



Clifford M. Jendro

September 21, 1912 - December 8, 2008

Clifford Mathew Jendro, age 96, of Beach, North Dakota, formerly of Wibaux, Montana, passed away on Thursday, December 4, 2008, at the Glendive Medical Center in Glendive, Montana. Visitation will be held from 3:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M. and 6:00 P.M. to 8:00 P.M., Sunday, December 7, 2008, at the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Beach. A Life Tribute Service will be held at 10:00 A.M., Monday, December 8, 2008, at the Chapel of the Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home in Beach with Celebrant Sandy Silha officiating. Interment will follow in the Beach City Cemetery. Silvernale-Silha Funeral Home of Beach is entrusted with arrangements. Cliff was born on September 21, 1912, in Alpha, North Dakota, the son of Edward and Elizabeth (Sura) Jendro. He was raised and educated in the Alpha community. Cliff farmed and ranched in the Alpha area until 1942 when he moved to a ranch on Beaver Creek north of Wibaux, Montana. Cliff married Leona Stewart-Petermann on June 9, 1972. The couple made their home on the ranch north of Wibaux until retiring in 1992 and moving to Beach where they resided until the time of his death. Cliff loved horses, farming, and tractors. He enjoyed craftwork which included miniature houses built with beads and wire, miniature windmills, wagons and more. Cliff was preceded in death by his parents; his brother, Dayton Jendro; and his step-son, Joe Petermann. Cliff is survived by his wife, Leona of Beach; his step-children, Gary Petermann and his wife Debbie of Mandan, North Dakota; George Petermann and his wife Sandra of Dickinson, North Dakota; James Petermann of Tacoma,

Washington; Judy Anderson and her husband David of Mississippi; his 6 sisters, Angela Kennedy of Vancouver, Washington; Adeline Johnson of Wibaux, Montana; Emajean Chaffee of Wibaux, Montana; Delaine Helvik of Wibaux, Montana; Vonda Stull of Wibaux, Montana; Lillian Feldman of Dickinson, North Dakota; his two brothers, James Jendro of Atlanta, Texas; Irving Jendro of Montana; 4 step-grandchildren and 9 step-great-grandchildren. Eulogy: Life Tribute Service Professional, Sandy Silha "He lived the cowboy way." That is how Clifford Mathew Jendro was characterized by his friend of many years, Ray Schneider. Born, raised, and educated on a farm and ranch, Clifford embodied what many of us associate with cowboys. Clifford was a horseman and a rancher. He worked with horses, raised cattle and a few pigs, milked a few cows, farmed oats and hay to feed his animals, and threshed his own crops. Clifford smoked Salem cigarettes, chewed Copenhagen, drank beer, and was a meat and potatoes man. He never owned a pair of shoes; he only wore boots. Clifford was a man with a big, gruff voice and strong opinions. He was stubborn and if he disliked you, he disliked you forever. But if he did like you, his generosity knew no bounds. Clifford was gentle and patient with children. When children were around Clifford, he would let them try things, like driving a team of horses or the pick-up, help with the threshing or the ranch chores. Clifford would say, how would they know or learn if they didn't try it? Clifford liked to be self-sufficient. When things on the ranch didn't work right or broke down, Clifford didn't call anyone for help, he fixed it himself. He never had running water or indoor plumbing on the ranch. His attitude for "modern" things was that they were just "something else that would go wrong!" Clifford also didn't depend on getting any help when it came to giving up his habits of smoking, drinking or chewing. He just quit. And at times you knew it must have been hard, as Clifford would sometimes unconsciously reach his finger over to his front pocket for a bit of that chew. Clifford was very creative and gifted with his hands. If belts or harnesses broke, he would hand sew the leather right there out in the field. He understood mechanics and could and would fix his own machinery. One thing

too, Clifford never shared his secrets about how he did those things, or his ideas on making things. That he kept to himself. When most ranchers went to pick-ups and later three and four wheelers to do chores, Clifford stayed with his horses. He always had a saddle horse, usually a palamino, to ride, and Clifford always used a team and wagon to feed the cattle. Vivid memories his step-son, Gary Petermann, and nephews, Larry and Kim Helvik have are of feeding the cattle during winter and using the sleigh hay wagon and a team of horses to haul the hay or feed. Clifford would let the boys drive the team and they would go every day no matter what the weather, or how high the snow. Clifford's deep voice would order his team along and the horses always obeyed. Once there was a bad snowstorm and Clifford didn't make it to town for a few days. When he finally did, he was telling about the strong winds and snow. It was suggested that he enclose the wagon with plywood for some protection from the elements when he was out feeding the cattle. Clifford said that just wasn't the way to do it. Another memory for the boys was of threshing. Long after other ranchers had parked their threshing machines on a hill as antiques, Clifford continued to thresh at harvest. The boys would help bundle the crops for the machine, and maybe get to drive. They remember people stopping to take pictures of the threshing because it was so rare to see anyone still doing it. Clifford gave these boys some wonderful experiences and memories. Clifford spent most of his 96 years in the Beach, North Dakota and Wibaux, Montana area. He did spend some time in the Civilian Conservation Corps during the Depression years, building dams in Minnesota and North Dakota. When he was away from home working in the CCC, Clifford had a box he put his things into to travel with. When he was finished with the CCC, Clifford used that box for a workbench on his ranch. As a young man, Clifford worked with his father on the family ranch. Clifford's sister, Adeline, tells that when Clifford was about 30, he and his father, Edward, were hauling with a team and wagon. They were on a hill and Edward was walking beside the wagon with Clifford driving the team. Edward must have slipped

and fallen under a wheel, and Clifford didn't see him fall and the wagon ran over him. Out in the field, with no one in sight, Clifford had to unhitch the team and ride to the nearest farm to call for help. Edward died in the accident and this was terribly hard on Clifford. When Clifford moved to his own ranch on Beaver Creek north of Wibaux, his mother, Elizabeth, lived with him, and he took care of her for years. After Clifford married Leona Stewart-Petermann, he wanted Leona to move from town to the ranch to live with him and his mother. Leona did not view that arrangement favorably, so eventually, Leona and Elizabeth switched houses, and Leona, with her son, Gary, went to live on the ranch. Leona's other three children had grown and were out on their own. Leona became a ranch wife, tending to the household chores, keeping a garden, being a wife and mother. Even though Clifford was a meat and potatoes man, Leona recalls his love of sauerkraut and her homemade wines. One distinct memory is of having big crocks of sauerkraut going, while making her chokecherry wine. Leona claims Clifford was in his glory walking through the house and smelling his favorites fermenting. Clifford also loved headcheese and homemade horseradish. Gary noticed that when Clifford would grind the horseradish in the basement, eyes would water upstairs. Turkey was not something Clifford cared to eat, so at Thanksgiving duck was the featured meat. Clifford even had Leona try a goose or two. The pigs raised by Clifford were used to make sausage. This was quite a process and involved anyone who cared to join in. Clifford had made a smoker out of a 1954 Green Chevy. As Leona tells it, Clifford had been driving home one evening after being in town. He was in the green Chevy and managed to clip a car parked by the road. No one was hurt, but Clifford parked that Chevy beside the barn and never drove it again. Eventually he stripped out the interior and made it into a smoker. He would adjust the windows according to how much smoke was developing. Everyone loved his sausage and with all the relatives in the area, Clifford's sausage didn't last long. Clifford was not a television watcher, but he did enjoy baseball. Leona says he was a Braves fan and she was a Cubs fan. The only time they sat and watched baseball

together was when the two teams played each other. Leona also tells of playing rummy with Clifford for a penny a point. Leona would generally win and she had accumulated a big jar of pennies when Clifford finally quit playing rummy with her. In 1992, when Clifford was 80 years old, it was time to sell the ranch. Clifford and Leona moved into Beach. In 1996, Clifford got an infection in his foot and it turned to gangrene and his right leg was amputated just below the knee. The thing that really angered Clifford about losing his leg was, for the next six years, he was not able to drive. Clifford got a prosthesis but he was never satisfied with the way it fit. While on the ranch, Clifford had handcrafted a series of miniature working windmills out of wood and metal scraps he had lying around the ranch. He set up a shop in one of his buildings and spent many spare hours using his gifted hands to create. He then went to making different kinds of miniature horse drawn wagons, remembered from his experiences with wagons over the years. He replicated the hay and sleigh wagons, made stagecoaches, and other farm wagons all drawn by small horses he would get at the dollar store. He used pieces of leather for the harnesses, and again used scraps from materials he found on the ranch. After moving to Beach, Clifford set up shop in his garage, until he could no longer work out there. Leona then set up a library table in the house for him to do his work. Clifford moved on to create bead and wire miniatures of houses, furniture, signs and teepees. He was very particular about what kinds of beads he used. His step-son and daughter-in-law, George and Sandy Petermann, finally found the Oriental Trader beads where they could get Clifford 5000 beads at a time. Most of Clifford's family has been fortunate to have Clifford give them one or more of his unique creations. Clifford's step-son, Gary, has some of the same talent and made a working carousel that he gave to Clifford. Clifford could appreciate all the work put into the carousel, and commented that the carousel was the nicest gift anyone had ever given him. Leona and Clifford's family recognize what an important part of Clifford's life these talents were and what a legacy they now are to all who have them. Clifford's family has brought a sampling of Clifford's works for you to view

today and to honor his creativity. Also displayed are his straw cowboy hat, his harmonica, a photo of a younger Clifford, and a large figurine of a horse.

Clifford had a long and full life living the “cowboy way”. As we honor and pay tribute to Clifford Jendro today, may we remember with smiles and appreciation those traits of this talented cowboy, horseman, and rancher that made him the unique person we will remember him to be.

Tribute Wall



“ *Clifford M. Jendro*

December 07, 2022 at 04:10 PM