



Volume 103 May 2021  
9030 Forestview Lane N. Maple Grove, MN 55369 763-494-5983 Open 2nd Sunday of the month

**Maple Grove Historical Preservation Society**

**OFFICERS**

- President: Al Madsen
  - Vice President: Caroline Schaefer
  - Secretary: Joyce Deane
  - Treasurer: Patty Reuter
  - Newsletter Editor: Pat Ruffing
  - Web page designer: Steve Briggs
- <http://www.maplegrovehistory.org>

**Purpose:** To collect and preserve information and artifacts and to educate the community of the history of Maple Grove, MN.



**Regular**

**Events**

**Open House:** the Maple Grove History Museum hosts an open house on the second Sunday of every month from 1:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.

**Monthly Meeting:** The third Thursday of every month at 7:00 p.m. at the History Museum. Anyone with an interest in history is welcome to join us!

**Quarterly Newsletter:** July- Tornadoes and Maple Grove Days  
November: The Mayors of Maple Grove

**Ox Cart site & territorial downtown Maple Grove:** 15310 Territorial Rd  
(0.7 mi. w. of Fernbrook Lane N. Maple Grove

**Pierre Bottineau House:** Elm Creek Park Reserve:  
12400 James Deane Parkway, Maple Grove

**4 History Display Cases at M.G. Gov't Center:**  
12800 Arbor Lakes Pkwy N. Maple Grove, MN.

**January:** Annual dues

**October:** Election of officers at regular meeting

*Maple Grove's Past*



**Maple Grove Days Museum**

**Open House**

**Sunday July 18th, 1-5 pm**

## Talking Walls by Caroline Schaefer



If these walls could talk, they would have a lot of stories to tell. These walls saw a family thru the 1940's to 1971- in good times and bad times. It was located on a "family" farm in Maple Grove.

In early years there was one hired hand but one night he came home "feeling a little good" and started a fire in his bedroom. Needless to say, that was the end of his job on the Schaefer farm.

The kitchen was the gathering place for everything. The large round wooden table was used for lots of things (I still have the table in my home today). In addition to the daily meals, to doing homework, playing games of domino's, games of "500" and cutting material for dresses and aprons, It saw many sides of beef and pork cut up on it, mixing of Christmas bread from the recipe of Grandma Schaefer's, the processing of dish pans of strawberries picked from our patch earlier that day. During canning season, it was used to do Mom's famous 9-day chunk pickles, pickled apples from our orchard, chicken grown in our yard, and many vegetables to be used for winter meals. When leaves were added, it would seat the threshing crew, family gatherings or relatives visiting from Nebraska.

The house did not have all the modern conveniences of today. There was no running water, the drinking water was brought in a pail from the pump by the well. Wash day meant pumping water from the cistern and heating it on the stove in the copper boiler. It was then taken to the summer kitchen and put in the wringer washing machine with homemade lye soap. In the winter the clothes were hung upstairs to freeze dry.

It was in this house that I learned to iron - first on hankies, then dish towels and then other things. I also learned to embroider dish towels, sew rag rugs on the pedal sewing machine. My sister and I made enough quilt blocks one summer for each of us to have a full quilt, which Mom hand quilted for us.

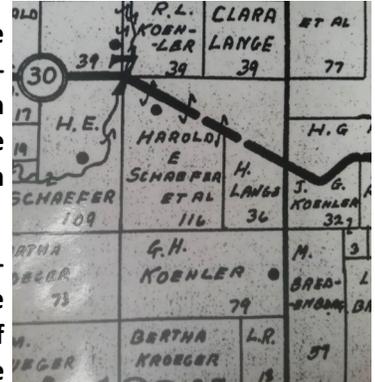
Christmas was a special time with a real balsam tree adorning the living room. It had to be tall (I told Dad to cut a hole in the ceiling so the tree did not have to be cut off). The tree was decorated with bubble lights (my favorite), lovely ornaments and, of course tinsel. Christmas was not about gifts, it was about the celebration of the gift of Jesus, our Savior. We

participated in the children's program of song and recitations at the church on Christmas Eve. Each child would receive a bag of peanuts, hard candy, an apple or orange and a pencil.

This house also endured the bad times- a child's emergency surgery, one with rheumatic fever, all three children coming down with measles within 24 hours.

Farm problems: bad weather with crop failures, the loss of the whole herd of cows to Bangs Disease (tuberculosis) in cattle. But the most difficult was the decision to sell the farm as the result of urban sprawl.

The buildings have long been destroyed but the memories exist forever!!!



Window from the George and Sarah Bonn House in Maple Grove

### Looking through my Grandfather George's Window From Life on the Farm by LeRoy Bonn

The first sixteen years of our lives was spent on the farm in (Maple Grove township) as it was called then. Three generations of our family lived together, Walter and Clara, our parents, George and Sarah our grandparents. Every two weeks my grandpa

George and I would go to Osseo to get coal for cooking and heating. He would treat me to an ice cream cone and bottle of pop. I really loved my grandpa.

Sometimes we would sit out on the long porch and watch the sky. Grandpa would tell us about the clouds and what kind of *weather to expect*.

*We did not have indoor plumbing so all water was carried from the pump house. Since we didn't have electricity we used lanterns in the house and barn.*

*In 1953 the farm was sold and my family moved to Osseo. Most things were sold at the auction but our memories will forever be with us.*



## GE Musaphonic – 1942

Brad Schlick



On display in museum parlor

I acquired the General Electric Musaphonic at an estate sale in St. Louis Park in 1982. A friend of mine from work (FMC in Fridley at the time) knew of this estate sale. So, I went with him. An old lady had died and the family was selling everything. We looked around at all the various items in the home, but it was the old radio that caught my eye. I love things from the past and this machine is from a special time in our country's history, World War II. You can just imagine a family sitting by the radio to listen to a Roosevelt Fireside Chat or listen to the Big Bands, maybe from the Prom Ballroom in St. Paul. It is my guess that this radio has had only two homes in its lifetime, the one in St. Louis Park and mine.

I was also attracted to the machine because it was a classy piece of furniture and a technological star for its 1942 timeframe. The radio has AM, FM and short-wave bands. It even has a record player. This Musaphonic was at the height of its era of such beautiful pieces of work. Within ten years newer technology made this console all but obsolete. Televisions soon took over. But even the in the 1950's televisions were large pieces of furniture. When I was a boy in Northeast Minneapolis our neighbor across the street was a cabinet maker for Setchell Carlson television sets!

Everything on this Musaphonic was functional when I first purchased it. That was a bonus! I last used the radio in the mid 1990's to show our son the function of the short-wave radio. We got radio signals from around the world. It has now been with me for 39 years and has not

been plugged in since that time. I hope it is still functional after sitting idle for 25 years.

I am truly pleased that the Maple Grove Historical Preservation Society is able to give this piece of history a new home. It will be great to have this beautiful radio to continue to "live" and provide a context for our history.

### The man in the corn crib

In the mid 1940s shortly after our family moved out to the Maple Grove - Osseo area we were visiting some good family friends of ours. They lived across a few pastures and corn fields from us and had been responsible for helping Mom and Dad find the old rental farm house where we were living. This same family had been our neighbors when both of our families lived in Robbinsdale and had been friends already for about 5 years.

On one warm dusty summer afternoon our neighbor had invited Mom and us kids, over to visit. First we toured the house, and then we did a quick walk around past the out buildings that every old farm seemed to have. There was a small barn type shed, a chicken coup and also a few old corn cribs.

As we passed one of those corn cribs, Mom placed her hand on the side of the one closest to the house. She looked at her neighbor and in a very serious and quiet voice said, "Something is wrong here". My first thought being a kid was that the building was maybe crooked or something. I remember the neighbor said what? My Mom took her hand off the building and said "I don't know what it is, or what it was, but something happened here." Our neighbor then said "There is no way you would know this because it was never in the papers, but a man who lived here years ago came out one night and hung himself in that very same corn crib." Mom nodded her head yes, closed her eyes for a moment, and then continued walking.

Call it weird, strange or a ghostly presence, whatever it was, Mom felt it there that day. She could do things like that. The idea that I, still to this day, find intriguing is that when this happened it never seemed to scare her. Instead it was more like she accepted it as a part of her personal every day journey through life  
...Sharon Hopkins.

## ***They Would Be A Buzzin'***

The farmhouse in Dayton that witnessed my own birth as well as the births of my mother, Bernadine Trombley, and my brother, Jerry Scherber, was torn down. As I watched the glass windows shatter and the sturdy walls cave in, I found myself reflecting on all the events that occurred in this little house since it was constructed before 1900. If these walls could talk, they would tell of life's great sorrows and joys. My mother's brother, Gordon Trombley, six years old, died at home from pneumonia.

Later this humble Dayton homestead served as a reception hall when my parents got married. The wedding dinner was served in the kitchen.

I remember my grandma cooking dinners for the threshing crew of neighbors who helped to harvest the crops. Over the years many loaves of freshly baked bread—baked in the iron cook stove—adorned the kitchen table. And the pantry was home to the little blue granite can with its tight cover where Grandma kept her brown sugar.

As a child I remember the house held countless treasures, like the buffalo skin hide on the day bed. It was originally used for warmth by my Grandpa when he transported Bernadine and the teachers who boarded upstairs to school in the cutter sled. On laundry day, my grandmother rolled out a gasoline-powered washing machine to clean the family's clothes. The living room was furnished with a piano, a mohair sofa and chair and, in later years, a space heater.

Holidays at the farm were especially magical. Our anticipation of Thanksgiving dinner was topped only by our eagerness to slide down the big snow-covered hill toward the creek on our sleds. Each Christmas a freshly cut tree was placed inside, but no presents would appear until the children were nestled snug in their beds. Then Santa would arrive.

The attic held a mystery all its own, with the odd piece of furniture and the long discarded trunk. Best of all was the wonderful Victrola complete with old-time records. Both Jerry and I remember escaping into the attic's solitude, cranking the Victrola's handle and listening to Al Jolson.

Eventually my grandma left her Dayton home and came to live with us in Osseo, but the house continued to provide shelter for many renters throughout the next dec-

ades before it was abandoned. For the past several years, it stood empty—or at least we thought it was. ...As the old farmhouse was being demolished, the last guests made their departure. We heard the unmistakable buzzing of bees, and several local beekeepers were called in. Clad in their beekeeping gear of masks and suits, they removed siding from the house. Each time they carefully extracted chunks of honeycomb from the house—with a swarm of bees following. For two nights in a row, they pursued the queen bee and prepared to transport the colony. When their work was done, they had uncovered three places where the bees had lived: by the chimney, in the roof and in the living room ceiling. Three queen bees and their respective drones were transported from the site in their new hives. And now, for the first time in its 100-plus year history, the house is silent and its walls are no more.

*Joyce Deane*

### **Help needed-** by Pat Ruffing **Where is "Mister Iron-Out"!**

In 1982 our family purchased a home in Maple Grove west of Hwy 494. Our house was built in 1964 and was part of a farm owned by the Donahue family, parts of



the farm had been sold to build surrounding housing and the park.

If my stucco house could talk – lawn sprinklers easily highlight its beige color with the "rusty" brownish-red well water. The house came with a swimming pool, which made us feel like affluent Maple Grovians. We moved in the beginning of summer in 1982, and needed to fill the pool

quickly. We paid the city to come out and fill the pool for us -25,000 gallons — our kids and the neighbors were aghast at the rusty water that gushed from the fire hydrant to fill the white pool! Gradually the sediment settled on the bottom, after we flocked the pool!

And the laundry ( don't forget it in the wash machine for days) or the clothes will smell fowl, and hanging on the clothes line, one might see spots with the same iron-manganese rusty color. Public Utilities in Maple Grove said that the well water has 19-22-grains of hardness-very hard! Oh the wonderful challenge to keep the sinks , tubs and toilets from staining, a heroic adventure unless one has some significant type of filtration!

## If This Old House Could Talk

We were married October 4<sup>th</sup> 1947 and we immediately moved into our new little "Love nest" as Earl called it. Earl, in his spare time, worked on our house from the time we were engaged which was a year earlier. It had electricity but no plumbing. This was a hardship for a girl who grew up in the city and was used to brushing her teeth with the H2O trickling. How would you like to go back to that? I would get up in the morning before Earl did and I tried not to turn on the lights. This particular morning I should have. It was dark and rainy outside. Instead of grabbing for the toothpaste I took the tube of shampoo - I spit bubbles for an hour. Oh! if this house could talk!

Later that same summer it was a very muggy morning and the radio had promised thunderstorms late at night. Earl didn't have much faith then in the forecasts- he should have! I had nice wide window sills. His mom had given me 6 beautiful gloxininia plants in full bloom. We had the windows wide open that night and a little after midnight the thunder and lightning started. I slept through the first round. Earl got up to close the window forgetting about the plants. He tackled the 1<sup>st</sup> window using one hand to remove the plants- it was pouring by now- and he was hollering to me to help. This was the end of the "Lovey Dovey Love Nest!" The window fell down on with his hand still on the sill and we spent the hour bandaging some deep cuts and scratches. The moral of the story no more potted plants on the window sills.

Two more years passed and we bought 7 acres on Co Rd 30 and Fernbrook, and that is still my current address 70 years later. If this house could talk it would shout out to all passing " You're right! This house had the same color- white- for 70 years. Last summer I decided to change the color. Lots of shocked people. The light company had used this address and house as a marker, "When you get to the white house- turn right \_\_\_!"

by Virginia Hoppenrath



Tornado hit house  
Aug. 1966

May 2021

CAR ORDER		DATE	1965
DEALER <i>River Motors</i>			
PURCHASER <i>Carl &amp; Virginia Hoppenrath</i>			
PLEASE ENTER MY ORDER FOR ONE			
MAKE <i>Dodge</i>	MODEL <i>Valiant</i>	YEAR <i>1965</i>	TYPE <i>2 Dr</i>
LICENSE NO. <i>7W-147</i>	SERIAL NO. <i>388974</i>	VEHICLE <i>1965</i>	
CASH PRICE OF CAR <i>3075.00</i>			
<i>less P.S. Dept. Sales Tax</i> <i>W.D. Radio, Bumper, Head Lamps, Rear Wiper, D.S. Mirror, Center Console, Mirror, Seat Belts, Red Upholst. + Rear Bells</i>			
LICENSE, LICENSE TRANSFER, TITLE, REGISTRATION FEE, ETC.		TOTAL CASH DELIVERED PRICE <i>3643.25</i>	
DEPOSIT ON ORDER <i>1000.00</i>		TOTAL CASH DELIVERED PRICE <i>1000.00</i>	
USED CAR ALLOWANCE <i>1000.00</i>		LESS: BAL. OWING TO <i>XXX X X</i>	
CASH ON DELIVERY <i>3075.00</i>		TOTAL CASH DELIVERED PRICE <i>3643.25</i>	
RECORD OF TRADE-IN			
MAKE	YEAR	INSURANCE COST	TOTAL CREDIT
		<input type="checkbox"/> NONE <input type="checkbox"/> FIRE THEFT	BALANCE DUE
		MONTHS	TIME SALE CHARGES
		<input type="checkbox"/> COLLISION	INSURANCE TOTAL
		MONTHS	AMOUNT OF CONTRACT
		<input type="checkbox"/> LIABILITY <input type="checkbox"/> OTHER	TOTAL
		MONTHS	TIME PRICE
CONTRACT TO BE PAID IN		INSTALLMENTS OF \$	
NO ONE INSTALLMENT OF \$		FIRST INSTALLMENT DUE	
		EACH	
		19	
<small>The front and back of this Order comprise the entire agreement affecting this purchase no other agreement or understanding of any nature concerning same has been made or entered into, or will be recognized. I hereby certify that no credit has been extended to me for the purchase of this car except as appears in writing on the face of this agreement. I have read the matter printed on the back hereof and agree to it as a part of this order the same as if it were printed above my signature. I certify that I am 21 years of age or older, and hereby acknowledge receipt of a copy of this order.</small>			
BUYER'S SIGNATURE <i>Carl &amp; Virginia Hoppenrath</i>			

## Chatter in the Halls



School District 42  
Maple Grove and  
Dayton Township-  
Section 4- The  
settlers started to  
come here in 1854

mostly from the New England States. School was first held in the home of P.B. Newton (first place East of Rush Creek Cemetery). Mrs. Newton amid housewifely duties, such as bread making etc., taught the children in her kitchen. "It was jokingly said that our District was one of, if not the first in Hennepin County, to have a course in Home Economics!

The first real schoolhouse was built in the late 1850's or early 60's across the road from where it now stands along Territorial Road. Marian Woodsworth, a local girl had a contract with the School Board, for a term of three months. The contract commenced on Nov. 24<sup>th</sup> 1862, with a payment of \$10 a month. The teacher could be removed for immorality or a violation of the contract.

According to "The History of Hennepin County 1881 Book" the first school was furnished with patent desks and seats and that its school system was equal to any in Hennepin County. The Independent Order of Good Templars was organized in Maple Grove in 1865 and built a hall over the District 42 school house.

The School Register showed 45 pupils in 1868 and 54 pupils in 1874. A new school house was built in 1887 and was used until 1923 when it was moved further back from where it stood and a basement was added with indoor toilets and library.

District #42 was the community gathering place with ice cream socials, and picnics, and every Halloween children or their parents provided entertainment- no tricks or treats or too many sweets- but old and young had a good time.

Two local girls taught at the school in the late 1930's- early 40's: Harriet Miller and Fay Jones. A stage was constructed in the basement and a small room became the kitchen with an electric stove. Suppers and basket and pie socials were held along with "Home Talent" plays. The pupils started a Maple Grove Newspaper. Another wonderful Mother's Day Program was presented under the direction of Louise Robinson Ewing another local teacher.

After the school system reorganization, finally the Alcoholics Anonymous purchased the building in the 1960's and the chatter changed. by Ivy Evans Tasler - 3<sup>rd</sup> generation of the Evans Family to have served on the Dist. #42 School Board.

# WARMTH, COMFORT & LOVE

by George "Bill" Bergquist

So many rooms hold wondrous happy memories: the play of multicolored Christmas tree lights on the living room ceiling; the sparkle of birthday candles on the dining room crystal; the warm cheer of family and friends sitting down for a holiday feast. But none can match the day-to-day warmth and comfort of the monster that resided in our dungeon.

Yes, the dungeon! The dark, dank pit that lay beneath our house. Two bare bulbs and four small windows the only sources of illumination, unless the door of the beast should be opened emitting an unearthly glow. And what from it would you see? A large square wooden pen taking up nearly a quarter of the floor space, wall shelves stacked with mason jars of canned goods, enough to provision the family through the next winter, no, enough to see us through the next depression. At the juncture of the side and back wall another square, this one holding a sand pit to store potatoes, onions, and the like. Under the stairway a still darker hole, complete with dangling power cable to the sump pump and hose to the exterior.

Ah, but I'm neglecting the monster in the middle, the huge lurking presence that dominates the entire space. Think of a large barrel on steroids, but slimmer at the bottom, flaring at the top and exploding into an octopus-like proliferation of large, insulated appendages reaching out to every corner of the house.

Think of it as a kind of Russian doll like structure. At the bottom an ash chamber with a door, complete with adjustable vents and loop hole providing access for a crank. Above that, separated by two overlapping grates, the fire chamber, with its own door and chimney pipe. Stacked atop of the fire chamber, and separated by a steel plate, was a third larger air chamber fed at the bottom by a large cold air return with openings at the top to all of the appendages. And, all of this encased in a large insulating shell.

Four grown men holding hand-in-hand could not encircle the monster, such was its girth. Before the first

floor could be added the monster had to be lowered into place, captive forever. Once the first floor was in place, the appendages were added, streaming out to where the walls separated the rooms with one register box serving both rooms; the register vents having adjustable flaps to direct the air flow. Maximum air flow being able to be achieved only by closing completely the flap on the opposite side.

Now, dear reader, I pause here to ask in all good conscience, could children residing together in a happy household disagree over such a trivial item as hot air? In deference to my siblings, I shall leave the answer to that question to your good judgment.

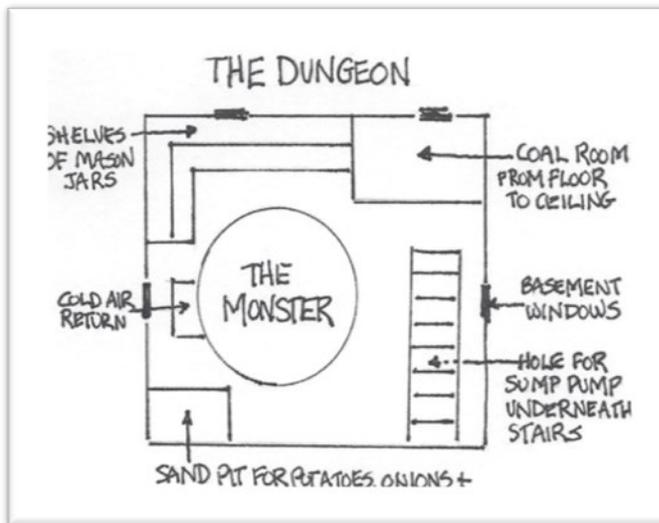
Now to the workings of this monster, upon which for six or seven months of the (Minnesota) year we were dependent for our comfort and happiness. It all begins with the big square box that takes up about one quarter of floor space. Each fall a dump truck specially designed with a door instead of a flap would back up to one of the small basement windows, pop it out, and insert a slide. A deafening racket would ensue as the truck box would

elevate, sending anthracite coal down the chute into the coal room. An unholy black dust would arise covering any one present assisting in the process. "Covered all over from head to foot, in ashes and soot," would spring to mind.

A line from "Twas the Night Before Christmas" naturally stirred other thoughts. If Santa, that "right Jolly Old Elf" should come down our chimney well, his "little" belly which "shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly"

would indeed find himself in the belly of quite another beast. Suffice it to say Santa, at least at our house, always left the sack of presents on the back porch with my older siblings always pointing up into the night sky hollering "There! There he goes!"

Well, I digress. With the coal in place and ready to be shoveled into the maw of the beast, a wood fire had to first be built. You can't make a coal fire by holding a match to it. Once the wood fire was well underway, coal would be added. And then, the masterful artistry of my father began. The trick, magic really, of having a coal fire, and a consistently warm house, was to never, ever, let the fire burn out. By adjusting the flue and door vents he could manage the rate of burn to accommodate the night hours or night and day we might be away. Heat  
6 was disbursed throughout the house by convection,



## WARMTH, COMFORT & LOVE con't

no fans involved. So the fire going out could mean hours of waiting for warmth to be restored. Something not to bring cheer on a cold winter's day.

Each morning would begin with the sound of Dad vigorously "cranking" back and forth the grates, allowing the burnt out "klinkers" to drop into the ash chamber. Followed by the scrape of the shovel as the klinkers were delivered into a scuttle to later be carried out and spread on the driveway, or held in reserve in the event of getting stuck in the snow and ice. Next would come the sound of coal being shoveled into the fire chamber, and the occasional avalanche of coal filling the space made vacant. All the time warm air would be rising up through the register, passing over the water filled brass buckets that kept the air humidified.

As I grew in age, tending the "monster" was added to my chores. But by the 1950s coal companies serving residential customers were becoming scarce. The fate of the "monster" was inevitable. I asked Dad if he would miss it? His answer surprised me, as I had not relished being the first to get up on cold winter days to descend into the dungeon. "Yes," he said emphatically. "It was a way everyday to provide warmth, comfort and love."

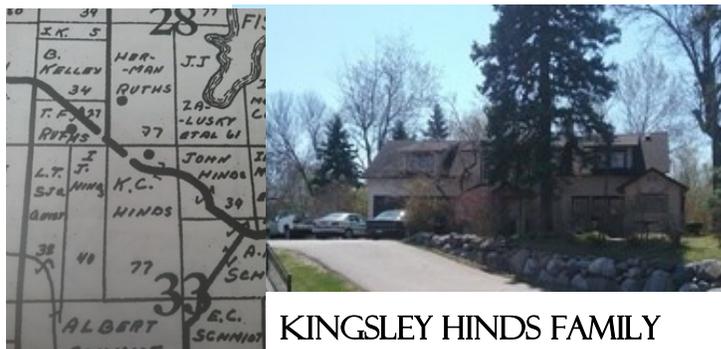
## GOODBYE AHRENS' GREENHOUSE! at 9533 Jefferson Highway

Another landmark is lamented as the new reality Avery Way wipes out a long history. The Maple Osseo Press April 8, 2021 edition headlined an article by Alicia Miller about the Ahrens Greenhouse coming down on March 31<sup>st</sup>. The Maple Grove Planning Commission recommended a development of 124 homes called Avery Park that could be built on the land where the former Ahrens Greenhouse was located. The homes would be a mix of attached townhomes and detached single-family homes in an attempt to develop "diverse" housing stock.



Low cost, plastic film greenhouses at the Ahrens range in Osseo. The houses were used for bedding plant production. Wide, paved driveways permitted loading plants on trailers or trucks directly from doors or openings in the sidewalls of the greenhouses. (Photo by author)

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## KINGSLEY HINDS FAMILY

Out along Bass Lake Rd, across from Fish Lake Park entrance, stands the Hinds family home. Notice Kingsley Hinds is listed as the owner in 1955 map. The house, part of their farm, before the city surrounded it and Bass Lake Rd was rebuilt, as always caught my eye, and I knew Bernice Hinds. When Bernice Begin Hinds died in August of 2020 she was 97 years old. She was raised in Plymouth. Her parents were Elmer and Leonthina (Striebel) Begin. She married Kingsley Cyril Hinds, whose father Ivan John Hinds had come to Maple Grove from North Dakota and his mother was Blanche Mary King.

Kingsley and Bernice raised 12 children in their house. Sadly their eldest son Stephen John Hinds born 1946, was killed in South Vietnam in 1968.

Kingsley died in Nov. 1995 at age 78. Two other sons have preceded her in death, Stanley Joseph and Stuart Hilary.

Christopher is listed as living in the family home.

Bernice was a devoted Catholic at St Thomas in Corcoran and a longtime volunteer and St. Therese in New Hope. Many of Hinds family members are buried in St. Thomas.



is honored on Panel 49E, Line 42 of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial.

According to A History of Minnesota Floriculture by Richard Widmer: "After World War II many young growers stepped into crop production in greenhouses..

"Harold Ahrens started growing truck crops in Osseo in 1943 and built greenhouses and cold frames in 1945. People stopped in and wanted to purchase plants, so he started production flowering bedding plants about 1948 He has since discontinued retail sales and vegetable production and specialized in wholesale bedding plants since the early 1950's. His three sons Gary, Harvey and LeRoy now run the large range. . ." (1997) p 64(<https://conservancy.umn.edu/bitstreamhandle/11299/136377/>) The President and contact of Arhens Greenhouse Inc is listed a Gary Arhens.



**R**emembering Henry "Hank" Jaeger valued member of the Maple Grove Museum and husband for 64 years of Council Woman Karen Jaeger died April 9, 2021. Henry was a veteran of the Korean war. He was active in the community as a member of the Robbinsdale area Shrine Club, Compass Masonic Lodge, VFW, Osseo & Maple Grove American Legion. Graduate of West High School in Minneapolis class of 1947. He owned his own business for 37 years, AA Equipment Co. After retirement, Henry enjoyed flying his airplane, fishing and traveling. He is well known in Maple Grove for doing stained glass lampshades and winning Blue Ribbons at the Minnesota State Fair. Memorial service were held on Friday, April 16th at Lord of Life Lutheran Church, 7401 County Road 101, Maple Grove, MN 55311.



Karen and Henry Jaeger at the grand opening of the Shoppes of Arbor Lake



## *In Memory of Museum Member*

Robert Neil Munson, age 78, of Maple Grove, MN died March 11, 2021 of cardiac arrest.

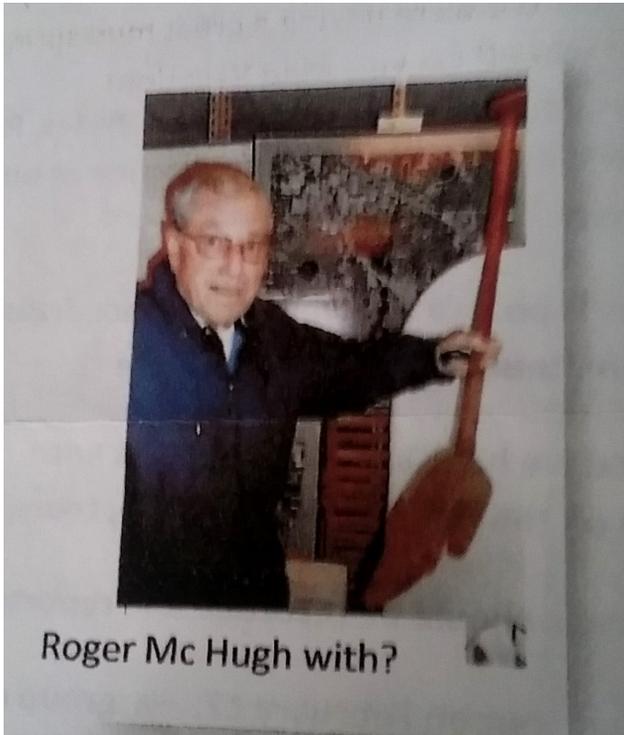
Bob was a graduate of Hopkins High School 1960, and St. Olaf College 1964. Following two years in the Peace Corp in Venezuela he returned and entered George Williams College in Downers Grove, IL, where he received a Masters of Social Work degree. Throughout his life Bob was always involved in service to others, at Big Brothers, Lutheran Social Service of MN (Director of Congregational Services), and the Minneapolis Chapter of the American Red Cross (Director of Emergency Services). Following his retirement in 2006, Bob continued his service to others through many volunteer activities

at North Memorial and Maple Grove Hospitals, as a church choir member at Cross of Glory Church, First Lutheran Church of Crystal and Lord of Life Lutheran Church where his smiling and welcoming presence could also be found at the Information Center each Sunday. His kind, thoughtful and fun personality could be seen in many additional volunteer positions in the Minneapolis area.

Bob is survived by his wife of 53 years Sandra Munson, his son Christopher, daughter Kari Beth (Brian Cook) and two grandchildren, Sophie and Sam Munson.

Bob used his artistic talents through his Rosemaling (Norwegian Folk Painting). He entered his works at the MN State Fair between 1977-2019 earning 27 ribbons.

## Roger Mc Hugh - "She is only steps away!"



Roger McHugh a very active member of the MG Museum lost his "sweet Caroline" his Osseo High School sweetheart and wife since April 25, 1956, on March 20, 2021.

Roger and Caroline were married at Elim Lutheran Church in Robbinsdale. After serving in the US Army the McHughs built their current home on 94th Ave N in Maple Grove in 1962.

They had 3 children, Karen, Dale and Beverly. Caroline worked at the Osseo School District as a paraprofessional for 30 years.

The grandkids looked forward to "Cookie Day," perhaps the best holiday of the entire year. The day after Thanksgiving everyone would go to Grandpa and Grandma's house to set up the Christmas tree, bake more cookies than seem possible to eat, and welcome the holiday season.

In the last years of her life Roger was her faithful caregiver— anyone would be lucky to share the kind of love and partnership that Roger and Caroline had for each other.

"Goodbye is not forever Caroline – You're only steps away."



## Bruce Walter Hansen

Another Museum Member gone to a Happy Hunting Ground

Bruce Walter Hansen, age 80 of St. Michael, went to Heaven on 4/1/2021. He was born on December 13th, 1940 in Minneapolis. He married Patricia Young on May 22nd, 1965.



A proud Army veteran, he was employed by Brown Photo and Lifetouch for many years. He loved the outdoors, hunting and fishing. A funeral service was held at St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church in Corcoran, MN.

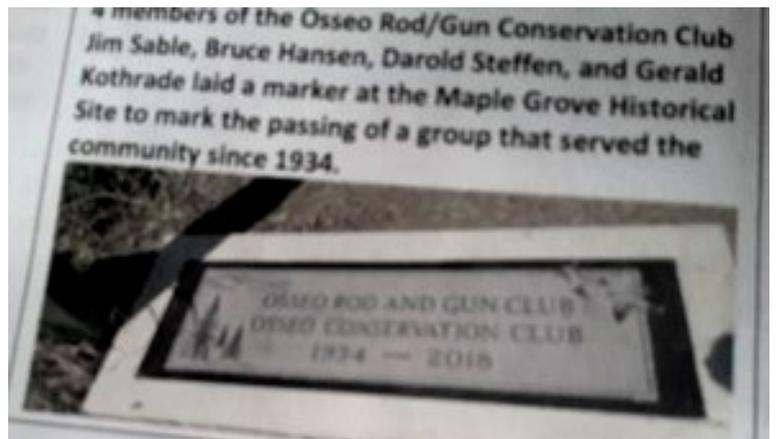
## Rabbit Hunting in Maple Grove

by Jim Sable

It's here! It's here! Hunting season. Hunting season with all the anticipation of what might be. As years roll by, hunting season wouldn't be hunting season without "tales of the hunt". And what tales Maple Grove could tell if only she could talk.

Hunting season in "Old Maple Grove" was a time of bonding. Running into buddies at a crossroad and comparing stories of how the hunt was going. Sometimes joining forces so bigger cornfields or bigger sloughs could be hunted. I remember many bright, clear days when the air was fresh and the landscape was decorated in a multitude of fall colors.

One such day found Bruce Hansen and I on our way to the gravel pits where jack rabbits were plentiful. This was no ordinary hunting trip. We were on the open road on our own..... free as birds. ]



Purpose: To collect and preserve information and artifacts and to educate the community of the history

**Create the future**

We need to raise \$500,000 to expand our museum to display our many artifacts and memorabilia. Please include the Maple Grove Historic Preservation Society in your estate plan, your generosity enriches the city of Maple Grove's vibrancy, and history. Thank you for ensuring that we can bring people together and impact our community through telling our history for future generations..

Need more information?  
Email us at  
[maplegrovehistory.org](http://maplegrovehistory.org)



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## Death of a member of a Long time Maple Grove Family

When Harold Grambart 89, of Albertville died December 13, 2020, he left behind the gal from the neighboring farm, Barbara Jobses, who was also his wife of sixty nine years. Harold was joined in marriage on September 22, 1951 to Barbara Jobses at the United Methodist Church in Osseo. He is survived by his wife, one daughter Sherry and a son Mark and grandchildren,

Harold's parents, Henry and Clara (Frinke) Grambart owned a farm that was one ½ of the west side and ½ of the north side of Weaver Lake in Maple Grove. Harold was born in Maple Grove on October 22, 1931. He was preceded in death by his parents, three brothers, Wilford, Lawrence, and Clarence and a sister Dorothy Smith.

When Harold was 8 years old, and on the day of his sister's second birthday in 1939, his grandma's house was in a tornado. He and his dad got in the car and drove to grandma's. The roof was gone-everything was gone. When they were able to get the door open, grandma was

sitting in her rocker with the Bible on her lap and she was black as coal from the dirt, but she only had a little scratch on her head-miracle!

Barbara Jobses inherited the farm next to the Grambart family farm, and Harold moved his herd of cattle there. When the city of Maple Grove wanted to buy the Jobses farm for a park – Harold already had an offer for \$1000 an acre. The city finally condemned the property and paid \$500 an acre. The Jobses property also butted up to the Weaver Lake Cemetery and they donated land there.

Harold's Uncle Louie owned the Grambart Store before it was sold and become Bredenbergs. It was the neighborhood store his kids could bike too.

Harold was buried at St John's evangelical Lutheran Church in Corcoran. He was a faithful lifelong member there. He attended St. John's School through 8th grade.

Harold farmed in Maple Grove but sold the farm in 1964. He continued to sell insurance Hassan Lake Mutual Insurance Co. for 55 years.