



Kathryn, Steven, Susan  
Gordon and Lois Guinness



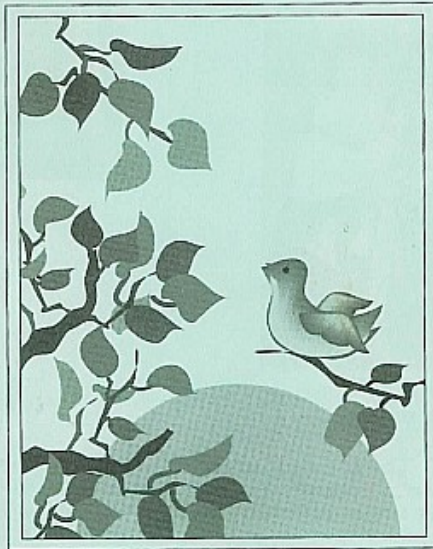
Dede, Art and mother



Don and Alice Guinness  
Peter, Mary, Sonja, Arthur and Sarah

In 1949 they celebrated their Twenty-fifth Wedding anniversary. Art became a County Commissioner, Gordon and Lois were married and soon grandchildren arrived. Dede did so enjoy her grandchildren, and everybody else's. When my daughter, Randee was two, she knit her a little red dress for Christmas. She waited patiently for me to get interested in planting flowers. Dick and I had decided that the yard should be filled in about a foot of dirt all around the house, and out to the road. We did this by hand with shovel and wheelbarrow, (this is absolutely true, one of our "struggles"). It took a long time; each time Dede and Art would come, and shake their heads and say, "Do you have to do this?" But, something drove us on. Anyway, before we were done. Dede came with a white Phlox root for me. I planted it, and moved it from place to place, and now I have about a dozen clumps of my first plant. I have shared them with others besides. Art and Dede lived to see our lawn filled, planted, and completed. Art said, "I see now what you had in mind, it was worth it". This was a gratifying complement.

**A TIME TO LIVE**



# Certificate of Birth Record

Form 3269 Certified Copy of Birth Record. (Approved Form 1951)

SECURITY PRINTING COMPANY, ST. CLOUD, MINN.

BIRTH NO.	NAME OF CHILD Rebecca Adeline Satter	DATE OF BIRTH March 18, 1894	
PLACE OF BIRTH Morris, Minnesota	SEX Female		
NAME OF FATHER A. C. Satter	AGE OF FATHER	COLOR OR RACE OF FATHER White	BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER Norway
MAIDEN NAME OF MOTHER Dorothy Ellertson	AGE OF MOTHER	COLOR OR RACE OF MOTHER White	BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER Norway
USUAL RESIDENCE OF MOTHER Morris, Minnesota	DATE OF FILING At time of birth or soon thereafter		

State of Minnesota,  
County of Stevens

## DISTRICT COURT

Sixth

Judicial District

I, E. T. Jacobson, Clerk of the District Court in and for the County and State aforesaid, do hereby certify that the above is a complete and correct copy of the birth record as appears in Birth Record 111, page 185, section 2, of the records of this office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said court at Morris, Minnesota, this 5th day of August, 1951.

E. T. Jacobson  
Clerk of the District Court

By Ruby Jacobson Deputy



Dorothy 5 years Ruth and Rebecca 1926



Donna 1935



MEMORIES FROM LIFE OF REBECCA A. SATTER  
by Dorothy Wagner, daughter



Rebecca

I was born 18 Mar 1894, on a Palm Sunday forenoon, at my parents home on 2nd street, on the east side of Morris, Minn. I now reside about 5 blocks from where I was born at, 502 East Third St. Doctors were scarce in those days and a neighbor lady, Mrs. Durst, took the place of an attending physician. This was not an unusual occasion for her, just a sideline.

The older children were attending Sunday School the forenoon, and were delighted to find a new baby sister when they came home. (I've been told). I was next to the youngest, Adelia, born 1899. My oldest brother, Albert, was married before I was born. He always seemed more like an uncle than a brother.

My father owned a large farm about three miles N.E. of Morris, and three or four houses in Morris. For a number of years, while we were in school, the family kept up two homes; one in town during the school year, and one on the farm the year around. For a time we lived a couple of years on a farm we had at Cyrus, but my mother did not like it there, and we moved back to the Morris farm, and the Morris town house.

While we were living on the Cyrus farm, I became six years old and started first grade at Cyrus. The farm home was several miles from school and a long way for a first grader to walk all alone. My two brothers, Lewey and Olaf, went too, but most of the time I was way behind. I remember one day a pocket gopher dashed out from the side of the road and started to run after me. I ran as fast as I could, and he gave up. Sometimes I wonder if he was rabid, as they usually run the other direction from people. We kids had a very bad case of whooping cough during our stay at Cyrus, and almost didn't make it. Also, my first grade teacher tried to get us to learn the multiplication tables the first few weeks. One table each day. Of course we never made it. It was her first year teaching. My parents decided to move back to Morris, and I never lived at the Cyrus farm again. Incidentally, my sister Emma, owns this farm now (1976).

In 1909, I graduated from the 8th grade. They don't bother with formal graduations for eighth graders now a days, but at that time it was a great experience, at least for our class. We girls were all dressed in new fancy white dresses, and wore corsages, for the first time, I believe. The boys had new suits, and we sat in a semi-circle on the stage of our main building for meetings, called "The Armory" on sixth street. Did we ever feel sophisticated and educated! The Armory was filled with proud parents and the rest of the towns people.

High School began in the fall. It was a big change, as I now went to the west side of town instead of the east side. Lincoln School was where I'd been before. Many members of the class were new and we "East Siders" as I look back on it, didn't have an



Rebecca



Rebecca is four 1898



Mother Dorothea, Rebecca 5  
1899



1905 District 14, Fransas Twp. Mebel Anderson teacher\* Rebecca 3rd row 11 yrs Olaf 14 yrs  
Hans boy leaning on olaf

especially happy year, too many adjustments or something. However, I did pass in all the subjects I took, so that was a relief. Latin had been such a drag, and Algebra was a misery.

As soon as school was out, we three kids who were in school, Olaf, Dilly and I, and mother packed our suitcases of clothes etc. and moved out to the farmhouse for the summer. Molly, Emma, and Lewey had kept things going out there during the school year, and Papa, who drove in and out nearly every day, often took us three kids and Mama out to the farm on weekends. It was only three miles out and housekeeping was done at both places all during the school year. During the summer the town house was locked up, and we just went to town once in a while for special doings.

Both homes were permanently furnished with beds and stoves and all needed furniture. This was done so we would have better schooling. It was an unusual arrangement, but interesting. My parents believed in education and wanted us all to have some training to fit us, for the future. My father helped my oldest brother start a store in Morris. Albert and Lena did not continue with this endeavor, however, but joined the westward Satters to Banks, N.D. to homestead.

My sister Clara, was sent to a seamstress school. She sewed well before she went to school. She had lots of practice sewing with six younger sisters. I remember my sisters telling about the time Papa brought home a couple bolts of material. He had made good deal this way. The Satter sisters were in dismay at the idea of all seven of us having to have the same material in our dresses. We were never very receptive to Papa's efforts to economize. We all liked toast. The only way to have toast in those days was to cut up homemade bread and toast it on the stove, or in the oven. This made a lot of crumbs and a lot of smoke. Papa had some words to say about this terrible waste!

Edwin was also to go to Banks, N.D. to homestead, after his marriage to Inga Thorgrimson. Louise and Inga were best friends. Louise was a teacher before her marriage to Con Sax in 1900. Emma was sent to nurses training. As was Malena, she did not continue with it, and both twins remained at home until their marriages. Lewis lived his life on the homeplace his way. Olaf became a Doctor. He graduated from Medical School in 1920. I, Rebecca was a rural school teacher. I Taught school for five years before my marriage. I taught in three rural schools in Stevens Co. namely former District 12 in Darnen, District 66 in Swan Lake, and District 14 in Framnas. Adelia was to be a school teacher also. She taught in the town schools and also was an accomplished pianist.

Dillie and I, as the youngest of a large family, no doubt had an easier time as far as work was concerned with five older sisters still at home. We did get out of lots of work while we were getting out from under foot. My sister Louise was married when I was six. Louise was very beautiful, she had loads of thick



Adella, Richard Kron, Rebecca and Arleton Sex 1908



To Lewis from Rebecca Confirmed and Graduated June 1909 -all Bros and Sisters



1910 Four Sisters: Adelle, Rebecca, Emma Malena standing



1 Cousin  
Olava  
3 Sisters  
Molly

1911 Olava (cousin) Molly, Peccie, Millie

naturally curly hair. She married Con Sax, and they went to Banks, N.D.

In our childhood days, I don't think any little girls anywhere ever had as much fun as Dillie and I did playing with our small doll families, which we made and dressed ourselves. The houses they lived in were made of wooden grocery boxes which we decorated and completely furnished with miniature furniture, also made by us. During the nice summer days, we would arrange them under a shady lawn tree. On rainy days it was upstairs or in the house that was used only for bedrooms, the dorm as we later called it. Of course, as we grew older, we outgrew that wonderful pastime; but it still leaves fond memories and we have often declared to each other that no kids ever had as much fun as we did with our doll families.

One summer day about this time all we girls, Clara, Emma, Molly, Annette, Dillie, and I decided to go down the long hill on our farm, to the Pomme de Terre River which ran through the lower part of our farm. The buildings and a large grove were on a hill which sloped down through the pasture to the river. In this large pasture, a herd of cows, sheep, horses, and a bull spent the day grazing on the grassy hills, and when thirsty wandered down to the river for a drink. The cows were all gentle, but the bull was something else, and I was scared stiff of him.

In a sheltered spot on the bank of the river, we changed into our bathing suits. There was no road or traffic in sight so we were assured of privacy. The herd of cattle were up the hill on the edge of the grove where the buildings were. We thought we were safe. However, we must have raised our voices as we splashed about, and the first thing we knew that "beast" had heard us and came bellowing down the hill. We were all in the middle of the river at that time, and we just about panicked. Have you ever tried to run in water up to your armpits? None of us knew how to swim. There was a high wire fence a few rods from where we decided to go in, so we all made a fast start in that direction. Meanwhile the bull was getting closer. When the steep bank where we had left our clothes came in view, he stopped. He started angrily tossing our clothes in the air, pawing the ground, and bellowing. By this time we had reached the high fence, and crawled under it and started up the hill as fast as we could. The bull finally stopped tossing our clothes, and started up the fence line after us. Soon there was nothing between us but the fence. He followed us way up to our buildings, where we were at last safe. I guess I never was so scared in my life. I was about ten when this happened, and Dillie was five.

I remember one harvest season that was later than usual and school was to start before my Mother could leave, and take us to the town house. Dilly and I were both upset at the idea of coming to school a week late. My folks decided to send us on ahead with my older sister, Annette, to look after us. We packed supplies from home and moved in. We didn't manage our food supplies very well, and we completely ran out of everything by Thursday morning.



Our folks wouldn't be coming for us until Friday after school. There was a bakery just half a block from our house, but we didn't have any money along and charging anything was unheard of in our experience. Even my older sister couldn't be talked into going to a store and "charge". So we came home at noon for lunch and had a drink of water and went back to school. By Friday noon we were really hungry, and a friend offered Dillie some candy on the way back to school. She became sick and was sent home from school. My sister Annette thought we should wait for my parents. So we did. I remember she was working on a quilt the whole week, as she was soon to be married.

My mother Dorothea came from the Starbuck Langhei area. She had a number of relatives ~~that~~ settled in this vicinity. From time to time we would have visiting cousins stay with us. My mother had a sister by the name of Aunt Annie. I liked her very much. One day she was visiting us and we were all going out to pick some strawberries for supper. Aunt Annie spied a especially big ripe one, the same time I did. She had her hand on it, and I took her hand off it and picked it myself, and put it in the bowl. She only smiled, but I immediately felt horrid! To this day I remember this incident with misgivings.

I graduated from high school with the class of 1913, on MAY 30th, at the Morris Armory. There were twenty-six members in my class. After I graduated from high school, I attended Normal School. This was the education needed for teaching in rural schools in those days. I taught for a year and saved my money, and then I took off for a years vacation.

An event I remember with great pleasure is the trip I took in 1915 to visit a settlement of five of my brothers and sisters, and their families at Banks, N.D. It seemed that when my brothers and sisters grew up, they too wanted to be pioneers. One by one, or two and two I should say, they married and settled on their homesteads in the Banks area. My sister Louise and her husband Con Sax settled on their homestead in 1903. They had a general store and the Post Office, besides some land. My brother Edwin and his wife Inga, my oldest brother Albert and his wife Lena, my oldest sister Clara and her husband Alfred, and Annette and her husband Chris, all lived in a little territory of their own.

At this time my brother Olaf was going to Medical School and every summer he would come home with a Page car or some other model of car and put in his potato crop. In the fall he would sell his car and go back to the grind. Did we ~~ever~~ have fun those summers! This summer of 1915, he took me to Banks and we visited the five Banks families. I stayed a week at each place, and met all he nieces and nephews. I still remember this time as one of sheer delight, to see every one and tear around the country in the car.

On the way back, we stopped at Drake where Emma and Henry Frandsen lived on a farm. Bob Darling was working for them that summer. While I was there I cranked the car and the crank spun