



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
www.maplegrovmnhistorical.org

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

HOW WE GOT AROUND

VOLUME 117

NOVEMBER 2024

Maple Grovians have traveled around Minnesota human-powered, such as walking, canoeing, and bicycling. We have used animals for transportation, including dogs, horses, and oxen. The first widely used form of machine-powered transportation in Minnesota was the river steamboat. Then the railroad, the dominant form of passenger and freight transportation arriving in the late 1800s and early 1900s chugged its way through Maple Grove. For six decades beginning in the 1890s, the electric streetcar was the primary form of mass transit in Minnesota cities. With the arrival of automobile in the late 1890s Maple Grovians quickly preferred driving themselves to destinations over rutted muddy roads. During the 1950s, buses ushered in a new era of mass transit—one that has come to include electric light rail in Minneapolis and St. Paul and maybe to the northern suburbs. Northwest Airlines dominated Minnesota aviation for eight decades after its founding in 1926. Now we fly the world!

What new ways of “getting around” is in our future?

**“I’M DREAMING OF A WHITE CHRISTMAS
JUST LIKE THE ONES I USED TO KNOW
WHERE THE TREE TOPS GLISTEN
AND CHILDREN LISTEN
TO HEAR SLEIGH BELLS IN THE SNOW,”**



Holiday Party

December 19th at 6:00 pm

Bring family and friends

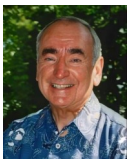
And a sumptuous dish of food to share.



February 2025 Newsletter

From the Maple Grove Family Farm to City Charm.

Write your story about where you lived and maybe who inhabited the place before you did.



James Albert Sable

James Albert Sable 85, of Maple Grove, passed on after a brief battle with cancer on September 22. Jim was born in Minneapolis, graduating from North High School in 1956. While working at the Minneapolis Star Tribune he attended the U of MN. He joined the Marine Corps in 1960 and was honorably discharged in 1966. Meeting Sharon (Gladwin) at the Star Tribune they were married July 2, 1966. After 22 years working in the Star Tribune advertising department Jim joined the new owners of the MN Suburban Newspapers as Advertising Director. In 1984, Jim and Sharon formed Sable Advertising Systems – an advertising/marketing agency specializing in co-op advertising.

Jim always enjoyed trapshooting and soon after retiring realized participation in the sport, along with memberships at shooting ranges, was declining. The sport needed younger members. Through determination and foresight, and the support of hundreds of volunteer trapshooters, Jim went to high schools and school boards to present a new activity that would allow students, who have their firearm safety certificate, to participate on a school trapshooting team. In 2008 the nonprofit MN State High School Clay Target League was created. Because of its dedicated staff and volunteers, enthusiastic participants, and growth in other states, this activity is now called the USA Clay Target League and is offered to public and private schools, homeschools, and colleges across the country.

The Star Tribune named Jim one of the 15 most influential people of 2019. Outdoor News named Jim a Person of the Year in 2019 for his dedication to conservation.

(From Minnesota Star Tribune)

May 2008

Often the mowing of the first crop of alfalfa was postponed until the pheasants finished nesting.

When members of the Rod and Gun Club decided in the 1960's that it was time to ramp up the effort to not only help wildlife, but also try to enlighten others and encourage becoming better stewards of our environment and natural resources the name of the organization was changed to reflect this change in purpose.



Jim Sable and Joan Kasper the 1973 limerick contest winner

Saluting Osseo's Own: Corporal Peter Bottineau



On November 11th we will celebrate Veterans Day, an annual day of remembrance paying tribute to the brave women and men who have served in our military forces. While we acknowledge all veterans nationally, of note is the October 12, 2024 commemoration of one of Osseo's own: Corporal Peter Bottineau. Officially named 'Pierre', Peter was the third son of famed Metis frontiersman Pierre Bottineau and his wife Genevieve, a member of the Kenetino Tribe.



On the cool, cloudy Saturday morning of October 12, 2024 "Native Veterans Remembered", a volunteer organization whose mission is to honor Native Americans who served in the Civil War, welcomed the public to a Civil War style event that honored the service of Corporal Peter Bottineau. Pat Ruffing, of the Maple Grove Historical Preservation Society, participated in the ceremony. The Civil War Re-enactment Honor Guard presented the Colors and stood by in Civil War attire. Following presentations by historians Greg Cash, Ken Flies and Fritz Anderson, a new headstone was unveiled at Corporal Bottineau's grave at St. Vincent Cemetery, 8601 93rd Ave. N., Osseo. Concluding the rededication was a Rifle Salute. In the stillness of the morning the gunshots reverberated over the area Cpl. Bottineau had known so well.



Peter Bottineau was born in St. Paul, MN on January 1, 1838. By 1852, his legendary father, Pierre, had settled his large family in what is now Osseo, MN. Although Peter was exempt from military service because he was a Native American, the 22-year-old father of three daughters volunteered and patriotically mustered at Ft. Snelling in December

1861. As part of the 5th Minnesota Infantry he marched thousands of miles into the deep South. By May of 1862 the regiment had participated in the Union victory at Luka as well as in the Battle of Corinth in Mississippi.

Corporal Peter Bottineau and his comrades endured stifling heat and humidity while struggling through the insect-laden swamps and muddy fields. Nearly two-thirds of the Civil War soldiers were felled by uncontrolled infectious diseases such as pneumonia, typhoid, dysentery and malaria. Cpl. Bottineau fell gravely ill in mid-1864 and was returned to Minnesota. Ten months later, on March 15, 1865, he succumbed to yellow fever. He was buried at St. Vincent Cemetery in Osseo. Nearly 160 years later Corporal Bottineau's contributions to the Union cause remains significant.

Every generation of Native Americans have served our country valiantly in every major conflict since the formation of our nation's military forces in 1775.



by Kate Wodtke

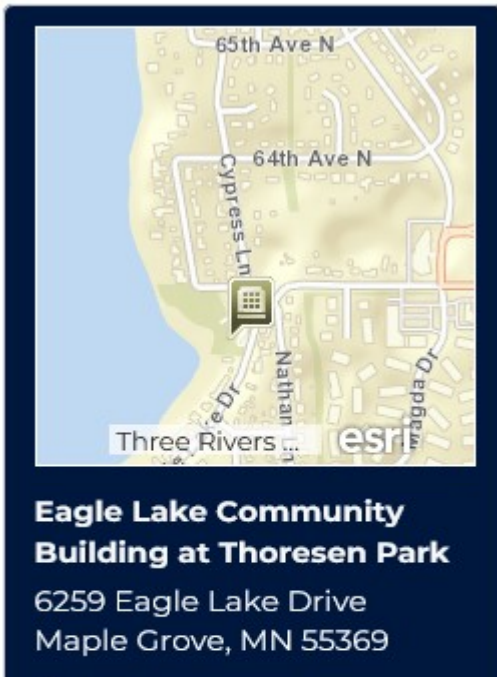
THE GREAT EAGLE LAKE GO-KART RACE OF '84

Written by Karl Hirdler

One early Summer night in 1980-something, the neighborhood kids decided to put together a baseball game at Thoreson Park. Bike riders were sent out in all directions to enlist players. Kids from along the 63rd Avenue "Hilltop", 64th and 65th Avenues would be playing; a geographical coordination of which was rarely seen in the neighborhood.

When the knock came to my door, I was "In", but we didn't have a capable pitcher among us kids. Nobody threw consistently enough to get the ball over the plate, or to ensure that the batter wouldn't get drilled in the head. The idea came to me that my Dad could pitch for us - he'd coached Little League. I stuck my head back into the house, asked if he'd pitch for us and he shouted back that he'd help us.

After dinner, I waited in the driveway for my Dad to come outside. He was going to let me ride on the tailgate of the truck. We lived at the intersection of 65th Avenue and Eagle Lake Drive; Thoreson Park was 2-blocks straight down the big hill.



As I sat waiting on the tailgate with my glove and baseballbat next to me, my friends Wes and Joey came by to ask what I was doing. "Going to play baseball down at the park. Want to join?" Playing ball didn't sound too interesting to them. A bit of banter ensued, then Joey came up with what he thought was a better idea - he'd race my Dad's truck down the hill with his Go-Kart! Oblivious to the conversation my friends and I were having, my Dad came out of the house and went searching for

his glove in the garage. Joey and Wes scattered on their bikes and rode to Wes' house, which was located at what might be considered the "Top" of the hill. Parked next to his garage, was their shared Go-Kart.

The Go-Kart appeared earlier that Summer. From where it came, I don't know. I do remember seeing it for the first time, as Wes' mom used a small brush to paint "Wild Wes and Jerky Joe" in beautiful red lettering on the wooden box behind the seat. For 11 year old kids, the Go-Kart was a mechanical marvel; even a miracle to have owned. The frame was constructed of an aluminum ladder, narrowed toward the front. Atop the rungs, had been fitted plywood, covered with light-brown, all-weather carpet for a luxurious touch. The rear wheels were tall, 10-speed bicycle wheels, which gave it an aggressive stance. The front, or the business-end of it, was outfitted with smaller, soap-box derby wheels with ball bearings. They were affixed to the ends of a wooden board that had a swivel in the middle, which allowed the driver to place his feet and steer. A rope was affixed near each front tire and acted as an assisted steering mechanism - like reins for a horse. There were no brakes. She was built to be a smooth glider; a true downhill racer.

Once my Dad had secured his baseball glove, he climbed into the truck and started driving slowly down Eagle Lake Drive toward the park. I lifted my head in the direction of Wes' house and could see Wes and Joey rushing to get the Go-Kart into position. They pushed it across the yard and into the street, just ahead of us. My Dad, not knowing what really was going on, drove lazily by. I sat on the tailgate and taunted my friends.

Pride can be a strong motivator. With pit-crew precision, they got the Go-Kart lined up straight. Joey got into the low-slung seat and Wes used his best power sprint to launch the Go-Kart into the treacherous, gravitational pull, seductively offered by the steep incline of Eagle Lake Drive.

As my legs swung from the tailgate, I could see the Go-Kart gaining speed. The distance between the truck and the aluminum racer diminished rapidly. Joey's face had a victorious smile across it; or perhaps it was his cheeks catching wind, as the velocity of his machine increased wickedly, with a growing dust cloud obscuring the gravel road behind him. As the truck crossed over the intersection of 64th Avenue, I shouted to my Dad to "Step on it!"



THE GREAT EAGLE LAKE GO-KART RACE OF '84 cont.

The Go-Kart had nearly caught up. I felt the truck accelerate and held onto the tailgate a bit tighter.

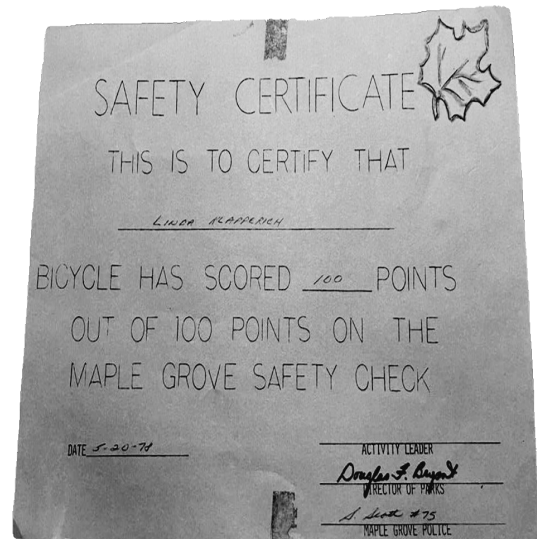
An instant later, I saw the glint of victory flash to round-eyed horror. Joey screamed, then his feet jerked and the steering-swivel knifed hard to the left. The straight-line, 30+ mph trajectory was interrupted by the invisible forces of fate, that set him on an abrupt, 90-degree course correction. The rooster-tail of dust cut my view of the hill as Joey slammed the Go-Kart into the opposing dirt curb of grandma Chubb's house. Boy and machine were immediately separated; the Go-Kart airborne, spun in tight circles off the curb. Joey was flung to within a few feet of old lady Chubb's front steps. For a moment, he laid there in a defeated, still heap. I shouted out to have my Dad stop the truck. We reversed ourselves and pulled up even with the crash site. A moment passed and Joey began to slowly pull himself together. We shouted out to see if he was alright and got the familiar all-is-well hand wave. Within a moment, Wes came running down the hill and together, they pushed their twisted racer back home. I hung on to the tailgate a bit tighter yet and might have then had one of the hardest laughs of my lifetime.

"In the 1890s, bicycling swept the nation, Minnesota included. Minnesotans who embraced bicycling at this time helped lay the groundwork for a number of lasting changes in American society, from shorter skirts to better roads. "



Joyce Deane on her bike with her 3 daughters who biked from their house near Rice Lake Road to her parents house which was by the McDonalds on 85th and Hwy 81

That was how I got around



My bicycle safety certificate from the MGPD. That was how I got around. Biking on Weaver Lake Road when it was gravel down to Fish Lake past all the farms then to Kenny's. Linda Klapperich



From our photo collection— Do you recognize these photos?



Guy under the car

What Store did you love to go to as a Child?

Saturday evenings were special when I was a little girl growing up on the farm. We would get to go to town after supper and go shopping. OH, how we looked forward to that!

Our “town” was Osseo and that is where we shopped for most everything. Living on the farm, we grew most of our food right at home, but there were always some staple items we needed to get at Bob’s Red and White grocery store. Then we would usually make a trip to Osseo Meat Market with the sawdust floors and pick up some of our meat from the locker where it was stored before we got our own big freezer to hold our meat. Mr. Neumann would always give us a sucker when we went in with dad, so we didn’t want to miss that. Besides he had a collection of all kinds of old trucks around the store and they were fun to look at.

Next stop might be Osseo Feed Store if Dad needed something there for the cows, Often it would be feed in those pretty flowered bags and sometimes it was my turn to choose which one I wanted to have grandma sew something for me out of when it was empty and clean.

After that, Dad & Jerry would usually go on to the hardware store or get a hair cut while Mom and I would go to Marlin’s Ben Franklin. Wow that was a real treat. They seemed to have EVERYTHING. It was like a Montgomery Wards catalog in person or in today’s world, a small Amazon. It was so fun to look at all the little trinkets, threads, yarns, and on and on. Sometimes we’d go to the end of the block and go to Reibuensteins Department Store which was a smaller version of the Ben Franklin. Mr. and Mrs. Reib were always there and very friendly.

We were given a small allowance that we were allowed to spend a small amount of after we put away something in savings, and something for church. It would take me a long time to decide what I wanted most because there wasn’t enough to buy all I wanted. A very good lesson at a young age however.

Our evening usually ended with a special treat of an ice cream cone from the local drug store, Vince Pharmacy soda bar. The evening seemed to fly by, but it was a weekly highlight. Once and a while Mom would go to town during the week if she needed things and if I wasn’t busy doing chores I would get to go along. Whenever it was, it was always a big treat.

Funny how things seem to go full circle isn’t it. Today instead of Sears or “Monkey Wards” catalogs, we go to Am-

azon. We don’t shop much in local stores, we either pick them up or have stuff delivered or we click on Amazon and find it on our steps the next day. I miss being able to “touch and feel” and see what I am purchasing. I try to shop locally, but more often than not when you can find a clerk to ask for what you are looking for, you are told “oh, you’ll have to order that online” so here we go again. I hate taking things back and don’t do a good job at it so what to do. One solution is Turn Style or other such consignment stores where you can touch and feel an oh by the way, find some really good deals. Mostly, I just don’t like to shop anymore. Maybe that’s old age, or not, however I will never pass up the opportunity to go into an old fashioned department store should we find one on one of our road trips as we pass through some small towns in outstate Minnesota.

By Lois H. Caswell



Photos in our collection—

Who are these folks?

Please let us know.



How We Got Around Back Then

OK, OK. I know that isn't the assignment but, in my defense, that was my mode of transportation back then and that's as far back as back then goes for me.

But, before we move on a note: my two sisters had very few really, really important responsibilities and.... well, we'll leave it at that. And,



sloping rear it looked fast, and it didn't hurt that it was green. Why you ask? Well, have you never heard of the Green Hornet? The car didn't buzz like the one on the radio, but it could really move, so let your imagination pursue that.



second note: my head was shaved back then to achieve that streamlined, aerodynamic effect. Back on task, this was a vehicle I was too young to really have

much interest in. And, to be honest, you can see it lacked charisma. Also, I have memories of my Dad cursing it most colorfully, but in a language suitable for my ears. Note, too, that I don't appear to have much interest in being in this picture. That's me on the left with sisters Susan, center, and Karen, right.

The very same who years earlier neglected their really, really important responsibility (see picture 1).

The first car that really made an impact on me is parked in front of our cabin on Lake Superior at the *Camper's Home*. A place the car faithfully delivered us to on several summers of my youth. Now this Mercury Eight was something a boy could get excited about. A flathead 8 with all that horsepower could really move the 4000 pounds of posh sheet metal. Even sitting there with its long hood and

Automobiles of this era, all of them I dare say, had issues.



Break downs were not unheard of, although with the right tools, know-how and vocabulary -- oh, yes, the right vocabulary was critical -- they could be fixed by the owner. It was also true that when a break down occurred it wasn't uncommon for passersby to offer their insights into the problems and how they might be remedied. It wasn't always possible to keep them from horn-ing in.

Between the 1949 Mercury Eight and the 1958

Mercury Monterey we owned a Ford which was purchased in league with my sisters. It was salmon and white. At least it wasn't hot pink. I say no more.

Back then the 1958 Mercury Monterey with the Marauder V8 engine (dig that name) might still have been called the "cat's meow" or "bee's knees" of cars, but those words of praise were not as widely used anymore. But, this was truly a beautiful car inside and out with its

"audacious tail fins, dual headlamps and bold grill,"

It was as the ads continued, **"a symbol of status and personality."** (cont next page)



How We Got Around Back Then (cont.)

My, my, I do like that. It was impressive to look at with its 122 inch wheelbase (more than a foot longer than the 1949 Mercury Eight) and more than double the horse power. Ours was glacier white with black enamel and chrome trim and got 10 to 12 miles per gallon.

Advertisements also gloated over its interior comfort, luxury and safety. Among the most distinctive of these luxury appointments was push button drive, “Merc-o-Matic.” Yes, that’s right. No stick on the steering column or clumsy floor mounted shift lever (between you and your girl) but a small discreet panel with a drive bar, park, neutral and reverse. Just push the button and go. Complementing this feature were the plush black interior bench seats which were long and wide, upholstered in a supple vinyl, perfect to stretch out on. Possibly, more about this later, as we delve into the romance of the car, and it wasn’t just about the open road. Or, how we got around back then.

Safety was mentioned among the outstanding features and looking back with a whole array of safety features now available (seat belts, air bags, blind spot warning, back up camera, automatic pedestrian braking, adaptive cruise control, and the list goes on) I was intrigued. Then I found it, in the ads, not in my memory bank, drum roll please....” padded dashboard.” Yes, in 1958, at the height of US complete domination of the US auto market, this critical safety feature was an important selling point.

That brings us to the brink of the 1960s and on the cusp of the muscle car craze. This “Back Then” is still with us as any contemporary car show visitor will attest. Even today, with cars sporting dozens of safety features, and on the eve of the electric car evolution/revolution, American car manufacturers -- having all but abandoned sedans in favor of “light” trucks and SUVs – are still producing a few muscle cars. For the next generation this will be their “Back Then.”

~ George “Bill” Bergquist



Conversations with a sweet twist

article by Osseo Maple Grove Press

[Alicia Miller alicia.miller@apgecm.com](mailto:alicia.miller@apgecm.com)

Aug 29, 2024 https://www.hometownsource.com/press_and_news/news/local/conversations-with-a-sweet-twist/article_1eb4f820-641e-

August Cupcakes and Conversation at the Museum the latest Cupcakes and Conversations on Aug. 21, seniors gathered at the Maple Grove History Museum to learn about some transportation history in Maple Grove.

Kevin Kisch had two of his family’s old cars on display in the parking lot for people to look at before the meeting. One of the cars on display was a 1919 Skelly Oil Model-T truck, which makes an appearance every year at the Osseo Lions Roar Parade. Kisch said his father bought the truck’s cab and chassis in 1965 and got to work restoring it. It was in the 1975 Osseo Centennial Parade the first time,” he said. “When I was going into fourth grade at the time, I sat on the back of that truck with a five-gallon bucket of Tootsie Rolls throwing them out and I was the most popular throwing them out and I was the most popular kid in Edgewood Elementary that year.”

Maple Grove Historical Preservation Society

Officers

President Al Madsen

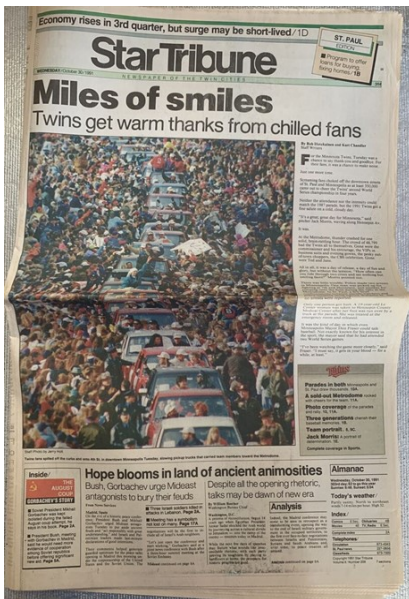
Vice President Pat Ruffing

Secretary Karen Brajdich

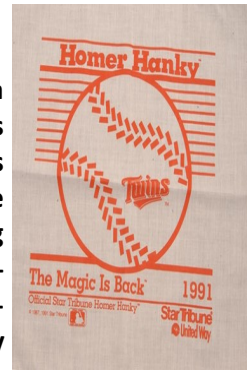
Treasurer Kathy Bjorklund

Web page designer Steve Briggs

A Story Grandma Overheard by Pat Ruffing



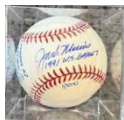
October 29, 1991 was chilly day in Minneapolis to wave a homer Hanky. The Minnesota Twins World Series parade was held in both downtown St Paul and Minneapolis with players like Jack Morris who pitched 10 shutout innings in Game 7. The seventh and deciding game of the 1991 World Series, pitting the Minnesota Twins against the Atlanta Braves,. It was scoreless before a walk-off hit in the bottom of the 10th by an unexpected hero, Twins infielder Gene Larkin, for the contest's only run.



My oldest son Jonathan was at Osseo Senior High and the students were told they could be released for the parade with a note signed by their parents. He and 5 boy buddies and 11 girls unbeknown to his dad or I commandeered our Southwind motorhome to attend the parade in Minneapolis. Of course they had signed the parental releases themselves! The boys painted the words t-w-i-n-s on their torsos. Desperately looking for a parking space when they were downtown, they rounded a corner and were waved into the parade by the cops! Good thing we

didn't watch the news that night! And a good thing our son knew how to drive a motorhome! To this day the only reason we heard the story is because, when Grandma Ruffing was visiting, she overheard the kids talking about their adventure and snitched on them!

On Oct. 29, the Minnesota Twins' World Series victory parades in downtown Minneapolis and St. Paul drew hundreds of thousands of people. It was a chilly day, with a high temperature of 32 degrees Fahrenheit and cloudy skies. The only snow that day fell in the form of confetti!



PS : Two days later the Halloween Blizzard of 1991 started and the motorhome sat in our yard and was covered snowed all night and all day on Friday, Nov. 1. The 20.4 inches that fell on Friday broke previous records for a 24-hour period. Some 900 schools and businesses closed.

CUPCAKES AND CONVERSATION MADE WITH LOVE AND LACE

Wednesday, February 12 1 p.m.

Jeri Cobb, a passionate collector of valentines for over fifty years, takes us on a heartwarming history of valentine sending. Jeri will share the fascinating evolution of these cherished tokens of affection, from delicate handmade cards of the 1800s to the machine-made creations of the 2000s. Relive the nostalgia of your own grade school valentine exchanges. Don't miss this unique glimpse into the art of love and lace! Register through Maple Grove Park & Recreation 55 +

MAPLE GROVE HISTORICAL PRESERVATION SOCIETY

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

(renewable each January)

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 _____