

Maybe I shouldn't tell this story but now it appears to me that it must be some kind of South Dakota/drunk Indian initiation or vision quest, so I'll tell it. Cousin Tonna would appreciate this part, I just turned 16 and seemed like I never left Witten before, she teased us about being hicks for living there, she was pretty damn funny, and I miss her.

In Witten you could hear every car that went by on the highway, and I heard a new sound, a nice roar and sounded like someone had a lead foot. As it got closer, I thought it was going through town but instead I went to the front yard and a 1968 Chevelle pulls up with Barb and Larry aboard. What a car, 396 with 3 speed automatic and Barb got out with that big, beautiful smile and said get in we're going to Winner, felt like I was being kidnapped, which was nothing new being her younger brother, she was in charge, all the time! So, first stop was Jordan Hill for me to drive and do some burn-outs with that force of nature, the Chevelle. And no kidding, Jordan Hill was where Barb couldn't wait to get to the

hospital, so she was born in a car where we stopped and hugged! Off to the jewelry store where she had a Black Hills gold ring waiting for me, she was so generous and loving unless you pissed her off! What happened next was crazy, we started with a shot of apricot brandy then straight across the street to the first bar then back across the street to the car for a few more shots, then back to the next bar. This went on for a long time and things got really fuzzy and this was my first drinking of alcohol ever. I do remember throwing up in that beautiful car and lots of laughs and the West Side Café was not the same when we left after Barb rubbed a hamburger in somebodys face, don't remember who but he walked away. And when I woke up, I was on a couch in a beautiful house, and it was huge and really nice and belonged to Larry's parents. I spent a lot of time with Barb and Larry doing fun stuff and they got married on the same day as the state basketball tournaments in St. Francis and I missed the

game but attended a wonderful wedding and  
of course a little party time! mk