

Minnekahta eMessenger®

VOLUME II

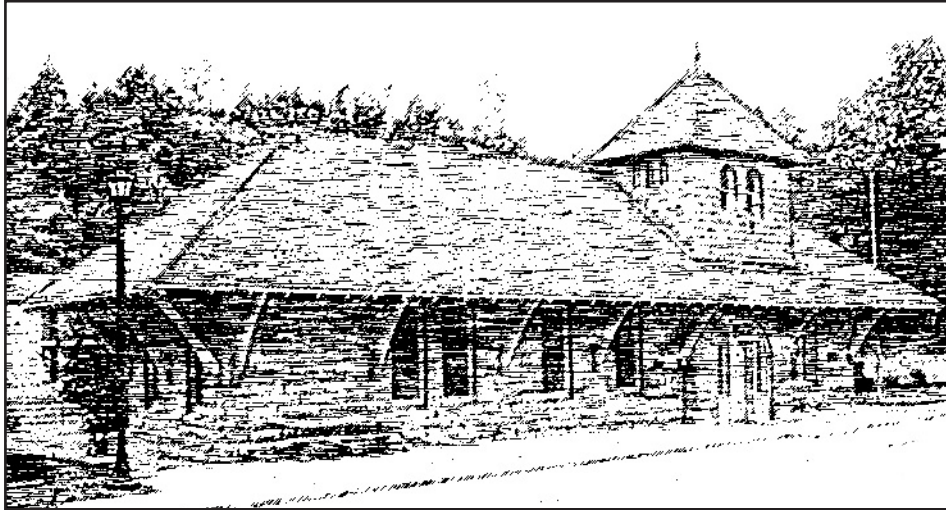
MINNEKAHTA PUBLISHING, LLC

NUMBER 16

SOUTHWESTERN SD.

BRINGING OUR COMMUNITIES TOGETHER

FRIDAY, Nov. 24, 2017



We're not against
Printing
We're against
Wasting Resources

We don't want to stop producing
Minnekahta Messenger
for readers and advertisers.

We simply think that wasting paper, ink, and toner
doesn't make economic or environmental sense.

Minnekahta Publishing, LLC has ceased mass production of its
print format of the *Minnekahta Messenger* to most local businesses.
Minnekahta eMessenger will be the primary version of the popular newsletter.

eMessenger provides readers with the convenience of programmed hyperlinks
for all cited source websites, table of contents page and story titles, and
news and feature stories' (continued on/from page) cross-references.

Don't let your family and friends miss out! Email the *eMessenger* to them today!

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VOLUME II

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FRIDAY, NOV. 24, 2017

WE SUPPORT OUR FIRST RESPONDERS THANK YOU ALL LIVES MATTER

WERE PEOPLE IN THE OLD WEST BETTER THAN NOW?

By Rod Miller

Many people I know—writers and readers and viewers alike—are of the opinion that people living in the Old West were somehow “better” than those of us walking the earth today.

Back then, people didn’t use profanity. Honesty and square dealing ruled the day. Men placed women on a pedestal. Women were content in the kitchen and keeping house. Children were obedient, save occasional innocent hijinks. And while those were violent times, it was mostly good guys in white hats killing bad guys in black hats who needed killing. Truth, justice, and the American way ruled the day.

Studying history—rather than reading novels and watching movies and TV shows based on celebratory mythology—will soon disabuse you of any notion that human nature was any different then than now. Or at any other time in the history of people, for that matter. Certainly social conventions change, but that only affects times and places of misbehavior rather than behavior itself.

(see *People on back cover*)

UNCOVERING LAME JOHNNY

By T.L. Matt

It’s interesting to note the unusual names that grace our roads and streams here in this part of South Dakota. A few miles north of Buffalo Gap, there are Highway 79 green signs on both ends of a concrete bridge that identify Lame Johnny Creek.

I thought it was so nice to recognize a kindly old crippled man of yesteryear by naming a creek for him. Then I did a little investigation!

Not only is there a Lame Johnny Creek, but a Lame Johnny Creek Road and three Lame Johnny Roads: one in Custer State Park and the others in Buffalo Gap and Fairburn.

You would imagine this man who gained the nickname had gotten his injury from a physical confrontation or gunfight, but no—he came to South Dakota with a limp.

From my research (<http://www.deadwoodmagazine.com/archivedsite/Archives/Lame-Johnny.htm>) I learned his name was Cornelius Donahue and he was born in Philadelphia about 1850. It is thought he probably got his injury from a childhood mishap or possibly from polio. No one knows for sure.

Cornelius attended Girard College in Philadelphia before going to Texas, where, unfortunately, he went “bad” learning how to steal horses. Then the gold fever struck and he tried his hand at prospecting along Castle Creek in South Dakota.

Next, he actually tried to go clean and purportedly worked as a Custer County deputy sheriff for awhile, and then took a job as a bookkeeper at the Homestake Mine in Lead. However, someone recognized that “John A. Hurley”—a name he adopted—was really Donahue, the infamous horse thief from Texas.

Since his true identity was revealed, he lapsed back to cattle rustling and horse thievery, and then tried something else—stage robbery.

The Sidney Trail started in Nebraska and went around the east side of the Black Hills into Deadwood. From Wyoming came the Cheyenne Trail, which went to Custer and then Deadwood.

Monthly, a bullion coach loaded with gold from the mines traveled south. Because of his limp, Lame Johnny was easily identified when he attempted a holdup.

One time he went to Pine Ridge to steal Indian horses and was arrested by a lawman who took him to Chadron, Nebraska to catch the Sidney/Deadwood stagecoach to Deadwood to face charges.

(see *Johnny on back cover*)

WHILE SOME KNEEL, LAW ENFORCEMENT RISES

By Travis Yates

Law Officer Magazine

What America witnessed in Las Vegas on the night of October 1 was a cowardly, evil act against innocent victims and, in the midst of that evil, America also saw an example from law enforcement that has played out in city after city for decades.

Law enforcement, both on duty and off duty, stood up in the midst of gunfire and protected society. Some ran toward the gunfire and others shielded citizens from harm.

We have seen the men and women behind the badge rise up towards evil across this land. Whether in Orlando, San Bernardino, Dallas or a city near you, one thing is certain: American Law Enforcement runs toward danger and sacrifices, EVERY SINGLE TIME.

I first observed what this profession is about on June 10, 1996. Tulsa Police K9 Officer Dick Hobson and K9 Officer Steve Downie went into a dark alley after a madman with a gun. Dick didn’t make it out alive and I saw hero after hero run toward gunfire... And nothing has changed in Tulsa or any other city since.

(see *Rises on back cover*)

MONTANA THANKSGIVINGS

By D.E. Matt

Special Correspondent

I can never be thankful enough for my Aunt Violet. When my parents separated, Dad’s 18-year-old sister came 800 miles to take care of three of us children, ranging from a toddler to a first grader, even though she had no experience. For several months she loved and cared for us as if we were her own.

In much later years, Aunt Violet’s brothers and sisters and the whole clan were warmly welcomed at her comfortable home from noonish until night for lots of turkey and extras, with guests bringing things like added pies. This could mean as many as 25 people showing up.

Her children entertained the other children with things like the world’s first video games, with little white lines you could actually move around on a screen.

The children played a primitive ping pong game called “Pong,” or else “Night Driver,” where they maneuvered only by reflector poles in the dark. Adults would talk and/or watch football. Dad would tell jokes and do card tricks.

People would catch up on whatever was happening in the extended family. It was a very welcome escape from the day to day struggles of daily living.

As we later had to move elsewhere, we lost contact with Aunt Violet, and her brothers and sisters passed away.

Years later, as I was returning from Rapid City after a very stressful day of shopping and family, a very powerful feeling swept over me. An overwhelming sense of peace and comfort that would not go away rode with me.

When I arrived home, I got a call that Aunt Violet had passed away from cancer. She had not wanted to bother us with her troubles. I instantly knew things were okay with her and she was enjoying her reward.

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If You Could Change One Thing

The Practice

By Andy Skadberg

The Practice defines a body and process of core principles that when applied set the stage for life-affirming demonstrations. The value of these core principles have all been well documented. For the most part the principles are presented with focus on their applications—scripting new behavior patterns for productive living.

Core Principles

- Conscious Deep Breathing
- Self Talk
- Healthy Nutrition
- Exercise
- Unconditional Self-Acceptance
- Vision
- A Spirit of Generosity

Supplementary Principles

- Trust
- Awareness
- Integrity
- Sensory Attunement
- Challenging Belief Systems

Core Principles

Conscious Deep Breathing

All the movements of the body and within the body are continuously taking place due to the mild, slow-burning taking place in the body. Any action of the body or in the body directly affects both blood circulation and breathing. This burning is a result of breathing and blood circulation. This ensures adequate oxygen supply for movements and is a critical necessity for creative thought processes and rational thinking.

- Conscious deep breathing helps to burn away disempowering thought patterns.
- Conscious deep breathing helps you to stay emotionally grounded and rids the body of toxic wastes. It is also an effective way of reducing stress of any kind.

Self Talk

Self Talk is all internal messages that we feed ourselves by way of words, thoughts, emotions and feelings that build our unique belief systems which in turn define who we are. These messages that we feed ourselves daily determine how we experience our

lives. They are critical to every aspect and every experience of daily living.

Messaging creates changes and maintains ALL belief systems through constant repetition.

Healthy Nutrition

Poor eating habits, especially in young people, result in low academic performances, hyperactivity, irrational behavior and an inability to make beneficial choices for our lives.

Exercise

- Reduces depression, anxiety and low self-esteem.
- Improves mental and emotional well-being.
- Builds and maintains healthy muscles, bones, and joints.
- Enhances work, recreation, and sport performance.

• Burns excess energy that comes from anxiety or nervousness.

Unconditional Self-Acceptance

• Transform difficult emotions into sources of strength

- Heighten self-awareness
- Harmonize and heal the dysfunctional psyche

• Positively color every single aspect of life and living

Vision

- Strategize a vision and purpose for your life.
- Learn to depend on your creative instincts every day.
- Discover new levels of happiness, fulfillment and effectiveness for your life.
- Live your purpose, by choice and not by chance.

A Spirit of Generosity

Learning the qualities of noble-mindedness and the prospering power of generosity.

Supplementary Principles

Trust

Trust is a vital element of our daily practice. It is by accepting ourselves and the rest of our universe as our only reality and support. Learning to trust yourself completely gives you the foundation to stand and interact with the rest of life from a

position of strength.

By trusting ourselves implicitly we establish the basis from which all of our needs are met.

Awareness

Awareness leads to the most vital aspect in our journey of consciousness and to the conscious realization of ourselves as physical spirits. Most importantly, it reveals the entire universe as a physical spirit-driven process.

We can now begin to feel, see, taste, smell and hear ourselves as integral aspects of our whole universe. We are able to accept all of life as extensions of ourselves.

As our awareness increases, we feel more secure in every aspect of our lives and in our relationships with others.

Integrity

- Be true to yourself.
- Be honest with yourself.
- Take responsibility for your words, thoughts, feelings, emotions and actions.

Sensory Attunement

Irrational behavior often stems from shallow breathing, lack of intuitive attunement and a damaged social network. Likewise, attitudinal disorders consist of conflicting messages in the individual's structure of values and beliefs and a distrust of the SELF as an authentic source.

Challenging Belief Systems

- Challenge beliefs back to their source.
- All beliefs carry a corresponding negative or positive energy attractor pattern.
- In order to change any belief system, it is necessary to identify their source and their empowering or disempowering effects.

"The Practice" is the title of a blog-post by Andy Skadberg. It was published on Jul. 19, 2010 on the author's website, <http://www.globalbreathconsciousnessinstitute.com/yourbreath.php>.

"The Practice" was reprinted with permission from the author.

Andy Skadberg is a consultant in rural development and innovation in agriculture, with a foundation in environmental protection. He is a proponent of sustainability.

There's Something To Be Said

The Kindred Spirit By Barbara Hauseman

Holiday Memories

Holidays were always so special when I was a child growing up with Mom, Dad and my brother, Brent. They were festive in their own way and the joy and excitement that each one prompted was like going to Disneyland for the first time!

But holidays have also caused me much pain and sorrow, as I have lost my closest loved ones, and the times that should bring forth much happiness in my life have also been tinged with great sadness for me.

In 1978, on the day after Mother's Day, my dad died unexpectedly. He was never able to say "Goodbye" or "I love you" to us—words we all wanted to hear. It was hard for Brent and me to feel excited when Thanksgiving and, later, Christmas, came around that year. We missed Dad so much.

Mom didn't let our gloom spoil the spirit of the holidays; she grabbed the reins and continued on with the family traditions as usual. The holidays weren't the same without Dad but we celebrated as best we could.

Mom made Christmas very special for Brent and me after Dad's passing. There was a reason for her making such a fuss... It was her birthday, too! I felt in my heart that it was a blessing that my mom came into this world on such a special day.

In 1999, Mom passed away, and my world fell apart again. She had been so loving and selfless, had raised me with tenderness and patience, and had helped me become the woman I am today. I turned to my brother for solace but Brent was turning away from his family.

This should have been a time for the two of us to come together as siblings should. Unfortunately, we went in opposite directions. It seemed like the only times we spoke were during long distance calls when the holidays or birthdays arrived. Being the elder sibling, I felt the sting of not having a family to join for the holidays.

In 2013, when Brent joined Dad and Mom, I was devastated. Shortly thereafter, my marriage of 25 years ended. I felt the lowest I had ever felt in my life. Many neg-

ative thoughts raced through my mind but, through it all, I remained positive, knowing that time would heal my heart and soul.

Losing a loved one during the holidays is especially hard on the surviving family. We all know there is a "someday" for all of us, BUT not during the holidays, please!

I don't like attending funerals but I go out of respect. With the passing of someone's loved one, I understand the pain and sense of loss that they are feeling and I try to comfort them in a loving manner.

I feel their loss in the same way that I felt my losses. For me, the pain is still there, but time has taught me to always remember their lives in which I was a part. The family members of the recently departed will feel the sting of loss, but in time the sorrow will diminish. Happy memories of our loved ones are cherished gifts we give ourselves.

For me, during this holiday season in 2017, the sweet memories of my family are strong in my mind. Never forget those that came before you, for they are still with you. The memories of a dear one at this time of year will remain with us as we celebrate this special season of family and love.

Lies They Tell Writers, Part 12: Anyone Can Write

By Rod Miller

There are those who will tell you that writing is not a talent, but a "skill" that can be learned, and that anyone can learn it. That must be true on some level—we all learn something about words and phrases and sentences and paragraphs in school.

But to be able to write engaging, interesting, involving words that communicate, convince, persuade, and entertain is a rare "skill." So rare, it seems to me, that those who master it do so only when aided by a heaping helping of talent or some other innate ability. Otherwise, the world would be overrun with writers who tell stories as well as Johnny Boggs, write poetry as masterfully as DW Groethe, craft songs like Brenn Hill, write compelling history like Will Bagley, or measure up to a long list of accomplished writers in any genre you care to mention.

But while such a list of accomplished writers may be long, it is microscopic when compared to the number of literate people in our society. And it's still a short list compared to those who somehow manage to get their work published or produced, much of which strives for mediocrity.

If you doubt the inability of most folks to write effectively and communicate clearly, read the Letters to the Editor in your local newspaper. Better (or worse) still, read what passes for writing in the "comments" section of online publications and other internet forums. It can make you yearn for a properly spelled word and a well-constructed sentence, not to mention the ability to think clearly and communicate those thoughts.

There is no doubt that with practice and patience and, perhaps, good teaching, we can all learn to better our writing ability.

But it is unlikely—no, impossible—that anyone not gifted by the writing gods will ever reach the heights of those so blessed. Or even the middling levels of those with the talent to write well without really trying.

"Lies They Tell Writers, Part 12: Anyone Can Write" is the title of a blogpost by Rod Miller. It was published on Feb. 26, 2015 on the author's website, <http://writerrod-miller.blogspot.com/2015/02/lies-they-tell-writers-part-12-anyone.html>.

"Lies They Tell Writers, Part 12: Anyone Can Write" was reprinted with permission from the author.

Writer Rod Miller writes poetry, fiction, and history about the American West and writes online about writing and reading at writerrod-miller.blogspot.com. Information about Rod and his books and other works is available at writerRodMiller.com, his Amazon Author Page (<https://www.amazon.com/Rod-Miller/e/B001HCTX7G>), and at CowboyPoetry.com.

Special Section

Thanksgiving Odysseys

By T.L. Matt

I keep a journal, which I started in the early 70's. To prepare for this story, I went over each November entry of each year to find some memorable tales of Thanksgiving joys and woes. I was amply rewarded. (It is amazing how we forget details of sometimes-devastating occurrences.)

I guess the Thanksgiving tale that tops the rest occurred in 1997, when we lived in Rapid City. The pull of family at holiday times is so strong that often we "leave caution to the winds" in pursuing our family bonds. Going to Montana at this time of year was risky at best, but Don's dad was very ill and we missed the Matt family very much. So off we went.

Things were going along pretty well at night—even in the blinding blizzard—until the semi in front of us hit a deer. We didn't see the event but saw the dead buck with horns and did we ever feel the aftermath.

We heard "kerplunk, kerplunk, kerplunk" as something had happened to our tire. It wasn't just flat—it was *dead!* This was in a very remote part of Wyoming and Fear started to raise its ugly head. We had one of those silly little donut tires for replacement, but no way to attach it to the car. My husband hadn't checked the fluid in the hydrolic jack before we left on our trip. But, as I often do in these types of situations, I prayed—*fervently*.

Our angel, in the form of an older, fairly macho highway patrolman, appeared out of nowhere with a working jack and got us on the road again. However, it was a VERY slow 600 miles in the blizzard with that teeny tiny tire. We tried for half a day while in Billings to find someone to fix or replace our injured tire, but on Thanksgiving Day it was an impossible quest.

When we finally made it to the Mission Mountains, we were joyful. Everyone was so relieved to see us! Later, I donned snowshoes and we went down to our land where we used to live to pick out a Christmas tree.

Finally I found a dear small tree that was so pretty. My husband was a little irritated

to have to put it in the back seat on the way home, but it was a reminder of our beautiful land, and it lent a wonderful smell to our car as well. We did replace our tire, of course, for the way back home. We made it through another trial and survived that Thanksgiving!

The next unbelievable event was the Thanksgiving of 1999. We had gone to my brother Jim's home in Missouri and had a remarkable vegetarian Thanksgiving dinner with his family. His beautiful daughter, Courtenay, is a vegetarian and Jim wanted to honor her with the meal. We weren't used to such a meal, but it was delicious.

Afterward, we thought we would take a hike through the magnificent Nathaniel Green Park with our little dog, Spunky. We took off his chain and he had such a wonderful time, going in big huge circles around the property! At some point we heard what sounded like gun blasts, but thought nothing of it. This park is on the outskirts of Springfield and it was, after all, hunting season.

Then, when we reached the parking lot, we couldn't believe our eyes! There was our car—with the driver's side window knocked out as well as the back window. Glass was all over and half a beer bottle was on the seat. We were so shocked.

Some kind people came by and called the police for us. They were a long time coming, so Don sent me up to SoLo Market—a long way off. As I was waiting by the closed market, two scary-looking men in an equally scary-looking station wagon stopped and started to back up. I quickly ran to a phone booth by the road. I was trembling when an angel appeared in a car—my dear mother at that very minute!

It was with amazement that we realized people could be violent on a holiday such as Thanksgiving. We were so blessed to have been away from the violence on our walk in the park. These people evidently did not have the spirit of thankfulness in their hearts. Looking back, I feel sorrow for those who do not have a warm family or a warm faith to sustain them.

On a much happier note was the Thanksgiving of 2000. We had moved back to Montana—a move which turned out to be ill-advised, we later found out. We had been struggling to make it financially. I had been working an assembly line job and my husband was trying another hand at journalism.

We were about out of wood and were at the local dump, which had a wood-based section, when an acquaintance drove up and deposited big cottonwood logs—*already cut!* The neighborhood kids later came to help us stack it. Right after that, our neighbor, Pete, said we could have half of a young buck he had just shot.

Besides these miracles, a member of our church brought us a huge turkey and a big Thanksgiving basket. I wanted to protest, of course, but we did need the food at that time. These were blessings that occurred in just one day! We were supremely thankful on that holiday. The Lord was watching over us. We try to pass it forward and help as many as we are able as a payback!

Another happy holiday was the Thanksgiving of 2002. We had a fabulous traditional meal at my son-in-law's childhood home. His mother came from the South and her gravies and sauces were absolute perfection. It was a model Thanksgiving meal.

But the highlight was a darling program put on by my two little granddaughters. It was a take-off from the Lion King. We were enchanted. Desiray, the older child, gave me a little note that said, "You're the best Grandma—I love you!" A little pink cut-out heart was enclosed. It warmed my heart more than anything could. It was truly a wonderful Thanksgiving.

We are all so blessed to live where there are loving people around us and opportunities to help the unfortunate that need a hand. There is so much beauty in this part of the country.

How thankful am I? Words cannot express my feelings at this time of year. Let's join together and let gratitude become a part of us as we express it in kindness and love toward our fellow man.

This May Interest You

Digital Magic, Part One: Interaction Design Featuring Image Swapping

By Grits McMorrow

Last week I started to have thoughts about how I could enhance the user experience of the *Minnekahta eMessenger*.

Faint memories were arising in my mind of professional work I formerly performed that involved PDF (Portable Document Format) files. I was gradually remembering that some of my work entailed designing and programming PDFs that engaged readers of these unique electronic documents.

I have designed/programmed PDFs to host forms that could be emailed to recipients, filled out and signed by them on their computers, and emailed back to the senders. No more of that nonsense of printing the PDF, completing and signing the form, and rescanning the page(s) to digitize them to become an email attachment.

Some PDFs needed to be designed to permit recipients to navigate to specific sections of the multi-page documents to obtain descriptions about certain products and/or services without being coerced to read nearly every page. Click or release on, roll on or off or over, or give focus or blur to a hyperlink (text or image) or button and be taken directly to the page or section with the desired information.

Other PDF projects involved hiding, showing, or swapping page elements based on user actions within the interface. For example, a page displays a square frame with an “up” image of an empty bowl. Adjacent to the frame is a three-item list of fresh fruit (Apple, Orange, Pear). Selecting (Clicking) the word Apple (or Orange or Pear) triggers the frame to display an image of an apple (or orange or pear) in the bowl.

I began to wonder what types of interaction design would be suitable to incorporate in the *eMessenger*. Surely, a paper that encourages readers to use hyperlinks within a table of contents and allows access to websites specified in stories and advertisements could also utilize a few PDF tricks to augment readers’ experiences. So, let’s look at some digital magic.

The following PDF interaction effects can be seen with Adobe Acrobat Pro, Adobe Acrobat Standard, and Adobe Acrobat Reader software. I have tested the effects with Adobe Acrobat Pro and Adobe Acrobat Reader DC and they function as programmed.

It is recommended that eMessenger readers upgrade their Reader software to the most current version to ensure the effects function correctly on their electronic devices.

Please note: The information about products or services of the businesses that agreed to participate in these Interaction Design demonstrations is true.

Rhyme Or Reason

Preserves

By Debbie Daybrest

Harvesting memories is like picking berries, some are bitter, some are sweet but all are best when made into preserves and kept for another day.

A little sweet to chase away the melancholy, a little zest to cheer the heart. Pretty colors in a bottle, kept for the mind's eye to ever view.

Memories tightly capped, to spread upon the bread of life, delicious to the soul. Pick the best, cast away the bad, boil all together and bottle in shinning glass.

Yes, harvesting memories is like picking berries, all are best when made into preserves and kept for a day like today.

Life on the Rio Grande

By Larry Stocker

From where the sun sits in the sky he can see almost everything. The sun can see the cars moving along on the Interstate Highway. "They think they are going so fast," he says. He sees people going to work, to shop and to school. "They are like ants," he says, "Almost always staying on the same tracks. People seem to need the same thing all around that green and blue planet. Why do they think they are so different? Why do they insist on being so specific about their needs?"

Last night on the banks of the Rio Grande the sunset was a little different. The sky was hazy and opaque so the sunset was whiter than it usually is. I thought it was the sun's way of welcoming the return of a little Thursday guitar music. The acoustics were perfect, no wind, warm happy early spring air. There were friends to keep the conversation going.

Sometimes when I am the only one at the river, I can tell the sun lacks conversational enthusiasm. "Just him again," he says, "I've heard everything *he* has to say!"

The Descent

By Linda Mottet

We descend from our skyward home,
fallen pieces thrust down
a timeless reticule.
Conceived in the Holy Furnace,
we look out through infant eyes.
When was the beginning?
When will we reach the end?
Into the dust, the eternal descends.
A single instant holds
all we came here to find.
When all the instants join,
a life is defined.
It is a new day to watch
the rise and the fall of the sun,
and cherish every breath
between rising aspirations
and long, forgotten dreams.

But the sun perks up when anyone new shows up. Last night we had a young traveling man from Houston driving his giant diesel to California. He played us some riffs on the 12-string guitar and told us that all places, wherever they are, are beautiful. I was happy to hear that information and I'm going to try to remember it.

Before the sun disappeared for the night I saw him take a long look southward toward the direction of Nicaragua and the town I just left on the shores of Cocibolca, the big lake. I know he wants to check to see that the cars and the bicycles and the horses and the taxis and the motos and all the smiling people are not bumping into each other on the street; that everything is running smoothly.

The sun is like a big daddy who wants to see that all his children are tucked in safely for the night. Last night everything was okay so he left the large shiny moon in charge and turned his face toward the Pacific.

"Life on the Rio Grande" is a weekly email blog written by Larry Stocker. This story was published on Mar. 14, 2014.

"Life on the Rio Grande" was reprinted with permission from the author.

Log Cabin

By Carrie Cofer

Sittin' by the woodstove
Just me and my love –
Knitting and humming
He's pickin' and strumming
Our glances cross, we smile.

It's so warm and cozy
Our house out in the wood;
Chickens chit-chat,
Gossip dawn to dark
And patrol the garden.

Cedar logs, fire warmed
Perfuming our space.
Tiny panther climbs to her place
Evoking childhood memories;
Me, as the tiny climber, and apple trees.

The breeze kicks up, leaves fly about,
The aroma of baking bread
And bacon floats downwind.
Warm western wind bringing rain,
The pines begin their dance.

Thunder blusters
I'm knitting and humming
He's pickin' and strumming
Our glances cross, we smile.

going around in circles

By G. Douglas Jackson

he and she,
having realized
that they were
going around
in circles,

resolved to
break out
of their
geometric prison.

in truth,
for want of another shape,
they merely made
larger circles.

Well, If You Ask Us

Happy Memories of the 1970's

By Grits McMorrow

I am really looking forward to enjoying a yummy feast during Thanksgiving this year. Our modest menu will feature turkey, ham, mashed red potatoes, fresh green beans, spinach-stuffed Portebello mushrooms, leafy green salad, and assorted pies. We'll wash it all down with mugs of hot cider and herbal tea. Mmm mmm good!

Back in the late 1970's, my mother decided to serve what she called a variation on the traditional feast eaten by the pilgrims and their Wampanoag Indian guests at Plimoth Plantation in 1621 in Plymouth, Massachusetts. Our meal consisted of live Maine lobster, shrimp cocktail, mussels, spinach salad with hot bacon dressing, and pumpkin pie. I'm pretty sure we toasted the special evening of family togetherness with flutes of champagne. It is a happy memory I shan't ever forget.

Speaking of memories of the late 70's, the comedy duo of Cheech and Chong performed in Deadwood on Nov. 11. Although I couldn't go, friends of a friend went and shared the photo below.

Allied Construction owner, Ryan Chonka and salesman, Jim Robertson pose with the Grammy Award-winning comedy duo Tommy Chong (left) and Richard "Cheech" Marin in Deadwood. (Photo contributed by Dakota Dan Crawford, Allied Construction.)



The Three "E's" of Exercise

By T.L. Matt

I was leafing through a magazine and came across the headline, "Women Walk Away From the Grim Reaper." That caught my attention. I would tend to *run* if the Grim Reaper were on my tail!

Anyway, it was all about exercise in the form of walking to keep as fit as possible at any age. It brought to mind as well my dear Aunt Janet who lived to be 100 and was, at her 99th birthday party, picking up sheet music off the floor, a tribute to her flexibility and dedication to exercise.

Energy, Enlightenment and Enrichment came to my mind when I thought of a well-rounded person living to an old age—in other words, taking care of body, spirit and mind. All taking effort and meaningful attention every day. If a great inspiration to do service for others fails because our body has been neglected, it is a sad situation.

How do we accomplish the "Three E's" when every day seems so full of the necessary duties? Get up early to create the day and ask for guidance from above. Also, make a list and post it in a prominent place.

Keeping your mind active and challenged is easy today with all the media and free online courses offered. The library is available for not just the renting of mindless DVDs, but real study. Aunt Janet comes to mind again when I think of her starting painting classes in her 80's. Her paintings are treasured by the family.

Back to walking. You don't have to hire an expensive trainer or travel miles to a gym. There are many recorded programs that you can slip into your machine and walk with the best of them! And it doesn't matter if the weather is bad—you can walk any time at home in your own living room!

Volunteering is another avenue that incorporates all three of the "E's." I have a friend who volunteers at a homeless shelter, where the emphasis is on the spiritual, and also at Habitat for Humanity, which involves the physical—and she is learning to listen—a new skill. Listening is a skill which is often underrated as an activity to broaden the mind. Acceptance of others and ourselves takes us to a higher plane.

When trying to live the three "E's"—be as kind to yourself as you are to others as there will be setbacks at times. The important thing is to keep trying! You will arrive.

Minnekahta Messenger

Published by Minnekahta Publishing, LLC

P. O. Box 221 Hot Springs, SD 57747 • messenger@blackhillssentinel.com

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People (cont. from front cover)

Back then, while men pretended to put “the fairer sex” on a pedestal, wives were little more than chattel, and could be beaten with little or no consequence. Ladies of the evening were routinely mistreated, with abusers considering violence included in the price. Alcoholism was rampant, drug abuse widespread. Child labor routine. Mistreatment of minorities acceptable, even encouraged. And so on.

The only real difference between then and now is that bad behavior often occurred behind closed doors in those days, and was little noted. Unseen, but there all the same. Now, it fills our TV screens and newspapers day and night.

Our blind spot concerning the evil in days gone by reminds me of the poem “Antigonish” by William Hughes Mearns. It begins this way:

*Yesterday upon the stair
I met a man who wasn't there
He wasn't there again today
I wish, I wish he'd go away.*

Writer Rod Miller writes poetry, fiction, and history about the American West and writes online about writing and reading at writerrodmiller.blogspot.com. Information about Rod and his books and other works is available at writerRodMiller.com, his Amazon Author Page (<https://www.amazon.com/Rod-Miller/e/B001HCTX7G>), and at CowboyPoetry.com.

Johnny (cont. from front cover)

A blacksmith fashioned leg irons for Johnny and riveted them to a metal plate on the floor of the coach. He was also handcuffed and shackled. There were two men on the stage to guard the prisoner, as well as an escort on horseback. They took every precaution, it seems, to be sure there was no escape.

Johnny never made it to Deadwood. A vigilante group of several masked men stopped the coach, pried up the metal plate, shot him and then hung him, chains and all, to an elm tree near the road. Some drovers found the corpse the next morning and buried Johnny beneath the tree.

A grisly account of what happened next is pretty hard to comprehend, but it is documented. A cowboy shipping cattle east, dug up his body, cut off the head, and sold it to a museum. Ephrien Dean and W. H. Sewright and other witnesses dug up the grave to find Lame Johnny's body still shackled, but it was true that his head was missing.

Sewright took the boots (one with a higher heel for Johnny's deformity) and they were displayed at Wood's Buffalo Gap store until a fire destroyed both the store and boots.

Dean took the shackles, one of which ended up in Pierre at the state historical museum and the other at the Frontier Museum in Custer, now the Custer County Museum. Besides the shackles, Custer County Museum has a picture of the tree where he was hung, with rocks beneath it, and has a piece of the tree as well (<http://southdakotagravestones.org/view.php?id=61210>).

Authorities could never determine how Lame Johnny and his gang could vanish without a trace in the vicinity of King's Ridge near Buffalo Gap. It may have been solved in the 1960's through an oral history recorded by Orval Halstead.

The Halsteads filed a homestead claim in 1919 on King's Ridge near Lame Johnny Creek. There was a high rimrock and a large box canyon on the west end of their property. After a snowfall, they found a steer missing and tracked him to the rim of the canyon, where they found him on the canyon floor, alive and not injured at all. They discovered three rocks forming a gateway and followed an old trail down to where two caves were located on the canyon floor—not seen from above.

The largest cave had been a hidden corral where 25 to 30 horses could be contained. Littered with rusty cans, whiskey bottles, leather boots and bedding, the second smaller cave appeared to have been living quarters for several men. It looked like the outlaws had just stepped out for a moment. But the caves had not been used for forty years.

Shortly after the uncovering of the secret caves, the Halsteads moved away. They never mentioned the caves to anyone. In the 1960's, Mrs. Halstead finally told the story to the Eastern Custer County Historical Society and said she believed the caves were a hideout for Lame Johnny's gang. The book which records the Halsteads' experiences, *Our Yesterdays*, was published in 1970 by the Historical Society.

Guess what? The former Halstead homestead is now part of forest land open to the public. If you are an adventurer with a topographical map, you might be able to locate the historic outlaw caves!

Another twist to the macabre tale is to be found at <http://www.treasurenet.com/forums/treasure-legends-southdakota/114861-lame-johnnys-treasure-canyon-springs-stage-robbery-45-pounds-gold.html>. It is said that the members of the vigilante gang tried to get Johnny to tell them where he had hidden gold from a 1878 stagecoach robbery. When they couldn't get the information, they hung him. Is it true? If so, could it be in a cave or down an abandoned mine? Could it be buried under a pile of rocks?

Perhaps the story isn't true, as some people felt that Johnny was mostly a small-time horse thief. Could someone else have set him up as the gold robber?

It was learned later that Charles Carey, former scout for General Custer, was the leader of the gang that robbed the Monitor stagecoach in 1878. All of the other members of the gang were imprisoned or hung. Was Johnny a member of the gang? Perhaps we will never know.

The treasure is said to have been buried near the old Canyon Springs stage station. It was a relay station in Beaver Canyon, about 37 miles south of Deadwood. The gold could be anywhere between there and Buffalo Gap. Another Black Hills mystery, for sure.

Johnny's grave, minus the tree, is approximately 8 miles north of Buffalo Gap. There was once an epitaph on a wooden headboard over the grave:

*Pilgrim Pause! You're standing on
The molding clay of Limping
John,
Tread lightly, stranger, on this sod.
For if he moves, you're robbed, by
God.*

Rises (cont. from front cover)

Every night, this profession rises up toward danger and is it not ironic that at the same time, we have some taking a knee. Frankly, that doesn't seem like a big deal as I write this after the Las Vegas shooting, but I am not lost on the irony and you should not be either.

Just two weeks before the Las Vegas shooting, a NFL player ran from Las Vegas Officers as they were once again rising up and running toward what was reported as gunfire. The officers were brave and professional, but what did they get in return?

They were accused of racism and everyone from the NFL commissioner to Pete Carroll, stood beside this liar and defended him when it was law enforcement that deserved all the credit.

In that incident, video cleared the officers and showed how heroic and selfless the profession is. Meanwhile, hundreds if not thousands across this country took knees the following weekend in protest in part against law enforcement.

They are wrong and they should be ashamed of themselves, not because of what one coward did on the Las Vegas Strip but because of what law enforcement does each and every day they go into their communities to serve.

On behalf of Law Officer, thank you to the men and women behind the badge that rise up and defend their communities.

Travis Yates is a writer and editor at Law Officer. His Seminars in Risk Management & Officer Safety have been taught across the United States & Canada. Major Yates has a Master of Science Degree in Criminal Justice and is a graduate of the FBI National Academy. He is the Director of Training for SAFETAC Training.