

Sauter Family Stories
Generation 2
Eberhart and Mathilda's 10 Children
Memories from their Grandchildren

This was a family of 10 very special people who helped with the upbringing of many of us. Thank God for the remembrance of this family. *Alan*

Walter (1907)

One of the kindest men I have ever known. I don't recall his ever using a harsh word or tone with me. He was compassionate with folks who were less fortunate than he was. I remember a farmer and customer he had who had evolved into heavy drinking. My father took him on as someone he could take care of making sure he got home on Saturday evenings plus other kindnesses. We asked him to be a pallbearer at Dad's funeral and he felt so honored that we asked him. I believe my dad approved of our asking him. He found out he had cancer when I was 17 yrs. old and died when I was 23 YO. He took up fishing during those years and bought a small fishing boat so that we could go fishing at Cherry Lake which became a hot spot for fishing in that region. I remember very fondly the times I would go fishing with him and had the opportunity to visit with him with just the two of us in the boat. I believe those years he was not only my father but became my good friend, as well. I always think of that as a positive that came out of adversity. *Vern*

I respected Uncle Walter for his participation on community and school affairs, particularly as a school board member. His sideline of measuring and selling suits and sport coats for a manufacturer was how I got my first dress suit. He was always open and friendly in communicating with kids. *Burt*

Walter used to take me along in his gas truck when he went on deliveries to farmers. That was something I really looked forward to and enjoyed. Also loved Christmas as he would go to Bismarck and on one day purchase all his gifts. He would then keep them at the gas station until it was time to open them. There was no peeking or shaking or guessing what might be in the presents as they were hidden until opening time! *Pat*

Walter had an accepting presence. He somehow communicated he was glad to see me. It wasn't words, it was probably kind eyes and a smile. Often in summertime Walter and Lydia would go to the movies in Wing with Patty and I in

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the back seat of the car to share in that. When Mom wanted a "Mae chocolate cake" for something, she would send a quart of cream along with Walter if he was heading toward Glanvilles to deliver gas somewhere. *Linda*

A very nice, kind person. A prominent Tuttle businessman that worked hard. I also remember toward the end of his life it affected my mother. She was a worrier. I thought it would be nice to live that close to the ball diamond. *Alan*

We got a new car. It was a couple of years after WW II, and I was about 12 years old. It was parked in the garage. I decided I knew how to drive and was going to show everyone. We had a white fence around the house with white fenceposts. The garage door faced that fence. After lunch no one was around so I went into the house, got the car keys and went back out, got in the car and started it. I then put it in reverse and stepped on the gas as hard as I could. The car rocketed out of the garage, hit the fencepost, knocking it over, along with a lot of the fence, and fortunately stopped before hitting the house. My mother came out, saw the mess, and called my dad. He came home, saw what I had done and told me since I had started taking down the fence, I could complete it. So I did start by taking the fence down. Got most of it done by supper. The next morning, I finished it and started digging out the poles. My Dad came home for lunch and helped me with the rest of the job. He never said a word to me about it but it was a lesson well learned. My Dad was always a very positive person. *Jim*

The first thing that comes to mind remembering Uncle Walter is seeing him drive his Big Red Standard Oil truck. They parked at the Standard Oil Service Station. At one time he worked at the Scherbenske Store. I'd go there with a nickel or dime to the glass candy counter, ask for 2 candy bars, give him my money, thank him, and leave. He never asked for more money. He loved people, loved the family gatherings. I can still recall his laughter. *Liz*