



The Carnegie Courier

Newsletter of

The Mitchell Area Historical Society (MAHS)
& The Mitchell Area Genealogical Society (MAGS)

Volume XIV, Number 3

www.mitchellcarnegie.com

Fall 2021

U.S. Marshal — Lyle W. Swenson

By Lyle Swenson

In 1972 after serving about eight years as sheriff, I learned of the US Marshal position opening. I was interested and wanted to know what was involved, and how a person got this job. Because it was, and still is, a political position appointed by the President of the United States and confirmed by the US Senate, my first attempt was futile but a good learning experience.

In 1996 after Bill Clinton was elected, I decided to try again with a much larger and extensive effort to secure the nomination which would be made by Senator Tom Daschle to the President. When it was all said and done, the Senator selected the other guy. Of course, there was a great deal of disappointment and sadness in our camp as we had a good many friends trying to assist in every way possible. There is no appeal to this decision. It was over, but I was told to keep my cool because the individual who received the appointment might not stay very long. Sure enough, about two years later he resigned to take another position. We were in the running again! Friends and neighbors from over the years were contacted for political help in the hope that they could help sway the Senator to consider my name as his choice for the appointment.

I recall a meeting with Senator Daschle at Chef Louie's Steakhouse to talk about my job qualifications. He asked what I had on Mayor Bud Williams as he was calling him every day on the phone to check on the



Lyle Swenson on April 12, 1997, being sworn in as a U.S. Marshal by Judge Piersol. His wife, Irene, holding the Bible.

appointment. I laughed and said we were just good friends! It was quite apparent that Bud had put real pressure on the Senator for some time.

On March 24, 1997, I ended my service to Davison County which began on March 9, 1961, as a Deputy Sheriff. I served as a Deputy until January 1, 1965, when I was elected Sheriff and started serving in that capacity until I was appointed US Marshal in 1997. After serving 32 years as Sheriff (5 two-year terms and 6 four-year terms) I began a new career as the 19th US Marshal for the District of South Dakota. I was sworn in by US District Court Judge Lawrence Piersol in the courtroom of the Federal Courthouse with friends and family there to witness this occasion. On Saturday, April 12, 1997, a public swearing-in ceremony called an Investiture was held at the world's only Corn Palace in Mitchell, SD. Judge Piersol again did the honors with 400

colleagues, friends and family all there to wish me the best. The Judge flew in from out of state and his plane was late so the ceremony was delayed for around 45 minutes. I heard no complaints as the Mitchell High School Band under the direction of Brad Berens entertained the crowd with many John Phillip Sousa's march music. Brad was our neighbor and when he found out about the ceremony, asked if the students from the Mitchell High Band could perform.

I was so honored. I wanted to thank the people of Davison County who first elected me in 1964 by having a ceremony in our famous landmark. After the election of Republican President George W. Bush, I retired in 2002. At my retirement party, Chief Deputy US Marshal, John Whitelock, paid me a great compliment by saying I was the best Marshal he had ever worked under. It is good to know that those we work for

and with, value our service. I truly enjoyed my time as South Dakota's US Marshal.

While doing research on the office of US Marshal, I came upon another Mitchellite, William H. King, who was nominated marshal on May 20, 1922. King was acting secretary of the Mitchell Chamber of Commerce at the time of his appointment. He assumed his marshal duties in Sioux Falls on July 1, 1922. However, he resigned effective April 1, 1923, and returned to Mitchell to accept the office of secretary for the Mitchell Chamber of Commerce and to head the 1923 Corn Palace committee. He must not have enjoyed the job as much as I did!

The office of US Marshal was created by the First Congress with President George Washington signing the act on September 24, 1789. Their main function was to execute all lawful warrants, and they were considered officers of the courts. Originally there were 13 colonial marshals. Today U.S. marshals serve throughout the United States, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Guam and the Northern Mariana Islands.

There were at least seven appointees that served as marshals during the Dakota Territory time. Newly elected President Abraham Lincoln appointed William Shafer a young Missourian as the first marshal of Dakota Territory. He served from March 1861 to July 15, 1862, and then left to join the Union Army. The Civil War was raging in the east.

Continued on page 2

US Marshal — Lyle W. Swenson ...

Continued from page 1

Of local note, Laban H. Litchfield (appointed by Lincoln in 1865 and again by Grant in 1869) served Dakota Territory as US Marshal when Dakota Territory was comprised of the two Dakotas, Wyoming, and Montana. To give you an idea of the magnitude of the territory he covered and the difficulties of traveling I have included correspondence dated January 23, 1867, in which he is responding to a denial of compensation because Mr. Taylor didn't think that the miles traveled were legitimate.

U.S. Marshal's Office

Yankton, D.T. Jan 23, 1867
 Hon. R.W. Taylor
 Comptroller of Treasury
 Washington, D.C.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 12th Dec. enclosing Report No. 25.484 in which I am disallowed \$222.35 actual expenses to serve attachment C.S. Hill and \$243.00 actual expenses to serve execution of same suspended til nature of case is given & full explanation showing the necessity of so much travel is given.

This case was against the property of said Hill & goods were attached for violation of the Indian Intercourse Law, condemned & sold for the benefit of the United States.

The necessity for so much travel is apparent. You are aware that it is my imperative duty to serve all processes placed in my hands by the Courts. In this case it became my duty to travel 1,200 miles to serve & the same to return the attachment & the same to serve and return the execution making a distance of 4,800 miles traveled. Almost the entire country between here & Fort Abercrombie (where the goods were) in a direct route (the straight-line distance Yankton to Fort Abercrombe on the Red River on the north is about 300 miles) is inhabited by Indians alone with no communication for white men. Consequently the only feasible route is from



here south to Sioux City, Iowa, thence east across the entire length of Iowa to the Mississippi River, thence north to St. Cloud, Minnesota, thence west to Dakota, making three right angles.

In conclusion I have only to say the services were performed as economically as possible and the amount (\$465.35) is justly due me.

I am sir Very Respectfully
 Your Obedt Servt
 L.H. LITCHFIELD
 U.S. Marshal

Laban resided in the Yankton area and married Elizabeth Cowden who was 16 years of age in Indiana (1868). They had a son, Only Ticknor Litchfield. Laban died in 1872 while serving as marshal. However, it was rumored that he died of an overdose of morphine or other strong medicine after returning from one of his long trips serving Dakota Territory. According to a book entitled, *An American Family's Legacy* written by Ticknor Bushnell Litchfield, "Politics in Dakota Territory was rough and dirty. Family lore, some contemporary local views, have it that Laban Litchfield lost his life as a result of political infighting." The book goes on to explain that there was no written documentation concerning the overdose theory except in his obituary that stated he died while ill of "congestion of the brain." Laban's widow married his nephew, Clarence VanTassel and they lived on land 15 miles northeast of Mitchell. Van Tassel was involved in politics and concerned about the develop-

ment of this country. Elizabeth moved to Mitchell after Van Tassel's death in 1906. The son she had with Laban Litchfield served on the Mitchell School Board for 18 years and had a school, Litchfield, named to honor him. I attended grade school there from 2nd through 6th grade as did our children. I have included a letter from L.H. Litchfield

Other marshals in Dakota Territory were George Pinney (1862-1865), (1865-1872) unknown, James Burdick (1872-1877), John Raymond (1877-1882), Harrison Allen (1882-1885), and Daniel Maratta (1885-1886), (1886-1889) unknown.

With the status of Dakota Territory changing on November 2, 1889, the states of South and North Dakota came into being; marshals continued to play a significant role in the history of the area. Cyrus Fry was the first appointed marshal under the District of South Dakota in 1889.

Seth Bullock was famous for taming Lawrence County/Deadwood after he was appointed Sheriff in March 1877. He met Theodore Roosevelt in 1884 when Roosevelt was serving as deputy sheriff from Medora, North Dakota and they became friends. Roosevelt took the presidency in 1905; he later that year appointed Seth Bullock US Marshall which he held for nine years. Bullock is credited with starting the town of Belle Fourche.

The most asked question when word went out about the appointment, "What does the US Marshall do?" The best way to explain it is that the mar-

shal's duties are very similar to the sheriff's except they are done on the federal level. Most notable is to provide courtroom security to the federal courts, transport prisoners two and from the courtroom, serve civil processes and perform other duties directed by the court. We served the whole state with a staff of 23 people including 18 deputies spread out among the Rapid City, Pierre, Sioux Falls and Aberdeen offices along with 5 office employees.

We also hired several off-duty police officers to carry out our mission. Since we did not operate a jail, we had to rent space from local sheriffs, and a great deal of our time was spent transporting prisoners to and from court. Because there was a shortage of authorized beds, we might, as an example, spend all day in the Pierre courtroom and then drive to Rapid City or Sturgis to find jail space.

Approximately twice a month a large airplane, outfitted to safely transport prisoners across the country nicknamed "Conair," would land in Sioux Falls where we would remove prisoners for our area and load any we had for other parts of the country. As you might imagine, there was a great deal of security involved!

Early on in my time we had to provide courtroom security and transportation to Sioux Falls for six "gang bangers" from California. They thought they were going to cause trouble, but we quickly shut them down and the court let them know that they would not tolerate it.

It was my honor to serve as the U.S. Marshal for the State of South Dakota.

Just Part of the Job

By Glenn Cunningham

When I was asked to write of what it was like to be a Mitchell police officer's son in the 1940s and '50s, the short version immediately came to mind. Upon joining the force, my father, Clarence Cunningham, informed my sister and me (mostly me, I think) that if we thought we could now get away with things other kids couldn't, we had better think again. In fact, he said he expected his family to set an example.

That was in 1946. I believe the police department had only one patrol car at that time, and a motorcycle. He was an experienced motorcyclist and performed most of his patrol duties on it. The photo at left was taken in the alley behind our home in the 400 block of East Ninth Avenue. The building in the background at left is the roundhouse for the C&NW (Omaha) Railroad. It was located on what is now the west parking lot of the Mitchell High School Performing Arts Center.

One day I came home with a black eye. Dad admonished me that if I were going to get into fights, I needed to learn to better protect myself. He said that even though he occasionally had physical confrontations with offenders, he had never had a black eye or bloody nose. A few days later, when he stopped at home for dinner, he came in not saying much, sat down and briefly looked at the newspaper until Mom called us to the table. That's when we noticed that his right eye was swollen shut. I didn't say a word, just grinned throughout the meal. He had been transporting a troublemaker from the Milwaukee depot to jail in the squad car when the man threw the punch.

Main Street was especially busy on Saturdays when businesses stayed open until nine o'clock. Farmers came in from the surrounding area to pick up supplies and trade eggs and



produce for groceries. There was a steady stream of bumper-to-bumper traffic, mostly young people just "cruising," circulating up and down Main Street from the Milwaukee depot on the south to the Omaha tracks (now Eighth Avenue) on the north. There were only five traffic lights on Main Street. On these busy nights, one officer was usually on foot patrol downtown. If the desk sergeant needed to contact him, there was a red light suspended above the intersection of Main and Third Avenue which could be seen from anywhere on Main Street. When the light was activated, the foot patrolman stepped into the nearest business and used their telephone to call the station.

In 1947 Dad left the police force to become co-owner of the Mitchell Dairy. Later he sold his interest in the dairy to his partner and went into the grocery business for a short time. In mid-1948 he was back with the police department.

That year, during the week following Corn Palace week, the Red Owl grocery store (405 N. Main) was burglarized on consecutive nights. The suspect was discovered in the store on the second night and a foot chase ensued, down the alley and across Fourth Ave. Dad

fired a warning shot, then a second shot which struck the suspect's arm. It was reported that one of the bullets ricocheted, went through the garage door of the Noble Funeral Home (113 W. Fourth) and lodged in the grill or their hearse. The suspect was found guilty and sentenced to prison. Dad took a leave of absence following this incident.

The next year, around the Fourth of July, my best friend and I had some firecrackers we wanted to shoot off, which was illegal in town. We walked up Foster Street toward the city dump ground just east of Foster and south of what is now Shanard Road. There were no buildings or roads east of Foster and north of Seventh Avenue. We started shooting off firecrackers at approximately what is now the intersection with Roland Lane. It wasn't long until a patrol car appeared. The officer took our names and ordered us to appear at the police station the next morning. When I complained to my father, all he said was, "You knew the rules." The usual punishment for this was washing the police cars. We got off with a stern lecture by the chief, possibly because we were ALMOST outside the city limits.

Dad left the police force

again in late 1949 or early 1950 to be assistant manager of Raskin's Food Market at Second and Main. During Corn Palace Week of 1950 he ejected an intoxicated carnival worker who was harassing employees and customers. The man returned a few minutes later, approached Dad from behind, and stabbed him twice in the left shoulder. The assailant was subdued by store employees and customers before he could strike again. The wounds were deep and serious, requiring two surgeries to finally stop the internal bleeding. His recovery was long and slow; it was nearly a year before he was able to return to work. His attacker received a prison sentence of 10 years, maximum for the charge, and served every day of it.

Raskin's relocated to the building now occupied by Chuck's Paint and Blinds on West First Avenue, and was later acquired by Randall's, becoming the first Randall's location in Mitchell. Dad left there sometime in 1951 or '52 to manage the meat market of the O.P. Skaggs grocery store at 319 North Main. He was there until the store closed in 1954, when he rejoined the police department and remained there until his death in 1971. (319 N. Main later was the green stamp redemption center, and even later housed the KORN radio studio.)

I was discharged from the army in the spring of 1955 and that summer spent many nights riding with him on night patrol- a real eye-opener, even in those days.

Sometime after that, police headquarters had moved to the present city hall, and Dad had assumed the duties of police inspector, the forerunner of today's detective squad. I was attending college in Idaho, and on a visit to Mitchell I toured the facilities with him. Afterwards we went across the street for coffee.

Continued on page 4

Growing up with your dad as the sheriff

By Grace Swenson-Murphy

I am not a writer but was asked to share some experiences about what it was like to be a child in a law enforcement family. There were some negatives, but for our family there were a lot of bonuses!

I think about how things have changed and not so much for the better and am glad that I grew up when I did. Thankfully, we still live in a fairly safe community and although the crime does seem to get worse, we don't see the numbers that they do in larger areas. Thankfully, most of us still have respect for our law enforcement here. I always knew Dad was the Sheriff, but back then I don't remember being worried about him not coming home from a call; it was just his job. I do remember I

didn't like it when he had to go out to storm watch. I have never liked tornados and would have rather had him home with us in the basement.

Other negatives were being subjected to some teasing because Dad was the "Fuzz" and such other names, although there wasn't a lot of that, thankfully. Back then, we usually had supper together as a family, although there were the nights that we would sit down to supper and the phone would ring and Dad would have to leave. He would come home sometime later and have to heat up his supper - before the microwave! There were the nights that he didn't get home until later and especially during the summer, I remember eating some late suppers. There were

special occasions, school activities and family gatherings that he was called away from, such as one of my birthday parties with the family because the Village Bowl was on fire.

On the plus side, we had some advantages because of Dad and his position. He started attending the National Sheriff's Conference the year I was born, which mom wasn't too thrilled about as the conference was held the third week of June and I was born about a month later! He realized the potential in the conference, with the education and training that they offered, seeing the latest technologies that were out there that we may not see here in rural South Dakota. I remember the biggest thing he always talked about was the

connections that he made. He met Sheriffs and other individuals from all over the country. He always thought that those contacts could prove helpful someday if there would come a time when he needed assistance in their jurisdiction. He made some lifelong friends through the conference, and when my brother and I were old enough to start traveling, that is what we did for our summer vacation. The conference was held in a different city each year, so we would load up our vehicle and drive across the country to reach that year's destination. We only stopped for gas and for meals. We would find a city park or a rest area and have a picnic lunch, which we had packed before leaving home

Continued on page 5

Just Part of the Job ...

Immediately upon entering the restaurant he was bombarded with comments like "Why are you here drinking coffee when you should be looking for those people who stole the safe?" He just said, "We're working on it." Their comments didn't seem to bother him, but it really irked me. When we left, I asked what that was all about. He said that three guys had stolen a safe from a local establishment. I asked him how he knew there were three of them. He replied, "Because we know who they are. We also know where the safe is—under a bridge north of Mitchell. The sheriff up there is keeping an eye on it, and when they come to retrieve it, we'll have them."

A few weeks later, back in Idaho, we received a letter from my mother. Enclosed was a newspaper clipping, a photo of the safe under the bridge. The caption described the capture of the thieves. Dad had scrawled across the clipping, "Thought you might be interested in this."



By 1969 he had developed throat cancer which necessitated the removal of his larynx. During his recovery he taught himself esophageal speech, to the extent that he returned to police work, not as investigator, but in uniform, taking calls and operating the base radio. By 1971 the cancer had spread to his lungs, and he passed away on July 30 of that year.

His pall bearers were all Mitchell police officers, and law enforcement personnel from other agencies formed an honor guard at his funeral. In the following days, we received numerous messages of

condolence, many from people we didn't know, describing the positive influence he had had on their lives. One of these was from an inmate at the state prison. His letter to my mother included an eleven-stanza poem expressing his feeling of loss.

Over the next 30 years, during visits to Mitchell, I would occasionally meet people who would relate their experiences with Dad. Most involved minor infractions such as speeding or drag racing, but two of them told me that had it not been for his guidance and counsel, they would have most certainly ended up in prison.

In 1962, a friend and his 12-year-old son visited my parents. Dad was in uniform, preparing to leave for work, and talked to the boy about police work. When they left, the boy told his father that he was going to be a policeman. And he was, immediately following his navy service. By the mid-90s he was a police instructor in the Washington, DC area. In 1996 he published an article

Cont. from page 3

entitled "When Did You Decide to be a Cop" in their newsletter, The Blue Survivor. In it, he described the 1962 meeting with Dad and related everything he knew of my father's law enforcement career.

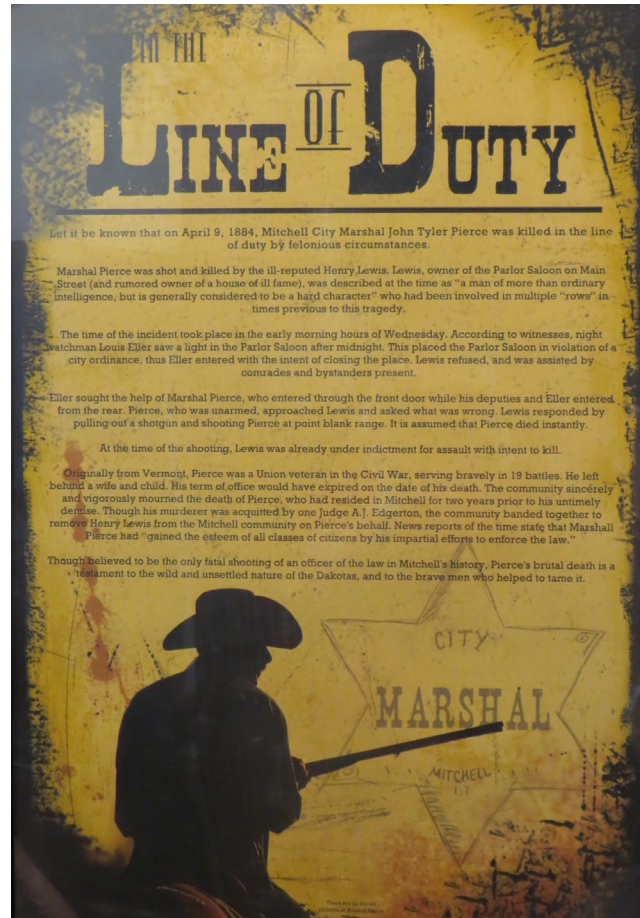
I don't know if Dad was ever aware of the full extent of the positive impact he had on so many people, but if apprised of it, he would have simply said, "Just part of the job."

This photo was taken in 1970, after his laryngectomy and return to work.





Lyle Swenson and Matt Toering, installer for Access Elevator & Lifts Inc. (AEL), are first to ride in the new chair lift at the east entrance of the CRC. The lift can go down to the basement or it can go up to the Corn Palace Room. It has room for a wheel chair, motorized or not and another person. The base is 42 x 60 inches and will hold 750 lbs. A little fine tuning and signage and the project will be finished. We are happy to be nearing the end of this project and thanks to those who helped make it a reality.



April 9, 1884, Mitchell City Marshal John Tyler Pierce was killed in the line of duty by felonious circumstances. He is the only known law enforcement fatality that occurred in the line of duty. His full story will be on display at the Carnegie Resource Center during our Salute to Law Enforcement on September 11, 2021.

Growing up with your dad as sheriff ...

The conference had training sessions and meetings for the Sheriffs and deputies and provided activities for the spouses and children. I remember there were some Sheriffs that came and didn't attend any of the meetings or very few of the training sessions; they saw it as a fun vacation. Dad liked having fun too, but he took it seriously and attended the training and meetings during the day and had fun with us at night. He thought the training and meetings were too valuable to pass up. There was always a brunch for the family, tours that we could sign up for and events that were scheduled for the whole family in the evenings. We met people from all over the country, and we too

made many lifelong friends. Of course, we always loved getting to stay in a hotel and swimming at the pool and hanging out with the other kids that were there for the conference. We enjoyed the tours and special events that we got to attend while dad was in a meeting or training of some kind.

My favorite part of the whole conference though, was the last night.

That was when they had the banquet. In my opinion, it was a very elegant affair. The tables seemed very fancy, with water glasses and a multitude of silverware. We learned how to set a formal table with a salad fork, dinner fork, desert fork and we learned how to fold some fancy cloth napkins etc.

Everyone dressed up like they were going to a ball, the men in tuxes or dress suits and the women in formal gowns.

It was always so fun to see what everyone was wearing. The next morning, we would get packed up and head out to start our journey back home. There were a couple times that we didn't get to go to the conference because mom and dad didn't think there was enough for us kids to do.

Even during those years, we did go on a trip to visit and spend time during the conference with relatives. I remember driving into Vegas at night and seeing the lights of the strip ahead of us and thinking it was so cool. There are a lot of states that we didn't make it to, but if

it hadn't been for Dad's strong desire to continue to learn and see what was going on in law enforcement in other parts of the country, we wouldn't have gotten to see so much of the country and have so many great experiences. Of course, the best memories of the conference are from our trip to Hawaii when dad was sworn in as President of the National Sheriff's Association. We were given first class treatment all the way around, as we had a beautiful suite at the hotel and limo rides to and from the airport.

I'm thankful for Dad and his dedication to his profession, for him sharing that with our family and for all the good and bad that came with it.

Cont. from page 4

Michael Koster, 20-year veteran of the Mitchell Police Department, appointed chief in January 2021

By Mike Koster

I graduated from Mitchell High School in 1986. Prior to my career in Law Enforcement, I spent several years in private business.

I began my career with the Mitchell Police Department in January of 2000 as a patrol officer and served in that capacity through June 2006 when I was promoted to Patrol Sergeant. I served as Patrol Sergeant until May of 2014 when I was promoted to the rank of Assistant Chief.

In January 2021 I was promoted to Chief of Police. During my Law Enforcement career with the Mitchell Police Department I have served as a Field Training Officer, Instructor in Defensive Tactics, Ground Fighting, Taser, Domestic Violence, Tactical Communications, A.L.I.C.E. CIT, and Ethics. Coordinator of the Department Crime Prevention Unit which is comprised of Crime Free Multi Housing, Citizens Police Academy, Honor Guard and community

outreach programs.

I am a member of the National Tactical Officers Association, International Chiefs of Police, and South Dakota Chiefs Association. I currently serve on the Board of Directors at Pathway/ Stepping Stones, a drug alcohol and mental health agency. I have served on the advisory board at Southeast Technical College for their Law Enforcement program, and an adjunct instructor at Dakota Wesleyan University with their Criminal Justice program.



Steve Harr becomes acting sheriff of Davison County May 1, 2021

By Steve Harr

Hello everyone. My name is Steve Harr. I was appointed acting Davison County Sheriff on May 1, 2021, following the retirement of Sheriff Steve Brink. I served in this capacity until August 17th, 2021, when I was appointed Sheriff by the Davison County Commissioners. I am looking forward to serving in this capacity and assisting the residents of Davison County with their needs from the Sheriff's Office.

I was born in Aberdeen, SD in 1972 and raised in Redfield, SD until the age of 13, when my family moved to Mitchell where I attended Jr. High and Sr. High School, graduating in 1991. While in high school, I played on the Mitchell High Golf Team. I played 2 years on JV and 3 years on the varsity team. My family owned a Taekwondo school in Mitchell, where I achieved the rank of 3rd degree black belt.

Following high school I attended Mitchell Tech, taking accounting / computers. When I was finished with that, I

managed Domino's Pizza for several years. Before entering law enforcement, I worked as a DJ at KMIT Radio and at Our Home in Parkston.

I married my wife, Connie in 2009. We have two daughters, Kelly Bauer and Maggie Ireland and a son, Andrew, who tragically passed away in 2019. We have two grandchildren,

Norah, age 10, and Nick, age 5.

I started working at the Davison County Jail in January 2000 while also working part-time as a patrol officer for the Parkston Police Department. I remained at the county jail until October 2001, when I was hired by Sheriff Kim Moline as a Deputy Sheriff. In February 2013 I was named Chief Dep-

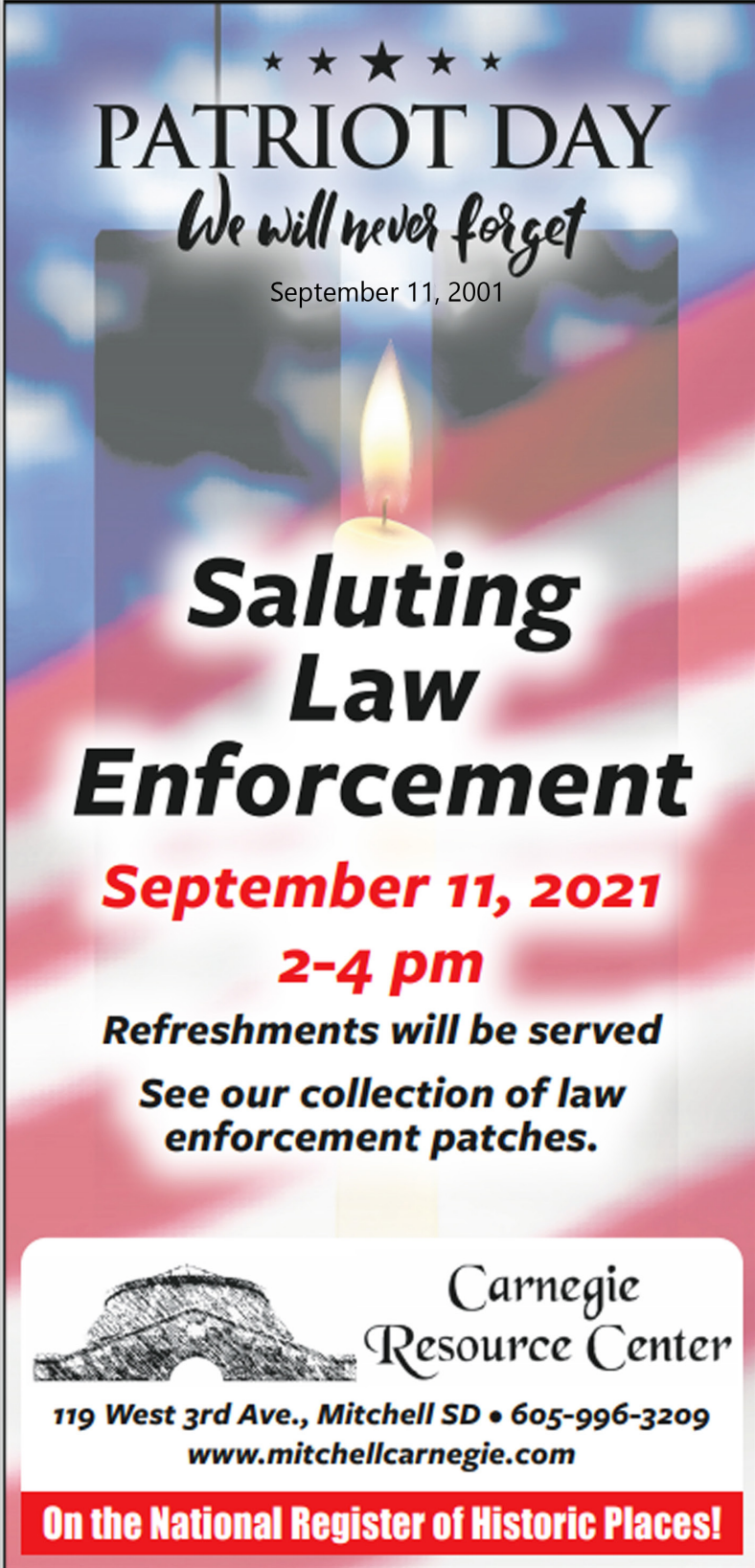
uty by Sheriff Steve Brink and served in that capacity until being appointed Sheriff.

Being in law enforcement is something I have wanted to do since I was a small child. Law enforcement is a career that has been in my family for a number of years. My uncle, John Conway, was a Spink County Deputy Sheriff in the 1980's. My mother, Carol Radel, worked in the Davison County Jail for 21 years, retiring as a Corrections Sergeant in 2015.

I have had the privilege of working as a Corrections Officer, Deputy Sheriff, Chief Deputy, and Sheriff. These experiences have given me a good understanding of many different aspects of the Sheriff's office. Each of these jobs has its own unique challenges.

I am looking forward to serving the citizens of Davison County as their Sheriff. My office will be available to serve their needs, no matter what day of the week or time of day or night it is. My office will always be open to everyone.





★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PATRIOT DAY

We will never forget


September 11, 2001

Saluting Law Enforcement

September 11, 2021
2-4 pm

Refreshments will be served

**See our collection of law
enforcement patches.**



Carnegie
Resource Center

119 West 3rd Ave., Mitchell SD • 605-996-3209
www.mitchellcarnegie.com

On the National Register of Historic Places!

I made it home

Since we are saluting law enforcement on September 11, 2021, at the Carnegie Resource Center, and that date is the 20th anniversary of the disaster that befell our country on September 11, 2001, we would like to include a first-hand account of someone who was impacted by the attack and a few of her observations and feelings. Rebecca Oster DeHaan, a Mitchell native, tells this story:

"Astonishment. How could it have happened? Those gathered around the TV begin to provide a summary to those of us who had just exited the meeting room when, OMG, another plane flew into the second tower! What is going on??"

This business trip started in a very normal way. It was Sunday, September 9, 2001. My manager had summoned key team members for planning meetings which were to commence on Monday, September 10, at the corporate offices in Billerica, MA. Living in Valley City, ND, my work excursion began with the familiar drive to the Fargo airport. An updated bag x-ray machine had been installed at the security check point. It was a pleasant surprise that my computer could remain in its bag. The flight to Boston was uneventful and navigating my rental car out of the airport, through the 'Big Dig', and up Route 3 to Billerica was a piece of cake on a Sunday night.

The first meeting on Tuesday started promptly at 8 AM Eastern and finished just short of 9 AM. Exiting the meeting room several of us made a move toward more coffee. Walking down the hall, several people were seen gathered around a TV; their faces hung with concern. Stopping, they began to inform us that a plane had flown into the north tower of the World Trade Center at 8:46 AM. We all stood there mesmerized by the footage and soaking up every detail being shared by the CNN anchor. Then it happened, a second plane flew into the south tower, it was 9:04 AM.

All of us stood there, transfixed, wondering, and waiting for the news anchor to provide an explanation. But rather than explanations and reassurance, details and images of a plane crashing into the Pentagon are plastered on the screen, 9:37 AM. Within a few minutes, it is reported that the Federal Aviation Authority has issued a nation-wide ground stop for all aircraft.

The group remained huddled around the TV as the south (9:59 AM) and north (10:29 AM) towers collapsed. Stunned and awestruck, people found their voices. Speaking in hushed tones the conversations started with a common question 'What is going on!' Would there be more attacks? Is this what it felt like on December 7, 1941, when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor? Was there going to be a war on American soil? With a pit in everyone's stomach, we received the news that Sr. Leadership released everyone to go home or back to the hotel.

The drive back to the hotel, the hotel parking lot, and lobby were eerily normal, as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred.

Continued on page 8

What happened to our family Bible?

These precious Bibles are a fantastic source of information on your family genealogy. If you have a family Bible, you are very lucky. The information contained in family Bibles is hand-written and noted by your ancestors.

What if you don't have one? Check with extended family members. Remember that families often had one Bible, but multiple children. The Bible often went to the oldest child in the family or the geographically closest child.

There are many places that collect these Bibles because they are a great source of information. If you cannot locate your family Bible, here are places you can check:

1. www.dar.org Daughters of the American Revolution collects family Bibles. The website listed is a searchable site. The entire database by location, name, date etc. is searchable.

2. www.biblerescue.org This

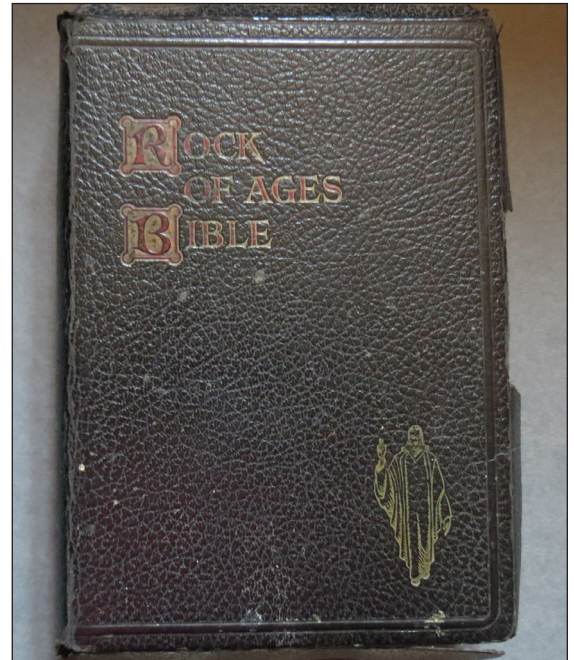
website is dedicated to reuniting family Bibles with their extended family. Bible Rescue is a nonprofit organization. People interested can donate a Bible, search the transcribed Bibles, or volunteer for their organization. This site also allows you to share your family Bible information, if you desire.

3. www.history.sd.gov/archives The State Archives and/or State Library of each state may keep these treasures in their collections. This website is for South Dakota's State Archives.

4. www.worldcat.org This is a card catalog that lists the websites of more than 10,000 libraries worldwide. You can then see of your library would request an interlibrary loan.

5. www.archive.org This is the internet archive that is available for searches. Key in family Bibles and see what comes up.

Continued on page 11



I made it home ...

Reaching my room, calls were made to my husband and parents to let them know that I was ok and safe. My husband was aware of what had happened, but my parents who were engaged in their workday had not been aware of what had occurred until my call.

The rest of the day was spent curled up on the bed, under the huge, white, fluffy comforter, watching CNN where details of United Airlines, Flight 93, were shared along with, updates from ground zero, the Pentagon, and speculation around the who, what, when and how. The many theories and amount of unverified information added to the level of anxiety. Especially when preliminary information was released that it was thought that the hijackers who had crashed into the towers, had stayed in my hotel on Monday. This was very unsettling. In the evening, the communication came that we did not need to report to the office and the meetings were

canceled. My manager who lived in Nashua, NH, called to extend an invitation to join his family. This was much appreciated and provided some comfort, but I ultimately stayed at the hotel.

People who needed to travel home were encouraged to make arrangements as soon as possible. This was easier said than done. Uncertainty about travel hung in the air; would air travel resume, what security measures would be in place, would I have to drive home from the east coast? Reports started coming in that it was near impossible to get a rental car if you were in the northeast. Thankfully, I already had a rental car.

After weighing the options, I decided to drive with a colleague to Chicago, IL and grab a flight from Chicago to Fargo. Early on Thursday, September 13, rental car pointed west, the journey commenced. The drive west was beautiful and helped to smudge the graphic images imprinted in my mind

from hours of watching CNN. We arrived at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport in the late afternoon. A heart-warming scene unfolded as my colleague's wife embraced him with the strength of Hercules while tears of joy cascaded down her face.

The rental car was turned in and I checked into my room at the O'Hare airport hotel to get some rest for my early flight on Friday. Anxious and unsure of the conditions at the airport, I rose early and got to the airport 3 hours before flight time. To say that the security checkpoints were stringent does not adequately describe the situation. Sitting at the gate, the butterflies of anxiety started to flutter with more strength. The anxiety continued to build with each step, boarding, stowing my carry-on, and finding my seat. It took all my power to focus on deep breaths and not have a panic attack. Who knew that flying could be so scary? After everyone had boarded, the pilot

announced that all flights had been canceled and that we all needed to deplane. The anxiety dissipated until remembering I needed a rental car.

There was a mad dash to the rental car counter for a rental car. Thankfully, a vehicle was available, and I set out for Fargo, ND. The Fargo airport looked as unassuming as it did when I had left on Sunday. After returning the rental car, I made my way to the parking lot and climbed into my car. The familiarity was comforting and allowed me to appreciate the colors thrown into the sky by the setting sun. The window was rolled down. The warm September breeze caressed my face as I disembarked from the airport parking lot to drive the remaining 60 miles home. Pulling into the driveway a sense of relief settled in. My husband rushed out, swooped me up into a bear hug and the remaining anxiety melted away – I had made it home."

Cont. from page 7

DRY OFFICERS SHOT IN RAID IN SIOUX FALLS

PROPRIETOR OF SOFT DRINK
EMPORIUM IS ALSO WOUND-
ED IN GUN FIGHT

FACES TWO CHARGES

Sioux Falls, S. D., Jan. 3.—
By A. P.)—John Neary, who is
alleged to have shot federal Dep-
uty Marshals Isaac McCoun and
Albert Puthoff during a liquor
raid on the Neary soft drink es-
tablishment here yesterday, will
be tried on both state and federal
charges, it was said today. Neary
will have a hearing on the fed-
eral charge January 13. The
hearing on the state charge prob-
ably will be held in municipal
court although the date has not
been set.

Sioux Falls, S. D., Jan. 3.—Federal
prohibition deputies, A. H. Puthoff
and I. L. McCoun were badly wounded
and John Neary, proprietor of a soft
drink place, was shot in the shoul-
der in a gun battle here yesterday
afternoon, which resulted when five
officials made a liquor raid on the
Neary establishment.

Deputy Puthoff was shot twice by
Neary, one bullet shattering his right
arm above the elbow and the other
plowing through the fleshy part of his
left arm and on through his heavy
overcoat inflicting a shallow wound
on his chest.

McCoun's Hand Shattered

Deputy McCoun was shot through
the left hand, all the bones in the
hand being smashed. Neary was said
to have been shot by McCoun an in-
stant later.

The party entered the place short-
ly after 3 o'clock with a search war-
rant. Five patrons were evicted and
after a wrangle Neary stepped into
the back room after Puthoff. The
shooting followed. Puthoff was tak-
en from behind and had no chance
to defend himself, it was said.

The four in the outer room all
jumped for cover. Neary shot through
the partition, hitting McCoun and had
leveled his gun at United States Mar-
shall W. H. King when McCoun fired
through the partition dropping Neary
and ending the battle.

The room was wrecked and the
walls and floor were smeared with
blood. Continuing the search officials
found a quantity of liquor and other
evidence of bootlegging.

The Evening Republican
1/4/1923

PARKSTON HARDWARE DEALER FINED \$200 FOR SELLING STILLS

Sioux Falls, S. D., Nov. 9.—The
first case in South Dakota of an ar-
rest for the manufacture of stills
came before Judge James D. Elliott
in United States district court, here
when E. G. Meisenholder, hardware
dealer of Parkston, pleaded guilty and
was fined \$200, which was paid. Meis-
enholder had been indicted by the
grand jury at the recent term of fed-
eral court and was arrested at Parks-
ton by United States Marshall W. H.
King.

Meisenholder's arrest is the result
of suspicion aroused among prohibi-
tion enforcement agents by the find-
ing of numerous well-made copper
stills in that vicinity, all of a similar
type. It was concluded that they
were being made by the same per-
son and the investigation which fol-
lowed resulted in Meisenholder's ar-
rest.

The Evening Republican
11/10/1922

From the Archives

NEARY IS ACQUITTED OF SHOOTING OFFICERS IN QUEST OF LIQUOR

4-7-1923 ER 1

Sioux Falls, S. D., April 7. (Special)
—James Neary, proprietor of a soft
drink parlor, was acquitted last night
by a jury in circuit court of the charge
of shooting with intent to kill Albert
Puthoff, federal prohibition officer
during a raid on Neary's place last
January. It took the jury six hours
to reach a verdict. The jury appar-
ently, accepted the theory of the de-
fense that Neary shot in self-defense
and that the fusillade, which result-
ed in the wounding of two prohibition
officers and Neary, was started by the
officers.

The raid on the Neary place was led
by United States Marshal W. H. King,
who narrowly escaped being shot him-
self in the gun fight which followed.
In delivering his charge to the jury
Judge L. L. Fleeger declared that the
jurors must consider the divergent
points raised by the state and the de-
fense. If they found that Neary fired
the first shot then they must find him
guilty of the charge, but if they found
the evidence of the defense that the
officers themselves had started the
fight, then they must acquit the de-
fendant. The Neary case has caused
general interest throughout the state,
not only because of the fact that three
were wounded in the raid, but also
because it was claimed that the search
warrant issued in the case was illegal.

The Evening Republican
4/7/1923



We would like to give a HUGE THANK to Ruby Pattison, Louise Maeschen, and Karen Lunn for using their sewing skills to apply the law enforcement shoulder patches from the Lyle Swenson collection to banners that will be on display at the Carnegie Resource Center.

Newspaper Clips

Newspapers
by **digitocracy**

The Mitchell Capital (Mitchell, South Dakota) • 26 Jan 1911, Thu • Page 2
Downloaded on Feb 25, 2020

NOTICE OF TEACHERS' EXAMINATION.

The next regular examination for teachers certificate, First, Second and Third grades will be held at the Court House, Mitchell, S. D., on Thursday and Friday, February 2nd and 3rd, 1911. All teachers having other than regular certificates must take this examination.

O. E. BROWNE,
County Supt. Schools, Davison Co.

The Mitchell Capital (Mitchell, South Dakota) 26 Jan 1911, Thu Page 2

Clipped By:
wlab67
Sun, Feb 25, 2020

Copyright © 2020 Newspapers.com. All Rights Reserved.

Newspapers
by **digitocracy**

Newspapers
by **digitocracy**

The Mitchell Capital (Mitchell, South Dakota) • 06 Jan 1910, Thu • Page 2
Downloaded on Feb 25, 2020

COAL FAMINE IMMINENT FROM MITCHELL WEST

Mitchell, S. D., Jan. 6.—The country west of Mitchell is short of coal. At Plankinton, Mount Vernon, Oacoma, Vivian, Presho and Draper there is not coal to last more than a week, and it is being given out in small quantities. Mitchell dealers who have a line of yards out that way, have from 75 to 100 cars of coal each on the way from the east, but can receive no assurance from the railroads when it can be delivered.

The fuel situation in Mitchell is embarrassing the electric light plant, which has been short of coal for three weeks and has to depend upon the local supply. This has run short and the company has been forced to shut down on the day service to save its fuel for furnishing lights at night. The company has seven cars on the way, but in three weeks they have been moved only 50 miles by the railroads.

The Mitchell Capital (Mitchell, South Dakota) 06 Jan 1910, Thu Page 2

Clipped By:
wlab67
Sun, Feb 25, 2020

Copyright © 2020 Newspapers.com. All Rights Reserved.

Newspapers
by **digitocracy**



On June 19th an appreciation day for Jim Hunt and Lyle Swenson was held. The Barbershop Chorus entertained with several favorites and many friends came to show their appreciation to the duo. Thanks again, Jim and Lyle, for all of your hard work and dedication to the Carnegie Resource Center.

What happened to our family Bible? ...

Cont. from page 8

6. www.dp.la The Digital Public Library of America offers search criteria that allow you to see family Bibles that have been scanned or digitized.

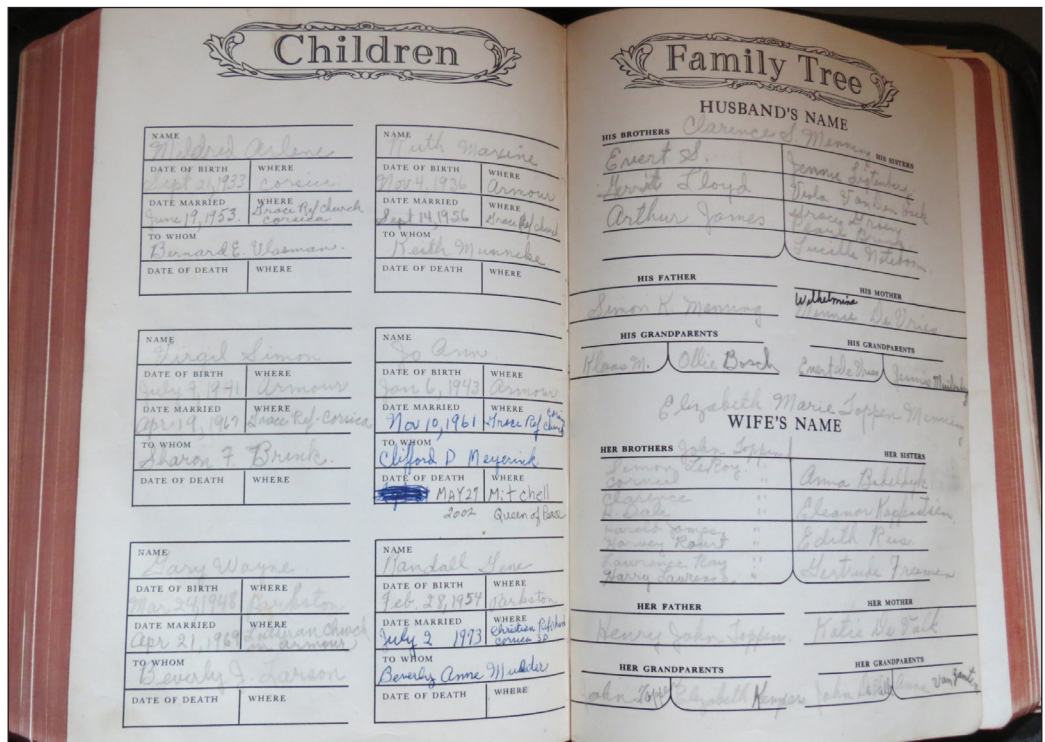
7. www.ancestorsatrest.com Ancestors at rest has a website that contains a listing of family Bibles.

8. www.biblerecords.com Bible records online has over 1100 Bibles online and over 3400 different surnames.

9. Libraries, museum, genealogical and historical societies located in the areas your relatives lived may give clues to continue your search.

10. Many genealogical websites have some information but are too numerous to mention. If you are researching genealogy, chances are you have been to many of them.

If you are in possession of a Bible that does not belong to your family, these places may be a good place to send it, but please check with them first.



Woolworth Caramel Apple Project a Success

The Carnegie Resource Center and Mitchell Main Street & Beyond joined forces again this year to sell Woolworth Caramel Apples during the Corn Palace Festival on August 25th thru 29th at the Area Community Theatre (A.C.T.) at Main Street and 7th Avenue.

They sold nearly 3,500 apples and raised over \$15,000. The profits will be shared equally, and the CRC will use their share to help pay for the newly installed chair lift.

Thanks to the volunteers who helped slice and dip, the delivery people and those who purchased apples. This is the 62nd year of this tradition.



*Carnegie Resource
Center
119 West Third Avenue
Mitchell, S.D. 57301*

