



A Big Event is Happening In Plymouth

Plymouth on Parade Saturday October 6th

There will be many other fun events planned that day. The following are a few that will be of interest to the Plymouth Historical Society members.

***The Plymouth Historical Society will be Open
Saturday October 6th from 8:30 – 11:00 AM
&***

***The Plymouth Seniors will be serving a Pancake Breakfast in the
Plymouth Creek Community Center
Saturday October 6th from 8:30 – 11:00 AM
&***

***The Plymouth Historical Society will be represented in the Parade
at 1:00 PM with several antique Model T Fords participating that will
winding their way through City Center.***

Come and join the fun and festivities that are planned through out the day Saturday October 6th . Park at the Plymouth Creek Park parking lot right next to the Plymouth Historical Center and Plymouth Creek Community Center. Start the day off right with a hearty breakfast at the Plymouth Community Center and then stop in at the Plymouth Historical Society to refresh your mind on Plymouth's historical roots. With your body physically and mentally refreshed you are ready to tackle the fun day in Plymouth. See you on Saturday October 6th.



Nannie E. Howe

This is the fifth and last installment of excerpts from the Memoirs of Nannie E. Howe (Annie Estella Howe). To refresh your memory from the other installments, 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 attended the University of Minnesota 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, Oregon and was a Librarian who was in possession of these memoirs.

The following is from Volume II & III as written by Nannie in her own words.

Discovering Boys

The Hale family often invited us to their home. Mr. Hale used to think my sister Gertie was just about right. So did his son, Mart. I remember once when Mart came to take Gertie to a dance, however I wanted to go. I had been a “looker on” at a dance at our home and ever since then I wanted to be grown up and older than I was. If anyone spoke of me as looking older than my years, it delighted me as much as it dismayed me when I was very much older to say I was “aging”. Such is life!

Now Mart took Gertie to dances, Aron the second brother to Mart was devoted to Mary Young, a Scotch girl, whose parents lived near the Hales. Frank Hale, a younger brother already 12 years old, was quite smitten with a little rosy cheeked German girl – a schoolmate.

That day while mother and I were waiting for Mr. Hale to take us home, Luantha, a daughter of the Hales was in the pantry eating a lunch. Frank began to tease her singing:

“Little Luantha
In the pantry
Gnawing of a Xmas bone,
How she gnawed it!
How she clawed it!
When she found herself alone!”

“Little Gretchen! Little Gretchen!”, teased Luantha – meaning her Dutch sweetheart!

“Yes! Frank is Dutched all right”, laughed Aaron.

“If I’m Dutched – I’d rather be Dutched than Scotched!” cried Frank and they all burst out laughing. Aaron hadn’t more to say.

That winter was a very severe one. The older girls, Laura and Gertie, did the chores. I fed the fowls. Early in the morning we used to hear one Faber, a neighbor, go by but he seemed to stop awhile. In the fall our corn crib was full to the top with corn and both Gertie and mother thought it was disappearing faster than we used it. So mother said she would

find out. She took some thread and laced it back and forth by the opening. Sure enough, the next morning after he had gone by Gertie, found the thread tangled and broken, but that didn’t prove who it was taking the corn. So, early next morning she dressed and went inside the crib. It was so dark she would not readily be seen.

Sure enough – Faber came along, stopped and got out of the wagon and came to the crib. When he began to take the corn, Gertie said, “So it is you that is stealing our corn, Faber!” she cried. She said he jumped, dropped the corn and ran. She heard him driving away as fast as he could. They didn’t miss anymore corn after that. I suppose Faber thought we would be too frightened, even if we heard him to investigate. But this was all before I taught that summer school.

I remember another day before I was quite grown up. I wrote before how I longed to go to parties. I had a taste of the fun and merriment of the parties at our home but never was invited to the other houses at that time of my life.

It was a very cold day. Gertie was to go to a dance with Mart Hale that evening. Mother was finishing a dress for Gertie. I went up to mother and said, “Won’t you ask Mart if he won’t take me too to the dance?”

“Why! Nan! I’m surprised at you asking such a thing! It wouldn’t do at all! And if he wanted you to go he would ask you, besides you are too young! No, indeed! Put it out of your head!”

I was bitterly disappointed. I was not too young to enjoy myself. I was stung by that “too young” excuse. When Mart came I went to him with beating heart for I was frightened.

“Mart, please I said, I want to learn to dance and no one asks me to go”.

“Nannie! Cried mother, I won’t allow you to go. That ends it.” Mart looked kindly at me. “I’d like to take her, Mrs. Howe”, said he. “No, indeed”, said mother. “Go into the kitchen, Nan!”

I went but I believe I never in my life was so humiliated. I felt as if I had committed a crime. Laura followed me and tried to comfort me.

“Why! Nannie dear,” she said, “I’m not old enough myself to go to dances and I’m older than you are!”

“But I am awful old for my years”, I cried, “and no one in this wide world understands me!”

“Don’t be so tragic,” said mother.

Another evening we had a party at our home and some young people from Minneapolis had come to it, among them were Wamboldt boys, Mell and Nels. Mell had a lovely voice and sang:

“At sixteen years of age, I was my mother’s fair-haired boy. She kept a little Huxter shop. Her name it was Malloy, etc. etc.”

I thought Mell was the handsomest boy I ever saw and straight away I fell in love with him. His father was called rich. When the boys gave a party, we were invited to it. I thought their home was the richest I had ever seen. After that Mell used to take Roselle Vanner to dances and Nels took me but their father having none of it, broke up the boys coming out in the country to the dances. By that time I’d changed my regard from Mell to Nels. I thought Mell too vain (he certainly had reason to be. Years afterward we heard of him as a successful singer.)

When I understood how rich Mr. Wamboldt was, I didn’t wonder he had other hopes for his sons – but before he had snatched them away, we had had a wonderful winter and I had learned to dance and waltz. As soon as they were away at college, my sisters and I started to go to the University.

College Board

We had all three, Gertie, Laura and myself put our money together with Hattie Parker’s savings and rented rooms and started going to the University of Minnesota. Hattie Parker was with us. She was a very pretty girl.

We had two bedrooms, a sitting room and a kitchen. I’ll never forget how happy I was. We didn’t have to buy a cupboard or a sink. Hatties folks furnished some of the things we needed.

But they came flying down to M. one day, saying we must rent another place. They heard that the landlord was a notorious bad man and kept a mistress.

Al Dorman, a good friend of ours, came to our rescue and helped us find a few rooms in the house of Mr. Warner’s son. Mr. Warner’s son was a well-to-do furniture dealer on the west side. He had set up quite a furniture shop on the east side or St. Anthony as it was called, for his son who had recently been married.

So we settled again in three rooms in the back part of the large house. The said son and wife keeping the front rooms for themselves, while the lower part was filled with furniture. So once more we were settled.

Those were beautiful fall days. I was fully occupied with my getting used to a new life and my books. We took Latin and French, besides receiving history – and we had algebra under Professor Thompson. The President was Folwell. Professor Twining was also one of the faculty.

Minnie and Fancelle Smith were two girls I admired the most of all the student, and I was surprised to learn they were country girls. They dressed well and had nice manners but that was not what surprised me. They were the very queens of the U. and were invited into the highest society of the city and their father was not rich!! He had come from Mass. And I hard, was a college graduate.

They called them Massachusetts Yankees. Hattie Parker told them she was a Maine Yankee. There is quite a difference between the two I was told. So I was careful to say our mother came from Boston!

After a week of recitations, Pres. Folwell came in to our history recitation room and announced that he was going to divide our class. A part of the class was to go into the Preparatory Department. Those that he named would please rise. I was not named. Hattie Parker was named and she stood up with the others and as she was passing out by me, she caught by hand and said, “Come, Nannie”. “No, she remains with this division”, said President Folwell. That meant I did not need the review of the common branches. It was ancient history that we were studying.

The trouble was, the President said that a number did not pass the examination satisfactorily and instead of excluding them from the University, they would have a review in a preparatory department. I was glad I had passed.

I enjoyed my studies especially the languages. That winter I was invited by one of the boys to a dance and I went to it but when he invited me again, Gertie did not let me go. She said that we came down to study – not to go to dances. She was right, but Hattie went to parties and she did not recite well – in fact she hardly ever knew her lessons.

But now came a time of trouble. As I said, Hattie didn’t seem to take to study but she often stayed down in the furniture shop and helped Mrs. Warner and finally Mrs. Warner left her at times while she (Mrs. W.) went calling or took her music lesson. She played the guitar.

One day Mrs. Warner came running upstairs and asked us “point blank” who stole her money? Hattie caught up a book and began to study.

Gertie stood up and said, “I think you are making a mistake, Mrs. Warner. I don’t think there is one of us would steal!”

Hattie still kept her eyes on her book. The rest of us stood up, very much disturbed.

Suddenly Mrs. Warner turned to Hattie. "Hattie! You told me you had no money! How did you get those new beads?"

"I – I – a present", she faltered.

It was a fad just then to wear a long chain of beads.

"A present! Who gave them to you?"

"It is none of your business," flashed Hattie.

"I'll make it my business!", cried Mrs. Warner. "I'll go to the store and find out!"

Then Hattie jumped up and said, "you promised to pay me for waiting on customers and then you refused! So I took my pay!"

Again, a great big thank you to Marla Watson of Portland, Oregon for sharing her "find" with us. She had discovered these Memoires at a near by Estate Sale and thought they might be of interest to the people of Plymouth, MN.

"I'll have you arrested for a thief," cried Mrs. Warner.

Well! We collapsed! We would not have believed Hattie took the money! And we felt that we were in a serious situation.

Gertie told mother about it as she came in that very afternoon with some provisions for us.

Mother lost no time in telling Hattie's mother, who came in town and took Hattie home, and so we lost her as her father would not let her go to school anymore. They repaid Mrs. W. but I think if Mrs. W. had kept her word with Hattie, it would have saved a lot of talk as it got out some way.



Current Officers

The following are the present officers:

President	Vern Petersen	763-559-2317
Vice President	Vern Doseth	763-559-3777
Secretary	Mable Swanson	763-545-7705
Treasurer	Harvey Schiebe	763-545-6127



Meetings

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



New Accessions

The Plymouth Historical Society has received the following accessions:

Donated by Muriel Johnson

- Picture of Hughes & Engman families. Picture of Hughes farm house that was located on Fernbrook between Cty. Rd. 6 and Hwy. 55.
- Picture of School House in Plymouth.

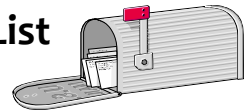
Donated by Kathryn Adams

- Information on the Ryan family

Donated by Marilyn Anderson:

- A rocking chair that was her grandmothers who was Mary A. Klix (Schiebe). It probably was a wedding gift at their wedding in Plymouth August 16, 1885. Mary had married a Cattle Dealer named August Klix and they lived in St. Paul at 417 Snelling Ave. and later at 437 Snelling Ave. The house was close to the intersection of Snelling and University Ave.
- A variety of pictures of Mary A. Klix (Schiebe) and her family. Mary was the daughter of Carl and Johanna Schiebe and her brothers were Charles and Gustave Schiebe.

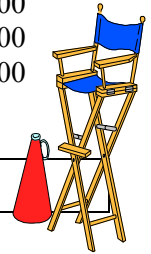
Mailing and Membership List



If you are not a member and want to sign up or if you have any questions, please call Alberta Casey, 763-559-9366.

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:

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