



April 2000

Volume XVI I

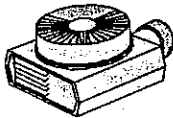
Number 1

Two Big Events Happening In Plymouth

Open House Sunday April 30th at the Plymouth Historical Society
&
Plymouth History Fest at Parker's Lake on Saturday May 13th

Sunday April 30th

Come one, come all to the Plymouth Historical Society Open House Sunday, April 30th. Guest Speaker Joan Gill will have a slide presentation and talk about her roots connected to the Isle of Man. The doors open at 1:00 PM until 4:00PM. Come listen and look at new additions to your museum. Refreshments will be served



Sights and Stories from the Isle of Man

Come along for a picture tour of the quaint little Isle of Man, located in the Irish Sea. Being located at a "crossroads" of sailing lanes, it has a very complex history of invasion and settlement by many people and countries. All of these have given it a rich cultural background. Now it is a crown dependency of England. The hour long slide show starting at 2:00 PM on Sunday will be sprinkled with folklore and stories of the Island.

Presenter Joan Gill has been a resident of Plymouth for over 30 years. Her grandfather emigrated from the Island early in the 20th century. It was from him that she developed her fondness and interest in the Isle of Man, its history and folklore. She has spent a number of years collecting Manx folklore, stories, and historical information. On her several visits to the Isle of Man, Joan has purchased any available printed material,

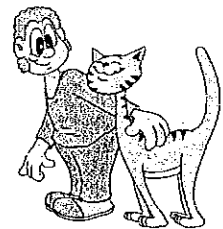
including reprints from 19th and 18th century, as well as collecting oral data.

Joan has performed at Celtic Festivals in the Twin Cities, New Orleans, Albuquerque, and Leesburg, Virginia. She won the story telling contest in both 1994 and 1995 at the Minnesota Celtic Festival held at Murphy's Landing. She has performed for school groups, the Hennepin County Library, and community education in the western suburbs. Recently she compiled a 20 page bound booklet of Manx Folklore.

Saturday May 13th

Plymouth History Fest at Parkers Lake Park on Sunday May 13th from 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM. Many activities for all ages - young and young at heart:

Voyager Encampment,
Antique Car Show, Petting
Zoo, Farmers Market
Flower Sale, Plymouth
Wood Carvers, Plymouth
Historical Society Display,
Bob Gasch - Log Building
Methods, Ruben Fast Horse
- Native American Culture, Plymouth Rockers, Cake
Walk, Barbershop Quartet, Car Parade and Old Tyme
Refreshments.



The reason for moving the date from August to May is that it is being held in conjunction with a Voyager Encampment which is being held May 11 & 12th. These two days will have approximately 2000 school students from the local area attending a variety of educational activities going on at Parkers Lake Park. On Saturday

the 13th it is continued with added attractions and open to the public at no charge.

See attached flyer with timetable of events. In addition the City of Plymouth is looking for volunteers to help with directing and assisting students on May 11 & 12th. You can contact Park and Recreation Department.

Current Officers

President	Open	
Vice President	Ben Broman	559-5721
Secretary	Mable Swanson	545-7705
Treasurer	Harvey Schiebe	545-6127



Meetings

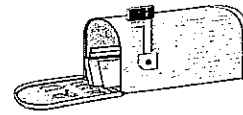
The monthly meetings are normally held on the 4th Wednesday of the month at 7 p.m. in the Plymouth Historical Society Building, located at 3605 Fernbrook Lane North, Plymouth, MN.

Wanted!

The Plymouth Historical Society is look for:

- Old pictures of the Plymouth area such as Churches, homes, farms, people and events
- Old dolls or children's toys for display
- Candle holders to fit an old pump organ

Mailing and Membership List

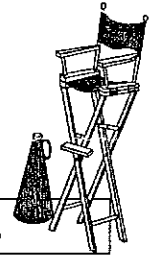


Start off the next millennium on the "right foot" by joining! If you are not a member and want to sign up or if you have any questions, please call Alberta Casey, 612-559-9366.

The annual dues are:

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

Board of Directors



The following is the present Board of Directors:

Kay Bertrand	559-5042	1997-2000
Ben G. Broman	559-5721	1997-2000
Alberta Casey	559-9366	1996-1999
Vern Dotseth	559-3777	1995-1998
Myrtle Eckes	545-6168	1996-1999
Jim Garvey	559-3047	1997-2000
Joe Morris	535-8756	1996-1999
Joyce McCaughey	557-6948	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

Donations and Loans

On Loan from Marla Watson

- Three Volumes of Memoirs written by Annie Howe Best. Her father was Jonas Howe early settler and one of the founding father of Plymouth. See article about the memoirs later in the newsletter.

Donated by Myrtle Eckes

- Booklet on dedication of Fourth Baptist Church – Plymouth
- Album of Ditter Family

Donated by Genevieve Lane

- Black/white photo of Dve Winkler & tree friends with a stringer of fish they caught at Parkers Lake

Donated by Beatrice Jordan

- Black/white photo of School Dist. 104
- Newspaper article of the 50th anniversary of Mr. & Mrs. Fred Schaber.
- Wedding photo of Mr., & Mrs. Fred Schaber
- Wedding photo of Charles & Anne Brasch
- Wedding photo of Otto & Sybil Schmidt
- Lady's black straw hat worn by Kay Ernst-circa 1920
- Dark brown beaver stole worn by Mrs. Fred Eckes early 1900
- 47 oral history tapes of Plymouth residents.

- News paper article of the dedication of Mt. Olivet parish house
- Map of 1/2 SE. 26th T. 118 R.22 showing land owners
- Wayzata high school year book-1918
- Wayzata high school year book-1916
- Blue map of Luce Line R.R. showing Watertown Road Highland Ave.
- Black & white photo of Paddy & Rose A'herne & Fr. A'herne
- Thanksgiving post card to Mrs. Carl Roggeman from F.Sanborn -1918
- Brochure of Plymouth City Center dedication June 2,1979
- Photo of Fritz Kooznach
- Abstract of title to S.E. 14 of Sect. 34, Township. 118 range 22(10 pages).
- Newspaper article on Oakwood School move to new site.
- Newspaper article on death of Gregory Mc Gowan
- Newspaper article on death of Robert Leurer
- Mc Gowan & Ryan Lineage (three pages)
- Newspaper article /photo of "Old Fashioned Tree Trimming" at PHS.
- Newspaper article Gagne Named to Hall of Fame".
- Plat map of northern sect. of Plymouth-1984
- Plat map of Medina-1913.
- Plat map of Plymouth-1913
- Plat map of Wayzata-1916.
- Village of Plymouth Zoning Ordinance # 68-8
- Brochure of Mt.Olivet Chapel dedication.
- Wonderful large picture of St. Joseph's church congregation in the late 1920's or early 1930's. It includes a partial list of people identified in the picture. This is in the process of being professionally framed by the Museum.

FAMILY HISTORIES

The Plymouth Historical Society is deeply grateful to a very generous and inquisitive person living in Portland, OR, her name is Marla Watson. She had obtained three Volumes of Nannie (Annie) Estelle Howe Best's memoirs of her early life growing up in Plymouth. Marla attended an Estate Sale in her neighborhood for Estella Erickson (a grand daughter of Annie Howe Best) and obtained the books. After reading the memoirs she noticed the name Plymouth and searched the Internet and contacted the City of Plymouth. The Plymouth Historical contacted Marla and she became interested in the background of the Howe's and wanted to loan the three Volumes of Nannie (Annie) Howe Best's memoirs to the museum. They are now residing in a display cabinet at the Plymouth Historical Society.

The memoirs were written by Nannie Estelle Howe Best in approximately the 1910–1920 time frame and chronicle her early days in Plymouth starting in about 1855. She later attended the Univ. of MN and became a teacher. It is our understanding that she moved to North Dakota to teach where she met Thomas Best a local sheriff and they were married. One of their daughters married an Erickson and had a daughter who they named Estelle. Estelle was never married, lived in Portland and was a Librarian.

The following excerpt is from Volume I and describes the families journey from Petersham, MA to Plymouth, MN. The Howe's log cabin described in the story burned in 1873 and was replaced with a large farm house. For reference the Howe's log cabin/house was located approximately where MacDonald's is located in Plymouth on Hwy 55. The stage would have broken down some where on the Rockford road probably east of or just below the hill where St. Joseph's church is located. The Huot house was near to where Frank's or Target is today and the 1 ½ miles they had to travel through the woods takes only a few minutes today.

In future newsletter other excerpts will be printed that provide a wonderful look back in time to the early days of Plymouth. We can't turn back the hands of time but these memoirs are the next best thing. Again, a great big **thank you** to Marla Watson for sharing her find with us.



Jonas Howe farm house built circa 1873 when log cabin burned.

Memoirs – Volume I

Nannie E. Howe

(Annie Estella Howe)

Chapter I

Jonas Holland Howe – our father – was the second son of Jonas Howe of Petersham Worcester Co. Mass. The first son was Joel Benjamin – the third son was Thomas Howe.

Decendents of the Hollands of Holland House England (London). They also had Dutch or French blood in their veins so one sees they were a mixed race.

My father came to Minnesota somewhere about the year 1852 and took up land, “a claim” they called it and preempted it in due time

My mother was a Bostonian girl, Margaretta A. Swindell – she descended from the nobility. Her father, John Swindell, descended from the Swindell’s of London but also had Scottish blood in his veins. My father became acquainted with her in his studio in Boston where he was studying to be an artist with a Mr. Fuller.

My Grandfather Swindell took her to the studio to have her portrait painted. They became acquainted. He was invited to visit the family and the friendship ended in love and finally marriage.

I make only a brief sketch of this as Carrie has dwelt with some more exact narrative on it.

Mother’s sisters were Aunt Mary and Ellen, older than herself, and Aunt Annie, younger and Uncle George also younger than herself. Aunt Ellen married a Mr. Robert Wilson and my Aunt Mary married a Mr. John Maynard. Uncle George became a painter but he contracted a cold and died of quick consumption they called it those days but it was in reality pneumonia of these days. I think he was about twenty-one.

Chapter II

My father came to St. Anthony (near East Minneapolis) in 1852. He had a good opportunity to take land there with some

other men who did and who had traveled to Minnesota in his company. He went further west to Medicine Lake and a few miles farther to a lovely country that he named New Plymouth - but it is now called Plymouth - and took up 300 acres of land.

He built a log house and lived there with two other men. One named Ben Church and the other Sam Santelle (if I remember correctly).

Now they say, I do not remember the trip. But I seem to remember the farewell at Grandpa Swindell’s in Boston, of grandma looking so pale and dignified and grandpa holding the horses heads as we were putting parcels into the buggy and trying to hid his tears. Grandpa was more emotional and loving than grandma was. She never lost her dignity or it may be – she had better control of herself. But I know we loved grandpa better than we did her.

He used to be so fond of us he would often give us fruit and candy or cakes and then say, “Now go and eat it by yourself and don’t let anyone see you.” We know “anyone” meant grandma. We knew it by intuition. But alas! Grandpa was not above having suppers with his Mason friends and getting drunk in the spree. He always kept wine in the cellar. Grandma would not touch it – neither would she sign a temperance pledge. She knew John Goff - when he lived in Boston - and used to hear him lecture. She was strong and resolute, self-containing and dignified. She gave to the poor her money but not her sympathy. She was proud and aristocratic and dressed richly and kept servants and made them keep their place. She never allowed familiarity and, indeed they were too much in awe of her to attempt any. So much for my maternal grandparents.

My grandfather Howe lived in Petersham Worcester Co. Mass. At the old Homestead of the Howe family. Built when the ancestors came out from London, a great rambling strongly built house with its out-houses, barn, grainery and dairy house with the well of spring water. I’ve heard mother tell that it was a double walled house, built perhaps for defense from Indians. That is only my own idea – I am not sure I’ve a faint memory. They said so.

I have a picture of the house now and when sister Caroline went on a visit there; it still stood there strong and well preserved as ever, built of cedar lumber I am weaving a story out of dim memories and impressions. I do not know of the mistakes. For a few years father and mother lived in that home with grandpa and grandma but when she died, father came out to Minnesota to take up land and make a home for his family.

Mother with her five little girls followed him. I have often heard her tell of the hazardous undertaking and the perilous journey and care of those little folks - the youngest a baby in arms.

When she reached the Great Lakes, she first saw the Indians. They were friendly and seemed to admire my sisters. They would lift up their long curls and seem to admire them; especially those of us that had golden hair. One of the Indians offered to take Baby Angie from mother's arms; but mother was frightened and would not let him have her. He only laughed. This was when they were waiting for the stage to arrive. He said he was a Christian Indian and that Father (Blanks) had taught him to read. A dog came running. By. He said a dog - d-o-g - and laughed. My oldest sister, Cora, told me that she and an Indian go to the Lake Shore - pull off his moccasin and fill it with water and drink out of it. I was about 2 (two) years (or a little more) of age. So I must have only known about these things by hearing them tell it so often.

They took the stage at St. Anthony Falls and started for Plymouth by Rockford Road. Mother caught glimpses of Medicine Lake as she began to near the home - the log cabin father had built for her, but about two miles from the cabin, the stage broke down on the Rockford Road. They were in a sorry plight. There was no livery near - not even a barn with horses in. And the ox team with mother's packing boxes was miles behind. It was growing late. There was a deep forest ahead. The horses were exhausted. The driver was cross. Mother begged him to take a rope and mend the wheel. He tried it but it finally smashed down completely. The driver was a French Canadian. He "saca-ried" his impatience at the misfortune and finally mother said, "How far is it to my husband's place?". He told her, "I will take my children and a carpet bag and walk". You take the horses and the other carpet bag and come along". "But No! Madame!" The wolves are in the forest!", he exclaimed. "In daytime perhaps, but not by darkness". "Oh, the wolves", cried mother in despair. "Madam, there beyond the hill lives a man and his lady, Monsir Hnot. A gentle man, a Parisian - I will take madam there for the night." "In the morning" - he shrugged his shoulder.

Over the hill they walked and mother saw a fairly good frame house and out buildings. Before they arrived, M. Hnot met them - a tall middle aged country gentleman. He took off his hat and bowed. He took mother's hand and kissed it. He welcomed her to his home and introduced her to his wife, a tall dignified lady with a face lined and middle aged. She took mother and her girls into a bedroom to take off their wraps and to wash and clean as best they could. Then she hastened and put some more plates and knives and forks on the table and then put the chairs up to the table, improving one

for me. Meanwhile M. Knot got a bottle of wine and poured a glass for mother (who drank it) he saying she honored him by taking it.

Cora told me, years after, how good that supper tasted. I suppose we were half famished.

But we did not remain over night. Father came with his ox team and rifle and the baggage team having arrived we all found seats and slowly wended our way homeward over hills and through forests by a blind stumpy road with a lighted lantern. We saw no wolves that drive but mother kept watch for them with fear and trembling.

The driver had told us it was two miles to the cabin from that part of the Rockford Road but my father said it was only one and one half miles.

It was dark by the time we reached the cabin. I seemed to remember being awakened by a heavy jolt and father said we had run against a board stump right by the cabin door. I always will remember that stump. It was sawed off smoothly and there was a wash basin on it and a dish of soap in it. It was right east of the door which opened toward the south. Father lifted mother out of the wagon and a bushy whiskered man took me up in his arms and carried me into the cabin. When we were in the cabin, I saw another man coming from the stove with a dish in his hand.

"You've got here at last!" said he. "Let me make you acquainted with my wife, Mrs. Howe", Margerite, my friend, Mr. Church". "Oh, I'm so glad to get home and glad to meet my husband's friends", said mother.

And then my father presented his girls one by one. This is our oldest, her name is Cora Agnes. She is partly deaf.

"Sho!, said he, "How did that happen - born so?" "No," said father, "she had scarlet fever when she was three and a half years old and it left her partially deaf."

"Sho!", he exclaimed staring at her. Cora turned away. She was half frightened, half angry at his stare. "Does she know I am looking at her?" "Yes," said mother, "she can see as well as ever". The men got chains out of the large packing box and we sat down to supper.

I can remember there were beans and pork and Johnny bread. Mother got some cookies with caraway seeds sprinkled through them and put them on the table with some "Boston Crakers".

After supper when Mr. Church had washed up the dishes, he took me up in his lap and said: "This one is Annie Estelle is it? Give me a curl. Let me cut it off and put it in my pocket. Let me take off your "nosese"! and he doubled his thumb and forefinger. "You are bad. Let me down. I don't like you", said Nannie! And father shook his head at me. I don't know where I had picked that up and mother did not. She was shocked!

Chapter III

It was a lovely place. The trees were such giants – the foliage so luxuriant, it was almost tropical and the wild flowers full of beauty and perfume and fragrance.

Father hued the logs on one side flat and boarded them up and mother papered the walls (with newspaper) of the cabin. On one side was a stairs, going up in the chambers. Mother had it boarded up on one side to keep we children from falling down off of them, for we were perpetually going up and down them. Mother was nervous, too when we roamed off into the woods (or “timber” as the men called the forest.)

Father told mother about a family of brothers living around a lake that they had named “Parker Lake” after themselves about one mile and a half from our cabin. There was Dan Parker – living nearest us and by the lake shore lived “Jim” Parker and Israel Parker was on another side of the lake, while a younger brother had a cabin not far from “Jim”. He was single. Then there was a brother-in-law on the west side of the lake near the big saw mill named Hoyt. He had married their sister, Elizabeth.

By this time mother had almost transformed our cabin with carpets and curtains and furniture. The two men, Ben Church and Sam S. had gone on to their own claims.

When the Parker women – Mrs. Dan, Mrs. Jim and Mrs. Israel came to visit mother, they came with an ox team and a wagon: a long year after.

Mother was delighted to see them and did her very best to entertain them. Later she found out that they thought she was “showing off” as they termed it.

They examined the curtains and carpets. They went “upstairs” into the large chamber that mother had curtained off and made into two rooms and examined and felt of the curtains and the draperies. They asked to see her dresses. She had some of them hung up behind a curtain that was tacked to a shelf that she put the band boxes on and some of them she had folded up in a chest of drawers.

“Do tell”, they exclaimed. “Ain’t them fine!” I guess you cum from the city?” “Why!” exclaimed mother, “They told me you were Yankees. And I came from Mass.”

“Yes, we are Yankees. We came from down in Maine”, they replied. “Maybe there is a little difference in what part of New England one comes from”, mother replied. “No, not a bit, I guess”, they replied. “Anyway, we must all be sisters here in this new country”, mother answered. “I guess we will have to see how wild and lonesome it is”, one of them said in reply.

Mother got dinner for them and used her fine linen and cut glass and china. Mrs. Jim would say to Mrs. Dan, “do you mind how Mrs. so and so down East used to put on her china and cut glass for us when we used to be invited there to tea?”

“Yes – and do you recollect what a fine black silk she wore? It would stand alone it was so rich! It was finen” oum. We didn’t wear our silks today on account of mussin’ m, but if I’d known you a been so grand, I do know but I’d a been tempted to. I am sure you were very sensible to wear print” and I am going to get some print dresses,” answered mother who wore a light grenadine dress.

And she invited them to be seated at the table and kept handing little Hattie and Jane and Ella the food, cookies and rich cake. I finally, tip-toed to mother’s chair and begged for some also, but Cora drew me away and shook her head at me in surprise.

Mother had a lovely cut glass sauce dish filled with preserves and a plum cake, caraway cookies besides the real white bread and the roast chicken and vegetables.

This was when we had been in the place more than a year. When they had gone and the candles were lighted, father asked mother how she was going to like them. She laughed merrily.

“I never saw just such people in my life”, she answered, and mimicked them but father looked sober. “You ought not to do that”, said he. “They are very sincere, honest folks and would do anything to help one in need”. “O yes, I suppose so”, replied mother. “But they are really uncouth and boastful.”

“Don’t you think you showed off a little too much yourself?” asked father. “How could I help it?” asked mother. “They wanted to see and finger everything and I thought I’d just satisfy their curiosity!” “O well – well never mind”, said he. “They are the only neighbors we have and you will be glad enough of their companionship before long”.

And so she was – for mother used to have crying spells from loneliness and from terror and gloomy apprehension for the Indian came.

One day she heard the wild chant of voices and looking out the window saw a lot of Redmen in blankets, leggins and moccasins with long braided hair and feathers stuck into the hair on top of their heads – coming in single file by the cabin. They were wailing in the strangest cries. Father was gone to St. Anthony for supplies. Mother fastened the door and bolted it and took baby Angie and we all crept upstairs silently. But the Indians went by with not so much as a look at our cabin. Father said afterward that they were on a funeral journey with their dead and would not turn aside for anything or anyone. “But they will remember us and come back and kill us!” cried mother. “No! – They are Sioux-friendly Indians”, said he. But mother was doubtful.

But on another time they did not go by. Mother heard them before they came in sight and ran and gathered us all in the cabin and pulled down the shades to the windows and fastened the door. Mother was silent and so were us girls. But they were insistent – “good Indians, friendly Indians” they called. “Open! Open! No scalp – no kill!”

Mother made a virtue of necessity. She opened the door with a smiling face and offered her hand in make believe friendliness. She said afterwards that she thought it was best as they could come in the windows anyway if they had wished. They filed in each shaking hands. There were about a dozen of them. She seated them as best she could, some in chairs and some on the lounge and wash bench. One of them could talk English. He asked for bread, when he saw the fresh baking. Mother fed it to them and gave them cookies and fried cake. One of them pointed to the curtains and up, up!. So mother put them up. Then he said "Me friendly. Me can read and spell". Then he said "dog (d-o-g), cat (c-a-t)" and mother was surprised and asked him, "How? How?" Then he told her a priest - Father Hennepin - had taught him. That the priest had told him of the Great Spirit - God! That God was very angry when they killed and that he rewarded them for good deeds. He said that Father Hennepin was a good man. That he was a friend to the Indian.

The Indians asked about the girls and had them shake hands with him. He took me up on his knee and lifted my curls. But I was quite glad when he put me down but not out of fear. I simply didn't like to be held.

By and by he said something to one of the Indians who went outside. Then he asked where father was. "O - just outside", said mother being afraid to tell he had gone to St. Anthony Falls. "O, no, mother - father has gone to St. Anthony," I exclaimed. The Indian laughed. Then he asked for a shirt of fathers. Mother gladly gave it to him. By this time the other Indians came in with a large piece of venison and the educated Indian presented it to mother and then they all went away.

"Well, said mother, I think he was a half breed. He was the whitest Indian I ever saw, a full blooded Indian never laughs". But when father came home and learned it all he said, "Next time I go to town you ca go visiting the Parkers, Marguerite". ■



Saturday, May 13, 2000
Parkers Lake Park, Co. Rd. 6 & Niagara Ln.

Featuring Olde Fashioned Family Fun:

FREE ADMISSION

Ongoing

Voyager Encampment:

birchbark canoes, blacksmith, campsites, candle making, cannon,
18th century medicine, farm machinery, finger weaving, flintknapping,
foods of the voyagers, hawk throwing, life of a free trapper, log cabin
trading post, MN settlers, , Norwegian immigration, quill work, seed
beads, spinners, story tellers, teepee, wood turner

Antique Car Show/Vintage Shuttle Bus

Children's Games & Activities

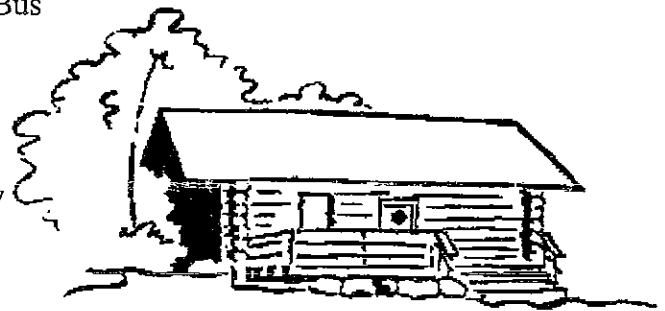
Down on the Farm Petting Zoo,

Farmers Market – Flower Sale

Olde Tyme Refreshments

Plymouth Historical Society Display

Plymouth Wood Carvers



- 11:00 a.m. Ruben Fast Horse – Native American Culture
- 11:45 a.m. Bob Gasch – Log Building Construction Methods
- 12:30 p.m. Cake Walk
- 1:15 p.m. The Plymouth Rockers Senior Ensembles
- 1:45 p.m. Barbershop Quartet
- 2:00 p.m. Car Parade
- 2:30 p.m. Ruben Fast Horse – Native American Culture
- 3:15 p.m. Bob Gasch – Log Building Construction Methods
- 3:45 p.m. Cake Walk

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

