

Lot #5, on the map. This is the river bottom land across the road. Dr. Olaf Satter sold this forty to Art Splitstoser. This was a dream come true for another man. I remember seeing Art coming up the hill every noon hour driving slowly, turn around and drive down again, gazing at that forty. Art and his wife Emma had a grocery store in Morris. They are now retired and have a very attractive coral red ranch style house, and a little barn down next to the river. Emma says they just love living there! There are some of the original cottonwood trees, Grandpa Satter planted, growing on this property. At the time of Lewis Satter's death, my mother retained five acres of the original homesite as her share; this is on the SW edge of #2. At the Stevens County Courthouse they had a confusing time, through the years, keeping the acres and boundaries and taxes straight, on this tree claim.

During my childhood days, I remember the grownups speaking about the "Hagen Forty". The history of this forty is, that Nels T. Hagen purchased from the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway Company, a trustees Deed for \$250.00. This was in the year 1891. Through some later transaction, Andrew Satter acquired this forty. This later became Lewis Satter's share of the family estate. At Lewis's death, this property passed to Adelia and Arthur Gunness. They later sold this property to F. E. Halbe. This is now owned by his son Phil Halbe, in the year 1976. That is the Hagen Forty, #7.

The other 240 acres numbered 6 & 8, were purchased through School Aid Grants. Lewis Satter inherited the west forty, #8. The east forty along the county road became Malena's. Clarence Kron farmed both of these, and later purchased them. He is now retired. He and his wife, Maxine, have three children, Tom, Peter, and Tammy. He rents his farm to Erland Charles, in this the year 1977.

The NE quarter of Section 30 consisting of 160 acres, was purchased through a Mortgage Deed Indenture. This document stated that, for \$500.00 due in five years with interest at 8%, and the taxes to be paid during the five year period, the 160 acres would belong to Andrew and Dorothea Satter, at the end of this time, which was 5 April 1886.

This is an especially interesting paper, with great personal historical value to me. The signatures of my Grandparents, Andrew C. Satter are signed on the right. On the left it is witnessed by R. C. Moore and George E. Darling. George E. Darling was another early pioneer, to come to this place called Morris. He was a lawyer, and also my grandfather. Thirty-nine years after this paper came into effect, George E. Darling's youngest son, Robert Fairbanks Darling, was to marry Andrew and Dorothea's 11 child Rebecca A. Satter. This was in 1920. The first 80 of this land alongside Highway 28, was to be inherited by my mother, Rebecca Satter Darling. My parents built a home and farm buildings on this land and lived there until 1940. My mother, Rebecca owned this land until May 1976, at which time she sold it to Dick and Dorothy Wagner. The Dick Wagner's have farmed this land for 29 years.

When I speak of coming back to where I began, I realize I've hardly been anywhere else. I was born on my Grandparents original home site, in one of the houses where my parents lived for a year until their home was built across the road. I grew up and lived with my parents, on the land which is called Rebecca's eighty, until 1940. At this time my father, Robert Darling, had quit farming, and was working for the Morley's, at Home Builders Lumber Company. He built a new home at, 502 East Third Street, where I lived with my parents until 1947. In this year, I married Richard F. Wagner, and moved back to the farm, where I began (Grandma's new house) which now belongs to Dr. Olaf Satter.

This NE Quarter, of which I have been speaking, is #6 on the map. There are two more forties behind Rebecca's. The forty to the left, was inherited by Louise Satter Sax. At her death, Dick and Dorothy Wagner purchased this forty, from her estate. This was in the year 1963. The purchase price on this forty was \$6600.00. Our present farm is now listed on the Tax Statements as 114.20 acres, Section 30, Twp 125 Range 41. With the recent addition of Rebecca's 83 acres, we now have 197.20 acres, of the original 520. This had been a process, which has taken 27 years.

The NE forty of this Quarter, was to become Edwin's for a time, until he sold it to his brother Olaf. He in turn sold it to Clarence Kron.

This is the history of the land of Andrew and Dorothea Satter. They came to this land in 1871. Their Framnas holdings were known as "Satter Hill". They had a total of 520 acres which in those days was some farm. It still is!

At this time I would like to make a comment of sincere appreciation to Dr. Olaf E. Satter, for the important part he has played, for all us "Third Generation People". When the Satter heirs wanted to sell their inheritance, he purchased, and held much of the property, in his father's estate, keeping it intact, and in the family, until the neices and nephews, were interested, or able to take over some of the holdings.

Now in 1976 the following people hold a part of this land. Jim Powers, Phil Halbe, Art Splitstoser, Clarence Kron, Richard Wagner, Rebecca Darling, and Dr. Olaf E. Satter.

Andrew and Dorothea Satter did not stop in Framnas Township. They had property in the town of Morris, and also Pope County. During the years they maintained three homes. Their Satter Hill Farm, a house in Morris, they kept furnished for the school year, a farm home in the Cyrus area. This is the only holdings still remaining in the family, at Pope County; Emma Satter Lenartson owns the Cyrus farm.

Andrew Christopher Satter died at his home on "Satter Hill" at the age of 80, on 18 September 1921. Thus ended this mans time on the land, half a century.

When Andrew C. Satter's estate was filed at Probate Court, it was determined that his property value was \$110,272.82. \$78,310. of this was in Real Estate. Dorothea Satter received her widows share of 33,204.69. She paid \$430.12, Inheritance Tax. The Federal Estate Tax on the Estate was \$665.14. ~~Be~~ in mind, that this is in the year 1921. Wheat was \$1.00 per bushel, oats at 15 cents, barley at 30 cents. Thirteen head of cattle were shipped at a total of \$200. for all. Total machinery inventory was valued at \$125. Horses for \$30. each. The best Framnas land was valued at \$90. per acre, hills and river bottom land at \$35. to \$40. per acre.

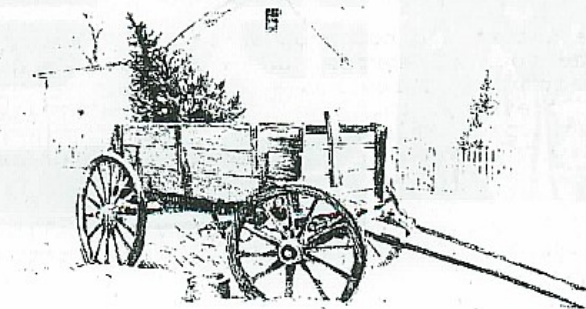
Pope County holdings consisted of 781 acres which was valued at from \$40. to \$55. per acre. The Pope County holdings were valued at \$40,135. of the estate.

In the city of Morris, there were Lots 1 and 2, and east half of Lot 3, Block 2, and west half of Lot 18, Block 1, which were valued at 1700.00.

I never knew my Grandfather Andrew C. Satter. I was born 15 August 1921. My parents lived in the former boys dorm, which they had fixed up. They had a blue bedroom, with birds stenciled around the ceiling line. They had a big black leather chair, and a big walnut library table. My grandfather lived right across the yard, but he was very ill. He had suffered a stroke some years before. He had to be in bed, or a wheelchair. My grandmother, Dorothea cared for him all this while.

Shortly after I was born, my mother brought me over for grandfather to see. He said I was a very nice little baby girl. Spoken like a Grandfather. This only encounter has been an important link for me all these years. I felt he approved of me.

I feel I know him a lot better now that I have researched this history. I can see him as a young man striding along the railroad tracks from Benson to Morris. I used to keep my childhood treasures in the trunk he brought from Norway. This trunk has his initials carved in it, and the date 1862. His letters written to his family, which Dr. Erby Satter had copied, and which I had translated for me, by Caroline Olander, are very appealing, and show much love and respect for the family he left, to come to America. His trunk is back home again, here on the farm, and contains the Satter History, pictures, papers, and documents.



CITY MARKETS 1916

Wheat, No. 1 Northern.....	.93
Wheat, No. 2 Northern.....	.96
Wheat, No. 3 Northern.....	.92
Wheat, No. 4 Northern.....	.88
Oats.....	.30-.32
Flax.....	1.65
Barley.....	.55-.62
Corn.....	.80

MY GRANDMOTHER DOROTHEA SATTER

I was named after my grandmother. It was an honor. I loved her then and still do. For all the good days and times we shared together, and for all the qualities she had that I admire.

The first year and a half of my life, we spent on the same farm. My parents and I lived in the house where I was born. Grandmother lived across the lawn, and she was finally building her "New House". She had changed the planned location site by moving it directly south, almost to Lee's line. This was for more privacy. She said, "The road is quite close, I'd better get back further, or I'll have every peddler in the county stopping in."

Grandma's house was finished in 1922. She lived in it for eleven years. I often think of her patience in waiting so many years. I have now lived in her house for thirty-two years, (1979)

At this same time, my parents Bob and Bec, were building a house across the road on the "Eighty".

Grandma Dorothea was a handsome, Distinguished looking woman. She had a nice figure and carried herself very erect. She was very neat and dressed attractively.

I was to be Dede's flower girl, along with Ruth Rustvang on June 24, 1924. I was nearly three years old, this being my ^{1st} public appearance. I got up the aisle with my flower basket, turned around and faced the audience and loudly said, "I want my Mama!"



Flower Girl Dorothea



Ruth & Dorothy

When I was five my sister Ruth was born. My mother went to the hospital and was gone along time (I thought). My Dad took me down to grandma Satters to stay--of course this was just the greatest, or it should have been. I got to sleep with her in her feather bed, which was just like sleeping on a cloud. But for some reason toward the end of the week, I became very ornery and spunky. I knew that I was too, but I just didn't care.

My marvelous grandmother did not scold or spank me, which I deserved. She sat down on the bed beside me and told me about her own first born daughter, Karoline Regine. She told me what a good baby, and what a sweet smile Karoline had, and how when only four months old she died, and how saddened my grandmother felt. She waited a little and let me think about this, and then she said, "Now you get dressed, your Daddy will be coming for you today and you can go home and see your baby sister."

My behavior was reported to my Dad, and after we got home he decided it was time for a spanking and a lecture about consideration for others. This was the only spanking my Dad was ever to give me. I cried, of course, but still I was greatly relieved. Later that day we went to town and got Mama and the new baby, Ruth Adell. I liked her fine. She was a beautiful baby with a little round face and lots of black hair.

Grandma had lots of interesting things to do whenever I came to see her. One thing that I particularly enjoyed was her dresser top. She liked makeup, that is certain kinds, like lotions and face cream and powder, astringents, and "freckle cream". She didn't like the tan weather beaten look, and always wore a sun hat to protect her skin. She had many jars of interesting containers on her dresser. Also a twenty piece dresser set in green mother of pearl, which she had received from Uncle Olaf. We would both look all these over and admire them, everything from a big handsome mirror, to a shoe button hook.



Dorothea Ellertson Satter
Anne Ellertson Mortenson

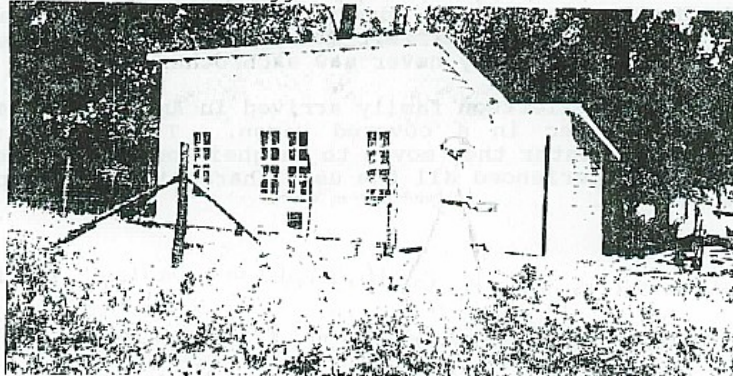
Then there were the valentines, each year she would get more. She would save them and put them up each year. Many of them were very fancy and huge. The whole piano top would be full and another table. We would look them over and see who they were from, some of them I knew by heart. After Valentines day, she would pack them away for another year.

Among other things, grandma was a good cook. She baked the best white bread. We had good homemade bread at home too, but it was always brown bread. I was very partial to white bread. Then she had homemade butter, of course, which she had in a greenish yellow glass bowl, (I later had this bowl in my possession for over twenty years) butter always looked better in that bowl. Very often she also had chicken spread to put on this bread. It was my favorite treat.

I saw her often and when I got big enough to go over to her house on my own power, oftener yet. We agreed about lots of things in life, like long hair. She had beautiful snow white silky hair way down her back. During the day she always wore it up. I had a dutchboy bob and the longer it got the better I liked it. Just when it got nice, my parents would decide it was getting in my eyes, and I'd have to have it cut. I would take one look in the mirror and run outside to the horse barn and sulk, and feel sorry for myself about how terrible I looked. Grandma would agree that they shouldn't have cut it quite so short, but comfort me with what fast growing hair I had, and how it wouldn't be short for long.

Grandma got a different daily paper than we did. We both liked the funnies and she saved all the funnies in order in a big roll. Then for a treat when I came I could have a whole bunch at once to read, usually about ten. I always wanted more, but she would say no, more would be bad for my eyes, and there would be another day for more.

Every season brought something special for her. One year my Dad brought her a growing Christmas tree potted in a container. She used it through Christmas and in the spring planted it, and it grew. Her yard and garden were her delight. Her chickens were like pets. She would feed and talk to them and they would reward her with an abundance of eggs.



One book we liked was "Little Women". She had a handsome big volume with a painted picture on the cover of the four sisters. It had big print. We read it every year.

Aunt Emma and my cousin Sylvia stayed with Grandma for a time. They had the little upstairs room and Aunt Molly had the west room. I suggested to Grandma that Emma and Sylvia should move into the big room. She said, "No, that was Olaf's room" and she wanted it all ready for him when he came.

I only remember once of having a disagreement. I knew of course that my Grandmother read the Bible a lot, and we were having a party with all the relatives and my cousins. We children were playing upstairs, which was unfinished at the time, and was a big playroom. A button popped off my dolls dress. I tore downstairs for a needle and thread. This was Sunday, by the way, and Grandma spied me and said, "What are you doing?" I was in a hurry and I said I have to sew on a button. "No" she said. "This is Sunday, we don't sew on Sunday". I can remember the tussle that went through my mind. Of course I wanted to please Grandmother, but I didn't think it was a sin to sew on a button, and even if it was I could sin a little on my birthday. She said "You put a safety pin in that until tomorrow." This didn't suit me either--my mother always said "Do not be slovenly and use pins--always sew except in emergency." I guess I had to decide this was an emergency, and stamped off with my safety pin!

A few facts and pieces of the early life of Dorothea Ellertson have been obtained from newspaper clippings, a Memorial Book, and notes from Rebecca's files. Dorothea Ellertson was born in Gudbrandsdal, Norway; this is located in a valley in south central Norway, on August 25, 1853. Her parents were Ellert Carlson and Randi Olsdatter, to the best of our knowledge. The Ellertson family consisted of three brothers, Edward, Charles, and Lars. Daughters were Regine (Johnson), Annie (Mortenson), Dorothea (Satter), and Martha (Lind).

Dorothea's mother Randi died, when she was about (six) years of age. This was soon after the birth of the youngest daughter, Martha. Some years later her father Ellert, remarried; and when Dorothea was (ten) years old, the family emigrated to America. Little Martha was left in Norway, being cared for by an aunt and later adopted. She ~~never left Norway~~, and the Ellertson children never returned, so they never saw each other again.

When the Ellertson family arrived in America, (1864) they left Quebec in a covered wagon. They first settled in LaCrosse WI. Later they moved to Langhei Township, Pope Co. Minn. where they experienced all the usual hardships of the pioneers in a new country.

Randi Olsdtr b. in Gudbrandsdal Valley, mother to
Dorthea Ellertsdr b. Djubvik, Tromes, NOR

Dorothea left her family to go on her own at the age of seventeen. She obtained work in a eating place in the booming railroad town of Morris, MN. There in this town she met Andrew C. Satter, and they were married at Crow Lake P.O. by Rev. L. P. Markus on May 23 1872. (poss. this was in Stearns Co. MN) At this time there was neither ministers or newspapers in the community. The young couple went by horse and buggy on this long journey (25-30 Miles). Rev. Markus meeting them at Crow Lake a half way point. Dorothea was determined to be married by an ordained Lutheran Minister.

During the following years, she corresponded with her sister in Norway. Martha married a minister, Rev Lind, and they moved to Sweden with their two daughters. Dorothea and Martha exchanged pictures and news of their lives. For a time, during her teenage years, Rebecca Satter corresponded with her two cousins in Sweden.

Annie from Pope County visited with her sister Dorothea at Morris from time to time. Also some of the cousins kept in contact from the Starbuck-Langhei area.

From the time of her marriage, Dorothea lived in this area. Two years in Langhei where Albert and Karoline were born, and where Karoline died and was buried, (Prob. in family cemetery in Langhei). Then for some time the family lived at the farm home at Framnas, and the town house in Morris. The following children were born at the farm home at Framnas; Clara, Edwin, Louise, Emma, Malena and Annette, and Lewis. Olaf and Rebecca were born at the home on East Second Street, Morris, MN. Adelia was born at the Framnas farm home. The family then moved to the Cyrus farm, Pope Co. for two years. Adelia was baptized at the Cyrus home by Rev. Dolven. During the time there, Rebecca started first grade, Olaf and Lewis also attended the Cyrus town school.

Olaf and Rebecca were two years apart in age, and during this time at CYRUS, spent a great deal of their leisure time together. Rebecca mostly tagging after her brother and trying to keep up with his boyhood activities. They used the Lake behind the house for sliding and skating during the winter, and also as a shortcut into school. After the school year they moved back to the Morris farm and the following year the children started school at District #14.

There at the country school they ran into problems that concerned Dorothea. At this time, around 1900, There were a great deal of deaths due to Consumption. A look at the death records of any township will confirm this as the leading cause of death. There was a family that the children were going to school with that had active cases at home. Also, there was the problem of lice. When Rebecca came home from school and told her mother that her new best friend at school had bugs crawling on her hair, Dorothea took her little band of school children to Morris town school. With seven daughters with waist length hair to care for, this could be quite a problem.