



Deephaven Historical Society Newsletter *Fall Report 2005*

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- Deephaven Days Review
- Minnehaha Cruise
- Memories by Ward C. Burton

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D E E P H A V E N D A Y S

An update of recent activities of your DHS includes participation in the 1st Annual Deephaven Days Picnic. We set up and manned a DHS booth where we exhibited some pictures and artifacts from the early days of Deephaven's history. It served as a rallying point for some of our older citizens who shared facts and recollections from

days gone by. The booth was well attended and we all had a chance to add to our historical knowledge.

In addition, we added some new members and sold some of the popular books about Deephaven's history from our inventory. All in all it was a pleasant and productive outing.

DHS Holiday Party !

**Coming Up!
DHS Holiday Party
December 10th!**

Upcoming - Be sure and note December 10th from 1-3 PM as the date and time of our Holiday Meeting. We will have refreshments and an opportunity to hear local historian Barb Sykora talk about life in the early days of our area. Come and enjoy the fellowship of fellow members.

A U T U M N C R U I S E

Another Amazing cruise on the Minnehaha! Sunday, October 9th, 39 DHS nautical souls climbed aboard the Minnehaha on Lake Minnetonka for the 4th annual DHS "Fall Cruise". This years' journey took us up the Greenwood/Deephaven shoreline and around the yacht club. Along the way, historical narration was provided by local historian &

author Leo Meloche. His books and many others are available for sale at City Hall. From the Yacht Club the boat proceeded on to Big Island, we passed on the westerly side, then turned eastward through Echo Bay and Excelsior Bay and back to the Bayview Grill Dock. The cruise was

preceded by complimentary hors d'oeuvres. The colors were semi-magnificent, the weather was perfect and the company was typical DHS The best! Thanks to all who attended!

In keeping with our regular practice of highlighting part of early Deephaven history we were fortunate enough to receive from Mr. BZ Shank the memories of Ward C. Burton. We are passing them along in two parts. Here is the first one.

“Memories” 1876 – 1900
Ward C. Burton

That evening as our train moved westly through Chicago we could see a lamplighter making his evening rounds, adding perhaps safety but not beauty to a hideous city. At dawn we found ourselves passing through forests standing water roared marshes indispersed with silent pools over which circled millions of ducks and at sunrise distance bluffs outlined the course of a enormous river in flood. It was the Mississippi widening at Frontenac narrowing at St. Paul and tumbling over the limestone ledge at St. Anthony, as the train crept across the stone arch bridge at Minneapolis.

*“How strange
and different was
this land of calm,
clear almost
everlasting
daylight,
instantaneous
violent storms,
incomparable
sunsets, and short
brilliant starlight
nights.”*

Father met us at the station with a wagon drawn by two large horses, made to appreciate the importance of the occasion, via skilled negro coachman. The delay of a few moments was welcome. Upstream with thousands of brownish-gray floating logs, the high chimneyed singing sawmills are backed by mounds of sawdust and slabs of hundreds of amber colored piles of lumber, among which a broad stack switch engine moved back and forth. Downstream were the gray tone flour mills and the deep roar of the river. Above the falls a suspension bridge joins St. Anthony on the East bank and Minneapolis on the West Bank. Nearby was the square with its gray stone buildings, housing stores, saloons, hotels, banks, a market, an opera house, academy of music and the city hall. Beyond this square but still only a few blocks from the river, were homes and churches. A broad avenue paved with wood and divided by rails for horse cars soon blended into an unduly-country road, widening its way between scrub oaks, a pond and a swale, and ascended a long steep hill, past a stately residence with an immense size roof. Turning westward by the edge of a sandpit we followed a shady road to the highest point. Here on Mt. Curve Avenue was our home for the Summer, overlooking the rolling country with a chain of blue and sparkling lakes nearby and to the east was the city of Minneapolis and the Mississippi River. In the doorway stood a French, Indian half-breed maid, evidence of the tribe and vanishing frontier. How strange and different was this land of calm, clear almost everlasting daylight, instantaneous, violent storms, incomparable sunsets, and short brilliant starlight nights. Mother found fascinating roads to the lakes where sandy shores shade by wide spreading oaks were a delight.

Late in July my Aunt Mary (Mrs. John B. Billings) arrived from Cambridge to join in a long anticipated journey to Minnetonka. Soon after sunrise, with all on board, the commodious three-seated wagon drawn by three stalwart horses started to the southwest along the Excelsior Road. Lake of the Isles, Cedar Lake and Lake Calhoun were shrouded in the mist of dawn. Beyond were broad fields of grain, past – and straw barns, then ten miles of undulating open country fields covered with shrubs and red oaks, a broad tamarack swamp, more hills and valley, heavily timbered with basswood and sugar maple and as the road topped the highest hill we could see the blue water of Minnetonka spread out irregularly through the Bigsby woods.

In the next valley the road crossed a wooden bridge over turbulent brook, skirted a conical hill, dedicated to the dead, and passed through Excelsior, a small settlement surrounded by hills and lakes, with a brook crossing the principal street. Then we passed into the forest of giant maples, for which ten years later my Mother chose the name of Manitou Forest, skirted the shore and reached our destination, a large hotel with three lookout towers from which the lake was visible in every direction. A broad woodland park bordered by gardens of brilliant flowers lead to the waterfront with its docks, bathhouse, boathouse, and a large fleet of rowboats. My sister and I hunted for Chameleons on the narrow beach, and were fascinated by the approach of a small white steamer with black funnel and a stack which quietly docked. To windward of a black green deck sailboat with white topless and mains are hoisted which listlessly tugged at her painter. As we were reading their names, Saucy Kate and Bussie Bell, a large white stern wheeler, docked, pushed out her gangplank, unloaded her passengers and cargo. Rested quietly save for an occasional almost human sigh, then with ringing of bells hurried outbound, determined to dock impressively elsewhere. Against the peace of this wilderness lay except for the faint sounds of the harmonious whistle of Hattie May approaching distance forth.

Later in the morning orchestral music drew up back to the hotel and to lunch in a bright spacious room, on emaculate linen covered tables by negro waiters who seemed particularly black because of their white uniforms. After lunch as the guests strolled about the long piazza, mother detected the accept and manners of the South and was not surprised to learn of the group of the Virginians. One was distinguished General of the C-confederal Army, General Rosser. Late in the afternoon Hattie May, her upper deck filled with passengers, and Saucy Kate enlivened the walk front on their homebound passage. Of greater interest was the boat of fisherman, happy in their days catch, crappies, bass and pickerel and dilating upon the impressive beauty of the wooded islands and shores of the Upper Lake. It is all soon that our commodious wagon made its appearance, but our homebound journey was delightful as the refreshed horses casting long shadows ahead spread through the cool of the evening. Past Excelsior, village of lakes, over hill and dale and plains, luminated by a brilliant sunset until in the twilight came to our home on the bluffs.

We would like to thank Mr. Shank for his contribution.
We will share the second part in our next letter.



Members, if you would like monthly e-mail notices of Deephaven Historical Society Meetings and events, please let us know. Either e-mail: bookbob@aol.com, write to DHS @ Deephaven City Hall, or call Bob at 474-7248 and leave your e-mail address.

We are interested in locating longtime Deephaven citizens who have memories relating to life in Deephaven before or during World War II. If you or anyone you know have stories or artifacts from this period please call Bob Gerlicher at 952-474-7248.

Also, please check the Deephaven website for activities of the Historical Society at www.cityofdeephaven.org

DHS

Finally, we are including a list of current members.

John Ahern	Maxine Dixon	Walter & Constance Linder	Gary & Susan Rappaport
Tim & Pat Alt	Paige & Ruth Eldridge	Patricia Little	Mark A. Read
Tom & Nancy Anderson	Robert & Judith Evans	Tom & Barbara Maple	Dorothy C. Robb
Nancy Bach	M.J. Florance, Jr.	Robert & Siri Marshall	Bill & Donna Robinson
Courtney Ballin	Rosemary Fruehling	Tom & Carol McGoldrick	Mary Schler
Steven & Leah Barnacle	Furst Foundation	Doug McNaught	Robert Schmitt
Marty Baskerville	Rob & Ann Furst	Leo & Marcia Meloche	Mary Scholer
John & Nan Beard	Jerry & Pam Gens	William, Wright, & Kathleen Messerli	Romaine & Ben Z. Shank, Jr.
Mary Lou Bennis	Bob Gerlicher	Nancy Middleton	Craig & Maureen Shaver
David & Marion Bickford	Paul & Ann Gesme	Tyler Middleton	Clinton & Lois Shaw
Patricia Blanch	Marty Gilbert	Mark & Michelle Mitchell	Karen & Marcella Nord Shoemaker
Dianne H. Brackett	Rosemary Gluek	Edgar & Elizabeth Morsman	Fred Simon
Tom & Sue Brakke	James & Jean Haverstock	Kimberly Ann Murphy	Lewis Sopko
Richard & Jean Brown	Louise Heffelfinger	Dan & Joan Nelson	Dennis & Nancy Stanga
Beth Burgan	Barbara & Leslie Hexum	Nan Nicolle	Peggy Stefan
Barbara Burgum	Gordon & Betty Huber	Jim & Lisa Nielsen	Tom Sween
John & Janette Burton	John, Rudy, Allyson Jaffray	Alan & Rosemary Norton	Bryan & Barbara Sykora
Mildred L. Carbonneau	Kathleen Jewett	Mr. & Mrs. Harry Peters	Michael & Laurel Trazler
Kevin & Maristel Conry	Burton Johnson	Judd Peterson	Mark Trick
Kim Crockett	James & Camilla Johnson	Julia Cole Peterson	Sandra Napolitano & Chris Wallace
Sarah & Alan Dale	Mr. & Mrs. Mark Jones II	Tom Pokonosky	Brad Warner & Lisa Tirner
Donald Davis	Barbara King	Ronald Poole	Paula Winter
	Barbara King	David Pratt	Jim & Leigh Woodburn
	Frederick & Caden Ladner	William & Patricia Priesmeyer	Robert & Nancy Woodburn
	Sheila Laughlin		Dr. Gary & Vicki Wyard
			George & Cynthia Yared

Take advantage of the books that are available for sale at City Hall, they make great holiday gifts!

Picturesque Deephaven	\$15.95
The Excelsior Amusement Park	\$10.95
Life in the Early Days of CottageWood	\$ 6.25
A Post Card History	\$ 25.00
Sunsets	\$50.00
Lake Minnetonka 1850 – 2000	\$32.00
Lake Minnetonka 1905	\$20.00
The 1893 Handbook & Souvenir	\$10.00
Minnetonka Yacht Club Centennial 1882 – 1982	\$15.95

DHS Committees:

Finance	Tom Anderson	952-474-3515
Publicity / Publ.	Bob Gerlicher	952-474-7248
Museum Dev.	Tim Alt	952-470-8889
	& Mark Read	952-474-4091
Newsletter	Bill Robinson	952-473-3130

DHS Meeting Schedule

Deephaven Historical Society meetings are held the last Saturday of each month at 8:30 AM at City Hall. All members are welcome. These meetings involve planning and reporting by the committee chairs, the board, and the President.

Plans for the upcoming year are discussed as well as decisions regarding the gathering and distribution of funds.

DEEPHAVEN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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DEEPHAVEN, MN 55331