

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*

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Hilda (1909)

I am grateful to Aunt Hilda and Uncle Earl for the friendship and support they gave me when I came to Jamestown College UJ. I must admit that I suffered some homesickness when I left home for college. Having my brother, Jim, one floor below me in the dorm was helpful but it was also comforting to know that they were there and were so welcoming when I came to see them. *Vern*

I have fond memories of Hilda and Earl spending many week-ends in Tuttle staying with my parents in the late 40's and throughout the 1950's. Hilda would give us kids gifts from the Penney's store in Jamestown where she worked for many years. Their home in Jamestown was always a welcoming place, while I was a student at Jamestown College. She put on receptions for us when we graduated from college. *Burt*

As a kid, Hilda seemed to me to be very reserved, and sophisticated. *Pat*

Hilda was a presence! I think of her as strong and kind of "in charge", dare I say quite critical?! Now and then she had things to sell to "the sisters". Mom had a set of dishes and kettles she'd somehow gotten through Hilda. I still have one of the kettles, and I think Laura has some as well. *Linda*

An aunt that never lived in Tuttle in my remembering. When the Hinkels would have Thanksgiving or other holidays, it seemed like a LONG trip to Jamestown. I thought it would be nice to have a job like Earl's as riding in a train seemed like a cool job. *Alan*

Since she worked at JCPenney for years she always brought us various items when she and Earl came to visit..... since I was the baby in our family, I know I was more spoiled (or so my siblings have always told me 😁!) After arriving for a visit one time I greeted Hilda with "whath's for uth?" because I guess I had quite a lisp.... Needless to say, Erna was appalled at my question and no doubt shushed me up fairly quickly.... And I can't remember if I got anything that time or not! *Laura*

When I was a senior at Jamestown College I came down with appendicitis. When I was ready to be released from the hospital, Hilda insisted I come and stay with

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them until I felt better. I stayed there 2-3 days until I felt ready to go back to school. All the while I was in college Hilda and Earl treated me as if I were part of their family. *Jim*

I could fill volumes and volumes. I always admired her stature, poise, work ethic, high standards. Mom was gifted in so many areas. I remember she always wore heels to work. She was devoted to family and friends. I admired her, loved her, more than words can say. Mom had a wonderful sense of humor. Wade (grandson) was the love of her life. *Liz*

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Fred (1912)

I worked for Fred on his farm part time for several summers. He was not talkative at all so evenings got pretty long and lonely. The worst job he had me do was getting into a circular grain silo as freshly harvested grain was being augered in and shoveling the grain to create more room for storage. Undoubtedly the dirtiest job I ever had to do. I came out dirty, itchy, and spitting dust. One of the farm tasks I did over the years that helped me to decide not to be a farmer, but rather to get an education so I eventually would have an office to work out of. *Vern*

My life experiences with Fred were very limited. Somehow....apparently after Minnie's death, Fred was seldom present at family gatherings. He seemed very sad. *Burt*

Fred was a very quiet, to-himself sort of person. Although he was my birth father, I really didn't know him very well. I did spend some time at his farm and remember the big red barn. *Pat*

Quiet, sad. I don't remember ever having a conversation or even exchanging more than "Hello" with Fred. He always came to family gatherings. Riskedahl's Store often has a big doll in a big see-through box for sale at Christmas. Fred brought that for Patti more than once when we got together for Christmas Day. *Linda*

An old man that wasn't often seen by my family. I do remember his Tuttle sisters going to Fred's farm and cleaning up the house and taking food out. It also seems that I remember an outside shower (I'm sure there was one inside the house as well) that was used in the summer months that was heated by the sun. *Alan*

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*

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I didn't really know Uncle Fred well. I do remember his farm, being there, the immaculate buildings, the yard immaculate. I remember his TRACTOR, a CATERPILLAR tractor. He was a very dedicated farmer, gifted in building things, perfectly made. *Liz*

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Louise (1914)

Always very nice to me particularly as I got older. I do remember one time when I came down to play with Fritzi and Roberta, she told me to go home because boys shouldn't be playing with girls. I wasn't sure what she meant but I stayed clear of their place for a good while. *Vern*

I admired Louise as a hard worker at Riskedahl's store and committed to projects at English Lutheran Church, where she did a lot of cleaning work. I thought of her as quiet and shy, but very committed to her family, and to the kids born to her siblings. She had objections to a lot of things about Grandpa Sauter and was occasionally quite vocal about it. *Burt*

I have to sort of put Louise together with Ruby as they were the pair who was always willing to help in any way they could, and they both loved kids! They made quilt-like Christmas stockings for my own kids, which are treasured. *Pat*

Lots of words come to mind when I think of Louise: kind, efficient, interested in us, helpful wherever she could be helpful, everything she did she did thoroughly and well. She often stopped in to visit with Mom when she had been at Eddy and John's to clean house after Mabel died. Mom remembered a red coat Louise sent to her during the years Louise worked as a nanny in Chicago when Mom was in school. Just sitting here thinking about Louise makes me realize was a quiet, good, steady presence she was in our lives. I can almost not say "Louise" without saying "Ruby and Louise". I have a patch work quilt that Louise made. It had several pieces of cloth that are scraps from things I sewed. *Linda*

I certainly remember her for the short time I worked at the store and how nice Louise, Erna, and Ruby were to store customers and employees. I also remember getting Christmas gifts from Louise and Ruby (they had lots of nieces and nephews), but it seems we always got something from them. I got some luggage for my high school graduation from them. *Alan*

Louise (and Ruby) – Always a pair to me, it seemed. Wonderful, caring aunts.
Barb S

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I didn't have the opportunity to get to know Louise as I did some of John's other aunts. She was very special to John, and he talked about her and Ruby doing a great deal for him and Ed after Mabel died. She and Ruby made the baby quilt using squares Mabel had prepared and kept it until John would have a child. If one of our children had been a girl, her name would have been Emily Louise. *Judy*

Louise (and Ruby) - Since they both worked in our store I probably saw them more than most of the siblings, and Ruby always cut my hair, plus we went down to Grandma's a lot, where I can just picture their home almost perfectly..... There was a closet at the end of the hall between their bedrooms, and we kids would go there immediately because there were toys and books for us to play with. The basement floor was concrete painted gray, and it was so perfect and shiny that you would almost slip on it if you moved too fast! There was a rocking chair down there that scared me! It had some carving on the back that looked like a gargoyle or probably a monster in my mind, but it's very memorable! When they had all passed away, I was grateful to receive that chair which Bill and I placed in our Victorian farmhouse in New Hampshire. It didn't seem so frightening anymore! The hammock between two trees in their backyard was also popular with all of us and I'm sure we had disagreements about who would use it first. Another memory of their yard was one time when Cousin Sandra was visiting.....She was a year older than Patty, Mary, Linda, and I, and as she was from Bismarck (the big city) and much more sophisticated than we four! Well, that also meant that one Easter she showed up with nylons on..... while we younger gals still wore white anklets and Mary Janes..... So, at some point when we were all told to "go play outside" we managed to start taking turns jumping over a small bush by the back door or off the steps and over the bush..... It was rather prickly, and Sandra managed during one jump to snag her new nylons and they shredded pretty well!! She felt bad, but I tend to think that we four were filled with glee at this sight! And for some crazy kid reason we labeled that bush the "poop tree." *Laura*

When I was about 7 years old, Louise started giving me a yearlong subscription to Archie comic books. I got one once a month until I was 13 or 14. I really looked forward to getting them and would go down to the post office on the day they usually arrived. *Jim*

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Louise was very quiet, very poised, beautifully dressed, a perfectionist. Louise, Ruby and I went on several trips, e.g., Yellowstone, Mount Rushmore, Carlsbad Caverns. She did talk about the time she worked in Chicago taking care of a family's children, their way of living, etc. She always seemed to be in control of things. *Liz*

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Erna (1916)

Always very nice to me and had plenty of opportunity to do so since I hung around their home with Burt a lot. I also recall how welcoming both her and Uncle Clifford were when I would bring Martie by on our trips home. *Vern*

My mother, committed to us kids, active at English Lutheran Church as Sunday School Teacher and organist, loved music and would strike out with some new things like the accordion. Handy with fixit projects around the house, more so than dad. Wanting to have nice decor and special things in the house and yard.
Burt

I associate Erna with Christmas as many Christmases were celebrated at her house. And peanut cakes! I'm not sure if she's the one who made them, but they were always part of the variety of delicious food. That was the only place I ever had them. *Pat*

Mom had a poem glued to the inside of a cupboard door on which Mom had written: For Erna. The one line I remember was "Her children's knee socks stand so tall, as if they had no place to fall". That line reminds me that Mom admired how Erna did everything and did it so well. I picture Erna stepping fast around their house getting things done. A chocolate cake with lemon filling, frosted with white 7-minute frosting appeared in our house for birthdays more than once. And oh, the peanut cakes at Christmas! Erna sewed graduation suits for Laura and me. They were perfect. *Linda*

I probably had more contact with Erna in my life than with other aunts and uncles as they lived so close to us. She was always so kind and so happy and ready to help whenever someone needed something done. Clifford was my favorite uncle as he, too, was always ready to help someone in need. I remember her playing for the Lutheran church in Tuttle. I also remember that Lynora and Erna took turns hosting Christmas and other holidays. *Alan*

"The Marigold Shop." *Barb S*

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Soft chocolate chip cookies. *Anne*

A birthday or holiday did not pass without a card from Erna. And she didn't just sign her name, she filled the blank inside page and the back page with perfect cursive handwriting telling of what she has been up to and asking about our lives. She always included crisp dollar bills in the boys' cards. She attended their school and church programs, first on her own and later when John would bring her and Mae. I don't know that I ever saw her without every hair in place and a stylish outfit. I probably attended more Sauter holiday dinners at Erna's house than any other. John lived in Erna's basement when he was a student at UND and interned in Bismarck for a semester. She hosted an open house for him after he graduated from UND and was back living in Bismarck. "Erna cookies" were favorites of John's.

Judy

I certainly have many wonderful memories of my loving Mom Erna, but looking back pretty far I do recall watching she and Lynora and maybe other sisters butcher chickens in the back yard..... did they really chop their heads off and let them run around until they died??? Or did I just dream that?? Mom made lye soap and that was another yucky job! I'm sure I mostly just watched, but it is a memory! And I did help do the washing, because I was always afraid of getting my hand in that wringer on the Maytag square tub washer! *Laura*

At one of the Tuttle reunions in the Gymnasium, I said a few words about what Prof Peterson had meant to me as a role model. Erna sent me one of the nicest letters about it that I have ever received. I still have it today. *Jim*

The perfect hostess! Wonderful, wonderful being in her presence. She always made me feel important, had time to talk to me. A very gifted lady in so so many ways. As all of my aunts, she was so talented, musically, craft wise, her wonderful Christian life. I had so much respect for her. *Liz*

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Viola (1918)

I remember Aunt Viola as carrying herself with more sophistication than I had encountered very rarely. In retrospect she reminded me of Lauren Bacall. Both she and Uncle Jack were also very welcoming when we would stop by the Bus Depot cafe when we were in Bismarck. Jack always expressed pleasure in that I had married a girl from Texas. He was particularly pleased that Martie knew where Spur Tx was as I did also. Spur was the Tx. Town that he grew up in and he was proud of his Texas roots. Vern

She seemed the most adventurous, with going to the military, meeting, and falling in love with an interesting man from Texas. Provided stimulating experiences for her only child, Sandra, who became an extremely high achiever in all her professional endeavors. Viola could also be critical of others sometimes, of those who saw the world differently than she did. Burt

I always considered Viola to be my "fancy" aunt. (No offense to the others!) She was always dressed to the nines, and I don't remember ever seeing her in pants! Plus, she lived in Bismarck! Pat

Viola was the "big city" presence in our lives. She was tall and slim, dressed fashionably, nails polished. She'd gone off to Texas and married a Texan! She had a mink coat! "Artist" is the correct word to apply to her sewing. She smoked. I remember during a family gathering at Riskedahls, she came into Laura's bedroom where "the 5 little girls were". When she lit her cigarette she said, "I just can't smoke in front of Grandma or Uncle Walter (Magstadt)". Her smoking a secret, and it surely didn't help her heart issues. When Sandra got one of her prestigious positions in MN, I said to Vi, "you must be proud". Vi said, "I've always been proud of Sandra". Those weren't the kind of words we heard from our relatives. Linda

I loved to go to Bismarck and go to the bus depot where Viola and Jack both worked. For a small amount of change you could play the baseball pinball machines for a long time. I also thought working in the bus depot was a cool job

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as they would get to know and feed some of the Bismarck Barons. I also remember Vi's loud laugh. *Alan*

Doll-maker. *Barb S*

Sewing dolls. *Anne*

I can picture Vi's tall, thin frame and her always being dressed so stylishly. She said things that others might not have said out loud even if they thought it and had a sharp wit and sense of humor. She reminded me of one of my aunts. Vi died the day after my grandmother died, and her funeral was the day before grandma's. *Judy*

Erna's sisters were all very creative with needle and thread, and once they had an idea they made lots of that one thing.... And I recall that Viola made some stuffed ducks. They were doorstops I believe, as they were rather heavy..... since she liked making lots of an item.... I asked her if she would make one for some neighbors of ours' in Ft Lauderdale! They were a retired Navy couple who were very dear to Bill and I..... I'm sure that Viola's duck that I gave them was the most loved mallard of all.... They eventually left Florida for Santa Cruz, CA and I saw and heard about that duck for years after they'd received it! So Viola's handiwork reached far and wide! *Laura*

Any time I came to Bismarck, the Bus Depot Restaurant was one of my favorite stopping places. If Viola was there and saw me walk in and wasn't busy she would tell me to sit down and we would have some coffee and talk. Nothing heavy but an enjoyable conversation. *Jim*

My aunt who was from "the city"! Always recall her being in Texas, telling of her experiences there. Beautifully dressed – full length mink coat. She made the best fried chicken, also what I called "cottage cheese buttons". I ate so many of them. She let a person know perfectly where you stood with her. Loved her family. *Liz*

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Edwin (1920)

Friendly and well-liked by his bar customers. He also would serve me a beer several years before I turned the legal age. I've always been grateful that I wasn't responsible for having his bar shut down or having to pay a fine on my account. I also recall him being a good auctioneer along with Grandpa Sauter (Colonel). Since my dad clerked all their auction sales I would often go along to listen and to play with other kids during the sale. I was always proud that my uncle and Grandfather were the auctioneers. They were both fun to listen to. Another memory of those sales is that one of the local church Ladies Aids would have a food stand. It wasn't until years later that I discovered that bar-b-que was more than hamburger in sauce on a bun. *Vern*

While growing up I associated him with his business, the Tuttle Bar. In his later life I respected that he either quit drinking completely or drank very little and had a pleasant social life with other retirees in Bismarck. *Burt*

Eddie too was rather quiet. I do remember how excited he was when John was born, very unlike him to get so emotional. *Pat*

My best memories of Eddy are from visits with him in the nursing home after Ella was gone. He missed John. He enjoyed visits from his grandsons. He played basketball while in high school in Tuttle. He talked about Mabel and all the sewing she did in their little house. He said when he met her at her family home (I think it was Hurdsfield?), she was mixing sausage for the annual sausage making day. *Linda*

I do remember him as a bar owner/operator. At one time in my life, I drank beer and it was usually in his bar. I also remember that occasionally he drank a lot for a couple of days and then Ruby Driscoll would bartend until Eddie was ready to return to work. I also remember his quiet laugh. *Alan*

Very quiet. *Barb S*

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I met Ed in 1984. He was married to Ella and lived in Bismarck. I liked him from the first time I met him. He loved to visit and could talk for hours. Loved watching sports, especially baseball (Twins?) and high school basketball. He often talked of his days as a high school BB player and his team going to the state tourney. Ed and John didn't spend much time together for a period of time, due to some issues with Ella. But when Ella moved into the Baptist Home, they began spending more time together and were both grateful they did. Ed and John's last time together was the best day John had when he was in the hospital. He was out of ICU and in a regular room and sitting up in a chair most of the afternoon. The two of them talked about Tuttle and fishing and Mabel and family vacations and many more memories. I'm glad Ed's last memory of John was that day. He was a good guy, and I miss him. *Judy*

I really don't have highlights to tell about Walter, Eddie, or Fred...., I certainly remember them, but I probably thought they were pretty serious quiet uncles! Eddie lived the longest, and he was always pretty chatty when I'd see him..... asking me about my life, and he knew Bill, so we probably connected more than I did with the other two brothers. *Laura*

Prof Peterson told me that he thought Eddie was the best basketball player Tuttle High School had ever produced. Apparently, he was a great dribbler and a great shot. He was also one of the nicest guys around. *Jim*

I recall many people saying Eddie was a very gifted basketball player in high school. I didn't see much of him since we lived in Jamestown, but he was always very, very friendly, loved to visit. He and John came to CA one summer to visit Mom (and us). I loved visiting with him, very easy going. *Liz*

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Ruby (1922)

Aunt Ruby was always very kind and friendly to me. I recall the first time Martie came to Tuttle I took her by to meet Grandma Sauter and the two aunts. It was on a Saturday morning and Aunt Ruby insisted that we sit down and have breakfast with them. So, she fixed pancakes and bacon and it was an opportunity to have a very nice visit and to get know this girl from Texas that I was going to marry. *Vern*

As a result of my growing up in the store, where Ruby was a full-time employee all of my growing-up years, she was the aunt I probably felt closest too. Her demeanor, her friendly personality, all contributed to my looking up to her. She was also a generous person, who I knew cared about me. She was never critical when I would do things wrong or make mistakes while working side by side in the store. *Burt*

See Louise! *Pat*

I could almost duplicate for Ruby what I've written about Louise. Ruby was an accepting presence in our lives. She was good, she cared. Ruby and Louise took care of Grandma, they raised wonderful flowers, they had a house clean beyond clean, they had a hammock in their yard. Ruby often brought lime salad with shrimp and green olives to family gatherings. Ruby cut my hair and now and then gave me a perm for my entire growing up years. Ruby came to TX with Mom and Dad once when I lived there. We had a good time; we drove to Mexico for a day. Ruby was simply good, good, good. I think she had a sadness about her as well. *Linda*

Pretty much the same as for Louise. Very kind, loving family member. I also remember Ruby and Louise taking care of the Tuttle cemetery, and their house and lawn were always so nicely kept up. I did get a few old coins from Ruby when she passed. I also always remembered that she was a high school classmate of Dad's. *Alan*

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Ruby (and Louise) – Always a pair to me, it seemed. Wonderful, caring aunts.

Barb S

I remember Ruby as quieter than some of her sisters, and always seemed to have a calmness about her. A Twins fan. The baby quilt she and Louise finished from Mabel's quilt squares was a special gift for our family. Sadly, neither Ruby or Louise got to meet John's children or give him that quilt. John's other aunts gave it to him on Christmas Day 1991 at Burt and Margo's house. They told us how they had begged Ruby to "give John the quilt!" To which she replied, "No, I'm going to wait until the baby is born. I'm going to see that baby!" Sadly, she did not as she died 19 days before Adam was born. The quilt was a wall hanging in Adam's room, then Ryan's room. We re-decorated Ryan's room when he was a little older and took the quilt down. Adam asked if he could hang it back in his room, and it stayed there until he was well into elementary school. *Judy*

Ruby (and Louise) - Since they both worked in our store I probably saw them more than most of the siblings, and Ruby always cut my hair, plus we went down to Grandma's a lot, where I can just picture their home almost perfectly..... There was a closet at the end of the hall between their bedrooms, and we kids would go there immediately because there were toys and books for us to play with. The basement floor was concrete painted gray, and it was so perfect and shiny that you'd almost slip on it if you moved too fast! There was a rocking chair down there that scared me! It had some carving on the back that looked like a gargoyle or probably a monster in my mind, but it's very memorable! When they had all passed away I was grateful to receive that chair which Bill and I placed in our Victorian farmhouse in New Hampshire. It didn't seem so frightening anymore! The hammock between two trees in their backyard was also popular with all of us and I'm sure we had disagreements about who would use it first. Another memory of their yard was one time when Cousin Sandra was visiting.....She was a year older than Patty, Mary, Linda, and I, and as she was from Bismarck (the big city) and much more sophisticated than we four! Well, that also meant that one Easter she showed up with nylons on..... while we younger gals still wore white anklets and Mary Janes..... So, at some point when we were all told to "go play outside" we managed to start taking turns jumping over a small bush by the back door or off the steps and over the bush..... It was rather prickly, and Sandra managed during one jump to snag her new nylons and they shredded pretty well!!

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She felt bad, but I tend to think that we four were filled with glee at this sight! And for some crazy kid reason we labeled that bush the “poop tree.” *Laura*

Ruby was one of the friendliest persons I ever knew. Always a smile and a good word. She got along with everyone. *Jim*

She was “like a sister” to me. We went on a Greyhound bus tour in 1955 to the eastern states – New York City, Niagara Falls, DC., etc, and other trips with Louise. I drove, they were my “navigators”. We had many wonderful conversations, feelings shared, etc. I felt we were very close. She was quiet, meticulous in all she did, had wonderful friends and love of family. *Liz*

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Lynora (1924)

Aunt Lynora was equally welcoming when Martie and I would come by on visits home to Tuttle. She always fixed coffee and brought out a desert for us to visit over. I wondered if the aunts were happier to see Martie or me. I know they loved her Texas accent and went out of their way to make her feel welcomed to the family. *Vern*

My aunt next door. Friendly and close with my mother. Not hesitant about expressing opinions that sometimes rubbed people the wrong way. This was really openness and candor about differentness that was good... and honest, but sometimes offended others. She liked sports. *Burt*

I remember how she used to call us cousins "the five little girls" and how we had to have our picture taken holding up one edge of our skirts. *Pat*

Suffice it to say, "I really miss Mom". *Linda*

Mom. Of course, I remember lots about mom. How she worked so hard in the cheese plant (which was a hot, steamy place to work) and anyone would sweat when working at the plant. A few years later she became the bookkeeper and that was better. She was a worrier – not about herself but about many other things. How dedicated both Erna and mom were about playing the organ in their churches. I also remember how happy she was when first Kevin, then Ashley, whenever they would show up in Tuttle. *Alan*

My MIL. Wonderful to let us "move in" with them for many summers. *Barb S*

Flower and vegetable gardens. *Anne*

I didn't get to know Lynora too well as we didn't see her as often as the aunts who lived in Bismarck. I believe we were at Art and Lynora's for one holiday, an Easter, I think. I remember she loved her flower and vegetable gardens, and the rest of the family always talked about beautiful they were. *Judy*

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Since I grew up next door to her family we were pretty familiar with her! Both she and my Mom kept very clean houses..... but Lynora liked to change Furniture, carpeting, and paint pretty often in their home, so we always saw a new look there. She also baked the best bread around, and we enjoyed our share of that!! Uncle Art always made sausage too, which was yummy, and we'd argue over who'd be getting the first piece of homemade bread slathered in the frying pan grease..... I can still taste it! *Laura*

When I was a very small child we lived in a house across the pond from the Sauter farm. I remember Lynora coming over and taking me for walks and playing with me quite often. One day when I was about three years old Duane and one of his buddies took off running. I wanted to go along but they had other plans, so I stood there crying. Lo and behold Lynora came along, picked me up and carried me home. This is one of my earliest memories. *Jim*

I was born on Lynora's 12th birthday, so there was a special bond. I remember being on their farm. Mom and sisters cooking in the "kitchen" for the threshers. Whenever we came to visit, she always fixed us a fantastic lunch meal. She was quiet, beautifully attired, talented, devoted to her church, love of family. *Liz*

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Mae (1927)

Some of you may recall that some words that I wrote about her were used in her obituary. They pretty well captured the way I felt about her. "Aunt Mae was a role model for all of us. She faced more adversity in her life than any one person should have to bear, but I don't think I was ever in her presence when she was not enjoying that moment and being broadly affirming of all present. She seemed to have such a desire to make the most of every minute. That may be what comes out of adversity. What a wonderful role model. As cousins, we have been blessed with such a strong heritage being passed down to us. What comes to mind is the value of education in our lives along with hard work. I remember times seeing my mom and dad and aunts and uncles reaching out to others in the community who were in need. We were taught the value of grounding ourselves in a strong church community and in participating in our local and global communities. And, probably most importantly, we were encouraged to enjoy every moment of life. Aunt Mae stood at the front of this example. What a blessing." *Vern*

I have fond memories of family gatherings, especially Thanksgiving, at Mae and Harold's house. In high school I had good experiences working with Harold at haying and harvesting time and being around their family. Mae had the best sense of humor of all the aunts and uncles. She was the joke teller, with a steel trap memory of funny stories and all kinds of humor. It feels like as the youngest kid...she may have felt the most free to break with some traditions or family expectations. *Burt*

When thinking of Mae, the biggest thing that comes to mind was her humor and how easily she could laugh. And her laugh was infectious! *Pat*

Mae in a real way was about enjoying life. She laughed, she loved to dance, she could tell a good joke, she was a contributing, fun part of town, church, school. She got together with friends to play cards, share life, laugh when she was a single person. Entwined in her years is incredibly deep sorrow, unthinkable loss. And yet she lived well, she didn't drag others down with her grief even though it was clear every part of her felt that. She continued to enjoy being with people, with

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us, with friends from Wing days. Mae crocheted and crocheted and crocheted. One of her potholders is right beside me with a cup of coffee now. *Linda*

Another of the 6 great Sauter aunts I was blessed to have. I remember going to their place for Thanksgiving and hoping to get a corner piece of the chocolate cake because it had extra frosting. She also had a loud laugh, but I loved it. She was the last of the Sauters to die and I knew a large part of my life had ended. I kind of remember when dad put in their sewer line as I could help out. *Alan*

Her jokes, always had a new one for everyone. *Barb S*

Always a smile. *Anne*

The first Sauter family event I attended was Mae and Pat's wedding. I have no idea which relatives were there and who I may have met. When I think of Mae, I think of laughter and an ever-present twinkle in her eyes. She seemed to have a joy for life and enjoyed everything she did. She attended Adam and Ryan's school and church programs and loved being around the boys. *Judy*

Auntie Mae was my Godmother, so we always had that connection, and she never failed to give me birthday gifts and cards signed with "Your Godmother." She was the best chocolate cake baker in the world, and since I'm a confirmed chocoholic I was soooo happy when she created one of those! It was always fun to go to their farm. Uncle Harold was very fun-loving too. Linda and I got very ambitious one summer day and biked to the farm..... Linda will remember how many miles it was, but needless to say Uncle Harold put our bikes in his truck after we'd stayed awhile (and hopefully got chocolate cake!) and we got a ride home! *Laura*

When Mae lived in Arizona, Judy and I visited her often at her senior residence. We talked about many things, including Tuttle as she knew it at a younger age, the Sauter family and the Glanville family. She loved reminiscing. We had great conversations. *Jim*

Mae and I were both left-handed. Where can I begin? She was funny, fantastic cook, entertainer, loved people, gatherings, visiting with many, many friends,

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caring, love of family and friends. She loved to tell jokes. I loved her laughter, her positive attitude in life. *Liz*

All my aunts were so gifted, sewing, cooking baking, quilting, making afghans, blankets, etc., etc. Heirlooms to keep forever for us. *Liz*