

October 10, 2010

Dear Herb,

Our wonderful Lucy handed me the phone shortly prior to your departure. The best I could think of to say to you was "I Love you" and "Goodbye". Now since I failed to tell you how much you influence me as a brother, I am glad for this moment to tell what you meant to me. First that day you were picking little flowers around the windmill area. And for whom? No one ever told me but I'm sure that they were for your Mother and Grandmother Sauer. An act of kindness and love, what else could it have been? Your thoughtfulness was interrupted by that squeaky old mill wheel by disengaging itself and falling down against the house and bouncing back upon your legs. Off to the Miami Valley Hospital you went for medical care and recovery. An important part of this most of which I only know because it was told to me. Your hospital room was close to the elevator; the elevator man (black) was pleasant and became a friend of yours. This was a new experience, rare to see a black man in Preble Co. in those days. And rarer still would be to call him Mr. Few people would speak to him

and never would he be addressed as Mr. Earl Gaines. You couldn't understand this and fortunately our Mother and Dad had no prejudiced thoughts other than to encourage their sons to be likewise. This incident was part of your understanding that racism was undesirable and hateful and had no part in our lives.

Herb, you made fast progress in school which I believe was that you made good time of your recovery and caught up and surpassed other students because you spent time reading and learning on your own. I remember when Mr. Walter Collins, superintendent, became aware of how you got so far ahead of fellow students that he saw promotion to the next grade in the middle of the school year was needed. To this day this has never happened to another student in the 12-year school in West Alexandria, OH.

A few years later during the summer two teachers desiring to increase earnings came walking to our front door, Mother answered and they politely introduced

themselves as representing an Encyclopedia Co. offering their product for consideration to buy. And oh yes, they had been told to be sure and stop here, that the teenage student living there surely would make good use of their product.

In the presentation, the question was directed to you, where is Indiana and far is it from Ohio? Then where is Texas and what direction is it? Several other questions were asked and then, do you see how these books give you other more difficult questions and answers? You replied by turning to one of the books and showing immediately how it would be done. About six additional questions were given you and never failing to astonish and spoil their sales pitch. You seemed embarrassed to find the two sales ladies (teachers) chagrined and embarrassed at attempting to sell their product. When you were asked "what will you do when you want to know something and don't have an encyclopedia?" Your response, "go to the town or school library and look it up." Our Mother politely said, thank you ladies but I don't think we need a set of encyclopedias, Herbert will find a way to learn without them. Shaking

their head in bewilderment the teachers moved on hopefully finding a home where the set of books would find a home.

Several occasions I experienced a teacher who said, "My, Hugh, you sure don't learn as fast as your brother, don't you think you should study more?" Finally educators have learned that individual differences exist from one to another.

Now let's move on to college, Herb you were now in graduate school, statistics were a favorite, but seems like all courses, Philosophy, *et al* were meant for you to master. I remember when one Professor recommended you for employment and his statement, "Mr. Sauer has a passion for statistics" was as strong as he could get. Yet passion was rarely a description for intellectual pursuit.

Herb, showing your consideration for me, you invited me to be your room mate at a rooming house for students. No dorms existed for men at Ohio State in 1933. Wasn't it great to be just 3 blocks from campus with a double room,

breakfast and supper Monday thru Saturday, breakfast on Sunday and dinner a little late, our land lady went to church having the meal just a little late. And now for the unbelievable cost, remember its 1933-- \$20 for each per month. But more worth remembering was your desire to allow me to mature on my own without being a domineering big brother. Yes a few suggestions for guidance. Now I wonder why it is now after you are no longer here why oh why did I fail to let you know how so much you did helped me. Even so I continue to thank you and you will always dwell in my memories and with love forever.

One final thought and memory: in our days of youth, as I remember, men, be they fathers and sons or brothers, showing love was a rarity. Finally in our later years this has changed. I am so glad that those times have changed. I was privileged to come to see you in Columbia. You and I received our first hug showing our love for each other from each other.

Hugh