Edited and Introduced by WILLIAM D. HAAS

Boyhood Days on the Glenheim Ranche

The Memoir of Maurice C. Haas

Maurice Charles Haas began life in a cabin in the shadow of the Black Hills of western South Dakota in 1901 and ended a long career in engineering and metallurgy in 1960 as the president of American Metals in Mexico. In between, he grew up on his parents' ranch near Whitewood, South Dakota, attended college, and worked in the mining industry in Russia, Canada, and Ecuador. He and his wife, Edna Opal Holmes Haas, were firsthand witnesses to wars, revolutions, political upheaval, and economic strife both within and outside of the United States.

Maurice, my oldest uncle, wrote his life story on school tablets in 1960 and 1961, shortly after he retired. In 1976, he sent a partial typed draft, as well as several handwritten chapters, notes, and an explanatory letter to my father, William Karl Haas. It appears that Maurice did nothing more with the manuscript, and he died six years later. While sorting through my father's files after his own death in 2004, I discovered the box containing this material, which remained untouched for another eleven years. In 2015, I finally read Maurice's memoir, which was so compelling that I could hardly put it down.

Unfortunately, pages and parts of chapters were missing, and others were out of sequence or nearly illegible. I wanted to reconstruct the entire story so that I could share it with family and others. The Haas family has long been interested in history, and Maurice's personal papers are archived at the Homestake Adams Research and Cultural Center in Deadwood, where I found some of the missing pieces. In the end, Maurice's memoir totaled approximately three hundred pages.

In reading the following excerpt, which relates Maurice's years growing up in South Dakota, it is not difficult to see where he developed his talent for engineering and taste for adventure. His parents, Charles Haas and Jennie Pickering Haas, were not just practical, "make-do" people, but true in-

novators and entrepreneurs. Through Maurice's description of life on their "Glenheim Ranche," readers gain a glimpse of the real-life applications of the technological and scientific advances that changed agriculture during the first decades of the twentieth century. The push for irrigation, increasing use of gasoline-powered tractors and new farm implements, and development of better varieties of crops such as alfalfa adapted to dry, cold climates were among the factors that helped make farming more profitable in the semi-arid plains of western South Dakota.[1]

In preparing the excerpt for publication, obvious typographical errors and misspellings have been corrected, and terms with which modern readers might not be familiar have been explained in brackets or footnotes. In a few places, wording and paragraphing have been adjusted and punctuation added to clarify meanings or improve readability. Omissions are indicated with ellipses.

My father, Charles Christian Haas, was born in 1872 on the family ranch near Albion, Iowa, where my grandfather [Christian Charles Haas] first established a "ranch-to-market" business in specialty meat products. At grandfather's sod house, schooling was implemented by a tutor who taught him the rudiments of engineering. In his early twenties, Dad's desire to strike out for himself eventually prevailed over family objections. In preparation for this, Granddad arranged for him to enter Griswold College in Davenport, Iowa, where he majored in engineering. He did barbering on the side to supplement his finances.

In the summer of 1898, he and two or three friends left home to join an engineering party in Yellowstone Park. On their way to the Yellowstone, they decided to make a side trip into the Black Hills, and to Deadwood, in particular. Just what took place in Deadwood was never fully explained. In any event, Dad found himself without funds. As there was a demand for ranch help northeast of Deadwood in the Whitewood Valley, he went to the town of Whitewood to see if he could line up a few weeks' work. A local bartender told him that J. B. Jones, ten miles down the valley, was looking for men. The second day on the

1. National Academy of Engineering, "Agricultural Mechanization," "Timeline," www.greatachievements.org/.

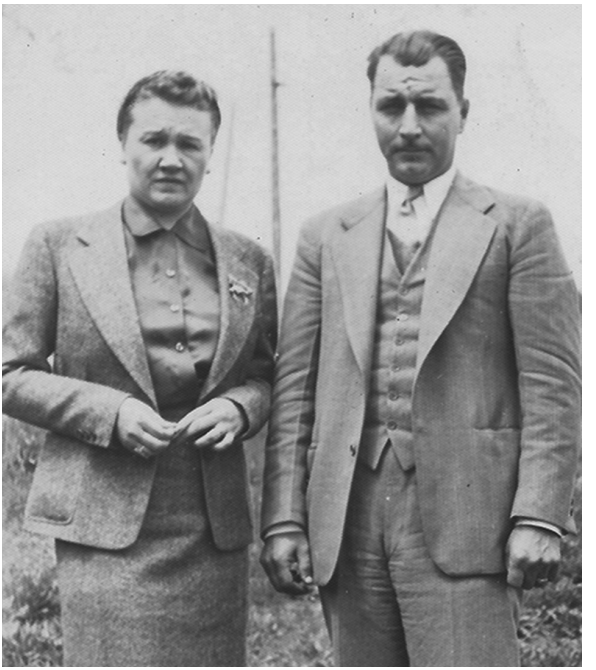
job, a freak accident occurred that was to change the whole course of his life. One of the ranch hands prodded a horse with the handle of a pitchfork, and Dad was standing nearby. The horse kicked, driving the tines of the fork into Dad's chest. They put him in a wagon to take him to Whitewood to the doctor. A few miles down the road, they decided he was in too poor of a condition to make the trip and stopped at the Pickering farm. He lay between life and death for weeks. Gradually, his strength returned, and he recovered with little or no ill effects from the accident.

The young lady of the house, Jennie Mae Pickering, took an interest in him, nursing him through the crisis. It was love at first sight, and they almost immediately began laying plans for the future. There were one 160 acres of good land for sale just two miles down the valley from the Pickering farm, and exercising their homestead rights provided additional acreage. Grandfather Haas, probably relieved that Dad had decided to settle down so soon, readily made available several hundred dollars needed to set up housekeeping.[2]

The Glenheim Ranche, locally known as the Haas Ranch, established in 1898, was soon to become a going concern. The original log cabin, where the first son (me) was born in 1901, was replaced by a nice, new story-and-a-half ranch home. The ranch was to grow and be the scene of a host of activities in the field of animal husbandry and farming. This, combined with Mother and Dad's many and diverse outside interests and activities, was to make life interesting around the Haas place for the first two and a half decades of the twentieth century.

Both Dad and Mother were determined to make a complete break with the past as related to farm-ranch customs and the traditions of the day. Mother could not understand why a ranch wife should not be able to enjoy the same gracious living as a town wife. Dad couldn't see himself following two horses with a walking plow all of his life.

2. Shortly before this meeting, Jennie Mae Pickering had been the object of an arranged marriage by her parents, who were concerned that at age twenty-four, she was going to become an "old maid." Following the wedding, however, she refused to go home with the groom and remained at the family home. Charles and Jennie were finally married on 20 June 1900, just after her previous marriage was annulled. The J. B. Jones ranch, where Charles had been injured, was directly across the road from where Charles and Jennie Haas established what became the Glenheim Ranche.



Maurice Haas, pictured here with his wife Opal during his working years, recorded his memories of the Glenheim Ranche following his retirement.

Their lives together make a most interesting story in itself. Mother, a graduate of the Hot Springs, South Dakota, teachers college (no longer in existence), and having South Dakota teacher certificate No. 7, was calm, patient, and tolerant. Possessed of a nice personality and temperament, she made friends easily. Conventional in conduct, she was anything but conventional in her thinking. She loved arguments, and you had to have your facts well marshalled, whatever the subject, if you took issue with her. She was a philosopher in her own right and a first-rate journalist. Her philosophies on life and her articles on many and sundry subjects were widely read in the Dakotas and adjacent areas. Her contributions were always welcomed by publishers in the area. Mother's first and last love was the *Dakota Farmer*, still a flourishing farm publication.[3]

3. Founded in Alexandria in southern Dakota Territory in 1881, the *Dakota Farmer* moved to Huron in 1883 and then to Aberdeen in 1893. Filled with practical advice on progressive farming and homemaking, this popular publication reached a peak of

Among my treasures today is a news clipping from the *Spearfish Queen City Mail*, published in a nearby town, that devoted two front-page columns to Mother's lifetime activities at the time of her premature death in 1926. An excerpt from that newspaper article was as follows: "It is so seldom that a metropolitan newspaper feels inclined to pay editorial homage to one that is not of national consequence that the *MAIL* feels measurable pride in the editorial attribute in the *Sioux City Tribune* of recent dates [on] the passing of a well-known Black Hills woman." Among the extracts from the *Sioux City Tribune* article concerning Mother's death was the following: "In the course of intimate touch with the far-flung Sioux City territory for many years, the editorial department of this newspaper has been favored with many enjoyable associations. . . . On a ranch in Northwestern South Dakota near Whitewood, there lived for many years a woman who aroused admiration in the Editorial Department of the *Sioux City Tribune* by her grasp of public questions, her facility and expression, and her qualities as a fine American mother."

While Dad and Mother's marital life ran smoothly, Dad's temperament was almost the opposite of Mother's. Progressive in thinking and action, he lacked Mother's patience and tolerance. This did not affect the immediate family relations, as he was a good father. It did show up in his relations with others. He lost patience quickly if things didn't move as fast as he thought they should. Ambitious, ingenious, and resourceful, he never let himself get in a rut or be deterred by reverses. He dedicated himself to his goal and objective of putting farming and ranching on a business basis. Had Dad not made that little side trip into Deadwood in 1898, or had he been born thirty years later, he in all probability would have made the million dollars that was one of his goals in life.

Dad and Mother were soon to decide that dry-land farming alone in semi-arid Dakota was not going to bring forth their concepts of farm and ranch living. As a first step, trying his engineering training, a two-mile ditch was dug to tap some flowing springs on Grandmother

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ninety-six thousand subscribers in the 1930s. *See* Paula M. Nelson, "'Everything I Want Is Here!': The *Dakota Farmer*'s Rural Ideal, 1884–1934," *South Dakota History* 22 (Summer 1992): 105–35.

Pickering's ranch. As a very small boy I recall the tall corn and good crops he raised with irrigation. Unfortunately, the spring dried up in a few years.[4]

Next he endeavored to tap the underground flow of a stream that crossed the corner of the ranch. This was a stream into which the Homestake Mining Company dumped their waste material, that being the mine tailings. The sand, silt, and chemical content was such as to make the stream itself unsuitable for any purpose.[5] Dad thought that by drawing water from the underlying gravels this water might be usable for irrigation purposes. Pumps were installed, but the slime and silt content were still enough to ruin the crops, and the project had to be given up. He now realized that he was going to have to do something besides grain farming if all of his ambitions were to be realized.

Dad turned to diversification in a number of directions, including cattle and horse raising. One project was the purchase of three imported thoroughbred draft stallions and three mares, costing, in all, eight thousand dollars.[6] This proved to be an interesting but at times heartbreaking interlude. There was a brisk demand for the stud services of the stallions, as good, heavy workhorses were much in demand. Well-groomed and weighing over two thousand pounds, these stallions were impressive animals. They stood stud at the ranch and at

4. At the start of the twentieth century, only about sixteen million acres of land in the United States were irrigated, often by means of open ditches such as the one described here. The acreage increased following the invention of center-pivot irrigation in the 1940s. As of 2013, there were more than fifty-five million acres under irrigation. United States Department of Agriculture, Census of Agriculture, "USDA Reports 55.3 Million Acres of Irrigated U.S. Farmland," press release, 13 Nov. 2014, www.agcensus.usda.gov/Newsroom/2014/11_13_2014.php.

5. The Homestake Mine was located in Lead, about twenty miles to the south, and the author refers here to Whitewood Creek, which ran along the edge of the ranch. Starting in the 1870s, gold-mining operations in the Black Hills discharged tailings that included pollutants such as mercury and arsenic into the waterway. In 1983, the United States Environmental Protection Agency listed an eighteen-mile stretch of Whitewood Creek for cleanup under the Superfund program, a project that was completed by 1996. United States Environmental Protection Agency, "EPA Superfund Program: Whitewood Creek, Whitewood, SD," https://cumulis.epa.gov/supercpad/cursites/csitinfo.cfm?id=0800570.

6. Although no date for the purchase is given in the memoir, an $8,000 investment in 1905 would be the equivalent of $222,000 in 2016. www.measuringworth.com.

designated locations in the surrounding communities. As regards the mares bought to perpetuate the full-blooded strain, something happened to every one of them. I can't recall that they were ever successful in raising a single colt to adulthood. This was a great disappointment to Dad, and he actually broke down and wept when the last mare died with colt. However, the crossbreeding between his purebred stallions and ordinary run of western workhorse was successful for draft horse and farm workhorse purposes.

In conjunction with the thoroughbred-breeding and horse-raising operations, the folks also traded in range horses; that is, they bought and sold both saddle and workhorses. Between the United States Cavalry and farm demand, there was a good market for horses until the mid-teens, when the tractor began taking over. Dad saw this coming and got out of this business well ahead. At the turn of the century, some twenty-five million horses were needed for all purposes. Today [1960] there are fewer than five million in the United States, and a large part of these are used strictly for pleasure.

This horse business, while it lasted, turned out to be a pretty lively activity and one that provided me with much entertainment as a small boy. In the old range days, if you could catch a horse, saddle him with a little help and stay on him, he was considered to be a saddle horse ["green broke"]. The cavalry and the eastern markets were a bit more demanding than this, and the animals had to be reasonably well-broken and trained.

For saddle-breaking, the folks engaged the services of horse wranglers from the area's large horse and cattle outfits. One individual I recall, in particular, was called "Whistling Pete" because he was always whistling, to keep up his nerve, I imagine, when working with broncs. Pete treated every strange horse he mounted as if it were an outlaw. After a horse was saddled, Pete would step away and walk in circles for a few minutes to relax and compose himself. Then, when he felt ready, he stepped up to the horse, took a deep breath and mounted it from the ground. If things went off smoothly, so much the better, but if they went badly, Pete was ready. Pete had learned that you couldn't tell an outlaw from any other horse until you were up top. He was always ready for the worst.

When making frequent and sizable purchases, it was inevitable that an outlaw horse would turn up every so often. In horse-trading circles, there was nothing unethical about working off [selling] outlaws if you could get away with it. It was, of course, for this specific reason that the services of men like Whistling Pete were needed. Looking innocent enough, usually bearing saddle marks, and causing no particular trouble in handling to the point of riding, the outlaw, if you could stay on him, was all that could be expected of horse flesh.

The outlaw was often a good, seasoned cow horse once he settled down. The trouble was that he didn't stay that way. Each new rider that came along was a new challenge to him, with the best man or horse winning the engagement. This particular type of horse would be very much in demand today for rodeo stock. Rodeos were not the national pastime then that they are today, so the outlaw was a dead loss—unless you could work him off on some unsuspecting friend.

Dad had one experience with an outlaw that provided the family with a topic of conversation and tended to cloud his brows when the subject was brought up. Verne Gilbert, our favorite horse buyer from Kalamazoo, Michigan, was temporarily making his headquarters with us. He wanted to borrow a saddle horse, so Dad picked out a good-looking sorrel that showed bridle and saddle marks. Dad saddled the horse and handed the reins to Verne. Verne said, "Oh, no—you first, Charley." Dad, slightly out of patience, said anyone could see that this was a perfectly gentle horse and, to prove his point, mounted the horse. He had no more than hit the saddle when the fireworks started. In about three jumps the horse, saddle, and Dad all parted company. Standing to one side, I could see the whole landscape between Dad and the horse. Here was another job for Whistling Pete, but this was one horse he was never able to master completely. A few days' rest and he had to take the horse through the whole procedure all over again.

Harness-breaking horses had its moments of excitement, too, sometimes even more so than saddle breaking. The equipment for this purpose was a lumber-wagon chassis, usually with a flatbed and a securely attached seat. The horse to be broken was fitted with heavy leather bands around each ankle of the front feet and around the body just back of the forelegs. To these bands were attached steel rings through

As a child growing up on the ranch, Maurice Haas shared his father's interest in horses from an early age.

which a rope was threaded and passed back to the wagon seat. Next the horse was harnessed and hitched to the wagon along with a trained horse. When and if things got out of hand, the driver merely pulled up on the rope, pulling the bronc's front feet out from under him and piling him down on his nose. Usually one or, at most, two such experiences were enough, and the horse settled down.

Next came training and the accustoming of the animal to work. This was accomplished by using him on regular farm work, always with trained workhorses. One horse we had, named "Old Joe," could usually do more to straighten out a balky or unruly horse than any of the men. If a horse got unruly or refused to pull his share of the load, Old Joe would just reach over and take a piece out of his neck. This treatment invariably had the desired effect. Runaways were not frequent occurrences, and a bad one was spectacular. There was always harness and gear to repair, a job that was reserved for rainy days.

Concurrently with the horse business, Dad started experimenting with feed and forage crops that would do well under our soil and climatic conditions. Alfalfa was to be the answer, and soon the ranch motto was "In Alfalfa We Trust," as seen on his business cards of the day. More feed meant the need for more cattle to maintain a balanced operation and, in turn, called for more pasture. This was to pose quite a problem.

Until the mid-teens, there had been plenty of open range, as no one was interested in homesteading this class of dry land. This happy situation was to change. With land becoming more and more expensive in the East and Midwest, a new wave of settlers began sweeping over the plains states, availing themselves of government land still open to homesteading. It wasn't long until much of our free range pasture was taken up by these naive people. Since all of the better farmland had already been taken up by the earlier settlers, the newcomers had little choice but to take the best of what was left. It was, therefore, almost a foregone conclusion that these poor people would never be able to make a living from 160 acres of this free homestead land.[7]

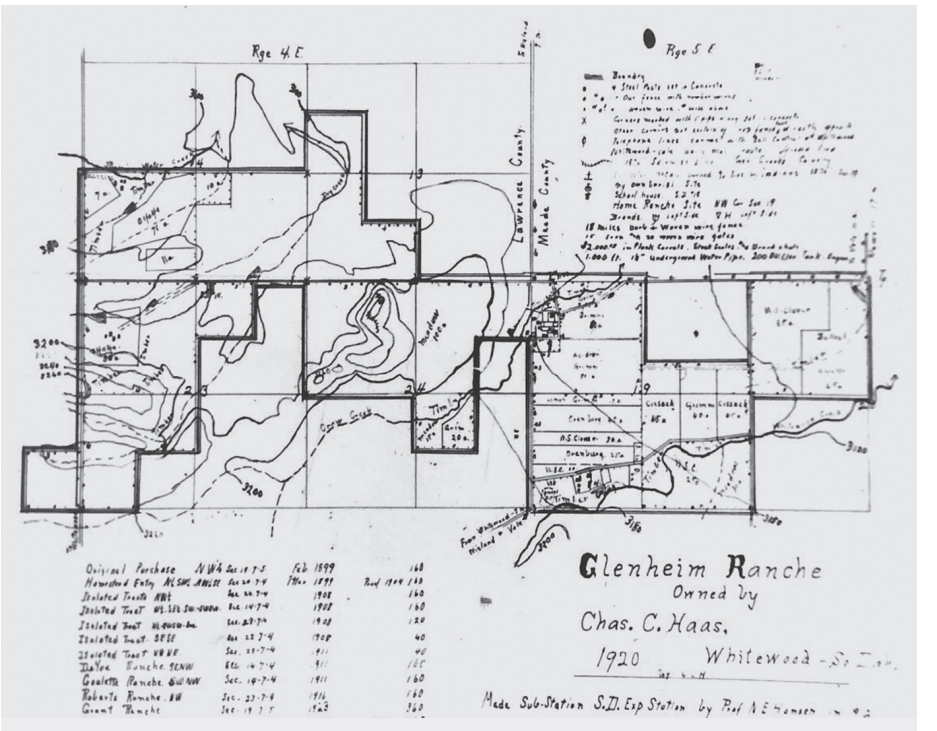
Dad knew that it would only be a matter of time until these settlers could be bought out, but that was too slow and uncertain to suit him. He resorted to filing "desert claims" and to the old Texas procedure of checkerboarding. In the first instance, the government would grant an individual more land over and above his 160-acre homestead allotment if an investment was made to irrigate the land.[8] Logical, if not practical,

7. Congress attempted to remedy this situation with the Enlarged Homestead Act of 1909, which doubled, to 320 acres, the amount of land a homesteader could claim. The opening of Indian reservation lands in South Dakota also helped bring a new wave of homesteaders to the western part of the state in the early 1900s. *See* Herbert S. Schell, "Widening Horizons at the Turn of the Century: The Last Dakota Land Boom," *South Dakota History* 12 (Summer/Fall 1982): 93–117.

8. The Desert Land Act of 1877 allowed settlers to file on 640 acres at twenty-five cents an acre. They could get title in three years by paying an additional one dollar per acre if they proved they had made improvements to irrigate crops. However, only one-fourth of those who sought land under this law actually got title. David J. Wishart, "Land Laws and Settlement," in *Encyclopedia of the Great Plains* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2004), pp. 239–40.

systems for impounding and spreading spring runoff were developed at different points, and this added a nice block of pasture. Although a forerunner of today's very effective land and soil conservation programs, the majority of these so-called desert claims continued to be desert. This was just a little dodge the government sanctioned, as they too realized that these 160-acre dabs of dry land would never support a family. The practice just encouraged one more trap for some unsuspecting settler from the East.

Dad acquired additional land by making "arrangements" with the hired men and others to exercise their homestead right for a consideration and then turn the land over when they proved up. What was called the "honyocker" epoch ended almost as fast as it started, and



Isolated tracts and parcels stitched onto the original ranch between 1899 and 1920 reflect Charles Haas's efforts to create a working ranch.

several sold out to Dad.[9] In time, more valley land was added to the ranch to provide a full section of good alfalfa-producing land.

As you will have already observed from my father's experience, the assembling, even in those days, of an adequately sized ranch unit involved considerably more than just capital and the desire to acquire land. In the fertile, highly productive farms in the middle and lower states of the Midwest, the 160-acre land allotment was adequate. These land laws, however, were far too restrictive for the Great Plains states, where 160 acres would support no more than a dozen cows. Bearing in mind that the early settlers had already absorbed all but the most marginal farmland, the newcomer found himself completely hemmed in, with all the better land and water rights frozen in established family-sized units.

Although the basic Homestead Act acreage was somewhat increased in some specific states or areas near the end of the 1800s and early 1900s, it wasn't until 1916 that the national Stock-Raising Homestead Act was passed, allowing 640 acres to the basic homestead plot.[10] This change came too late for newcomers, as the damage had already been done. There had already been so many filings that a new homesteader would be very lucky if he could find enough scattered parcels of open land in the same township to make up his 640 acres.

Land records became hopelessly cluttered with claim contests and

9. To "prove up" meant obtaining the official government land patent for the piece of property homesteaded, which involved certifying that the applicant had lived on the land, built a home, made improvements, and farmed for five years. National Park Service, Homestead National Monument of America, "About the Homestead Act," www.nps.gov/home/learn/historyculture/index.htm. "Honyocker" was slang for a naive eastern sodbuster or failed homesteader. It is thought to be derived from *Hunyak*, a somewhat derogatory term for an immigrant from Central Europe, but it came to be applied in the early 1900s to grain farmers on the Northern Great Plains. *A South Dakota Guide* (Pierre: South Dakota Guide Commission, 1938), p. 4; "Honyocker," *Random House Historical Dictionary of American Slang*, 2 vols. (New York: Random House, 1997), 2:136.

10. The Kinkaid Act of 1904, which applied to thirty-seven counties of northwestern Nebraska, allowed a homesteader to claim up to 640 acres of non-irrigable land. James C. Olson, *History of Nebraska* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1955), pp. 268–70. The Stock Raising Homestead Act of 1916 was aimed particularly at western states and allowed settlers to claim 640 acres of non-irrigable land for raising livestock and forage crops. Wishart, "Land Laws and Settlement," pp. 239–40.

abandonments, together with overriding mortgages and litigation. To get clear title on much of this foreclosed-on land cost more than it was worth. Mortgages held by defunct mortgage companies often amounted to several times the value of the land. The net result was still another drastic readjustment of land ownership in all of the plains states during the 1940s and 1950s, with the small landholdings gradually being absorbed by the larger operator. In our own personal case, it had taken the better part of twenty years to assemble something that approached an economic unit and one that could stand on its own feet.

By 1913 or 1914, the transition of the Glenheim Ranche from farming and animal husbandry to cattle ranching and alfalfa was completed. A copy of an old letter I have in my files dated December 3, 1906, carries a letterhead advertising "GLENHEIM FARM . . . Home of high-class prize-winning pure bred stock; Horse breeds at stud, Clyde Percheron, Royal Belgian Stallions; Poultry and swine, Duroc Jersey Swine; S.C.W. Leghorn and Barred Plymouth Rock poultry." The center block carried a picture of the Royal Belgian stallion. In 1915 or thereabouts, the letterhead was changed to include the motto, "IN ALFALFA WE TRUST," along with the farm's location ("8-1/2 mi. N. E. of Whitewood, 18 mi. N. E. of Deadwood"), elevation (3,150 feet), average precipitation (sixteen inches), and date of establishment (1898). The letterhead also identified the ranch as a "Black Hills sub-station" of the South Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station, with "Alfalfa plants and seeds a specialty—Asiatic, European and American varieties."

Later the word "Ranche" was dropped and "Farm" substituted. My father became widely known as a producer of and a quoted authority on a variety of alfalfas that were well suited to our dry northern climate. Early experience with this legume in the Northwest proved that seed from southern and less frigid places than ours did not produce well, and the winters soon killed them. Dad searched for and experimented with seed from various locations in Asia, Siberia, Europe, northern Utah, and elsewhere in our Northwest. Through an exhaustive investigation, he traced down the sources of the seed used for the better stands of alfalfa planted in our locality by the early settlers.

This was traced to some seed brought back by Captain Seth Bullock in about 1880 from northern Utah or southern Idaho. These fields

The Haas family's business cards convey the importance of hardy forage crops to their farming and ranching operations.

had resisted the hard winters and produced well. This strain became known as South Dakota Grimm, a hardy variety, fully acclimated to our conditions, and was the seed Dad decided to use.[11] An acreage of the ranch was also set aside to experiment with various Asiatic and European varieties. Among them were such names as Orenburg, Cossack, and Semipalatinsk. There was close collaboration with Professor Hansen of our state college, a well-known authority on alfalfa. A portion of the ranch was established, as indicated on the letterheads, as a substation of the South Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station.[12]

11. Seth Bullock, the first sheriff of Deadwood, introduced alfalfa from the Bear River Valley in Utah to his South Dakota ranch. David A. Wolff, *Seth Bullock: Black Hills Lawman* (Pierre: South Dakota State Historical Society Press, 2009), pp. 83, 156. German immigrant Wendelin Grimm began developing the first winter-hardy alfalfa in North America in 1857 by planting alfalfa seed he had brought with him to Minnesota and saving seed from plants that survived the cold winters. Frank Kelzer, "The History of Grimm Alfalfa," 1 Sept. 1957, www.extension.umn.edu.

12. Danish-born Niels Ebbesen Hansen collaborated with producers across the state in his work for the South Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station. He also served as the United States Department of Agriculture's first "plant explorer," bringing back new species of plants, including hardy Siberian alfalfa, from eight trips to Europe and Asia. *See* M. D. Rumbaugh, *N. E. Hansen's Contributions to Alfalfa Breeding in North America*, South Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin, no. 665 (Brookings: South Dakota State University, [1979]). Hansen collected Orenburg from an area of Russia where, much like western South Dakota, summer temperatures of ninety-eight degrees

A natural consequence of this activity was to go into the alfalfa seed business. An advertising campaign was started, and a surprising amount of interest was discovered, especially in the exotic Asiatic varieties. The seed was scarce and hence expensive. As a child, I can remember the bundles of inquiries and a goodly number of orders that each day's mail brought during the spring and early summer period. The family would set to work filling the orders, an ounce in one order, half a pound in another, and occasionally a full pound order. The going rate was one dollar per ounce, and five dollars per pound order of the Asiatic varieties. As a means of further facilitating the customers' desire to experiment with these hardy imported varieties under their own conditions, Dad conceived the idea of selling plants as well as seed.

By means of a plowshare with the moldboard removed, the roots of year-old plants were severed a few inches below the surface, and the ground loosened so that the plants could be removed without damage. Each Saturday during the early summer, a dozen to fifteen Whitewood High School children would be occupied with this gathering operation. The plants were next packed into bundles of one hundred, and then packed in bushel baskets. The specialty varieties sold for a penny apiece. In addition to raising and selling his own seed, Dad became a seed broker, supplying hardy western alfalfa seed to wholesale houses in the Midwest and East. Each year's purchases were cleaned and graded in his own plant at Whitewood. His buying territory for seed was western South Dakota, eastern Wyoming, and Montana. This territory was first covered by team and buggy, but he soon switched to the automobile.

His first car, a single-cylinder Cadillac, was not up to the then-existing road conditions, and it must have been only his pride that kept him using it. The Ford Model T that soon came on the market was the answer to his needs. At first there were many derogatory remarks about Haas's

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Fahrenheit and winter lows of thirty-three below zero were not uncommon. In Russia, this wild, yellow-flowered alfalfa produced about two tons of hay per acre and 348 pounds of seed per acre on less than sixteen inches of precipitation annually. Hansen, *Co-Operative Tests of Alfalfa from Siberia and European Russia*, South Dakota Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin, no. 141 (Brookings: South Dakota College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, 1913), p. 119.

"stink wagon." Many viewed it as a menace, as unaccustomed farm animals scattered to the four winds at first sight of the car's approach. The objectionable features of the stink wagon were to be overlooked, and soon every farmer had a car of his own, whether it be a Saxon, Brush, Elcar, Overland, Maxwell, Chalmers, Reo, Buick, or Ford Model T. With annual seed trading running into a goodly number of [railroad] carloads at fifteen thousand dollars to twenty thousand dollars each, this proved a very lucrative sideline for a number of years.

The less-glamorous periods of this phase of my life were the summers, when some five hundred to six hundred acres of alfalfa land had to be harvested at least twice a year. I did enjoy riding the pastures, watching the cattle, popping an occasional coyote, or finding bird nests to add a new variety to my collection of wild bird eggs. These eggs were blown empty by pricking each with a pin and then filling with plaster of Paris.

Occasionally, I liked to set on a certain hill, where an unrecorded skirmish between Indians and a party of white men must have taken place. On the crest of a hill, overlooking the valley passing through the range, were the remains of rock mounds, obviously thrown up as breastworks for defense. Dad found a number of shell casings around the mounds when he first came to the country. The type of shell used suggested that this might have been a detachment from Capt. Footes' ill-fated expedition from Montana, and if so, predated Custer's entry into the Black Hills proper by many years.[13] I would try to visualize and relive just what had taken place there. . . .

I accepted school as a necessary evil. The two-and-a-half to three-mile walk or horseback ride to school did offer a diversion that compensated for the hours spent in the classroom. Sundays, always a day of rest at our house, were usually spent visiting neighbors or family and receiving visits from them. Grandmother Pickering's was my favorite place to go. At Grandmother's there was usually a crowd and plenty of good food, including ice cream made with plenty of sugar and real cream. The ice house always contained a goodly supply of ice that had

13. Later research revealed that this hilltop was actually the 15 August 1865 campsite of the eastern column of the Powder River Indian Expedition, led by Colonel Nelson Cole.

been cut from the ponds in the winter and well-packed inside sawdust for the summer. I can't say that I was always too happy about having to crank the ice cream churn, a job my uncles always dodged, but the worst of it was having to wait for a whole hour for the ice cream to harden—packed with plenty of salt and ice—before it was served.

Our immediate family consisted of three uncles, their wives and families, an aunt, Bill Quigley the old Indian scout, and the occasional cousin from the East, who usually had come out for the expressed purpose of getting an Indian scalp. It was no doubt quite a disappointment to these adventure-seekers to learn that the Indians were peaceful and settled on reservations to the east and north of us.

Bill Quigley, or "Quig," as he was called, was one of the locators of Lead City and had filed nearby gold-mining claims.[14] Financially well fixed, he had no family in the United States and no place to go. So, by mutual agreement, he made his home with my Pickering grandfolks. He wore a full beard and hair to his shoulders. Big Cheyella, as he was known to the Sioux Indians, was a crack shot and experienced hunter, so one of his self-assigned duties was to provide all of the wild game needed. He loaded all of his own ammunition as an economy measure. In addition to the foregoing, he chopped all of the wood for the household, tended a large garden in the summer, and did the shoe-repair work for all of the family. Another indoor task he performed as he sat by the window watching the nearby road was to churn the cream. This was accomplished in a tall crock with a top having a hole through which the plunger handle could be moved up and down without splashing the cream over the floor. Clean and pleasant to have around, Quig had few wants, aside from tobacco and the occasional new pair of overalls and a shirt. He would take a week off every few months and go

14. As a "locator," Quigley would have laid out an initial city plat. According to family sources, William Patrick Quigley arrived in the United States in 1866 from Cork, Ireland, and in 1867 was living in Lawrence, Kansas. He became a buffalo hunter, scout, and miner, roaming between the Midwest and the Rocky Mountains until arriving in the Black Hills around 1875. He married a Sioux woman, Good Will, in about 1872, and that relationship resulted in a son, James Two Horse Quigley, born about 1876. Quigley had already left for the Deadwood Gulch area, however, and may never have known of his son. He sold his mining claims for a reported thirty-five thousand dollars and died in 1925, still living at the Pickering farm.

to Deadwood to visit with his old pals and perhaps a girlfriend or two.

My childhood idol and favorite uncle was Grandmother's youngest son, Emory Duram Pickering, or Eddy. A big, strapping young fellow, he was a star player on the Spearfish Normal football team and a first-rate violin player. He spent much time at our place, either sparking the hired girls or helping Dad on the ranch. When in the wheat-growing business, Dad acquired his own grain separator and power unit. A certain amount of custom business was done with this outfit, and Uncle Eddy was the operator. One day in the fall of 1915 or thereabouts, there was a call from Grandmother Pickering's place, and Mother and Dad left in great haste. I knew something was wrong, but they didn't tell me what. Left at the ranch, it fell to the lot of a stranger to tell me my Uncle Eddy had been killed instantly. This was the first tragedy that hit our family, and I just couldn't believe it—it just couldn't be true. Uncle Eddy had been on a custom threshing job when a small feeder belt came off the flywheel. As he was trying to replace the belt, it caught in the main drive belt, with the other end looping over his head. Shortly thereafter, my best friend, a neighbor boy who worked for us, was struck by lightning while operating one of our tractors. With these events coming so suddenly and so close together, it took me a long time to adjust myself to the fact that things like this could and did take place in my boyhood world.

I cannot remember as a boy ever experiencing the least bit of boredom. There was always something interesting going on or something to do, and all of this took place within gunshot of our home. There was that cozy feeling when it snowed or rained. I could get under a shelter or in the house and enjoy it for hours. Generally there were a number of people around the place, usually a man and wife and three or four single hired men, depending upon the season of the year. Occasionally in the wintertime, the household would dwindle to Mother, Dad, and the housekeeper, and then a feeling of loneliness would creep upon me. In due course, brothers came, four in all, and things were never dull around the house again. These brothers, seven to fifteen years younger than I, took to the twentieth century like ducks to water. From the age of nine or ten, they were skimming tractors, trucks, and cars all over

the countryside. They seldom missed a movie in town or a celebration in the area.

Both Dad and Mother loved to go exploring when they could do it comfortably. Both loved nature and the outdoors, particularly their Black Hills, and in this respect, they had much in common. On Sundays, the family would be loaded into the Hudson Super-Six to explore new trails and localities, or to explore some new lead on points of historical interest, whether modern or pre-historic. Long weekend trips were taken to the Badlands of South Dakota, where happy hours and days were spent searching for fossils. On these trips, two cars were used, and the whole family camped out. For days and weeks after these trips, we all busied ourselves during spare time by thumbing through reference and textbooks, endeavoring to identify new fossil finds.[15] . . .

15. In 2007, paleontologist Bruce Schumacher of the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology examined a specimen housed at the Adams Museum in Deadwood that Charles and son Arthur had discovered. Schumacher determined that the thirty-foot plesiosaur was a distinct genus, and the family was allowed to select its official name, using a standard naming convention: *Pahasapasaurus haasi*, derived from the Lakota

An interest in history and love of adventure led to many family camping trips, such as the one pictured here.

The family took great interest in establishing the location of the principal historic events that took place while ejecting the Indians from their "Pahasapa," or sacred hunting grounds. This was twenty or more years before such points of interest drew more than casual attention and formal government markers were placed. The eventual locating of these various "points of interest" involved my folks, and particularly Dad in his later years, in no end of controversy.[16] Perhaps the precise locations where these events took place are of no great concern to the passing tourist, but Dad felt strongly that these markers should be placed where the events actually took place. It is, perhaps, something of a coincidence that all of these events should have conveniently taken place along a good highway. . . .

Dad's principal hobby and outside interest was geology. Well founded in the rudiments, he became familiar with every geologic formation making up the Black Hills Uplift and could identify them on sight. In addition to its mineral wealth, Dad was positive that somewhere around the Black Hills Uplift, oil and gas would sooner or later be discovered. Much time was spent in geological reconnaissance, in the search for oil and gas seeps, and in plotting structures. In association with others, he did a certain amount of shallow-well "wildcatting." The only oil ever found, and this in small quantities, was a small field east of Sundance, Wyoming. This proved to be a heavy gravity, viscous residual oil that could not be pumped. He devised a means of injecting steam and hot water into the well to make the oil recoverable, but there wasn't enough production to make a commercial operation. In later years a similar method was used that worked very satisfactorily in a field near Santa Maria, California, and elsewhere.

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words for the Black Hills and the family's last name. *See* B. A. Schumacher, "A New Polycotylid Plesiosaur (Reptilia; Sauropterygia) from the Greenhorn Limestone (Upper Cretaceous; Lower Upper Cenomanian), Black Hills, South Dakota," *Geological Society of America Special Papers* 427 (2007): 133–46.

16. One of these controversies involved the authenticity of the "Thoen Stone," discovered near Spearfish in 1887 and now housed at the Adams Museum. It purports to list the names of seven men who came to the Black Hills seeking gold in 1833 but who were all killed by Indians, except for Ezra Kind, who reportedly chiseled the names along with a message that he was being hunted by Indians. *Black Hills Pioneer*, 30 June 2003.

With the exception of some recent minor production from very deep wells in the Williston basin, and near the North Dakota line, South Dakota still has no oil production. On the other hand, important production has been developed in the Wyoming foothills of the Black Hills Uplift, much of it in the very areas that Dad and his associates did the most of their wildcat drilling.

Mother, apart from managing the household, looking to the care and education of her family, and the part she played in overall ranch policy decisions, had her own particular line of business. There was a good demand for poultry products at nearby Fort Meade[17] and the mining centers just to the south in Deadwood and Lead. Butter, eggs, milk, and poultry products provided the principal source of ready cash for the average small farm operator. Generally speaking, a chicken was a chicken in those days, no matter how mixed its ancestry. Mother decided to acquire a foundation flock of various strains of pedigreed poultry, among them being the Plymouth Rock, Buff Orpington, Barred Rock, and S.W.C. Leghorn.[18] Her market was to be the local poultry producers, providing them with purebred roosters, pullets, and fertile eggs for incubation.

She kept meticulous records of the performance of each strain. While the heavier strains, with their higher dressed-out weight, were not then the most popular, Mother soon demonstrated that the White Leghorn, then a little-known strain, really produced more eggs on less feed, and that the dressed-out cost per pound was less than the other

17. Fort Meade, near Sturgis, South Dakota, grew out of Camp J. G. Sturgis, established just north of Bear Butte on 1 July 1878 as a base for troops to prevent Indian travel between the agencies and the Yellowstone country. It was soon moved to a site five miles south, where the permanent post was named in honor of General George Meade, the Union commander at the Battle of Gettysburg. Thomas R. Buecker, "Confrontation at Sturgis: An Episode in Civil-Military Race Relations, 1885," *South Dakota History* 14 (Fall 1984): 241.

18. "S. W. C. Leghorn" refers to the "Single-Comb White Leghorn," a variety of chicken recognized by the American Poultry Association in 1874. Due to a transposing error, what should have been written "S. C. W. Leghorn" was often incorrectly rendered as "S. W. C. Leghorn." Email from Ryan Walker, marketing and communications manager, The Livestock Conservancy, Pittsboro, N.C., 30 Jan. 2017.

more popular strains. She became an ardent sponsor of the White Leghorn and never missed an opportunity to sing its praises.

In the 1910s, poultry exhibits were among the features of county and state fairs. As testimony to her accomplishments in this field, among her keepsakes was a full box of blue ribbons. At the peak of this business, Mother had between twelve hundred and fourteen hundred thoroughbred chickens. One spring day, when the creek behind the house was at flood stage, a cloudburst hit above our place. The water broke through an earthen levee and flooded the chicken houses and yards, drowning all but a few of her prized chickens. Mother decided this was a good time to get out of the chicken business and devote more time to her writing.

While Mother wrote many short stories and articles at large, closest to her heart was the defense of her concepts of the emancipation of the ranch wife. Needless to say, there was lively and sometimes sharp response to, and comments upon, her articles. Mother would take, for example, the subject of home-baked bread. She would itemize the cost of all the ingredients and the time spent, then deduct this amount from the cost of bakery-bought bread and point out that the housewife was receiving, say, ten cents per hour for her effort. She would then point out that this was too high a cost in drudgery to justify the saving, and that the farm wife should devote her time to other, more productive activities than baking bread.

Mother also took the position that any work-saving device or facility that added to the comfort and satisfaction of the family should be viewed not as a luxury, but a necessity, a concept I believe is pretty generally held today. Notwithstanding, she received on occasion, from both men and women, some pretty sharp rebukes for such nonsense.

Although the Nineteenth Amendment was yet to be passed, and Mother never involved herself directly in politics, it was her premise that women should assume their share of responsibility in all areas that affected the well-being of their country and their families. She further contended that women should make not so much of the idea of women's intuition but have a reasonably good understanding of the problems facing the people and of the government. With rural education leaving much to be desired at the time, Mother emphasized the part

women should play in formulating educational plans in the home.

One of the highlights of Mother's life came when a part of our ranch was used as a setting for a motion picture [*Men of Daring*, filmed in 1925]. The cast included Ena Gregory, and Jack Hoxie. Albert S. Rogell was the director. Among other things called for was a prairie fire scene, with Indians and all the trimmings. This was accomplished by firing the recently cut wheatfield stubble in the valley by our home. Jack Hoxie used my dapple-gray saddle horse as a stand-in for his horse in a scene in which he was to ride through the fire to save Ena. I was away to school at the time, but all the family took part in background scenes.[19] As my folks would not accept any compensation, they were showered with gifts and attention and a full-fledged banquet at the Franklin Hotel in Deadwood. Another later movie with Jack Hoxie, title unknown, but possibly never released, was also partly filmed on the ranch.

Our ranch and home were to be the proving ground for a host of innovations that began appearing on the market in the 1910s. This, combined with Mother's imagination and Dad's ingenuity for improvising, led to some unique and some ill-fated undertakings. Among the earlier projects undertaken was a gas lighting system using a carbide generator and a running water system.

The latter was made possible by a large storage tank over the farm well and a horse-and-a-half gasoline engine from an early "Monkey Ward" (Montgomery Ward's mail order business) to operate the conventional well (hand) pump. The gas light system was soon to be discarded for one of Delco's first electric units, in which the energy was stored in thirty or forty glass-cased storage batteries. An inside toilet and portable septic tank was to prove a great convenience in the wintertime. The laundry was made easier by means of a forerunner of the old Maytag that used an air-cooled engine that made more noise than a motorcycle. A coal-fired basement furnace replaced the various

19. The prairie fire scene turned dangerous when the fire got out of control. Ena Gregory was in position in the fire's path and received some rather severe burns before Hoxie rode the author's stand-in horse through the flames to save her. According to Charles Haas, the camera operator unintentionally filmed the entire rescue while everyone was scrambling away from the fire, and that became the actual footage used in the movie.

Some of the cast of *Men of Daring* assembled for this photograph taken during filming on the Haas ranch.

wood-fired stoves and the fireplace. No longer was there wood to be chopped and carried into the house or ashes to be carried out. This pleased me, as wood procurement was fast becoming my exclusive department.

Dad installed the first telephone system in our part of the country, a family line between our place and Grandmother Pickering's, in about 1904. Later he persuaded the neighbors to chip in and extend the line to Whitewood, and there, by special arrangement, the line was connected with the outside service. This local phone system was soon expanded to the point, being a party line, that the phone was jangling all of the time and gave birth to a new and at times annoying pastime—that is, "rubbernecking."[20]

20. A trade publication from New York noted, "C. C. Haas is about to organize a company for the purpose of putting in a telephone line from the Belle Fourche river to Whitewood. He has already constructed two miles of private line. The line will benefit a large number of farmers who live between the river and Whitewood" (Electrical Review 46 [7 Jan.–24 June 1905]). Until about 1960, many homes in the United States still had party lines, meaning that several houses shared the same telephone line and number. Each household had a specific sequence of rings the operator used to put a call though. Everyone attached to that party line could pick up their own phones and listen in, a practice called "rubbernecking."

This phone system, with its spindly ash poles and wires nailed to fence posts, continued in use until the 1930s, when the telephone company put in a new line. I still have in my files one of the annual reports of the Black Hills Mutual Telephone Company for 1922, signed by Dad. This report was to the Board of Railroad Commissioners of the state of South Dakota. Today REA, the Rural Electrification Administration, brings both telephone and electricity to all but the very remote areas of the United States.

Dad and Mother's matched team of Indian pinto ponies, with a fancy buggy and all of the trappings, was eagerly and permanently forsaken, first for "Old Maude," the affectionate name assigned to a one-cylinder, leather-upholstered, brass-adorned Cadillac, and then the Model T. With one forgivable exception—namely, the Hudson Super-Six—the family remained loyal to Ford automotive products. The Model T from the very outset, and despite its much-publicized shortcomings, was a very serviceable and dependable automobile. The machine was ideal for mud and country roads. It was a rare occasion, regardless of the mishap, that the machine couldn't be coaxed home.[21] The car itself was far more durable and dependable than the tires of the day. Those early tires caused no end of trouble and gave very poor service. For some reason, no one ever thought of carrying a spare tire or wheel in those days. If you had a flat, whether it was from slow leaks, punctures, blowouts, or what have you, you just got out and fixed it.

It wasn't long until the market became flooded with accessories for the Model T, such as special protective ratchets to prevent breaking one's arm, which did happen if the engine kicked or backfired when cranked. If you left the "spark" lever too far advanced, you could count on a jolt or a broken arm. Another "must" was a hand contrivance like a motorboat starter, so you could start the car from the seat, if you could.

21. Ford produced fifteen million Model Ts from 1908 to 1927, the largest production of a single vehicle model until the Volkswagen Beetle surpassed it in 1972. Tony Borroz, "Feb. 17, 1972: Beetle Outruns Model T," *Wired*, 17 Feb. 2010. Priced at eight-hundred fifty dollars in 1908, the Model T became more affordable over the years until it sold for as little as two hundred ninety dollars. Replacement parts were also affordable—twenty-five cents for a new muffler, two dollars and fifty cents for a new fender. National Academy of Engineering, "Automobile History Part 1—Early Years," www.greatachievements.org/?id=3871.

There were special noisy horns, Ruckstell axles to increase the power ratio, and special pinions to reduce it and, reputedly, to increase the car speed.[22] Also, you could buy special carburetors, gasoline savers, valve-in-the-head motor attachments, oversized radiators and pistons, special piston rings to save oil, foot feeds, larger steering wheels, and streamlined bodies. In fact, the entire car could be replaced from the mail order catalogue at probably double the cost of the original car.

Dad was not much of a hand for the accessories, as tires were his big problem. One trip across a cactus patch would produce no end to tire changes. To prevent punctures, there were heavy fabric inter-liners available on the market. These helped somewhat but were a great nuisance when it came to mounting a tire. Another experiment was a heavy leather outer tread, fitted with numerous metal protective buttons on the wearing surface. This was fitted over the casing and secured by flaps that were tucked between the tire bead and the rim. Everything was fine until you had a flat. Then you had an unholy mess to contend with. There was another idea that, on the face of it, seemed to offer the solution to the puncture problem. This involved the use of a set of molded rubber segments, made by vulcanizing old rubber tubes into the shape of an inflated inner tube, then fitting these segments inside the casing. As far as I could ever see, these improvisations only added to the tire problems of the day. It was rare that a tire would last for two to three thousand miles. I can recall on one hot Sunday changing the same tire several times without ever moving the car. Each time when the air was applied, by hand pump, the cold patch would leak and let the air out again. Later, small vulcanizing kits became available and you could do a much better job of tire repair on the road.

One thing about the Model T and dirt roads was that if the worse came to worst, you could always drive home on the rim. If you ran out of oil, you could put water in the crankcase, or if you burnt out a connecting-rod bearing you could pull a piston with a pair of pli-

22. Ford cars came equipped with two forward speeds and one reverse, but installation of a Ruckstell axle gave the Ford four speeds forward and two in reverse. Ruckstell Sales & Mfg. Co., "Lubrication Adjustment and Care of the Ruckstell Axle," May 1926, www.cimorelli.com/mtdl/1926/1926ruckstellmay.pdf.

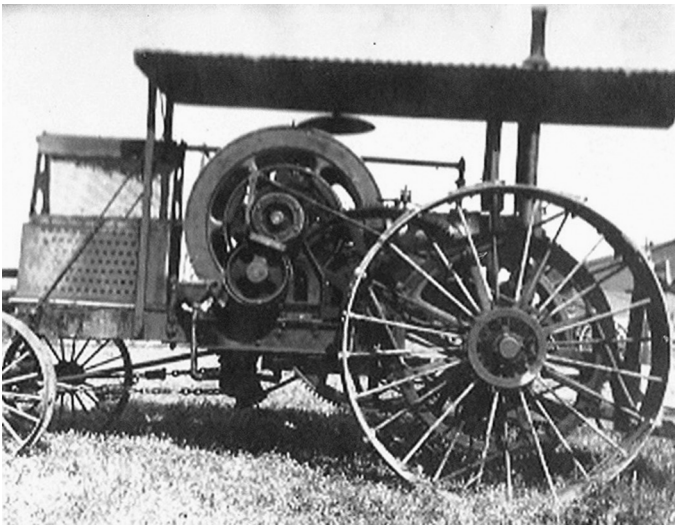
ers and a monkey wrench in an hour's time and come home on three cylinders; so perhaps there is something to say for the good old days after all.

With the advent of the gasoline engine, headache though it was, everyone lost interest in horses and, in fact, with all types of manual labor. Dad went about connecting gasoline engines to everything on the place. The old treadle-wheel grindstone and well pumps were motorized. Circular power-driven saws replaced the hand crosscut saw for woodcutting. True, there was much lost time tinkering with these temperamental brutes and much profanity vented upon them, but everyone had fun and the work was a lot easier.

Our first farm tractor was an early product of the International Harvester Company. It had one horizontal cylinder the size of a barrel and two enormous flywheels, the outfit weighing at least ten tons, and developed ten horsepower at the drawbar at a speed of two miles per hour. Although this machine proved to be more satisfactory than the conventional steam engine for operating the grain separator or the alfalfa huller, it was much too slow and cumbersome for fieldwork. Its successor, namely the Titan 10-20, proved very satisfactory for farm work with speeds up to three miles per hour. With the exception of heavy plows designed for the steam tractor, there was no farm equipment specifically designed for all-around farm tractor use. For the tractor to accomplish its purpose, multiples of conventional horse-drawn equipment had to be tied together.

Dad developed various contrivances for this purpose. As an example, for mowing hay, three horse-drawn-type mowers were placed in staggered tandem behind the tractor; two hay rakes and so on. One man could cut or rake as much as three or four men with horse teams. Dad was never able to motorize the balance of the haying operation, but ways and means were found to eliminate the bulk of the hand work.

A hay-stacking crew consisted of three men with horse teams on sweep rakes (windrowing rakes), one on the Jayhawk stacker, and one on the stack. The Jayhawk was the horse-propelled version or forerunner of today's all-purpose and versatile Farm Hand, which picked up



The Haas family's first tractor was as strong as ten horses and soon replaced the farm's work animals.

bunches of hay from the ground and placed them on the stack.[23] The advantage of the Jayhawk was its mobility. As the sweep rakes gathered bunches of hay and placed them in lines around the stack, the Jayhawk could place them at any desired location on the stack, thereby eliminating most of the hand labor in building a good stack. In the case of the conventional, fixed-location overshot stacker, each sweep load had to be placed on the stacker just right, in the middle of the stack. This was a much slower operation, involving the movement of much of the hay into position by hand.

Dad made a noble effort toward motorizing the horse-propelled Jayhawk by using the old Cadillac engine and an ingenious drive and hoisting mechanism he built in his own shop. Although the contrivance went through all of the motions satisfactorily, the old Cadillac engine just wasn't up to the job. Other portable engines of the day with

23. Patented in 1915, the Jayhawk was made by Wyatt Manufacturing Company of Salina, Kansas. Gretchen Mensink Lovejoy, "Rise of the Jayhawk: An Overshot Hay Stacker," *Farm Collector* (June 2006), www.farmcollector.com/equipment/rise-of-the-jayhawk-hay-stacker?pageid=3#PageContent3.

adequate power were far too heavy and cumbersome, so he just had to wait until John Deere and others picked it up and developed the idea. Since the last war, the farm machinery companies have done an outstanding job of developing labor-saving devices of every description for farm purposes, but the length of time they let the farmer struggle with his homemade improvisations of labor-saving equipment is, at best, surprising. Notwithstanding the neat, well-engineered appearance of the host of labor-saving devices we see on the farm today, the idea for most of these devices originated on some ranch or farm forty or more years ago.

Concurrently with the advent of the gasoline tractor, all of our ranch transportation was placed on rubber. For light haulage, Dad took the rear wheels from the once much-prized rubber-tired horse buggy, adapted a suitable box to them, and hooked this behind one of the Model Ts. Another early accessory for the Model T was the Smith Form-a-Truck attachment. This consisted of a heavy frame, wheels with hard rubber tires, and a chain-and-sprocket drive, all constructed so that it could be readily attached to any Model T simply by removing the rear wheels. The payload was one and a half tons, or about what four horses could pull with a loaded lumber wagon. The Model T's towing capacity could be increased to three tons by utilizing a lumber wagon as a trailer. Averaging ten to fifteen miles per hour, I could make two trips to town in a day, against one trip with horses, and haul four times as much.

Another accessory we acquired for the Model T was a set of iron-lugged wheels fitted with suitable sprockets and pinions to convert the Model T into a tractor. Although the truck attachment worked fine, the Model T was a complete failure as a tractor. The engine was not built for such slow, heavy service. You couldn't haul enough water for the radiator to keep the engine cool. Soon Ford came out with his own truck and tractor models. Both were a little light for heavy work, but Ford did break new ground in attempting to meet the farmers' needs of faster and more versatile equipment.[24] This venture of Ford's

24. Henry Ford & Son Corporation, a spinoff of the Ford Motor Company, began selling its Fordson tractor in 1917 for $395. It soon accounted for 50 percent of the world market for tractors. First called the "automobile plow," it was targeted at producers

into the farm equipment market soon compelled the established farm machinery companies to pay more attention to the farmers' needs for improved farm equipment.

By about 1916, it became obvious that American intervention in the First World War was inevitable. Dad decided to put a part of the alfalfa land into wheat for the interim. Old alfalfa fields would produce a few good crops of wheat, and besides that, the fields needed re-seeding. Harvesting the first wheat crop was a never-ending nightmare to me. It rained a lot that fall, and it seemed that I would be threshing wheat for the rest of my life. In those days, grain had to be bound into bundles, shocked, then stacked and finally pitched into the grain separator. Then you had to get the grain to the elevator in town the best way you could.

I guess Dad had had enough of it, too, as the next summer he brought in the first combine to enter that part of the old Dakota Territory. This machine cut a twelve-foot swath and worked like a charm. Today these combines and their crews start moving south from North Dakota so as to catch the harvest in Texas and then gradually work their way back, with other southern outfits, in July and August for the northern harvest. Today, all a wheat farmer has to do is say "Cut my wheat and put it in the bin" if he doesn't want to bother with his own combine.

In the cattle operation, Dad concentrated on well-bred Herefords. These operations were well managed and equipped. As the ranch was fairly elaborate, it had a well-built set of holding and handling pens, a set of platform scales to check stock gain and performance under various feed and grazing conditions, and pressure tanks for spraying cattle during the fly season.

Cattle were driven on foot to the railhead in Whitewood or Belle Fourche and marketed in Denver, Sioux City, and Omaha. One instance I recall was that a choice herd of three hundred head was started to market on November 10, 1918, for loading at Whitewood on November 11. As the cattle were being loaded into stock cars, news came over the wire that an armistice had been signed marking the end of World

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with fields of ten to twelve acres. National Academy of Engineering, "Agricultural Mechanization Timeline," www.greatachievements.org/?id=3725.

War I. No one could predict the effect this news would have on the cattle market, prices then at an all-time high. However, the folks had no choice but to let them go and hope for the best. It would be more or less three days before the stock went on the auction block, but luck was with them, as they hit a good market. One heavy steer brought $256, almost as much as today.

The marketing of any commodity in those days was subject to wide fluctuations, and even manipulations. With advance notice of shipments and knowing just how many cattle would hit the market on a given day, traders often did handsomely at the sellers' expense. The long lapse between the time the rancher committed himself to a sale and when the stock were actually sold on the market created a serious risk factor, with nothing the rancher could do to protect himself. . . .

From the high point in 1918, cattle and sheep prices hit a steady decline that reached the low point by the early 1920s, when a carload of stock would hardly pay the freight and commission-house expenses. The ranchers all seemed to take this in stride and revel in relating how much money they owed the commission house after their last shipment.

Dad and Mother were both ardent sponsors and supporters of the Grange, cooperatives, and other farm organizations that held hope or promise of alleviating the economic problems that were fast developing in the agricultural world. During his youth in Nebraska, Dad had been active in the organization of the Farmers' Alliance, which I believe grew into or joined hands with Debs to form the People's Party.[25] This venture was ill-fated and probably had a lot to do with souring the farmer on the organized political approach to his problems.

25. The National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, or the Grange, was established in 1867 and became active in politics, advocating for the regulation of railroads and establishing cooperatives to help farmers in buying and selling products. The National Farmers' Alliance originated in Texas in the 1870s and held to similar ideals. It played a key role in the formation of the Populist, or People's, Party in 1890. As a union organizer, Eugene V. Debs participated in the populist movement and went on to run for president on the Socialist ticket five times between 1900 and 1920. R. Alton Lee, *Principle over Party: The Farmers' Alliance and Populism in South Dakota, 1880–1900* (Pierre: South Dakota State Historical Society Press, 2011), pp. 12, 16–17; William C. Pratt, "Observations from My Life with Farm Movements in the Upper Midwest," *South Dakota History* 44 (Summer 2014): 151.

The farmer of that period found himself in a three-way squeeze, namely 1) the banker and the lack of cheap, dependable credit; 2) those who controlled the markets and prices of the things the farmer had to buy or sell; and 3) the elements themselves and the perversities inherent in the farming business as a whole. The farmer could cope with one or two of these factors but not all of them. There was a great need for cheaper, long-term, and dependable credit. There was also a need for some control over the marketing of his products and the things he had to buy. As regular as the new harvest came in and it was marketing time for his products, prices would drop and then gradually climb back after he sold out. The farmer had to sell to pay the banker and stop the heavy interest burden on his debt. He was hard-pressed to find capital to buy goods to his advantage or expand his operation. The cost of farm machinery and other supplies was dire in terms of the products he sold. If he didn't have highly productive land in adequate amounts that could be depended upon to raise a crop year in and year out, he sooner or later found himself in trouble.

As it was customary for the average rancher to buy [feed and supplies] in fairly large quantities, say for a six-month period, Dad contacted a wholesale company's sales agent and together with a few neighbors, obtained the advantage of buying in carload lots. In time, their group joined the Equity Association, which was later consolidated with the Farmers Union. The measure of success enjoyed in the foregoing ventures prompted Dad to play an active part in the organization of the Patrons of Husbandry in western South Dakota, better known as the Grange. He was later chosen, against his wishes, as "state master" but declined to serve because he couldn't afford to neglect his ranch operations for the two-thousand-dollar annual salary attached to this full-time job. Like all farm organizations, in time the Grange fell apart and accomplished little. Dad's last effort was the Farm Bureau.[26]

26. After the demise of the Populist Party, the Farmers' Union was founded in 1904 to promote cooperatives and collective marketing. The Farm Bureau had similar goals but grew out of the extension education movement at agricultural colleges. It focused on educating famers in improved farming methods, becoming more active in politics beginning in the 1930s. Lee, *Principle over Party*, p. 181; American Farm Bureau Federation, "A Strong Tradition of Working for the Collective Good," www.fb.org/about/history.

With marketing as the prime problem of the farmer, Dad proposed the idea of the Farm Bureau Marketing Association. This idea paralleled what the citrus fruit growers were doing and which appeared to be successful even though they were handling a perishable product. For one reason or another, the idea never took hold. He, like many others, eventually had to give up the idea of accomplishing anything through farm organization channels. . . .

In due course, my eight years at my local country school came to an end, and I was ready for high school. The eighth-grade examinations were held at Deadwood, the county seat. Besides being a green kid half scared to death, I was poorly prepared as compared to the town children. I flunked the examinations completely. Half of it, no doubt, was nervousness and fright. But even before this fiasco, Mother suspected I wasn't getting as much out of my schooling as I should. It was too late for me, but she took action as far as the other children coming along were concerned. She took over the education of Edward, the next oldest, and then Arthur, Verne, and William (Karl). As a first step, she had our home designated as an accredited private school. Edward was never to see the inside of a schoolroom until he entered college. Both his eighth-grade and high-school diplomas were issued by Mother. Due to failing health, Mother saw the younger boys through the eighth grade, and then they entered Whitewood High School.

As evidence that there was no fooling around during home-schooling and study hours, Edward was ready for college at the age of thirteen. Irregular as the situation appeared, Edward was accepted for enrollment at the South Dakota State School of Mines, with one provision—that he wait until he was fourteen. They just couldn't see a thirteen-year-old boy running around the college campus. At the age of eighteen, he graduated with degrees in both mining and metallurgical engineering and, at the age of nineteen, had his masters' degree from the University of Utah, all with above-average grades.

Perhaps lacking both the capacity and the inclination, my own performance as a scholar was anything but spectacular. Being born at the turn of the century, knowing nothing but ranch life, which I liked, it never occurred to me that I would do other than become a rancher. Hence, I could see little point in studying engineering. As it was, Moth-

er and Dad, always alert and progressive-minded, could see the handwriting on the wall. Despite their earlier ambitions to keep the family together, they could see trouble and change in store for the rancher and farmer. No doubt against their personal wishes, they planned that each boy be given a good education and then strike out on his own.

After two years at the Whitewood High School and a semester at the Spearfish Normal School [now Black Hills State University], I was enrolled at the School of Mines at Rapid City. With much elementary and preparatory work to catch up on, it took me six years to get my degree, graduating only three years ahead of Edward, who was seven years younger than I.

Until the early 1920s, things went well for my folks. True, they had their ups and downs, but on the whole, they had done very well indeed. In fact, there was talk of selling out. Dad thought there were some worthwhile opportunities in the advertising business and also of giving the children a year or two of schooling in Europe.

Thereafter, in quick succession, came a chain of events that were more than Dad could cope with. Alfalfa seed prices broke sharply downward. One local seed house went bankrupt after receiving a carload of his seed, and another refused to cover the price drop between purchase and delivery. A fire in a seed warehouse, only partially insured, and a bad hailstorm compounded matters further. Livestock prices were on the skids, and a first-class recession was in progress as far as agriculture was concerned. The Federal Reserve restricted credit, forcing local banks to liquidate outstanding paper, just at a time when the farmer needed help the most.

Mother was in poor health, the result of a poor surgery and complications following an appendectomy. Her misfortune and ours was that this surgery took place at the ranch and during a bad blizzard. It would have taken many hours by horse team to get to a hospital. The doctor had no choice but to operate at the house, and with no nurse. She did recover, but in time a second operation was called for, and then other complications developed that gradually sapped her strength. It was a sad day in our little family when Mother passed away in September 1926.

Dad carried on bravely until the 1930s, maintaining a home for the three younger boys, and they were a great consolation to him in those last years on the old home ranch. He wrote the following in poetic form about his boys:

I want to live so they will look into my face and smile;
Will walk with me and talk with me, my comrades all the while.
To live so when they see me come their eyes with love will shine.
And make us chums wherever comes, me and those boys of mine.
I want to see them growing up to four-square men and true;
To fight for right with all of their might in all they say and do.
And may I live so I can look into their faces bright,
And feel that they can proudly say, "You bet, our Dad is all right."
I want to live so they it will grasp my hand in loving grip,
And gleefully walk with me with laughter bubbling lips.
That I might live to guide them right, comrades in friendship true
Just pals, you know, where'er we go, me and those boys of mine.

"Dad"
Glenheim Ranche–1927

A few years after Jennie's death on 6 September 1926, Charles sold the ranch and moved to Whitewood. By that time, their sons had either moved away or were living in Whitewood in order to finish high school. Charles later moved to Deadwood, where he spent much of his time researching and writing about the Black Hills. He died on 1 May 1959. Two Haas sons, Maurice and Verne, went into mining engineering; Arthur and Karl became aircraft engineers; and Edward became a physicist and engineer. Descendants of the family who purchased the Glenheim Ranche property in the early 1930s still raise alfalfa on the land.

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On the cover: In 1897, South Dakota Senator Richard F. Pettigrew (bottom, center) visited Honolulu (top) and other points in the Hawaiian Islands as part of a fact-finding mission. In this issue, Michael J. Mullin examines Pettigrew's stance on the controversial issue of Hawaiian annexation.