croissants had a school bus predecessor of sorts, a light wagon with a closed cabin and seats along the sides, a bit like a miniature stage coach, with a door in the back. Their neighbors, the Habegers, came with them. Muddy roads could be a major problem with South Dakota gumbo; each foot of a pedestrian could pick up a load of mud that could hardly be lifted. When Dad came in that weather he came by buggy, with the horses tails bobbed up to keep them from becoming loaded with mud. It was quite an experience, trotting along in that way.

Hard times were coming back for Dakota farmers, and for the whole country. The stock market had crashed, many banks had failed, and the dust bowl days were ahead, farm prices were plummeting. The same factors that cost Will Lyons his farm in Charles Mix County would soon take John McDonald's in Lake County, and, indeed, most farmers in South Dakota were to lose their farms to foreclosure. March of 1931 found us moving as renters to a different farm after 14 years (for Dad and Mother) on the place south of Grandma's.

It was an exciting time, in many ways, the new farmstead was large and modern, compared to the old place - a huge house and barn, many other buildings, and thirty acres of grove graced the 320 acre Renaas place, owned by Emil Renaas. Emil was universally called, except to his face, "Old Man Renaas". Sons Oscar and Herb farmed their place just west of Nunda. Moving day was always on March 1st, so that everybody moved the same day, moving day weather was good that year. Palmer Gjermanson worked for Dad for several weeks, getting stuff loaded and making the five mile haul.

The first day there, as evening approached, a car drove into the yard. A young man got out, waved us a cheerful greeting and said, "Welcome to the new neighborhood". That was Joe Alfson; they lived right across the road, actually nearly half a mile since both driveways were long. Their place was to become very familiar to us because we often walked through their yard and across their fields on the way to school, and they all became close friends of our family. The youngest was Allia, who was Genevieve's age, Joe and Lloyd were a little older and there were older, adult

children.

We had no electricity, of course, but our house had central heating, very new to us, and running water, when it worked. The water was rain water, collected from the roof into a cistern, and pumped from there into a pressure tank by a hand operated pump in the basement. Manning that pump was a standard chore of our childhood, always with an admonition not to pump it up too high, for fear that the tank might explode. Hot water was supplied by a tank in the kitchen, connected to a manifold in the fire box of the new kitchen stove, and operated by convection. The stove also had a "reservoir" at the foot end, a 10 -15 gallon covered tank of water kept warm by the stove and accessible through hinged top covers, and a "warming oven" mounted a couple of feet above the stove top, in addition to the stove top for pots, pans, flat irons and the ever present tea kettle, and a regular oven for baking. All in all, the kitchen stove was probably the most important thing in the house.

There was an upstairs bathroom in the house, with a toilet, but I don't recall that the toilet ever worked, or was ever used; it would have required far too much water anyway. The toilet was the standard outhouse, set over a pit dug in the ground. Periodically, it was moved to a new pit a few feet away, and the old pit was filled with soil and covered over. Last year's Montgomery Ward catalog for paper was traditional, and provided interesting reading material as well. Actually, except on cold winter nights, these things weren't bad; although they were of great concern to the health department, primarily because of the accessibility of the pit to flies.

Our outhouse had a small hole in the door, like a nail hole, and you could glue your eye to it and observe the world on the other side as you sat there in the semi-dark. It seemed as if you were looking at the things from the outside, from some place that was detached and remote from the world on the other side of that peep hole, somewhat like a biologist looking at a scene under his microscope, but there was a feeling of exhilaration too, it was strange. Years later, in college, a literature selection that we were studying, (I think it was Tobacco Road), described almost the identical experience, except that I think that the hole was in the wall of a shack, not in an outhouse door. As we discussed the passage, it seemed as if no one else was able to understand what the author was driving at. Although I had experienced exactly the same thing, I wasn't able to explain it to them very well at all. Still can't, I guess.

After Roosevelt took office the government began to take a more active role with respect to health and social problems generally, and the Agricultural Extension Service developed and made available an improved outhouse for farmers. It wasn't a lot different from the old, homemade, ones, but it had a slab for a floor, and a foundation of sorts, to seal the pit off from the outside; and a seat with a good cover that was intended to keep flies from the pit. These were not new ideas, of course, many of the better homemade units had incorporated them into their design long before. I don't know if any substantial improvement in public health came from this program or not. I doubt it, at least in our part of the country.

The furnace was mostly fired by wood, cut from the grove of Ash, Willow

and Cottonwood. Only rarely was this supply supplemented by coal. The house was large and hard to heat; it was not heated to anything like modern standards would call for. It had two large living rooms on the south; those were closed off, unheated and unused in the winter, except on rare occasions. There were five bedrooms upstairs, and a large, finished attic above that, these were also unheated except for the heat that incidentally escaped up the open stairway, frost would often form on the exterior of the blankets near the sleeper's nose and mouth, but this was really no problem.

The kitchen stove was fired by wood and a corncob, keeping the wood box full was another chore always in store for any idle child that seemed to need something to do. Light was mostly furnished by a battery of the ordinary kerosene lamps, or by kerosene lanterns in the barns. There were better lamps available, but they were expensive and a lot of trouble to use. These included the gasoline lamp (still familiar to us in the form of the Coleman gas lantern), and the "Aladdin Lamp" which also used an incandescent mantle, but burned kerosene through a wick, and did not have to be pressurized. When you walked or drove down the road at night you could easily spot the houses that had gasoline or Aladdin lamps going, they had a much whiter light as compared to the yellow glow cast by the burning wick of the standard kerosene lamp. They were also much brighter, and they usually shone down onto the ground more - this because they were typically hung from a hook in the ceiling, instead of being set on a table.

There was something extraordinarily peaceful about the yellow glow of a kerosene lamp, especially in the dark of a winter morning. It seemed to make everyone reluctant to leave the breakfast table; we would all linger there and talk, as dark gave way to daylight. When, finally, Mother cupped her hand over the glass chimney and blew out the flame, it was an acknowledgement of sorts - a way of saying that the hour was gone; it was time to break it up and get to work.

Although sub-freezing bedrooms were not a problem, economic conditions definitely were, as the worst of the depression swept over Dakota. The bank in Nunda went broke, along with many others, and Dad and Mother lost part of their meager resources as a result. Bob Renaas, a younger cousin of Herb and Oscar, was a young man in Nunda, in the business of buying eggs and cream from the farmers, Dad and Mother were among his customers. His last check to them had not yet cleared the bank when it went broke, and the question arose - which one of them was stuck with the loss. Bob's money was gone, but Dad hadn't been paid. The bank failure caused losses for both of them beyond the amount of this check, and they were both in dire straits, so it was an important question. Each understood the other guy's problem, each also had very serious problems of his own - a difficult situation.

There were rules about this sort of thing, of course. After these were sorted out, it turned out that the law regarded the obligation to have been discharged; Dad and Mother were stuck with the loss. Bob felt as bad about the whole thing as they did, but wasn't in a position to do anything about it. I found out about it fifty years later when Bob told me of it, he was still upset about it. There has never been a more conscientious group of people, in any community anywhere, than the beleaguered

Dakotans of that era.

Uncle Bill's bank in Mobridge went broke too. In spite of my tender years, I had a special interest in that sad event. I, like the other kids, had a piggy bank; mine was a bronze lion sitting on his haunches. Every penny I had ever received, for as far back as I could remember, went into that bank, and it was nearly full. We still lived on the place south of Grandma's, Uncle Bill was there visiting. As he prepared to leave, Mother and Dad got the idea that it would be good for me to put my money in his bank so that it could earn some interest.

This idea went over like a lead balloon, explanation failed, and I well remember bursting from the house, weeping, the lion clutched to my breast, and racing down the driveway to seek solace from my tree. Mother followed, reluctantly, and Uncle Bill waited by the house, glancing at his watch, obviously uncomfortable in his suddenly acquired role as ogre. Mother forced me to surrender the bank, the contents went off to the bank in Mobridge, and were eventually lost in the bank failure, along with the assets of many larger accounts, perhaps vindicating my instincts, certainly evoking some chagrin among the adults involved. In this case, however, the banker went far beyond his legal duty, and made up the loss out of his own pocket, depleted though it was by the collapse of his business.

Shelled corn was, they said, two cents a bushel, ear corn was three cents less. Cattle and hogs were nearly worthless, only horses were worth anything. Because of cheap grain, dobbin made a temporary comeback when it had looked as if the tractor was going to take over. This proved to be a bit of a bright spot in an otherwise dismal economy for us, Dad raised good horses and we often had more horses than we needed. In 1935, sale of horses furnished a major part of our cash income for the year. In 1937, Dad traded in the '29 Pontiac and three horses for a new '37 Ford. Grasshoppers and drought came to help low prices decimate the farm economy. Things were so bad that Tom Berry, a rancher from Belvidere, and a democrat, was elected Governor of South Dakota.

Tom used to come to Charles Mix County and sit backwards on a chair in Miss Kitty's kitchen to talk politics with the Boss. We came by another little windfall as a result of the democratic victory. Dad, as practically the only democrat in the Nunda area, was appointed to be postmaster of the Nunda post office. It was not a big deal, they got no salary, just a percentage of the postage cancellation, but it was cash, and cash was scarce. Thirty dollars a month, (with room and board), was a good wage for a man on the farm during the summer, less in the winter. One winter Dad had hired a man for \$10/month, and then another guy came along and offered to work for just room and board, so he hired him too, which gave him time to take care of the post office while the two men milked the cows, took care of the livestock, and cut wood for the furnace. Mother took care of the post office during much of the summer. The school teacher also got \$30/month, and the Job was much sought after.

We were somewhat isolated as the only Catholic, Irish, family around, in a sea of Lutheran Norwegians. There was nothing that one would call racial

discrimination, or prejudice, I think we were generally respected and liked, but there was still a difference that was noticeable in a community as isolated as a farm community in Dakota was in the thirties. Alfsons were very good friends and neighbors, and I still remember Mother's astonishment when we moved from that farm to the one that we bought in 1937. Mrs. Alfson had invited the whole family down for a Sunday evening dinner, as a gesture of farewell. It was a great success; we played cards and visited for hours, had a great meal, and listened to Jack Benny on the radio. While Genevieve and Allia finished the dishes, Mother and Mrs. Alfson sat and talked about how good it had been to be neighbors, etc., and Mrs. Alfson remarked about how much she would miss us. "Still," she added reflectively, "in a way it will be nice to have some of our own on there, too."

As far as Mrs. Alfson was concerned, I always thought that I had contributed in no small way to the impression that still prevailed, to some degree, that the Catholics practiced some strange and unspeakable rites; but I never dared to tell Mother, (or anyone else), about it. Shortly after we moved to the Renaas place, John Alfson, husband and father to that family, passed away. I was about seven, and had little experience with death beyond seeing some hired men shoot down a seagull with a shotgun one day. Our neighbor's death was discussed at home and at school, of course, and I suppose that I was very curious about it. As I walked through their yard the next day on my way to school, I was very much aware that John was in the house, and dead. Nobody seemed to be around and I went around to the back of the house, climbed up, and was trying to peer through the window, when Mrs. Alfson came upon me.

She handled the situation exceptionally well, despite her grief - spoke to me quietly, basically tried to find out what I wanted there. I was overcome by the feeling that I was acting in an altogether inappropriate manner, but I didn't know how to apologize. I don't think I said much beyond shaking my head, as I left at once and continued on to school. Who knows what thoughts I put into her mind that day.

Our one room country schools were scattered across the countryside every few miles, and grouped into school districts, each administered by a three man school board. The school board hired, fired and paid the teachers, purchased the books and supplies, saw to the maintenance and repair of the buildings, and purchased coal and kindling wood for the stove.

Most of the teachers were young girls with one year of training beyond high school, they were provided with technical supervision by the County Superintendent of Schools, who visited occasionally. We really snapped to when Jennie Atkins came around. At that time, as they have so often since, the educators were involved in a big argument as to what was the best way to teach the kids. Two systems were in vogue, we'll call them the "A" system and the "B" system. Dad was on the school board and it seemed as if the teachers liked nothing better than to get these three farmers into a corner and to berate them about the advantages of one system or the other. They listened carefully, asked appropriate questions, and appeared to regard the question as being one of some importance, but this was a facade.

The board often held meetings at our house and I had heard them laughing and joking about these discussions as they went about their business. This is not to suggest that they did not take education and their work on the school board, seriously. These were hard working, serious minded men who were struggling for the survival of their farms and families - capable men too. What they lacked in formal education they made up for in the things they had learned in this struggle, one of them ended up a rich man, in fact. They had an instinct for what was important and essential, these farmers of the Hyland School District #8 Board, but they were not much impressed by any argument about the merits of System A, as compared to System B. They had respect for real education though, and Dad was the recipient of a little bit of deference in this regard within the group. He was regarded as the educated one of the three, even though his formal education ended when he finished the eighth grade at the Sister School at St. Mike's in Stillwater. Many of those farmers who struggled so effectively against the problems of Dakota in the thirties had left school after the fourth grade.

The School Board visited the schools too, usually in early Fall, often they would take an afternoon and go around to all of the schools in the district. They came to our school one day on such an occasion; we were in session when they drove into the yard. The board first walked carefully around the school building, studying the roof, windows, etc., and then briefly turned their attention to the outhouses, coal shed and the fence around the yard. Satisfied with what they found, they then came into the school to look around, and gave especial attention to the stove, which they also judged to be in good condition. That done, they greeted us kids and talked with Ann (Ann Overskei, our teacher that year), to find out how things were going, and whether she had any problems.

Things were going well, Ann said, although she did have this one problem. Jackie Hoidal was in the fifth grade that year, and one of the things in the course of study for that grade was a study of the earth, moon and stars.

Education in those schools was very standardized as to subject matter, even the tests were standard tests that came from the State Dept. of Education. The entire curriculum for all eight grades was laid out in detail in the "Course of Study", a large book kept on the teacher's desk. It was a good deal in a lot of ways, once you caught onto the system you could look in the book and see what lay ahead, follow the recitation of the classes a year or two ahead of you, and pretty much know the material already, when it came your turn. Ann's problem was that the curriculum for the fifth grade, (Jackie was the only one in that grade), called for the use of a certain book, and this book came with some fold up charts that showed the orbits of the planets and their moons and such. She didn't have this stuff, and she needed it to teach Jackie about the solar system - could she order it?

Well - this was a problem. The budget was very tight; they really had no money at all. The order for new books had been trimmed to the very minimum when they went over it with Jenny early in the summer. They understood how important it

was, but the stuff that she was talking about was quite expensive, more than four dollars, and they didn't know where it could possibly come from. They were going to have a meeting next week, though, and they would look at this to see if there was any possible way.

As this discussion went on, Dad could see that one of his associates was growing very impatient, so soon they left. When they got outside, they found out at once what the problem was. "God damn it Jack", grouched E., "I thought we had this all straight. Now what in the hell system is this "Solar System?"

It's easy to understand his impatience, people who persist in trying to introduce unnecessary complications into everything that you're trying to do can be very irritating. If "A" and "B" were good enough for the County Superintendent of Schools, you would think that Ann Overskei could figure out some ways to make do with the same thing. After all, she's only got five kids there in the first place. She ought to try to teach the Klassy school for a while, maybe then she'd have more to do than to be trying to invent whole new systems. Grumble, grumble, gr.

Teddy had come to play a big role in my school career by then. Teddy was a wonderful black pony; he came into existence by having Dad's sleek black Percheron mare, Jip, bred to Hyland's Shetland pony stallion. We learned to ride together, Teddy and I, when he was old enough. I had never ridden and he had never been ridden. There were many, many falls, scrapes and bruises, but we worked it out, and became an important part of the farm, rounding up the horses from the pasture early in the morning, herding the cows along the road in the summer, and going to school together. Eventually we were able to retrieve new born calves from the far reaches of the farm together, he would stand while I got the calf across his back with myself behind it, and we would proceed slowly back toward the barn, with the mother cow trailing anxiously along behind us.

We were bound for school one October morning that year, carrying a gunny sack full of pumpkins from our garden to be used for making jack-o-lanterns at school, when I suffered the worst injury of our association. The last that I remember, we were galloping along the north edge of the road, heading west from the house, with the sack of pumpkins slung over his back, to our right, ahead of me. I came to, lying in the ditch, with the sun high in the sky, feeling considerably the worse for wear. Teddy was grazing nearby, the sack and the pumpkins were scattered about me in the ditch. Apparently he had shied from something and the sudden move plus the weight of the pumpkins took me off and down into the ditch. I was too beat to get back on, but he let me lead him to a bank, and stood there long enough for me to get on top of the bank and thence to his back, and we made our weary way back home, to find by the clock that a large part of the morning was gone.

Time had seen Genevieve and Dick move on from grade school, to be replaced by Dean and Jerry, so it became we three that made the daily trek to the Dahl School. Before that, probably at age four, Jerry had roused the countryside one summer day when he became "lost". He had gone with Dad to the Herb Renaas farm.

After a period of time there he had grown weary of waiting for Dad to get ready to leave, and had set out for home, about three miles away, on foot. He pretty much knew where he was going, but turned west a mile too soon, down the road past Tobins. He realized his error then, so he continued on and went south past the former home of Dennis and Emma Lyons, where their three children had died of diphtheria on that terrible day more than forty years earlier, and finally approached home from the west, after a walk of nearly four miles, and an elapsed time of about two hours.

The remarkable thing was that no one had found him; once the alarm was raised it seemed as if half the countryside was out searching. Noel Hoff, our hired man, headed at once for the open well in our northwest quarter, and was greatly relieved to find nothing there. Mother dropped everything, including her plans to spend the afternoon sewing a costume for Genevieve for the class play at Rutland High School, and ended up working all night on it. But Jerry walked on, and was finally spotted climbing upon our mailbox, intending to bring the mail to the house with him. He had a peculiar habit, at that age, when we played. He would pick up some object and say, "which way is north?" When someone pointed he would whirl about like a discus thrower, saying, "I'm going to throw this to the North Marel," and let it fly.

Butchering and putting up food were big activities; we had dried and smoked beef, homemade ketchup, and homemade summer sausage, among many other things. We may have been bedraggled, but we always ate. Perhaps best of all was the canned beef, put up in mason jars. Butchering itself was sometimes something of a production, sometimes a joint effort with a neighbor, more often not. One muddy day we butchered four hogs and a steer to get ready for winter - It was to be a big day for Dean. During butchering, the beef carcass had been suspended in front of the barn from the hay rope, a long, heavy rope used to carry sling loads of hay up into the haymow. The purchase of these ropes represented a major investment for the farmer at that time, and they could not be spliced because they had to go through a bunch of pulleys. The rope went up to the peak, then back through the barn, down over pulleys, and came back out from the front of the barn, where a tractor or team could be attached to it to pull the hay up into the mow. It was chore time by the time that they had finished with the beef carcass, so the tractor was driven forward to pull the carcass up toward the peak, out of the way and clear of the mud below. It was left there for the night, with the rope stretched out on the ground across the yard and attached to the tractor.

The axe that had been used to stun the steer was also there, and we boys were gathered around the scene. The tautness of the heavy rope was noted, and there was some speculation as to how vulnerable such a rope might be to such an axe. Curiosity overcame caution when the axe was in Dean's hands, and he took a tiny, tentative, chop at the rope. The result was sudden and spectacular as the rope parted, the severed end went racing back toward the barn, and the beef carcass came tumbling down from high in the air to land with a mighty splash in the morass of mud and manure below. Things went downhill from there.

The herd of sheep was important to the farm, they furnished meat and wool, and also acted as an all purpose lawn and yard mower - and we had acres of yard. When the grass and weeds got too high the gates were closed and the sheep were turned into the yard for a week or so.

When a cow or a horse died, the carcass was drug out east of the pig pasture and cut open to serve as a source of protein for the hogs, they would reduce it to scattered bones in the space of a few days. I always marveled at the flies, how they knew, and where they came from. A few minutes after the carcass was opened, out in the middle of an open field, it would be inundated by, seemingly, millions of flies.

Raising turkeys and chickens was great in those days, not anything like the factory atmosphere that accompanies these enterprises today. Chickens then were big animals, when a big rooster was killed for Sunday dinner it was a big, juicy, delicious meal for a lot of people, and it came with gravy, dumplings, and potatoes. Turkeys roamed the farm, bronze, semi-wild and huge. They roosted at night on the roof ridges of the buildings, or sometimes in the limbs of nearby trees, and it was sometimes necessary to resort to the shotgun if you wanted one to eat. One time, when the McCart family was at the farm visiting, Dad told the boys that they could have one of the turkeys for Thanksgiving if they could catch it. Soon the yard and woods were filled with racing and gobbling turkeys and boys, and the rooftops and tree limbs were alive with boys climbing like agile monkeys. Success was soon theirs; they had their turkey, and Dad's admiration along with it.

As the years progressed on the farm, and we grew older, we learned to do more jobs; to milk cows, to harness and drive horses, to feed the hogs and prepare the mash barrel for the next day, to shock oats and barley, and to stack hay onto hayracks with slings while guiding the horses as Dad or a hired man pitched the hay onto the rack - many things.

A first major assignment was to work in the grain wagon at threshing time, shoveling the grain away from the auger as it filled the wagon. It was an exciting thing to be part of a working team for the first time, and to eat as a part of the threshing crew at our house and at the neighbors. Some of these arrangements were almost ritual, the wash basins set up on a bench outside of the house, where the crew could wash up, the subtle deferences made to the farmers, as compared to the hired hands working alongside of them. These deferences seemed to be a relic of a bygone, feudal, society; a formality enjoyed by all, hired hand and farmer alike. They were social deferences only, and had no effect on the division of labor. It was a full life for us, if an isolated one as far as the rest of the world was concerned. There are far too many stories to tell here.

Genevieve finished high school and went to teacher's college in Madison, General Beadle was long gone but she went to class in the same classrooms where Mother had listened to his strange pronouncements in awe. Gen went two years because she wasn't old enough to get a teaching license after she finished the first year. Skipping grades in elementary school can have unexpected results. We had a

wonderful succession of hired men, Art Dahl, Earl Collins, Noel Hoff, and Johnny Legard. Henry Heng, Joe Coffey, and several others. We went to Nunda on Saturday night; a magic place then, but mostly our life was on the farm. We were up at five in the summer, the day started as we sat in the strange morning light on the porch outside of the kitchen and talked as we put on our shoes, Dad was easy and comfortable then, not yet caught up in the day's work and worry. At night we sat outside and looked at the stars and other lights. There came to be a reddish glow to the northeast, which we eventually identified as a new, neon, Peerless Beer sign that they had put up over the door on the pool hall in Nunda. It's funny that we didn't learn to identify the stars, considering how much time we spent enjoying them, but we never did, beyond the big dipper. I guess we needed Ellen to be there.

In winter, the barn was a social center of sorts. Joe Alfson would often come up, and he and our hired men would visit there, while I listened. I learned a lot from these sessions, a lot about human dignity and being a man and how the world worked. Thinking back on that, I'm surprised to realize that these guys used little profanity, and almost no obscenity, in their conversations. They would have been embarrassed or amused to hear what often passes for such conversation now. Embarrassed for the speaker, that is, not for themselves.

Government program had followed government program, but things were still bad. One program that got a lot of attention was a sort of resettlement program to put farmers into Alaska, it involved Alfson's west quarter, somehow. The wind blew and blew, and tore at the soil and at the men and women who toiled there. Our famous "black blizzards" came, huge black clouds that rolled like some gigantic surf in the western sky, and then descended to turn the world into a howling, black maelstrom. Black soil piled up in drifts like snow around the buildings and along the fences, and sifted through the house. In some cases, they say, so much soil drifted into the vacant attics of houses that the ceilings broke down. Government measures, like soil conservation practices, and the shelter belt program, did a lot to bring these conditions under control. Joe Alfson eventually decided to leave the farm for Lloyd to operate, vowing not to come back until he could return in a car "two feet longer than Martin Dahl's," he went into the CCC program out in the Black Hills. It was a good program that is highly praised to this day.

Moving day came again in 1937, and it was a far different day than it had been in 1931, weather wise. The year of 1936 had been one of record extremes in weather, winter and summer, records that still stand. When March first came, our yard was still enveloped in huge snowdrifts, the car hadn't been in the yard since November, and there had only been one day of school in six weeks during a period earlier in the winter. We had a road of sorts across the fields for a mile to the north, and we hauled stuff out that way, using four horses on a wagon, one team ahead of the other since the trail was narrow.

I was in the eighth grade, and so I continued to attend the Dahl School for the rest of the year; Teddy and I had a long ride those days, nearly five miles each way. Winter refused to leave, there was a major blizzard late in March, and then

warm weather and a great run off. After the oats was in, winter came back again with a huge storm starting on April 24th, and lasting for three days. We wrote the date on the back of the door of the buffet, in the dining room. Nels Lone, our new neighbor to the south, lost a whole herd of cattle, they had drifted ahead of the wind into a slough, got mired in the mud, the snow drifted over them, and they smothered. Our other new neighbors were Gerrits, Bill Gerrits was the mailman, and that family was to become lifelong friends of ours. We have a picture, taken on May 1st, of one of the kids standing on a snow bank in their yard, with his hand on the top of a telephone pole. It was, to be sure, not tall as such poles go, but it was a telephone pole all the same.

** * ** ** ** *

Chapter XII

FROM THERE TO HERE

So much has been written about the 30's that it would be useless for us to attempt to summarize what has been said, or to contradict it. The era was dominated by the Depression, and then by the War, and a thousand aspects of living were played out within this framework by millions of people. Many, many things were changing in major ways, our focus shifted away from the domestic, and toward the world scene. The modern world was coming on fast; there came to be a radio in nearly every home; advertising and news were in front of everyone. Cars modernized rapidly, a 1941 Chevrolet is not dramatically different from a 1990 model, but you could have purchased a new Model- T only a dozen years earlier, and it is a different machine entirely. REA brought electric lights, more radios, hot and cold running water, refrigerators and other appliances, to American farms, as better roads and busses brought on consolidation of school districts, and the demise of the one room country school that is a legend in our heritage.

Urbanization proceeded rapidly, politics was a new game, and movies brought a plethora of new ideas to almost everyone. By the time the war was over, most people under forty had traveled far and wide, had lived in other places and even in other lands. All of this had profound effect on the sense of community that had been such an important part of life.

Was the end of this chapter, then, to be the end of the Nunda Irish? We have already seen a dramatic thinning of their once teeming ranks, many of the pioneers had moved on, death had claimed most of the others. The Irish community around Nunda, even by 1940, really numbered only a few scattered remnants. One by one, the Horen Girls moved to the cemetery; Mary Ann Lyons, Pat and Katie Clair, and Pat Flynn joined them there -and that generation was gone. The descendent farm families remaining; John and Joe Flynn, John and Mary McDonald, John Lyons, Johnnie Schuster, Frank and Mame Kehrwald, Chris and Francis Lyons, were aging too, and the economic realities of the times took their descendants to the towns and cities, so soon there were none.

In a larger sense, however, we, the Nunda Irish, live on, and our numbers are legion. Our heritage joins us as surely as distance and time may separate us, and there will be Nunda Irish for as long as we know who we are. We belong to other groups as well. Many of us now are, it is true, more Norwegian or German or Finnish, than we are Irish. Many of our number have never laid eyes on the farm where Rich and Jer came by covered wagon to break the sod, and have never trod the streets of Nunda or gloried in the vastness of the land there, but we are the Nunda Irish for all of that. A partial roster of some of our members follows a little later in this chapter.

Our move in 1937 was to a farm that my parents had purchased. After

twenty one years of married life, they were living in their own home. That farm would continue to be their home until Dad died in 1965, Mother then moved to a rented place in Madison for the remaining six years of her life. Our place was only one quarter, but Dad rented other land so that we were farming quite a bit of land most of the time, mostly with horses for the first few years there. Electricity came two years later, as our lifestyle gradually changed. After our first summer on that farm it was time for me to start high school in Rutland, so we were off every morning on Olai's bus, for a ride that took us an hour.

It was, of course, a revelation. I was awestruck. I had been somewhat prepared for the fact that there would be fourteen kids in my class alone, but it was the kids in the classes ahead of me, especially the girls that seemed to strike me dumb. Everything was a new experience and I never did adapt very well, even as the years progressed. Eventually we finished, graduation came three months after my 17th birthday, and mostly we didn't stop to think much about it.

That was a dry summer and the harvest came early, we were done threshing before July was out, and so Vernon Seten, Ronnie Mehlum, Andy Dyce and I took Vernon's car and set off for the Red River valley, In North Dakota and Minnesota, to "follow the harvest," I.e., to join a throng of migrant farm workers there. An older guy from our area, (Sverre Gulstine was perhaps thirty), was already up there, he went each year to a particular wheat farm just northwest of Fargo, so we headed there, and were hired. It started out well, but a long rainy spell intervened so that we were out of work most of the time and the rest of my group decided to return to Nunda. I stayed, and joined forces with Sverre and Olaf Ramsey, another guy about Sverre's age, from Rutland, who was also in Fargo.

As the rainy weather diminished we finished with the harvest in the Fargo area and moved on further north to Grand Forks and then Winnipeg, threshing wheat, picking potatoes and loading sugar beets. Picking spuds was a two person team effort; you were paid by the bushel sack. Each team was given 25 sacks, and two buckets that held half a bushel each. You each took half of the sacks and hung them over your butt from a twine tied around your waist, and started down the row, side by side, filling your buckets. When they were full, one guy took a sack from his waist and held it while the other poured the two buckets into it. You left it there, standing in the field, and started again. When your 25 sacks were filled, they gave you credit and 25 more sacks, and so the day went. It was back breaking work, and dirty beyond belief, as you stooped or crawled through the finely divided soil, and the wind whipped it about the field. We were joined in it by a virtual army of others, sometimes whole families were there, and many had come from Mexico. Some nights we slept on the ground in an old shack adjacent to the field, I still remember how cold one of those nights was.

There was a whole culture that went with that army of migrant farm workers, we didn't really get in on some of it because it was Mexican, but there were a lot of guys like us there too, and a section of town that catered to us. I was more an observer of this, than a real part of it, because I was too much the young greenhorn. For many,

it was a culture of alternate periods of work and alcohol. East Grand Forks, Minnesota, was a town that catered to the transient farm worker in a big way at that time. A newly elected puritanical governor, Gov. Youngdahl, was to later put an abrupt end to this situation, but East Grand Forks, in the Fall of '41 was wide open. As you came from Grand Forks, N. Oak., across the bridge that spanned the Red River, Main Street, three blocks long, lay ahead of you.

Main Street was brightly lighted, with buildings cheek by jowl for its entire length on both sides. One of these buildings housed a movie theatre, a second was home to a restaurant, and all of the rest of them were bars. Liquor, gambling, and prostitution were the businesses of that town in those days, at least of the downtown area. Ole's was in the first block, on the north side. Many of the bars were a lot fancier than Ole's, but none were as busy.

Ole closed from 7 a.m. until 10 a.m. on Sunday morning, otherwise he was open. He furnished a complete service; slot machines, a place to drink, a place to sleep, a place to eat, a place to gamble - whatever was needed. Many grimy hands came to Ole direct from weeks in the fields, gave Ole their check, and stayed until he told them that it was all gone. Others simply went from bar to bar until they had drunk themselves into a state of stupor, a state not really available to such a young and inexperienced drinker as I was at 17. I still remember our first expedition to the drunk tank at the local jail to retrieve a wayward companion, what a place!

As October came on, there was still wheat standing in shocks in some fields, waiting for good weather and a threshing crew. Good weather came, and a farmer came into Grand Forks from a place perhaps a hundred miles to the west, looking for men. Ole and Sverre were working for a potato farmer, so I signed on and we were soon on the train, headed out of the valley, and had arrived at this man's big farm by evening. Snow might soon be coming, so we spared no effort. He assigned me a good team of horses, and a big rack, showed me where the harness was hung, and pointed to the haymow for our beds. It was quite an operation, they had a big, 42 inch, Red River thresher, with a big engine to run it, and it could really handle wheat. We had ten bundle teams, with spike pitchers both in the field and at the machine, and big fields.

Each day started about 4:30 am when somebody roused us out of the haymow in the pitch dark. The horses were already in the barn, and we started by harnessing our team, then into the house for a big breakfast, out to the barn to get your team out and hitched to your rack, then off across the countryside to the field, where it was still dark enough to make it hard to find the shock row. A big lunch came to the field about 9 am, although the machine did not shut down. Another meal came to the field at noon, when it did, for grease and oil, and still another about four in the afternoon. We went until near dark, and then headed the couple of miles back to the farmstead, I got lost in the dark one night on this trip. Once back, you put your horses away, unharnessed, fed them, and headed for the house for a big supper. That over, it was nearly time for the haymow again, and very soon he was there again, shouting, "4:30, time to get at 'em." Finally, the last bundle went up the feeder,

through the knives, and into the cylinder, and we were soon on the train, headed back to Grand Forks, glad to say goodbye.

In December, (in spite of George Bush's assertion to the contrary), the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, and by August I was in uniform. A few months later, we were aboard ship, passing out of the San Francisco harbor, under the Golden Gate Bridge, bound for Africa. Psychologically, it was to be a bad three years for me, it had much in common with my first year as a bedraggled, friendless waif at the Deragisch School. Was it really so at either time? Can anyone answer such a question for himself? Or for another?

In retrospect though, the most surprising and disturbing thing about those years is that I could go all over the world, view endless scenes of horror and misery, and never really relate to those experiences until many years later. It raises a difficult question, do young people generally lack something in experience or maturity, something that prevents them from feeling empathy when they see their fellow man in misery? Is this why we put young men in our armies? We walked the streets of Bombay at night and saw, for the first time, thousands of disease ridden, hungry, homeless people sleeping on the concrete sidewalks; but we felt no emotion stronger than curiosity, as I recall it. When ragged little Italian boys ran about, mouthing memorized English phrases, peddling their sisters and mothers as prostitutes to save the family from starvation, we laughed at their cuteness or admired their gall.

When it was finally over, and the gates of the slave labor camps were thrown open, we saw thousands upon thousands of these displaced persons milling about the German countryside. We called them DP's, but it was just a word, they were simply a part of the scene. I came to know some of them as personal friends, years later, when they had jobs and families in America. To my shame though, I must admit, I did not really associate them with homes and jobs and families in 1945.

At that time, too, we could walk among dead bodies with no more emotion than I had felt as we walked among the bodies of Nels Lone's smothered herd of cattle, after that late April blizzard in 1937 m except that, close up, when I looked at their hands, I had a strange feeling. Bodies clad in American uniforms were also able to elicit a special twinge, perhaps this is indicative of some flaw in our morality, but I don't think we could fight a war without it.

The focus on the hands of the dead perhaps needs explanation. It was always a gripping thing, if you will permit me a ghoulish little joke. I suppose that there is actually a physiological explanation, like rigor mortis, but, for whatever reason, the often grimy hand would always seem to be half closed, in a sort of semi-grip, as though he was reaching for something, or clasping at a wound. The sight of this hand seemed to make me share the situation that was his last act; to wonder what was in his mind and what his situation was, to feel a sorrow and sympathy for him. For a short moment, the body became a human like me. I don't know why it was only the hands that would do it.

Finally, it was over, and we all drifted back to Nunda, briefly. Dad and Mother were noticeably older as we talked of the things that had happened there since I had left. Nunda, and the area around, was physically unchanged, but I was vaguely aware of a big change in attitude. After the war, the day to day affairs of the people there seemed to have diminished in importance in their own eyes, although not in mine. The movers and the shakers seemed to be leaving center stage, and leaving it partly deserted. Grandma had died while we were in Africa, and alcohol had made Uncle John prematurely old and ineffective, someone else was operating the farm. For the McDonald kids, as for others, jobs, marriages, college and families came on rapidly, often in places far from Nunda. The world moved on.

We still go there and know people there; many are former high school classmates, now senior members of the community. Jerry and Don McCart used to spend a few days at Nunda in the fall, hunting pheasants. The Lindner place was empty and they had a deal whereby they could use the house as a sort of a hunting shack. One year, before returning to Sioux Falls, they stopped at the pool hall in Nunda for a while. A week or more after they got home, Don realized that he had left his jacket hanging on a hook in the Nunda pool hall, and, what was more (this was some time ago), he had left a \$20 bill in the jacket pocket. Since there was no phone there, and some time had already passed, he decided that he might as well write off the loss to bad luck and carelessness. A year later they went back up there to go hunting again, walked into the pool hall for a beer, and found his jacket still hanging on the hook where he had left it, with the \$20 bill still in the pocket. Nunda is still a pretty good place!

I was there one night about fifteen years ago, on my way home from Colorado. We were sitting around the pool hall, talking, when Bob Renaas asked me what I was going to do while I was there. My intention was to take the next day to just drive around the countryside, to visit some of the empty farmsteads, see who was living where, what farming practices were now, to look in on the churches and cemeteries, and to generally catch up on things. "Ah," he said, "You won't know where to go; I'd better go with you." He did, and we had a great day. As we were leaving the Renaas place where we had lived in the thirties, I said that I'd like to drive on down to Alfson's place, across the road. "Oh," he said, "I doubt if it would be worth it, it's totally empty, no one has been there for many, many years." I wanted to look anyway, so we drove on down the long driveway. As we came into the yard, I heard Bob suddenly gasp, "By God, there's Joe."

I didn't see him at first, and then I realized that what Bob had seen first was Joe's car, everybody in Nunda has always recognized everyone else's car, it is part of your identity, like your telephone ring used to be.

Joe had put in a long tour, nearly four years, in the South Pacific during the war, but he returned to Nunda much the same Joe. After he and Esther were married, they lived in Nunda, she ran the Cafe and he farmed, they were doing very well. About five years later, while attending a farm auction, Joe suffered a massive stroke. He wandered about the premises for some time; people thought he was drunk, which

ROSTER OF THE NUNDA IRISH

The roster below assigns each person an ID#, and is organized by generation. The entry for each person includes his or her name and 10#, along with the ID# of his/her parent and the ID#s of any children that he or she may have. This arrangement allows one to trace forward to find the names of that person's children, grandchildren, etc., or backward to find the names of his/her parents, grandparents, etc., in so far as they are listed here.

FIRST GENERATION

This generation, arbitrarily taken as generation #1, consists mostly of people born around the year 1800 in Ireland. Many of them did not come to this country, although some of them did. The only members of this group to live in the Nunda area were: Catherine (Delaney) Tobin, who was born in Ireland in 1820, and homesteaded the SE quarter of Sect. 14 with her sons, Mike and Frank; and William Horen, grandfather of the "Horen Girls", born In Ireland in 1821, who came to Dakota by covered wagon with Rich, Jer, and son Patrick Horen.

<u>ID#</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>Parent's ID#</u>	<u>Children's ID#s</u>
1/1	Mr. Lyons		2/1-4
1/2	Mrs. Lyons		2/1-4
1/3	Mr. Whalen		2/5-10
¼	Mrs. Whalen		2/5-10
1/5	John Harrington		2/11
1/6	Mrs. John Harrington (Mary Sullivan)		2/11
1/7	Patrick Horen		2/12-19
1/8	Mrs. Patrick Horen (Mary Teresa---)		2/12-19
1/9	William Horen		2/20-22
1/10	Mrs. Wm.(Bridget) Horen		2/20-22
1/11	Nicholas Tobin		2/23-31
1/12	Mrs. Nicholas Tobin (Catherine Delaney)		2/23-31
1/13	David Molumby		2/32-34

Roster of Nunda Irish - 2nd Generation

<u>Id#</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>Parent's ID#</u>	<u>Children's ID#s</u>
2/1	Jeremiah Lyons	1/1 :1/2	3/1-12
2/2	Patrick Lyons	1/1:1/2	3/13-18
2/2*	Mrs. Patrick Lyons		3/13-15
	(Mary Dalton)		
2-2*2	Mrs. Patrick Lyons (Johanna Kelly)		3/16-18
2/3	Thomas Lyons	1/1:1/2	3/27
2/3*	Mrs. Thomas Lyons		3/27
2/4	Ellen Lyons	1/1:1/2	3/28
	(Mrs. Scanlon)		
2/4	Mr. Scanlon		3/28
2/5	John Whalen	1/3:1/4	
2/6	Richard Whalen	1/3:1/4	
2/7	Edward Whalen	1/3:1/4	
2/8	Ellen Whalen	1/3:1/4	3/1-12
	(Mrs. Jeremiah Lyons)		
2/9	Pearce Whalen	1/3:1/4	
2/10	Johanna Whalen	1/3:1/4	3/29-31
	(Mrs. Sinnott)		
2/10*	Mr. Sinnott		3/29-31
2/11	John Harrington	1/5:1/6	3/19-26
2/12	Mary Horen	1/7:1/8	3/19-26
	(Mrs. John Harrington)		
2/13	Bessie Horen	1/7:1/8	
2/14	Annie Horen	1/7:1/8	
2/15	Susan Horen	1/7:1/8	
2/16	Maggie Horen	1/7:1/8	
2/17	Katie Horen	1/7:1/8	
2/18	Male Horen	1/7:1/8	
2/19	Dennis Horen	1/7:1/8	
2/20	Daniel Horen	1/9	3/32
2/20*	Mrs. Dan Horen		3/32
	(Mary Victoria Wilbur)		
2/21	Patrick Horen	1/9	3/33-39
2/21 *	Mrs. Patrick Horen		3/33-39
	(Catherine)		
2/22	Catherine Horen	1/9	3/40-45
	(Mrs. William Tobin)		
2/23	Mary Tobin	1/11:1/12	
2/24	Edward Tobin	1/11:1/12	
2/25	William Tobin	1/11 :1/12	3/40-45
2/26	James Tobin	1/11 :1/12	

2/27	Catherine Tobin	1/11 :1/12	
2/28	Julia Tobin (Mrs. John J. Molumby)	1/11:1/12	3/78-80
2/29	Michael Tobin	1/11:1/12	3/52-59
2/29*	Mrs. Mike Tobin (Grace Fleming)		3/52-59
2/30	Annie Tobin (Mrs. David Molumby)	1/11 :1/12	
2/31	Frank Tobin	1/11:1/12	3/60- 72
2/31 *	Mrs. Frank Tobin (Ellen Fleming)		3/60-72
2/32	David J. Molumby	1/13	3/73- 77
2/32	Mrs. David Molumby (Mary Crossgrove)		3/73- 77
2/42	Adam Kehrwald		3/81-90
2/43	Melina Chaput (Mrs. Adam Kehrwald)		3/81-90

Roster of Nunda Irish - 3rd Generation

<u>ID#</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>Parent's ID#</u>	<u>Children's ID#s</u>
3/1	Margaret Lyons (Mrs. Tim Kane)	2/1:2/8	4/6,81-85
3/1 *	Timothy Kane		4/6,81-85
3/2	Bridget Lyons (Mrs. John Rei)	2/1:2/8	4/7
3/2*	John Rei		4/7
3/3	John Lyons	2/1 :2/8	
3/4	Richard F. Lyons	2/1 :2/8	4/8-21,109
3/4*	Jane Shea (Jenny) (Mrs. R. F. Lyons)		4/8-10,109
3/4*2	Sarah Donlon (Mrs. R. F. Lyons)		4/11-21
3/5	Ellen Lyons (Mrs. James Coughlin)	2/1 :2/8	4/22-31
3/5*	James Coughlin		4/22-31
3/6	Dennis A. Lyons	2/1 :2/8	4/32-39
3/6*	Mrs. Dennis Lyons (Catherine Fitzgerald)		4/32-39
3/7	Mary Lyons	2/1 :2/8	
3/8	Jeremiah Lyons (Jer)	2/1 :2/8	4/1-5
3/9	Kathryn Lyons (Mrs. Maurice Harrington)	2/1 :2/8	4/78,86
3/10	Elizabeth Lyons (Lizzie) (Mrs. Patrick Finley)	2/1 :2/8	4/40-49
3/10*	Patrick Finley		4/40-49
3/11	Sarah Jane Lyons	2/1:2/8	
3/12	Will Lyons (The Boss)	2/1:2/8	4/50-60,79,80
3/12	Mrs. Will Lyons(Miss Kitty) (Katherine Crossgrove)		4/50-60,79,80
3/13	Dennis Lyons (DP)2/2		4/61-71
3/13*	Mrs. Dennis Lyons (Emma Collier)		4/61-71
3/14	Maggie Lyons	2/2	
3/15	Katie Lyons (Mrs. Pat Clair)	2/2	
3/15*	Pat Clair		
3/16	Bridget Lyons (Mrs. John Delany)	2/2/2	4/87 -89
3/16*	John Delany		4/87-89

3/17	Pat Lyons	2/2/2	
3/18	William Lyons	2/2/2	
3/19	Maurice Harrington	2/11 :2/12	4/78,86
3/20	Mary Ann Harrington (Mrs. Jeremiah Lyons)	2/11 :2/12	4/1-5
3/21	Margaret Harrington	2/11 :2/12	
3/22	Annie Harrington (Mrs. Bernard Fleming)	2/11 :2/12	4/72-77
3/22*	Bernard Fleming		4/72-77
3/23	Susan Harrington(Lizzie) (Mrs. John Mullaney)	2/11 :2/12	4/90-96
3/23*	John Mullaney (Mrs. Phil Roche)	2/11 :2/12	4/97-103
3/24*	Phil Roche		4/97 -103
3/25	Catherine Harrington (Katie) (Mrs. John Walsh)	2/11 :2/12	4/104-108
3/25*	John Walsh		4/104-108
3/26	Margaret Harrington (Mrs. Louis Soelfohn) (Mrs. John Walsh)	2/11 :2/12	
3/26*	Louis Soelfohn		
3/27	Margaret Lyons	2/3	
3/28	Male Scanlon	2(4	
3/29	Mattie Sinnott	2/10	
3/30	Sister Marcelline Sinnott	2/10	
3/31	Mary Sinnott (Mrs. Brassel)	2/10	
3/31*	Mr. Brassel		
3/32	Elizabeth Horen	2/20	
3/33	Alice Horen	2/21	
3/34	Katherine Horen (Katy)	2/21	
3/35	James Horen	2/21	
3/36	Lucy Horen	2/21	
3/37	Rose Horen	2/21	
3/38	Agnes Horen	2/21	
3/39	John Horen	2/21	
3/40	Mary Tobin	2/25	
3/41	Katherine Tobin	2/25	
3/42	Julia Tobin	2/25	
3/43	Margaret Tobin	2/25	
3/44	Thomas Tobin	2/25	
3/45	William Tobin	2/25	4/110,111
3/45*	Mrs. Wm. Tobin		4/110,111

	(Rose Whalen)	
3/52	Michael Tobin	2/29
3/53	Grace Tobin	2/29
3/54	William Tobin	2/29
3/55	Rita Tobin	2/29
3/56	Marie Tobin	2/29
3/57	Edith Tobin	2/29
3/58	Robert Tobin	2/29
3/59	Richard Tobin	2/29
3/60	Nicholas Tobin	2/31
3/61	Walter Tobin	2/31
3/62	Father John Tobin	2/31
3/63	James Tobin	2/31
3/64	Annie Tobin	2/31
3/65	Mary Tobin	2/31
3/66	Francis Tobin	2/31
3/67	Elmer Tobin	2/31
3/68	Raymond Tobin	2/31
3/69	Nellie Tobin	2/31
3/70	Vincent Tobin	2/31
/71	Genevieve Tobin	2/31
3/72	Kenneth Tobin	2/31
3/78	Catherine Molumby(Cassie)	2/33
	(Mrs. Albert Kehrwald)	
3/79	Mary Josephine Molumby	2/33
3/80	Francis Molumby	2/33
3/80*	Mrs. Francis Molumby	
	(Mayme Looby)	
3/81	Joseph Kehrwald	2/42:2/43
3/82	Albert Kehrwald	2/42:2/43
3/83	Frank Kehrwald	2/42:2/43
3/83*	Mrs. Frank Kehrwald	
	(Mayme Flynn)	
3/86	John Kehrwald	2/42:2/43
3/86*	Mrs. John Kehrwald	
	(Madeline Fitzgerald)	
3/89	Emma Kehrwald	2/42:2/43
	(Mrs. Carl Nelles)	
3/89*	Carl Nelles	

Roster of Nunda Irish - 4th Generation

Id#	Parent's ID#	Children's ID#s
4/1	Elizabeth Lyons(Bessie) (Mrs. John Schuster)	3/8:3/20 5/1-3
4/1*	John Schuster	5/1-3
4/2	Richard J. Lyons	3/8:3/20 5/4
4/2*	Mrs. Richard Lyons (Irma Waters)	5/4
4/3	John Lyons	3/8:3/20
4/4	Ellen Lyons (Nelle) (Mrs. Wm. Mailand)	3/8:3/20 5/5
4/4*	William Malland (Bill)	5/5
4/5	Mary Regina Lyons (Mrs. John McDonald)	3/8:3/20 5/6-10
4/5*	John McDonald	5/6-10
4/6	Nell Kane	3/1
4/7	Annie Rei (Nan) (Mrs. Edward Coffey)	3/2 5/84
4/7*	Edward Coffey	5/84
4/8	Ellen Lyons(Nellie) (Mrs. Frank Smith)	3/4 5/11-13
4/8*	Frank J. Smith	5/11-13
4/9	Mary Loretta Lyons	3/4
4/10	Jennie Lyons (Mrs. Earl Maloney)	3/4 5/14-18
4/10*	Earl J. Maloney	5/14-18
4/11	Thomas D. Lyons	3/4/2
4/12	Jeremiah Lyons	3/4/2
4/13	Richard Lyons (Red Dick)	3/4/2 5/93,94
4/13*	Mrs. Richard Lyons (Gertrude Billion)	5/93,94
4/14	Sarah Lyons	3/4/2
4/15	Alice Lyons	3/4/2
4/16	James Augustus Lyons	3/4/2
4/17	Josephine Lyons (Mrs. Archie Peisch)	3/4/2 5/95,96,134
4/17*	Archie Peisch	5/95,96,134
4/18	Margaret Lyons	3/4/2
4/19	Robert Donlon Lyons	3/4/2
4/20	William Lyons	3/4/2
4/21	Dennis Arthur Lyons	3/4/2
4/22	Thomas Coughlin (Brick)	3/5

4/22*	Mrs. Thomas Coughlin (Ruth Walter)		
4/23	Rich Coughlin	3/5	
4/24	Carthage Coughlin	3/5	
4/25	Joseph Coughlin	3/5	
4/26	Margaret Coughlin (Mrs. Weiland)	3/5	
4/26*	Mr. Weiland		
4/27	Charles Lyons Coughlin	3/5	5/91,92
4/27*	Mrs. Charles Coughlin (Collette Fitzgerald)		5/91,92
4/28	John Coughlin	3/5	5/89,90
4/28*	Mrs. John Coughlin (Genevieve King)		5/89,90
4/29	Will Coughlin	3/5	5/87,88
4/29*	Mrs. Will Coughlin (Margaret Mullan)		5/87,88
4/30	Mary Coughlin (Mrs. Doctor Sheets)	3/5	5/86
4/30*	Doctor Sheets		5/86
			234
4/31	Catherine Coughlin	3/5	
4/32	Mary Ellen Lyons(Mame) (Mrs. Orvine McHugh)	3/6	5/21-23
4/32*	Orvine J. McHugh		5/21-23
4/33	Jeremiah P. Lyons	3/6	
4/34	John William Lyons	3/6	
4/35	Mary Angela Lyons (Mrs. James Haney)	3/6	5/24-26
4/35*	James A. Haney		5/24-26
4/36	Joseph Urban Lyons	3/6	
4/36*	Mrs. Joseph Lyons (Anna May Lenihan)		
4/37	Dennis A. Lyons	3/6	5/27 -30
4/37*	Mrs. Dennis Lyons (Grace Murphy)		5/27-30
4/38	Gerald Edward Lyons	3/6	5/31-34
4/38*	Mrs. Gerald Lyons (Florence Drury)		5/31-34
4/39	Leonard L. Lyons	3/6	5/35-42
4/39*	Mrs. Leonard Lyons (Regina Owens)		5/35-42
4/40	Mary Finley (Mae)	3/10	
4/41	William Finley (Bill)	3/10	5/19,97 -99
4/41 *	Mrs. Bill Finley		5/19,97-99

	(Mary Carey)		
4/42	Ellen Finley (Nell)	3/10	5/100-106
	(Mrs. Wm. Herrick)		
4/42*	William Herrick		5/100-106
4/43	Richard Finley	3/10	
4/44	Joseph Finley	3/10	5/20
4/44*	Mrs. Joseph Finley (Helen Hartman)		5/20
4/45	Margaret Finley	3/10	
4/46	Clarence Finley	3/10	
4/46*	Mrs. Clarence Finley (Madeline Loftus)		
4/47	Florence Finley (Floss)	3/10	5/118-120
	(Mrs. George Kolbach)		5/131-133
4/47*	George Kolbach		do
4/48	Francis Finley	3/10	
4/49	Marcella Finley (Sedde)	3/10	
	(Mrs. LeRoy Stanton)		
4/49*	LeRoy Stanton		
4/50	Dennis Bernard Lyons	3/12	5/43-49
4/50*	Mrs. Dennis Lyons (Bessie Peseck)		5/43-49
4/51	Ann Eyleen Lyons	3/12	
4/52	James Phillip Lyons	3/12	5/50-52
4/52*	Mrs. James P. Lyons (Eva Durbin)		5/50-52
4/53	Jeremiah Lyons	3/12	5/53,54
4/53*	Mrs. Jerry Lyons (Rose Gentleman)		5/53,54
4/54	Catherine Lyons	3/12	
4/55	John Lyons	3/12	
4/56	William F. Lyons	3/12	5/55-61
4/56*	Mrs. Wm. Lyons (Mary Camelita Donohue)		5/55-61
4/57	Mary Margaret Lyons	3/12	5/62,63
	(Mrs. Vince Robinson)		
4/57*	Vincent Robinson		5/62,63
4/58	Richard Rei Lyons	3/12	
4/59	Thomas A. Lyons	3/12	5/64-68
4/59*	Mrs. Thomas Lyons (Virginia Darmady)		5/64-68
4/60	Joseph Lyons	3/12	
4/61	Caroline Lyons	3/13	
4/62	Christopher P. Lyons	3/13	

4/63	John Lyons	3/13	
4/64	Francis W. Lyons	3/13	
4/65	Eddie Lyons	3/13	
4/66	Mary Lyons	3/13	
4/67	Agnes Lyons (Mrs. Ray Shourds)	3/13	5/107-110, 5/114,115 do
4/67*	Ray Shourds		
4/68	William Lyons	3/13	
4/69	Kathryn Lyons(Katie) (Mrs. James Sprang)	3/13	5/116,117
4/69*	James Sprang		5/116
4/70	Leonard Lyons	3/13	5/111-113
4/70*	Mrs. Leonard Lyons (Mary Naughton)		5/111-113
4/71	Emma Lyons	3/13	
4/72	Claudia Fleming (Mrs. Harley McCart)	3/22	5/73-79
4/72*	Harley McCart		5/73-79
4/73	Baby Fleming	3/22	
4/74	Bernard Fleming	3/22	5/82,121,122
4/74*	Mrs. Bernard Fleming (Georgia Andlefinger)		5/82,121,122
4/75	Annie Marie Fleming (Mrs. Henry Scott)	3/22	5/80,81
4/75*	Henry Scott		5/80,81
4/76	Mary Fleming (Mae)	3/22	
4/77	Bessie Fleming (Mrs. Clayton Lewis)	3/22	5/72
4/77*	Clayton Lewis		5/72
4/78	John Harrington	3/9:3/195/69-71	
4/78*	Mrs. John Harrington (Ann Ryan)		5/69-71
4/79	Joseph Lyons	3/12	
4/80	Robert Emmet Lyons	3/12	5/83
4/80*	Mrs. Bob Lyons (Marion Wheeler)		5/83
4/80*2	Mrs. Bob Lyons (Alice Bickford)		
4/85	Etta Kane (Mrs. Robert Wolsey)	3/	5/85
4/85*	Robert Wolsey		5/85
4/86	Maurice Harrington	3/9:3/19	
4/93	James Mullaney	3/23	5/123-125
4/93*	Mrs. James Mullaney		5/123-124

4/93*2	Mrs. James Mullaney (Alice O'Connor)		5/125
4/94	Helen Mullaney	3/23	
4/95	Kathryn Mullaney (Mrs. John Ashford)	3/23	5/127-130
4/95*	John Ashford		5/127-130
4/96	Bessie Mullaney	3/23	
4/97	Maurice Roche (Bud)	3/24	
4/98	Lizzie Roche	3/24	
4/99	Isador Roche	3/24	
4/109	Jeremiah Lyons	3/4	
4/110	Betty Tobin	3/45	
4/111	Thomas Tobin	3/45	

THE END.....