

SELLER NARRATIVE BY HARVEY SHEEHAN

I was hunting coyotes with my Super Cub along the river and got after one on the east bank of the Oahe Dam. He ducked behind and I was so close to the ground that I landed. I always check my altimeter when I land or take off. I could see for miles and never thought anything of it. I had noticed a grass landing strip to the southeast. Got back in and headed that way to see who I could talk to. No one was there, but I noticed when I was getting in that my altimeter was noticeably lower. I flew back to where I had originally been and I was amazed at the lay of the land.

I was involved in dryland wheat farming in West River South Dakota, and it was my fourth year of drought. I left my apartment in Pierre to go west on Hwy 34 to look at wheat fields in Stanley County. It was early afternoon and the temperature eventually got to 112 degrees with a strong wind out of the northwest. I crested the hills south of Ft. Pierre in the first five miles and suddenly I could smell the 40 bushel wheat fields burning up, smelling like mowed grass, that were yet twelve miles in the distance. I pulled to the side of the road and eventually went back absolutely stunned at the ferocity of the drought. It was then that I wondered how it would feel to be able to irrigate land instead of farming in a drought. I figured out the ownership of the land and called the owner in Sioux City, Iowa. After several years of trading land, I owned 87 pivots and all the water I needed

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