



Lewis Alfred Satter

In this saga of the Satter's I want to tell of my memories and recollections of Lewey, who lived on this land from 24 Oct 1887 to 30 Sep 1951. He was the ninth child to be born to Andrew and Dorothea Satter. For six years he was the baby of the family, until brother Olaf came along. He was gentle, loving and kind. He had great concern and affection for his mother, and she had the same for him. He was exceptionally strong and athletic, and liked to compete with my father, Robert Darling.

After he grew up, he wanted to farm and he wanted to farm on the home farm with his father. He wanted his father to build a new modern barn, but this was not to be. He waited for his barn like Grandma waited for her house. In the meantime he met a girl he liked, but she turned him down. He was very discouraged about this; also to add to his woes, came the time of World War I. He decided he wasn't going to go! One thing about Uncle Lewey, once he made up his mind he was persistent and stubborn. Although this was an unheard of course to take in this day and age; he packed up and headed for the hills of SD. He grew a beard and camped out. It didn't work; he was picked up and was sent immediately overseas to France, with a machine gun division. When he returned, one of the first things he did, was to gather together all his army clothes and gear, and without a word, he went out to the top of the bluffs and burned them. He never spoke of his army days!

He traveled for awhile and then returned to the farm. My parents moved to their new home across the road, so Lewey moved into that house, and lived out his life. He never married. He helped his mother get her gardens and fences and fruit trees (dozens of them) and shrubbery planted. He loved peonies and planted rows of them, all colors. He had strawberries, potatoes and at least an acre of rhubarb. He made his own home brew, and little by little as the years went by, he became more and more of a recluse. There were always people visiting at Satter's Sunday afternoons, sometimes he came out of his house, sometimes not. In peony season, he would come over to our place with the whole back seat full of peonies. We would fill every vase we had. When he got in the mood for a visit, he would come over. All of us cousins liked Uncle Lewey. One time a couple of us were going to play what we thought was a funny joke. He would give us bread and butter with sugar on top for a treat. We would walk around the yard and come back for another and another, we kept thinking he would run out of patience, like any grown up, and say enough was enough. We ate till we nearly floundered, and he kept spreading with a perfectly straight face. He won that one for sure! He probably had to go to town for a loaf of bread and some butter, too. I notice on pictures of Lewey, wherever Lewey was, there too, was a dog.

Uncle Lewey had some Indian friends, they would come every once in a while and stay a spell. This scared everybody, as they would really whoop it up! One day I was following my Dad around the field, which I liked to do, when two Indian women came down the road from Satters about 60 feet and started firing guns off in the air. Dad sent me home; I never saw the Indian men, as I was never allowed to go visiting, while they were there.



This picture reminded me of one of the "funnies" the Satter brothers and my Dad played on Dede (Adelia). She was bringing her new and important boyfriend home to meet the family for the first time. This was Art Gunness from Abercrombie. Dede was upset with her brothers for the lack of getting ready, she wanted everything spruced up and wished they would do a little painting, even. So they did! On the barn wall they painted in huge letters "Welcome Duke of Abercrombie". When Dede got up in the morning and saw that, she just burst into tears. So Grandma ordered that painted out in a hurry. Art never heard about this until many years later; he got a real kick out of it.

Guess who was to inherit the famous Hagen forty? Lewey. This forty had always been a frustration to Grandpa Satter. It just didn't pay out; he was always going up to "inspect" that Hagen Forty. Besides the fact it didn't produce like it should, he got into a dispute with Mr. Bruns, his neighbor over the boundaries, and then Mr. Bruns wouldn't rent it any longer. His son-in-law, F. E. Halbe, did rent it in later years, now his son Phil owns this forty.

Grandpa Satter had a thing about boundaries and line fences. He had another hassle with Mr. Lee. Grandpa grabbed Mr. Lee by the arm to show him where the line was, a small scuffle ensued, and as a result Mr. Lee sued Mr. Satter.

About the year 1942, Lewey got an idea of a new road to service all the residents of Satter Hill. He spent considerable time laying the plans and measuring and surveying; and then drawing up legal papers to proceed with this road. There were quite a number of copies and sheets of these documents. He came into town, and asked me if I would type them up for him, (I had just finished a Business Course) so I did this. He was so excited and determined about this venture. I was sorry that it never materialized for him. I was even more sorry, when I moved out there five years later myself, and had the struggle of getting to the highway, on the existing roads.

Uncle Lewey had his own unique system of filing, in his home, the stairway to the attic. There he kept receipts, cash, change, checks and all his other papers, etc. A check written on an elevator in Morris was not found until after his death; it was quite old. My Dad and Dick went in to see the owner, Ted Lawler about cashing it. He said to go ahead and cash it, but he added, "just for old times sake, I shouldn't". Then he told them about an incident that happened when he and Lewey were young. "They met on the street from opposite directions. Without a word, Lewey just reached over and knocked Ted flat, and out cold. That's all there is. He never knew why."

When Lewey was young, he had the reputation of being a very good fighter, and very tough. He was always in top condition. There was a Sheriff in the county by the name of Stanley Ryhan. He was a very tough man, and his name was spoken with respect. Old timers tell about Lewey and Sheriff Ryhan eyeing each other when ever they met. There was great speculation as to who would win out if they ever tangled. They never did, however.

During later years, Lewey used to help Clarence with the rocks on his land. He also had a tree house, that was built to catch the sun for sun baths. He had his bees and garden and fruit trees. He actually retired when he was a young man and lived off his inheritance income. A man has to be single to do this. He even left a \$19,000. estate to be divided among his brothers and sisters.

He had friends, mostly bachelors like himself, who lived alone. Dan Lianer, Leo and Izzy Kane, my husband Dick, said his father Frank spoke of being a friend of Lewey's, and how he used to come out to see Lewey and buy carrots and other produce. Dick's father ran the Pool Hall in those days, and was famous for his good food, and fair prices.

When Dick and I moved out to Satter Hill, the well had worn out on the home place, where they lived, so Lewey and the Satters carried all their water from our well. Lewey used to come early in the morning, before we were up. We hardly ever saw him; he did everything early. When I worked in town, Lewey was the first customer in the Bank; by this time he was already through shopping and ready to head home with his other supplies. He always sent his Christmas cards early, his would be the first one we would receive, about December 5th. In the winter time, when his road was blocked he would take a gunny sack, and catch a ride into town with Clarence for his groceries. He always kept salt pork on hand and canned fruit juice.





THE SHIP ON WHICH I SAILED HAS ARRIVED
SAFELY OVERSEAS.

Name Lewis Satter
Organization 414 Casual Co.
American Expeditionary Forces.

He had a great memory for birthdays, whenever I would see him, like out in the garden, he would say "Well it is so and so's birthday on this or that day, for a month ahead, and a month behind. He knew all the nieces and nephews birthdays by heart. He surprised Dick's mother. Erma one day by reminding her of one of her children's birthdays.


He was the quietest and gentlest and most soft spoken persons I have ever known. He slid in and out of his garden like a shadow. He would never come to dinner, we had lots of company and we often invited him to come too, when relatives were there. He never would, so Dick would bring a plate filled with whatever we were serving. He would always be locked in and Dick would pound for awhile, and he would finally come and open the door a crack, and thank him kindly. Next morning the empty plate would be by our back door.

He valued privacy and let the trees and shrubs practically cover his house. One time Bruce Olander came out to the Satter farm for some fertilizer for his garden; and he got stuck in the barnyard. No one seemed to be home at Satter's, so he came up to our place. We had a brand new C Farmall tractor just delivered, but I didn't know how to start it, or run it, and neither did he. We didn't have a telephone and Dick had the car to work. So Mr. Olander decided he would go get Lewey; he was gone a long time. Finally he persuaded Lewey to come, but he had never run a tractor, either. So Mr. Olander just had to wait for someone, to come home.

Dick always kept track of when he had seen Lewey last, and he was concerned because he hadn't seen him around for a few days; and he couldn't get an answer when he rapped at the door. So Dick went to get Clarence, and they both went in to get Dad, and they pounded and called. Lewey finally came to the door, but he was in bad shape. Dad went in to call Olaf, and described his condition. Olaf said he would be there as quick as he could; he was too, in not too many hours from Prairie du Chien. He took charge, and Dick helped carry him to Olaf's car, and they brought him to the hospital. He died there a few weeks later on 30 Sep 1951, at age 64.

We have some things of Uncle Lewey's that we prize very much. An old sturdy rocking chair. We used a round dining table and two chairs of his for years; Randee and Steve have the table and chairs now. Many of the old pictures in this history were his.

He did not burn quite all of his army related belongings, that day he returned. Among his things, was an Honorable Discharge from the Army. He had never collected or applied for any of his benefits, or mentioned anything about his army days; so his true status was not known until after his death. Also, something else I have, is his pocket Testament inscribed on the fly sheet, "Dec 25, for Lewis Satter, With love from Mother".


Olaf

Olaf Elmer Satter

The youngest son of Andrew and Dorothea was born 21 Sep 1891, at the Satter home in Morris on East 2nd Street. He attended school at Cyrus, at Framnas District 14, and Morris Lincoln School. As he grew up he did not have the advantages of his two younger sisters, as he had to remain on the farm and help with the harvest until it was done. Then he could go to school. He told me of this himself, how tough it was to try to catch up to subjects like Algebra, coming in 6 weeks late. He was very frustrated with this; however in spite of this, he made out very well. He was very well liked, talented, and handsome. He took active part in all High School sports, Plays and School Paper.

He was in a play called "The Courtship of Miles Standish" playing the part of Miles Standish. This play was presented for the Christamatian Literary Society in Morris High School.

He was a member of the Morris High School Football team of 1910, (Olaf in back row, far right, Morris water tower, and Courthouse peak in background). One of Olaf's best friends was Bob Darling. They played in sports together, and fooled some of the other teams into thinking they were the "Satter Twins". They had many other good times during their young years, and later they were to become brothers-in-law, and remained fast friends for life.

When he graduated from high school, his father Andrew wanted him to take over the farm. Olaf was determined to be a Doctor, and nothing Andrew could say would change his mind. Then his father became angry and said, "You will never have any money," but Olaf replied that "Yes, he would and in fact he was going to have twice as much as his father had, or he would consider himself a failure". His mother, Dorothea was in favor of his becoming a Doctor. and helped him in every way she could. After his graduation in 1911, he spent the summer on the farm. In the fall he left for Loyola University School of Medicine, in Chicago. He interned at St. Luke's Hospital and served his residency at the Illinois Masonic Hospital. During his student years, he served in the medical reserve, during World War I.

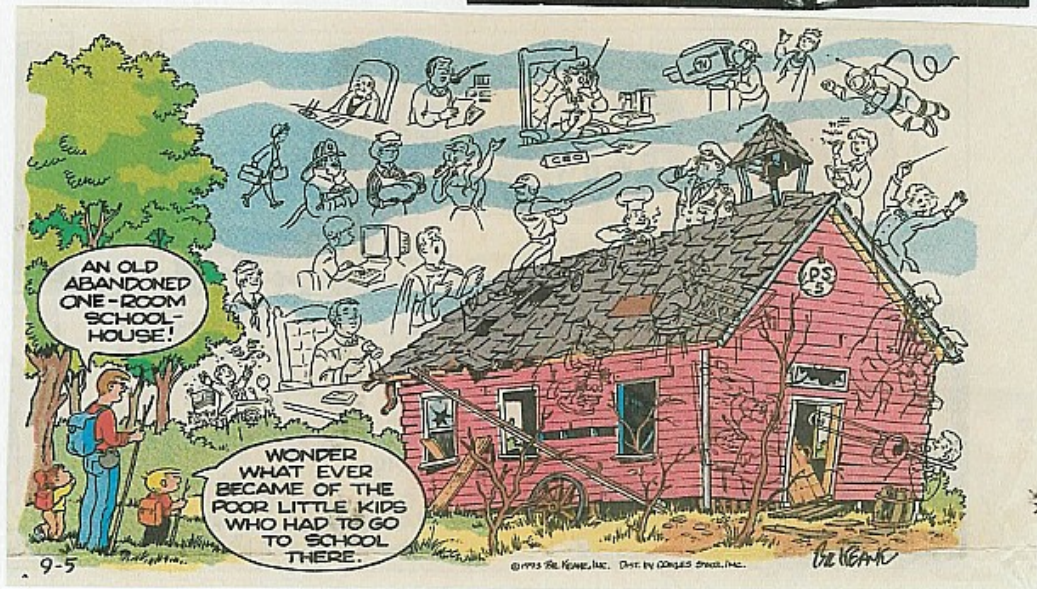
Olaf came home each summer and raised potatoes to finance his education. In the spring he would purchase a car, which was a whole new thing at that time, use it for the summer, and then sell it in the fall, and return to school. This was really a treat for the younger Satter girls; during these years before World War I, was a delightful time to live. Cars, picnics, fishing, swimming, and many friends all having a good time together. So soon to end with all the young men gone!

In 1923 following his residency, Dr. Satter went to Prairie du Chien and joined the staff of General Hospital there.

Bernice Norene Long became Olaf's wife on 1 May 1924, at Chicago, IL; they had two sons, and two daughters, and Olaf was able to consider himself a success!



Edwin, Martin, Hjalmar, Bob & Olaf





Rodney Bernice Bim Erby Sonja
Olaf



my land and your land

Dr. O.E. Satter Youngest Son and Tenth Child
(Fourth Son) born to Andrew and
Dorothea Satter.

Born September 21, 1891
Died October 8, 1976



Lewis 5yrs and Olaf 1 yr.
1892



Rebecca Adeline Satter abt 1896,

Adelia W. Satter Born Nov 17, 1899
12th and youngest of the Satter
children



BELOTE 11yr



Dede

Adelia Winnefred Satter

The last child born to Dorothea and Andrew Satter 17 Nov 1899, was Dede. Dorothea was forty-six, and Andrew fifty-eight. Dede was very much enjoyed by all the family. She was a beautiful girl, with dark blue eyes, and sweet smile. She was very intelligent, and did very well in school; she was also an accomplished musician at the piano and organ. A dedicated, determined and self reliant person, she was graduated from the eight grade in 1913. She graduated from High School at Morris and St. Cloud Teachers College. She taught in the Abercrombie, ND school system, where she met Art Gunness.

The Gunness family was a well known and well thought of family with a big relationship in the area. Dede and Art were married at the First Lutheran Church at Morris, MN, by Rev. Hobel on 25 Jun 1924.

Art and Dede were a well matched couple. They enjoyed each other, their life, their home and community. Art had a Standard Oil Service Station, and Chevrolet Dealership. His father Peter K. Gunness was the village blacksmith, and for a time he had his shop in the back of the station. Art and his brother John were in partnership. The service station was centrally located, on the main street of Abercrombie.

Two children were born to Art and Dede, Gordon William, 14 Oct 1925, and Donald Burton, on 25 Feb 1928. Dede was a very active young matron in many areas. She played the organ at church, and like all the family, wholeheartedly supported all of the activities of Aber.

Through all the years the Darling and Gunness families kept in close contact with each other, visiting back and forth. The cousins grew up knowing each other from babyhood on. I was always amazed at how much goes on in a small town, every time I visited there. On one visit we went to Fargo and saw Franklin D. Roosevelt on a train stop. Also saw the famous Peggy Lee, once at Fargo.

Dede and Art took trips and often took the boys with them. They always seemed to have the best lives. They were always happy and cheerful, and laughed a lot. They were always interested and appreciative of the efforts and struggles of others, which I personally know. When I was ill, I would get a cheerful letter full of news from Dede. When I had a lead part in our Senior class play, Dede and Don came on the train to see me in it. This was in the year 1939.





My sister Adelia Satter graduated from St. Cloud
Teacher's college and is teaching in Abercrombie N. Dakota