



**DEEPHAVEN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
SUMMER 2018**

WWW.DEEPHAVENHISTORICAL.COM

***Please Join Us For An Historic Event On Sunday, August 5th, 2018 From 1-3 p.m.
The Deephaven Historic Society has been invited to hold an event at Chimo thanks
to the homeowners, Mark and Judy Jones.***

August is a beautiful time of year to walk the grounds and view the lush gardens of historic Chimo and tour the home built by Hazen Burton, Deephaven's first mayor. We're having a *Ice Cream Social* on the front lawn overlooking Carson's Bay!! This event will be by reservation only. Cost: \$15.00 to members and \$20.00 for non-members.



Parking will be across the street at Deephaven Elementary School. There is a path at the back of the school parking lot. Cross the street to Chimo West on Minnetonka Blvd. Wear your



walking shoes. Chimo is on a hill! If you need assistance, there will be a golf cart for transportation & DHS members to help you to the event. For reservations, call Nan Nicolle at 952-473-3682.

Included in this news letter is "Memories" 1876-1900 by Hazen & Alice Burton's son, Ward Burton, (1876 -1963) who spent part of his childhood and adulthood calling Chimo home.

These memories by Ward C. Burton were in the possession of Ben Shank, Jr. (Born 1917, Died 2015), a long time Deephaven resident from 1956 to his death in 2015. He wrote he had no memory as to how this paper came in his possession but felt it should be given to the Deephaven Historical Society for preservation. I corrected spelling and some grammar errors only.
Barbara Sykora

**“Memories” 1876 – 1900
Ward C. Burton
August 20, 1963**

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

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-chimneys 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 stone 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, an 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 undulating country road, winding 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 sandy road to the highest point. Here on Mount 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 the 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 fascination in the roads to the lakes where sandy shore shaded 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, we 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, pastures and straw barns, then ten miles of undulation open country fields covered with shrubs and red oaks, a broad tamarack swamp. There were more hills and valleys, heavily timbered with basswood and sugar maple and as we topped the highest hill we could see the blue waters of Lake Minnetonka spread out irregularly through the Bigsby woods. In the next valley the road crossed a wooden bridge over a 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 large

Hotel with three look out 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, 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 a black funnel and stack which quietly docked. To windward was a black green deck sailboat with white topless and mains were hoisted. As we were reading their names, Saucy Kate and Sussie 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. Again, the peach 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 us back to the hotel and to lunch in a bright spacious room, on immaculate linen covered tables by negro waiters who seemed peculiarly black because of their white uniforms. After lunch, as the guests strolled about the long piazza, mother detected the accent and manners of the South and was not surprised to learn of the group of Virginians. One was a distinguished general of the Confederate Army, General Rosser. Late in the afternoon, the Hattie May, her upper deck filled with passengers, and the Saucy Kate enlivened the walk front on their homebound passage. Of greater interest was the boat of fishermen, 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.

During mid-August, my youngest sister Adrienne (Mrs. E. H. Palmroy) was born and in October our entire family returned to Brookline (Massachusetts). The east bound journey was memorable because of the intelligence shown by Bruin, who slipped his collar during a change of trains at Albany (New York) and disappeared. After three days a telegram from the Albany stationmaster came as follows, “large Newfoundland jumped aboard rear platform Boston this morning.” My father met the train at South Framingham to remove a happy dog from the place he had voluntarily selected for his journey. I returned Bruin to South Borough where he spent his declining years. We spent the months of autumn at the home of my grandparents, the Reverend and Mrs. Daniel S. Whitney, in South Borough, where my mother acquainted us with the favorite parts of her childhood and my grandfather entertained us by frequent trips to Soren’s Mill where the dust covered miller showed us the best places in the milk barn to catch pumpkinseed. Gathering, toasting and eating chestnuts was another delight. Winter came all to soon but the hospitable came with the home of my Aunt Mary and Uncle John (Colonel John and Mrs. John Davis Billings), welcomed us and my two cousins – Cambridge boys older than myself - who kept me in a continuous state of excitement especially when placed in a four wheeled wagon. I would waste about Cambridge sidewalks, streets and alleys. Sundays frequently meant Boston or Salem where other aunts, uncles and cousins have crossed by horizon. As March 3rd approached, it seemed appropriate to my mother and my Aunt Mary that my fifth birthday should be dignified mid the surrounding of my birth. Accordingly, shorn of curls and kilts I was fitted with my first suit; a beautiful creation of black velvet with collar and cuffs of Irish lace and a silver buckle on the belt. Patten leather pumps and blue striped silk stockings was the transformation. I was accorded the privilege of augmenting the invitation list and after due

consideration, had invitations extended to one of the teachers, a young lady serving on my uncle's staff at Webster and two 18 year old boys, who were an early outpost of civilization and protector from the savage. Although my elders were surprised, wisdom of my choice became apparent. When exhausted by the banquet and the subsequent games I crawled into the lap of the beautiful school mistress and went to sleep. Thus, I temporarily postponed my journey from childhood to boyhood. Notwithstanding, this lapse I was launched on a social career which included opera and circus for during that year the names of Gilbert & Sullivan and Barnum & Bailey proved irresistible. My velvet suit seemed to have afford entrance to the opera "Patience", where I gazed with awe at the golden-haired lady in blue with her enormous picture hat but was unable to identify either Mr. Gilbert or Mr. Sullivan. Some weeks later at the circus, my oldest cousin clarified matters by whispering to me that the sparkling announcer to the sideshow was Mr. Barnum and the clown who delighted me was Mr. Bailey. Indeed, I was overcome with laughter at Mr. Bailey. Indeed, I was so overcome with laughter as Mr. Bailey that losing my balance in the seats, I landed far below on the sawdust of the ground. Another impressive incident was our inspection of the conquest of an enormous whale that lay on exhibition near Boston Harbor. We must have been among the last of those to gaze upon this leviathan to which my uncle applied the word stench and quickly drove us away.

In June, our westward journey was made less adventuresome because my father was with us, and shorter, although it took two days and three nights because of its familiarity. The summer was spent in St. Paul at the Carpenter House, a pleasant hostelry opposite the lookout on Summit Avenue, then a country road that winded along the northeast bluff, high above the Mississippi River. Upstream toward the setting sun, the Minnesota River emptied into the Mississippi, and on the bluffs at their confluence gazing downstream stood the gray stone Round Tower of Fort Snelling, an early outpost of

civilization and protection from the savage.

Twice during the summer, we visited Minnetonka by train to Wayzata the friendly Hattie May and her friendly crew all seem to gather us in the start on its wonderful voyage, part thickly wooded promontories, rocky point and exposed reefs which were fishing grounds of quarrelsome blue herons and cormorants. Deep bays with wooded shores, sandy beaches and steep clay banks were partly covered by tenacious cedars that were inhabited by swallows. It was a zig-zag course by the Hattie May. Her ports of call were uncertain and subject to signals except at Hotel St. Louis and Excelsior. In her approach and departure, she dispenses happiness alike to seaman and landsman and especially to a small boy leaning over the rear of the upper deck watching the luminous bow waves and spray from the big stern wheel and listening to the melodious whistle as she approached her landing. Embarkation at Lake Park (Hotel) had its regrets but woodland fires, a sandy beach, and broad plazas of the hotel beckoned me. Later in the evening mother invariably sought the north tower where we could see above the tree tops where we could watch the fireflies and hear the hotel orchestra. Occasionally, we could hear banjo and guitar coming from the servant's quarters. (See picture below: The Burton children: Ariel, Ward & Hazel)



To our members who's membership has expired: with all issues, **your address label** will show the date of your expiration.

Make checks payable to the Deephaven Historical Society.

2018 dues: Yearly Dues : \$20 5 years: \$75.00

Please consider making an additional donation to help us with the DHS expenses!

Clip here ----- Clip here----- Clip here-----

Dues \$ _____ Additional tax deductible donation \$ _____

_____ Check here to request an IRS donation receipt.

Name(s) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Phone _____

Email address _____

Mail to the DHS, 20225 Cottagewood Road, Deephaven, MN 55331

Thank you all! We could not do all we do without your support!

Finance & Publicity: Bob Gerlicher 952-474-7248

Publicity: Laura Randall 612-710-1551

Secretary: Marylou Bennis 952-473-2031

Newsletter, Website & Membership: Barbara Sykora 952-473-9539

Technology: Mark Read 952-474-4091

Research: Drue Grisvold

Reservations & Board Member: Nan Nicolle 952-473-3682

President: Bill Robinson 952-473-3130

Board Member & Local Historian: Hank Graef, 952-474-7001

Meetings held the last Saturday of each month at 9:00AM in the Deephaven City Council Chambers*.

* Call a board member prior to attending.

DHS

CURRENT MEMBERS THANK YOU!!!!

Tom & Nancy Anderson *	Drue Gisvold #	Gary Peterson
John & Nan Beard	Hank Graef #	Tom Pokonosky
Mary Lou Bennis #	William Howard	Ronald & Molly Poole +
Jean Betz	Gordon & Betty Huber +	Cindy Pratt
David & Marion Bickford	Terry Jungens*	Laura Randall #
Eric Bloedel+ Monica West- erlund	Kathleen & Woody Jewett	Gary & Susan Rappaport
Gordy & Diane Bowers	James & Camilla Johnson	Mark A. Read #
Dianne Brackett	Burton Johnson +	Donna & Bill Robinson #
Tom & Sue Brakke	Mark & Judy Jones	Jim & Mary Schmid
Priscilla & Jack Braun	Helen & Thomas Kahl	Rose M. Schuette +
Richard Brown +	Carol & Donald Kuster	Craig & Maureen Shaver
Barbara Burgum +	Jim LaHaye	Lloyd & Barbara Sigel
Harvey & Delpha Chouanard+	Shelia Laughlin+	Fred Simon
Jean Cunningham	Stuart & Rosalind Loomis	Lyle Smerud
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Sarah & Alan Dale *	Paul Maravelas	Dennis & Nancy Stanga
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Gingie & Andrew Doroshak*	Doug & Katie McNaught+	Peter & Kathleen Swenson
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Lloyd & Barbara Erbaugh	Nancy Middleton	Bryan & Barbara Sykora #
Ton & Juli Erdman +	Mark & Michelle Mitchell *	Tom Tallakson
Cecy Faster+	Jon & Mary Monson *	Jay Tucker
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	Rocky & Vickie Norquist	
	Harry & Helen Peters *	

+denotes 10yr member
* denotes LIFETIME Member
denotes Board Member

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20225 Cottagewood Road

Deephaven, Mn 55331