

9/1/57
Wines O. Donnan
Collection1
My Dear Sadie:

I have received your nice newsy letter of Dec 1, and the inclosed Christmas Card. and I send you my best wishes for the New year. It is interesting to know that you have been closer historian for the Centennial of Pine City. I am sorry that I can't give you more help, but I can only say that my brother Rube came to Pine City 62 years ago - and before I go on with the history. I wish to call attention to my father, who was

John Myrons Allen, I think that he deserves some mention in the story, because, while my brother Rube was a very energetic and highly respected man, it was my father who was the source and impetus and had the vision for the things which happened. and altho' my father was a very modest and retiring man, and made few friends - he was inclined to be pushed aside and forgotten. I think that it is not too late to give him some of the credit which is unquestionably ~~his~~ his due. My father was a contractor and builder of flour mills, and 62 years ago when my brother Rube was first married and had Doris, my father wanted very much to set Rube up in business so, on his travelling in the interests of the Milling business he learned that the City fathers of Pine City, were

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anxious to have a flour mill in Pine City and
they were willing to give a bonus of \$3000.00 for anyone
who would undertake the enterprise. Well as the story
goes on, my father at that time knew of another mill
which was being sold very cheaply to close up an
estate, so he accepted the Pine City bonus, put
money of his own and the money that a young
man like Rube had been able to save. and then
he put Rube to dismantle the mill which they
had bought and they sent it to Pine City and
set it up - and in the end, came out with a
very good little flour mill which produced 125
barrels of flour per day. As soon as the mill
was running, my father went back to Minneapolis
to his affairs. My brother was a serious young man
and did his part well. and my father looked in from
time to time gave advice and sometimes money and
the mill became a component part of Pine City life.
Among the faithful personal was Fritz Johnson
engineer and Lydia Payne S. Secretary. At that
time Pine City had no electricity. So again my
father got the idea that the same steam engine
which ran the mill by day, could produce

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electricity at night. So he bought a little dynamo
and Pine City began to have electricity until
midnight. During those years the (Change of pen)
Snake river was the scene of big logging operations and
each springtime a big drive of logs came down the
river and were sluiced through a dam three miles ^{from} ~~from~~
Pine City, which was known as the Chenguwatana dam.
It was always a colorful time when the logs came
through for they were driven by big husky men known
as the (river jigs) As a matter of fact, these men were
magnificent specimens of physical manhood, They always
wore red shirts - so that they could be seen if they fell
into the water and they wore heavy boots laced up to the
knees - and they carried long poles with a hook, which
was known as a (cant) hook. It was wonderful how
these men could ~~run~~ move around on the floating
logs, balancing themselves with their long poles -
and it was a thrilling moment when the drive came
down the river - with several million feet of logs. There
were always a school of logs which were entirely
surrounded by logs chained together end on end
enclosing the school. and then there were hundreds of
logs which escaped from the school and went

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running off in every direction. Sometimes they piled
up like jack straws and sometimes they jammed
way to the bottoms of the river. and it was at this
time that ~~these~~ young Vikings, the so called river pups,
would have to work very hard to ~~untangle~~ all those
complications. Naturally when the drive went through
Pine City - there were flooded ~~the~~ town. They were
very gay and of course got drunk and did all sorts of
depredations. and I remember as I was coming
home from High School - one of ~~them~~ found a whole bag
of hard candy over my head. Well ~~the~~ last drive
came through - perhaps along about 1905 - and
again, my father, whose mind never ceased to
work, was again on the gun vine and with a horse
and buggy he explored all the region around the old
Chungawatana dam. The lumber company was
through and they were glad to find a buyer for the
dam - so my father bought it and at the same
time he bought up a lot of land around it. mostly
very useless land with many rocks and stumpy
trees and the people who sold it to him, had ^{no} any
a laugh and considered that he was no judge of
land at all. so when he got his titles secure

he called a meeting of the influential and moneyed men of the region, and organized the Eastern Minnesota Electric power Company - selling enough stock to finance the re-conversion of the Chingawatana dam - in an electric power project. Again my father placed his engineering ability at the disposal of the project and again my brother Ruben became his perfect running mate and ~~the~~ thing went forward. But the course of true love does not always run smoothly and there were many critics and many envious people who had not had enough faith to back the proposition and there were very few people - who really realized what Electric power meant - particularly to the farming population. And it was the farmers particularly who opposed the light Company - so about 1912, they got together and sued the light company, because the dam flooded some of their land. They won the suit and the court ruled that the Chingawatana dam be moved down the river, some two or three hundred feet. This was a dark day for this struggling little company and the upshot

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was that again my dear father had to be recalled from
afar - in order to cope with the situation. There was only
one thing to do and that was to float a Bond issue, so
the company was plunged into debt and a new
concrete dam was built on the site designed by
the court. and also about that time three beautiful
pomeranian forest trees which stood on the dam property,
and which were to be the nucleus of a park, were
recently cut down and spirited away - by someone.

Time went on, and as all wounds heal, the bond
got paid off and at the end of the first world war
the power company became prosperous and things began
to be good for the stock holders - and at that time, the
Electric power trust, began to covet this little light plant
All sorts of pressure was put to bear, but was
resisted all through the twenties. My father was
aging now and my brother Rube was the strong
man and finally he said that the power plant
could be sold out - only for cash, and for real
money. About 1929 at the time when my aged
father died, the Insull power interests of Chicago

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wrote out a cheque for \$3,000,000.00 dollars - and
that was the end of the Eastern Minnesota power - Co.

I remember the good times we young
people used to have in Pine City. After the log
jams were finished - everyone bought powerboats
and it was nothing to fix up a picnic basket
and go off in the launch to some beautiful
spot for a picnic. I remember I once took Senator
Moses Clapp and his family up to Lake Pokegama
for a ride in the launch and nearly swamped
them in turning around in the big waves - What
a charming personality was Senator Clapp. And
then there was Adam Bude. What really wonderful
people were the Budes and how little we appreciated
them. I wonder how many remember these
bob sleigh rides, when in the winter we
would take a bob sleigh well filled with straw
and heavy covers. Several quarts of oysters and crackers and meat
and drive over the ice to ^{sleigh bells jingling} Bergman's hotel on Lake
Pokegama - Of course they would all be ice bed, but old
Bergman as we called him took it all good naturedly
and he would all get up the children running around in

8 little buttoned up behind pajamas. We would all sit around the table singing songs, and the Bergmans would cook the oyster stew, and everything would be merry and afterwards the noisy ride back, and the time when I finally became a music teacher and my class raised enough money to bring the pianist Gustavous Johnson from Minneapolis. And we had a big concert grand piano from Minneapolis for the event. The piano causing a greater stir than Johnson himself and when it was hauled up Main Street, the whole population followed making quite a parade. and that night we that is my music class gave a banquet for Gustavous Johnson at Hurley's Hotel, and it was a sumptuous affair. Cost 35¢ a plate. Then my school mate and chum Mamie Pennington got married, and that was incomprehensible to me and moreover the next year when she came back and had a baby. For such shots never entered my mind. For I was out to conquer the world, and I almost did.

This is about all I can give you on the history of Pine City.

He is very busy at the moment working on an art book for my husband, so I have been helping him on the history of his art experiences, and I have just finished a

2500 word article which will be translated into French and German. It being a European book, I will have about 25 pages of reading matter and 40 full page illustrations of his paintings four of them in color and one in color on the jacket of the book. It is quite an understanding undertaking. He is also getting ready for his exhibits in Paris London and New York which will probably all be in 58. We are planning to come out to Minnesota when we come to New York. I am going to send you a dozen of our post cards, which you can distribute as you see fit.

Tomorrow morning they are going to kill our beautiful York pig. He weighs 200 pounds. I will have four people working on him and I wish you could be here to see this sight. The first day will be what they call the tripotage - or working with the trapes and the blood sausage - They will peel a lot of little onions and garlic, and they will clean and turn all the intestines and clean the stomach. Then they will cook all the head - and the lungs, and afterwards - a part will be cut up to put in the blood sausage and the rest to make head cheese which will be made from a 200 year old recipe from an old cook book, and the blood sausage will be

put in the cases and then cooked in a large cauldron. The
from this forming a libation which will be given to each person
who comes to the house - and by evening the blood sausages
will be spread out on corrugated paper ready to be canned. The
next morning the butcher comes and cuts up the pig, and
all the hams, tacous, jils etc are put into salt. The liver is
put through a grinding machine for making pate de
foie gras - which is cooked for hours and canned. One
woman makes the sausages - which are dried a little
and put down in oil. another woman tries out the
lard, and another makes the rillits from the tripe.

The next day all the things in salt are taken out and
the salt pork is put in large jars and the hams and tacous
in a pickle of sugar spice salt and aromatic herbs - where they
will be turned daily and then smoked with juniper wood which is
like incense. All these in great Arabian Nights jars.

The boys and I are planning to take the old Mercedes Benz
and start out for Italy and Sicily - crossing from Marseille to
Naples on a Turkish boat. That is, if we can get enough
gas for the trip.

With love and best wishes

Cordially

Jessamine E. Allen - Kwan

Chateau Le Puy de Jussac

par Pellegrue Quercy France.

