



MAPLE GROVE HISTORICAL PRESERVATION SOCIETY
12800 Arbor Lakes Parkway, Maple Grove, MN 55311



MAPLE GROVE HISTORY MUSEUM
9030 Forestview Lane N, Door J, Maple Grove MN 55369
<https://www.maplegrovmnhistory.org/>

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

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

VOLUME 119

MAY 2025



1910 postcard from Steve Briggs

"From farm to table" is a popular theme in 2025. It once was a necessary way of life: food came right from the garden to the table, without a store, market or distributor. Gardeners nursed the first edible plant that sprung up in the soil. Pioneers and birds saved seeds and carried them to new lands as they migrated.

The following information was obtained from <https://extension.umn.edu/about-extension/extension-history#our-beginnings-and-our-history> In Minnesota the Hatch Act (1887) started helping us with agricultural experiments." By 1904 "growing seed corn and baking bread were statewide 4-H club projects." In 1909 Extension was established at University of Minnesota "as division of agriculture extension and home education in agriculture dept. of the University of Minnesota".

President Wilson asked Extension agents In 1916, to work "closely with farmers to aid the war effort., "Food will win the war!" Home economists traveled the state, teaching canning classes and providing recipes for meatless and wheatless meals. This was Extension's first response to a major emergency and a trademark of its mission."

In the 1930s Minnesota had brought economic depression, droughts, and clouds of grasshoppers. Extension agents provided ways to trap the grasshoppers that destroyed crops across the state.

"By 1940, hot lunch programs had been established in more than 200 Minnesota schools."

By 1946, "the Research and Marketing Act gave funds to Extensions nationally for marketing programs. Minnesota developed three projects: efficiency in marketing, in distributing eggs and poultry, improving market quality of milk, and developing and marketing frozen foods."

In 1958, Extension using, began broadcasting best food buys over Minnesota's 22 TV stations."

"Extension's Master Gardeners have served thousands of Minnesotans since 1977by showing children how to grow vegetables and homeowners how to compost.

Will you plant a garden this year? Perhaps you're ready for the new "Farm to Table." Reserve a garden plot through Maple Grove Parks and Recreation Department or shop the Farmer's Market.

Interested in Maple Grove History?

We are writing a history of the township/city and welcome anyone interested in joining the task. There are a number of ways to be involved in the book project. What a fascinating way it will be to learn the history of your community. It should be noted, however, that you don't have to reside in Maple Grove to participate.

The book project will require individuals interested in writing a chapter or chapters, photo researchers, caption writers, permission manager, proof readers, page layout and designers, grant writer, fund raiser and more. You can see that if you have an interest, there is a way, even multiple ways, to be involved. Just let us know of your interest by sending an email to: gwbergquist@gmail.com. We also invite you to join our ongoing meetings at the Maple Grove Historical Preservation Society Museum, 9030 Forestview Lane N., Maple Grove.

To plant a garden
is to believe in
tomorrow.



Even as a toddler, I was a 'garden girl'. I still have, and still treasure, the metal sprinkling can I received on my 2nd birthday; Mom tells me that not only did I use it to water flowers, dandelions, grass and occasionally the sidewalk, I also used it to carry around toads! My mother, Betty, grew up on a farm in rural ND where her mother, my 'farm' Grandma Freada (top right), had huge vegetable gardens. We don't have any photos of my maternal Grandma in her garden - she would never have allowed a photo of her looking exhausted, hot, sweaty and disheveled from working the soil growing potatoes, carrots and cabbage to feed the 'hired hands'. I don't know that she enjoyed gardening, I do know that for her, gardening was a critical survival skill. Her substantial gardens were outlined with marigolds ... and, mine are, too. My paternal grandparents lived in a tiny house in Fargo, ND, where my 'town' Grandma Esther (above, left) grew prize-winning flowers in her little backyard (*she also made world-class lefse from her fresh potatoes*). My goal, when I grew up, was to be a grandma, because I loved absolutely everything about both of mine.

I've been a gardener for as long as I can remember, thanks to my grandmothers and my mother. As a little girl I learned about weeding, fertilizing, carefully watering, patiently waiting then gratefully harvesting. In my first apartment I obsessed over my patio pots, mourned failures and tried again, eventually moving on to large gardens in my own backyards. Fresh green beans, okra, carrots right out of the soil, oodles of tomatoes, plus beets, zucchini and onions; what joy, there's nothing better! In my 50's I 'went back to school' and earned an associates degree in horticulture from the University of Minnesota, I spent ten years volunteering as a Hennepin



County Master Gardener. My summers on the St. Paul Campus teaching children gardening through the Gopher Adventures program are among my most cherished

memories. My mother, now 94, continues to nurture her prized lilies. When I am with her in Philadelphia we've walked many an urban-garden tour and visited stunning arboretums. Together we enthusiastically encouraged the tiny tree she started from an apple seed last year, and we were both sadly disappointed when it 'failed to take root'.

I garden because I love fresh produce. I garden because I enjoy the feel of the sun, the scent of the soil and the satisfaction of the harvest. Others may find gardening exhausting, but when I spend hours toiling in my garden I find a sense of accomplishment, contentment and peace.
By Kate Wodtke

My mother canned all summer, both fruits and vegetables. When she made jam, I had to stand on a chair by the stove, stirring each kettle in turn so they wouldn't scorch. This was a hot, miserable job and I'm sure I often asked, "Is it done yet?" In addition to all the canning my mother did, she cooked sweet corn, cut it off the cob and dried it for winter use, made sauerkraut and dried apple slices for pies in winter. I liked to snack on them. They were really good.

We also picked wild grapes and gooseberries at my mother's home place. The gooseberries made delicious jam. We were never able to pick very many, so my mother kept the jam for special occasions. She always celebrated the first snowfall of the season with a jar of gooseberry jam. We also gathered butternuts in the fall. They were hard to crack (often my job), but they were worth the work when my mother made her delicious brown sugar fudge with butternuts.

James Weber

Grandma's Moss Roses



By Ping an Chang - Own work, CC BY-SA 4.0, <https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=80001825>

By Virginia Hoppenrath

My grandmother spoke broken English, having emigrated from Germany to America in 1897, some years after her parents as she was an indentured servant of Kaiser Wilhelm. She spoke not a word of English on her arrival. But I, her grandchild could understand her, and her love of the Moss Roses in her garden. She and Grandpa had a very large garden, and grandpa would be out there chipping out the roots.

I, being an early riser, would find Grandma was in the garden at sunrise, weeding and hoeing. Fascinated, I would sit on a chair and watch her work! One particular morning with her body bent over, hoe in hand, as she worked, in her peripheral vision she spotted three cats spaced apart digging in her the freshly tilled soil in moss roses bed. Immediately she threw her hands up, upset, ran into the house grabbed a broom, screamed in German: "Ich schlage dir mit dem Besen auf den kopf!" She scared the cats enough that they never returned to the garden to do their job!

It was hilarious to me and my family has retold this story many times since her passing in 1943. Grandma was a very pious woman, a generous gifter of her garden produce and a serious moss rose gardener!



AMERICA IN 2026

How are we- MGHPS—going to promote the Semiquincentennial?

Mitchell Family Civil war Letters

...long ago.
John's letters often included instructions: how to plow, how many hours per day the boys could be expected to plow, how far apart to plant the hills of corn (3 ½ to 4 feet), potatoes 3' apart, etc. When he told her what clothes to buy for the children, he stopped mid-sentence. "Oh God, I don't want to dictate. I am willing to rely on your judgment for what you need and I want you to have it."

No 20 January 2004 Emily Koehler typed Chapter 4

of Mitchell Family Civil war Letters on page 6



Wild flowers at the Ox Cart Site

Mary Cherrico and Al met at the Ox Cart Trail site and laid out a three-year management plan.

The Joy of Flowers

What is the purpose of flowers? We immediately think that they serve the nectar to the bees to make honey. But what else?

Flowers give peace, tranquility, and absolute joy to the grower. The array of colors is never ending. Anyone can plant a seed, water the seed and care for the flower that will grow and give you all these wonders of God's creation.

I had two beautiful, perennial gardens at my lake place. They created joy for me, and it was so satisfying. Each year I tilled the flower gardens of my many perennial flowers. This kept the weeds from coming up each summer in my garden. I had to strategically maneuver each twist and turn with the tiller around the plants, but I knew I would have flower gardens I would enjoy.

When the soil was turned and free of the current weeds, I proceeded to spread cocoa bean shells around the plants to keep future weeds checked. This was one of my "jobs from hell" which I endured every year (the other was painting the decks and the many spindles that it entailed). But spreading the cocoa bean shells was especially an annoying job. The emptying a bag of dusty shells into the wheelbarrow and then carefully dispersing the shells around each plant to keep the weeds down was a task I did not enjoy. It was a dirty, dusty job but I endured it as I knew I would have very few weeds in my flower gardens each year. When I was done with this task, it was wonderful to walk out to my gardens and smell chocolate right away. That chocolate smell was mouthwatering! I enjoyed it, at least for several days until the rain came and dispersed the odor of the cocoa bean shells.

I also had an herb garden which I enjoyed. It was enclosed with a small brick wall which separated my flower and vegetable gardens. It was a conversation piece, and my visitors often were puzzled by what herb they were smelling. I loved being able to run out to the herb garden when I was cooking to get some fresh herbs. The oregano I had planted never let me forget its existence. Many times, as I was mowing with my riding mower, I would realize that the oregano had escaped from its brick walls and ventured out into the world. As I mowed, the smell from the escaped and cut oregano would penetrate my nostrils with its pungent smell.

My perennial flower gardens flourished each year as I cared for them and kept them watered. I loved watering in the evening. It was such a peaceful time; work of the

day was done and the satisfaction of watering and giving my flowers life's nourishment was always pleasant.

Often after I had mowed the yard for an hour and a half, I would relax and sit on my upper deck and view my flower gardens. God's beautiful creations just there in my view.

One spring when I returned to the lake for the summer, I discovered someone had stolen some of my flowers. They left the obvious perfect round holes where they had dug up several of my lilies. I might not have noticed the missing plants if they hadn't left the hole! I reported it to the police, with the knowledge that nothing would be done but thought if there's a flower robber in the area, others should be warned. Of course, the flower robber never was found – I just hoped they enjoyed the flowers as much as I did.

In 2017, I sold my lake place, a place I had enjoyed for nearly thirty summers. The saddest loss I felt was for my flower gardens. Their daily inspiration always gave me an uplift for the day.

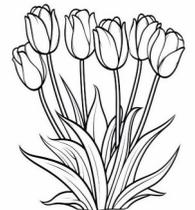
However, I decided that in my townhouse with my small 6 x 10 deck and my few front steps, I could still carry on with the herbs and flowers I had enjoyed at the lake. Of course, it is much smaller than my lake flower gardens and everything is in pots, but not the least less important to me.

Each spring I look forward to visiting the many nurseries to pick out my plants. I make the rounds of several nurseries to find those special flowers. I enjoy planting the young plants in the twenty pots I have on my deck and each year I look forward with excitement watching them grow.

My "town" flowers bring me the same joy I experienced with the large gardens at the lake. I still love the watering as I did at the lake. I still experience the peace and comfort of my flowers and I love to sit on my small deck in the late afternoons or evenings and enjoy the beauty of my flowers.

I once saw a sign in a flower garden, that said, *"These are God's flowers, I am only the gardener."*

I thought yes, yes that is so true.

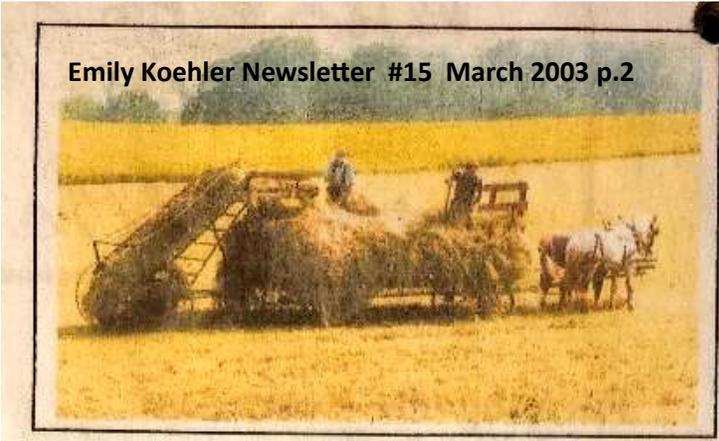


Flowers are so much more than just bees collecting the honey, they are a joy of life. We have been given something beautiful to care for, to enjoy and to nurture. What simpler thing could we have asked for?
By Kathy Bjorklund

Each spring, hot beds were made on the south side of the building that was the chicken house. (Later, it became the "well house"). They used the old storm windows to cover them. They planted radishes and lettuce in one, and in the other, they started tomato and cabbage plants to be planted in the garden when the time came.

Plowing the garden was another spring job. My father had to plow it with a walking plow pulled by our little horse, Billy. That wasn't an easy job for him, because he was a disabled veteran of World War I and his left arm and hand were almost useless. And to make things worse, Billy wasn't always very cooperative. But my father managed to get the plowing done. Then came the job of getting the soil ready for planting and the planting itself. My mother did a lot of the work. They has a huge garden and it was a lot of work, but they managed to feed our family well during the depression. My mother would spend the whole summer canning.

Lillian Havel Newsletter # 67 May 2012 p.2



Emily Koehler Newsletter #15 March 2003 p.2

In addition to the canned fruits and vegetables, there were 20 bu. of potatoes, 4 bu. of cabbage, 3 bu. of squash, 2 bu. of turnips, 4 bu. of beets and carrots and 100 lbs. of dried beans.

Records show the 1/2 acre vegetable garden was more than a hobby! The seeds purchased in May for the garden cost 50 cents. No doubt some seeds had been saved from the crop grown the previous year. Canning provided (in 1941) 78 quarts of tomatoes, 180 quarts of vegetables, 160 quarts of fruit juice, 10 quarts of jam or jelly, 25 quarts of pickles and 40 quarts of kraut. Fruit was also canned. The notes show 62 quarts of apples, no doubt from the trees in their orchard, 14 quarts of pears, 38 quarts of peaches and 14 quarts of strawberries. All of this canning was done without the use of a pressure cooker, an unsafe practice frowned on

4-H clubs were common in rural areas across the United States beginning in Iowa in 1906. The 4-leaf clover signified Head, Heart, Hands, and Health.

Not only were there many fun times at meetings, but exhibits and competition for awards at the Hennepin County Fair in Hopkins and the State Fair were highlights of the year. It gave boys an opportunity to show their prize cattle and garden crops.

All meetings started with this pledge: "I pledge my Head to clearer thinking, my Heart to greater loyalty, my Hands to larger service and my Health to better living for my club, my community, my country and my world."

Lyn Joyner vol 34 p7 A 4-H Camping Trip

...for pancakes on a weekend camping trip in 1936: Albert Joyner Jr., Ed Morehouse, Harold Chapman, Gordon Jobes, Ken Rush, Everett Levins, Oliver Krienke, Clarence Servaty, Earl Levins, Orlyn (Lyn) Joyner and Russell Chapman.



CHILDHOOD JOY IN THE GARDEN

After the warming sun tossed the frosty blanket off the garden, dad tilled it, and marked the rows using his wooden garden rake or with string and stakes. It was then time for the kids to help Dad and Mom plant the garden. We carefully placed the peas and beans about an inch apart in the row; while some of the other fine seeds like radishes and carrots seemed to escape from our fingers in bunches. We held the tomato plants while Mom packed the dirt and water around them; which she had started from seed, each spring in flats that sat in the house window awaiting the sun's magic. We planted the cut up potatoes in mounds hoping their "eyes could find the sun.

It was fun to watch the plants pop out of the ground and stretch their stalks toward the hopeful sun. We watched the gladiolas and sweet peas bloom, the vegetables grow, and the weeds too, which we had to hoe! We would skip among the growing plants, or maybe play hide and seek in the corn; watch the adjacent field of oats ripen, and pick the rhubarb. The killdeer bird joined our game to, running around the garden's edge, feigning injury, by dragging her wing to keep us from her babies.

The most wonderful thing about the garden, other than it provided fresh vegetables, fruit and flowers to family and visitors, and was canned or frozen for winter, was the wondrous "healthy" snack of plucking a carrot, wiping the dirt off on our jeans, and eating it while still in the garden. Ripe tomatoes, peas, strawberries and raspberries were delicious too. My St. Paul Cousins, were the only ones who questioned us why we would not properly wash them before eating. (Maybe we lived by the idiom "you had to eat a peck of dirt before you die!")

We did wash the radishes, green onions and lettuce to make wonderful sandwiches with mom's fresh homemade white bread. We brought bouquets of glorious gladiolas for the dining room table; I loved those tall glorious dressed flowers long before a friend called them "funeral flowers."

My two most vivid memories were the day, as a small girl, I decided to harvest a wheelbarrow full of rhubarb, which I was taking to our play house to make my own "pretend" sauce. As I approached the play house from the garden, I can still see my mother, angry, unplugging the wash machine, the laundry would have to wait until the next day, she took my load of rhubarb into the house, washing and cutting it into pieces to make sauce. The other was when unexpected company came one afternoon in August and mom sent us to get ears of corn from the garden, which we served along with her

freshly canned peach sauce and bread to the visitors. What delicious sunny memories of our garden!



Pat Ruffing with her brother Alan

Newsletter Vol 69 p.4 By Lillian Havel

Our garden was big and it took a lot of work, my job was to do some of the weeding, Every morning on June I had religious instruction in Osseo. We would have to learn an catechism lesson for the next day and would work on my catechism while weeding. During the drought years we had to water the tp water the garden each evening , I was too little to carry the pail so Il would take the water my parents brought me and carry it o the vegetable pants in a soup can. We did a lot of canning and picking fruits was one of my jobs. I would stand on a chair by the stove and stir the kettles of jam for my mother as it cooked. She made lots of jams and apple butter.



Lois's County Farm Market— 1994

(About a mile west of I– 94 on County Rd 30)

Lois and her husband, Bill Flicek raised the fruits and vegetables on their 25 acre farm and sold them in a small store attached to their garage. The was open 10:00 to 6:00 Tuesday through Sunday, for as long as fresh vegetables were available.



Cupcakes and Conversation

Before School District 279

Recollections of Maple Grove's Country Schools

The Osseo 150 Year Committee will present their research and memories of Maple Grove country schools, a hidden gems of learning tucked among the farms between many lakes. The first Maple Grove School started in the 1850's along Territorial Road. As the population grew, schools known as Eagle Lake, Fish Lake, Elm Creek, Weaver Lake, Hennessey Hill, Bass Lake and District 101 appeared. The precious memories of country school days remain in hearts of the few residents who can still recount their stories. The country school usually had one or two teachers for 1-8th grade. These schools in their earliest days often afforded such luxuries as no electricity, phone, visits to the outhouse bathroom, drinking water from a common dipper in the water pail. Kids walked to the nearby school carrying their cold sandwiches in buckets but with wonderful warm memories of Christmas programs, and other students.

Since Osseo was the nearby commercial hub, in the early 1900's. The Osseo High School opened its doors in 1924, the only high school nearby. By the 1970's Maple Grove had burgeoned into the bustling landscape of city dwellings and Osseo School District 279 expanded dramatically.

June 11, 2025 1-2: 30 pm

May 2025

May Baskets– Do You remember?

By Joyce Deane.

As a child I remember hanging a May Basket on Miss Setzler's door and running— Where? I don't know, as she probably would not have caught me anyway. The basket was usually cone shaped—paper curled into a cone with crepe paper flowers glued on the front. Hopefully the handle holds on to the door knob without tearing. We either put candy in the basket or flowers. One year I pulled up Sweet Williams for the basket from the woods behind Grandpa and Grandma Trombley's farm. The roots were intact so Miss Setzler planted them along her house. Many, many years later when I was visiting her in another house, she said she wanted to give me some plants. With her instruction I carefully put the spade into the ground of hostas and then this cluster of Sweet Williams. It was then she told me the story of how when received them in a May Basket from me many, many years ago. And now the Sweet Williams are a reminder of the May Basket of long ago, as they grow in my front yard.



May Basket at Museum



Take a trip back in time to explore the rich and vibrant history of the city of Osseo, Minnesota. Enjoy interviews with members of the Osseo 150th Anniversary Planning Committee (Carole Larson, Mayor Duane Poppe, Lila Hedlund), past Osseo area farmers (Eldon Tessman, Bill Schrieber), and a member of the Maple Grove Historical Preservation Society (Roger McHugh). Viewers will be taken through these four segments that cover everything from the early days in the area to life in the city in the early 21st century... https://youtu.be/Z53V3wjCuos?si=Lq0t_CpnJFEQCMfv

**Maple Grove History Museum
July 20th
Open House 1-4 pm**

“Living our history”

All ages are invited to check out our cool themes:
 Create memories from our collection of clocks.
 Learn the curious uses of our many of vintage crocks.
 Tour our farm implement display for harvesting crops.
 Guess how our cachet of mystery items could have been used.
 Compare country garden tools for planting the potato and corn
 crops Charm the kids with the cool country one room school. Be captivated by our company of dolls.
 Learn how capable Maple Grove farm woman’s story can be.
 Celebrate the colorful story of the Campbell Soup Kids “Labels for Education.”



Made with Love and Lace

On February 12, 2025 our museum member Jeri Cobb, a fifty-year collector of valentines, shared the history of valentine sending, with many examples from 1800’s to 2000 showing the evolution from handmade to machine made. These brought memories of grade school valentine boxes !

**Maple Grove
 Historical Preservation Society Officers**
 President - Al Madsen
 Vice President - Pat Ruffing
 Secretary - Karen Brajdich
 Treasurer - Kathy Bjorklund
 Virginia Hoppenrath

MAPLE GROVE HISTORICAL PRESERVATION SOCIETY

City of Maple Grove Government Center
 12800 Arbor Lakes Parkway, Maple Grove MN 55369-7064

Annual Membership (tax deductible)

___ \$15 Individual/Senior
 ___ \$30 Family
 ___ \$100 Supporting Member

I am interested in helping with

___ Writing article
 ___ Historic site maintenance
 ___ Displays
 ___ Educational Programs
 ___ Publicity
 ___ Cataloging artifacts
 ___ Calling

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 TELEPHONE _____
 EMAIL _____