

Sauter Family History Comments on Spouses of the “10 2nd Generation Siblings”

Just as with the brothers and sisters who were a special part of our family so also were all their spouses. We were spoiled to have such loving, caring people during our younger and then adult lives. May they all rest in peace as their jobs were done very well. *Alan*

Walter - **Lydia Leno** (Born 1910 – Married 1930) (Married **Henry Berg** – 1972)

I can picture Lydia in her kitchen in the house west of the baseball diamond. Sometimes when I was there, an ironing board was standing there with her behind. I can't remember the specifics, but I have a memory of being there once when she had a massive amount of Vern's shirts she was ironing. Not only was the house spotless, but the yard also (and it was big!) was always beautiful.

It may have been when we (Patty, Laura and I) were in elementary school, Lydia fixed up a playhouse for Patty. It had at one point been a chicken coop. It was small, but big enough for 3 little girls and their imaginations. It smelled like fresh paint. It had cupboards and a small bed. It had green shingles. It was behind the garage, under big trees, surrounded by soft green grass.

Patty's bedroom was a cozy nook upstairs that Lydia had turned into a great spot for teenage secrets.

I remember seeing Henry Berg at a family reunion at Burt and Margo's, but I don't have any other memories of him. He was obviously a good person or Lydia and her kids would not have thought so highly of him. I think he was a twin brother to Harry Berg, whose wife, Eldora, had been our 7th grade teacher. *Linda*

I never knew Lydia very well but what I recall is that she was a very nice lady. She was a Leno (maiden name), and they are all mostly kind, intelligent family members who are very devoted to their huge extended families (both sides) as I am sure that she was. I also cannot imagine the huge responsibilities having to raise a sister's baby although I am sure that Minnie knew she would be a great mother who had helped raise (along with Walter) three sons to be kind, intelligent men. Patty turned out to be a very nice young lady that I thought highly of when we were in school together and I would suspect she still is. *Alan*

Lydia was a lovely person that I called Mom. I have many wonderful memories of her. I am forever grateful to her and Walter for taking me in, loving me and raising me as their own daughter. *Pat*
Henry - one of the sweetest, kindest people who always had a smile on his face. He was very pleasant to be around and would do anything for you. *Pat*

Too many memories to put down. When it comes to parents I feel like I won the lottery. My mother was the best pastry cook I have ever known. She was a great grandmother to my children and to my children's children. Strange, but the older I got the better I understood the concept of unconditional love from both my parents. I think my mother sometimes felt looked down upon because she was a farm girl while all of the sisters were city girls, but it never interfered with her relationships with my dad's family. Being the third son, I believe my parents thought I would just raise myself with their values intact. I was pretty much allowed to set my own limits as I grew up. Probably different than my two older brothers. That doesn't mean I didn't get positive feedback as I got older. I always knew that they were proud of me. Several years after my dad died my mother married Henry Berg who was a very nice man and a good grandfather to our children. *Vern*

Mom was a great cook; her chicken was excellent along with the other things she cooked. She made great coffee cake and raised doughnuts. Dad liked potatoes so we usually had potatoes twice a day. She was a very

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supportive mother and wife. She ran the household and Dad ran the business. She could also be stern when necessary. Seemed like the sternness landed on the middle son most of the time. We always had a very large garden. Lots of hoeing and weeding. Lots of potatoes. I recall that we did that all summer. In the fall she would can food that we would eat through the winter. We had one room in the basement with 200-300 glass pints/quarts filled with food from the garden. All very tasty. *Jim*

Aunt Lydia was welcoming and friendly. I was at their house quite often as a kid as Vern and I did things together. I remember snacks and friendly conversation with her. Later in life, when we moved to Bismarck in 1973 we reconnected with Lydia and Henry. We went to their home when Vern and his family would visit from TX. They also came out to our place to pick berries and fruit. Henry was a good mechanic and rebuilt the engine on an older tractor I had bought at auction. Lydia was a very good cook and was always so excited when her grand daughters came to visit from TX. *Burt*

I used to see Aunt Lydia regularly going to their place to play with Cousin Jim. As I recall Aunt Lydia was always in the kitchen – cooking or baking. Wonderful woman! She seemed very quiet. I remember her working in the Melhoff Drug Store. So proud of her boys and also Pat. She and Uncle Walter were blessed having Pat to raise. Lydia thrived with pride and love for her family.

I feel Uncle Walter and Aunt Lydia are so special for helping Fred when Minnie died. Pat knew her father and her parents, so she was able to receive love and attention from everyone. The death of Aunt Minnie affected the ENTIRE family in so many ways. Being a family they all survived together through caring and loving. *Liz (Betty)*

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Hilda – **Earl Hinkel** (Born 1907 – Married 1935)



This picture was taken in 1956 at Riskedahl’s (remember the picture on the wall?). On the back of the picture Mom wrote “Aren’t they handsome?” That’s how I remember Earl. He was tall and handsome. He was a quiet presence. He worked on the railroad. He had golf clubs – I remember that because when he got very ill, he needed a cane. Hilda thought he looked old with a cane, so she got out his golf clubs for him to use as a cane. He was more actively involved in politics than most of our family. I think he was a democrat. He and Freddie Stephen owned a cement block plant. *Linda*

A big strong man that was always so nice to everyone. I envied his job on the train and thought that would have been a great job. I think he sorted mail and some of the mail came to Tuttle. I too also remember that both Earl and Hilda were always so nice to Jamestown College nieces and nephews. *Alan*

Earl was the uncle who lived sooooo far away, didn’t get to see him very often. *Pat*

I was in awe of Uncle Earl's size. He was a big man, very pleasant and enjoyable. I remember being impressed seeing him in his Army uniform and being proud of him. *Vern*

Wonderful person. Very understanding. I loved talking to him. For me he had the gift of making anything you talked about really interesting. I remember him telling me about the lobbying he did for the postal service with North Dakota’s congressional representative, whom he knew through his dad. He played on the Tuttle High School basketball team that played the Bismarck A team and almost beat them. One of the players who was on the Bismarck team told me about it. He said they were giants. I think Shorty Sorenson (about 6 ft 7) was on the team and Earl was very tall, also. This was around 1930 or so. *Jim*

My biggest uncle Earl was a friendly and warm person who always seemed interested in talking about different things with kids. His job with the Railway Mail System was fascinating to me. I can still see him standing in the door of the mail car, with his badge and revolver at his side. When I was a student at Jamestown College I remember some good conversations with Earl when we would be alone together. The cousins who attended JC always felt welcome at the Hinkel house. *Burt*

Dad! What can I say? Only Superlatives!!! I was “Daddy’s girl”. He taught me so much, e.g., how to throw a football, a baseball, kick a football, bowl, how to drive. He was so, so gentle. If he ever said to me that he was disappointed in what I had done, I was absolutely devastated. I’d write to him at the end of his train routes so he’d get a letter. I respected him. I idolized him. *Liz (Betty)*

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Fred – **Minnie Leno** (Born 1915 – Married 1938)

I wish I had known her. *Linda*

Never knew her at all, although since these Zoom sessions started, I didn't even know for sure (or had forgotten) she was Lydia's sister. *Alan*

My birth mother who passed away shortly after I was born. I feel like I was robbed of her presence as a mother and am disappointed I never had the chance to know her. *Pat*

I had to work the hardest at bringing up memories of Aunt Minnie. Being my mother's sister and the two of them marrying brothers created some interesting dynamics. I had what I called double cousins. I was 8 years old when Minnie died, but I do remember her as being a happy, outgoing person who enjoyed having fun. *Vern*

One Saturday night Fred was in the pool hall (with all the other farmers in town) and it was getting late. Minnie walked in and said something like "It's getting late, let's go home." Fred said he wasn't ready, so Minnie said to the bartender, "OK, give me a shot of whiskey" which the bartender did. She drank it down without stopping. Minnie was not a drinker at all, but she said to the bartender, "give me another whiskey" at which Fred said, "Let's get out of here; this is going to cost too much." Minnie could handle Fred better than anyone and they got along very well. *Jim (from his memories of Fred)*

A very cheerful, positive person. I remember her laughing a lot. Great personality. My mother and her were very close as they were sisters and grew up on the Leno farm together.. We traded dinners many Sundays. Fred and she were a great couple; she enjoyed teasing him. When she died it was very hard for him. I don't know if he ever got fully over it. Before she died she asked my mother to raise Pat as her daughter. To her brothers she has always been our sister. *Jim*

I do have recollections of Minnie at family gatherings, but her premature death occurred when I was only 7 or 8. I do remember all of the adults in the Sauter side of my family grieving her loss and expressing concerns about the hardship it would mean for Fred and their daughters. *Burt*

Very difficult to write. She died so, so young. I recall she was short in stature, had beautiful thick wavy brown hair, a wonderful laugh. She loved "her girls" (Fredricka and Roberta) to be dressed alike. She took beautiful care of their long, long curls. I remember baby "angel" Frances' funeral. He died during childbirth; a little angel; what a loss. Aunt Minnie could handle Uncle Fred like a symphony. She'd just stand up to him and stare at him, and he'd settle down. She was a loving, hardworking farmer's wife. She loved company. *Liz (Betty)*

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Erna - **Clifford Riskedahl** (Born 1915 – Married 1939)

- Clifford was a part of my growing up years in so many ways.
- He owned “the store”. He gave my family 10% our groceries.
- He was a good swimmer. He took us to Clear Lake. He bought us ice cream cones at Starks on the way home from swimming.
- He was president of the school board that got our new school built.
- He was the only man I knew who typed.
- He and Erna were always next door.
- Clifford and Dad sold and installed a lot of milk coolers when the cheese plant started.
- His way-to-young death changed our lives, changed Tuttle.

Linda

My favorite uncle. We lived so close together and I remember him coming over to our house and always having a small, chocolate treat for Steve. Of course, I remember working for Riskedahl's Store, and what a good job that was because everyone that worked there was so kind and so responsible of getting their jobs done and done very well. I remember he and Dad selling and setting up bulk milk tanks and I always thought how did they know how to build platforms and wire the tanks and set up TV's etc. as ONLY high school graduates. That generation of men and women had skills that many of today's men and women do not have. Clifford also got me started on collecting coins and I still do a very small bit of that. He gave me an 1865 Indian Head bent penny and that started my collection. I also believe he carried many of his customers for long lengths of time and guessing that some of those bills were never paid. He believed in helping everyone to the degree that he could. *Alan*

Always friendly when I visited the grocery store. I remember the “egg candling” room in the far corner at the back of the store. *Pat*

Because of my closeness to Burt, I probably knew Uncle Clifford the best of the uncles. He was always very nice to me, and I admired him as a businessman and as a pillar of the community. He always went out of his way to make sure that Martie was comfortable when we visited. *Vern*

When I asked Martie to marry me in the spring of 1964 I not purchased an engagement ring. When I came home from Denver on spring break I knew it was time to find a ring. Not many jewelry stores in Tuttle back then. So, at Burt's suggestion we went to Riskedahl's store to see if Uncle Clifford could help me out. It didn't help that I was on a budget of about \$200.00. Clifford got out a couple of catalogs and we browsed until we found one that fit my budget. It looked good so he ordered it. It came in by the time Burt and I WENT BACK TO Denver at which time I gave it to Martie. Several years later I had the diamond placed on a gold ring (a little wealthier by then). I asked for an appraisal of the ring from the jeweler. He said it was a good diamond with good color and clarity and that it. Was worth considerably more than I had paid for it. Thank you, UNCLE CLIFFORD. *Vern*

I owe a lot to Clifford; he hired me to teach in Tuttle which turned out to be four great years. He was a very bright guy and I had many good conversations with him. He also hired me to work on the new Lutheran church. It was a job I really enjoyed. When I was younger I loved going into Riskedahl's

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store. It seemed like you could buy anything there. I bought my first record player there. It played 45 records, the records with the big hole in the middle. *Jim*

My father had perhaps a closer relationship with the Sauter family than most of those that married into the family because of his long time working relationship with Ruby and Louise, in addition to my mother. The two sisters were very reliable and hard working employees who were in the store pretty much after 1948 when my parents purchased it from Henry Kremen. Ruby and Louise could be counted on to handle things and manage the store without Clifford the few times he would leave for a few days for buying trips to Minneapolis or short vacations. *Burt*

Uncle Clifford was always busy at the store. I picture him sitting in his office working. He was such a wonderful host when we stayed with them. He loved to talk. He had so many friends. He was so active in the community. I always respected him. He was a brilliant business man, farmer, investor. He had complete love and dedication to his family. *Liz (Betty)*

Vi – **Jack Bailey** (Born 1907 – Married 1942)

Jack made me aware of Texas, of life outside of ND. He was from a small town in TX. I think it was Spur. He was a physically small person. I don't have specific memories of him other than he was one of “the men” in our family, and they were important to us. *Linda*

A great person who always seemed to be happy. A Texan and very proud of it. He (and Vi) worked hard at the bus depot in the big city of Bismarck. I remember him being on TV once trying to fry an egg on the sidewalks outside the bus depot. Obviously, it was a very hot day and of course the TV people asked him to do it but there was my uncle Jack on TV. Toward the end of his life, Dad and I visited him at the hospital (I think it was after an amputation) and he was still so happy and easy to visit with and so glad to see us. I think I remember a cowboy hat on his coffin. *Alan*

In Jack's later years, he received kidney dialysis treatments at St. Alexius Medical Center in Bismarck. As a Marketing Department employee at St. Alexius, I'd bring tour groups through and occasionally stop with a group at the hospital's Kidney Dialysis Unit. Jack was always smiling and cordial, likely happy to have a distraction during his dialysis sessions. *Anne*

What I remember most about Jack was his Texas accent. You knew immediately that he wasn't from North Dakota! *Pat*

Like Uncle Earl I remember Uncle Jack in his uniform and was proud of him for his service. He was gregarious, friendly, and great storyteller. You could tell he was used to dealing with the public because he came across as a great salesman. He was proud of his Texas roots. *Vern*

Like I did with Viola, I often stopped into the Greyhound Cafe and talked with Jack. He had a lot of good stories. He served in World War II in the Pacific. I'm pretty sure he was on Guadalcanal where the fighting was some of the toughest during the total war. He was a cook. He told me that anywhere

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you went on the captured side of the island you took your rifle along as the Japanese would pop up anywhere and anytime. *Jim*

Jack was a very interesting Uncle because he was from Texas and was proud of his home town of Spur TX and the culture he had grown up in. He was always interested in government and current events and enjoyed conversing with young people during the family gatherings. He was a sharp dresser. I remember him being proud of his association with the Mason Organization. He was the chef and manager of the Post House Café (Bus Depot) in Bismarck. He later had a successful position for a number of years as the Food Services Manager at Valley City State College. Retirement to Bismarck gave us an opportunity to see Jack on a regular basis. He remained a friendly and open person to conversation with the relatives. The dementia he experienced very late in life was hard for Vi and him. His last months were in a memory care environment. I remember his son in law placed the big Western Hat on Jack's coffin at his funeral. Jack had always expressed justifiable pride in the many accomplishments of their daughter, Sandra. She became a prominent official in Minnesota government, administering several different large state agencies before concluding her MN career as a Supreme Court Justice and later a vice president at University of Minnesota. *Burt*

My “Texas” uncle! I loved his accent! I recall how he was so well dressed - everything matched, his Florsheim shoes highly polished, and his many pairs of beautiful cowboy boots! He was a gifted chef and would bring his knives and would carve the meat. What an artist! I remember Grandma saying “Why does he bring his own knives; I have plenty here in the drawer? What foolishness!” She didn't understand his professional skill. Uncle Jack loved to talk about living in Texas, being in the Army and of course he adored Aunt Vi. Sandra was the light of his life. He made me feel important. *Liz (Betty)*

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Ed – **Mabel Hertz** (Born 1927 – Married 1945)
1972)

Ella Clark (Married Ella – Born 1924, Married Eddy

Mabel was short. Most of my memories of Mabel seem to be around things she created for us.

She made Mom’s favorite maple candy. She made Easter cakes covered in white coconut and shaped like a lamb. She made quilts. She was the leader of Lutheran summer Bible school for years. She was often grandma’s chauffeur to doctor visits. Eddie told me once that she made great sausage when it was butchering time. She was good and kind. *Linda*

Mabel - I do remember Mabel as a very nice person. It seems to me she had quite a loud voice (could be wrong) and I thought she and Eddie raised a son to be a very good responsible person. I also remember the day she got sick and eventually died, as then they were neighbors of Mom and Dad and it was traumatic. I know I thought if she lived in a bigger city where ambulance and more medically knowledgeable people may have been quicker to her response for help, perhaps she could have lived a longer life. One of the very few instances that living in a very small town may have disadvantages. *Alan*

Ella - Never got to know much about her because I believe Eddie had already moved to Bismarck before they married. I could recognize her as Eddie's wife but have no specific memories of her. *Alan*

Mabel was a really good seamstress. She made me a dress that was one of my favorites when I first started working in an office. I was around Ella only a couple of times and really didn’t know her. *Pat*

I never had much opportunity to meet Ella, but I do have strong memories of Aunt Mabel. She was the most talkative of the aunts and I think sometimes she got on her sisters-in-law nerves. My recollection is that she was always laughing and happy. *Vern*

Mabel was a very interesting person. She loved to talk and was a good conversationalist. Eddie was quiet by nature so she made up for him. She was an excellent cook. Her Pigs-In-The-Blankets (large green peppers) were the best. I only met Ella once or twice, so did not know her well. *Jim*

Mabel was a friendly and gregarious aunt. She loved to visit with people and was a good cook and baker. She was proud of her roots with the Hertz family of McClusky and also proud of her son’s accomplishments, Unfortunately she died quite young and was not able to see some of John’s success as a student beyond his years at Tuttle High School. *Burt*

Edwin’s marriage to Ella in his later years resulted in his having a dedicated and helping companion. Ella was a friendly woman who came from the German culture in the Carson, ND area. She enjoyed socializing, but focused on Ed in a way that made his life much fuller in his later years in Bismarck. *Burt*

Again, an aunt who left this earth much too soon. Aunt Mabel was very special to me. She made and decorated by college graduation cake, which also had Cousin Jim’s name on it. Then I designed and

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again Aunt Mabel made our beautiful wedding cake! Very gifted lady. She loved people and loved to talk. She loved having people in her home. *Liz (Betty)*

Lynora – **Art Scherbenske** (Born 1920 – Married 1943)

Dad was a person of many talents.

- He was a farmer. I'm real sure growing grain was his first vocational love.
- He was plumber. When our part of the world was going from outdoor toilets to indoor plumbing, Dad put in many of the bathrooms and running water in Kidder County.
- He was a carpenter. He built the upstairs and downstairs apartments in our house.
- He was a cheese maker and plant manager.
- He was a baseball and basketball manager for Tuttle teams.
- For some years he was mayor of Tuttle.
- He was clerk of the school board for decades.
- He was a gardener. He did love those greenhouses and watering the garden from Lake Lynora.
- He was president when Tuttle Wildlife Club formed.
- He loved to fish, ice fish, hunt deer and ducks.
- He loved to help Zerrs during butchering and silage times of the year.
- He liked to travel. He loved long drives in our country.
- I could go on...

There were certainly things he couldn't do, but aside from what he could and couldn't do, there is the fact in my soul that Dad loved us unconditionally. His kids could have done anything in the world wrong, and Dad would have been happy when we were home. *Linda*

Dad . . . and I have many, many memories. Again, a multi-talented person. First a grocery, hardware store person. Then a person that put in sewers for people in and around Tuttle. Then a cheese maker after working about 6 months in a cheese plant after putting in the cheese plant sewer and water system. Understanding boilers and steam. And always first a farmer and dad. He could fix just about everything, and I wonder why I never picked up some of those skills. I also remember his love for baseball and the amateur teams of the 50's. After the game we would go down to the Tuttle store, not Riskedahl's, because that was where the cold beer and pop were in the cooler. Then the next morning the adult workers would walk around the store as some people thought it funny to put an empty beer can behind the ranch dressing. What a dad!! *Alan*

You could almost always count on having a delicious ham when visiting Art and Lynora. While their kitchen was small, there was plenty of good food to eat. Each spring, a lot of time was spent in the greenhouses they constructed in their yard in Tuttle. They not only grew vegetables for their own garden, but also to sell to friends and neighbors. Summers were spent gardening southwest of Tuttle next to "Lake Lynora." Grandchildren were welcome to join them, picking strawberries and digging potatoes. *Anne*

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I can still picture him in white pants and T-shirt and a white paper hat from when he worked at the cheese plant. Also remember the flowers at their house that grew between 2 narrow strips of concrete which led to the garage. Art probably planted them. I always wondered how those flowers didn't get run over when putting the car in the garage! *Pat*

Uncle Art was always friendly and fun. I remember going to Bismarck Barons baseball games in Bismarck with him. His was always generous in inviting people to go with him. A great manager for the Tuttle baseball teams. *Vern*

I also owe a lot to Art. He was a great guy and a great uncle. Diane and I lived in the upstairs apartment of Art and Lenora's house. Very nice place and very nice landlords. I worked for him for a number of summers. The first summer I combined for him in several places, including his own farm. North of Tuttle we harvested a field that was on the side of a fairly steep hill, and I was driving the tractor and combine. To him it was nothing but to me it was very scary. We also did some combining for Fred. I was never much of a farmer but Art put up with me. I also worked for him two summers putting in sewer systems around the farms in the area from Tuttle to Pettibone. There were three or four of us. Great job. He was a very nice guy to work for. *Jim*

Art was likely the uncle I knew best as a result of living right next door to our family, and the close relationship between Lynora and Erna. In spite of being in some competitive business ventures, Art and my dad, Clifford were always the best of friends and had high regard for each other. After moving into town when their children were quite young, Art became involved with the Scherbenske store ventures with his brother John. He also was very versatile and ambitious, with a continuation of his farming operation, a construction contractor, earth mover, plumber, and cheese Plant manager. Art was one of Tuttle's outstanding promoters with his work in the sports area. He managed both the amateur basketball and baseball teams in Tuttle as well as being a great supporter of Tuttle School sporting events. He was either score keeper or time keeper for many years and hauled players to out of town games during the 50's and 60's and likely later as well. He was a primary mover and shaker in the Tuttle Wild Life program and an avid hunter and fisherman. I always knew Art as a selfless person who would go out of his way to help others. This was a beloved man who was highly respected in the Tuttle community throughout his adult life. I knew I could always count on him if the car wouldn't start or help was needed getting out of a snowbank in the winter time. He would always be there to lend a helping hand. *Burt*

I remember Uncle Art playing on the Tuttle baseball team. We'd attend the games on Sunday afternoons. He was such a gentle man, excellent conversationalist, a hard hard-working farmer, business man, very active in the community. He was always so well dressed (thanks to Aunt Lynora!?). I enjoyed visiting with him. *Liz (Betty)*

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Mae – **Harold Glanville** (Born 1923 – Married 1947) **Pat McFerran** (Born 1918 Married Mae 1985)

Harold and Mae seemed to love each other with more fun than most of the couples in our family. Times with them on their farm in Wing were very good times. They were easy to be with; they were interested in us. *Linda*

Again, another man who enjoyed life and family to the fullest. A big laugh. I think he and Dad dug the sewer system in at the farm and I am not sure how much big equipment they had in the mid to late 40's. Thanksgiving at their Wing farm was always a special treat. I remember when he got sick up in Canada and I think Dad and I were going to help with their harvest, but they didn't need more so we just took up a couple of cases of beer for whoever wanted some and watched the crowd of people helping out with the Glanville harvest. Mae and Harold had many, many friends. *Alan*

Mae was a great selector of men as she found 2 very, very special men to be married to. I remember Pat and his love for genealogy. I remember him coming to the Tuttle garden with us once and telling us that he thought building a cabin on Lake Lynora would be a great place for some of us to retire to. He was a very special man who made many of us happy that we got to know him. *Alan*

Pat - One of Pat's retirement projects was working on family genealogy. *Anne*

I remember staying at their farm one summer and Harold took me for a ride on the big tractor. He was a fun person. I never really got to know Pat. *Pat*

I didn't get to know Pat very well, other than his putting together a family genealogy book for the Sauter family which I have used regularly through the years. Uncle Harold was super nice and a super hard worker I spent part of one summer working on their farm. The most vivid memory I have of that was cousin Susie running and screaming whenever I came to the house. Still don't understand that. Also had an incident when plowing some sod up the plow hit a big rock and tossed the plow up and scared the dickens out of me. I believe Aunt Mae reminded me of that every time I saw her. It was another one of those incidents that convinced me to pursue an education and to forget about farming. *Vern*

Another very nice guy. I would have to say the Sauter women knew how to pick them! Harold was very friendly and very community oriented. Excellent farmer. He was chairman of the Wing school board. Wonderful personality. Dad sold gas to Glanville's and would go up there early in the morning for breakfast. Mae was a great cook. Great family. I did not know Pat well. *Jim*

Arthur Scherbenske: Art was likely the uncle I knew best as a result of living right next door to our family, and the close relationship between Lynora and Erna. In spite of being in some competitive business ventures, Art and my dad, Clifford were always the best of friends and had high regard for each other. After moving into town when their children were quite young, Art became involved with the Scherbenske store ventures with his brother John. He also was very versatile and ambitious, with a continuation of his farming operation, a construction contractor, earth mover, plumber, and cheese Plant manager. Art was one of Tuttle's outstanding promoters with his work in the sports area. He

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managed both the amateur basketball and baseball teams in Tuttle as well as being a great supporter of Tuttle School sporting events. He was either score keeper or time keeper for many years and hauled players to out of town games during the 50's and 60's and likely later as well. He was a primary mover and shaker in the Tuttle Wild Life program and an avid hunter and fisherman. I always knew Art as a selfless person who would go out of his way to help others. This was a beloved man who was highly respected in the Tuttle community throughout his adult life. I knew I could always count on him if the car wouldn't start or help was needed getting out of a snowbank in the winter time. He would always be there to lend a helping hand.

Uncle Harold, Mae's husband was a special friend to many people, not only in the Wing community where he and Mae lived, but Harold was a family supporter in the Tuttle area too, very interested in what would be going on with the different families. He had a great sense of humor, like Mae, and loved to tell funny stories and play jokes on people. He was proud of his military participation and subsequent activity in the American Legion organization. Every year would see Harold with a prominent role as both a planner and participant in the Memorial Day observances in Wing and the surrounding communities. He was very helpful to Margo and I when we moved back to Tuttle in the early 70's. He introduced us to his friend, Bob Small, who ultimately agreed to sell us 10 acres of his land near his farm along the Missouri River south of Bismarck. We always felt that Harold and Mae 'vouching' for us with the Smalls likely made a difference in Bob's eventual decision to sell us 10 acres and make us feel very welcome in the neighborhood. Harold's death came much too early in life, and left a hole in the neighborhood he and Mae had farmed for many years northeast of Wing. *Burt*

Mae's remarriage to Pat provided a lot of companionship and social enjoyment in her later years. Patrick assumed responsibility for Mae's sisters too, often providing transportation in his large Caddy to different social and family events. He also did a lot of good family history, family tree work for the Sauter family during the marriage to Mae. Pat was a serious guy, who enjoyed serious discussions and conversation, but had a great sense of humor too. *Burt*

I remember Uncle Harold and Aunt Mae dating. I recall one time we were in Wing at the grocery store. Mae was a clerk there. Uncle Harold blushed and blushed! Uncle Harold was a very handsome man. He had curly hair. He was a dedicated farmer. He was very active in the Wing community organizations. He had many friends. He and Aunt Mae were such an attractive couple. He was such a hard worker as all my uncles were. Liz (Betty)

Sauter Family History
Comments on Spouses of the “10 2nd Generation Siblings”