

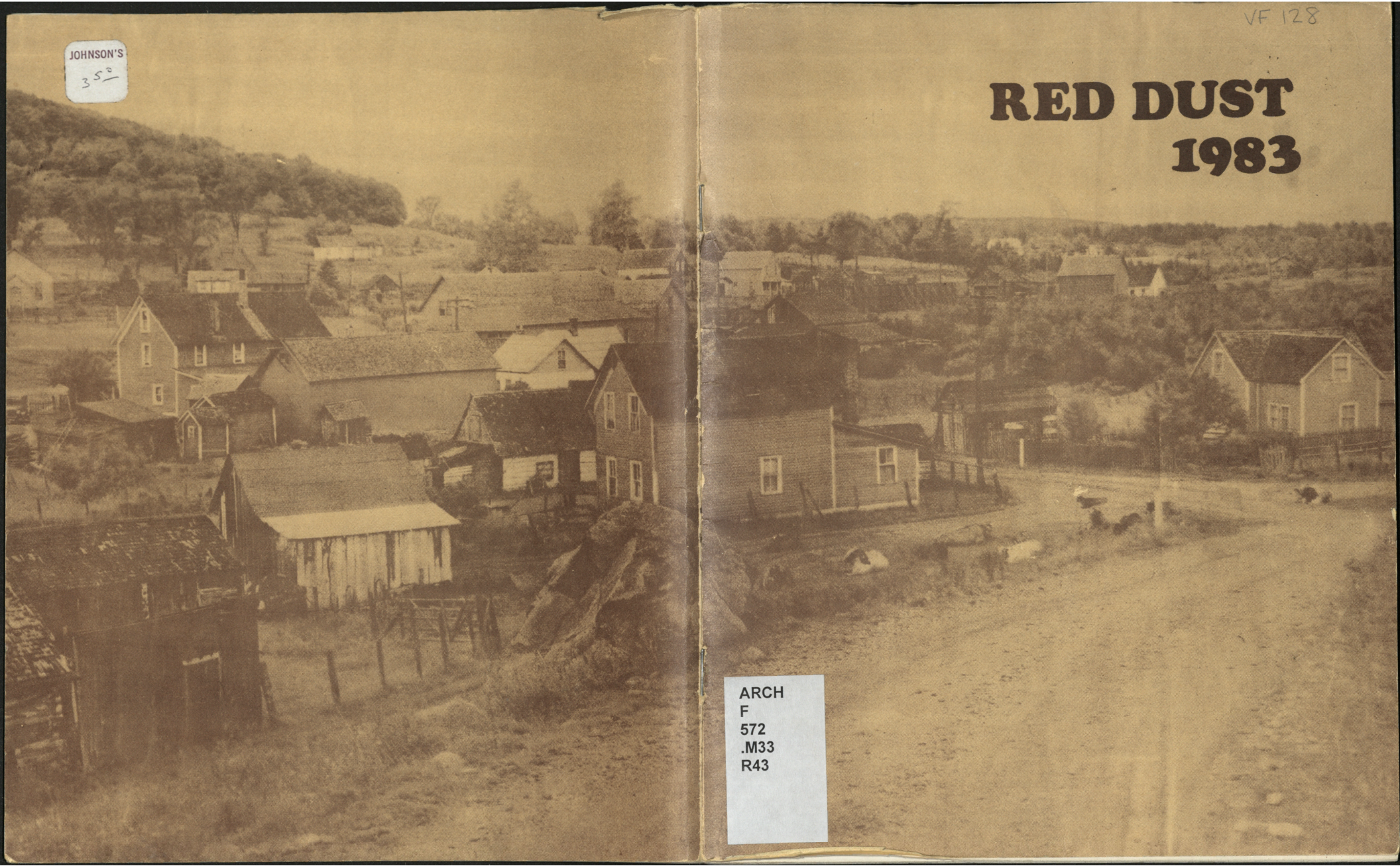
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JOHNSON'S

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RED DUST 1983



The Gus Keto Farm, National Mine. Illustrated by Robin Harmala
COVER PHOTO: *View of National Mine from Cliffs Drive, 1932*

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1983

There was a time when things were simple and people took pride in what they did. It was a time when immigrants pushed northwest to the frontiers of Upper Michigan. Lumbermen, farmers and miners, each with a unique way of life, began to carve a new beginning for themselves in the U.P.

It was a time for growing strong and happiness was to be found in basic things. Life was tough, but people took pride in what they did because they were doing it themselves.

Today, the children of these pioneers have seized upon the opportunity to also be adventurers. In their saga of the District, National Mine Eighth Graders have captured the vicarious experiences of the past. These students enjoy that same sense of pride that comes with doing a unique job and doing it well.

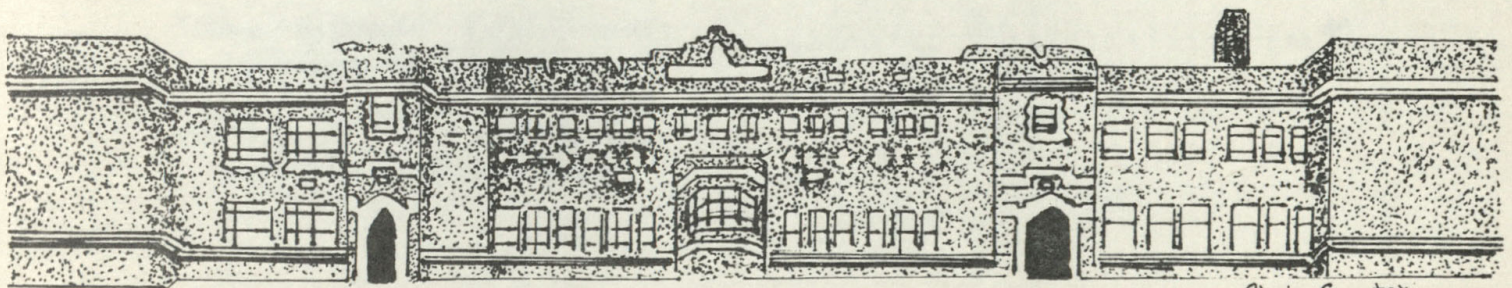
They took a simple idea and made their basic curriculum more meaningful. Although it meant they would have to spend more time at their task, they were enjoying it. After all, hard work and persistence are part of the basic make up of a U.P.'er.

Students in the arts, social studies and communicative art classes searched for a heritage that would provide them with roots of their beginnings. They collaborated, as they gathered information, ideas and pictures from the local citizens who willingly reminisced about the past. Maxine Honkala's History classes, armed with tape recorders went out to area homes, hospitals and nursing homes to gather information for their oral history of the District. In their English class, Sharon Richards guided them skillfully as they began to transcribe the spoken word into a compilation of recollections from the past. These would have to be developed into a meaningful narrative to appeal to the reader. Antique and historical photos were used by Roberta Ameen's art classes. In addition to including some of them into this journal they were used as inspirations for pen-ink drawings. Lois Hebert's typing class assumed the responsibility to provide the final typed draft. A group of art students then began the actual assemblage of the book. Having become familiar with the general techniques of book lay out, they got the journal ready for the publisher.

The pieces all came together culminating at the printer's shop. The combined effort and team work that went into producing a project like this is evidence that we still share in the cooperative spirit of the past.

Francis J. Ruesing

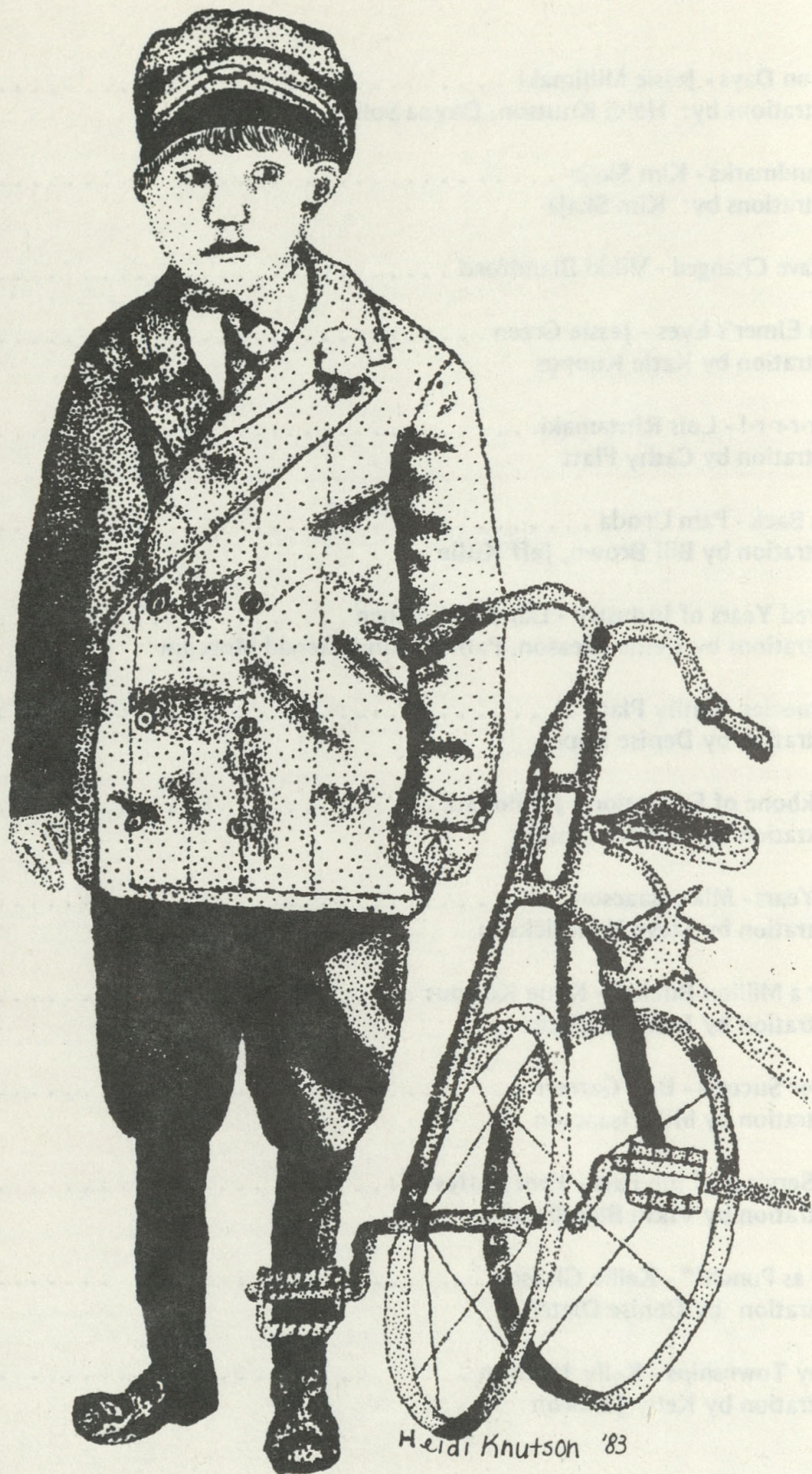
Francis J. Ruesing
Principal



Current National Mine School before additions. Illustrated by Chris Savitski.

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Heidi Knutson '83

DEPRESSION DAYS

Imagine what it would be like for a young girl to live without a toaster, a television, a refrigerator, a bathtub, or even hot running water, in a tiny bungalow with seven kids. This describes my grandmother's life from an infant to a teenager and it is much more difficult than it may sound. She shared with me her childhood experiences of living through economic hardships, bringing me back to her way of life as a small girl during The Great Depression.

Priscilla Ogea was born on May 15th, 1928 in Negaunee at her home, like most children were then. Not many people had money for hospitalization, so a doctor, accompanied by a midwife, came to the house and the child was delivered at home. She is the second of three sisters and has four brothers. Her house was a small five room bungalow containing two bedrooms, one of which all the children shared. She and her two sisters slept in the same bed until her 11th or 12th year.

Her father had a magnificent vegetable garden in their large backyard from which they obtained much of their food. Along with the garden he raised chickens and raised fruit trees. Although they owned no cow, they were able to purchase fresh milk from their neighbors on a daily basis. As my grandmother talked, I listened attentively. "I suppose we were considered to be very poor, but I didn't feel poor. Everybody else lived the same way. All the people had their own gardens, almost every other house on the street had a cow, and most people had chickens." Then she spoke of their fruit trees. "The only time I can remember having fruit was during the time when the fruit was in season. We did not have fruit during the winter time." My mind flashed to the numerous times I had come from school and grabbed an apple or an orange from the refrigerator and I felt a slight twinge. "I can remember we were all so thrilled at Christmas time when we got a banana, orange, and an apple in our stocking. During these times children would be very insulted if they found something like this in their stocking, but to us it was a big thrill," she went on to say.

My grandmother's parents were kept constantly busy doing strenuous and toilsome work day and night, trying to make ends meet. Often her father was without employment for long periods of time. He worked whenever there was a job available. "I can remember how very happy both my mother and father were when he got a few days work in the city shoveling snow," said my grandmother. For a time her father did have a steady job, he worked for Cleveland Cliffs Iron Mining Company operating the cars that dumped the ore on the tressels.

Her mother never worked out of the house, with seven kids to take care of she didn't have the time. She still had a great deal of work to do, cooking the meals, which took a long time because of the wood stoves, and washing the clothes, which took even longer with a scrub board and brush. My grandma told me, "there was no such thing as a washing machine and to do all the wash with a tub and a scrub brush was a lot of work. You heated your homes with wood. There was always wood to bring into the house and ashes to empty. To prepare a meal you had to start early in the day and keep the fire stoked to make sure everything cooked. Today if you're a modern mother you most likely have a microwave oven. You put the food in, push a button, and within minutes you have a fully cooked meal. There were also dishes to be done. Parents didn't have time for themselves or much pleasure time," she explained. When her father wasn't working, he was chopping wood or weeding the garden. Her mother, when she wasn't cooking and cleaning, had to mend and sew. If a pair of stockings had a hole in them you didn't throw them away like you do today. She used to sit for hours darning and mending clothes. Without the modern conveniences of today, people had plenty of tiring, time-consuming work to do just trying to survive.

My grandmother started to work at the age of nine, doing some babysitting. She was paid 25 cents for working from 8:00 p.m. on Saturday night until sometime late on Sunday. She mentioned that not many

people could afford to go out much so she didn't get too many jobs. I was a little shocked at her pay, but she said to me, "I got 25 cents and I thought I had a lot of money." At that time money wasn't as plentiful and you could buy more with a quarter than what you can buy today. If she saved eight quarters she could buy herself a pair of shoes. She couldn't waste her money because that was considered foolishness and money was too scarce. She had to save it to buy something to wear or other necessities.

Families in those days went without a multitude of things, things we take for granted today. As my grandmother spoke of it, I realized just how difficult it must have been for her family. When I asked if she had any luxuries she replied "Not what you would consider to be luxuries. We had no stereos, no tv's, no washing machines, no refrigerator, no toaster. We made toast on top of our wood stove. We had no bathtub or hot running water. On Saturday my mother would heat up the water and we all took a bath in a round tin tub on the kitchen floor." She did have color crayons and dolls to play with.

They didn't have the kind of food we have today, either. There was no such thing as potato chips and my grandmother didn't have the experience of eating dry cereal from a box until she was 11 years old. Ice cream was an eagerly awaited treat that was eaten on very rare occasions, while a candy bar was extremely rare. People during that time were probably much healthier, because they didn't fill their bodies with all the junk food we consume today.

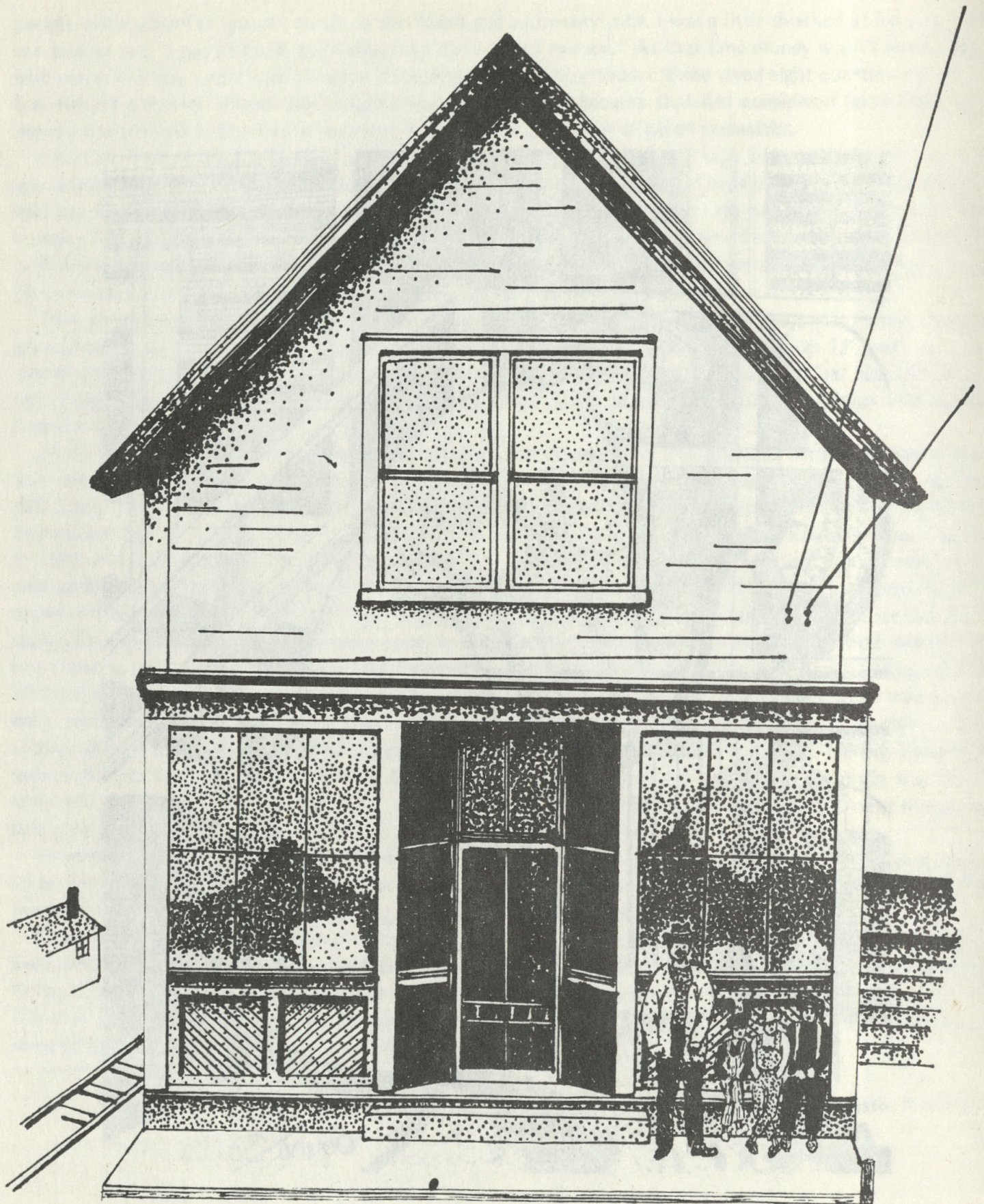
At the age of only four or five, being poor had no real meaning for my grandma because everyone else was just as poor, if not poorer. Being so young, she did not realize what she was missing. She told me she didn't understand what it was all about and at the time she didn't realize she was living through the Great Depression. She also spoke of her recollection of her parents discussing it. "President Roosevelt was elected in 1933 and I can recall how happy most people were. I remember my mother and father talking about him and saying he was going to do so much for the working people and he did." Her birth into poverty and childhood was something everyone went through. This created family unity and each member did their share. Even though her early years were spent in poverty, my grandmother holds her childhood dear in her heart and treasures her many memories. Lying in bed at night and listening to her parents sitting at the kitchen table figuring out their money, are her saddest memories of the Depression. They were trying patiently and desperately to make ends meet and worrying if there would be any work for next month or even enough money to pay the rent. With a faraway look in her eyes, she vividly remembers feeling a wave of sadness for her mother and father. They had no time for themselves since raising a large family was a full-time job. "It was just working very hard and taking it day by day and hoping that maybe next month or next year would be better."

I cherish every minute I am able to spend with my grandmother and I am grateful she shared her memories and triumphs with me. I have gained extensive knowledge from that dear lady and I will appreciate it for the rest of my life. It is an honor to be her granddaughter and a privilege to learn from her.

From the time we have spent discussing her childhood, I have learned much about her past and how she lived when she was my age. Since our talk, I've become more appreciative of everything I am lucky enough to have. I can see that her childhood experiences have helped to shape her into the loving, caring person she is today. She has enhanced my life by revealing to me her memorable past. I hope that I can incorporate some of her good qualities into my own life.

Jessie Millimaki





Kim Skaja "83"

RURAL LANDMARKS

What images come to mind when you think of National Mine?

For many people, a quaint little hamlet consisting of the Country Market, the National Mine School, and lots of interesting people. George Annala, whose family played a significant part in the founding of the Country Market, is one of those interesting people.

In the early 1900's, George Annala's father, August Annala, purchased the store that is now known as the Country Market. Preceding this purchase Mr. Annala had worked in a mine in the National Mine area. He and his family resided in a home across from the store, which is now owned by Mrs. Laverne Thibeault.

Electricity and refrigeration were nonexistent in the National Mine area. To keep food stuffs cold enough to avoid spoilage they had large wooden ice boxes with ice chunks held up by a rope. The Annala's cut their ice in the winter on one of the lakes in the area. It was kept in an insulated shed attached to the store.

Annala's store was somewhat of a gathering place in National Mine. Many people came from the nearby rural areas to socialize. "Especially older Finnish people," said Mr. Annala, "Not only the Finnish, the English helped that to get going in the store. National Mine was made up of many nationalities, there were Finnish, French, German, English, and almost any other nationality you could think of."



Annala residence across from Country Market

One of the many wholesale houses that the Annala's bought goods from was Meyer's Mercantile. To transport these goods from the wholesale houses to the store, the Annala's used a horse and an old wagon. But as times changed they found that this means of transportation did not meet the store's demands. So Mr. Annala purchased an enclosed half ton truck, which shortened the amount of time it took to get the goods from the wholesale houses and also helped in a delivery service.

Hardware, hay, feed, canned goods and meat were just the beginning of the many things that stocked the shelves of Annala's Store. Clothing and bolts of fabric of different types were also sold. Because the store was such a popular local hangout, there was always penny candy, which included licorice, gumballs, and many other varieties of delicious treats for children.

A very unique and simplistic credit system was used as a record in the store. "It did not resemble the bookkeeping of today," Mr. Annala said, "It was more of a notation to let you know who had purchased what and how much it cost." Could you imagine going to the supermarket and waiting in line while the clerk wrote everyone's purchases in a book?



August Annala and his wife Josephine

George Annala's mother was a very generous and skillful woman. "Sometimes boys from one of the poor families in the community would come over to buy milk from us," Mr. Annala related, "and mother would practically fill a five pound pail with milk and not charge them anything for it." This was just one of the many generous things she did for the people of her community. She also was a midwife, which is someone who travels around the community to the homes of women who are ready to give birth, and helps them with their deliveries. Cheese and butter making were another of her many talents.

John Annala, the eldest of the Annala boys, became the owner of the store after his father was killed in an accident. "My dad used to go for walks along Cliffs Drive. While walking one morning, he slipped and fell on the road. Someone came up the drive and dad was laying in the road, whoever it was didn't see him and ran over his head," Mr. Annala revealed. "It wasn't a very pretty sight," was his only other comment on the subject.

George Annala as a boy was like any other boy of the times. One of his favorite pasttimes was playing baseball. There were many baseball teams throughout the area and Mr. Annala belonged to one of them. Their team traveled to different towns, playing several different teams. "We had kind of a league, and it was fairly interesting competition that we had," Mr. Annala recalled. They didn't have uniforms of any kind and just played in their everyday shoes. Not like the little leagues that we know of today. "We were known as the Nine Monkeys," Mr. Annala chuckled.

Mr. Annala attended the National Mine High School after finishing the eighth grade, graduating in 1920, which was not common at that time. He also nonchalantly mentioned that all of his graduating class was still living. "If I can remember right, there are only three of us in the class." The following year, 1921, the graduating class was made up of a total of one person.

Upon entering college, Mr. Annala was married. "My marriage," Mr. Annala said, "was what really prompted me to think that I had better get some further education, some means of making a living." In those days it was really a hardship to go to college, but Mr. Annala made it and received a two year degree. After finishing college, he and his wife moved to McFarland where they lived in a room in the school house. "They fixed up a school room that wasn't being used, with a partition dividing it into a kitchen and a bedroom," Mr. Annala said, "We were happy to be able to have this instead of boarding out in a farm home. I don't think we would have liked that." Mr. Annala taught at McFarland for approximately two years, and then moved back to National Mine where he taught many different classes and later became principal. Mr. his last years in teaching were spent in Ishpeming.

The Country Market has weathered many happy and hard times in its decades of existence. George Annala and his family have helped to get it through many of these times. That is one of the reasons why this prosperous little store is around today, and hopefully will be around for years to come.

This community landmark remained in the Annala family until it was sold and renamed the Country Market. The old-time qualities and friendly atmosphere of this local general store remain to this day. The present owners, Cliff and Ann Trudell, recently shared their knowledge of their stores unique and interesting past.



August & Josephine on their wedding day

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

Cliff Trudell recently said, "The store as near as we can tell, was built before the turn of the century. If I'm not mistaken it was built and added onto three different times to keep going with the economy and the need to do different types of business that was being done."

Continuing, Mr. Trudell said, "At the same time this was being done there were four other stores located in National Mine. This is the only one that survived the economy and the fluctuation of people in the community. The owner and builder at the time was Mr. August Annala, and from then on it was passed down to two or three of Mr. Annala's sons. Two that I know for sure, because they had it just before we purchased it. Originally it was a general store, where you could buy everything from groceries to feed to harness, hardware, clothing, you name it they had it, which is probably one of the reasons it survived longer than the other stores."

Ann Trudell said, "Oh boy! Well, like Cliff said originally the store was built in a location that was accessible by travel. Mostly because of the accessibility to the railroad tracks. It's really close to the railroad tracks because when it was first built the biggest way you got your groceries delivered (and what they meant by groceries then was that everything came in bulk; you had big fifty pound bags of brown sugar and big barrels of pickles; they didn't come in jars they came in big packages, big crocks and barrels of things) was by railroad. The railroad tracks are close to the store because the railroad train would come with a boxcar and stop right by the store; then they would just unload it from the boxcar and stop right by the store;

then they would just unload it from the boxcar right into the store. There was a big storeroom in the back and you kept everything back there. They didn't have any refrigeration. Everything was kept on ice or you would find things preserved quite a bit with a lot of salt. You would buy salt pork instead of buying pork chops at a store so things were really different then."

Ann Trudell continued, "There were only a couple light bulbs, there wasn't much refrigeration. There was an old time cooler in there that was made with a marble bottom to keep things cold in glass. Most of it was just shelves with dry goods, things that wouldn't spoil - cans, things that were bottles, yarn, dishes. Then we had to remodel, because modern day people wanted things refrigerated."

Mrs. Trudell went on saying, "But some older people still come in with a shopping list and hand their list to whoever is working there and let the clerk go and get everything for them. Because, that's what they did when they were little, and that's what they want to do. They give you the list and you have to go and get the stuff and put it in the bag for them, while they stand there and visit with the people."

Mr. Trudell explained, "We went from what you call a general store type to a grocery or party store type."

Mrs. Trudell added, "I think another thing that I noticed a big change in was the way the store started out like a horse and buggy store, and then added a gasoline pump. It was a big metal container but covered with wood so that it almost looked like a piece of furniture.

It had a hand crank on it that you would crank the fuel to the surface into containers into the quantity people wanted. It was used for both kerosene and gas. The kerosene was used in lamps and kerosene burning stoves."

Mrs. Trudell concluded, "Something else was interesting going back to when we first bought the store. There was a little bit of electricity in the store but there was no bathroom facilities. The only heat source was a great big wood furnace that was about the size of 4 refrigerators. I never kept the place warm, because there was very little insulation. We have put in a forced air furnace and it heats the place a lot better. A lot of people would have liked to have seen the store kept in its original state but I think you can only have a store like that for show, but for practical reasons it had to change."

Vikki Blandford



L. to R.: John Annala, Matt Annala, Don Annala, Betty Annala Kjellman, August Annala (father), Henry Annala

THROUGH ELMER'S EYES

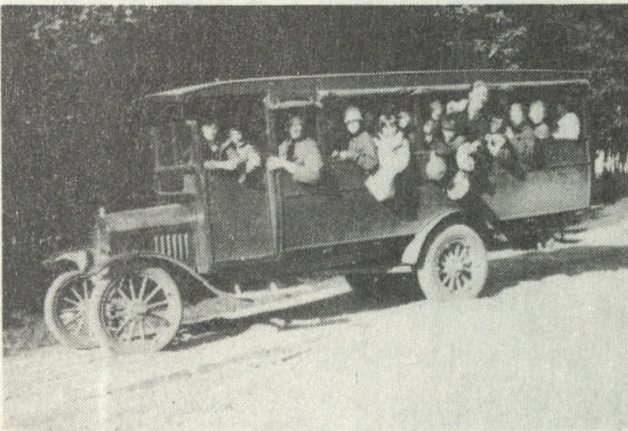
"Some children traveled two or three miles to and from school each day. There was no limit. There were no buses or lunches," Mr. Aho recalled about his own early school life. He attended the old Green Creek School which was located in the Green Creek location.

"The country school here was first through eighth grade and only two teachers! We had all the subjects you have now: reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, physiology, and agriculture; for writing we had the Palmer Method of Penmanship." In the classroom where Mr. Aho received his schooling there was only one bench like a church pew where each class was called to receive their lesson.

"If you miscued on anything you stayed after school. Your parents always knew what time you were supposed to be home; if you weren't home at that time you were questioned when you got home, and you would have to say you were after school. The first thing your parents looked at was your report card to make sure it was up to par, and if it wasn't, you made sure it was next time."

When Mr. Aho was in the eighth grade he traveled to the National Mine High School for his eighth grade examination. After he had taken his exam his teacher said, "There's two more weeks of school but you don't need to come to school no more." Mr. Aho chuckles, "I got such good marks on 'em."

Mr. Aho's interest in education continued. He has served on the Nice Community School Board for many years. Presently he served as our President of the Board of Education. He spent many hours planning for Westwood High School and forming and organizing the consolidated school district.



Green Creek School bus

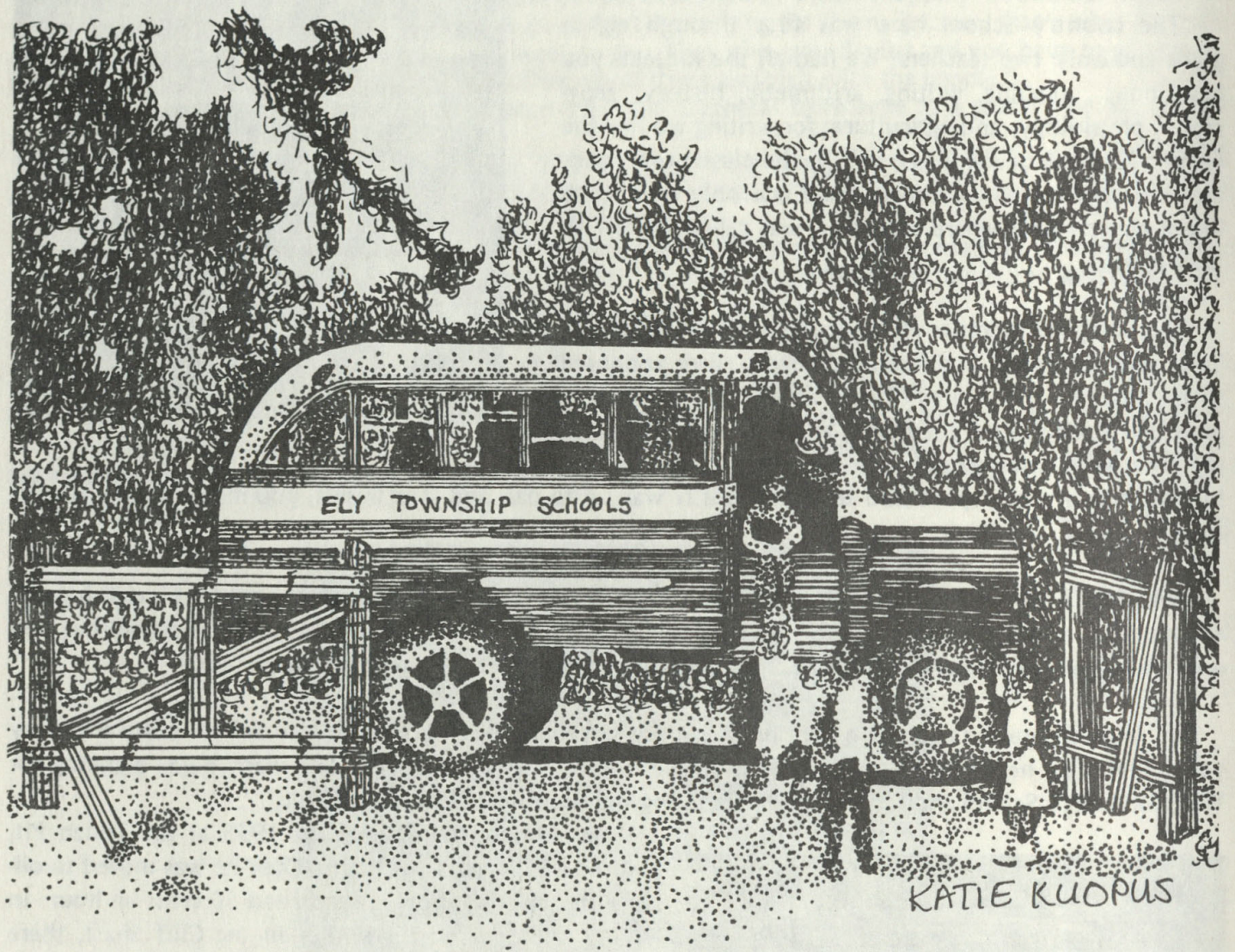


Elmer and "Tramp"

Mr. Aho started mining in 1935 at the Tilden Pit, earning 37½ cents per hour. When he was moved to oiling the electric shovels, he earned 50 cents an hour. In 1942 while he was a worker in the Cliff Shaft, there were 500 men working there. Even though he was involved in a few accidents, Mr. Aho enjoyed mining and life very much.

Mr. Aho's life has been varied and full. He has worked hard and given unselfishly of his time as a school board member. Through it all he has kept one trait that twinkles in his eyes—his sense of humor!

Jessie Green





GREEN CREEK SCHOOL — 1915

Bottom Row Left to Right: Henry Pelto, Simon Lawer, Jalmer Raisanen, Elmer Aho, Leslie Trewartha, Martha Raisanen, ? ?, Sadie Hankanen, Adele Kroon, Jennie Hankanen, Lillian Raisanen, Ruth Larson, Edna Stolen. Second Row: Harold Stolen, Clifford Trewartha, Uno Ekoluoma, Eino Rintamaki, Carl Farm, Roy Peterson, Emil Aho, Henry Lawer, Leonard Peterson, Art Ekoluoma, Werner Ekoluoma, Arvid Nyland, Lloyd Kroon. Third Row: Paul Larson, Matt Aho, Clara Nyland, Alice Kroon, Elvira Raisanen, Laimie Rintamaki, Gladys Nyland, Edna Lance Teacher, Mildred Granigan Teacher, Myrtle Peterson, Emily Giles, Elvira Ekoluoma, Evelyn Larson, Dorothy Trewartha.

TIMBERRRR....!

Grandpa Rintamaki, Ishpeming born, raised in Alger County in the early 1900's has lived most of his seventy-six years among virgin timber.

His experience with lumber began as a lumberjack in the early time camps in Alger County. Most lumber camps in Michigan exhibit similar characteristics and experiences. His main duty was as a swamper. A swamper was one who went into the woods and blazed a trail to where the logs would be cut.

The cutting of the logs was done with a crosscut saw. Each of the two men would take one end of the saw and cut the tree down. These crosscut saws were approximately five to seven feet long.

Next, the teamster came in with his team of horses and skidded the logs to the landing which was usually one-eighth of a mile from where the timber was cut.

After this, the logs were loaded on sleighs in the winter, or big wheels in the summer, which were both pulled by horses. Most of the hauling was done in the winter. In this case, the horses pulled the sleigh to a railroad where the logs were loaded onto cars. If it were a big operation, the company would build a sidetrack to the landing where the timber was loaded directly onto the cars.

For loading the lumber, a tool called a jammer was used. A jammer consisted of long poles which were rigged with double cables and pulleys. Another tool called a bridle had two hooks on each end. The purpose of the bridle was to lift the log up and put it on the car or sleigh. It was done by first placing the hooks on each end of the log. Next, they would move the horses and the log would rise. Finally, it would be dropped onto the sleigh or railroad car. A top loader was the name of this part of the logging operation.

The building of the camp was done by the jobbers. They built the camp out of logs or rough timber. The dining room and cook shanty were one building. Connecting the cook shanty and dining room with the sleeping quarters was a doorway. The cooking facilities were quite primitive but the food was nourishing. In the winter, the meat was purchased by the whole carcass and would be frozen. Because refrigeration was lacking, a large amount of dried foods and salted meats were used in the summer months.

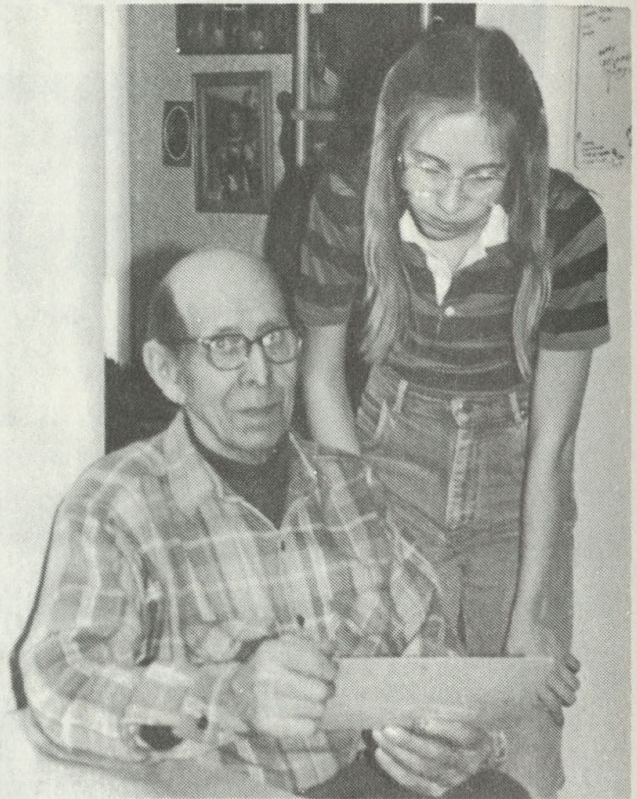
In the dining area were located long tables where the men ate. Stringent rules were required to be followed in this area. There was no talking allowed unless a request was made for something to be passed. Horsing around would not be tolerated because the task at hand was "eat and get out."

The sleeping quarters had a central heater which generated warmth and dried the clothes. At the end of the sleeping quarters was a pump and trough used for washing before dinner and in the morning. The double bunks which had only springs to sleep on were made of metal. Thick blankets were used for covers. Lice and bed bugs were common in camps and body lice were more prevalent. "I dunno if the lice didn't like me but I never was bothered," Grandpa relates laughingly.

The other jobs in the camp were the chore boys who checked the stoves and told the men to put the lights out and the boss who was called the "bull of the woods." Grandpa remembers him often saying, "Day light in the swamp, roll out!" There was also a clerk who kept the payroll. He had an office and a store where the lumberjacks could purchase mitts, tobacco, and little supplies. A paymaster came only once a month with the lumberjack's pay.

The lumberjack received one dollar a day for a twelve hour shift. Payment was thirty-five dollars a month with the top loader receiving fifty dollars. The teamster made approximately forty dollars a month.

As a lumberjack, one didn't have much leisure time during the day. A typical day began with an early ris-



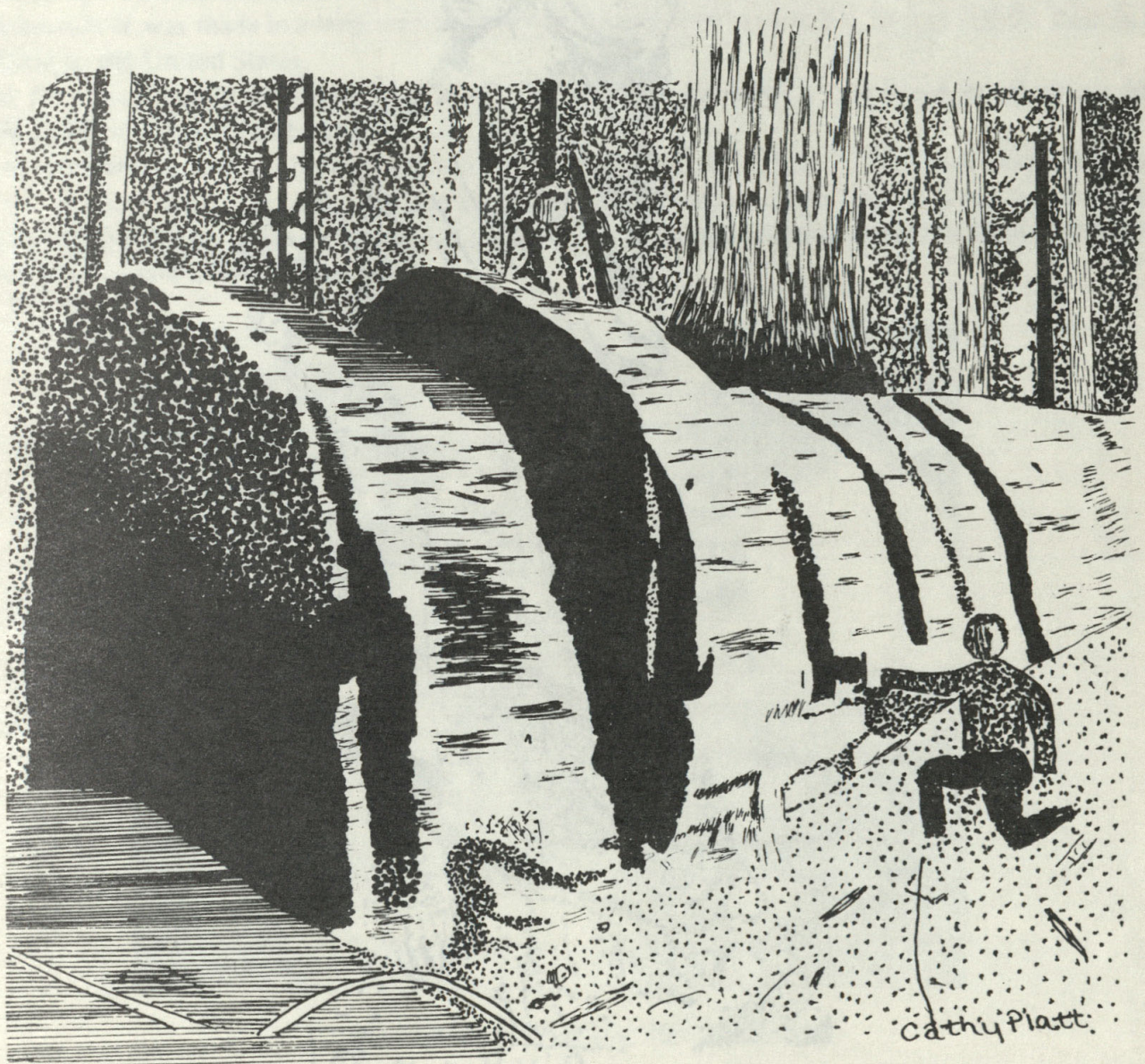
Mr. Rintamaki and granddaughter Lois

ing at five a.m. with breakfast. By six a.m. he had to be working out in the woods. He arrived back at camp around six p.m. to eat supper. The lights had to be out by nine o'clock.

My Grandpa related to me many stories about lumber camps and I learned many interesting things. His experiences are unique and fascinating. He remains strong and sturdy like the timber he has grown and matured with. His sense of humor is good and he shared with me this comical story.

. . . Ya know, when you're in the hardwood timber, virgin timber, once in awhile there's a oh a tree. There's a tree couple of dry branches when it's windy it makes lotta funny, noisy, squeaky noises ya know, in the wind. I don't know if you've ever heard it but I used ta hear it. Well, anyways, there was a story about a lumber camp. There was a young fella started to work there. He was ah never worked in a lumber camp er out in the woods but der, he heard dat noise so he started asking, 'What's that noise?' So one of da lumberjacks said, 'You know what that is?' 'No.' He said, 'Tha's a wratched owl.' 'A wratched owl?' 'Yeah,' he said, 'It's an owl that sits up in the tree der. Watches the sun all day long, In the morning it's sittin' there watchin' for the sun. As the sun is going around like that his head is following it, ya know. He don't like to move his body, just his head. Then he goes right back until the sun sets,' he says, 'His head swivels back and that's the noise.' They call that a wratched owl."

Lois Rintamaki





Bill Brown 83

LOOKING BACK

"I received congratulations on one of my birthdays from President Carter and from President Reagan on my hundredth birthday," said Bessie Roberts, 101 years old, as she sits reminiscing about her early years.

Bessie Roberts was born in Handwood, Cornwall, England on March 1, 1881. Her family, at that time, consisted of: her father, William Dymond, mother, Jane Dymond, and brother, William. Another brother, Thomas John, died of whooping cough at the age of six months. Bessie's father left for the United States when she was about one year old to settle in the new land, leaving the rest of the family behind.

Bessie, her mother and brother, lived in a two family stone house in Handwood nestled in the country. What Bessie remembers best about her home in England is the many beautiful flowers that grew there.

Bessie's education in England consisted of one year of nursery school (or an infant school as it was called in England), and one year of regular school. At this time, her father sent for the rest of his family to join him in America. Her father had already been in the United States for five years.

The family departed England from the port of Plymouth. They boarded a steamship called the Adriatic, owned and operated by the Starline Company. Bessie's clearest memory of the journey was about bread. She remembers it was made in a large pan and they broke pieces off as needed. It cost \$60 for Bessie's family to come to the United States.

When the young family arrived in New York, they took a train to join their father in Ishpeming, Michigan. The trip from England to Ishpeming took two weeks.

Bessie, her parents, and her brother, first settled in National Mine. It was in this house that Rebecca Jane was born. A short time after this, the family moved to Ishpeming. After several years the family again moved to another house, this one located in the Lake Angeline area. At this home two other children were born and were named Lilly and Samuel.



Pam Uroda interviewing Mrs. Roberts

The schools Bessie attended in the U.S. included the National Mine School, Ishpeming High School, and the Salisbury School in the Lake Angeline location.

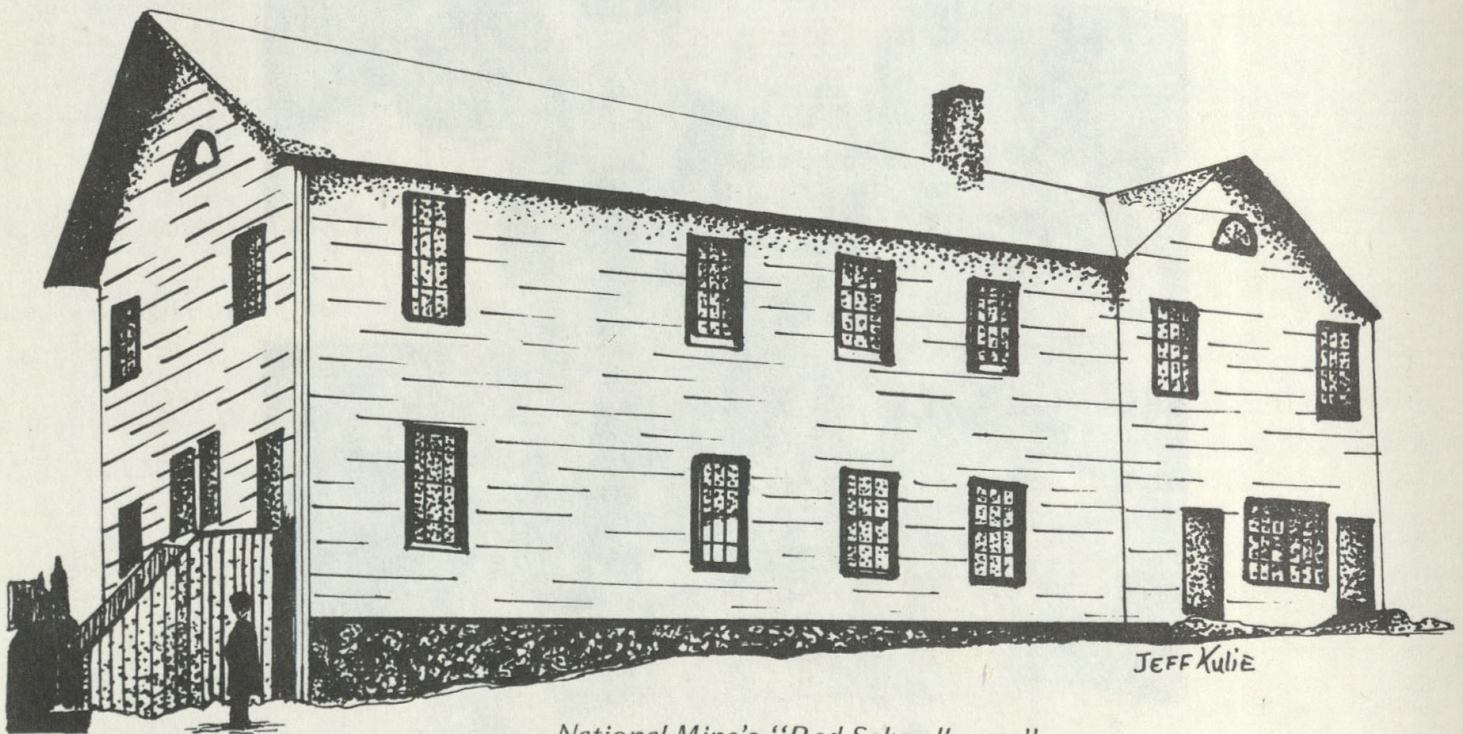
On May 23, 1902, Bessie married Samuel Roberts, who like her father, was a miner. They settled in Ishpeming for a few years after they were married. In this time, 1902-1905, two daughters, Ruth and Letty were born. Then in 1906, the family moved to National Mine where two sons were born, Leslie and Earl. The family remained in the same house on Mitchell Hill while the children grew up and attended the National Mine School.

Bessie said that living in the United States was not much different than living in England. Mrs. Roberts also said that she would have loved to returned to England, but regreted that she was not able. Her son, Earl visited her birthplace about five years ago and told Bessie about the trip he had taken.

When I asked Mrs. Roberts if she had any comments, she enthusiastically replied, "I love England because it was my birthplace, but I love America. I think it is a great place to live."

One can only marvel at such enthusiasm and joy in living by a woman who will soon celebrate her 102nd birthday.

Pam Uroda



National Mine's "Red Schoolhouse"

100 YEARS OF INDUSTRY

The early mining history and community development of National Mine covers a time period between the late 1850's and the 1960's. The information was recalled and shared by Mr. Frank Moody in a recent visit to the National Mine School.

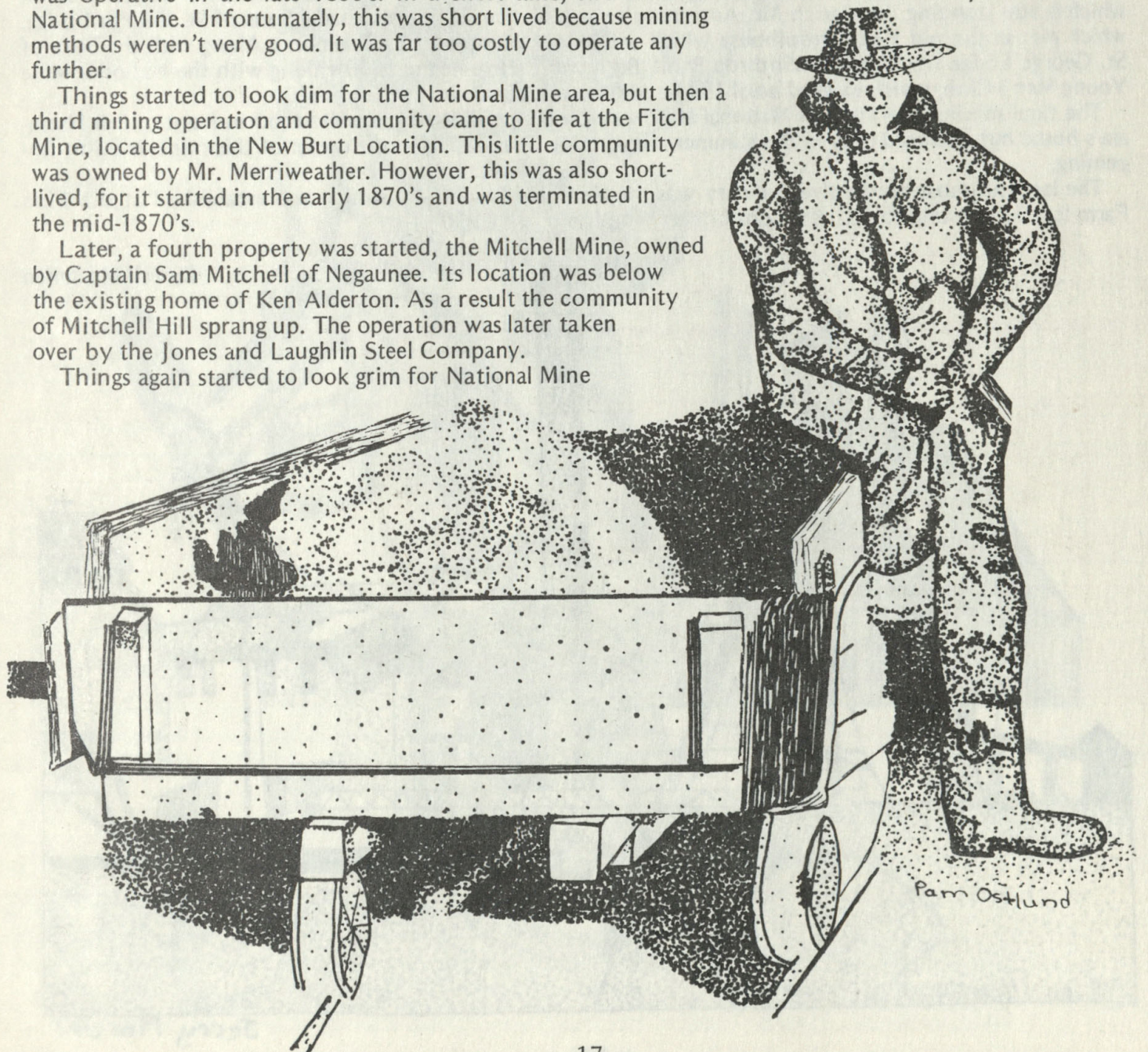
The first mining operations, the old Foster Pit and the old Tilden Mine were located along the Cliffs Drive in National Mine. Of course, mining techniques were not as sophisticated as they are now. Part of the mining operations were accomplished with charcoal kilns, also located along the Cliffs Drive, this was between 1856 and 1860. These mining operations did not operate after that. A small community of 11 log houses were built for these miners and their families. The houses stood above the present Tilden Lake Road. The captain of this mine lived along the Cliffs Drive about one-half mile from the charcoal kilns. Following the captain's death, his house became the first Cliffs Ridge Farm School.

After a short time a second mining operation was constructed and was called the Parson Mining Co. It was located on the north end of National Mine, which is better known as the Parson Pit. This particular mine was operative in the late 1860's. In a short time, two communities came to life - Sunnyside and Tower National Mine. Unfortunately, this was short lived because mining methods weren't very good. It was far too costly to operate any further.

Things started to look dim for the National Mine area, but then a third mining operation and community came to life at the Fitch Mine, located in the New Burt Location. This little community was owned by Mr. Merriweather. However, this was also short-lived, for it started in the early 1870's and was terminated in the mid-1870's.

Later, a fourth property was started, the Mitchell Mine, owned by Captain Sam Mitchell of Negaunee. Its location was below the existing home of Ken Alderton. As a result the community of Mitchell Hill sprang up. The operation was later taken over by the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company.

Things again started to look grim for National Mine



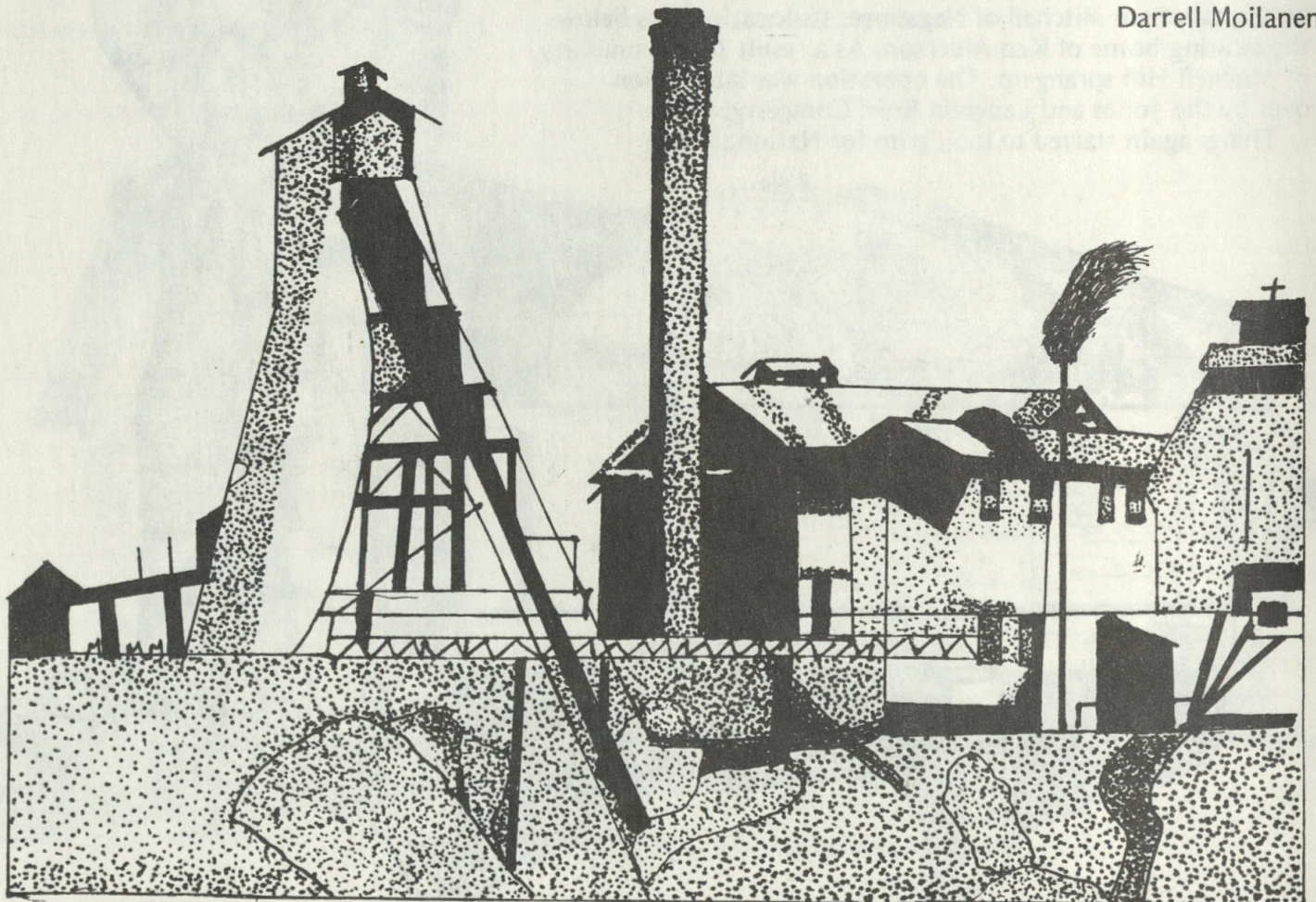
location. A new mining operation opened which was the largest contributor to the overall development of National Mine. It was the upper and lower shaft of the Section 21 Mine located below the present National Mine School, half-way down Brooks Hill. This was originally owned by the Lake Superior Mining Co. and was later taken over by the Oliver Iron Mining Co., a branch operator of the U.S. Steel Co. This operation was responsible for most of the remaining buildings and developments in the total of National Mine location. This particular mine was developed in the late 1870's and operated until its closing in 1906. When in operation this mine employed approximately 200 men. Since the mine employed so many people, National Mine became big enough to have its first store and post office, which was owned and operated by Mr. James Lucks. A few years later Annala's Store was opened by Mr. August Annala. This store is now known as the Country Market. At the time, National Mine had a meat market which is the present home of Eugene Kiiskila. The market was owned and operated by Mr. Henry Keto. National Mine also had a shoemaker shop, below Dick Walline's present home which was run by Mr. Juntilla.

As the years went by, the community developed as did the townhall and respective clubs and churches. There was an English Methodist Church and also a Finnish Lutheran Church, which is still standing. In addition there was a Swedish Church which is now the house next to the townhall, and a Norwegian Church which is still standing, located in Mr. Armstrong's yard. National Mine also had a Sons of St. George Lodge, which met in the old Red Schoolhouse which was below the present ball diamond. Along with the Sons of St. George Lodge was also the Winthrop Band. Both were active in the 1890's along with the National Mine Young Men's Club, which existed until 1934 and then was dissolved.

The final mining operation in National Mine was the Braastad Mining Co. It stood in front of Bill Harmala's house but operated only in the summer months. Mr. Braastad, the sole owner of this mine, lived in Ishpeming.

The last and most productive industry was the Hercules Powder Co. which was established at the Finn Farm location, lasting for 40 years until its termination in the 1960's.

Darrell Moilanen

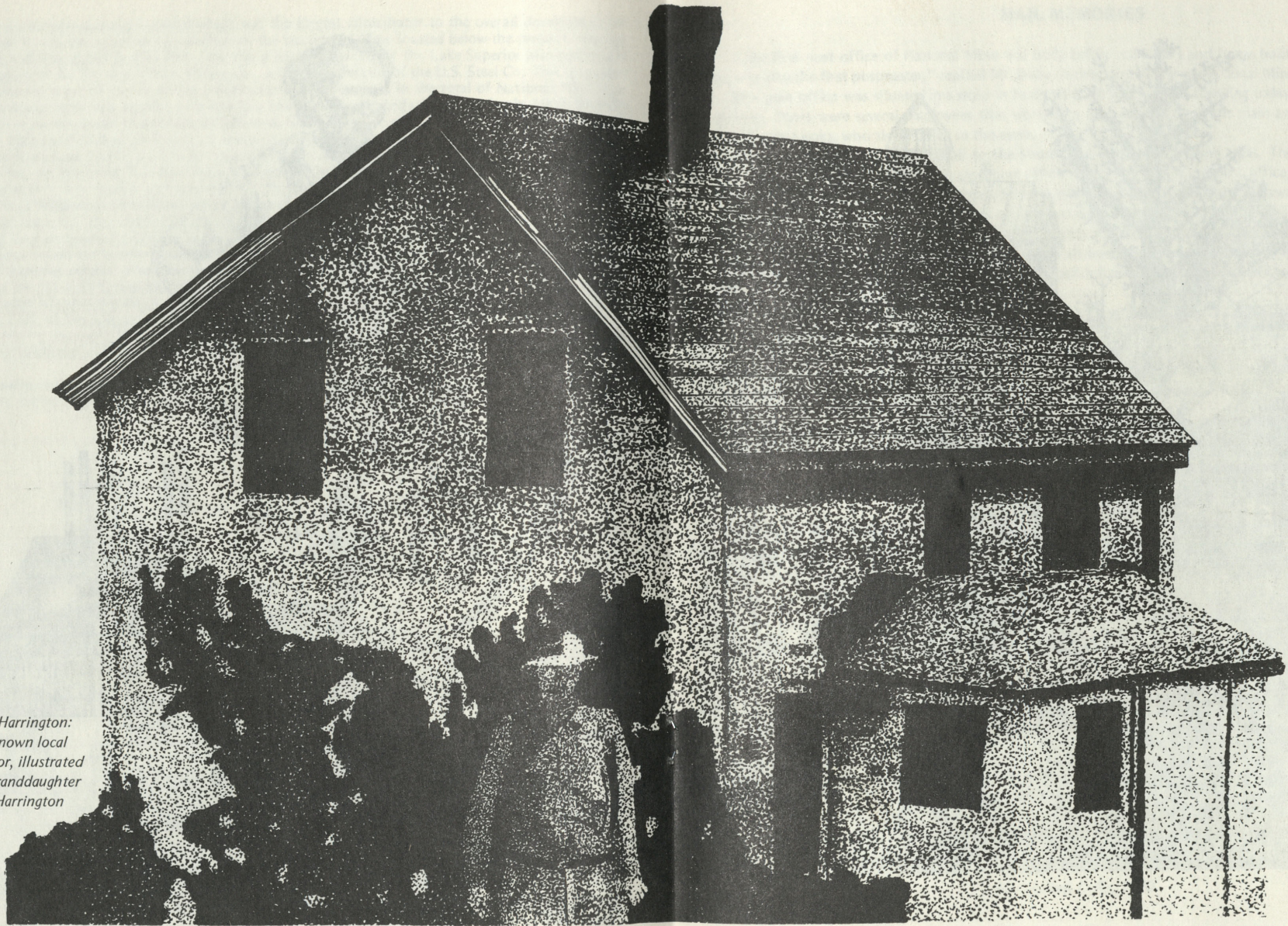


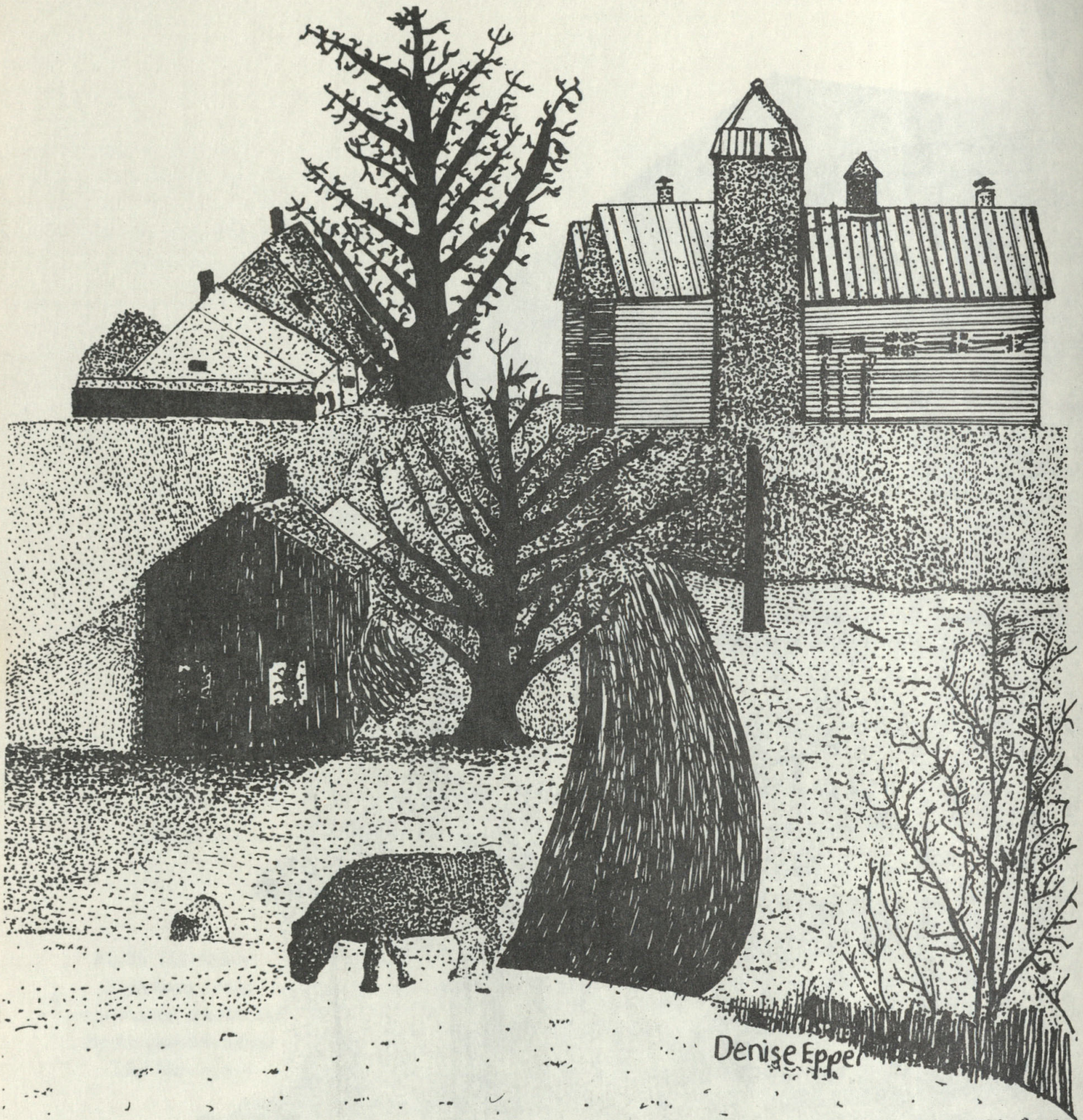
Jerry Morcom



Kellie Gleason

*Phillip Harrington:
Well-known local
contractor, illustrated
by his granddaughter
Lisa Harrington*





Denise Epper

MAIL MEMORIES

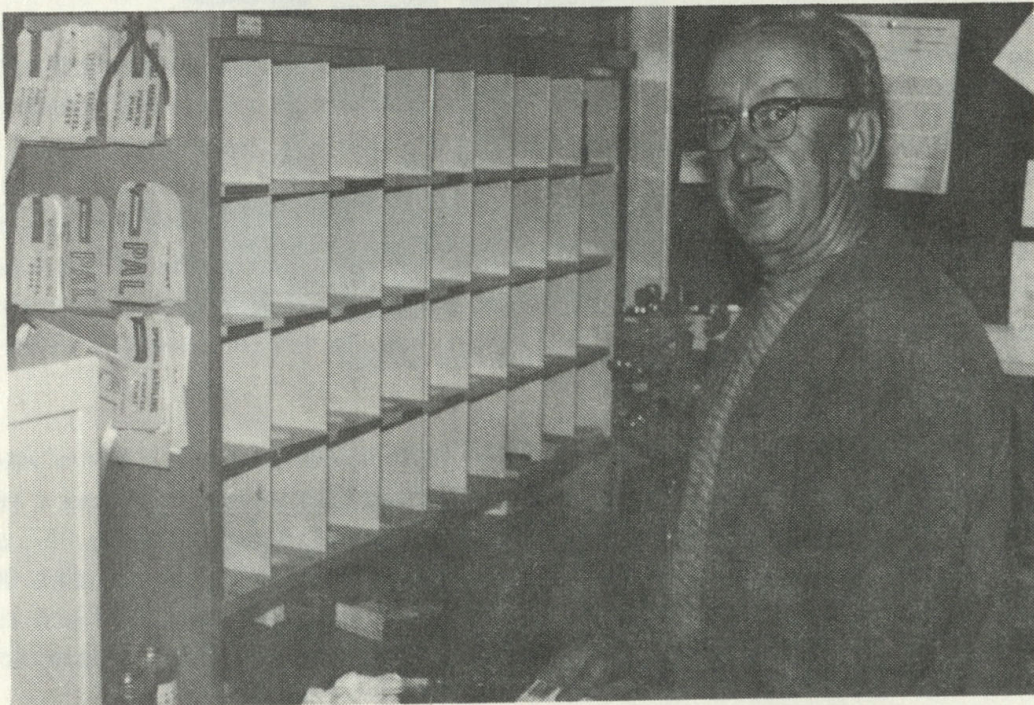
"The first post office of National Mine was built before the 1900's and it was built by James Lucks and he was also the first postmaster," replied Mr. Dally, retired postmaster of National Mine.

The post office was situated in a store in National Mine which is still standing today (Mr. Frank Moody's garage). There were several employees that worked in the post office but the main assistant was his daughter, Maude Lucks, who also worked in the store.

The post office didn't deliver mail to the house as is now done in some areas. The mail in former days was carried by a buggy from Ishpeming post office to the National Mine post office. In the winter it was transported on a sleigh. People had "call boxes;" everyone came in and got their own mail. The call boxes came in different sizes. In a fourth class office they were 25 cents for three months or a \$1.00 a year for the small boxes. For size No. 2 boxes it was 35 cents for three months and \$1.40 for a year. Also there were the No. 5 boxes that the school, store, and all businesses had. The school's boxes were 50 cents a month or \$2.00 a year. A change came when the lock boxes were installed and prices went up according to revenue levels.

The post office hours were 8:00 a.m. until 12:00 p.m. weekdays and 1:00 p.m. until 5:00 p.m. on Saturdays. During the Christmas holidays the post office was open a full day on Saturdays. In 1956, they installed a new messenger service and Mildred Dally was the first female messenger to carry the mail. There were two pick-ups daily at the Ishpeming Post Office, at 8:30 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. Following the last pickup Mrs. Dally returned to National Mine by 4:00 p.m. This gave customers one hour to get their mail before closing. She performed this job for 27 years.

"We had a lot of great memories in as far as the post office is concerned," Mr. Dally said smiling, "National Mine is a well-knit town and the cooperation I had while I was a postmaster was really terrific!"



Mr. William Dally, 1970

He continued, "what puzzled me was when the Finnish people would come in and they mail packages to Finland, and some people, the way they wrapped the packages is unbelievable. The time they spent so it would get to its destination," Mr. Dally shakes his head.

"The thing I can remember most," said Mr. Dally, "was when Art Antilla, Henry Aho, Mrs. Larson, and the different retirees would come over and the mail would come in at 8:30 in the morning and they would generally be there waiting for their mail. They reminisced and told about the old times and that was great to stand behind there and put the mail in the boxes and listen to these people talk and tell them about what's going on. You knew what the neighbors were doing." Mr. Dally said grinning.

"National Mine does not have a post office today. It was put on a rural route out of Ishpeming. The post office closed February 15, 1976," said Mr. Dally. "My wife, Mildred I. Dally, was put officer in charge after I retired in 1975 and they never made a post office out of it. They figured Ishpeming being three miles away, they could save money by putting it on a rural route."

Cathy Platt



Last National Mine Post Office

THE BACKBONE OF EDUCATION

Mr. Bill Peterson, having worked in education all his life, believes strongly in learning to live with rules. As he says, "Even though there are rules to go by, I think you can enjoy life. I think people who don't have any rules, don't enjoy life."

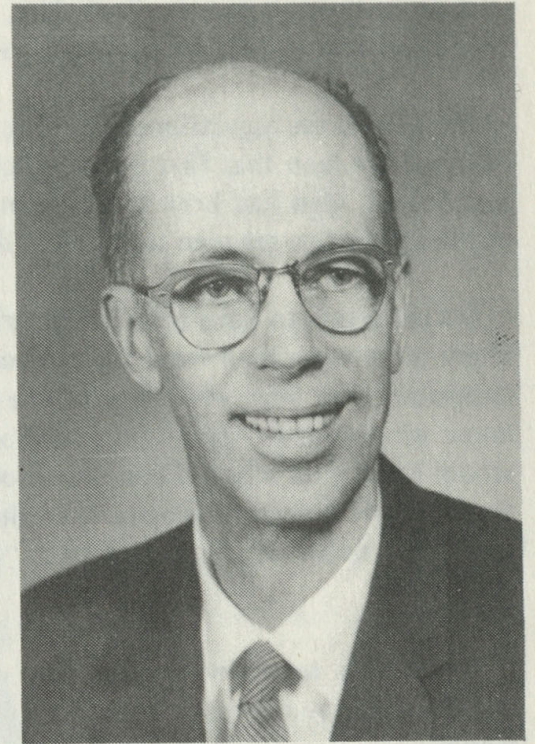
Mr. Peterson began his own education in 1911, graduating from high school in 1924. He went on to college and graduated from Marquette Normal School, now Northern Michigan University. From there he took his first job as principal and teacher of the seventh and eighth grades at the West Ishpeming School. Next he moved to the Ishpeming Grammar School as principal of the junior high in 1935. In 1942, he became principal of the high school in Ishpeming. Ten years later, he became superintendent of schools, retiring from that position in 1970.

Mr. Peterson had pride in his teaching staff and confidence in their ability to educate their students. The seventh and eighth graders were required to take a state examination at the end of the year. If they didn't pass this exam they weren't promoted to the next grade. Mr. Peterson recalls correcting all the tests and rating all the students. He said it was quite interesting to see how the students worked and how different teachers were able to teach the students. So, overall the examinations were just as much a check on the effectiveness of the teachers, as a test of what the students were doing.

Teachers had many rules dictating their behavior, which were much different and more stringent than what they are today. There were no married teachers at that time. If a lady got married, that meant she was through with her teaching career. The teachers were expected at school by eight o'clock in the morning and had to stay until four o'clock in the afternoon. Many teachers would come earlier and stay later even though it was not required by the contract. As far as clothing was concerned, slacks, weren't permitted, a dress was required. All of the teachers were supposed to be a moral example for their students. They weren't supposed to be seen in places such as taverns. Rules for the teachers made their life quite restrictive. They weren't supposed to have any sort of bad habits. Smoking, for example, was something that was forbidden.

The teachers weren't paid very much then. Mr. Peterson began as principal at West Ishpeming earning \$1,100 dollars a year. The highest paid teacher was \$60 a month. Just before the Depression salaries did go up a little, to \$80 dollars a month. When Mr. Peterson moved to the Grammar School as principal, he received \$1,200 dollars a year. The highest paid teacher there was still earning only \$80 a month. Some of those teachers had been there when Mr. Peterson was a student. It did seem quite unfair to him that they should only be receiving \$80 a month.

The first strike in the state of Michigan was in Ishpeming and it wasn't for a higher salary. This strike was at the Division Street School, which was a three story building. It was in the late 1800's, so there was no



furnace in the school. What they had was an old coal stove in each room, and each teacher had to take care of their own stove. The coal was in the basement and each teacher was given a skuttle or pail to carry the coal up to their classroom. Therefore, the teachers, were striking because they refused to carry the coal to their classrooms which were sometimes located on the second and third floors of the building.

In 1935-36 the regulations regarding married women began to relax and more men began to teach school. Many of the men that first began teaching thought that it would be rather unmanly to teach in the Grammar School. Men had been teaching in the high school for quite a few years, but it became more common as years passed to see men teaching in the elementary and junior high schools.

School seems to have been more strict for students then. Mr. Peterson told a story which illustrates this. Every three years men from the University of Michigan would come to examine the schools. Mr. Peterson remembers one year when one of the men came to him and said, "I want to tell you something. I don't know what kind of school you run, because I'm just coming here and I've never been here before. Your school is the first school I ever saw brooms outside the door, and the students using those brooms to sweep the snow off before they came into the school" When the man was ready to leave after visiting classes, he came back to Mr. Peterson and said, "I think your school is just as good as the idea of brushing snow off your feet."

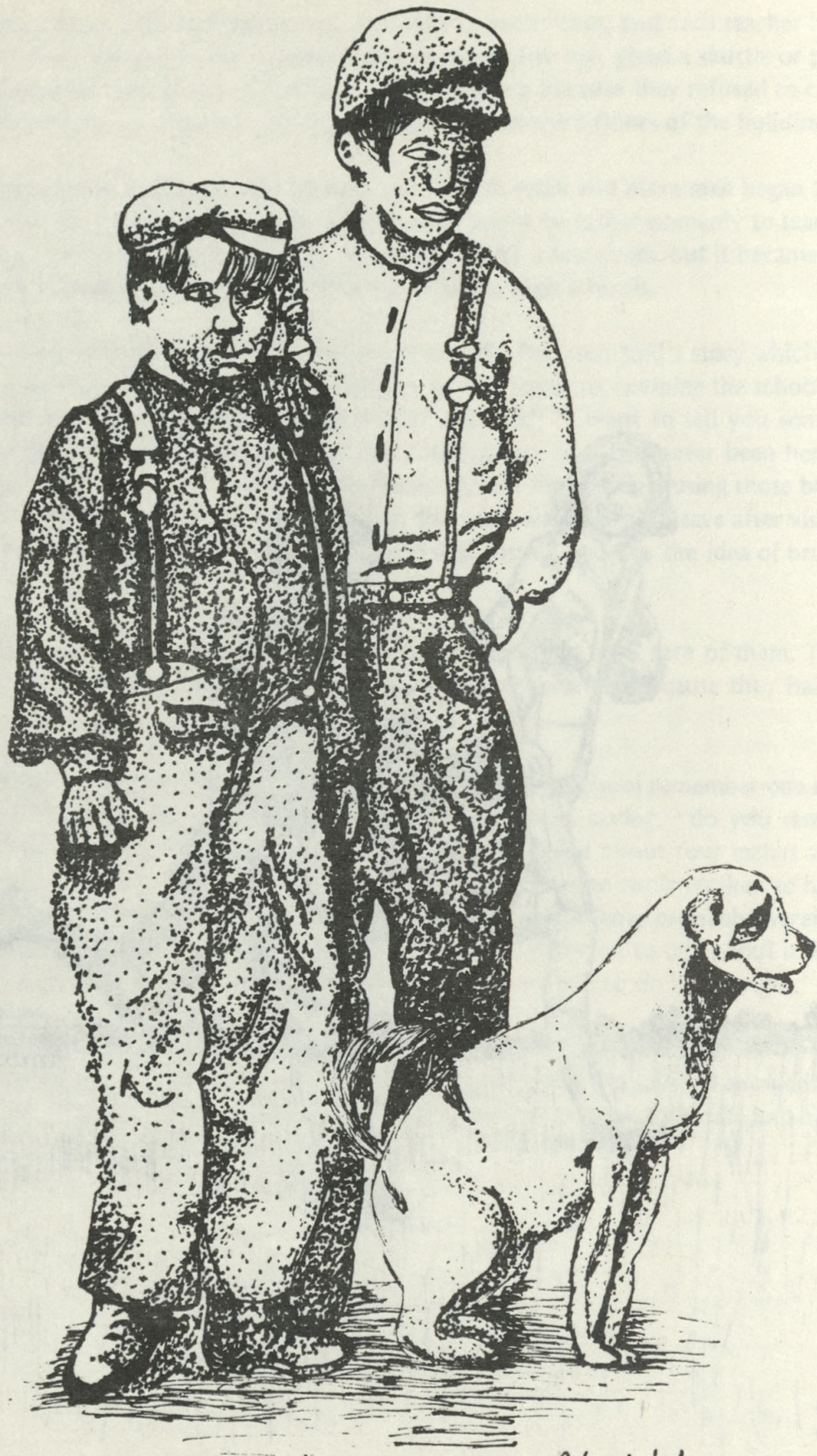
The schools were always clean and well kept, because the students took care of them. They could have thrown paper and messed everything up, but students followed the rules because they had pride in their school.

Many of Mr. Peterson's former students from the West Ishpeming School remember one method of punishment. Often they'll come up to him and make the wise crack saying, "do you remember 'Bobby Burns'?" Well, "Bobby Burns" was a paddle about three feet long and about four inches wide, which Mr. Peterson used at West Ishpeming. This paddle was used more to scare the students than to harm them. But, sometimes he would end up rapping a few of them. Though the students probably weren't too fond of "Bobby Burns" at that time, many students who would coax Mr. Peterson to talk about it would comment later, "Ya know, that was a good thing for us because we learned we had to do things right."

Mr. Peterson who has worked in education all his life, thorough the Depression, the hard times and low pay, has still managed to keep a positive attitude about his profession. He says, "I enjoyed going to school here as a student and all of my former classmates have commented on how fortunate and happy they were to be able to receive the fine education that they did."

Jill Pontti





Steve Hendrickson

UNEASY YEARS

"Well, you have to realize that orphanage living is not like home living." When I interviewed Mary Nelson these words summed up the whole interview. I, and many people, have pictured an orphanage as children in ragged clothes working their fingers to the bones. Mrs. Nelson's experience illustrates it was not like that at all, but it wasn't an easy life either.

Mrs. Nelson's first experience in an orphanage was as a baby. When her natural mother gave her up for adoption, she went to the Marquette Orphanage. The orphanage in which Mary spent most of her time was in Baraga, which was an all Indian orphanage.

Mary was adopted by a couple in Houghton. But when Mary was six, her adoptive mother became ill and her parents decided it would be better for her to stay at the Indian orphanage. There was some conflict about it at first, because she would be the only white child there. The decision was made for her to stay because it would be closer to home, when and if her mother recovered.

When asked if it was hard for her to adjust to being the only white child surrounded by a majority of Indians, Mary responded, "I think they had a harder time to adjust to me." She related a little story to me. When it was Saturday bath time, one little boy would always say, "When are you gonna' take a bath and wash off all that white powder?"

One of the questions I asked Mary was what an average day at the orphanage was like. She said it started around 6:00 in the morning, when everybody got dressed and went to the chapel. Mass and everything else at the orphanage was run by the Sisters of St. Agnase. At 6:30, mass ended, and everybody got dressed in their work clothes, and did their morning chores. After this they had breakfast, and went to school which started at 9:00. School at the orphanage was like any other school at that time. This school started at first grade and went up to the eighth grade. Upon completion of the eighth grade, they went to the high school on the reservation.



Mrs. Mary Nelson on right

UNEASY YEARS (Continued)

At 3:00 the school doors closed and everyone went back to their quarters, changed clothes and did various chores. Some went to do the laundry, while some went to do chores that had to be done outside. Since there was a large farm on this orphanage, the boys went to the barns and did their chores. After evening chores were finished, it was time for supper.

Most of the time the main diet consisted of meat products such as bear and deer. The reason for this was that every time a bear or deer was killed illegally or by accident the Conservation Dept. at that time would take it over, and bring it to the orphanage. This enabled the orphanage to have an ample supply of bear meat and venison all year.

When supper was over, they had supper dishes and other chores to do. After all the chores were done, they did homework or had a recreation hour, lasting from 6:30 until 7:30. Their day ended by getting ready for bed, and reciting evening prayers.

The orphanage was always kept clean and orderly. The children always expected to help, each had a special chore. Mary's special duty was to keep about 100 toothbrushes and glasses in order and keep the sinks shiny and clean.

Mary said the orphanage was very strict, due to all the age groups. These age groups ranged from newborns, to 18 year olds. Mary's reaction to treatment was, "It wasn't as good as we would have liked it to have been, but it was fair."

When I asked Mary about the punishments at the orphanage she bowed her head laughing. "That was one question you had to ask me, right?" She said a lot of times if your transgression wasn't too big, you would have to say a prayer, or something to that extent. She also mentioned if it was a great infraction, one of the BIG punishments was to have your dessert taken away for a week or two. "But with me," Mary replied, "mine was taken away for months!"

I was curious about the rules that she had broken to lose all those desserts. She told me it was because the boys and the girls were separated. "Because with me," she replied, again laughing, "one of the problems I always had was, I always was where I shouldn't be!" That, she said was one of her main reasons for receiving no dessert.

Since the orphanage didn't have much money, I had a hard time picturing Christmas there. I questioned Mary about holidays at the orphanage. She told me just before the holidays, around the beginning of November, they would rehearse for a lot of plays. They had singing and also a little band. Then in December different groups would come to visit. The Lions and the Knights of Columbus were two who visited. They would come on special evenings and the children would perform for them. Different groups gave gifts and other treats. "A chocolate," Mary added, "that was the biggest thing we could ask for." Mary also stated that the only time they did see treats like these was around the holidays.

Another question that came to mind was what it was like to adjust to every day living after such a long time span in the orphanage. "The adjustment from the orphanage back to, you know, back to my parents was really difficult. The reason for this being because of all the other things other children were doing. Things like, roller skating, going to the movies, and going to the circus were all new things. Even a little thing like sitting next to a boy in school was a totally new experience, due to the fact that in the orphanage I wasn't allowed to mingle with boys." She also said in a quiet voice, "Knowing that someone cared, it was hard to take."

In conclusion I asked Mary about the attitudes of most children at the orphanage. Mary replied, and summarized by saying, "you know you're there because there's no other place for you to go."

Michael Isaacson

NOT FOR A MILLION BUCKS

"I wouldn't have wanted to miss it for a million dollars, but I wouldn't want to go through it again for another million."

This was one of Ted Honkala's thoughts when thinking back to the time he was in the war. During the war, he was wounded three separate times. The first time was June 25, 1944. He was in the hospital until July 23, when he was released and returned to his unit. He was again wounded on July 25, receiving a small fractural wound which was treated at the aid station, allowing him to continue in the fighting. The third time he was wounded was on August 28, 1944. He was flown to the general hospital in England, remaining there until November. Then, returning to France, he was assigned to give infantry training to people from other branches of the service. Encountering many ordeals proved to be quite an experience for a young twenty-two year old man. He was in the service a total of 3 years, 4 months, and 5 days.

I'm sure most Americans have not thought of how difficult it is to be in a war. It required extensive training, which was usually hard. They had good barracks and comfortable bunks to sleep in, and regular chow at the usual times. They also could take showers as often as they wanted and they got clean clothes at least once a week.

During training, Ted Honkala did a lot of traveling, and was in many states. For example, he was in Arizona, Florida, Tennessee, Virginia and Kansas for various types of training. Traveling from the different training camps was on troop trains. There were a few occasions he especially remembers. One, he killed a five foot rattlesnake with the bayonet on his rifle. He also recalls having to sleep in a foot of snow on the Kansas plains. Can you imagine how cold that would be?

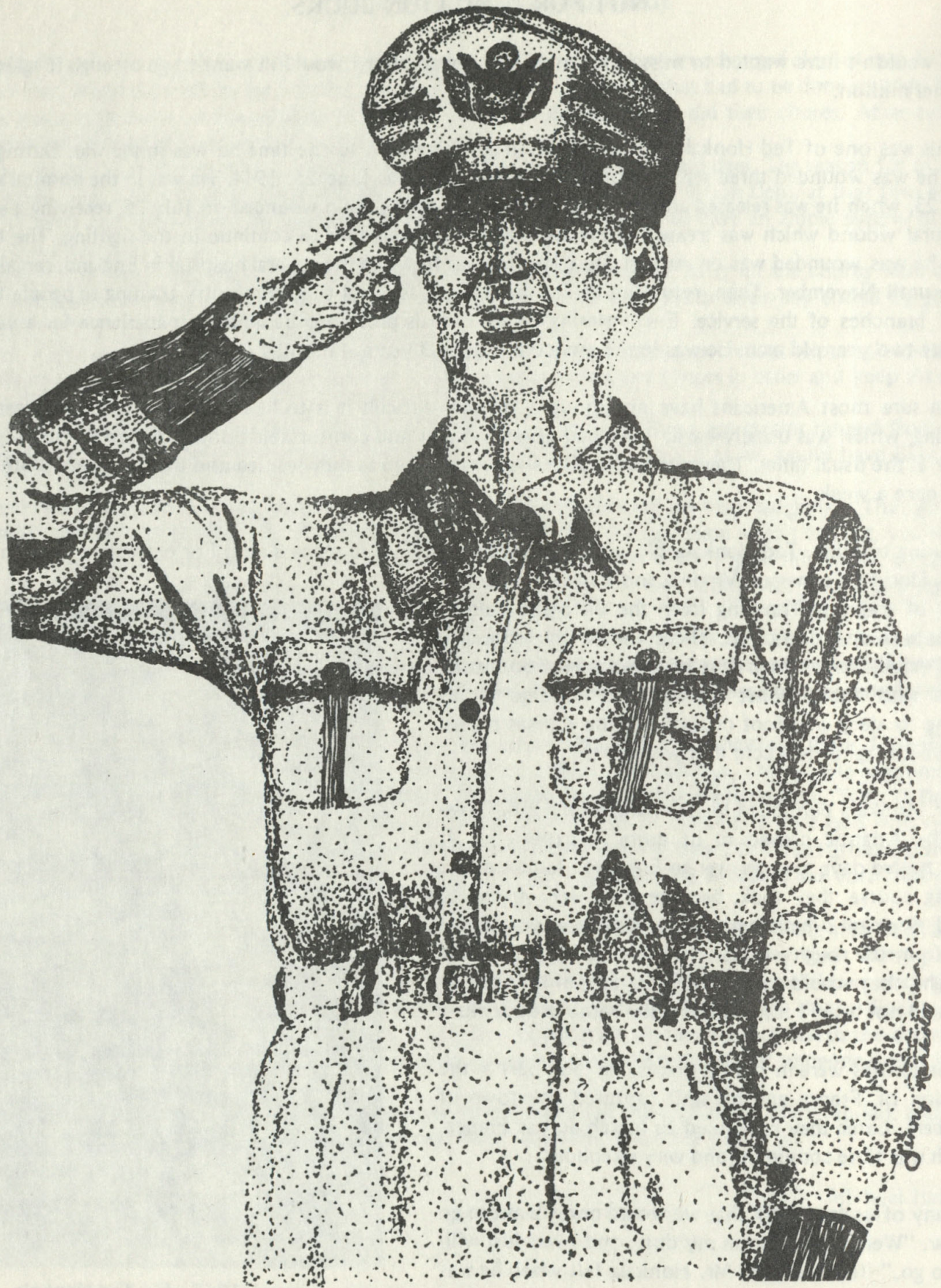
Mr. Honkala continued his training in England. Crossing the Atlantic proved to be quite an experience. It took twelve days to cross over to England because of the zig-zag course they took, because they were trying to avoid German submarines. There were many men sea sick from the rough weather. To remain undetected, late at night, they would empty the garbage from the ship, so it would not leave a trail revealing the route they took.

The battles were in various places. He took part in the invasion of France and his unit captured the town of Sherbert. Later they continued to march across France, which was time consuming and very strenuous.

Many of us may think that we would never want to go to war. "Well, I knew it was my duty, and I was just willing to go." This was how Mr. Honkala felt when he was



France - 1945 - Mr. Ted Honkala

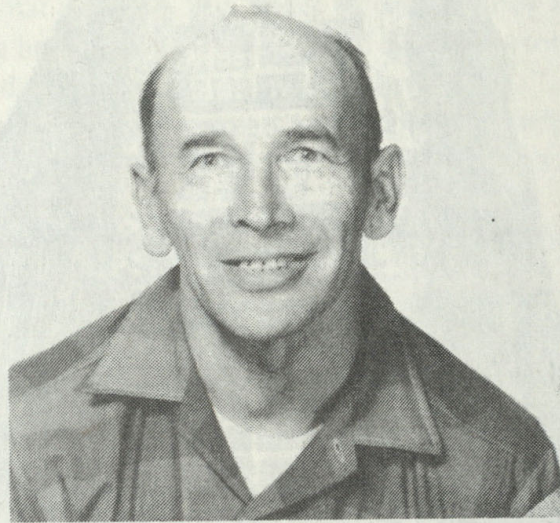


Illustrated by Jenny Kahkola

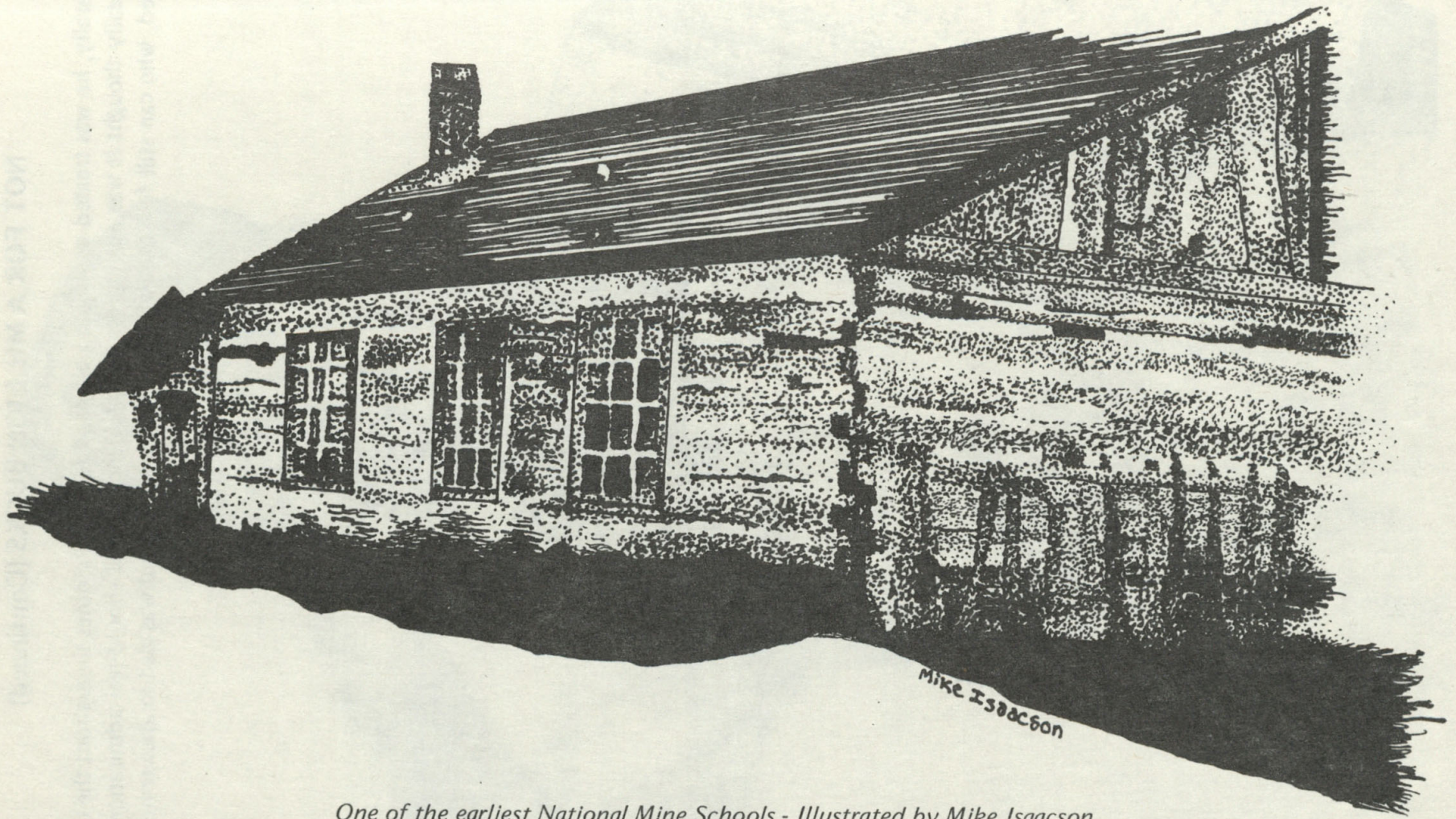
NOT FOR A MILLION BUCKS (Continued)

drafted. Generally, he was treated good and had good food and clothes throughout the time he was in the service. He really thought it was an interesting experience. We all should feel admiration for a man three times wounded, who can still feel that what he did was needed and was glad to answer his country's call to duty.

Katie Kuopus



Mr. Ted Honkala - 1976



One of the earliest National Mine Schools - Illustrated by Mike Isaacson

RECIPE FOR SUCCESS

"We had meat pies and chili, (that was a big bowl of chili). The meat pies were good, the stew was very good." Those and other foods such as fried chicken, turkey and shepherds pie were served at National Mine School when Andrea Anderson was the cook. The food was all made right in the kitchen of National Mine School and was a type "A" lunch.

"We served what was called by the United States Government, a type "A" lunch that had to include meat. Protein, we should say, that was fish, eggs, meat or cheese. They had to have that and they had to have milk and they had to have bread and all these things." Mrs. Anderson explained if by chance she made it wrong, the school was turned down for its' money for that month. ". . .so believe me, I had to be sure that the money coming from the federal government would come.'. Nutritional lunches weren't Mrs. Anderson's only responsibilities, she had to worry about other regulations, such as cleanliness of the kitchen.

A lot had changed from when she was a little girl going to a small country school. A paper bag was her source of lunch, because schools did not yet provide hot lunch programs. Transportation to school was different then it is today. Mrs. Anderson recalls, ". . .one time there was a man who had the job of taking us to the school. He drove an old grey horse, and you could walk much faster than you could get in that wagon and ride, or sled in the winter time. We just piled ourselves in on top of the straw that was heated with a few bricks."

During her high school years at Ishpeming High School, she found getting there was one of the toughest jobs. ". . .I walked five miles to the high school." Mrs. Anderson remembers. She, and two other girls walking to a school that was so far away worried Mrs. Anderson's mother. Mrs. Anderson's mother formed a petition and got people to sign it from around the township to persuade the school board to give help to the girls in getting to school. Persistence paid off, for the school board agreed on ten dollars a month for "shoe leather." After that she stayed in Ishpeming with three other girls paying rent with the ten dollars they got from the school board.

After high school, Mrs. Anderson became a teacher by passing an exam and promising to go to the Marquette Normal, the present Northern Michigan University for six weeks. She taught in a small country school but each year she had to go back and pass another exam which allowed her to continue teaching.

Mrs. Anderson had another chance to teach during the Depression when she was married and had children. She said to her husband, "well I will teach school. I still have my certification, I can still teach school." But the school specified, "No married teachers. We have to give the men who are teachers a chance to work."

Mrs. Anderson persuaded Mr. Anderson to find work based on an ad she'd seen. "But how am I going to get it?" asked Mr. Anderson. The school wanted both a bus and driver to bring the children to school.

"I'll write the letter and you'll promise that you will have insurance and a bus." Mrs. Anderson replied.

RECIPE FOR SUCCESS (Continued)

But all the Anderson's had was the land they were living on, an old house and a barn. Mrs. Anderson told him the story of a man in Humboldt who had buckets of money in his basement. So Mr. Anderson went to inquire about his helping them to buy a bus. The man from Humboldt replied, "Well, I already buy five, I s'pose I can buy one more." In this way the Andersons got the bus and contract. Each time Mr. Anderson was paid, it would be minus what he owed the man. Mr. Anderson also had to keep the bus clean, put in his own gasoline and oil, repairing it if needed. As the area got more populated, a bigger bus was necessary.

"We didn't have all the money for it, but we had credit," Mrs. Anderson said. Mr. Anderson drove the bus for seven years.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson's life demonstrates a receipt for success. The ingredients are lots of resourcefulness, heaps of persistence, and a pinch of gumption.

Robert D. Garrett



Mrs. Andrea Anderson



Mr. Jackson, whose family mortuary business serviced the National Mine area for generations indicates his father's graduation photo.

FUNERAL SERVICES OF THE PAST

“Once in the 30’s a body was being shipped by the Chicago and Northwest Railroad from Chicago to Ishpeming in the baggage car. The fare for shipping was double the passenger rate. The baggage car employee put the casket and body off at Escanaba. The train came to Ishpeming without the casket and the funeral was to be held the next day. The Ishpeming office of the railroad notified the Chicago office. They had a special train made up in Escanaba to include an engineer, firemen, and others to bring the casket and deceased that same day to Ishpeming,” related Mr. Jackson when asked about any unusual happenings in his many years as a funeral director. Mr. Jackson, a former mortician, continued the mortuary business that his father began many years before.

Funerals were usually held in the churches with the viewing of the body at the residence of the deceased during the day before the funeral or perhaps even two nights and days before the funeral. The funeral procession would organize at the residence and then to the church, finally to the cemetery with lunch afterwards at the church.

FUNERAL SERVICES OF THE PAST (Continued)

In the 1930's Morgan Heights Sanitarium required the body to be removed in the night or darkness so the patients would not see the hearse. Before motorized equipment, horse drawn wagons and hearses were used. The city cemetery and also the township cemeteries used to keep burials in the winter vault building until spring and then the body and casket would be buried in the ground after the snow was gone.

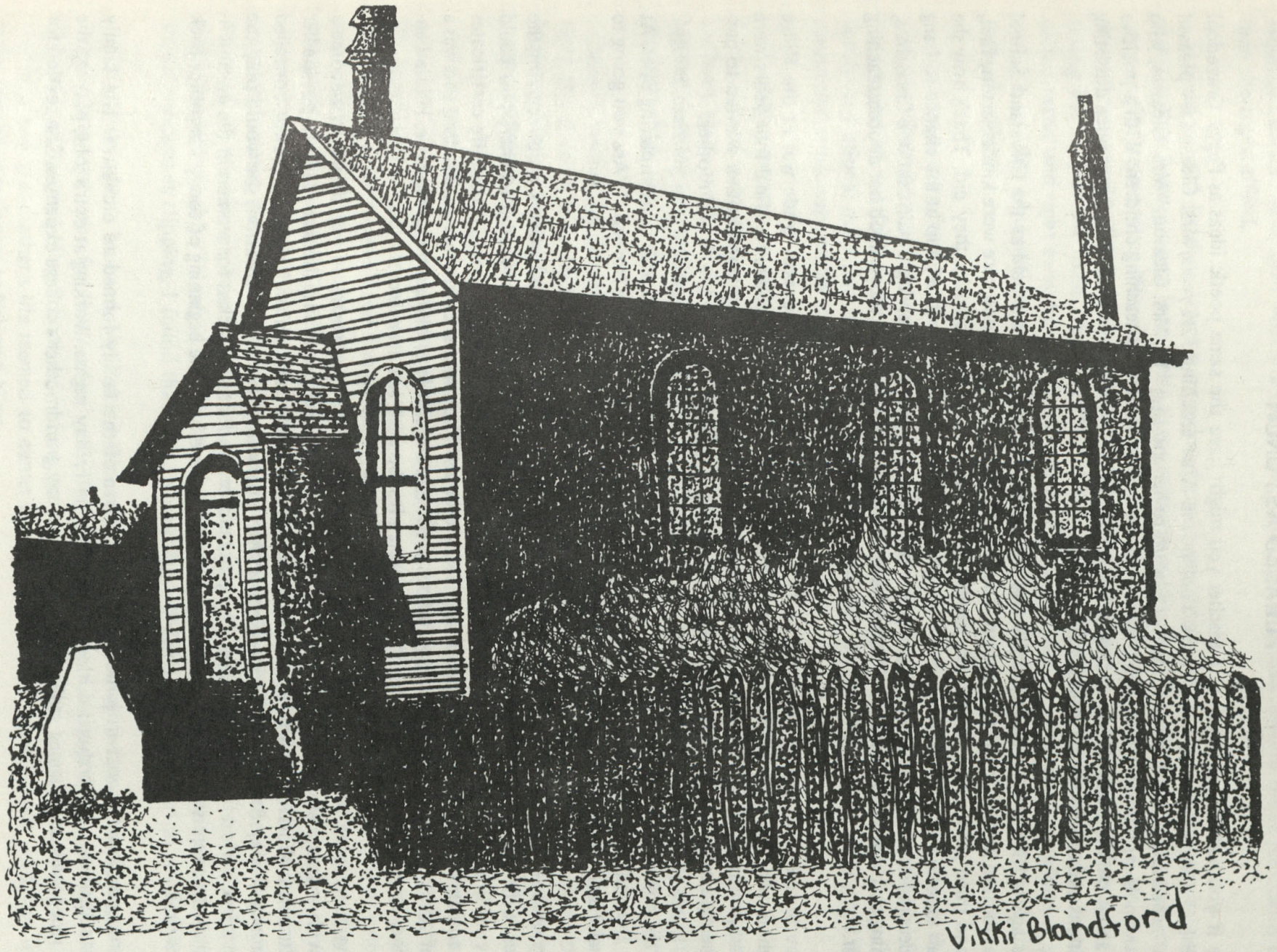
Part of a mortician's duties involved preparing the body for the funeral service. Before the funeral the body had to be embalmed. Embalming began in 1915 or about then in Ishpeming. This practice had been used many centuries ago by Egyptians who had a type of embalming process.

Before the 1930's, embalming was done at the family home. The undertaker would bring his equipment, which included a type of folding wood table called a cooling board. The undertaker would wash the body; if it was a male he would be shaved. The embalming process begins with the undertaker bringing his pint bottles of embalming fluid. This was a solution of formaldehyde, and he would dilute those with water to make 2 or 3 gallons of liquid. He would inject into an artery and place a metal tube into a vein. The solution would flow from a glass bottle suspended about 4 feet above the body and the blood would drain out the vein into a pail and be thrown away. After the arterial transfusion, the pint or so of concentrated formaldehyde fluid would be injected into the abdominal and lung cavity by a 24 inch needle. Finally, the body would be cleaned, dressed and placed into a casket. Caskets were made in furniture stores before 1900, but later casket factories started making them.

The cost of a funeral in the 1940's would be about \$700, which would include metal casket, embalming and the use of the hearse.

I was grateful to Mr. Jackson for sharing his expertise and the experience of his many years as a funeral director. Mr. Jackson told me a lot of very interesting facts about the funeral business.

Tom Farley



English Methodist Church, National Mine 1910 - Illustrated by Vikki Blandford

“PLEASED AS PUNCH”

Maybe if you had Mrs. Gleason as a teacher you might have the same poetic ideas as Peggy Gravedoni Cloninger had when she wrote her “Thank You” poem. After teaching 32½ years, Mrs. Gleason is “pleased as punch” when any of her former students come up to her and say, “Hi, Mrs. Gleason.” Mrs. Gleason, who is my grandmother, had devoted almost all her talents and education to teaching children. With a positive attitude about children and their education, my grandmother evolved into a teacher, never once doubting the ambitions and dreams which guided her.

At the age of five, she began her childhood education. Kindergarten was held at the Cleveland School which was located in the Cleveland location. The four grades that were housed here were kindergarten, first, second, and third grades. She thoroughly enjoyed her teachers and the activities they did. That’s how she first began to seriously think about becoming a teacher. My grandmother would jump at the chance to hang holiday decorations on the bulletin board or on the school windows. Receiving a paint set one Christmas, and learning to paint and draw, also brought forth her artistic ability. This, too, helped her choose teaching as a career.

The fourth and fifth grades were taught at the Central School, while the sixth grade was at the Ridge Street School. The junior high, the old Grammar School, has since burned down. Her final four years were spent at Ishpeming High School. Contrary to most young women’s plans, my grandmother wanted to pursue a higher education. My grandmother’s aspirations went beyond being only a wife and mother.

“I started college in the summer term of 1925,” my grandmother recalled with contemplating eyes. At the time, the college wasn’t Northern Michigan University, it was named, “the Normal.” “Are you going to the Normal?” people then would ask.

At that time the state didn’t demand four year degrees. The majority of the students were receiving life certificates. Life certificates were meant for any kind of teaching job. If you were a teacher, you could teach all your life and didn’t have to go back for any additional schooling. You could obtain life certificates by going to summer school or taking correspondence courses. The summer before her graduation, she was a student of Aaron Bohrod. He was a very famous artist and a resident of Marquette at the time. He had encouraged her to keep interested in art and it has been a hobby with her ever since.

Working to support her economic needs through college really demonstrated her desire to become a teacher. With a little help from her uncle Will Bradley, and the proper funds, she was ready to pursue her higher education. Working at the Penny Store on Saturdays for two dollars a day, she slowly compiled enough money to pay for her basic college needs. While pursuing her college education, she would play the piano every free period for a special class. The gym teacher conducted this class for women in the community who liked to exercise to help them reduce. Could this have been the beginning of today’s aerobics back in the twenties?

When my grandmother was in junior high, the children of the family formed an orchestra. The family played for receptions at Northern during one summer on Friday nights. Working at extra jobs, playing the piano for receptions and dances still wasn’t enough for my grandmother’s college expenses. She settled for

required courses rather than what she really longed for, since courses beyond the requirements cost more than she could afford.

Her uncle, Will Bradley, was a tremendous help in encouraging her to develop her musical and artistic abilities. Will Bradley was a local artist that went away and made a name for himself. His greatest paintings hang in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, and in San Diego, California. Mr. Bradley came to visit my grandmother's family in the fall of her first year in college. He happened to ask if she were taking the subject she liked. She said, "no." He became interested in what she desired to take. She suggested music and right away he said, "You just go and fix up your courses, and take whatever you want, and I'll see that you will get your money." From then on, she received a generous check to help her through college.

After graduating from Northern Michigan University in 1927, she taught Bible school during the summer months. When she returned home, she was curious if she were going to have a job in the fall. Her first teaching assignment was for one semester at Carlshend. With the help of her grandmother who knew the Moody family at National mine (Mr. Moody served on the School Board), she was hired and accepted the kindergarten and music supervisory duties at National Mine.

She began to teach kindergarten and music throughout the whole school. Quite a few years later, the School Board wanted to put in a French class and they hired a man named Mr. Pieti as a band teacher. She couldn't teach music to the whole school so Mr. Pieti took the junior high through the high school. Her regular teaching job, kindergarten, remained the same. In addition, she taught music K-6, and art classes in the junior high.

Sometimes her kindergarten class had only ten students, and other times she would have twenty-five. Only the children that lived in the town of National Mine could come to kindergarten, because they didn't have any kind of busing for the students that lived on the outskirts of town. Students could skip kindergarten, and move on to the first grade.

My grandmother, as the music teacher, often produced plays and operettas which were quite an extravaganza. Present teachers at National Mine School tell me that these programs were really something special. My grandmother would try to work the entire school population into her plays. Some grades would sing the themes, while others would audition for parts. Because of her musical talents, she was able to write all songs and scripts. All of the credit shouldn't shine on my grandmother, because other teachers also helped to make the plays a success. The National Mine Homemakers Club, as a community service project, assisted in costuming the cast. But, the greatest appreciation should be to the actors, singers, dancers, and stage hands. Everybody doing their part, no matter how small, contributed to the success of the whole program. Looking over all the newspaper articles, photos, and old programs my grandmother saved through the years, really showed me this. To me, it seemed that many people enjoyed watching these operettas. Reading over an old newspaper clipping, I found that over two hundred students had taken part in one certain operetta.

My grandmother's husband, Mr. Patrick Gleason, also helped with her programs. My grandpa was the industrial arts instructor for thirty-seven years. He often constructed stage props for the school programs. They met at National Mine School, fell in love, got married, and became a team. It is evident that my grandmother's and grandfather's life seemed to center around the National Mine School. Together they shared many special experiences at National Mine.



Mrs. Gleason dressed in a coat and hat purchased with her first pay check as a teacher.

PLEASED AS PUNCH (Continued)

As a basketball coach, my grandfather guided National Mine to become a power among small schools. Over the years, they won their share of honors, including the Upper Peninsula Class D Championship in 1929. The boys of 1929 brought glory to their school. He was honored, along with several other basketball coaches of this area, at a Silver University Coaches Club meeting held at Northern Michigan University. Unfortunately, I never met my grandfather because he died three years before I was born.

My grandmother retired in 1972, and was given this poem. I think it clearly expresses the thoughts of many of her former students.

THANK YOU

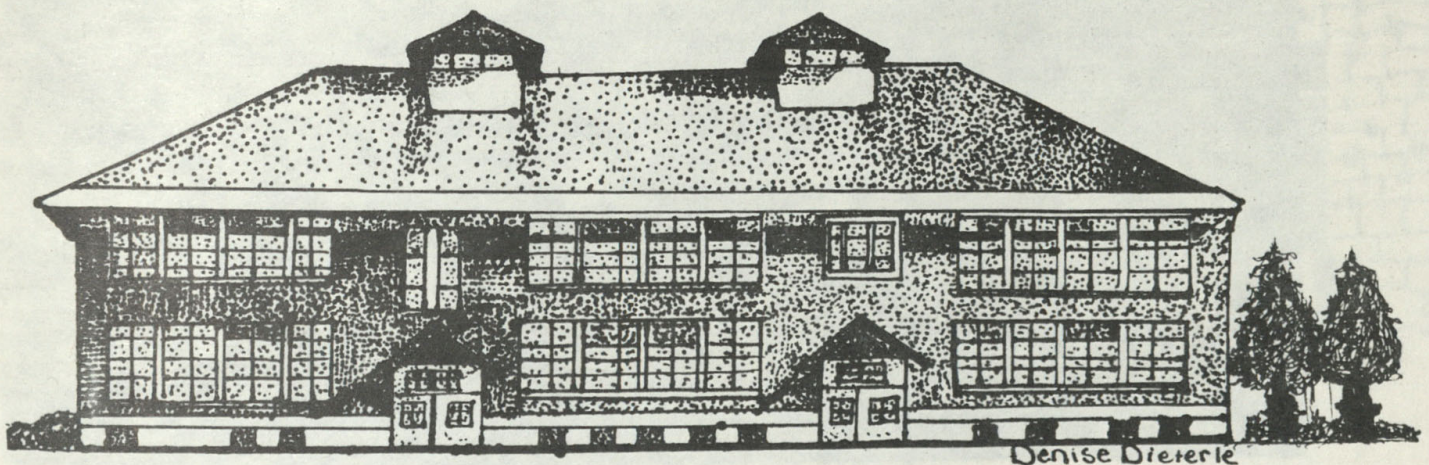
*You have given us . . .
more than music,
more than art, more than time . . .
you have given us love.*

*To us you have become . . .
the Christmas play,
our school song,
words that rhyme . . .
a special person full of love,*

*and so, because of you, we . . .
enjoy life more with music,
see the meaning in a song,
find happiness in memories,
and joy as life goes on,*

*We thank you Mrs. Gleason . . .
for helping us to grow,
for helping us to learn,
for helping us to know . . .
more about living . . . more about giving.*

Peggy Gravedoni Cloninger





One of Mr. Gleason's winning basketball teams - 1929.

OUR MANY TOWNSHIPS

The township of Ishpeming was formed on December 30, 1867. It consisted of parts of Marquette and Negaunee townships. Later on, parts of Ishpeming township were broken to form Ely and Forsyth townships. That was in 1871. In 1873 part of Ishpeming Township was made into Tilden Township. The final breakup in 1904 resulted in Powell Township. So Ishpeming Township was one of the earliest, largest townships.

The township was run the same way it is now with a supervisor, clerk and treasurer. However, in earlier days they had a health officer, a highway commissioner, a justice of the peace and several constables.

Meetings were not held at a regular board room but usually in the homes of the clerk or treasurer and their annual meetings were first held at the Deer Lake School. In 1910 they switched to the West Ishpeming School which was then called the Finnish Temple. In 1919 the meetings were held at the North Lake Club House, but most of the business was still conducted in the homes until the Township Hall was built in 1969. This building has a board room where meetings are now conducted.

The services, financed by the tax levy offered back in the early years, was used for bridge and road repair. Any remaining money was put into a contingency fund which was used for all general purposes. In the early days of the township, a yearly assessment was about \$1,000, in a year it rose to \$3,000. At present, the yearly budget is about \$150,000. Part of the budget comes from the tax assessment, but revenue is received from the state and the federal government.

Services offered by the township have steadily increased. The township has its own water system which was installed in 1947, and a sewer system, most of which was put in in 1962. Road repair is basically on contract to the county which means the township pays half and the county pays half. The township has street lighting, and most importantly fire protection, which was started in 1969.

The senior citizens in Ishpeming Township receive a discount on their water, sewer, and garbage bills. "We like for them to attend their Ishpeming Senior Center," said Mrs. Jandron. In addition the firemen do have a party every Christmas in our township just for our senior citizens.

The first record of women having anything to do with township government was in 1932, when the first two women served. Right now in township government three out of five people are women. The first person to purchase property in what is now Ishpeming Township was Eliza Duncan.

Ishpeming Township has experienced sizable growth, the 1980 census recorded 3,612 people. This growth could mean a different type of government or perhaps the use of computers to keep the township running smoothly.

Kelly Jandron

Current Ishpeming Township Fire Station

