

Hours:  
Sun. - Thurs. 6 - 7  
Fri. & Sat. 6 - 9

# The Effie Times

FREE

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PO Box 49 - Effie, MN



## The Effie Cafe Welcomes You

by Linda Pigman, Effie Express

Whether you are a resident or a visitor, Kathy Petron, Willie Powell and staff welcomes you to the area and the Effie Cafe, where you are treated to a very friendly small town atmosphere.

The Effie Cafe offers a wide selection of the finest "Home Cooked" meals in the area. Whether you are ordering one of the fine breakfasts, burgers, sandwiches, dinners, or maybe one of the Heart Smart selections, rest assured it will be prepared to your liking.

The Effie Cafe also features:

- Dipping Ice Cream or Soft Serve
- Broasted Chicken  
by the bucket or dinner
- Every Monday beginning at 4 pm  
½ lb. hamburger & fries for \$1.99
- Every Tuesday (from 11 am - 2 pm)  
Hot Beef Sandwiches 4.25
- Every Thursday (from 11 am - 2 pm)  
Hot Pork Sandwiches 4.25

Watch the Deerpath Shopper for all the weekend Specials. Enjoy Sunday Dinners just like Grandma used to fix, topped off with a dessert.

The Effie Cafe is open every day, all year long, except for Thanksgiving and Christmas Day.

Once again, Kathy and Willie welcome and thank you for dining at the Effie Cafe, the north end of the Edge of the Wilderness Scenic Byway.

## Reminiscing On Days Of Ol'...

by Earl Lund

Our family moved to Effie in 1948 from Rochester. We moved into the old abandoned cafe across the street from the Effie Cafe of today. It sat next to the Spandel Barber Shop and that next to the Post Office.

The old Cafe building hadn't been lived in for years. When it rained we had several pots and pans to catch the rain from the old leaky roof.

My mother hated snakes, so we killed a few. There were no mice for a while, but soon they appeared to run the place. We had no water and got that from the Post Office but we did have electricity.

My father worked in the woods and after a few months we moved up behind the Catholic Church. There we had no water but my friend Cootie and I hauled water from the village well, next to the old hotel which was by Shirley Rahiers. The well had a hand pump and a wood platform.

In the winter we used a sled to haul the 10 gallon cream can home. We, at times, had our two small dogs to pull the sled. In the summer we used an old wagon to haul water. During the summer if it was hot, some critters hung around the well base. There would be a few frogs and snakes in the green grass

around the top of the well. Every once in a while we'd pump snakes or worms up. The old wooden platform had some pretty good cracks. We'd dump the can and start over to pump water taking turns at pumping the big handle.

If we had time Cootie and I would investigate the old hotel. The door was blocked, so we crawled in through the basement window putting a plank from the window ledge to the top of the old furnace. We crawled across the plank and onto another plank from the furnace to the stairs. The basement had a lot of water, so you had to keep your balance when crawling from plank to plank. Up we'd go to look throughout letters and clothes left behind by the Lumber Jacks. Figuring we might find some money, we searched through everything we came across. Of course we were told to stay out of the hotel, but kids are kids.

Another place we often visited was the Log Fire Water Store. Lots of action when the Jacks came to town after a long winter in the woods. Peeking through the windows, we probably saw a fight or two on Saturday night. The place was pretty full, Jacks playing cards would at times cause a dispute. Some of them drank until they passed out and they were carried out to the snake shack out back. It was a small building where they could sleep off their headaches. The first Jacks in town usually drank up all their money and tried to bum drinks from the in coming Jacks and so on it went. Some Jacks would wander around seeing hoop snakes or elephants being so drunk. I remember searching through the snake shack to try to locate some money. Sticking your hands in a Jacks pocket was a scary situation, as he may wake up. There was usually a pretty bad smell in the air with some Jacks, as after days of drinking and doing their duty in their pants.

Lots of times us kids would hang around the front of the old Ford Garage, now Powell's Storage Building. There was a long wooden bench we sat on out front with usually a couple of Jacks.

Polock Joe and Little John usually were our favorites. I'm sure as kids we never teased them too much, as they never scared us.

One time I saw an old drunken Jack stumble into Seth Mattsons' General Store, so I quickly followed him in. In the far back of the store was an old bath tub and Mrs. Mattson started to fill the tub with water. The Jack started to strip down leaving his clothes in a heap on the floor. Buck naked he climbed in the bath tub and a curtain was pulled to block my view. While he was taking a bath his clothes were picked up and taken outside to be burned up in an old barrel. After his bath Seth started to ask the Jack the clothing sizes. Yelling back and forth the first question was underwear sizes. Then on it went till the Jack was fully dressed. He would sign the