

## HARD OF SQUAW LAKE IS PROUD OF ROOTS

Jim Clark will be 90 years old on his birthday and as he looks out the window of his study his eyes settle on the tops of majestic trees. Fluffy clouds drift in the clear blue sky above them and their roots draw moisture from the small lake that Clark considers to be his own personal Walden's Pond.

He is at peace with the world as he talks about why he returned to the place of his birth to spend the final days of his life.

Clark was born on a farm three miles north of Pine City. He graduated from the Pine City High School in 1911 and was awarded a teaching certificate.

"I got \$45. a month for teaching and janitor work and taught in my home school," he laughed.

The following year he was the best paid teacher in Pine county.

"I was then getting \$65. a month for the same job.

He decided there was more in life for him than that so he left Pine City and went to the University of Minnesota where he received a degree in education.

During his teaching career he was Supt. at Elk River and taught courses at St. Cloud State college.

"I left the classroom in 1925 and became a representative for Scribner's publishing company," Clark said.

His second career led him into writing and he is the author of numerous textbooks, many of them included stories of Minnesota's heritage.

COPY

In one book, Clark wrote a chapter on Minnesota Business and Industry. In order to write that section of a textbook he had to be familiar with the state, with people and their problems. He had his finger on the pulse of small towns and understood what economic development was required if they were to grow and prosper.

It was this knowledge that brought him to the third career of his life.

"Edward Thyne was governor and he appointed me to be the first person to head up the new Economic Development Commission," Clark said.

When Democrat Orville Freeman became governor he chose to retain Clark in the position.

Clark became the only political ~~appointee~~<sup>appointee</sup> to serve under six governors. That in itself was a testimonial to the quality of his job performance. His particular expertise could not be duplicated in the opinion of ~~governors~~<sup>political</sup> of either party.

After 22 years in that position the educator, author and state executive retired and returned to the place of his birth but his work didn't end there.

"I helped establish the first Chamber of Commerce in Pine City," he said. "Clark Pennington was responsible for organizing the Industrial Development Commission and through ~~Clark's~~ his efforts and connections through my office at the St. Capital we were successful in bringing the 3-M plant to Pine City."

"Years ago, if a farmer had a barn big enough to store hay for the winter and milked 20 cows, we thought he had it made," Clark

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Clark #3.

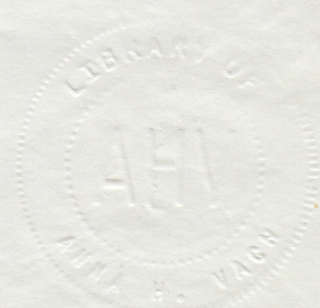
said. "Now you can ride through the country and see that nine out of ten of those barns are empty just like the chicken coops. Farming methods have changed and one family can handle <sup>a</sup> ~~A~~ much larger operation."

He has observed the growth and changes in Pine City since he was a boy.

"I always had a feeling of enthusiasm and loyalty for Pine City although I lived away from here for many years," he said. "Nature has provided much to those who live in the area. We have good soil, good water, ~~see~~ glorious scenery, a stimulating climate. Everyone who claims Pine City as home can do so with satisfaction and pride."

END

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JAMES WESTFALL CLARK

James was born March 2nd, 1893, Lake Preston, South Dakota to William Westfall and Agnes Noble Clark. His father was the railway's village depot agent.

In 1896 the Clarks moved to Lake Benton, Minnesota where the father was the village depot agent in that town.

Early in April of 1902, the Clark family, consisting of father, mother, and five children, Noble (now living in Seattle, Washington), James (now of Pine City), Robert (deceased), Eleanor (now of Spruce Pine, No. Carolina) and Kenneth (now of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin) arrived in Pine City. The father and two sons, Noble and James, arrived in a so-called immigrant box car. Included in that box car were the Clarks' household belongings, some farm equipment, two horses and two cows, and the three Clarks who had slept for two nights in the bed of a wagon box. Mother Clark and the three younger children arrived in Pine City in a passenger train. Then all proceeded, with the help of their neighbors to be, to their new home two miles north of Pine City.

MYSTERY GUEST: Brother Ken Clark

James attended Pine County rural school, district #47 and Pine City High School, graduating in 1911 in a class of eight. There are only two living from that class in this year of 1977, both residing in Pine City.

MYSTERY GUEST: Classmate Julia Dosey Peterson

At age 18, James Clark taught the district #47 school he attended as a boy, for the six month session required in 1911-12.

MYSTERY GUEST: Lu Kozak Strassener (student in 1911-12)

In 1912-13 James Clark taught in the Beroun School.

MYSTERY GUEST: Agnes Chalupsky O'Donnell (Beroun School student)

In 1913 James married Sylve Gilson. Born to them were Vera (Mrs. R. C. Paloquin) born 1917; Dorothy (Mrs. R. H. Hayford) born 1919; son, James H. (born 1927 and now residing in Antwerp, Belgium); and Peggy (Mrs. Jack Dahlheimer) born 1931.

MYSTERY GUESTS: Vera, Dot and Peggy (Jim's three daughters)

James attended the University of Minnesota 1913-1917, graduating with honors.

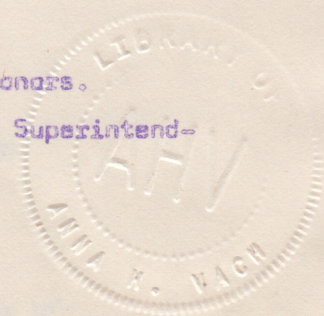
James was Superintendent of schools at Truman, Minnesota, 1917-1920 and Superintendent at Elk River, Minnesota, 1920-1925.

MYSTERY GUEST: Helen Gray, Elk River student

MYSTERY GUEST: Howard Russell, Elk River student

In 1925 Jim accepted a position with Chas. Scribner's Sons Publishing Co. as a Sales Representative and later became a member of the Editorial Staff. He was co-author of several textbooks: COMMUNITY LIFE IN MINNESOTA; EARLY DAYS AND WAYS IN THE OLD NORTH-WEST; SOCIAL STUDIES FOR MINNESOTA FOR GRADES 7 and 8; and OUR MINNESOTA, a 6th grade text.

MYSTERY GUEST: Kathy Dipprey, a former student who studied from a Jim Clark textbook.



From the early 1930's through the early 1940's, Jim, in spite of his traveling over five states for Scribners, tried to keep tabs on his elderly parents who were living alone on their Pine County farm. Jim got a lot of much needed help from these

MYSTERY GUESTS: Hans and Selma Grandt (neighbors to Jim's folks)

In 1943 James Clark accepted a position at the State Capitol from Gov. Ed Thye. He held various titles in the State Capitol for 22 years. He worked under six governors of both political parties.

In 1948 Jim's wife, Sylva, passed away. In 1949 Jim married lovely, blonde, Henrietta Olson Ash. Over the continuing years, Jim's responsibilities increased in fields such as Community Planning, Industrial Development and Consumer Protection. This brought him in contact with many groups in and out of Minnesota and a considerable degree of national recognition.

MYSTERY GUEST: Kay Rowan, Jim's long time secretary

MYSTERY GUEST: Bernice Kasma, Jim's "country girl" office clerk

MYSTERY GUEST: Charles Myers, Albert Lea business man

MYSTERY GUEST: Julius Anderson, Jim's Mississippi River Parkway Planning pal

MYSTERY GUEST: Wm. Farrell, Commissioner who succeeded Jim

He was never so busy as to be unable to participate in community affairs such as in churches, school organizations, business and service clubs and neighborhood gatherings.

MYSTERY GUEST: Palmer Rauk, Jim's North St. Paul neighbor.

In 1965 Jim retired from state government and Hye and he removed to Pine City where Jim had had a lovely home built overlooking Squaw Lake.

MYSTERY GUEST: George Clem, Pine City realtor

For a year after he moved to Pine City, Jim was Industrial Development Director for East Central Electric Association at Braham.

MYSTERY GUEST: Jerry Haider, Mgr., E. Central Electric Assn.

From 1966-67 Jim was manager of the seven county Lakes and Pines O.E.O. Office.

From 1967-70 Jim was Secretary of the Pine City Chamber of Commerce.

MYSTERY GUEST: Ray Arimond, Pine City Chamber of Commerce member 1967-70.

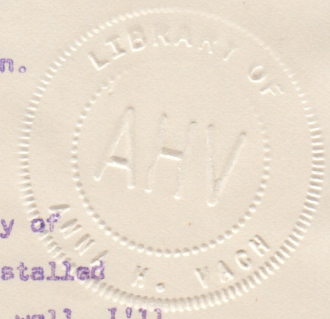
Jim retired again in 1970. Since that time Jim has begun a host of new relationships with the generation which will be changing the face of our nation.

MYSTERY GUESTS: Dave and Sonja Wilson

MYSTERY GUEST: John Lindquist, Jr.

Jim's health is usually the best, but even when hospitalized, he has a way of displaying his ever eager interest in youth. A year ago he had a pacemaker installed to stimulate his faltering heart. While at Mpls. Northwestern Hospital, he -- well, I'll let the next guest tell the story:

MYSTERY GUEST: Bev Plathe, Surgical nurse, NW Hospital, Mpls.



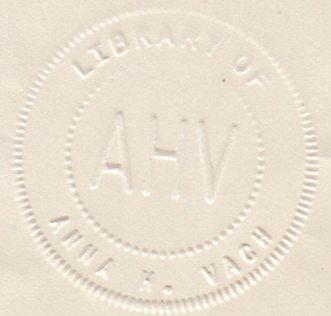
Probably Jim's greatest interest now is in his writing. He writes a column entitled LAKESIDE REFLECTIONS for Pine City's weekly newspaper. More importantly, he writes to, and receives mail in return from his 12 grandchildren and 13 great-grandchildren who are now scattered over the nation. He is most happy when they come to visit.

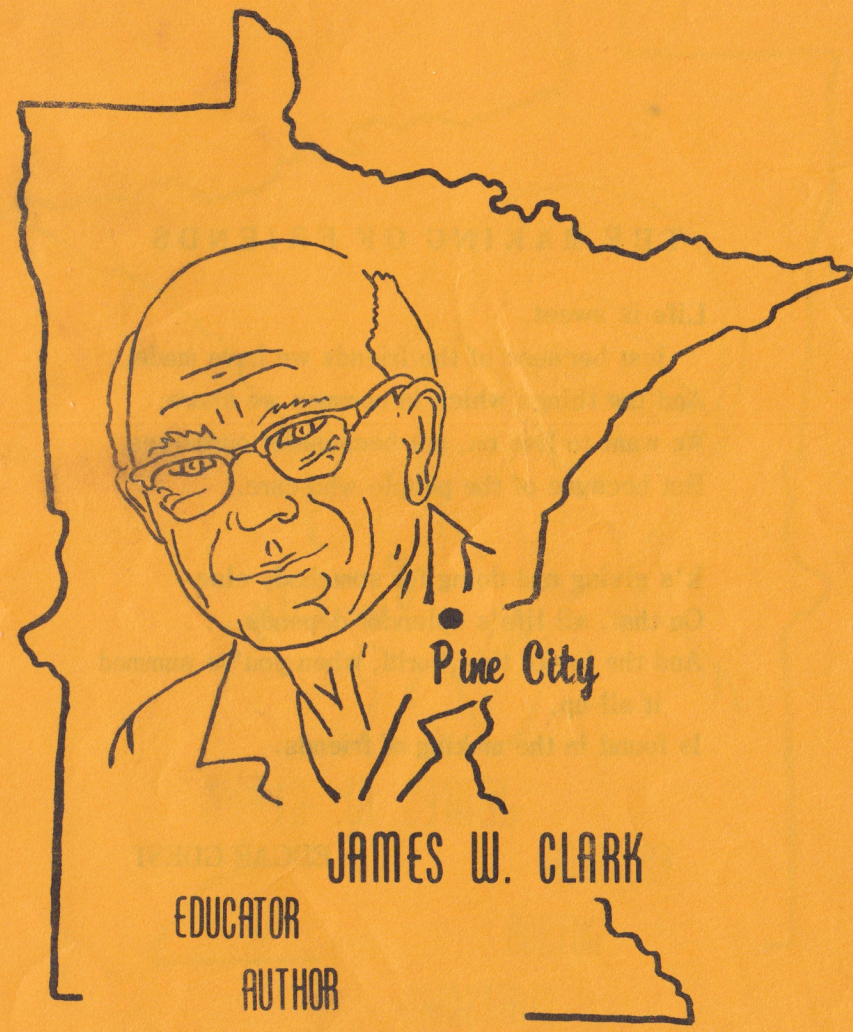
MYSTERY GUESTS: Grandson Tom Paloquin and his bride, Janice, from Marysville, Washington.

MYSTERY GUESTS: Great-granddaughter Terrie Hayford, New Hope, Minnesota

END

REMARKS AND THANK YOU FROM JIM CLARK





Pine City

JAMES W. CLARK

EDUCATOR

AUTHOR

STATESMAN

THE MAKING OF FRIENDS

Life is sweet,  
just because of the friends we have made,  
And the things which in common we share;  
We want to live on, not because of ourselves,  
But because of the people who care.

It's giving and doing for somebody else--  
On that, all life's splendor depends . . .  
And the joy of this world, when you've summed  
it all up,  
Is found in the making of friends.

JAMES W. CLARK

EDUCATOR

EDGAR GUEST

AUTHOR

STATESMAN

PROGRAM

- Introduction . . . . . Pat Monigold  
Chamber of Commerce President
- Master of Ceremonies . . . . . Lee Van  
Commission of Economic Development & Tourism
- Soloist . . . . . Jean Drevecky
- Accompanist . . . . . Mrs. James Engel
- Instrumental Music . . . . . By the Palmer Rauk Family  
Jim Clark
- Benediction . . . . . Pastor Russell Nelson
- Dinner . . . . . All-purpose Room
- After Dinner Music . . . . . Florian Chmielewski Band

A WORD OF THANKS TO THOSE WHO DONATED

- Furniture Studios . . . . . Stage Furniture
- School . . . . . Band Instruments
- Armory . . . . . Display Boards
- Kathy Dippery . . . . . Displays
- Program Guest Luncheon . . . . . Wayne's Cafe
- Thanks, also, to Jack Jasperson for the beautiful art work!



James Westfall Clark

Born March 2, 1893 - Lake Benton S. D.

to Wm. W. + Aynes (Noble) Clark

Moved to Lake Benton Minn. 1896.

" " Pine City Minn 1902

Graduated P. C. High School 1911.

Taught Poplar Grove + Bereson Schools 1911-13

Married Sylvia Gibson 1913 - Henrietta Okla 1949

Attended U of M - 1913-1917

Supt of School Truman Minn. 1917-20

" " " Elk River Minn. 1920-25

Sales + Editorial staff for Chas Scribners

Publishing House 1925-1943

Executive Officer State Capital 1943-1955

Manager of Co. D. E. D office 1965-67

Secy. P. C. Chamber of Commerce 1967-70

Children

Vera (Mrs R. C. Peloguin) B. 1917

Dorothy Mrs R. H. Halford B. 1919

James H. B. 1927

Glady's M. Jack Dahlheimer B. 1931



# Lakeside Reflections

Octogenarian Jim Clark reminisces about life in and around Pine City near the turn of this century.

MATT MILLER

Matt Miller was one of a varied type which went by the name of hobo, tramp, bum and other uncomplimentary terms. They were all, for at least part of their lives, men who were misfits in a period which required adaptation to a rapidly changing society. Unable to find a place in which they felt they really belonged when and where they were young, they started out to see what there was on the "other side of the mountain." Some found a place there. Others kept on searching.

Seventy five years ago there was a constant procession of these restless ones passing through this community. Over the course of several years farm families living along the railroad would come to meet men of a dozen nationalities and trades, complexions and ages, professions and skills, of good character and not so good. At our home ones who spent some time with us were a black minister, a German scholar, another, an Irish railway brakeman, another a fur trader, and so on down a long line. Most, however, were men who worked in the woods in winter and harvest fields in summer and who nearly starved in between seasons.

Though these hobos were usually quite harmless and law abiding, the exceptions to the rule made them feared by townfolk. Us country folk took them pretty much for granted as we did the weather. In fact, the weather had a lot to do with their frequency of appearance. We saw them in largest number during March, April and May. In other words, these derelicts were frequently the waste elements of the lumber camps. One such as Matt Miller.

Matt rapped on our back door. "Mister," he asked father when he responded, "I gotta have something

to eat. I gotta have some - " and he pressed an apparently empty stomach.

He looked like he needed more than food. But dad had a standard answer to all such requests. He pointed to the woodpile where stood a tall pile of short length fire wood ready to be split.

"We never send away a hungry man who is willing to work," he said. "There's an ax. Show us you know how to use it."

Which is what Matt did. If fact, he knew so well how to use ax, saw, and grub hoe he stayed with us a month. Mother saw to it that he bathed, his clothes were cleared of vermin, that he shaved, father gave him a hair cut, and he was paid five dollars when he left.

Us boys were sorry to see him go. He did more than chop wood. He told us storied of his Austrian boyhood life, the community bakery where twice a year his mother baked bread for her family, of his escape from compulsory army life, of his roving over this country, of the fun shared in the lumber camps and the dangers which always threatened there. Also how both men and women fleeced him when he got to Duluths flophouse district that spring, then loaded him into a freight car from which the train brakemen had kicked him out at Beroun. From there he'd walked to our farm.

Matt was an exceptional stump remover. He could dig them out nearly as fast as dynamite and a stump puller could remove them.

"I find those roots," he told us, pointing to some his grub hoe had uncovered. "I just smell them. Then I cut."

Matt was just a sample of the many who made up the itinerant labor supply of 75 years ago. Most of them died in county poor farms or city flophouses. Some made it into decent living. That was especially true of those who were able to marry the farmer's daughter and later inherit the farm.



## Lakeside Reflections

Octogenarian Jim Clark reminisces about life in and around

### MARTHA COMES TO VISIT

Mrs. Gill was frankly a little apologetic as she tied her one horse up on the nearest post of the cattle yard.

"I knew you'd be glad to have my two, Eddie and Ethel, drop in to see you all unexpected like this way, but maybe you'd not be so pleased to have us bring Martha along too. Here she is, Mrs. Clark. We got her through the Childrens' Home down in St. Paul. She ain't got no pa or ma, not that she knows of anyhow or not now. She don't eat such a lot and I did bring along a big dish of potato salad. Now run along, you kids, and keep out of the way of working folk around this Clark place."

Mrs. Gill really had no cause to worry about the adaptability of little ten year old Martha to the strange environment the Clark farm home presented. She fitted into it like a colt in a herd of ponies.

"Let's play some games," she called out to us, as if she, rather than any of us were best fitted to be hostess. "Let's play hide and seek. I'll be the first. You scatter and I'll count by fives to 200." She put her head on her arms against the side of the barn and started in with her "Five, ten, fifteen."

We did scatter. Finding hiding places was easy for us Clark kids. We knew plenty of them. What was surprising was Martha's penetrating eyes and fleetness of foot. She caught most of us before turning her "It" chore over to the one first caught.

She really was a bushel of fun. At least for me. She was just about my age. She told me first thing I was going to be her brother. Or something.

After we'd had our noon meal we had to find some place else to play because it started to rain. The old folk, Mrs. Gill, our father, mother, and Uncle Bert sort of monopolized the downstairs so Martha said, "Now that we've done the dishes, let's play house upstairs."

Pine City near the turn of this century.

No one had a better idea, so all of us tripped to the three bedrooms upstairs. Martha looked them over and assigned them to those she thought fitted best according to her order of preference.

"You two Gill kids can have this front room," she ordained. "Now don't mess things up too much or Mrs. Clark won't like it. But you pretend that chest over there is a stove and you cook dinner for the rest of us."

"And you two Clark kids, Kenneth and Eleanor, you go in this closet, and you dress up in the grown up's clothes that are hung up there. You'll look crazy as cats, but that's what will be where the fun is. Be careful not to mess things up too much or make a lot of noise or the old folk downstairs will come up and there won't be any more fun."

"Now Jamie, you come with me. You aren't going to be my brother any more. You're going to be my husband. I found this doll here and you're going to help me feed our baby and put it to sleep."

"No, I'm not," exclaimed Jamie. "I'm not going to play with any dolls." And he started for the stairs.

"Now don't get mad, Jamie," Martha relented. "What do you want to play?"

"I want to play cowboy," he insisted, "out in the barn. In the hay mow."

That was all right with Martha. But she said Jamie and her had to own the ranch.

Martha left the Gills shortly after. We never saw her again. The Gills said she was too much to handle. Jamie remembers her well to this day. She was the first girl who ever kissed him. She did that when the Gills were loaded in the buggy to ride home. She told him she was going to come back and marry him when she grew up. Jamie didn't wait long for her. To this day, though, he wonders what would have happened to him if she had come back.



# Lakeside Reflections

Octogenarian Jim Clark reminisces about life in and around Pine City near the turn of this century.

## BEING POOR

There were five of us children for whom mother felt herself responsible since father left home during the winter months to earn the cash required for taxes and interest payments. Her responsibilities extended beyond the home because as the only one available and experienced for business affairs, she was also clerk of the rural school district.

As the legal spokesman for that governmental body she was, on the occasion being reported, called upon by the operator of a one man traveling magic lantern picture show.

"What I'd like to do," he explained to her, "is have the children take home and show their parents and neighbors this brochure of the modern wonders of the world as they will be displayed on the screen at the school house tonight. Do I have your permission, Mrs. Clark, to put on such an educational show? Admission will be only ten and fifteen cents. You and your children can come in on this pass."

After some discussion mother granted the requested permit but she would not take the pass. She felt that would be taking an unfair advantage of an office of public trust. The show went on without further incident. The promoter, using what was presumably an acetylene lantern, showed pictures of ships and cities and autos and like wonders to the country folk able to pay the small admission fee. Some, including the clerk's children, could not raise what now seems a mere pittance. The little country schoolhouse was packed full, but there was no second show because there were not pennies enough in the flabby family purses in our home and those of our neighbors to pay the modest admission charge.

This simple incident of long ago constitutes the most vivid and unforgettable evidence of what real poverty was like in those days lived by

farm folk in this area in that turn of the century period three quarters of a century ago. We hear much these days of the poverty stricken. In fact the good folk in the courthouse responsible for such, pay out hundreds of thousands of dollars each year for the relief of that poverty. Lines form at the issuance of food stamps. Medicine, clothing and shelter are provided in ever increasing amount and degree. A large proportion of the time and talent of our doctors and nurses is provided by public funds. There is a growing expectation that sometime soon a combination of national wealth and political favor will abolish poverty among our people.

The written memories of an old man is hardly appropriate for philosophical discussion about the reputed virtues of suffering want and the conviction of many that human beings should never experience such feeling. What is included is a realization that, in those earlier days, most homes, rather than a small minority of them, knew what it was to feel actual physical want. There were days, sometimes weeks, when there was no money, not even pennies, in the home. If fuel was required, it had to come from the woods or from picking up coal which had been shaken off along the railroad tracks. People went barefoot not only for their health but from lack of shoes. When the husband and father "skipped" because he couldn't take it any longer, the grass widow and the neighbors saw to it that somehow the kids were fed.

There is another side to this story which calls for the telling. Some years ago an old merchant was reporting on those days of long ago. He told of the small amount of cash dealings with farmers previous to the fall harvests. Somehow, though, as he explained it, came Christmas time everyone of the charge accounts was paid up in full or a note had been signed. No collector needed. People paid for what they got or they went without. There was a lot of going without.



# Lakeside Reflections

Octogenarian Jim Clark reminisces about life in and around Pine City near the turn of this century.

## STUMPS

In that great drama known as "The Winning of the West," one chapter has never been written, but was most painfully lived. It was the story of the stump.

In that migrating wave of humanity which swept like a mighty tide over this land on which we live, there were those among its thousands who held to a fantasy in which they had deep faith. They knew, or felt they knew, how to select the best soil from which to reap the highest yields. It really was quite simple. It was the not too difficult task of finding the soil on which was growing, or which had grown, the thickest forest of great trees. They held that, if soil could grow such a massive harvest of vegetation, it surely would enrich its cultivators with crops of potatoes, grain and hay superior in quality and abundance.

So it was that meadows and prairies were often passed by because of preference for land which was marked by what the lumberjack left behind him. It was not always good land and no matter how low the price in terms of dollars, it had to be paid for in terms of toil and sweat, and all too frequently, blood and tears.

As the ax and the saw were the tools of the lumberjack, so the grub hoe and the ax were the tools of the stump digger. Cutting down a tree, trimming off its limbs and sawing it into saw log lengths was a job which took time and skill on the part of the most talented woodsman. Digging out the sprawling roots of a pine stump called for even more in the way of time and talent. The great tap roots of oak and like hard woods called for the ultimate in patience, persistence, and a will to win not all early settlers possessed. Some found what was required of them in getting the land ready for the plow was too much work. Their land was so encumbered with stumps they elected to let climate and time rot the roots which held the soil in titan grip.

Later farm settlers had two auxiliary forces which they could apply to supplement the ax and the

grub hoe. They were dynamite and the mechanical stump puller.

If oxen or horses were unable to pull out the stumps by means of the long sweep and pulley the stump puller provided, a charge of a half or maybe a whole stick of dynamite would certainly split the stump. This would make it possible to remove it. There were two objections to the use of dynamite. One was the cost, the other, its danger. Extreme care and competence were required for its use and those qualities were not always available and applied. Limbs were lost, faces disfigured, and even deaths not infrequently followed the use of this explosive as applied by those who felt there was no other way by which they could have an open field, where trees once stood.

Much has been made of conquering Nature in these parts being attributable to the low price per acre which it carried when first opened to settlement. In truth, the land was not cheap when measured in terms of all costs associated with its being readied for seeding by those who would till the soil. Drudgery, sweat, danger, and limitless hope and patience must also be part of the cost. The first generation which lived to enjoy what they had bought therewith, knew that the cash price was only a down payment. The real price was that of removing the stumps.

Not many are left now of those who lifted rock and grubbed out stumps from Pine County's "cut over" sixty or seventy or more years ago. Find one. Ask him to tell you what it was like.

"See these hands," he will respond, holding up fingers crippled from breaks and knarled and twisted bones. "Those acres of plowed fields of what was once my farm are now planted and harvested from the padded seat of a tractor. I worked twelve hours and more a day there until I couldn't work it no longer. Darned near lost my face one day too when I thought the dynamite wasn't going to blow. I got up close to look and it sure did take my whiskers. It sells for \$200 an acre now. I paid \$20 an acre and threw in the healthy body I used to have. The big barn that's settin' there is my monument, you might say. -- And it stands empty."



# Lakeside Reflections

*Burned Jan*

Octogenarian Jim Clark reminisces about life in and around Pine City near the turn of this century.

## THE OLD WEBSTER SCHOOL

Here we tread on dangerous ground. Hundreds still living remember well the edifice which so long stood as the educational monument and intellectual product center for all southern Pine County. For all those hundreds, the Webster School represented visions as different as - a prison to some and - a promise of a kingdom to others. If all who attended that institution of learning in the 1905 to 1915 period when we knew it best, were assigned the writing of a theme describing the Webster School, what written contrasts would be received.

It was a dark red brick structure, two stories in height with belfry and tower at midpoint of the roof. On the first floor, the lower grades learned to recognize the written symbols for words and some mathematics. Here the first to sixth grades were assumed to acquire skills warranting their advancement to the heights above, the second story. That second story had rooms for the seventh and eighth grades - no junior high or special departments then, you may be sure, other than normal training classroom part of the time, - and all the Pine City High School. That high school had an enrollment of about 60 to 90 and was instructed by five teachers, one of whom carried the title of superintendent, another that of principal.

It may strike present day students odd to have the superintendent and principal included among those classified as teachers. But that is what they were, as well as both having responsibilities other than classroom instruction. The only high school rooms which varied from the box like

thirty by thirty foot square, was the so called science laboratory, the assembly room, and the combination library - office.

The laboratory contained some tables and equipment which, it was assumed, made possible some degree of learning the basic concepts of physics and chemistry, subjects taught every other year. The assembly room was the homeroom for all. It was here attendance was noted, opening exercises were held every morning with music and brief speeches, and where occasional public programs were presented. More citizenship was learned there than any of those attending had any idea was coming to be a part of them.

The most unusual room in the whole structure was probably the office - library. It was in mid-front of the second story directly under the bell tower. The room was tiny in comparison with most schoolrooms, probably about ten by twelve feet, just big enough to hold a desk, chair, and a few hundred relatively untended library books. When we of this day are told what school administrative offices and school libraries must provide by way of facilities and contents, the mental picture of that room flashes across memory's walls. Yet really great men and women got initial thrusts into life from those humble elements. With Peter Olesen and W.J. McAdam calling out the tune from that ten by twelve cubicle, minds and spirits were formed and stimulated which proved equal to most and superior to many.

Webster School burned down in the late 1930's. There was great loss in terms of school records and educational treasures dear to the hearts of those who there attended. Other buildings have replaced it. None can replace it in the hearts of those who once crowded its corridors.



Octogenarian Jim Clark

## THE GOVERNOR COMES TO PINE CITY

It was the fall of 1907. John A. Johnson was then Governor of Minnesota. Though a Democrat in a Republican state, he had so conducted himself in that office during the past two years as to become one of the more popular chief executives in our history. It was now early October, and as a candidate for reelection to that high office, he had announced his intent to visit briefly the larger villages along the railway line from the Twin Cities to Duluth, ending his expedition with a big rally in that port city.

His mode of travel constituted a marked contrast to that followed by governors of seventy years later. Not for him a hurried passage in an automobile. There were few such gas buggies then anyhow. The mode of travel they provided was so limited in highway comfort or assured arrival that this prohibited their use by those who had to be at a certain place at a set hour. So John A. Johnson made this and other campaign expeditions by means of a special train.

His entourage consisted of other state and political officials and those ambitious to become such. Also there were those private citizens who were eager to claim they knew the governor well enough to travel with him and to call him by his first name. They could buy tickets and claim a seat in the several coaches which extended between the steam locomotive and the governor's private car.

Shortly before the train's arrival, the young school superintendent of that time, Peter Olesen, visited each classroom in the old Pine City Webster School to announce that when the gong sounded, all the pupils

and teachers therein were to file out and march in order of age seniority down to the depot. We were to keep in double file and maintain strict order.

There was no inclination evidenced on our part to do other than we were ordered. The train was on time and we were lined up from the rear entrance of the official car to the stairs leading to the upper floor of Rath's Saloon (more recently Route's Fair Store). That upper floor was then the village's only auditorium. It was appropriately decorated by the town's active Democrats eager to honor this most distinguished visitor.

Governor Johnson appeared in long frock coat and high stovepipe hat. He was a rather grave person but he smiled at each of us as he strode between the two lines of children between depot and hall. He personified, in the minds and hearts of the approximate 350 of us, all we could imagine in the way of dignity and power. Had we been ordered to kneel as he passed, we might possibly have done so.

The school people were not permitted to hear his speech. For one thing the auditorium would not have held us. It was ordered, and we obeyed, that we march back to school as we had come. It had been quite an occasion.

John A. Johnson was the first Minnesotan to be seriously considered for the presidency. There is reason to believe he would, had such eventuated, have filled that office quite adequately had he not died prematurely two years later. There are a few old timers yet living who enjoy their memories of seeing him under circumstances which elevated him as one of the first among those they could consider illustrious.

*Burnett*



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There was nothing particularly special about Jimmy in those days. He was about sixteen or seventeen, well built physically, enjoyed companionship with boys of his age, and was eager to participate in all which might be going on, or which could be started, in a rather static village like our town was then. He was not at all the city boy inclined to tell his ignorant country cousins what they could and should do to become sophisticated young men. Yet that is pretty much what he did, and all done so eagerly, happily enthusiastically that he left a mark on Pine City which should not be forgotten.

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### COWS ALSO CHANGE

There are those of us, not many in number, but strong in sentiment, who are grateful to 'Scowski, our editor and publisher, and to his able assistant, Ruthellen Berglund, for the provisions of that weekly column "From the Pioneer Files." The notes taken from news stories of 75 years ago, which seem at times to border on the ridiculous to the Pioneer's younger readers, carry a pleasant note of the familiar to their grandparents who remember way back when.

For example, there has been in that column devoted to current affairs, reports on the difficulties of establishing the dairy industry in Pine City. Some few, such as Clair Shuey, can remember every chapter of that epic story. To most of those of more recent birth, it must seem incredible that there was any doubt from the time the lumberjacks' ax and the Hinckley fire denuded Nature's plantings, that this was dairy country. Yet, while our population in 1900 was not so greatly different from what it is now, there was then no dairy processing plant operating here.

There were cows, quite a few in fact. They didn't look much like the big bellied Holsteins of today, but they were tough, both in their flesh and for enduring the kind of care they all too customarily received. The milk not consumed on the farm was marketed in the form it took when fed to hogs or calves or in home churned butter. Since the requirement for dairy cleanliness now observed was almost non-existent in those days, that home dairy butter was of a quality to give rise to our congressman, J. Adam Bede's famous scandalous story that its flavor was such as to make it possible, when marketed, for the consumers to be able to taste every member of the family.

Then agronomists came along and

proved that clover and alfalfa and Minnesota No. 13 corn and like improvement in feed could more than double milk production. By selective breeding it could be tripled. And by applying the principles of cooperative marketing the cow could be a money maker. It was seriously proposed the name of Pine County, which signified stumps, should be changed to Clover County. The cow, which was once just a supplementary form of income to that derived from the wood lot and potato patch and hay field, became the real money maker of the area. Those living in these parts were no longer farm folk. We were in the dairy business in any one of the several forms in which it provided employment.

Now many of our barns are empty. Milk, like eggs, is becoming what can be considered factory produced. In fact, the chemistry plant threatens to replace the creamery. Science seems bent on making the family farm as out of date as the hand made cigar and the village blacksmith. Is it possible our drying plant will become as antiquated as was the long abandoned coop creamery?

Cause for alarm? Maybe, for some. But if we can live cleaner, easier, more productive lives by replacing the barn with what now seems to be a process of something quite different, there could be advance rather than retreat.

A fifty percent increase in population is now predicted for both the nation and the community to take place in the next generation. That may seem as impossible of attainment as the production of a million pounds of butter here when that prediction was made half a century ago. Should the replacement of the milk drying plant in the next two or three score of years by a mixed food concentrate plant be viewed with alarm? Is it not more than possible that the good days of old are to be replaced by the better days of the future? That's your question, class of '77.

H Pine City Pioneer June 8, 1977

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**WE GO CAMPING**

When Grandpa came to visit for several days at the little Clark home by the railway track, it caused considerable in the way of upsetting the sound equilibrium which usually prevailed among the seven who customarily lived there. And when he brought his daughter, our Aunt Mame, along as well, it really did cause the walls to bulge. So it was way back there over two thirds of a century ago, that the four younger Clarks got a chance to go camping. The circumstances which applied to that camping trip were hardly of the conventional order. That they did then prevail is the only excuse for this story.

There not being room or beds for us at home, our father loaded Jim, age 12, Bob, age 10, Eleanor, age 8, and Kenneth, age 6, into a hay wagon, along with what he felt were adequate supplies, and mother hoped would be, and took us over to Pokegama Lake. That body of water, then, now, and for years previous, seemed well designed for recreational enjoyment.

To this day, I cannot follow nor understand the thinking of our father as he unloaded us four totally inexperienced kids on a bare lake shore not far from the bridge over Pokegama Creek located then, as now, at the north end of the lake. The first item of supplies consisted of a large tarpaulin he used to cover half finished hay stacks and which he told us older boys we could make some form of tent. Also, there was an ax, a few blankets, a mere modicum of fishing tackle, and a meager supply of kitchen gear and as much prepared food as mother felt she could spare.

When father drove off - in a hurry to get back to his company and farm work - there were no tears shed at his abandonment of us. If his grandson turned four kids our age over to Nature and their own ingenuity, there is little doubt the sheriff would be notified, and there would be more than a bit of scandal. As now remembered, us kids had only one question calling for an early answer. Could we catch some fish?

There was of course no boat, nor for that matter, any need of one. The creek was in full flow, carrying several times the volume of water which passes there now. We knew next to nothing about fishing, but we had an avidity to learn the art far surpassing our ardor for book learning.

First there was bait to catch. That meant frog hunting immediately in order. All four of us got our feet wet crawling along the creek bed, but we also got our frogs. Then the lines were cast off from the side of the bridge

and, in the opinion of all four of us, destiny was being served. It was really fun. We were so free. So independent. What could be finer?

Naturally, we were soon hungry. Us boys couldn't take time off from watching our bobbers to do anything about that, so we sent our sister to bring us some home baked bread sandwiches which were over in the supply pile. I watched her line while she was gone.

That started an argument, because the first fish caught was on her line. It wasn't such a terribly big fish, probably about two pounds of squirmy, twisting pickerel. Since it was on her line, Eleanor claimed it. Since I'd had the thrill of pulling it in, I proved my male chauvinistic attitude even at that age by insisting it was mine. Anyhow, we couldn't eat it right then, but we did make a deep hole in the sandwich cache.

The rest of the daylight hours which followed were fun too, at least the earlier ones. That was mostly because we caught other fish, the weather was good, and there wasn't a thing in the world to worry about, such as parental controls. Admittedly, setting up the tarpaulin so it could serve as a tent when we had no tent poles or pegs constituted a problem we never did solve, but we did get it over a wide tree limb so it would sort of serve. What was disappointing was the fact the fish didn't fry right. First, the camp fire was all smoke and flame and no heat. Then it burned the bacon and the bacon grease flared up in a great flame. The younger kids were real scared. And when we did get the fish fried, they weren't at all like mother cooked them. They were half raw and half black, and they stuck to the frying pan something awful.

The next day wasn't so good. In fact, Kenneth was so homesick that when the mailman came along on the route which also included our home, he took Kenneth back to his mother. The next day he took Eleanor. She had had it. She'd wandered off to pick some wild berries and met some farm boys. They thought they were only teasing her, but she thought they were brutes.

It rained and we got wet. The tent didn't work so well. There wasn't anything to do but fish. The mosquitos were so thick at night, us two older boys who were left, wrapped the blankets around our heads for protection. Then we rolled around trying to avoid their biting. We woke up when we rolled into the lake.

On the fourth day, dad came to claim us. Grandpa and Aunt Mame had gone home. there was now room for us where we really preferred to be. We did have a lot of fish though. We were proud of them until dad said of the biggest, "They're just sheep-head. Throw them away."



## Lakeside Reflections

### THE BIGGEST CHANGE OF ALL

Grandpa laid down his cards when he saw Grandma coming in with her heavily loaded tray.

"Time off, fellows," he ordered.

"Mother will be really provoked if we seemed to consider finishing this hand more important than our coffee and fixings while it's all fresh."

There did not seem to be much reluctance on the part of any of the "Old Guard" as they preferred they be called.

"That's one thing which doesn't seem to change much over the years, despite the rising cost," one of them commented. "The call for fresh coffee holds its spell in 1977 as well as it did in 1907."

"And that's one of the few things in life which seems to stay with us," Bill Cooper commented as he reached for his cup. "It isn't a matter of what has or hasn't changed in the last two thirds or three fourths of a century. It's what has changed the most."

"Easy way to start an argument," old Pops had to say. "I'll tell you what I think has changed the most. It's travel. Since we were tots clinging to our mother's skirts - and they've changed too - we've gone from horse and buggy to 24 hours to anywhere on earth. And you can't beat that."

"The speed of that travel is only the most obvious part of the change," Pete had to add. "What ease of travel has done in scattering America all over the nation, and elsewhere too, is even more of a modern miracle. But I'll tell you what I think is the really big change, and it's taken place so quietly we've hardly noticed its going on. It's the way people live. You all remember how many house flies we used to put up with. Just took it as part of summer weather, just as mothers expected their babes to be sick with summer diarrhea each year. Just think if you can remember back that far of what two businesses have done to America - laundry and dry cleaning and the beauty trade. I'll bet you whatever stakes you care to name, if we could spend a day in 1900 to 1910 and then come back to tell those of us living in 1977 what we'd seen, most of us would agree it's this higher standard of what could be called social living which has changed the most. It isn't so much we live faster as it is we live better. We look better, particularly our women do, we feel better, and by the Lord Harry, I say we are better, despite all this talk of pollution, ghettos, and hell on the way."

So far the old doctor hadn't said a thing, but now he was off.

"Pretty much all you've said about a better life today goes back to one element we tend to forget. Remember the diphtheria, small pox, scarlet fever, polio - all those diseases which used to take lives, especially those of children? We never hear of them anymore. Sure, we have cancer and heart failure killing more than ever. And why? Because folk live longer so that cancer and heart failure get them. If it weren't for the change that's come in increased life span, most of us wouldn't be here and there wouldn't be nearly as many alive in America as there is."

That got the old dentist to throwing in his two cents worth.

"Don't overlook what's happened in the care of teeth," he insisted. "Doc here takes care of the whole body. I concentrate on just the one part, teeth. And do you know there are nearly as many of us as there are of general practitioners, but there is a lot less stomach trouble now than there used to be when rotten and snaggle teeth was the rule rather than the exception two thirds of a century ago."

Grandma wasn't supposed to be listening to all this, but she was. She couldn't help butting in just about then. She stuck her head through the kitchen door.

"Talk about change," she sputtered. "I'll tell you the really big one. All our earlier years the big thing in life was to make money. I guess maybe it had to be then. We aren't so sure about it now. Young folk as well as older folk want the good things in life and they seem to be getting them too. But they want more than just what money can buy. The better ones, at least, are going in for what to them seems the good life by whatever name they call it. They want to save the best of nature, not kill it all off as most of us have tried to do. Maybe they don't go to church as much as we did, but they surely get out of doors and love what they find there. And they hate war and they enjoy sports, and they don't waste a lot of time sitting around a table guzzling coffee, playing cards, and finding what's not so good about the old folk as some old folk do complaining about the young folk."

"Hold it! Hold it!" Grandpa called out. "Now this is no sex debate. This is the Old Guards' monthly card party. The coffee's cold, the cookies are eaten. Whose play is it now? It's not yours, Grandma."



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