



July 1998

Volume XVI

Number 2



PLYMOUTH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Saturday August 8th 10 a.m. -4 p.m.

The Plymouth History Fest will be held on Saturday, August 8th at Parkers Lake, celebrating the addition of the Old (New) Log Cabin. The event will include:

- Melodrama
- Voyager Encampment
- 1858 Baseball Exhibition
- Antique Car Show
- Log Cabin Trading Post
- Down on the Farm Petting Zoo
- Farmer's Market
- Plymouth Rockers
- Ice Cream Social
- Pig Roast
- Barber Shop Quartet
- Children's Games and Activities

Please Note: This is a change in location this year to Parkers Lake. Please see the attached map and agenda of events.



MAILING AND MEMBERSHIP LIST

Handy Helper Needed

The Plymouth Historical Society is looking for a person that could provide Handy Helper type services. Simple tasks like hanging pictures, fixing items, arranging artifacts, moving shelves, etc. A few hours per week or every other week would be helpful. Contact Joe or Delores Morris at 535-8756.

Attention!! If you have not paid your 1998 membership dues, please send in the form or if you have any questions, please call Alberta Casey, 559-9366.

The annual dues are:

Individual	\$7.50
Family	\$12.00
Individual Lifetime	\$100.00
Family Lifetime	\$150.00

Officers

The following are the present officers:

President	Jim Garvey	559-3047
Vice President	Cork Ornborg	475-0930
Secretary	Mable Swanson	545-7705
Treasurer	Harvey Schiebe	545-6127

Meetings

The monthly meetings are normally held on the 4th Wednesday of the month at 7 p.m. in the Plymouth Historical Society Building, located at 3605 Fernbrook Lane North, Plymouth, MN.

Board of Directors

The following is the present Board of Directors:

Name	Telephone	Term
Kay Bertrand	559-5042	1997-2000
Ben G. Broman	559-5721	1997-2000
Alberta Casey	559-9366	1996-1999
Carol Creelman	545-9698	1996-1999
Vern Dotseth	559-3777	1995-1998
Myrtle Eckes	545-6168	1996-1999
Jim Garvey	559-3047	1997-2000
Joyce McCaughey	557-6948	1996-1999
Joe Morris	535-8756	1996-1999
Cork Ornborg	475-0930	1997-2000
Vern Peterson	559-2317	1995-1998
Gary Schiebe	473-4889	1996-1999
Harvey Schiebe	545-6127	1996-1999
Margerite Schiebe	541-7187	1997-2000
Mable Swanson	545-7705	1997-2000

Family History

The following is a copy of information about the Daniel Parker family in the Plymouth Historical Society collection. Parkers Lake was named by this family.



Hester Anne Parker, Wife of Daniel Parker



Daniel Parker, Son of Jas. And Deborah Parker

The Daniel Curtis Parker Story

Daniel Curtis Parker, my grandfather, was born June 9, 1825 in Scarboro, Maine. He came to Minnesota in April 1855, bringing his young wife, Hester Anne and a small daughter, Harriet, also his father, Reverend James Parker and his mother, Deborah Small Parker.

Reverend James Parker was a Methodist minister and a circuit rider in Ohio and Maine. He met and married Deborah Small who was teaching school on Harpswell Island, off the coast of Maine. They had five sons and two daughters; namely, Daniel, Alfred, James, Charles, Israel, Elizabeth and Jane. All the sons and one daughter, Elizabeth, came to Minnesota as early settlers and all took up land.

Daniel and Alfred went to California in the 1849 Gold Rush. Daniel went back to Maine but Alfred came to Minnesota with James, Israel and Charles in 1854. Alfred wrote to Daniel telling him of the wonderful opportunities for land and the fine future for them all in Minnesota. So Daniel decided to

come in 1855. Daniel, his wife and daughter, father and mother came by train – common day coaches – as far as Galena, Illinois. The trip was very difficult so they got off the train nights to give the old father and mother and Daniel's wife, who was expecting another child, rest and a good night's sleep. With them, they brought all their clothing and bedding and the simplest of household articles. From Galena, Illinois, they continued by steamboat to St. Paul, Minnesota. Many people were ill on the boat and among them was Daniel's mother. She died of Cholera before reaching St. Anthony. She was buried in the deep forest on what is now Hoag Avenue in North Minneapolis.

Alfred, James, Charles and Israel had staked out their claims and had their cabins up in 1854. After Daniel got to Minnesota, he didn't want to stay as it was so wild and rough but his brothers and wife urged him to do so. They continued the journey out to the claims and Daniel took up land too, on what is now known as Parker's Lake. My grandmother told

me how she sat in the little buggy with her little girl and Reverend Parker, who was 80 years old then, and my grandfather, Daniel, led the horse through the thick forest and brush out to their brother's claims. They were so tired and there was such a lot of hard work ahead of them. They lived with the brothers until they had their own cabins up. Great-grandfather Parker lived five years after coming to Minnesota. He was buried on my grandfather's claim out in the field.

After their cabins were up, they went back to get their mother's body to bury her near the father but they couldn't find the grave again because the woods were so deep. The settlement of the brother's claims was named Parker's Lake, and was about 15 miles west of what is now Minneapolis.

Their early pioneer life was rough and hard. The land had to be cleared by hand. In clearing the land, they would have log-burning parties. All the logs were cut down and piled up and set on fire. People came for miles around, making a day of helping, bringing their food and children, and then after the work was done, they would dance. But in spite of the hardships, my grandmother told me they were very happy. They had just got their cabin up, when their second child was born. Due to the hard journey coming from Maine and the rough work when they arrived, the baby was born prematurely and did not live. The baby was named Forrest because of the deep woods. Grandfather cried when the baby died and he cut a short log and hollowed it out for a casket. They had brought bolts of cloth with them from Maine so they lined that small log with the cloth and buried the baby outside the cabin window. There were no doctors here then and Daniel was the only one there with his wife when the baby was born.

There was no furniture except what my grandfather built. They had just the bare necessities and the simple things that they had been able to bring with them from Maine, such as clothing and bedding.

The women of the area would have quilting parties, bringing all the children and food with them in large wagons. They all had to help one another. The women did all the knitting for their families. Later on, my grandmother had the only sewing machine for miles around. The women used to come there to sew on that machine. They had no patterns for making clothes. Cloth was laid on a person's body and cut around the shape. Grandmother taught all her girls to knit and in the evening, all sat around her and they had to knit a certain amount while grandfather read to them. Newspapers and books were very scarce but he did have the Bible to read from.

My grandfather's first log cabin burned down but a new one was built with a hand-hewn floor and it was much larger and so much better than the first cabin. Years later they had a good frame house.

Grandfather and grandmother Parker had five daughters and one son. They were as follows: Harriet Parker Varner, Jane Parker Magladry, Emma Parker Downs, Cora Parker Getchell, Lilian Parker Koons and Fred Parker, who died at the age of 16.

There was always the fear of the Indians, although some of them were friendly. When the Indian Massacre at New Ulm

occurred, they received word by men coming through on horseback to warn the settlers. Grandmother told me how they turned their cattle loose and that the family got into a big lumber wagon and drove to Uncle James Parker's home which was on the main road to the fort. The families all gathered there to go to Fort Snelling. While they were waiting for others to come, grandfather and grandmother decided to go back to their cabin and get some more clothing for the children. They took hold of hands and walked back through the woods in the dark. They didn't even dare speak to one another. When they accidentally stepped on a twig and it would make a crackly sound, they would stop still, expecting it to be an Indian on their trail. But they made it safely to their cabin and back with a small leather trunk full of clothing. It must have been a very long frightening trip, walking through the dark woods. By morning, word came that the soldiers had arrived at New Ulm and had the situation well in hand, so the settlers could go home again and round up their cattle. That fear of the Indians was always with them. The Indians were all through the Minnesota River Valley.

Grandfather did most of the buying for the family. He would buy yarn for knitting in huge boxes. He would draw around the children's feet with a pencil for the size of shoes. All food was purchased in large amounts, such as whole cod fish, flour by the barrel, etc.

All of Daniel and Hester Anne Parker's daughters taught in the country schools, boarding during the week in one of the homes near the school, and on weekends coming home to be with their parents.

Grandfather and grandmother Parker had a good home for their children and later a fine well-stocked prosperous farm. They were a credit to their community. They gave land and helped build a Methodist Church at Parker's Lake.

Daniel Curtis Parker and Hester Anne Parker both lived to be 85 years of age, after a long, hard and full life.

(Signed) Bessie Koons Wallace

Israel Parker

Israel Parker was also one of the original of the Parker boys who migrated here to Plymouth Township in 1854. In like manner he settled around Parkers Lake which was named after the Parker family as so many retained land around it. He, however, settled further south and to the west in Sections 32 and 33. On November 15, 1860, Israel made his purchase of Lot #6, 66.18 acres in Section 32 and on the same day purchased the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ and the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$ in Section 33, consisting of 80 acres. His entire farm, therefore, contained 146.18 acres. His daughter, Minnie Banker of Champlin, Minnesota, says he sold this farm and purchased land where the Minneapolis Workhouse Superintendent's home now stands and, in fact, she said she was born in that little brown house which had stood on the hill. This daughter according to the Town Records was born October 3, 1870 so he sold his land quite early.

Israel and his brothers who came before Daniel (who was the only one married before they arrived here) evidently batched with his brothers and brother-in-law, Amos Hoyt. Probably they lived with Dan or Dan and his wife with them until their home was built. As a young girl who helped Hestor, Dan's wife, with her work and children, came to know Israel so well that she married him. Her name was Sarah Goodale, who lived near Brooklyn Center or thereabouts. When the maps for that township are made the name of Goodale will probably be found. She must have been a very kind and loving soul because when Amos Hoyt, the brother-in-law of her husband, entered the Army for Civil War duties, Sarah Goodale took care of Amos, Armand and baby, all children of Amos and Elizabeth Hoyt's as Elizabeth had died. Elizabeth was probably buried on the farm as none of the Parker's recollect her.

Israel left the Parker Lake area in 1875 or 1876 and moved to Wayzata where he had a butcher shop in partnership with a Mr. Cruikshank. He stayed there only a short time and moved to Brooklyn Center and lived for about a year with his father-in-law, Mr. Goodale. Here he stayed probably a year or less and then located on a little farm west of Anoka, then to the town of Anoka for four years where he peddled. This peddling job was in the form of merchandise, trinkets, etc. At any rate, it kept him for four years when he moved to Champlin and farmed on various farms for three years, then to Anoka town one year, back to Champlin for two years and finally to Maple Grove Township in 1887 and farmed until his death and burial in Crystal Township.

Israel and his wife, Sarah, had the following children: Bell Parker Hastings, who lived in California and is deceased; Minnie Parker Banker of Champlin, Minnesota (living as of 1954); Herbert Parker of Anoka (living as of 1954); Harry of Minneapolis (living as of 1954); Charles and William deceased; and Bert of Anoka (living as of 1954). None of the deceased are buried at Parkers Lake. Minnie has a great many pictures, one especially of her father in Civil War uniform and her grandparents, James Parker and Deborah, enlarged and in oils which is very lovely. Minnie very graciously gave me the information concerning the Israel Parker family and the picture of her father and mother to copy.

A grand daughter of Israel's wrote the following essay or story about her folks, the Parker family, which is not really authentic but very picturesque. ■

Forgotten Heroines

As one leaves the City of Minneapolis, winding out over a royal highway toward the once famous Minnetonka, out the Wayzata way and beyond, he may discover a little country church with its accompanying burial ground. Near by is what was once a beautiful little lake, set in a forest of hard maple and birch with the usual sprinkling of elm and basswood.

If one is further interested, he may try to decipher the names and dates on the mossy headstones, which he will find date back to a time when there was no Minneapolis, and when St. Anthony was only an infant of uncertain growth.

He will also notice on many of these headstones, the name of Parker, and it is after these brothers for there were five of them, that the little lake was named.

Coming upon this beautiful scene in the early forties and noting the rich black loam and luxuriant vegetation, a brother-in-law, Hoyt by name, made haste to write back to the old home state, enlarging on the paradise he had discovered which awaited only the hand of man to turn it into fruitful fields, gardens and orchards. It was a real "Garden of Eden" where maple syrup would flow into barrels and the bees would fill hives to overflowing with golden sweetness, garnered from basswood and clover.

Needless to say it was not long before the five brothers sold their possessions and, leaving friends and loved ones behind, started toward this land of promise in what was then called the new West. In their eyes was that far off gleam of one who sees already the home he intends to build for his wife and little ones.

All honor to these might "Giants of the Earth" who like Caesar, "*came, saw and conquered*" the forest, the streams, and the prairies, until from a howling wilderness, where only the Red Man and a few trappers roamed, our beautiful state has come into being.

*"With her wealth of wheat and pine
Cities great and iron mine; Limpid
Lakes and rivers running to the sea."*

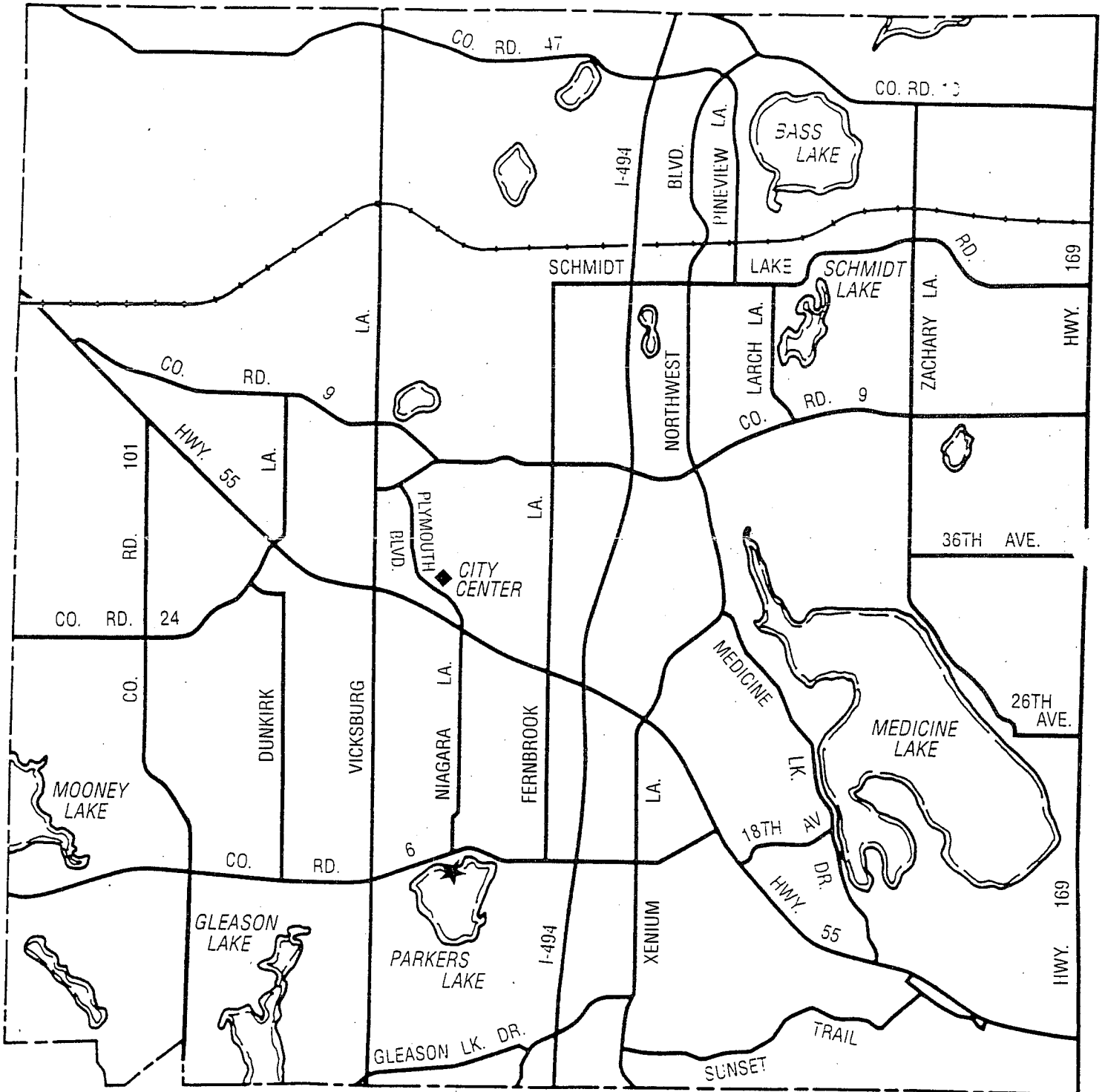
Nor would we forget the brave wives who many times, I fear, did not catch the vision which gave hope and courage to the husband, but followed meekly, patiently, enduring the hardships and privations which necessarily must have a part in this conquering of the wilderness. It is one of these brave-spirited women I wish to tell.

The late August sun shone brightly on the dancing waters of the little lake, reflecting on its liquid surface little fleecy white clouds that seemed to skip and run like lambs at play. An early frost had painted the sumac and maples a brilliant scarlet, the birches were turning yellow, while in little fields, around the lake, soldierly rows of rustling corn shocks stood guard to piles of golden pumpkins and crooked necked Hubbard squashes...yellow and green. Wild grapes were turning purple in the sun, while orchards bowed beneath their weight of apples and plums.

A herd of cattle came rushing down to the lake, wading out into the cool waters to rid themselves of that torment of the back woods, the deer fly.

On a rock hillside fleecy ewes lay contentedly chesing their cuds; while their almost full grown lambs bamboled in the sunshine. Can this be the wilderness of ten short years ago? Truly it had "*blossomed as the rose*".

Parkers Lake Pavilion



Parkers Lake Park is located at the intersection of Co. Rd. 6 and Niagara Ln. in Plymouth (about 1 mile west of 494). At the stop light, enter the park by going south toward the lake. Take the first right.



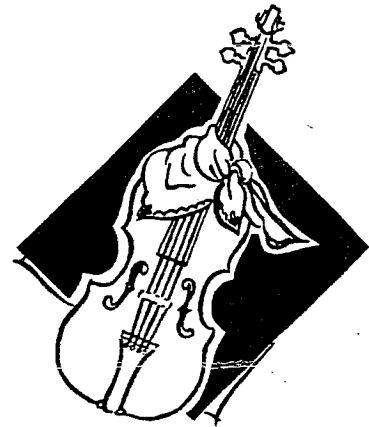
Saturday, August 8, 1998
Parkers Lake Park, Co. Rd. 6 & Niagara Ln.

Featuring Olde Fashioned Family Fun:

FREE ADMISSION

Ongoing Voyager Encampment:
campsite, tipi, birchbark canoes
gunsmith/blackpowder demo, cannon
basket maker, spinners, story tellers
log cabin trading post

Antique Car Show
Plymouth Wood Carvers
Down on the Farm Petting Zoo
Craft & Farmers Market



- 10:00 - noon Quicksteps - 1858 base ball exhibition
- 10:30 a.m. Route 3 - An American Musical Journey
- 11:00 a.m. Pig Roast Begins \$6
- 12:00 p.m. Children's Games & Activities
- 12:00 p.m. Ice Cream Social - Plymouth Seniors
- 1:15 p.m. The Plymouth Rockers Senior Ensembles
- 1:45 p.m. Clip-tones Barbershop Quartet
- 2:45 & 3:30 Olde Fashioned Melodrama - *"Saving the Old Homestead"*
- 3:00 p.m. Cake Walk

For more information call 509-5200

Event will be held rain or shine - bring blankets and/or lawn chairs.

