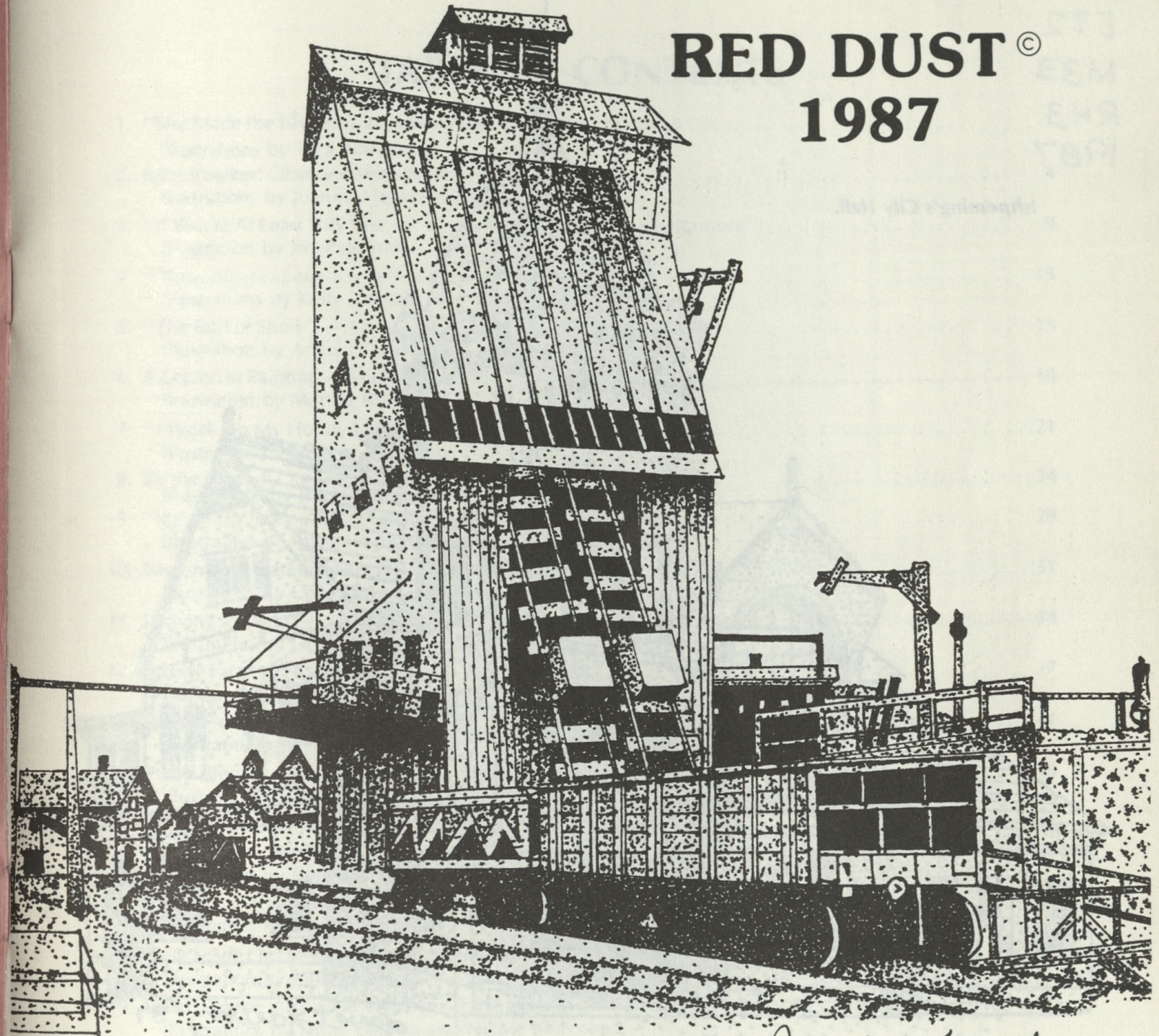


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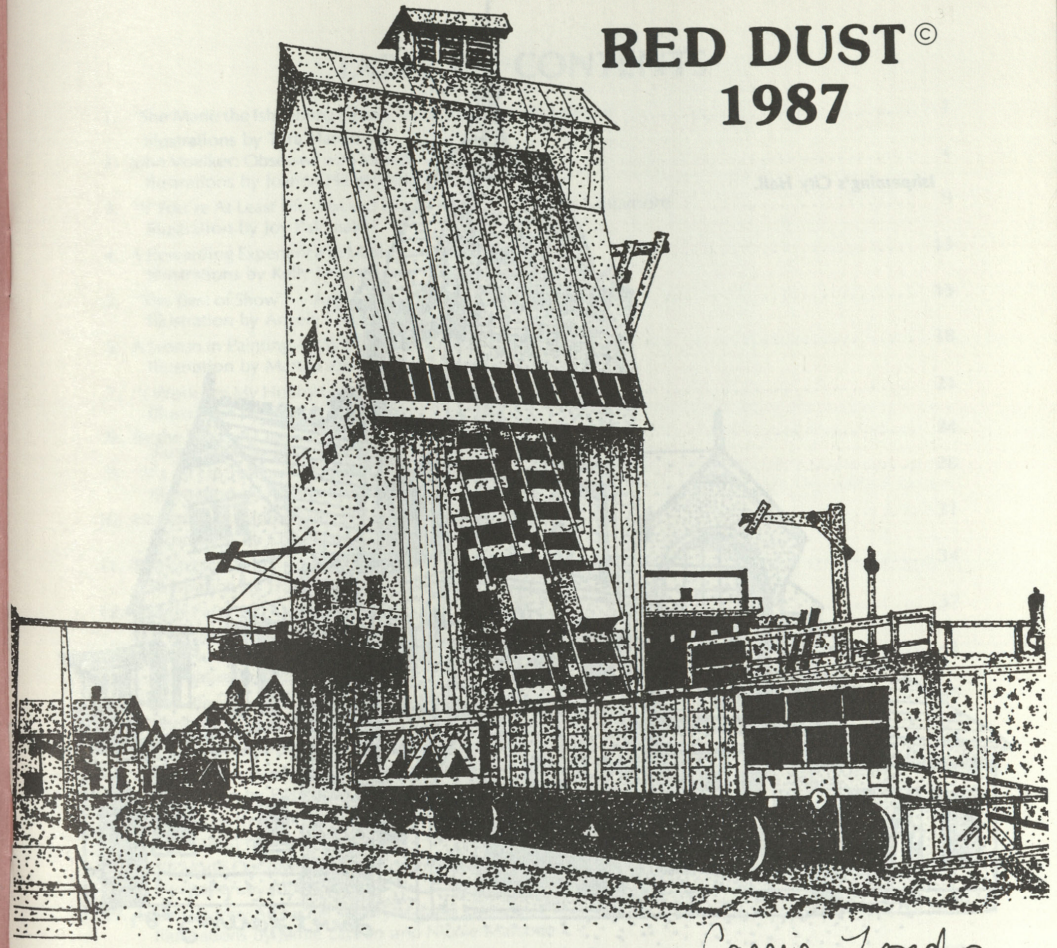


Carrie Zondo

No. 1 Crusher Plant, Lake Superior Mine.

Russ -
You have been
an inspiration to me
in my work of oral history.
Thank you all you've done!
Theresa

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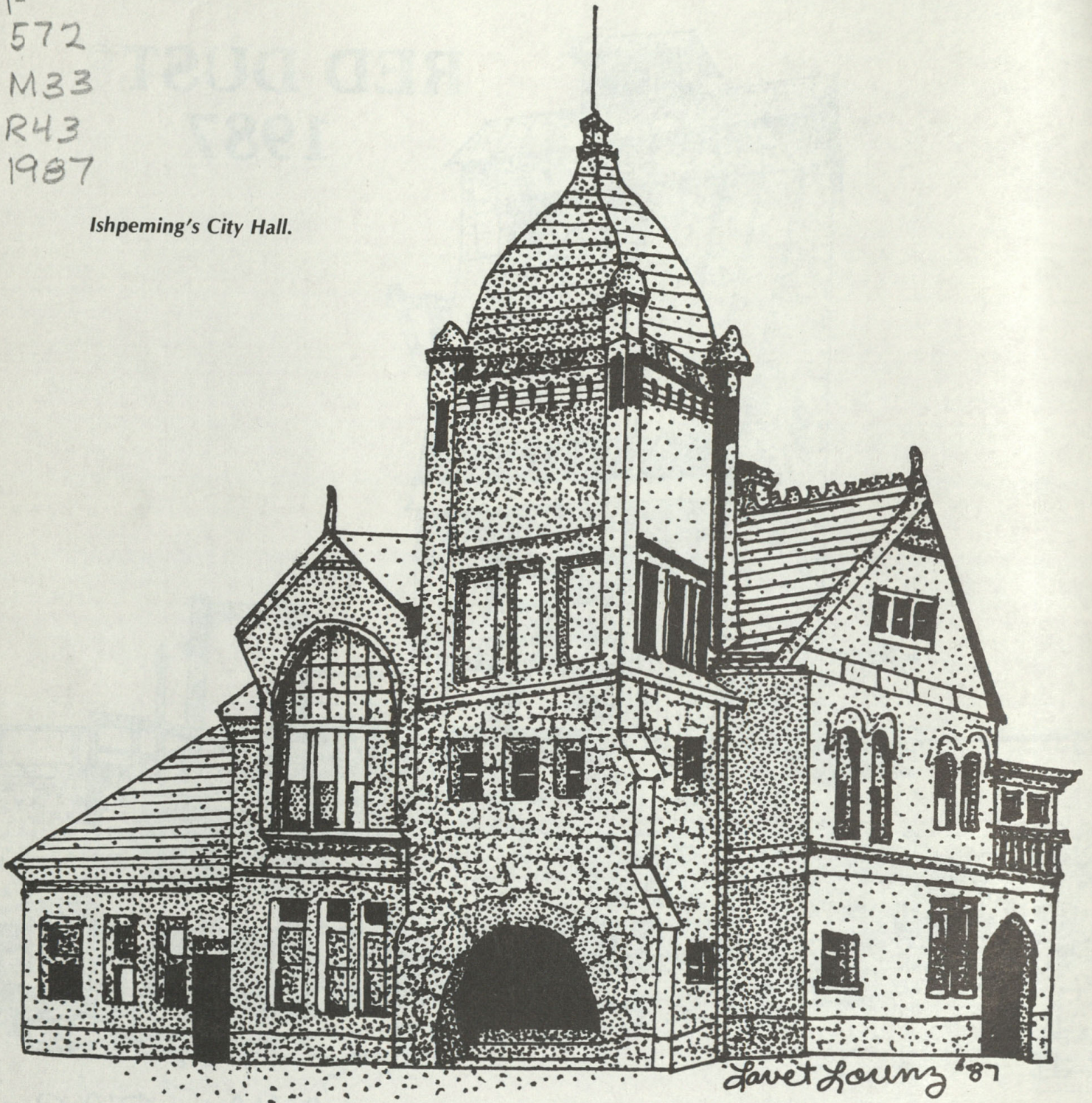


Carrie Zondo

No. 1 Crusher Plant, Lake Superior Mine.

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Ishpeming's City Hall.

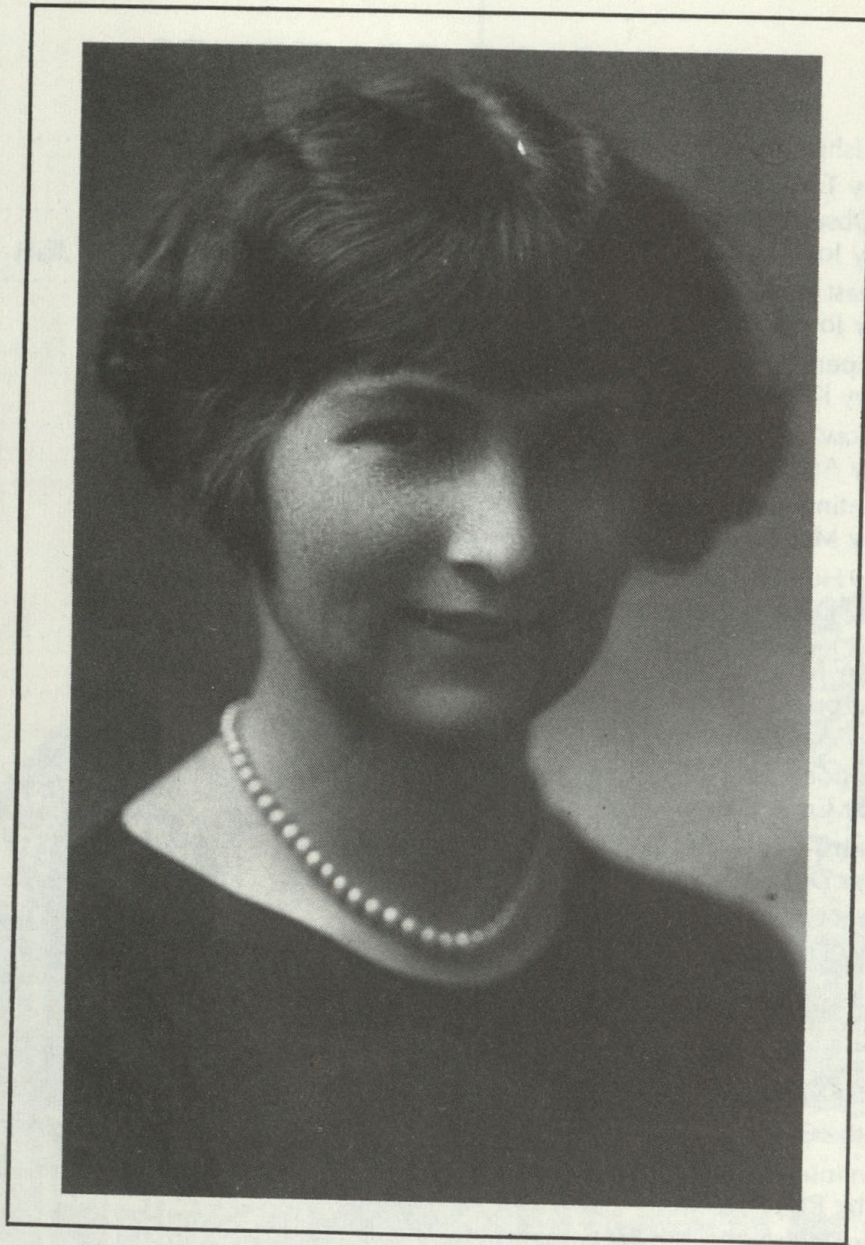


*Edited by Maxine Honkala, Sharon Richards and Bobbi Ameen
National Mine Middle School, National Mine, Michigan*

A special thanks to all who contributed their photographs.

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Miss Dundon as a young woman.

DEDICATION

Having been asked to be a judge for *Red Dust* since its first publication, I feel greatly honored to have been asked to write the dedication for Miss Dundon. I also feel very touched, as she was a very dear friend of mine.

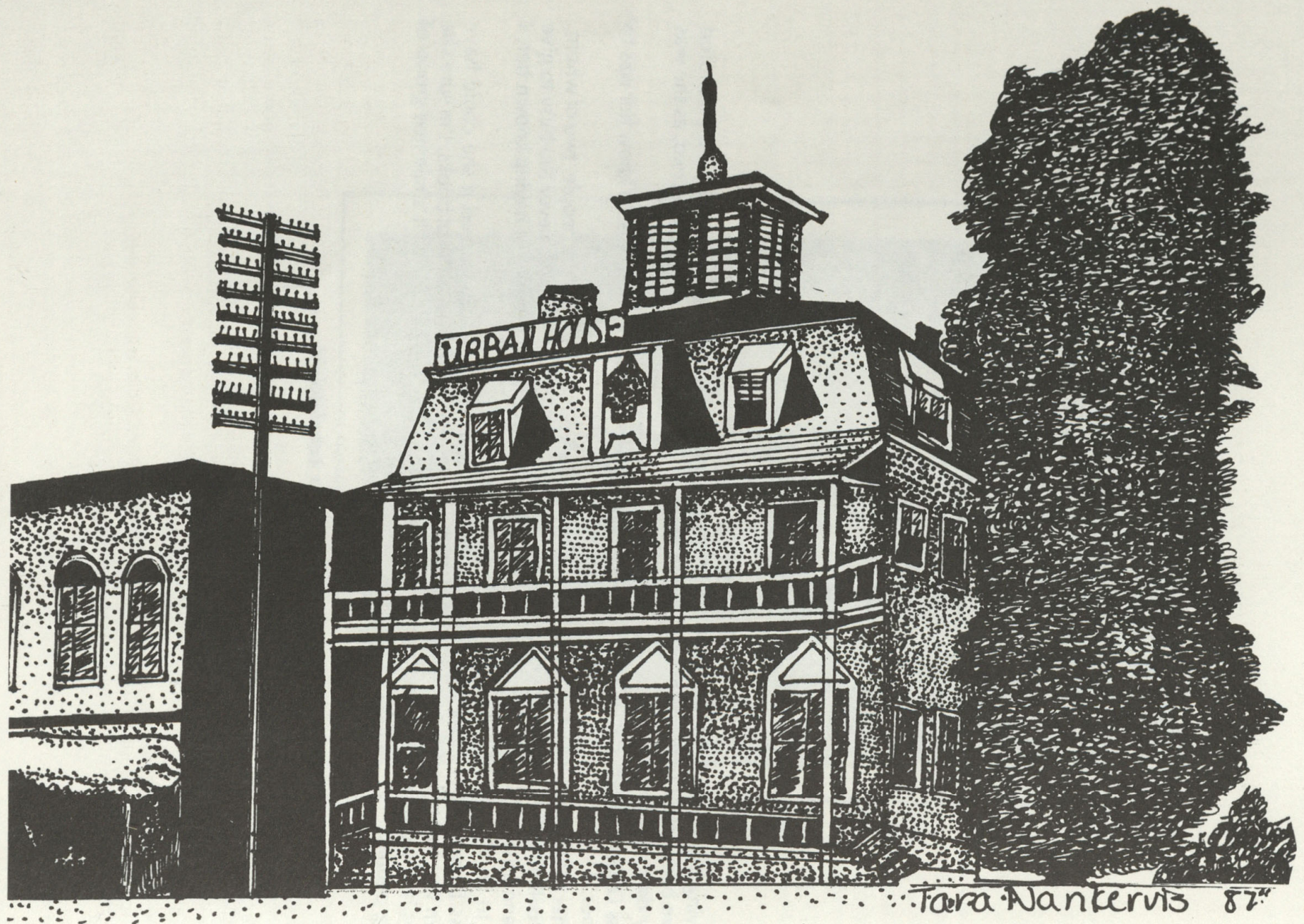
Miss Dundon, Margaret, was a great lady and a true legend in her time. Just to know her was to love her.

In her quiet, modest, unassuming way, she influenced the lives of many people, two of whom, Mr. Voelker and Mr. Junak, are mentioned in *Red Dust* this year. She was never too busy to give help and advice. Her influence on me was most profound, and because of having known her, I want to be a better person.

Miss Dundon loved children and would have been pleased and flattered if she could have known you wanted to dedicate your book to her. "Up there" in her world of books, I'm sure she knows it. It would mean much to her to know that she was selected by such a talented group of young people.

Sincerely,

Lois Tucker



The Urban House, which was located behind the library on Main Street in Ishpeming.

“SHE MADE THE ISHPEMING LIBRARY WHAT IT IS”



Miss Dundon

The historic Carnegie Public Library dwells on the corner of Main and Barnum Streets, in downtown Ishpeming, Michigan. To library “regulars” of past years, Miss Margaret Dundon symbolized the Carnegie Library more than the building itself. I interviewed Miss Mary Clancey and Miss Helen Leffler to recount the life and contributions of this remarkable lady, with whom each had a close relationship.

Miss Dundon was born in Ishpeming, Michigan, in May, 1904. She had four brothers: George, Tom, Edward, and John; and one sister, Mary. Her father was a lawyer in Ishpeming, so Miss Dundon lived in this area all her life.

During her childhood, Miss Dundon’s leisure time was spent at the movies or playing the piano. Being a pianist was quite an accomplishment for Miss Dundon, because she was born with only one hand. She did have a very realistic-looking prosthesis, “you were never aware of it,” said Miss Mary Clancey about the hand. “She could do anything anybody else could do.”

Miss Dundon also spent time painting, upholstering her furniture, or even laying down some carpeting. The majority of her time was spent reading.

When I asked Miss Clancey if she knew any of Miss Dundon’s favorite books, she replied, “She liked all kinds of literature!” When I asked Miss Leffler the same question, she replied, “She read a great variety of books!”

Miss Leffler also informed me that once, a few years back, Miss Dundon read six books at one time! “So I knew that she was an intellectual,” she pointed out and also added that Miss Dundon had a very good wit which was sometimes very dry.

Every now and then, Miss Clancey and Miss Dundon would take turns reading certain chapters of a mutually chosen book. Then they would meet for lunch and discuss the sections they had read. Remembering these occasions, Miss Clancey stated, "She was so wonderful with things like that. It was a learning experience for me to know her and to discuss that sort of thing with her."

Since Miss Dundon loved reading and literature so much, it seemed only natural for her to become a librarian. She also loved children. "That's one of my earliest remembrances of her is how she loved children," added Miss Leffler.

Miss Dundon started working at the Carnegie Public Library in Ishpeming in 1934 and worked there until 1968. Her library science degree was earned at Columbia University following graduation from Ishpeming High School. Her position in the public library was filled with huge responsibilities.

"She had to assume responsibility for everything that was going on because she was the head librarian, and that was a tremendous job!" Miss Leffler said.

"She really was an excellent librarian and she made the Ishpeming library what it is. It's a very good library," commented Miss Clancey. Both women fondly recalled their friend and tried to create her image for me.



The Thomas Dundon family. Miss Dundon sits on her father's lap, right side of photo.

Attire that a person might expect to see on a librarian usually was not found on Miss Dundon. She would wear "sporty" types of clothes and "mannish" kinds of hats. "She had dressy clothes, too, but I always thought she favored the sporty type," recalls Miss Leffler.

Obviously, Miss Dundon knew a lot of people and had many friends. Among these people was John Voelker, another person intimately involved with books. This famous author and resident of Ishpeming was a very good friend of Miss Dundon. Mr. Voelker's mother had given her piano lessons when she was younger.

I inquired about the most important thing Miss Dundon had taught Miss Clancey. Her reply was that they were just friends and enjoyed being together. "She did enhance my knowledge of books and what books to read," added Miss Clancey.

In answer to the same question, Miss Leffler responded, "An indomitable spirit. To try not to think of your troubles. To forget them." She also said that as she thought of Miss Dundon then, she also thought of the following poem:

"The quality of mercy
Is not strained,
It falleth from heaven,
Like the gentle rain."

In mid-October, 1986, Miss Leffler and Miss Dundon had planned to see a PAAC presentation at the Butler Theater. But, at 1:30 p.m. a hospital spokesman called Miss Leffler and informed her that Miss Dundon was in the coronary care unit at Bell Memorial Hospital. Several hours later, when visiting hours began, Miss Leffler went to see Miss Dundon. She told Miss Dundon to get better because "We're going to Ireland." Unfortunately, Miss Margaret Dundon did not get better. On October 27, 1986, she died.

In conclusion, Miss Clancey commented, "She was very quiet and unassuming. But, she had a great sense of humor. She was just a joy to be with!"

Miss Margaret Dundon was a very unique and interesting person who had a great impact on many people throughout her years as a librarian.

— Kelly Laitinen

JOHN VOELKER — OBSESSED WITH WORDS

"Read, learn words. Learn what they mean and how to string them together," advised John Voelker. Mr. Voelker, whose pen name is Robert Traver, is Ishpeming's most famous author.

Words were, and have continued to be, a very important part of his life. Mr. Voelker's mother played a big role in his interest in words, for she often told him stories while bathing him in a tin wash basin. "I would say my mother told me stories and encouraged my reading and read to me . . . I think she got me interested in words." Mr. Voelker's mother influenced him in another way as she used the money she earned teaching private music lessons for financing his schooling. Mr. Voelker told me, "I think she decided that one of her sons was going to spell cat without a 'k'."

Another factor adding to his love for words was his proximity to the Carnegie Public Library. He says, "As a writer, perhaps one of the most important things in my life was my access from boyhood to so many books!" Mr. Voelker explained to me, "Apparently from an early date I loved to hear stories and maybe to tell them! We were only a block away from the library," he smiles, "this is the favorite U.P. pronunciation for library."

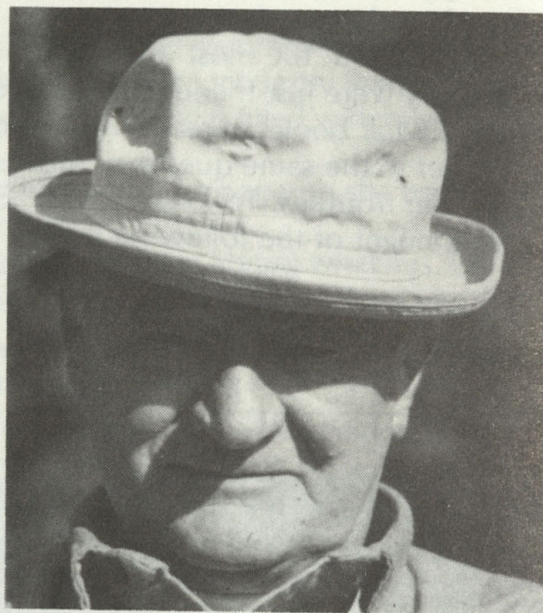
Mr. Voelker spoke to me a lot about what he calls "U.P. talk." He believes the Upper Peninsula pronunciations are peculiar to the area. Some people may think it's Finnish, "It really isn't, it's a U.P. accent, it's not English, it isn't Swedish or Finnish — it's U.P. talk!" he explained. Mr. Voelker said that we enunciate our words differently and that we often either add a syllable or drop one; he thinks that U.P. talk is quite amazing!

Mr. Voelker's ties to the Upper Peninsula go back generations as his grandfather, a German immigrant, came to Eagle Harbor and started his first brewery in 1843. His grandfather then moved on to Ontonagon where he opened a second brewery when copper was discovered there. His third brewery was in Negaunee; the old, red brick building is still standing on Gold Street. Mr. Voelker added that U.S. troops were stationed at Fort Wilkins so they had to walk or somehow get a ride to his grandfather's brewery in Eagle Harbor. Mr. Voelker told me that he thought his grandfather liked to go where there were a lot of thirsty people.

John Voelker's grandmother was a very devout Catholic woman who decided that one of her sons was going to become a priest. Mr. Voelker informed me that it was his father, George, whom she chose.

When George Voelker was old enough, his mother sent him to Notre Dame which was then a seminary, a place where young men become priests.

Mr. Voelker related an experience that his father had at Notre Dame. The evening meal was



**John Voelker, author of
Anatomy of a Murder**

about to be served and George Voelker was trying to concentrate on the long prayer being recited. His hunger overcame him, and he reached out for a roll and started eating it. The attending priest noticed his actions and warned him not to eat before the prayer was finished. George Voelker forgot the warning and began to eat yet another roll. Three priests started to close in on him. Because he was a strong and muscular young man, he was able to toss the three priests aside and flee the place. Along the way he grabbed an armful of rolls! He ran into South Bend and located the main road to Chicago. George Voelker hitched a ride on a cart drawn by horses. He stole a watermelon from a garden along the way to satisfy his hunger. The next morning he remembered that his father knew a person who ran a restaurant called the North Star Inn. George Voelker went there and borrowed enough money to get home to Ishpeming. He returned home on the Northwestern Train. Mr. Voelker smiled and remarked, "So due to his hunger that night, I'm here to be telling this story." John Voelker chuckles.

Perhaps due to his brewery background, Mr. Voelker's father, George, became a saloon keeper. His saloon was in Ishpeming located next to the present Peninsula Bank and was a part of the old landmark, Hughes grocery and meat market.

Mr. Voelker's father loved to fish. So he would hire bartenders to look after the saloon while he went fishing. John Voelker laughs saying, "Since I fish so much myself perhaps I am a genetic victim."

John Voelker was the only one of his family of six children to have graduated from college. When he was in school things were much stricter than they are today. "We weren't allowed to carry on like I hear kids can nowadays!" Mr. Voelker replied describing the discipline in classrooms of the past. They were taught basically what students of today learn such as math, reading and spelling. Mr. Voelker lived close to the Ridge Street School so he could walk there.

Mr. Voelker recalls some of his more memorable teachers. He related a story that he remembered happening in the second grade. His teacher was called out of the classroom, and when she returned, she was crying. The students inquired what was wrong. She answered, "The *Titanic* went down with everybody on board!" This historic event must have left an impact on the minds of those school children.

Mr. Voelker's father loved the outdoors so he owned a farm as well as a saloon. This is where John Voelker spent his youth. Mr. Voelker helped out on his father's farm, even though there was hired help. He and his brothers would do things like weeding the gardens and digging potatoes. Mr. Voelker also had other chores around the house. He said he had to "take care of the wood and coal stove from which I got fifteen cents a week."

Usually Mr. Voelker would get paid on Saturday, receiving three nickels. One nickel was used to go to the movies to see if "Pearl White," a character in a movie series, had made it through the week.

Mr. Voelker would use another nickel for candy with a nickel left over for "charity" or any other extravagances that would come up during the week.

He remembered a time when his brother returned from downtown Ishpeming with all kinds of treasures won on a punchboard. His brother had only spent a couple nickels. So the next morning when Mr. Voelker received his three nickels, he walked to Gill's Candy Store. "I want to take three punches," he said flashing the proprietor his three nickels, so the man handed him the punch board. "I took my three punches and unfolded them. Guess what happened? I lost. I was broke on Saturday. My entire weekly salary was gone," Mr. Voelker lamented.

Mr. Voelker ran down to the dime store because he had to account to his mother how he used his "salary." To cover his transgression, Mr. Voelker stole a ten cent comb which accounted for a



John Voelker fishing
from one of the platforms
on Frenchman's Pond.

dime. He then ran to the movie house and studied all the posters. When the movie got out he had his friends tell him what happened to Pearl, because he knew his mother would ask what happened at the movies. Sure enough, she did ask!

Mr. Voelker recounted what his friends had told him about Pearl's adventures. His mother then asked if he had bought any candy. "Well this week I bought a comb, Mom, see!" Mr. Voelker said proudly displaying the comb to his mother.

Mr. Voelker realized, "That my being able to run downtown and take those punches, in other words, go down and gamble, had made me a liar, a gambler and a thief, in one quick fifteen cents. I lied to my mother, stole a comb, and gambled at Gill's on a punch board."

Many years passed from young John's gambling incident until he became a prosecuting attorney. However, the lesson learned in childhood caused him to take a strong stand against local gambling. In fact, he almost stopped it.

Mr. Voelker's career in law developed and he became an experienced trial lawyer. Many lawyers are not trial lawyers but corporate or business lawyers. Being a trial lawyer is different, he told me, "it's a form of acting but a little brains can help, and knowledge in the law."

During the Great Depression, Mr. Voelker was an assistant prosecutor. He then ran for prosecutor and won the election. Mr. Voelker was a prosecutor for fourteen years.

By that time he had married and had three daughters two of whom were in college. Mr. Voelker then decided to run for Congress, "I didn't make it," he says. After losing in the Congressional election, Voelker turned his interests to other things. He bought a Geiger counter to hunt for uranium which he didn't find. He did find a mountain of thorium but the government wasn't interested.

John Voelker was appointed to Michigan's Supreme Court, about which he says, "It's very interesting but kind of dull after my long trial experience. It was entirely different standing in front of a jury arguing a case. Trying a case is also much different than writing a legal opinion."

Throughout his career in law, Mr. Voelker had been busy developing his talents as a writer. While he was a prosecutor, he wrote three books. Two of these were about his District Attorney job and are stories dealing with topics ranging from first degree murder to family squabbles. The third book, *Danny and the Boys*, was about some local characters who lived in the area.

Mr. Voelker told me that his first three books were published and according to him "like most books they have their little run and then they die."

His most successful novel was *Anatomy of a Murder*. Mr. Voelker's exact words were "It zoomed through outer space. I was notorious overnight." The success of *Anatomy of a Murder* allowed Mr. Voelker to do something that few judges do. He resigned from the Michigan Supreme Court to go home to write.

He was a guest on many talk shows such as "The Johnny Carson Show," "The Today Show," and many more. "I absent-mindedly wrote a best selling novel. I survived it!" he states.

Mr. Voelker told me that the film producer Otto Preminger offered to make the *Anatomy of a Murder* novel into a movie. This opportunity really pleased him. When I asked him what it was like meeting all of those stars, his reply was "Great fun! Great fun! Jimmy Stewart, Duke Ellington and all of them!" *Anatomy of a Murder* was filmed in Marquette County and all of the trial scenes were held in the Marquette County Courthouse which is only about fifteen miles from Ishpeming. The movie helped to make Mr. Voelker very famous.

Despite the current popularity of word processors, Mr. Voelker still writes with a pen because he says a pen slows a writer down and also allows the writer to edit as he writes.

In addition to writing, Mr. Voelker enjoys the outdoors. He also loves to fish, "I usually fish

brook trout. I happen to own a place that has a pond; one of my favorite spots I was able to buy." I asked him where it was, but he wouldn't say. He told me that he calls that "kiss and tell fishermen!" He says, "Part of the charm of fishing is not squealing, not telling."

Mr. Voelker thinks that perhaps trout are smarter than people, because trout like to live in a place with no crowds. "Trout must live where there is natural beauty and purity. People live in crowded cities cramming each other, polluting each other with smog and God knows what! In some ways trout may be smarter than people," he philosophizes.

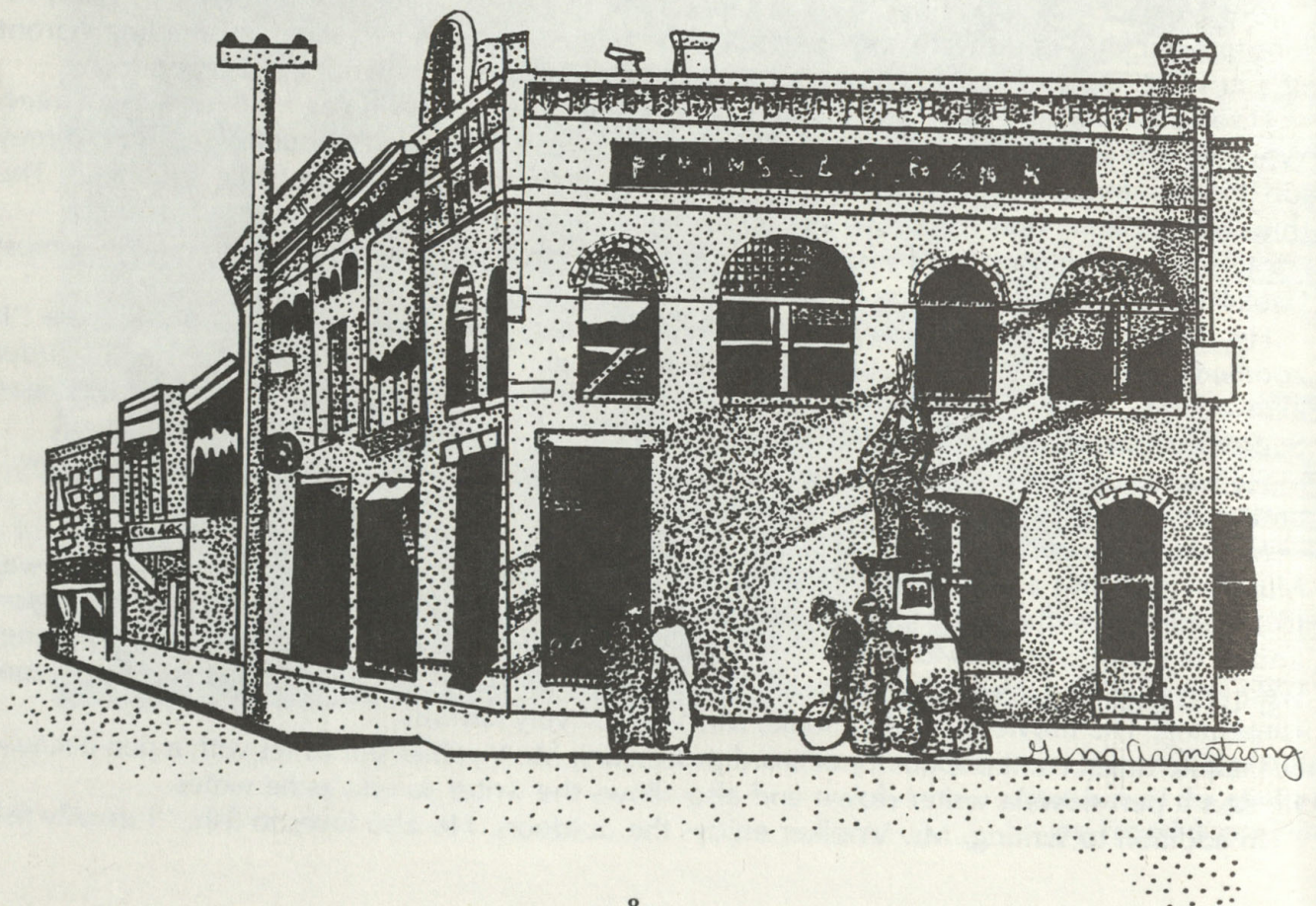
Mr. Voelker also enjoys driving back roads and hunting for mushrooms. "The difference between hunting for mushrooms and hunting for trout is that if mushrooms are there you can usually find them," but if the trout are there your trouble only begins," he says.

Many things have been important in John Voelker's life. Probably the most important to him is the ability to use "words." His talents are many and he has made a lasting contribution as an author, lawyer, and Justice of Michigan's Supreme Court. He has used "words" in all phases of his life and he reminded me that he has been obsessed with words since he was a young child.

His parting words of advice to me were, "Kids don't seem to have enough interest in words. They should have because words are a way of expressing our thoughts and also a way to have those thoughts in the first place."

Mr. Voelker has had a full and productive life. He continues to enjoy fishing and writing. My visit with him will be an experience that I will never forget, and I'm grateful that I could share in the experiences of such an interesting and talented man.

— Joanna Heliste



“IF YOU’RE AT LEAST FIFTY PERCENT CRAZY, IT HELPS”

Roger Junak, tall and thin with slightly graying hair, deep brown eyes and a rugged complexion, looks like an artist.

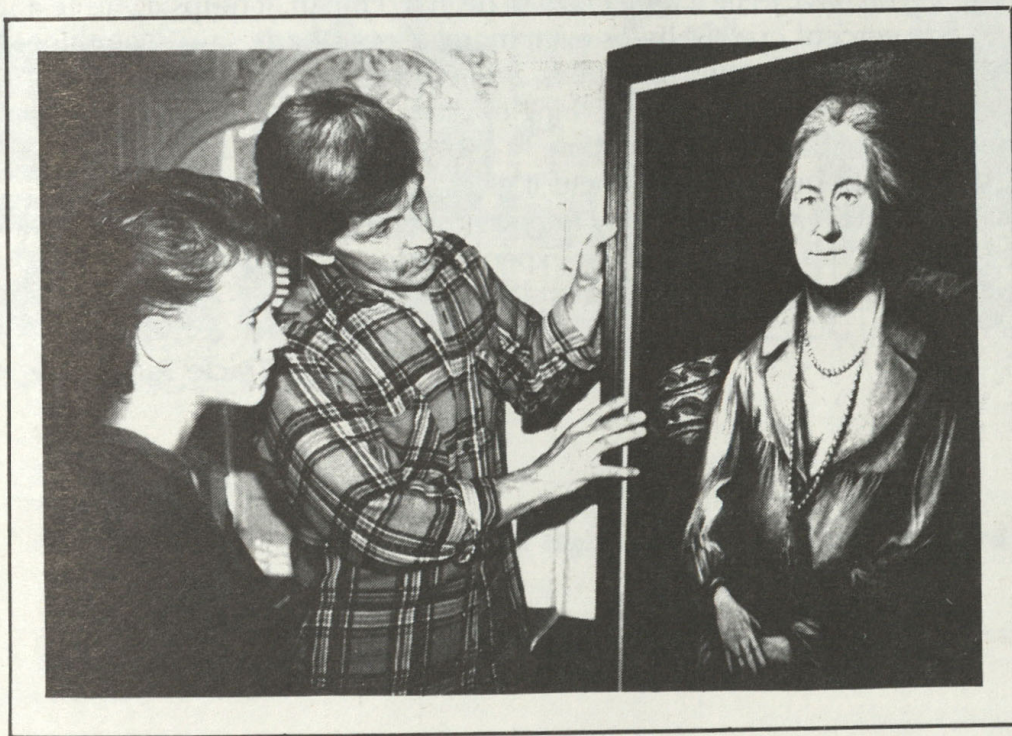
Mr. Junak makes his home on the outskirts of Ishpeming, Michigan, on County Road 478, where he and I met and discussed his profession.

Born in 1943 in Negaunee, Michigan, he was last in a family of five children. This artist does not come from a long line of painters. In fact, his father was a lumberjack!

Like some young children, Mr. Junak didn’t care much for school. When asked which part of school he liked best, he replied, “The part I liked best of grade school was vacation and art class, naturally. In high school I found it more interesting, but I found it very difficult.”

Adversity did not stop Mr. Junak from pursuing his dream. Although he didn’t like grade school or high school very much, he did enjoy college. “In art school, I really wanted to go. I was doing something that I really loved, so it made a big difference.”

As he grew older, Mr. Junak did a lot of reading at the Carnegie Public Library in Ishpeming. He commented about the librarians, “The librarians there, I think, had a big impact on me. They kind of . . . helped my interest in art. Especially Miss Dundon who just very recently died. She was a very big influence on me in those years. Mrs. Ostlund, a retired art teacher now; she was a very dedicated teacher . . . just someone who had that kind of interest in what they were teaching. It made a big difference on some of the students. My parents . . . they helped a lot, too.”



*Roger Junak showing
Tracie Santamore his
painting of Miss Dundon.*

Mr. Junak has worked on a variety of projects, such as portraits, landscapes, and murals. The late Nick Joseph, owner of Joseph's Store in Ishpeming, had him paint on the store windows, and also do a couple of murals on the back and side walls of the building. Much of the first mural was destroyed by fire. "The original one was just a scene with a small lake, and there were deer," he explained to me.

I asked how long the mural took to complete, he said, "The first side I did was seventy feet. In each case, it took me about a week." Mr. Junak completed a second mural on the back wall which is still visible on the building.

When I inquired about smaller paintings, he answered, ". . . portraits can get rather tedious. I'm doing a portrait, and I'm using oil paints, you can only do so much, then it has to dry. There's that waiting period between, so I'll be working on something else."

Mr. Junak has a unique philosophy of the creative arts that can be shared and used by all of us. "You can learn a lot by reading and by using other books and so on. Just being very aware and curious about a lot of things. It's not 'til after you get out of it (school) for quite a while, where it'll actually start to make sense. Then the real you will start to emerge. It doesn't happen overnight. One of the things I'd probably recommend is do a lot of drawing. Just really looking carefully at a lot of things, and simply learning how to translate what you're seeing, and putting it on a piece of paper."

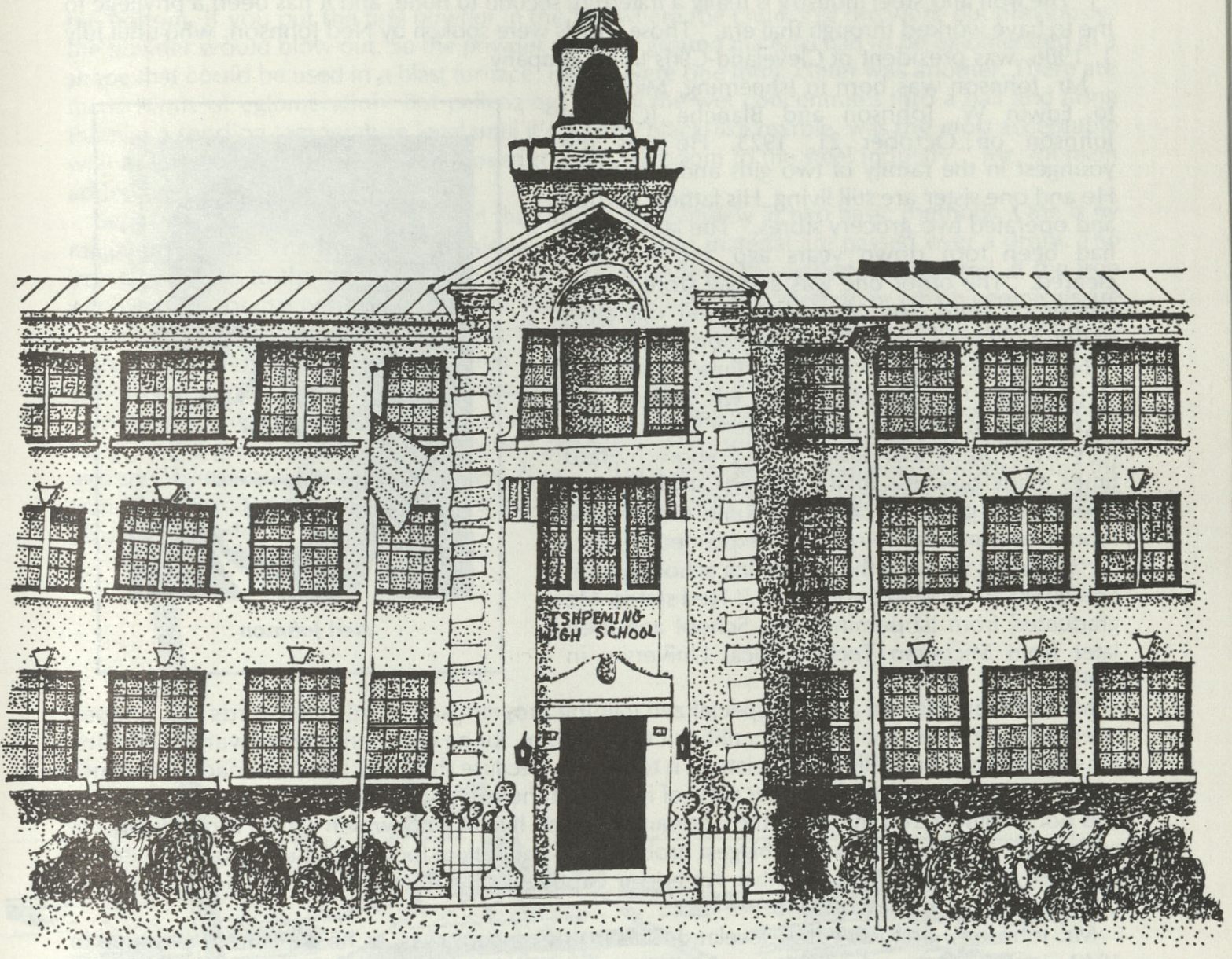
In the process of painting, Mr. Junak doesn't think it wise to spend too much time on one particular type of painting or technique. ". . . the different paintings or drawings that I'm requested to do often times require various approaches. I have to try to be flexible."

Mr. Junak likes to do a variety of activities every day. "For example, people who work in the mine. I've never worked in the mine, but it would drive me crazy to actually do that same kind of routine every single day."

Later in our interview, he commented on his feelings about being an artist, "Being an artist, it's an interesting profession. I think you have to be a little crazy to be in it. I mean, it helps if you're a little crazy. If you're at least fifty percent crazy it helps even more! If everybody saw everything exactly the same way, creativity would go down the tubes, immediately. I think what intrigues me with a creative profession is that you can put something of yourself in it. It may not always show, but at least there's more of that personal satisfaction. In a lot of things I do, I feel satisfied. Like a lot of times a painting will turn out really well, and it gives you a high!"

Mr. Junak has led an interesting life. I hope some day to be as good at the profession I choose as he is at his. Interviewing this man has been a learning experience for me, and I walked away from his house with an even deeper appreciation for art.

— Tracie Santamore



Joy Palomaki '87

Ishpeming High School in Ishpeming, Michigan.

A REWARDING EXPERIENCE IN MINING

"The iron and steel industry is really a fraternity second to none, and it has been a privilege to me to have worked through that era." Those words were spoken by Ned Johnson, who until July 1, 1986, was president of Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Company.

Mr. Johnson was born in Ishpeming, Michigan, to Edwin W. Johnson and Blanche (Carlson) Johnson on October 21, 1923. He was the youngest in the family of two girls and two boys. He and one sister are still living. His father "owned and operated two grocery stores." The larger store had been torn down years ago and the area cleared. "The other one was a small store on the corner of Third and Vine that is still operating under a different name," Mr. Johnson stated.

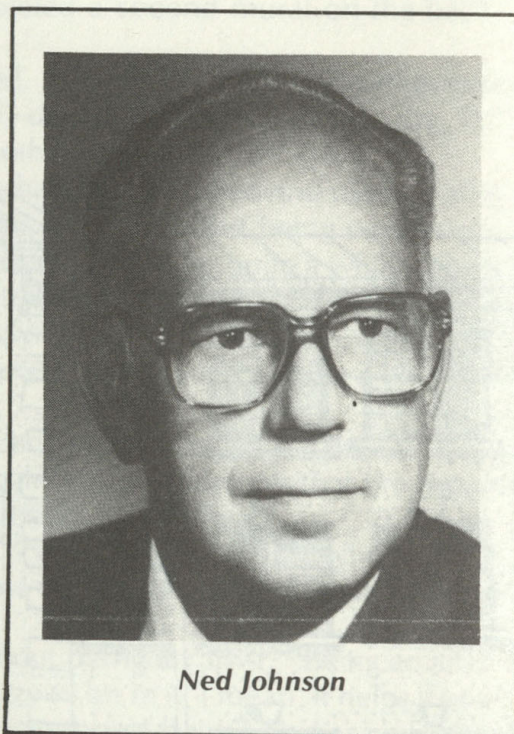
He was about nine or ten at the time of the Great Depression. "I remember that we always had enough to eat because of the grocery business, but they were pretty lean times for everybody." Hard times made business difficult for the store owners "because a great number of people didn't have money to purchase things," he explained to me.

"I thought through the Ishpeming school system I received an excellent education," Ned stated. He graduated from Ishpeming High School and then later from Michigan Technological University in 1947.

Mr. Johnson entered an army specialized training program and shortly afterwards was shipped overseas to France. The war was a difficult time for him, for he was a prisoner of war in Germany for six months. "I usually don't relate to it too much because the good Lord has made our minds such that we remember the better parts of it and not the bad parts," comments Mr. Johnson. He was not an officer and therefore the Germans required him to work which wasn't too difficult. He added, but "I'd have to say the biggest problem was the lack of food." Captured right before the Battle of the Bulge, he and other American captives were liberated by American troops in Czechoslovakia in May of 1945.

Mr. Johnson's first job with Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Company was, as he explained, "In June of 1948, in their research division, which was just starting off. They didn't have a research laboratory at that time — that was completed in 1949. Prior to that, a small test laboratory was set up in an old warehouse at the Cliff Shaft Mine." One of his first jobs was to sample all the lean ore deposits. He was assigned this task due to the depletion of the larger ore bodies.

The start of the beneficiation of the lean ores was in the early fifties. "It was interesting because pellets were supposed to supplement the lack of direct shipping ore. In effect, it really replaced it. Pellets became so popular nobody wanted the direct shipping ores because of the uniformity of the pellets, the high grade, better chemistry, and better production," Mr. Johnson pointed out. The reason for manufacturing pellets was, "Because you have to grind up the low grade ore in



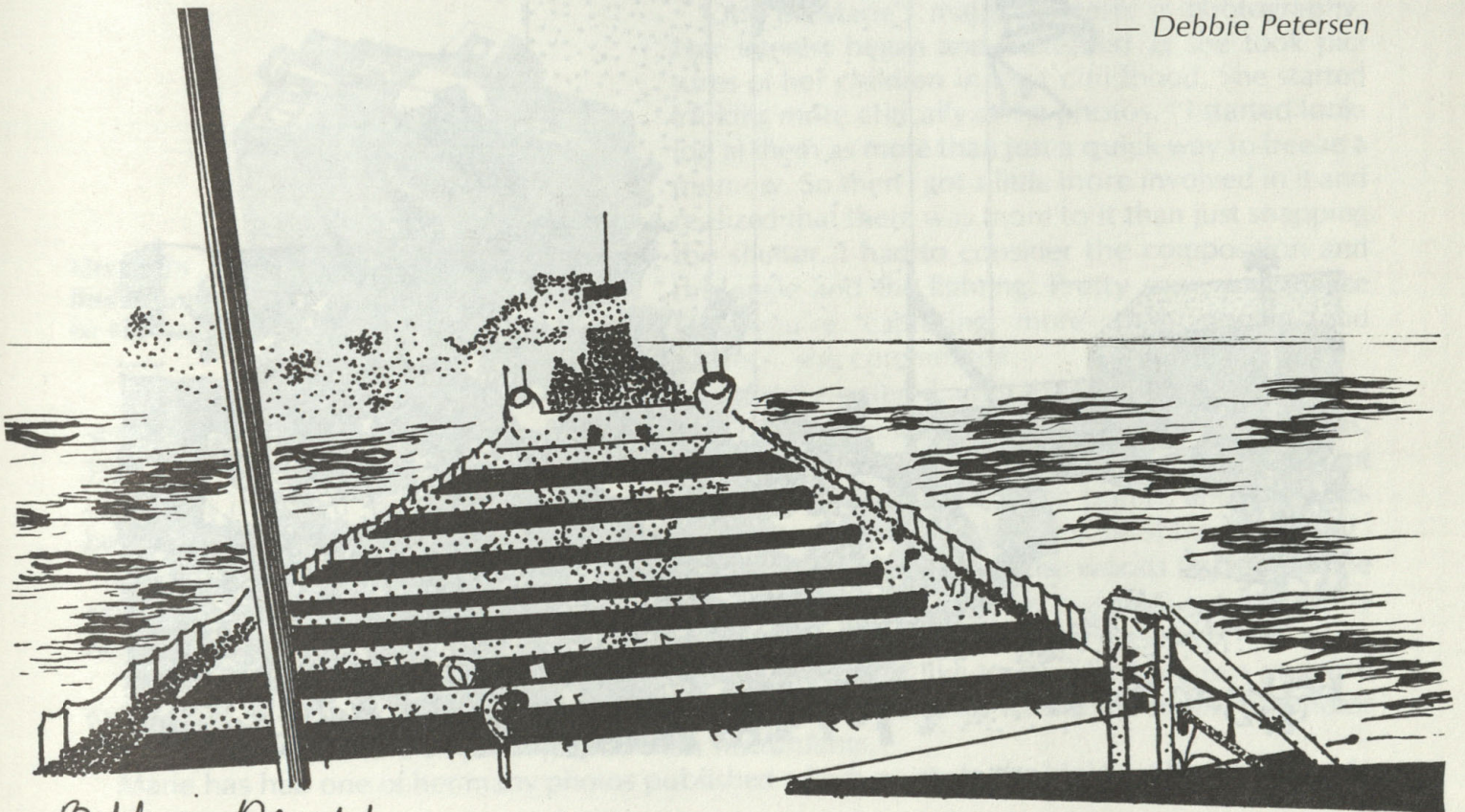
Ned Johnson

order to free the worthless material from the valuable iron mineral. Once you do that you end up with a powder-like consistency similar to pepper. A blast furnace is similar to a huge smokestack in which high volumes of air are blown in the bottom. This heats up the ore until it's melted near the bottom. If you put the fine powder in the top where the chunks of ore were put previously, the powder would blow out. So the powder or finely ground material had to be eglomerated in a shape that could be used in a blast furnace. Pellets were one form, cinter was another. There are many forms of eglomeration. But pelletizing, rolling the wet concentrates into a ball and firing them at a sending temperature level until it's a hard, black-like marble, was the most acceptable way as far as steel people go and proved to be a big boom to the steel industry," Mr. Johnson added.

Separation of the iron particles and the sand is done largely in two basic methods. One is by magnetic means. The iron particles along with the waste material are passed over a drum. The iron then sticks to the drum and can be recaptured. After it has settled, it is filtered. If the iron particles are not magnetic, then it can be separated by a flotation method in which chemicals are used that attach themselves to iron particles which "floats up on air bubbles similar to black soap suds and is skimmed off and recovered." He continued, "So the fine material has to be done either by magnetic separation or by flotation or a combination in many cases."

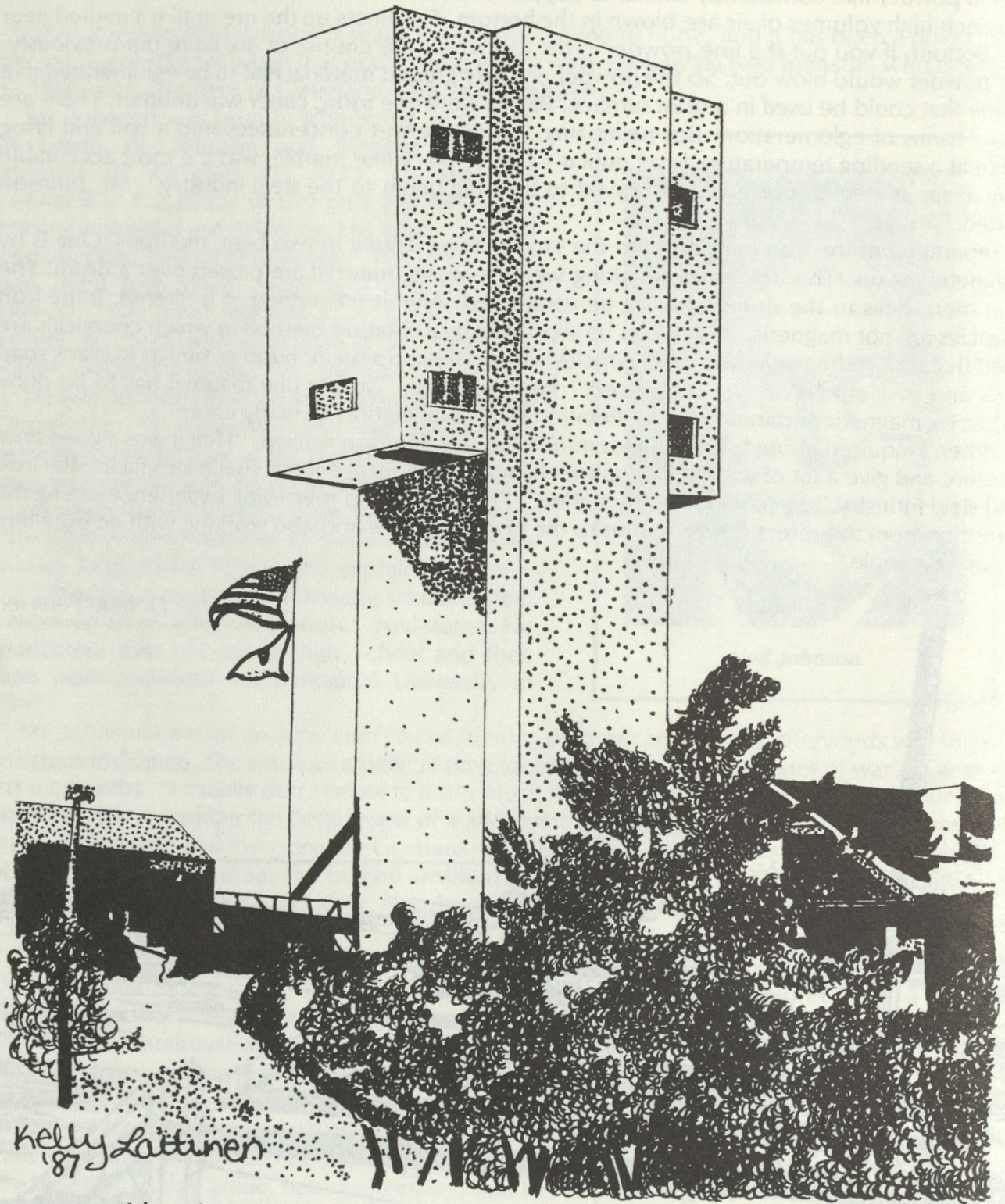
When I inquired about his reason for retirement, Mr. Johnson replied, "I felt it was a good time to retire and give a lot of younger people a chance. There's still a lot of challenges facing the iron and steel industry." He concluded by stating, "I had a rich and rewarding experience seeing the transition from the direct shipping ores to the low grade ores and also working with an excellent group of people."

— Debbie Petersen



Bobbie Nault
'87

Ore boat



Ishpeming's Cliff Shaft

BEST OF SHOW

"I just like toys, any kind of toys! I love to get toys as presents!" This response was from Marie Keto, a very creative lady, who recently shared with me her interest in collecting different items.

Looking around her cozy home, I definitely understood what she was talking about. Teddy bear's eyes watched cautiously as I viewed their territory. A variety of neatly arranged knick-knacks sat proudly upon dusted shelves. Beautiful porcelain dolls sat silently waiting for the slightest thing to happen. All this gave me the impression that I was about to meet a very interesting person.

Mrs. Marie Keto was born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Flack on March 3, 1935. She was born into a family with one older brother and sister.

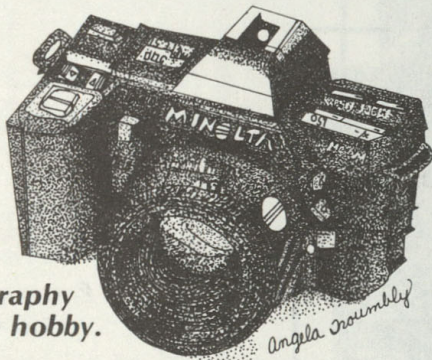
Marie attended the National Mine School. When I asked her if she rode a bus to school, she replied, "Nope, I just lived right down the hill. I just had a hop, skip and a jump to school!" The principal at the time was Mr. George Annala. Marie stated that they did have a hot lunch program, but she always went home for lunch.

School clothes were different when Marie was younger. "When we went to school we had to wear dresses or skirts. We couldn't wear pants or overalls, and I didn't have all that many clothes. I was kinda lucky, but my sister was four years older than me and when she got out of school she used to send us some clothes," Marie explained.

Following her childhood in National Mine, Marie moved to another place. At present, she is living in a pleasant home with her husband, Ralph Keto, on County Road 581 which is about five miles south of Ishpeming. She has two grown children, Rick and Jacqueline.

One of Marie's major interests is photography. Her interest began and increased as she took pictures of her children in their childhood. She started looking more critically at the photos. "I started looking at them as more than just a quick way to freeze a memory. So then I got a little more involved in it and realized that there was more to it than just snapping the shutter. I had to consider the composition and the angle and the lighting. Pretty soon you realize that you're capturing more than people and places," she commented.

**Mrs. Keto
finds photography
an enjoyable hobby.**



Marie has won awards in many contests. In 1978 she entered a photo exhibit in the Escanaba State Fair and won a blue ribbon on all of her photos. This led to winning many more ribbons. The following year, she entered her striking photos in the Marquette Harvest Festival. The point categories included: Best-of-Show Rosette, eight points; red ribbon, three points, and white ribbon, one point. Marie captured blue ribbons on all of them, plus the Best-of-Show Rosette.

One day, in order to capture a scene to photograph, Marie went to the woods near her home and sat and waited a couple of hours before the raccoons finally came out. She got some very nice pictures of them before some of the babies noticed her and scurried up a tree.

"I don't have a lot of equipment for taking pictures; I just like to do it for my own personal satisfaction." This was Marie's reply when I asked her if her cameras were expensive. Her photos show that there is more to photography than instruments.

Marie has had one of her many photos published which points to the high quality of her work.

The photo was a picturesque landscape taken from one of her neighbor's fields. It is published in the January-February, 1985, edition of *The Michigan Natural Resources* magazine.

Marie has worked with photos in another unique way. She sent photos to a plate company and they sent her back plates with the photos printed on them. Marie was the sales person for the company. It was a terrific idea for a gift and a beautiful way to keep a close memory. However, the price became very expensive and the company went out of business.

Photography is just one of Marie's interests. She also collects many different items. Her homemade teddy bears reflect a certain quality of this multi-talented woman. Sewn to perfection, they sit side-by-side on many different shelves, each with its own hidden value. Marie sold a couple at first, but now she can't seem to part with their loveable faces. Marie has many different kinds of bears. One type that attracted me was her talking bears. It seemed that they could cheer anyone up on a down day.

Not only does Marie collect teddy bears to keep her company, but she has won many awards for her endeavor. One bear she created was made out of real black fur. She brought this marvelous bear to the Marquette Harvest Festival and entered it in the category of hobby and hobby crafts. Sure enough, she took the Best-of-Show award.

Moving along Marie's finely decorated home, a room with gorgeous porcelain dolls is found. For a time, Marie was in a class learning how to make porcelain dolls. She learned how to pour the heads and make them into the composition body. Her instructor was Tom Mizuma from Marquette. Tom moved away so Marie's sister bought a kiln and they started meeting at her house. Marie has sold two dolls and her sister, three. Marie said she plans to keep the rest of her collection.



**Mrs. Keto with
five of her
"Best-of-Show"
winners.**

Porcelain dolls are not the only dolls Marie collects. She has a wide collection of purchased dolls called "collectors dolls." She has many different characters including: Elvis Presley, John Wayne, Dolly Parton, Joan Collins, and Shirley Temple.

All of these interesting collections are kept in a secluded room. Shelves and shelves of different items are set up carefully, some having blue ribbons displayed proudly upon them.

These accomplishments have made Marie's life complete. She said that her main goal in life is to have good health.

Meeting such an interesting person as Marie was a fantastic experience for me. I admire her creativity, ambition, and her desire to attain perfection.

— Angela Troumbly



Making and collecting porcelain dolls and teddy bears is another of Mrs. Keto's hobbies.

A LESSON IN PAINTING



Mrs. Foster
"Old Ish."

"School was nice, but there was more than one class in each room," remarked Janet. This was Mrs. Janet Foster's replay when I asked her what school was like in Michigamme. Janet Foster was raised in Michigamme by Otto and Ethel Frisk.

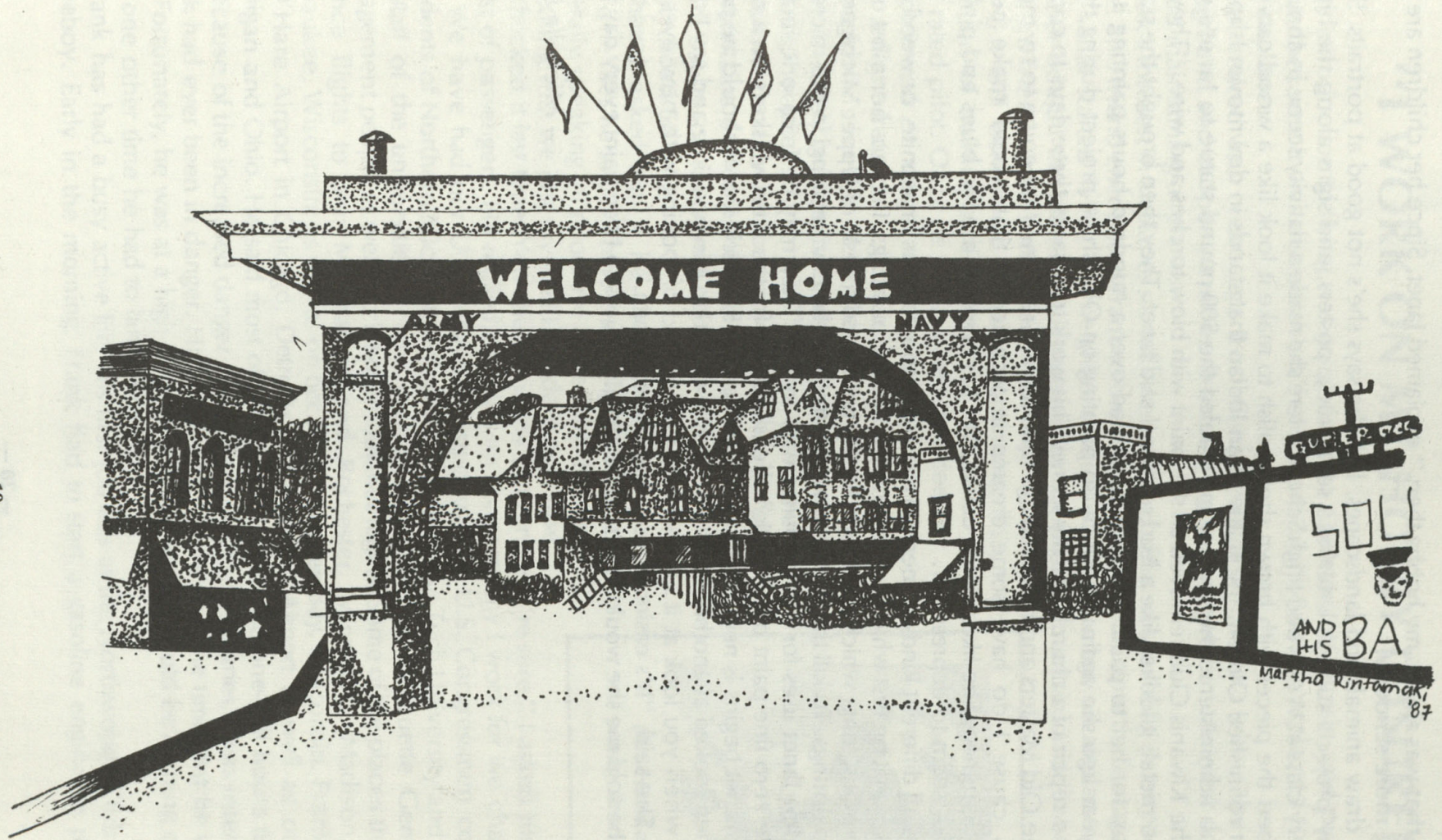
She attended the Michigamme school and recalls some of her experiences there, "No, I didn't know what homework was. We went home from school; we were done. But when we got up to high school they encouraged you to take something home, but they never assigned homework."

Janet was also involved in many school activities such as basketball, girls' clubs, and the school newspaper, the *Hilltop Review*. Janet did most of the letterheads, heading, and artwork for the paper. She often had to sit in a room with a stylus and cut stencils for the paper. Therefore, she didn't have a lot of free time after school. Janet's job during her high school years was at John Symon's Grocery Store where she worked for four years.

She married Gene Foster in 1948. In 1954 they built a house in Ishpeming where they raised seven children.

Although she had always been good at drawing, Janet never painted in school because the school did not offer an art class. However, during her high school years she did enroll in a mechanical drawing course, the closest thing to an art class. In this class she learned the skill of basic lettering.

Mrs. Foster's introduction to painting was fascinating. "Well, when we got married my husband bought a set of oil paints from Montgomery Wards as a present for me. I told him, 'Well, I don't know how to paint.' He said, 'Well, if you can draw like that you should be able to paint.' So I read the instruction booklet and started. Of course raising seven children I didn't have too



The Victory Arch used to stand as a memorial to our veterans, near where "Old Ish" stands today.

much time, but that was always my hobby then," explained Janet. Since her children are raised, Janet is painting more seriously.

Janet likes to draw animals and landscapes, but she says she's not good at portraits. She has completed many projects such as lettering a semi-truck, posters, and signs along the highway. She took a pottery class at Westwood High School. Here she made a nativity scene in about three nights. She rubbed the pieces with brown shoe polish to make it look like a wood carving.

In 1978, Janet refinished Old Ish, the statue of an Indian that stands in downtown Ishpeming. The Kiwanis Club administered the project and hauled the 500-pound statue to Janet's garage. The men from the Kiwanis Club removed all the paint with blow torches and wire. "They had it right down to the metal; it looked like a lead soldier," said Janet. They then brought the statue into the breezeway for her to paint. "I would say I had over a hundred hours painting it," said Janet. About a year ago she again did touch-up painting on Old Ish. A project during this past year included the repair of a church nativity scene. This work took Janet three days to complete. Janet admires the Old Masters and her paintings tend toward realism. "I'm going to try more imaginative things cause I do have some dreams in technicolor that would make beautiful paintings," Janet laughed. She likes all the colors, but her favorites are the blues and pinks. She says some purples seem to depress her.

Janet paints on all different kinds of mediums. She paints on canvas, masonite, or wood as long as she puts a Jesso coat on first which is used on oil or acrylic paintings. Perhaps her most unusual medium is the bracket fungi which are found in the hardwood forests of Upper Michigan. They make very nice paintings. To kill the infested insects she puts the bracket fungi in the microwave.

The brushes that Janet uses for her paintings vary in size. They may be from one inch to as small as a double zero fine paint brush which she might use for the little whiskers on a racoon.

A project that Janet begins is never completed in one day. She feels that it should be painted, put away, and then looked at another day. "I don't like to just do it in one time and say I'm done with it because when you look at it another day you're kind of looking with new eyes at it," explained Janet. She said, "It's easier to see what's wrong then."

In the future she told me she would like to paint more. "I guess so I can paint every day is what I'd like to do."

— Michelle Podner

"I WORK ON MY HOBBY LEISURELY"

"My introduction to flying was going down to Appleton, Wisconsin, and putting the airplane together because it was disassembled," said Frank Honkala as he explained to me his hobby of flying airplanes.

Frank retired four years ago from Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Co., where he worked in both underground and in open pit mines. Retirement gave him more time to work on his hobby of flying and maintaining airplanes.

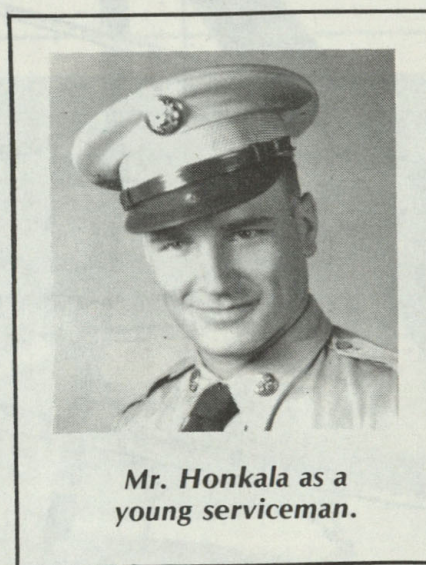
Frank's interest in airplanes started when a friend of his was building an airport beyond Frank's house. This friend encouraged Frank to begin flying. At the same time there was also a neighbor of Frank's that started flying. The neighbor wanted a partner to buy an airplane. So Frank and his neighbor bought the plane, put it together in Appleton, Wisconsin, and flew it back.

Frank's friend urged him to keep on flying. Frank used G.I. Bill benefits to assist in continuing his education of training as a commercial and instrument rated pilot. Once he got involved that deeply, he continued on to get a multi-engine license in 1980, a flight instructor's license in 1982, and also his mechanic's license. "I tell people I work on my hobby leisurely which is flying and maintaining airplanes," replied Frank, who has two of his own planes and also has the company planes that he flies and maintains. He keeps his airplanes at the Johnson airport south of his home which is located on County Road 581.

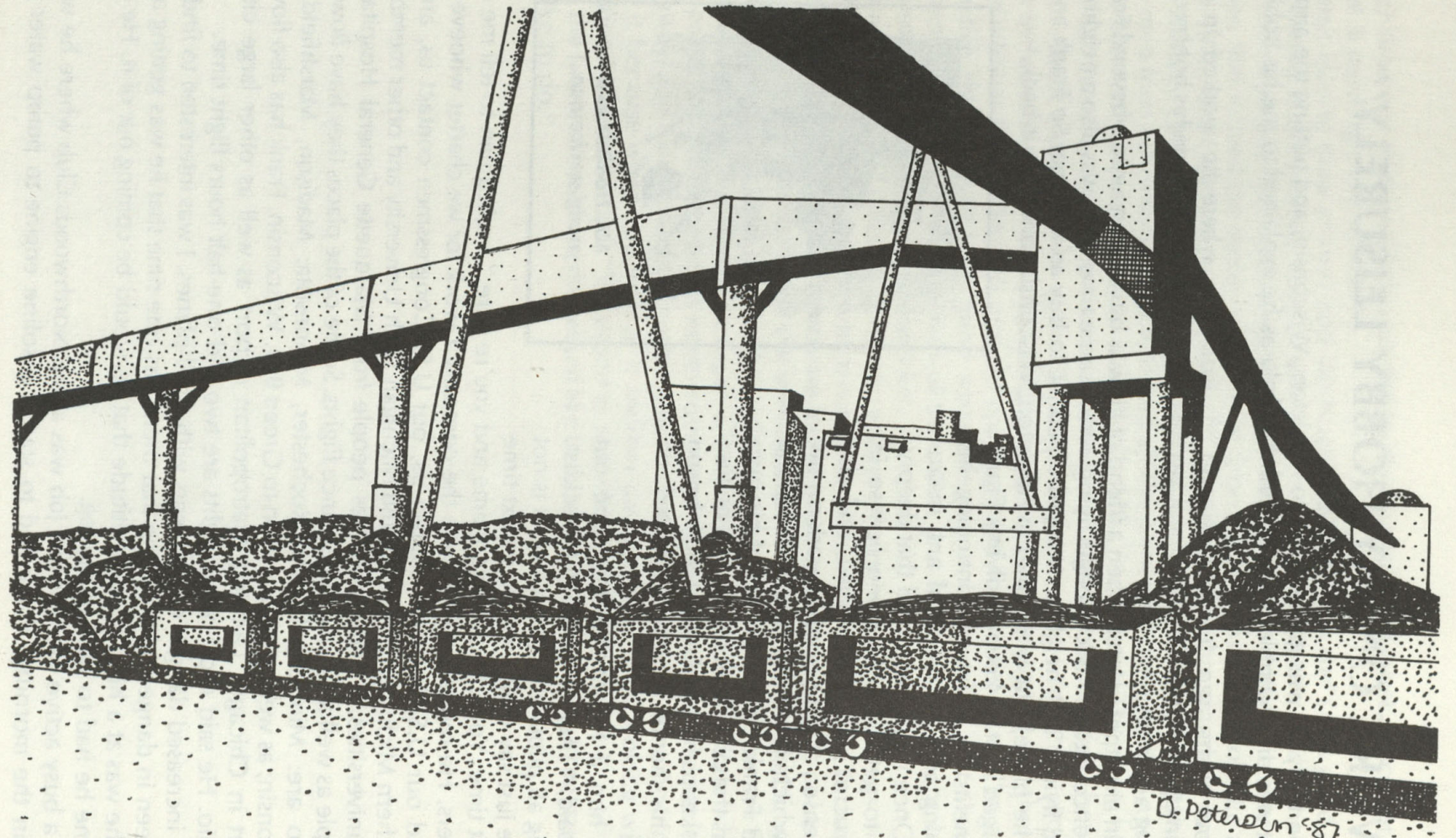
When I asked him if he checks his plane out before he flies he said, "There is a preflight checklist. Generally speaking all pilots use a checklist. It is not something that we just say well I will do it next time or I checked it last time. You check it every time and you're sure." I asked him to tell me about his list of passengers. He replied, "Well with the company I work for we charter whoever may call. We have had our U.S. Senators contact us, our U.S. Congressmen contact us, and the Presidents of Northern Michigan University and Michigan Tech University and other members of the staff of the universities." Frank also flies people from Marquette General Hospital, the management people as well as a lot of ambulance flights. Some of the places they have flown ambulance flights to are: Minneapolis and Rochester, Minnesota; Madison, Marshfield, and Milwaukee, Wisconsin; as well as on occasion to Green Bay, Wisconsin. Frank has also flown into O'Hare Airport in Chicago, Detroit's Metropolitan Airport as well as other large cities in Michigan and Ohio. He said most of his flights are two and one-half hours flight time.

Because of the increased danger of accidents with small planes, I was interested to find out if Frank had ever been in danger. He told me that there was one time that he was getting a lot of ice. Fortunately, he was at a high enough altitude that he would be coming out of it. He added that one other time he had to land in the fog.

Frank has had a busy active life. His first job was at the Northwoods Club where he was the choreboy. Early in the morning, Frank had to start a gasoline engine to pump water to the



Mr. Honkala as a young serviceman.



Cleveland-Cliffs' Empire Mine.

clubhouse and the cabins. He also had to haul ice to the cabins. The pay, with room and board included, was fifty dollars a month. Every morning, Frank remembered getting twenty-five pancakes and a quart of milk for breakfast.

Following his job at the Northwoods Club, Frank worked at a gas station. He also was employed at the Ford garage as a mechanic where he greased cars and pumped gas. He also drove a truck one summer for a neighbor that had a contract with Lindberg and Sons. He eventually was able to get a job with Lindberg after they got to know him. Frank spent his remaining years before retirement in the mines.

At present, Frank is busier than ever flying and maintaining his planes. What started as a hobby has become a very important aspect of his "retirement years."

— Scott Larson



"BY THE FRUITS OF OUR OWN LABOR"

"It is a great honor, while you are living, to have buildings of that nature bear your name," were the words of Representative Dominic Jacobetti, speaking of the D. J. Jacobetti Michigan Veteran's Facility and the D. J. Jacobetti Vocational Skills Center both in the vicinity of Marquette, Michigan. "I am a very proud individual that the buildings were named after me."

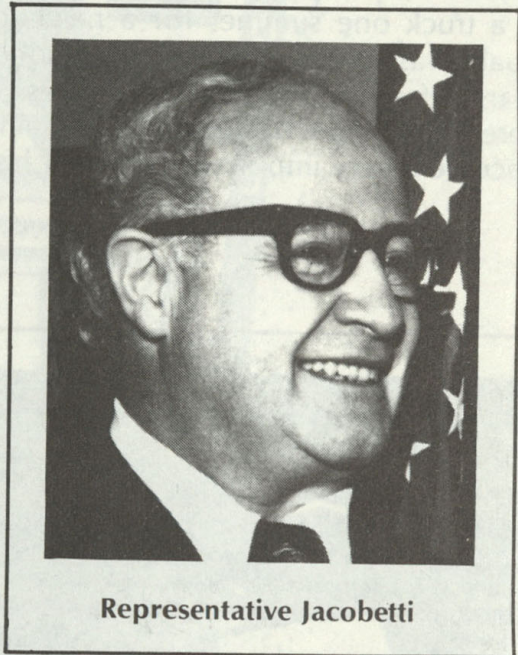
On January 1, 1987, Mr. Jacobetti broke the record of longevity in the Michigan Legislature, with thirty-two years of service. "I served in every major capacity that there is in the Legislature, with the exception of Speaker. Now for the last twelve years I served as the Chairman of the Appropriations Committee in the House of Representatives. That is the most important committee in the Legislature," he explained.

The Appropriations Committee is the committee that distributes money to the various agencies of the state, all of the institutes of higher learning, community schools, and K-12 education. In fact, the whole budget for the state of Michigan is appropriated by this committee. Work on a twelve billion dollar budget requires the members and staff of the committee to spend long hours on the job. Representative Jacobetti explained that work sessions on the Appropriations Committee sometimes caused him to miss roll call votes on the floor. He stated, "That's when your constituents criticize you for being absent."

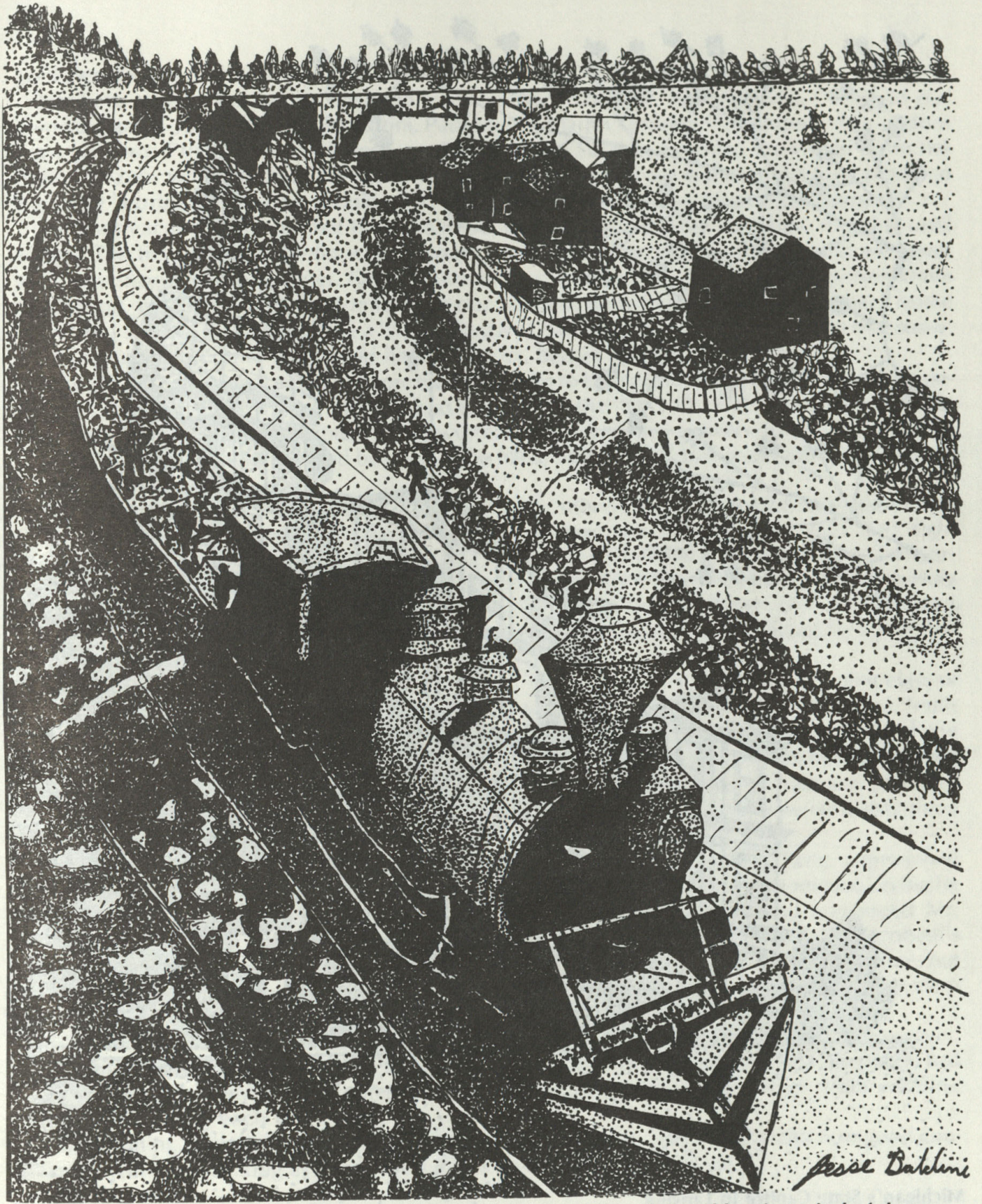
Throughout Mr. Jacobetti's tenure in the Legislature, he has encouraged programs that deal with education and personal concerns. "I am very conscientious when it comes to programs that deal with education, and I always make sure that the Upper Peninsula and my district get their share of the allocation of funds," states Mr. Jacobetti.

Ever since Mr. Jacobetti has been in office, he has been devoted to helping people with the problems they are confronting. He communicates with his constituents by telephone because he feels it is cheaper than mailing and builds a better person to person relationship. "It is real heartening to help someone with the problem that they are confronting, whether it be a personal problem or a problem that deals with the government. That is one of the greatest experiences in the world for me, my communication with people," relates Representative Jacobetti.

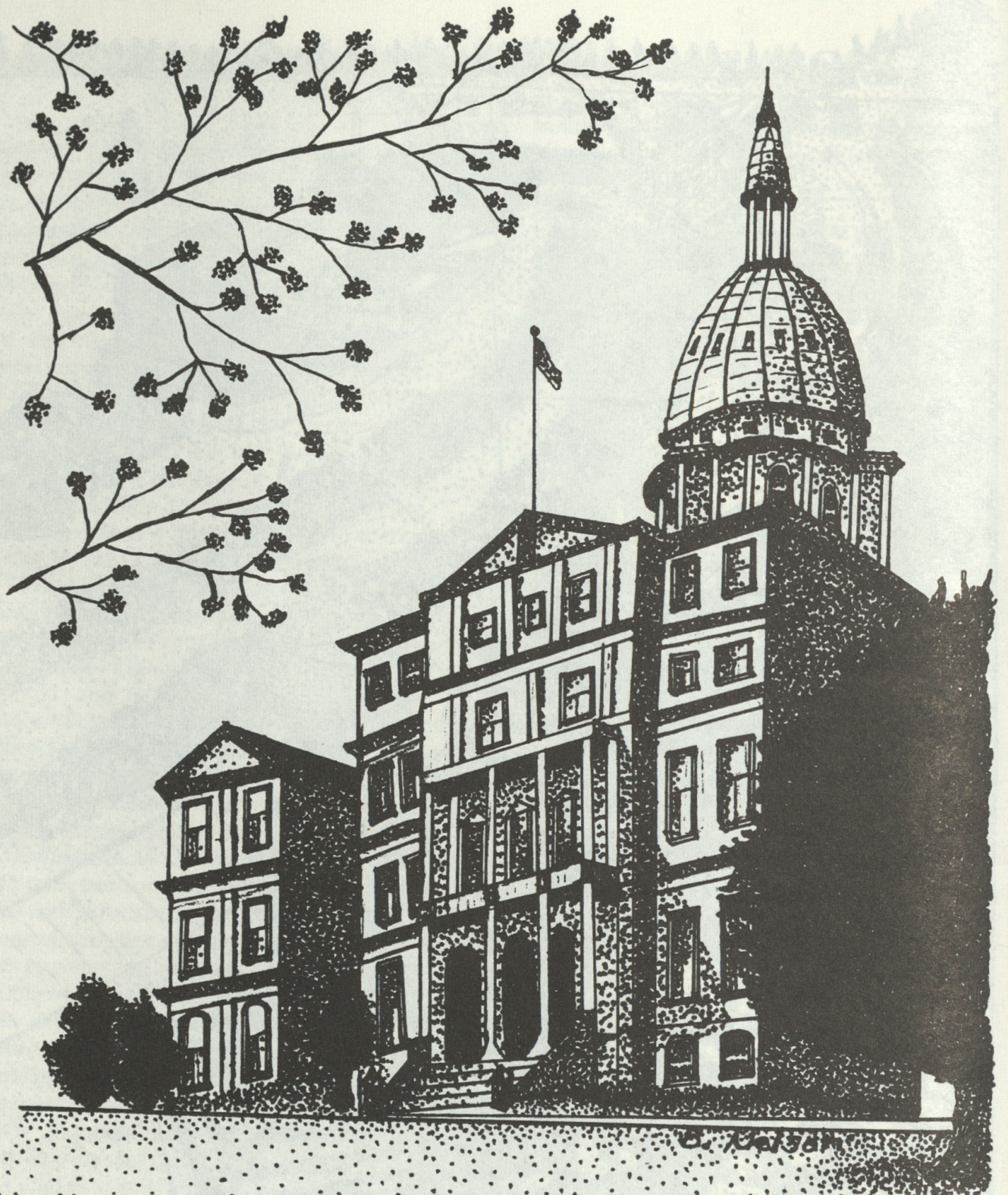
Mr. Jacobetti enjoys helping people because coming from a "lower income family" he understands such problems. "I know what it is to want. That is why during the course of my life, I was always very sympathetic of the poor, needy, down-trodden, low income families." He continues, "During the Depression we subsided by the fruits of our own labor. I have always advocated that during the course of a person's life, no matter how wealthy or how poor they may be, they should experience want or to be on welfare for one year. Then they will find out how



Representative Jacobetti



Mr. Jacobetti had an earlier career in mining. Illustrated here in an old train typical of those used in the mining industry.



Michigan's State Capitol in Lansing.

poor people live and what is is to want."

Jacobetti recalled his happy boyhood spent in Patch Location, in Negaunee. "We had our own little gang, John Chiri, Joe Rappizini, Paul Maino, Martin Terzaghi," he stated. "We seldom went to town. Probably twice a week, on Saturday and Sunday. Saturday we would go to the movie theater, which at that time cost five cents, and we would ask our mothers for a penny to get some licorice. Sunday we would go to church, come home, and resume our games."

Summer vacation was the best time of all. He and his pals had a full schedule, morning until night. "The first thing we all did was that our fathers shaved each of our heads, and we never wore any shoes for the summer. On nice, warm days, we would walk to the Milwaukee Davis iron ore pit, which was about two miles from our home, to go swimming. On the way back home we picked strawberries. We'd take a blade of grass or hay and put the strawberries on that straw. When we arrived home, that would be our supper, berries and milk."

Outside of recreational activities there were also jobs to do around the house. During the summer Mr. Jacobetti and his three brothers had to go out to the "Lost 40" and cut enough wood to heat their house during the winter. In the winter there were always chores to do; the path that needed to be shoveled, the wood box had to be filled, and the coal pail could always be replenished.

Aside from the life at home, Mr. Jacobetti had fun at school. He was a typical boy attending a small school. He attended St. Paul's School in Negaunee which at that time only had eight grades. Jacobetti remembers being disciplined for acts of misbehavior. He recalled, "One particular time we misbehaved after a basketball game. We had just been beaten by Escanaba Holy Name, and we were a little ticked off. We had disobeyed the rules set down by our coach, and each and every player on the team had to turn in their uniforms and be disciplined for about two games."

With the addition of a high school in 1935, Mr. Jacobetti was in the first graduating class of Negaunee St. Paul's High School in 1938. After graduation, he worked for the National Youth Administration which was instituted by President Roosevelt. "We worked at the high school one hour a day, for twenty-five cents an hour. Through this job I earned eighty-three dollars. So with that eighty-three dollars, my mother and I traveled all the way to Detroit by train and then into Pennsylvania. This trip took about six weeks. That just goes to show you how far eighty-three dollars could go in 1938."

In 1954, John McNamara, chairman of the Marquette County Democratic Party, approached Mr. Jacobetti and requested that he run for State Representative. Mr. Jacobetti refused saying he was too involved with the labor movement. Mr. McNamara persisted and convinced Mr. Jacobetti to allow his name to be placed on the ballot. McNamara indicated that Jacobetti's chances for victory were slim. "That was quite a challenge telling a man to run for an office, but he wouldn't win. So I accepted the challenge and began a very vigorous campaign to show them that I was going to win," Mr. Jacobetti proclaimed.

On the night of the election, early returns reported Jacobetti behind by 500 votes. However, when the votes of Negaunee and Ishpeming Townships were tabulated, Mr. Jacobetti had defeated his opponent by 162 votes. He has been elected consistently since 1954 with the plurality increasing each year.

"God willing, with the continued support of my constituents, and if my health is in good condition, I will serve as long as I can, even if it is up to ninety years of age."

— Robert Nelson

“IT’S ALL UP TO YOU”

In the corner of Allan Chapman’s modern room, one can see reminders of his most joyous moments in ski jumping. Black and white pictures along with newspaper clippings commemorate his earlier career.

Allan and his four brothers were very athletic. He became interested in ski jumping at age fourteen when he did not make the basketball team. He began ski jumping so he would not feel left out.

Allan started ski jumping on a lighted hill by his house. His first serious ski jumping, after he received new skis for Christmas, was at the Winter Sports Area in Ishpeming. If a jumper placed high enough in competitions at the Winter Sports Area, he had a chance to go to Munising, Manistique, and then Iron Mountain, Michigan. “These were tournaments that were run on Sunday. Fathers would take us down . . . fathers or uncles. We’d put six skiers in a car and a driver and go down to that tournament,” replied Allan explaining how they reached the tournaments.

He never skied out of the United States, but he skied in Steamboat Springs, Colorado; Berlin, New Hampshire; Leavenworth, Washington, and Squaw Valley, California. “I was a forerunner for the Olympics. I wore number eight in the 1960 Olympics in Squaw Valley. A forerunner means that I would break the track in everyday,” he explained.

When I asked him if he won any of these tournaments, he exclaimed, “Oh, yes! Especially in my younger age I won quite a few tournaments!”

On New Year’s Eve in 1959, Allan was riding Suicide Hill in Ishpeming as a member of the National Ski team. As he descended the hill, he hit his head on the landing. “This was about one-thirty that afternoon and I didn’t wake up until five-thirty that night and I was in the hospital,” he explained to me.

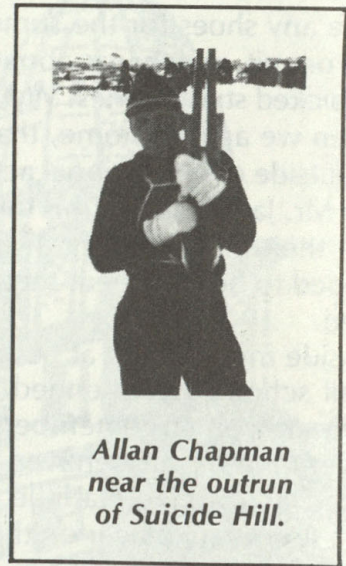
Allan’s two brothers also ski jumped which made a difference to him. As soon as they started skiing it made him proud when they would jump. It also made him work harder so they would not beat him! Allan did admit that he really didn’t care if they were victorious. He just tried to make them work as hard as he was working.

Ski jumping is not just a man’s sport. There were female ski jumpers too, but it’s a little bit harder for a female to ski jump. Women’s bone structure is different for the in-run position because of their hips. “Girls could be good jumpers. They had girls over at Norway that were good jumpers,” Allan told me.

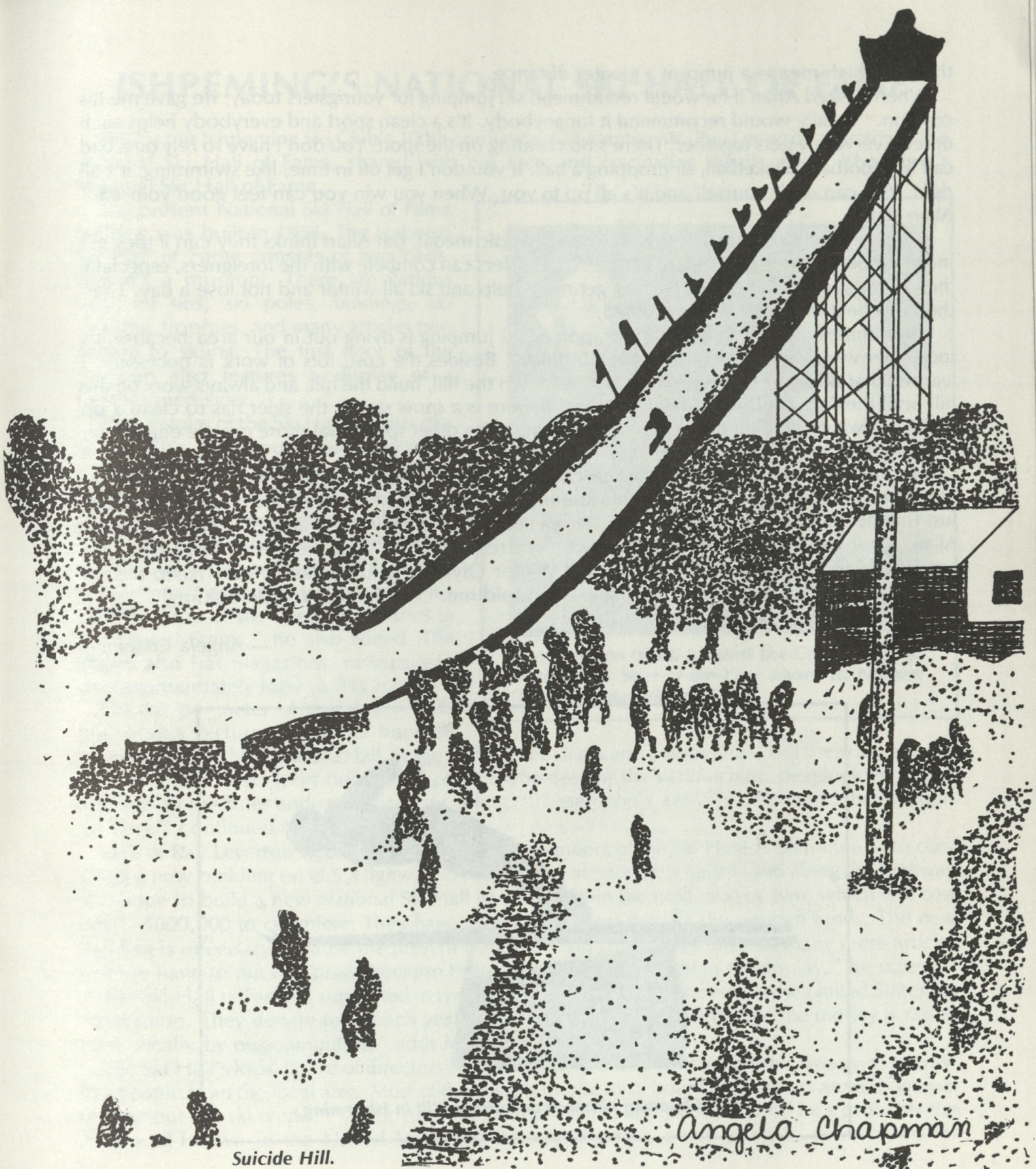
Ski jumping has had some changes since Allan first started. He finds the biggest difference to be in the types of skis used. When Allan began, skis were wooden and so performance depended on the shellac and waxing process. Now skis are fiberglass. Previously skis had three grooves, now they have six.

Clothing has also changed. Skiers in Allan’s time had baggy pants instead of today’s streamlined design. Today, skiers also wear a helmet which Allan considers very important.

The hills are also more streamlined and designed so skiers don’t go so high, but go away from



*Allan Chapman
near the outrun
of Suicide Hill.*



Suicide Hill.

Angela Chapman

the hill which means a jump of a greater distance.

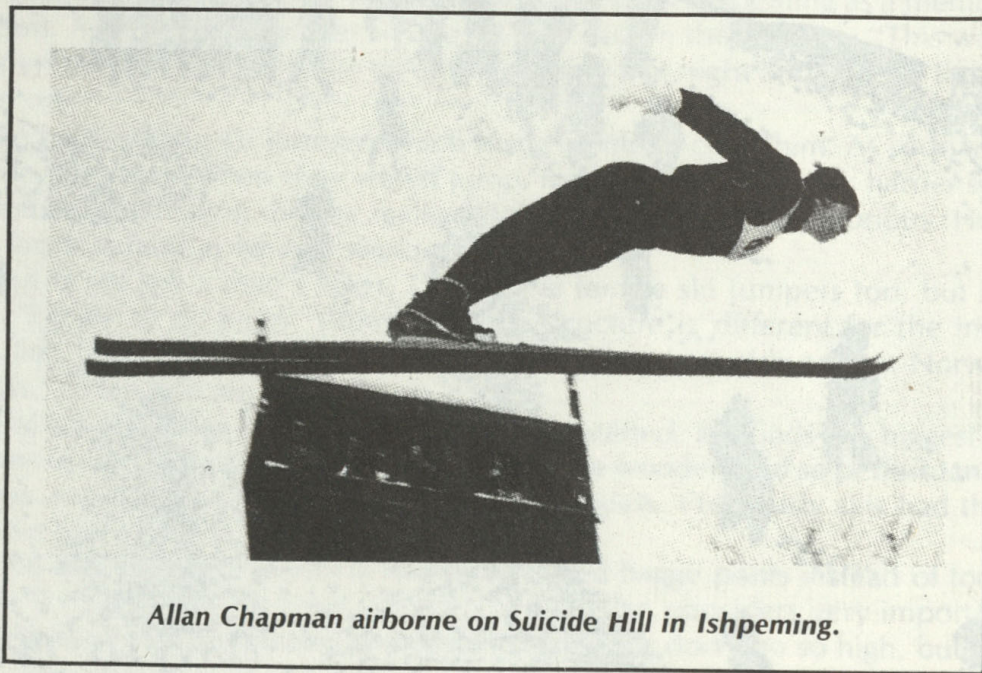
When I asked Allan if he would recommend ski jumping for youngsters today, he gave me his opinion. "I really would recommend it for anybody. It's a clean sport and everybody helps each other. Everybody gets together. There's no cheating on the sport. You don't have to rely on a bad call like football, basketball, or dropping a ball. If you don't get off in time, like swimming, it's all right. You can do it yourself and it's all up to you. When you win you can feel good yourself," Allan stated.

The American ski jumpers never won an Olympic medal, but Allan thinks they can if they get more support from the American people. "The skiers can compete with the foreigners, especially the young jumpers. They just have to get more help and ski all winter and not lose a day. Then they can beat them!" Allan exclaimed.

Unfortunately, Allan thinks that the sport of ski jumping is dying out in our area because it's too expensive. The skis cost around 350 dollars. Besides the cost, lots of work is necessary. I learned that ski jumpers have to walk up and down the hill, build the hill, and always work on the hill until they are on the National Ski team. If there is a snow storm, the skier has to clean it up and if it is windy he cannot ski. Also there seems to be other sports that more people enjoy such as basketball and snowmobiling.

One highlight of Allan's ski jumping career was his journey to Leavenworth, Washington. There he competed against five Norwegians from the Norwegian Ski team. He beat four of them! Just the idea of skiing with the Olympic skiers in Squaw Valley in 1959 and 1960 was a thrill for Allan, for it helped him grow and accept more responsibility. Also, he developed foreign ski jumping friends. One friend was the 1972 Winter Olympic gold medal winner, Yukio Kasaya from Japan. It's difficult to give highlights Allan told me. "I had a real good life skiing!"

— Angela Chapman



Allan Chapman airborne on Suicide Hill in Ishpeming.

ISHPEMING'S NATIONAL SKI HALL OF FAME

1987 is the Ishpeming Ski Club's 100th anniversary. Recently, Mr. Ray Leverton, curator of the National Ski Hall of Fame, shared with me facts and fascinating details about Ishpeming's National Ski Hall of Fame.

The present National Ski Hall of Fame building was built in 1954. The National Ski Hall of Fame consists of two parts. First it's a museum. There are various types of skis, ski poles, bindings, ski clothing, trophies, and many articles pertaining to skiing. The first floor of the museum also features a display of a handicapped skier.

The upstairs of the Ski Hall consists of a library. "It's an in-house library, by that I mean most of the books we have in our library are one of a kind. In other words we can't let that book leave the building here, but you can look in the books. We'll have a person here that'll be glad to help you," explains Mr. Leverton. "It's probably one of the finest ski libraries in the United States," he also added. The library also has magazines, newspapers, and approximately forty to fifty movies.

On the perimeter of the library walls are various pictures of all the honored members of the National Ski Hall. Some of them are skiers and competitors, but there are also ski sport builders. A ski sport builder is a person who designs the various hills, develops the areas, and sets all the rules and regulations for skiing. "These people are very important, the ski sport builders," continued Mr. Leverton.

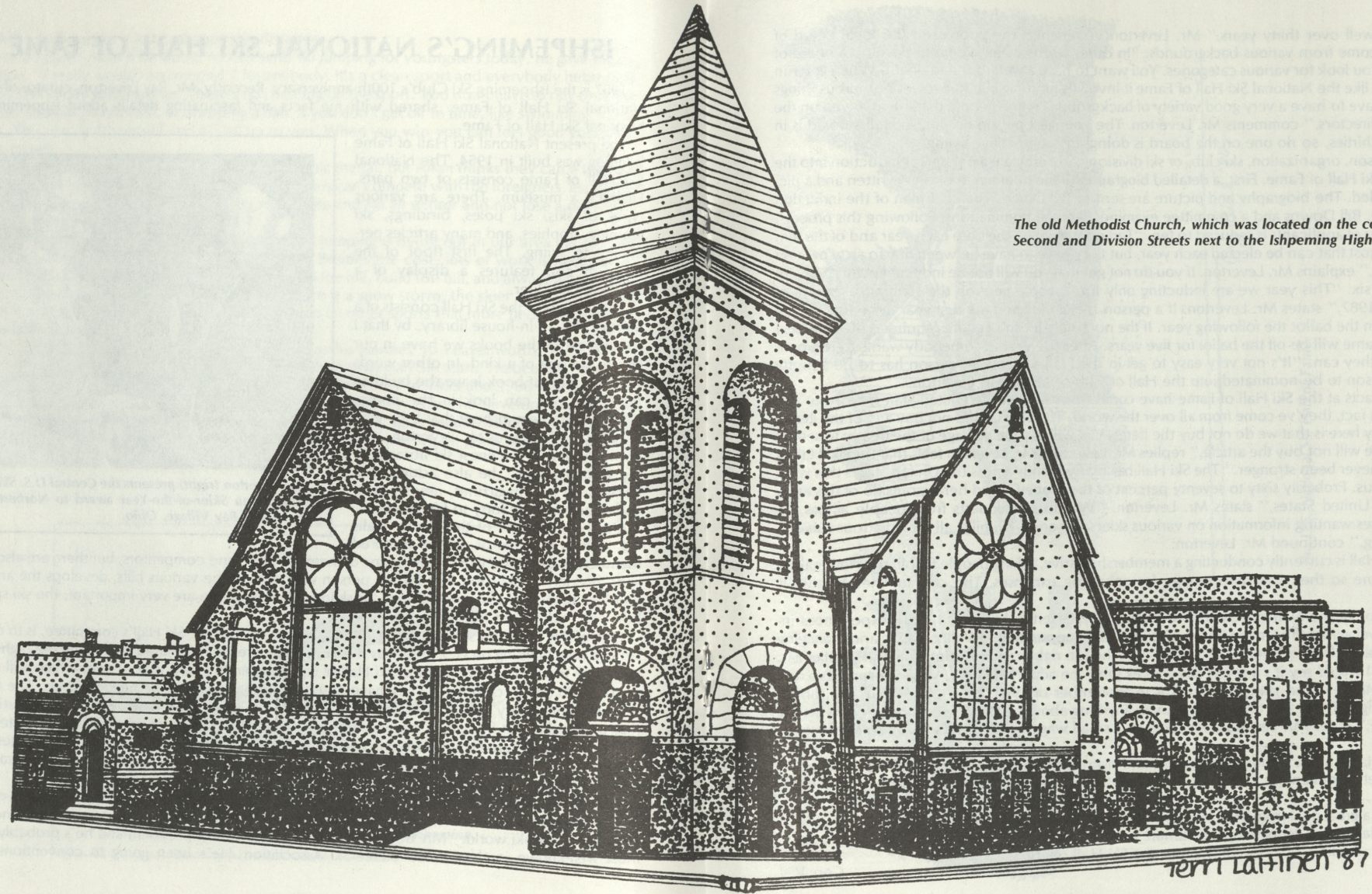
One of Ray Leverton's goals, along with other members of the Ski Hall's committee, is to construct a new building on U.S. Highway 41. They have already purchased land along the highway and hope to build a new National Ski Hall of Fame within the next year or two, which will cost nearly \$600,000 to complete. They have raised about one third of the needed funds. The new building is necessary because the present building is too small. "We have so many more articles that we have to put in storage because there is no room to put them on display," he states.

The Ski Hall of Fame is supported in two ways. "We receive money from the United States Ski Association. They donate to us each year about \$12,000. The remainder of the money is raised here, locally by our committee," adds Mr. Leverton.

The Ski Hall's local board of directors has an Advisory Board which includes twenty to twenty-five people from the local area. Most of the people on the local board of directors are well known throughout the ski world. "Mr. Boyum, he's our chairman and president and he's probably the most well-known in the United States Ski Association. He's been going to conventions for



Ray Leverton (right) presents the Central U.S. Ski Association Skier-of-the-Year award to Norbert Fischer of Bay Village, Ohio.



The old Methodist Church, which was located on the corner of Second and Division Streets next to the Ishpeming High School.

probably well over thirty years," Mr. Leverton comments. The people on the local board of directors come from various backgrounds. "In other words when we go to develop a board of directors you look for various categories. You want to have a well-rounded board. When you run a business like the National Ski Hall of Fame it involves fund-raising. It involves numerous things that you have to have a very good variety of backgrounds in the people that are involved on the board of directors," comments Mr. Leverton. The youngest person on the Ski Hall's Board is in their mid-thirties, so no one on the board is doing any competitive skiing.

Any person, organization, ski club, or ski division can nominate a person for induction into the National Ski Hall of Fame. First, a detailed biography of the nominee has to be written and a picture included. The biography and picture are sent to Bill Downs, the chairman of the induction committee. Bill Downs and a committee examine all of the nominations. Following this process, the number of applicants is reduced to ten. "Ten people go on the slate each year and of the ten, six is the most that can be elected each year, but they have to have between fifty to sixty percent of the vote," explains Mr. Leverton. If you do not get that you will not be inducted even if you are in the top six. "This year we are inducting only four people here on the sixth and seventh of February, 1987," states Mr. Leverton. If a person is not inducted the first year the name will be put back on the ballot the following year. If the nominee doesn't get the required votes the next year, the name will be off the ballot for five years. After five years if somebody wants to resubmit the name they can. "It's not very easy to get in the Hall of Fame. A person has to be a pretty special person to be nominated into the Hall of Fame," states Mr. Leverton.

The artifacts at the Ski Hall of Fame have come from all over the United States, Norway and England. In fact, they've come from all over the world. The Ski Hall did not buy any of the items. "Our policy here is that we do not buy the items. We will pay the postage or the freight to send it here but we will not buy the article," replies Mr. Leverton. Mr. Leverton feels that the Ski Hall of Fame has never been stronger. "The Ski Hall has many friends across the United States that want to support us. Probably sixty to seventy percent of the money raised here is outside of this area, across the United States," states Mr. Leverton. "We do get requests from people across the United States wanting information on various skiers, ski areas, ski hills, all these various subjects about skiing," continued Mr. Leverton.

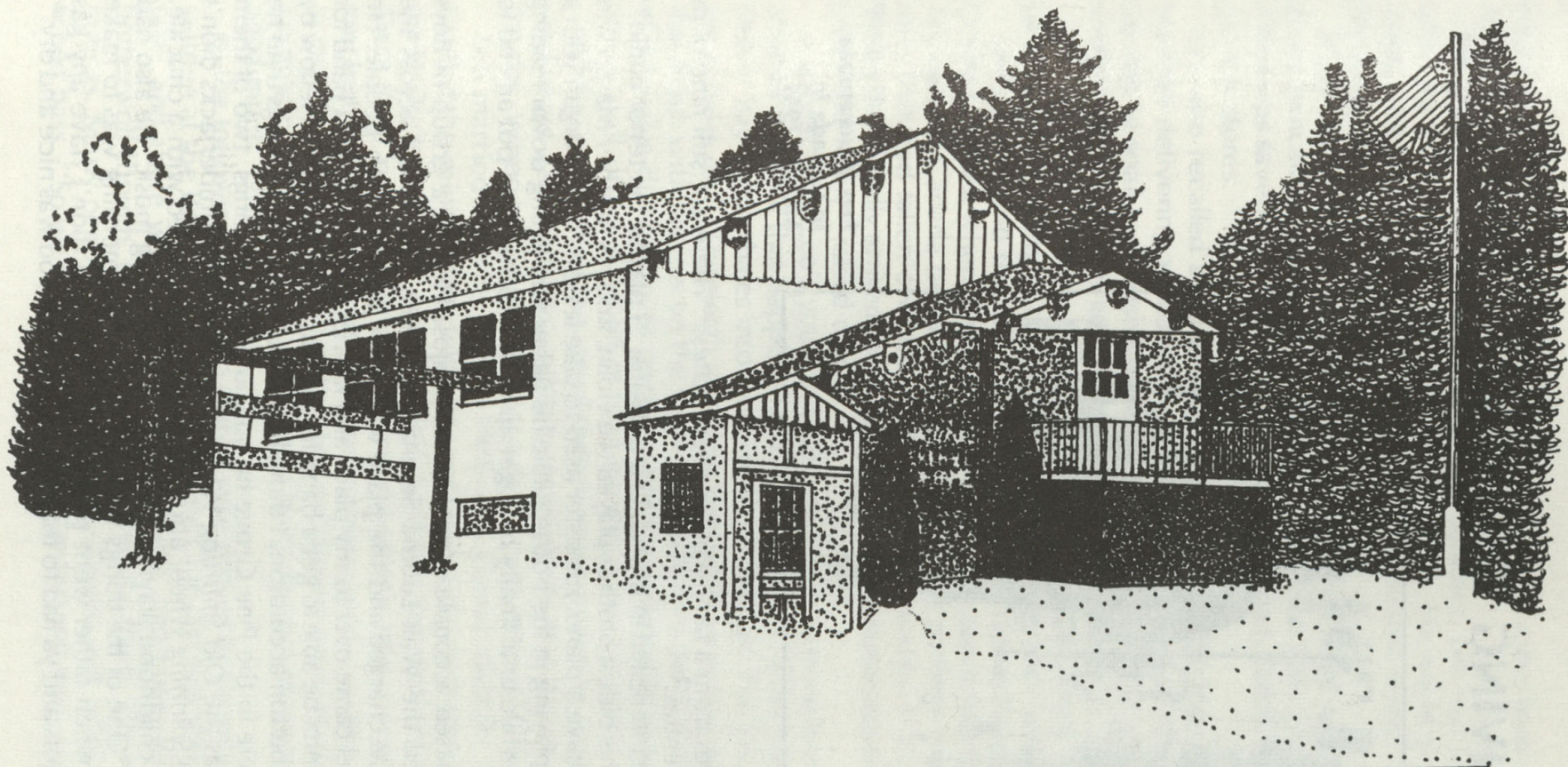
The Ski Hall is currently conducting a membership drive, asking people to join the National Ski Hall of Fame so they can raise money for operating expenses. The cost for membership is nominal.

As curator of the National Ski Hall of Fame, Ray Leverton has had a lot of experiences including travel across the United States. The job is time consuming. "Well, curating and managing the National Ski Hall of Fame, if you want to do the job right, requires a lot of work," replies Mr. Leverton. "I would say it's a seven day a week job," he adds. However, Mr. Leverton has a full-time job. Mr. Leverton started as curator in September of 1970, after John Pontti, the former curator, resigned. "At that time I didn't know anything about curating, what it meant or what my duties were," states Mr. Leverton. He receives a small wage which covers his travel expenses as curator.

The Ski Hall is a fascinating place to visit and visitors are welcomed. Tours can be arranged by calling to set a convenient time. The staff at the Ski Hall is ready to help and answer any questions.

I learned a great deal from Mr. Leverton. I am very thankful to him for explaining all the aspects of the Ski Hall to me. Ishpeming is fortunate to have the National Ski Hall of Fame located here. We should all take advantage of the tour the Ski Hall offers.

— Cory Vial



Cory Uial '87

The U.S. National Ski Hall of Fame.

RELIVING THE YEARS



**Leo Wuorenmaa
in Canada in
March, 1961.**

Mr. Leo Wuorenmaa, who comes from a family of fourteen, states, "There are still nine of us living. All except one is in the seventies."

As a child he and his family were interested in music. Leo explains, "I played the tenor banjo." His sister was a wonderful pianist; his oldest brother played the violin, and his brother Martin was a drummer. Of course they didn't have a piano, his sister used to take lessons on an organ with a foot pump. The combo would be playing in the house while his father was sitting down reading the Finnish paper. He'd listen for awhile until finally he'd get up from the chair and put an end to the playing.

As Leo became older, he purchased a couple ukuleles and banjos. He and a group of boys started up a five piece band called the Walt Luoma Serenaders which performed across the Upper Peninsula. No admission was charged and the place was often jammed with people. He commented, "One day John Consel came over to my place and he inquired that I get a band for tonight. There was no way I was gonna be able to get a band for tonight. So I called up a fellow by the name of Jack Lammi. He had a button accordion. I thought he could play more songs than he did. Come to find out when we were in the Pine Grove he only knew three songs, two of them were Finnish and the other one was the *Old Spinning Wheel*. Of course the lumberjacks didn't know the difference; he played the *Spinning Wheel* about fifty times," he added with a chuckle.

Although Leo spent much of his childhood playing the banjo and enjoying music, he also had household chores to do. He said, "One of the things we had to do in the morning was to make sure there was plenty of kindling when father went to work because you didn't have any gas stove or electric stove, no refrigerators and ya had to make sure that the wood was nice and dry."

He continues, "If father was day shift, when he came home if that woodbox was empty, he'd really raise cain!"

His father was very strict. During the summer, Leo had to take a wheelbarrow with an iron wheel to the woods in the Cleveland location. He would get two, three, maybe four blocks of wood, place it in the wheelbarrow and push the load home. This task was done daily to build up the wood supply for the coming winter.

A typical Wuorenmaa breakfast may have included an ethnic specialty of blood pancakes. Blood pancakes contained flour mixed with blood from a cow or heifer that was just killed. The blood was saved and was also used to make bread. Today, blood sausage can be found in some grocery stores.

Leo also recalled another tradition enjoyed during the Christmas season. He remembered a teamster delivering a load of "lipeakalaa" or frozen cod to their home. Leo's mother would put the fish to soak in a washtub under the kitchen table. It was soaked in ashes and lye for many weeks before it would get soft and ready for cooking.

In his youthful years, Leo spent a lot of time outdoors. He remembers his first hunting experiences and being in the company of his father and "old timers" from Ishpeming.

Leo's father and the other men would take Frankie Kauppila's team of horses and go out to Connor's Creek where Ostolas had a camp. Leo says it was just like traveling into the Northwest Territory of Canada because it was so wild and no trees were cut down. The oldtimers sawed trees that had fallen over the road during the summer. It took the guys all day to get to camp. When they finally arrived and the door to the camp was opened, they often found that the porcupines had really "raised cain."

It appears that Leo's younger years were filled with excitement. With a grin, he told me about another incident that happened to him. He began, "I can remember when Koski's store used to deliver hay by the bales into the Cleveland location. The sleighs were narrow but they'd have a ton of bales on it. The sleigh would be leaning this way and that way. One day I shacked a ride on that sleigh with my feet on the runner. We got over near Ted Mattson's house and the whole load of hay bales dumped over on top of me. I was lucky there was about three feet of snow. When they got all of the bales off of me I ran like a scared deer," he said.

When Leo reached the age of sixteen or seventeen he began to work outside of the home. He used to get a shift once in a while by running down to the city yards where he would be hired for the day. When he did get a job for a day or two, he would hand this pay check over to his father.

Leo married his wife, Ina, in 1935, in a Finnish church. Times were so hard that when Leo handed the minister five dollars for performing the ceremony, the minister gave him three dollars back! During the first years of their marriage, Leo worked in the woods for Luoma Sanders in Black River country. He cut pulpwood and was paid a penny for a "stick" that was eight feet, four inches long. "You cut one hundred pieces and you get a dollar! You had to have good brush to get a hundred pieces of pulp," Leo exclaimed. I can imagine how difficult it was to try to raise a family in such hard times. Leo says of his early years of marriage, "they were in love" and didn't need much "grub" anyways.

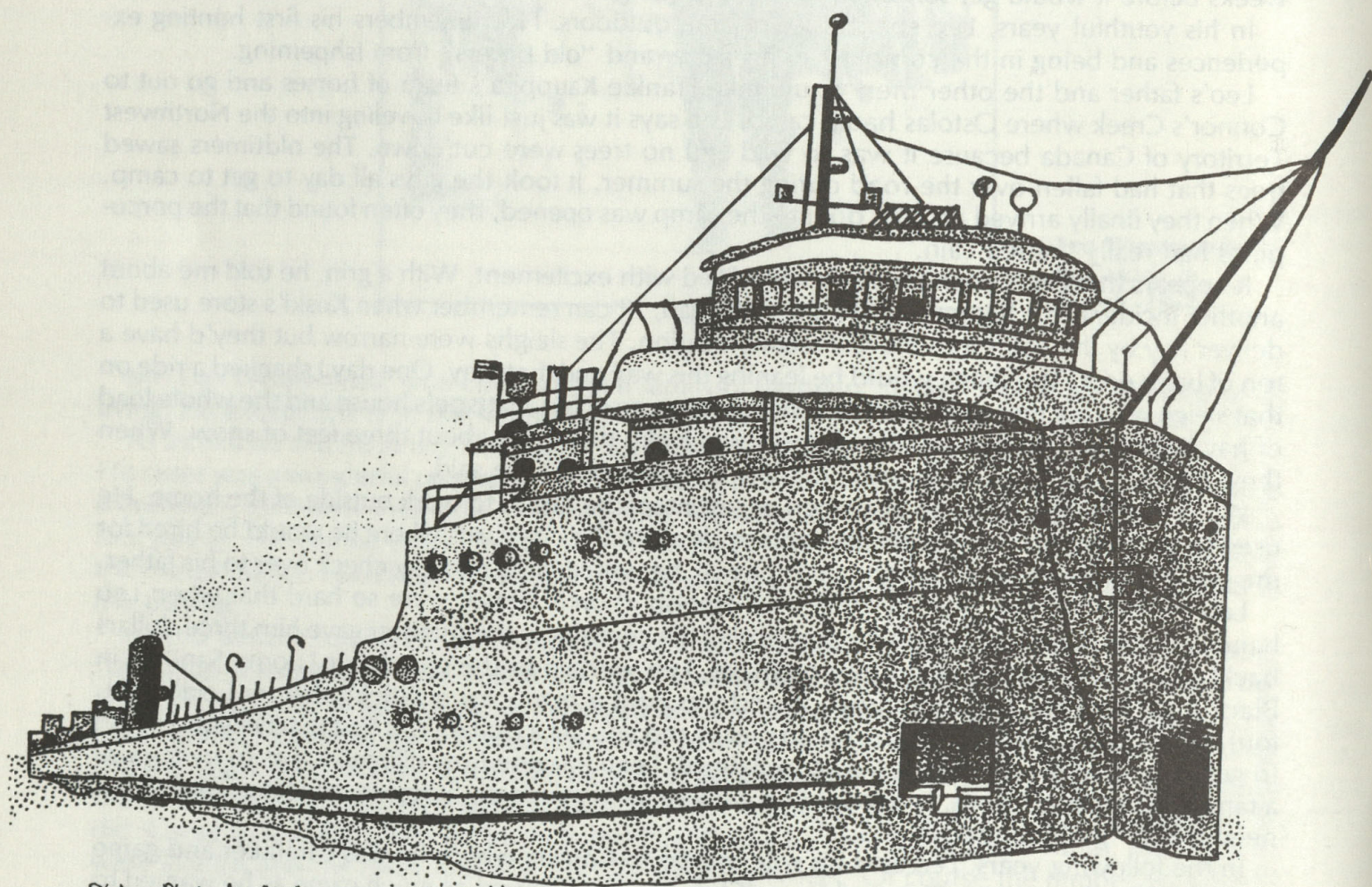
In the following years, Leo and his wife moved to Canada where he was caretaker and game warden at the Beauchaine Fish and Game Club. He was allowed as much game as he wanted to take, and there was plenty of beaver, mink, and otter. He didn't trap any muskrats, fox, or timberwolf though. Fish were also very plentiful there. His wife was the cook for many of these outings. Many people, including doctors, lawyers and judges attended the fishing parties. Most fished bass. "So we would have to fillet the fish and wash them out, throw them in a frying pan

with a couple pounds of bacon and have a great feed," Leo recalled.

In addition to his employment in the woods and as a game warden, Leo also worked on the ore boats in the Great Lakes. He was aboard a ship by the name of *E. G. Grave* which was an Inner Lake Steam Ship Company boat. Leo was the ship's fireman. The other firemen were young lads from Chicago and everyone was seasick. Usually a man had to stand watch for four hours and then he'd be off eight. But the guys were so sick they couldn't get out of the bunk. Leo had to stand watch for four shifts. Boy was he tired!

Leo and his wife Ina have been married for fifty-two years. He has two daughters and five great-grandchildren. Leo's fine sense of humor and memory for exact details make it easy for us to relive the years of his interesting, active life!

— Laurie Richards



Duke Listerle '87

A Great Lakes ore boat similar to one Mr. Wuorenmaa may have worked on.

“MOSTLY FARM AND COUNTRY PEOPLE”

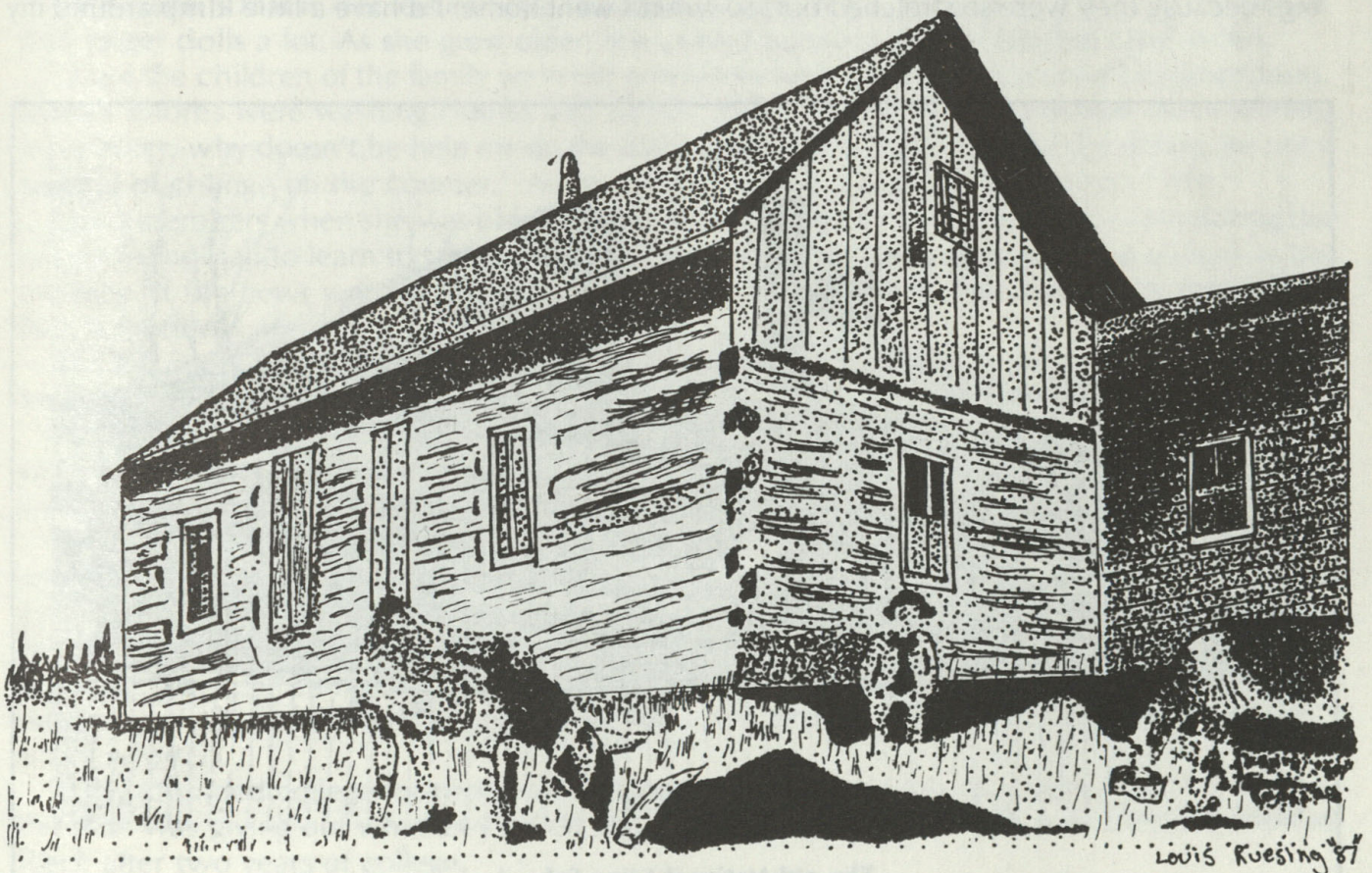
“I really enjoyed teaching those years. I feel that my being guided into the teaching profession was God given,” stated my Great-Aunt Marty Kuopus.

Marty was in the third grade when she first thought about becoming a teacher. When she told her brother about her ambition to become a teacher some day, he said, “Ho, if you’re going to be a teacher, you have to know all the Presidents of the United States!” Right then and there, she became discouraged.

Marty was born on a homestead farm, out past what we now call Green Creek, which in those days was referred to as Pleasant Prairie.

“When I was a child, we were happy; we had lots of fun. If we were lacking anything, we sure didn’t know it,” Marty retorted.

Winter was a season of fun. They spent lots of time sledding on cardboard and building snow tunnels and snow houses. Snow would pile up against the snow fences. Marty, along with her three sisters and five brothers, would dig tunnels into the snow drifts and haul blocks of wood in for chairs. The school yard was another place for winter fun. At the National Mine School, students had an ice slide on the sidewalk where they would line up and take turns sliding. On the north side of the school where the hill is quite steep, the boys had a runner type sled that they rode down the hill.



A homestead similar to that of the Koupus family's.

In the spring the girls played hopscotch and jacks on the school steps. They also often jumped rope. They would have a long rope, with a girl on each end. The rest of the girls would line up and do the different things while jumping. The boys would play marbles, even when the weather was cool. As a result, some of the boys had very chapped hands. One boy's hands were so dry and chapped that the dirt in all the cracks made his hands look real brown. Marty adds with a chuckle, "I remember a teacher asking that boy, 'When are you going to take your gloves off?'"

Marty recalls that if she got into trouble at school, she did not obtain any support from her parents, especially, if she did something she shouldn't do. She felt discipline in the schools was very good then. "We had one teacher I thought was very special," Marty adds, "that was George Annala."

The children started out riding to school in a car, then a paneled truck and finally an old school bus that the kids used to call "The Crackerjack" because it made so much noise.

Marty remembers when she and her brothers and sisters disembarked the bus, they would race into the house, run for the *Mining Journal*, and open it up to the comic page. They laid the paper on the floor so two or three of her brothers and sisters could read the comics at one time.

Marty relates, "I remember springtime. We had to wear long johns and long cotton stockings. When spring came, I would roll my long johns up above my knees. This was after I got to school. When we were ready to go on the bus to go home, I'd roll my long johns back down and pull my stockings up, but I always had a hard time getting my long johns folded neatly under my stockings because they were so stretched out. So when I went home, I'd have a little lump around my



The old National Mine School.



Marty (standing in the back on the right) with grades 3, 4, and 5 in Felch, Mich., around 1946.

ankles. My mother looked at those lumps silently. I don't remember that she ever asked me where those lumps came from. But she must have known," Marty chuckles.

Marty recalls that in her leisure time, she liked to read. When she was very young, she played with paper dolls a lot. As she grew older, she played outside with her brothers and sisters.

When the children of the family were old enough to have chores, they were all assigned tasks. Marty's chores were washing clothes and dishes. Marty also states, "I remember once kidding my brother, why doesn't he help me do the dishes? Instead of helping me do the dishes, he put a handful of change on the counter." Marty commented laughingly, "I didn't mind that."

She remembers when she was older, the boys and her mom and dad went to camp during the summer. She had to learn to take care of the cows which meant getting up at five o'clock in the morning. If the cows weren't home, she had to go and find them. Fortunately she didn't have that task often.

In the summertime it was a big deal for Marty to get to go to town with her mom, especially because she looked forward to the nickel bag of candy she would be allowed to choose.

In the summer Marty and her brothers and sisters played games such as hide-and-go-seek, kick-the-can, chase, and moonlight tag on a moonlit night. They also picked berries and went swimming.

Sometimes family members could order clothes or shoes from the catalog. Marty recalls, "I remember one pair of shoes in particular. I was allowed to get a pair of shoes before school was out, white sandals which was a Cinderella kind of thing. I was waiting so hard for those shoes to come, and it was the last day of school. It was raining and my shoes hadn't come. Just before the bus came, the mail came; there were my shoes. I don't know whether the shoes fit me or not. I pushed my feet into those shoes and ran for the bus in the rain, but at least I had my new shoes!" Marty retorted.

Marty attended college for two years, during the war years. Since teachers were very scarce, the state was giving out what they called State Limited Certificates which permitted a person to teach after two years of college.

The first fall that Marty went out to teach she was only nineteen years old. Her job was in a

small, rural community called Felch, Michigan. There were three girls, including Marty, who were rooming in the home of a Swedish family within walking distance of the school. Each had their own room upstairs which did not have running water. Instead, they had a big pitcher of water and a basin, but they could use the tub in the bathroom whenever they wanted to. The Swedish lady was an excellent cook. Marty responded laughingly, "I ate too much, and I gained weight. But it was a very nice place to stay."

Marty taught at Felch for three years. In that school, they had kindergarten through grade twelve. Students were mostly farm and country people. "So I felt right at home with them," Marty relates.

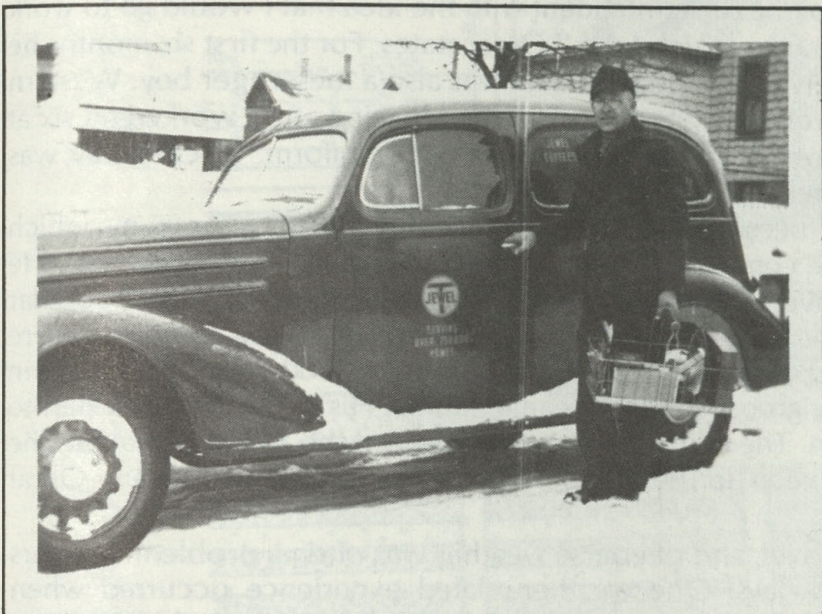
Marty says there are certain students she remembers very well, but not always because they were excellent students. In her first year at Felch, Marty's students put on a Christmas program. She recalled this story for me. The students were practicing for the program. Freddy, a boy she especially remembers, couldn't be at the program so he was going to be Marty's helper. He would help get the program together. They were practicing just shortly before the program day, and Marty was uptight and scolded them. Freddy looked at her and said, "I thought that was good. Maybe you're expecting too much." "So I had to catch my breath," Marty acknowledged, "I think Freddy was right."

Marty taught school for thirteen and a half years. I asked my great-aunt if she would ever like to go back to teaching. Her response was, "No, I don't think so. Life is so very different now from when I taught, and I would like something very quiet now, like a job in the library."

After visiting with Marty about her teaching experiences, I am sure that she did a fine job and would be remembered by her students yet today.

— Sara Wikman

OSCAR HONKALA: A ZEST FOR LIFE



*Mr. Honkala
standing alongside
his Jewel Tea car.*

Oscar Honkala's early life was difficult. "My dad died when he was twenty-six years old, and I was about sixteen months. My sister was born six months after his death," Oscar explained. His mother was a seamstress who did work sewing ladies' and men's garments and suits. She was able to make a decent living for Oscar and his sister, Marie. He fondly recalled his mother as a good provider and hard worker.

Oscar lived with his grandparents on a farm in rural Humboldt while he was going to school. There was no lunch program so often his grandmother would pack him a pasty. One day he was going to heat the pasty in the pot-bellied stove in the back of the room. Young Oscar set the pasty on the end of the poker, opened the door and it fell into the fire. Oops! He didn't have a lunch that day! One of the other boys ran to Autio's store for some cookies which he shared with Oscar.

Walking to school in those days often presented problems. "There were no buses, we had to walk through where there was snow up to our armpits," he laughs.

"In the schoolyard all the time when we should have been talking English we talked Finn," Oscar relates. If a teacher went to Humboldt School and was of another nationality, they learned Finn before they left the school. The principal was an amiable man, who played ball with the boys. "The thing is we didn't always cooperate with him the way we should have," Oscar recalls.

Oscar related one incident where he and a partner played hookey. The weather was very mild, and Oscar had not been to school for almost a week. He and his partner went to a river where they did a little fishing. They almost got caught at their mischief, for the father of Oscar's partner was hauling gravel from a pit near the river. The boys spotted him in time and quickly hid behind a stump of a tree so the father would not find them.

Oscar's later school years were spent in Iron River, Michigan, where his mother was

employed. He was unable to complete his high school education as his mother became ill, could not work, and the family needed an income.

"I quit school with the permission of the superintendent with the idea that I would go to work at the Western Union, and learn telegraphy which I did," Oscar states. For the first six months he worked on the wire, sending and receiving telegrams. Oscar was also a messenger boy. Western Union was a busy place. "I went to work at eight o'clock in the morning and I worked till six at night," he explains. He had a uniform that resembled an officer's uniform. Oscar's pay was twenty dollars a month when he started.

Continuing his working years, he became a salesperson for the Jewel-T Company which featured a delivery type of selling. The company furnished Oscar with a sedan delivery van. He took the orders on one week and delivered the products the next week. Jewel-T's most popular selling item was coffee. "When you had a good heavy coffee poundage on the route you were really considered a good salesman," Oscar explained. Oscar often sold 5,500 pounds of coffee in six weeks. Other items sold were tea, groceries, and cleaning items. His deliveries took him to Gwinn, Munising, Chatham, and Eben. The following week he covered the Negaunee area. The company expected each salesman to keep up the number of customers on the route and Oscar served nearly 800 customers!

Being a salesman requires a lot of travel, and of course weather was often a problem. Winters were especially hard with bitter cold days. One weather-related experience occurred when Oscar's van was stuck in a mudhole south of Ishpeming. When he finally got out and to the nearby house, the lady had a bowl of hot soup waiting for him!

A humorous experience occurred on the route in Little Lake near Gwinn. Oscar had just pulled into a driveway of the home of a very good customer that he visited on every trip. When he got near the house and started to load his basket, he heard somebody yell, "Oscar get out of here!" Oscar exclaims, "I was just thunderstruck, I thought what's happening now?" All of a sudden a big dog jumped out of the house and the lady came to the door. She said, "I just got my dog out of the house." Oscar was the name of the dog! Oscar told her, "I thought it was me first cause that's my name." They laughed, and the lady said she felt kind of foolish about it.

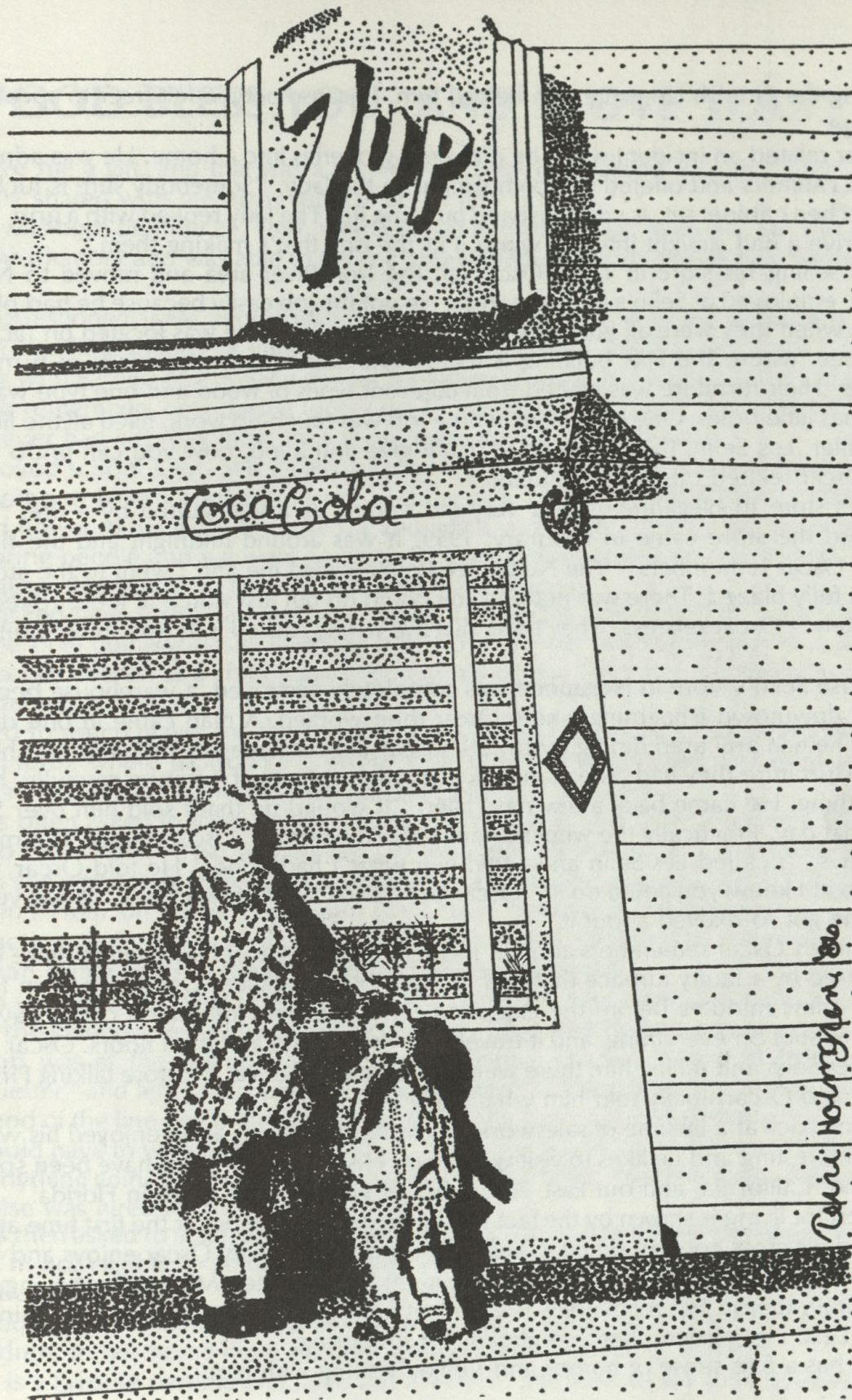
Along with humorous experiences, Oscar also had to deal with an irate customer. A man was mad and would not place any more orders. Realizing that Oscar was very good with people, the manager told him to see if he could get the man back on the route. Oscar went to the man and they talked. Pretty soon the man told his wife, "Go get the man an order." Oscar proudly stated, "I got him back on the books, my boss was really happy."

Following his Jewel-T experiences he spent two years with the Navy. First, he went through a program at Great Lakes. Then he studied at the University of Chicago to learn radio work. His telegrapher job at Western Union helped him. He was the radio operator on a landing craft infantry. He served in both the Atlantic and the Pacific and experienced a trip through the Panama Canal.

Oscar remembers seeing Franklin Roosevelt when he visited the Willow Run bomber plant during the war.

When the war ended and Oscar returned to civilian life, he did not work for the Jewel Tea Company because delivery type of buying changed. It was not as easy as before, because people weren't as anxious to have strangers coming into their homes.

From 1947 through 1953, Oscar owned a grocery store in Iron River which also had a gas pump. He delivered groceries out to the rural areas which gave him a chance to visit people.



A typical small town store in the late 40's.

Knowing the Finnish language also helped him, because people felt freer to speak in their own language.

Oscar related an incident when he delivered groceries into a home. He was admiring the new kitchen cabinets and offered this compliment to the lady, "Somebody sure is lucky in getting a nice kitchen cabinet set. Is your husband building it?" The lady replied with a grin, "My husband can't drive a nail straight into the wood. I'm the one that's making them."

After selling his store in 1955, Oscar left the Iron River area and moved to Negaunee. He became employed at Selin's furniture store. He got the job easily because he had played with the owners when they were all young boys in Iron River. The store was located on Jackson Street in Negaunee, where the Elks building is today. The store sold many kinds of furniture and appliances. Their furniture was crafted from different types of wood and one type was wormwood which has little holes. One employee, whose job was touch-up work, filled all the little holes with wood filler. Les Selin, the boss, said, "That'll give you a job, now you can undo what you just did!" Oscar related this with a chuckle.

Selin's store in Negaunee had a very sad ending as it was gutted by a fire. "The fire that destroyed the store came in February, 1959. It was around midnight and the fire was in full blaze," Oscar remembers. "The Negaunee Police called me and I went to the store. The thing was just fully blazed. There was nothing you could do but just watch it. It destroyed the building completely," Oscar relates. "They think that the wiring caused it. It was an old building from the 1800's."

Because Selin's store in Negaunee was completely destroyed, a warehouse became the new store in downtown Ishpeming where Oscar then worked. A man came in one day and asked Oscar if he had any used dining room sets. Oscar did not have any on hand, but he showed the man the furniture they had. The man looked at all the pieces of furniture carefully, but he did not say anything. He came back a few days later. "It wound up that I sold him over \$1,800 of furniture that day. Practically the whole furniture for the home," Oscar relates. The man paid cash! Oscar says, "I called Les Selin and I told him what I had done." He told Oscar, "I knew you could do it! I knew you could do it!" Oscar just started laughing and said, "It was very humorous to me, he got so excited about it."

Laughingly Oscar remembers another incident in Selin's warehouse when there was an explosion caused by a faulty furnace that had recently been installed. Oscar had been in front of the furnace a few minutes before the explosion. The door flew off which could have killed him. There was soot on everything, and it traveled to the second and third floors. Oscar remembered calling Les Selin and telling him there were a couple of Blacks at the store talking Finn. They both laughed and Oscar finally told him what really happened.

Looking back at a lifetime of saleswork, Oscar has no regrets as he enjoyed his work. He finds people interesting and he likes to visit with them. His retirement years have been spent travelling to Finland, California, and out East. A number of winters were spent in Florida.

His zest for living is shown by the fact that he went water skiing for the first time at age seventy. He also does cross country skiing. Gardening is another activity Oscar enjoys and speaks about with great pride. A year ago, Oscar was a patient in Rochester, Minnesota, having surgery for a benign brain tumor. His recovery was excellent and he is back to enjoying the things in life that he likes best. His garden plans are already set for spring.

Oscar has a fine sense of humor and I enjoy visiting with him.

— Martha Rintamaki

"GOD BLESS YOU, AND I LOVE YOU!"

"God gave me a gift, and that was a memory." These words were spoken by Mrs. Jane Gill who recently shared with me many aspects of her life.

Jane Gill was born on June 23, 1891, which makes her ninety-five years old. She has an exceptionally clear memory and was able to tell me about many experiences she had throughout her life.

When I questioned Janie about her childhood she replied, "Well we were very common people. We had little money or things like that, but we always had enough to eat." Her father was a miner who earned one dollar a day for ten hours of work. Janie didn't have a favorite holiday, but she remembers only having turkey on Thanksgiving, Christmas, and sometimes Easter. "But you never had a turkey more than those three days," laughed Janie.

Janie enjoyed school a lot. She recalls a funny experience she had in the second grade. Her class was going to have a spring program, and the girls all wore a white dress. Janie's mother added a red flower to her dress because she thought it was pretty. "Well, yes, it's pretty . . . but we were spring people and we were going to have little daisy chains on our heads!" chuckled Janie. She also added that the teacher removed the red flower.

When I asked Janie if she had lots of homework while she was in school, I was surprised to hear that the only homework she ever had was in history class during the eighth grade.

Janie's special interest as a child was to become an actress, but when her father found out he said, "No, never!"

Janie liked to watch plays, and the first play she saw was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. She saw it in the old Opera House where Jackson's Hardware store in Ishpeming is now. She even remembers one of the actresses having trouble with her lines because of a cold.

Janie was often asked to give speeches in high school, and when she graduated she gave the memorial to the school. "That was my talk, to tell about the memorial," explained Janie.

Although she was not an actress, Janie spoke on the radio for six years. She did the reading for *The Children's Hour* on the radio and also gave many readings in various places.

Besides acting, Janie enjoys singing. In fact, just a year ago, Janie retired after being a member for more than eighty years in the Grace Episcopal Church Choir!

Although she never attended college, Janie was a teacher. After high school she got a job as an assistant in the kindergarten at the Cleveland School. Then after doing some substitute teaching, her next job was at the National Mine School where a teacher is said to have received a "poisoned letter" and left. Janie taught there for six months. She remembers taking the street car out to the end of the line and then walking the rest of the way to National Mine. At the end of the day she would have to walk all the way back to town. She would try to hitch a ride on a grocery wagon or anything going back to town. "We'd ride on anything!" laughed Janie. After six months someone else was hired for the National Mine job.

Janie was then asked to teach at the Salisbury School. She said to the superintendent, "Oh, Mr. Scrimner, I'm not eligible to go out there. I've been at National Mine for six months, but, why I've never been to college." The superintendent replied, "Now listen, Janie, all education isn't found in books." She taught at the Salisbury School for a while. Janie really liked teaching and enjoys children. In her home there's a door covered with pictures of children.

Cooking is a favorite pastime and Janie did a lot of it. She used to sell a dozen doughnuts for twenty-five cents and also sold pasties for twenty-five cents each. Janie even made pasties for im-

portant government functions in Lansing.

Janie was married in 1917. She gave birth to three sons. She said she told one of her sons that she has the three best sons in the world. Her son replied, "Yes mom, but you were a good mother."

When I asked Janie about the Great Depression she said, "It was tough, but like one of the children said, 'We never starved, we always had enough to eat'." Her husband had to take any job he could get during the Great Depression. At that time, Janie never had a washer, dryer, refrigerator, or vacuum. She had to scrub all her clothes on a washboard.

Janie told me she was never wealthy; she never had a lot of money, but she was always happy. She loves everyone. "And when people go out of this house, I don't care who it is, man, woman, child, rich, poor, young, old, bad, or good I always say: 'Well, God bless you, and I love you'," said Janie. Sure enough, as I left, Janie said, "Well, God bless you, and I love you!"

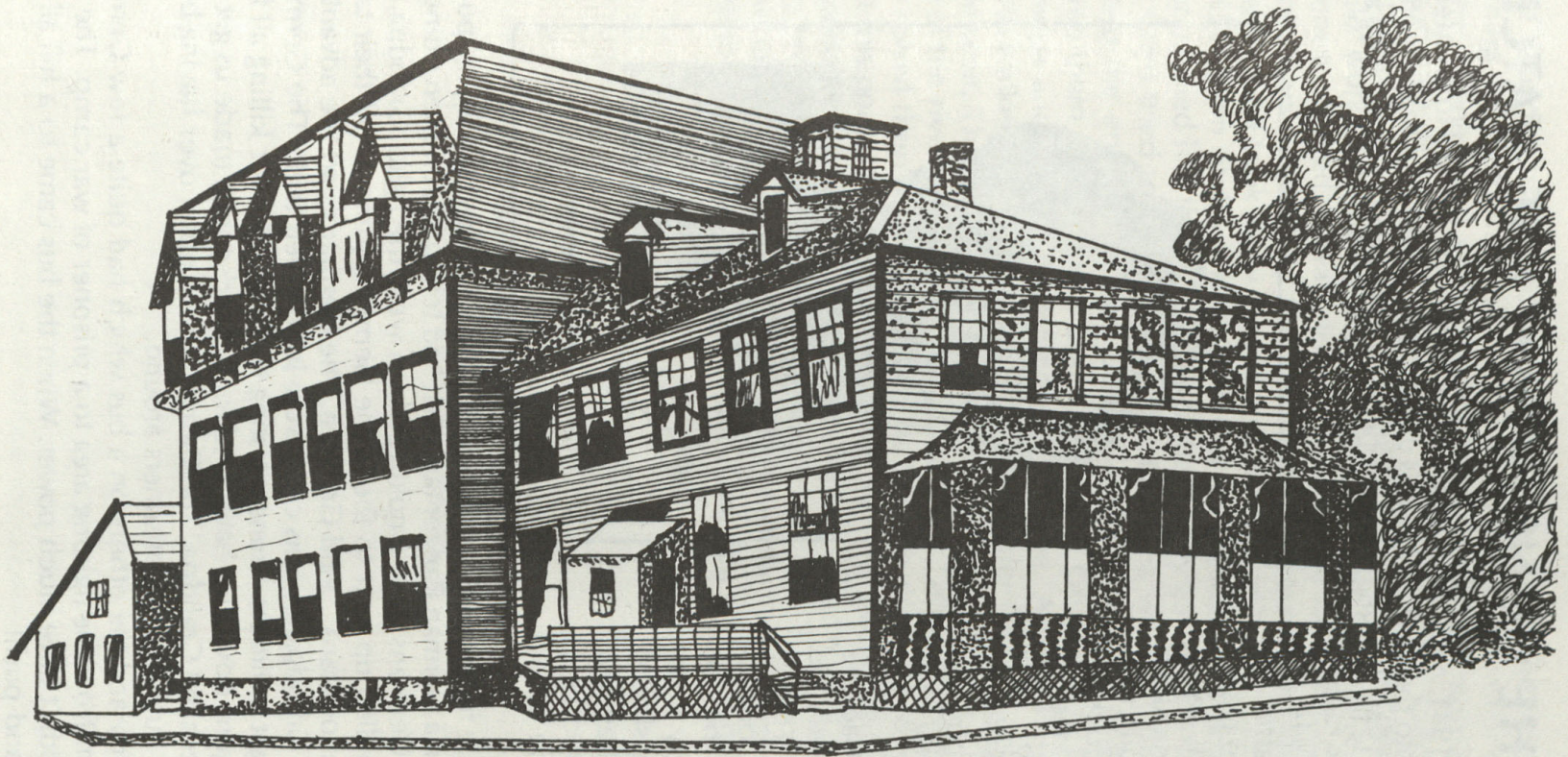
— Steven Sandretto



*Jane Gill
at age 40.*



Jane Gill today.



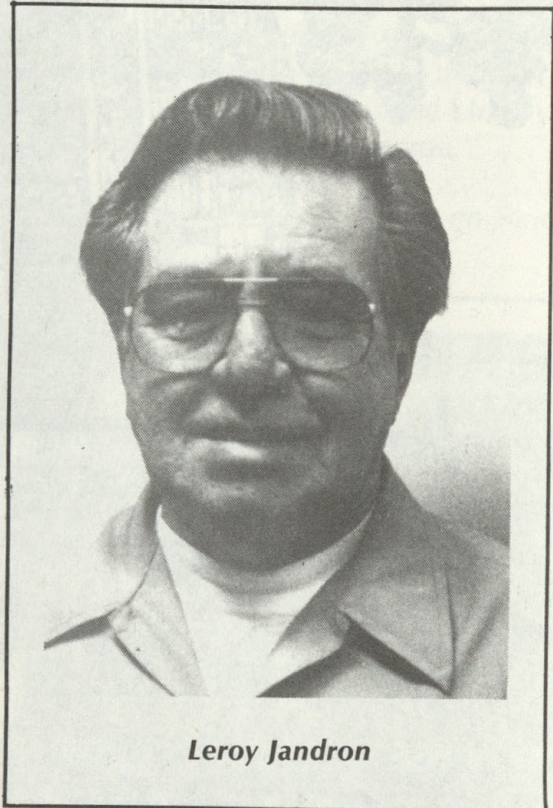
*Mike
Lauren*

The old Ishpeming Parochial School and Convent.

THEY POINTED THE GUNS DOWN THE HATCH

When World War II broke out in 1941, my grandpa, Leroy Jandron, knew he had to register for the draft and would most likely go into the service. He was drafted and involved in the war effort from May 1943, until November of 1945. His first war experience was in France, three days after D-Day. His job as a G.I. was a tank radio operator.

A few weeks later on August 3, 1944, my grandpa was on a reconnaissance patrol. He and the rest of his group were told to reconnoiter with a tank which had a thirty-seven millimeter cannon plus two thirty caliber machine guns. Riding in a jeep, four men were to follow the tank which was to travel about two miles, there they would meet up with an American infantry group. They started near midnight during a blackout. All they had were small headlights to show the route. Along the way, they were hit by small arms fire which did not affect them. They had traveled three miles down the road and still had not met the American infantry. So Grandpa said to the tank driver, "There's something wrong; we haven't met our infantry yet and we've gone a little bit too far." Grandpa couldn't pick up any communication on his radio and felt they should turn around. Just as he said that, they saw two small lights up on the road. One light looked like a cigarette light and the other looked like a small headlight.



Leroy Jandron

The other guy said, "Let's go a little further and see who it is." They reached the lights, pulled up alongside of what happened to be a German Panzer tank that had ten to fifteen men sitting on top or milling around. Some of the Germans were smoking which were the lights Grandpa had seen. The minute Grandpa's tank pulled up next to them, the Germans jumped off their tank. "They noticed the star on the side of our tank," said Grandpa. The Germans had the advantage because they were in the open and Grandpa and his crew were inside their tank. The Germans shot at the jeep with their eighty-eight millimeter guns, blasting the jeep all apart killing all four men." The Germans pointed their guns down the hatch and took us prisoners, made us get out and lined us up against the tank," recalled Grandpa. The Germans were upset over having been surprised by the Americans so they pushed their prisoners around.

After awhile they boarded Grandpa and the others on a bus which had quite a few German soldiers on it; the bus that took them from the fighting area to a prisoner of war camp. The bus was run by a charcoal burner and didn't have much power. When the bus came to a hill all the American prisoners had to get out and push!

When they reached the German camp, which was simply tents out in the field, the Germans

made Grandpa and the other Americans go inside the tents and sleep for the night. The next morning the Germans took each prisoner out and questioned him.

The prisoners had a daily routine at the camp. Each morning they had a little bit of soup. Then the Germans would take them to a Munich, Germany railroad yard. There the Germans made the prisoners repair the railroad because the Allies were bombing the yard daily. The prisoners would work until about eight o'clock at night and were returned to camp. The American prisoners worked at ways to escape from the Germans. Once, the Germans discovered the prisoners were breaking the roof of the boxcars in an attempt to escape. They whipped the prisoners and took away their shoes. Now the prisoners had no shoes, no food, nor water. They couldn't even sit down because it was too crowded with sixty to sixty-five prisoners per boxcar. They traveled like that for days until they finally got to a different camp. Along the way the French Red Cross tried to feed them but the Germans wouldn't allow it.

Near the end of the war, German soldiers took the prisoners out of the regular camp and moved them in the woods and set up tents. Guards were placed around the tents. One night Grandpa and his partner planned an escape. Around four o'clock in the morning, after the guards walked past the tent, they sneaked under the tents and ran and ran, being very careful not to be seen. They continued through the woods until they came to a river. Looking to the other side of the river, they saw American soldiers. Grandpa and the other fellow jumped in the river and stayed there until the Americans came to the banks and pointed their guns down at them.

At this point, they realized that they were American soldiers. The Americans were glad to see the prisoners, and treated them well. Grandpa had his first good meal in nine months when they were brought to the American camp.

Eventually, Grandpa was sent to Shelbyville, Mississippi for his discharge papers. After this dangerous and near fatal experience, Grandpa was very happy to return home to his family.

— *Jeremy Pellow*

“NURSING IS AN INTERESTING AND REWARDING CAREER”



Mrs. Sharpmack on her mother's lap in 1917.

Florence (Mannikko) Sharpmack was born on October 25, 1916. She grew up on one of the oldest homesteads in National Mine, Michigan. When asked if she did without as a child her reply was, “We were satisfied with what we had.”

When Mrs. Sharpmack was young she did have a doll, but she had to use her imagination for a doll buggy which consisted of a shoebox pulled by a string. In her spare time Mrs. Sharpmack also liked to draw, play ball, and she participated in all of the games that children like such as: tag, hopscotch, jacks, and auntie-auntie-I-over.

In the winter she engaged in activities that are still popular with young children today: sledding, skiing, and making snowmen and angels in the fresh, fluffy snow. She also “slid down the iron ore stockpiles on a cardboard.” Mrs. Sharpmack laughed as she thought of how much fun that was.

Her life was more than fun and games because she also had responsibilities around the house. When Mrs. Sharpmack was not doing recreational activities she went to school and did her chores. Mrs. Sharpmack's chores after school consisted of helping with household tasks. She did dishes, cleaned, washed clothes, ironed, and made meals. A good part of the remainder of her evening was spent completing homework.

Mrs. Sharpmack started school in National Mine at the age of four. School days lasted from 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. with a one hour lunch break. She had to walk home for lunch when she was young but she recalls, “It seems that we had to serve the children from our home economics

class. We had to go down to the lunchroom and serve the children that were eating in the lunchroom." She especially remembers one boy who would "eat everything given to him." Mrs. Sharpmack liked all of her teachers and Mr. Annala, the principal.

Young Florence's interest in a nursing career was sparked when she was given the opportunity to read "books like *Florence Nightingale*." To fulfill her desire to become a nurse she worked for several years after high school graduation in three different homes to earn the money needed for nurse's training. Her days in training, from 6:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m., were split among studying, classtime, and working with patients. In 1944, after three years of training, she graduated from St. Luke's Hospital in Marquette, Michigan, where later that same year, Mrs. Sharpmack became a head nurse.

Mrs. Sharpmack entered the Army Nurse Corps as a second lieutenant in 1945, just after World War II ended. The main reason she joined the Corps was because she "wanted to help the men."

Mrs. Sharpmack received basic training at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin. Basic training consisted of daily calisthenics, marching drills, road drills, learning hospital procedures in the military environment, and the gas mask procedure. During the gas mask procedure "you had to get your gas mask on, then go into the middle of the gas chamber, take off your mask and say your name, rank, and serial number," recalls Mrs. Sharpmack.

Mary M. Mannikko, second lieutenant, N795275 were her name, rank and number. From here she transferred to Fort Custer, Michigan, where she was assigned to the spinal injury ward. Most of the patients were paraplegics as well as a few quadriplegics. When the patients became veterans, Mrs. Sharpmack was assigned to the transport train that took them to Hines Veterans Hospital in Hines, Illinois. She worked there on temporary duty helping to set up spinal cord wards and procedures. Six weeks later she went back to Fort Custer, Michigan, where she worked with patients who were recovering from plastic surgery.

In 1946, Mrs. Sharpmack volunteered for overseas duty. She left California aboard ship in December. They spent Christmas Eve singing carols. She remarked, "We crossed the International Date Line during the night and the next morning was December 26. We were in a hundred mile gale so not much Christmas dinner was enjoyed." Eleven

days later they reached the Philippines where she was assigned to the Tenth General Hospital in Manila, Philippines. "My first assignment was to special a patient with cholera (a muscle-nerve disease) until he was evacuated to the States," stated Mrs. Sharpmack. After this patient left she was put in charge of the Obstetrical and Gynecology Department and the Pediatric Clinic. She worked here for a year until she was transferred to Sopporo Hokkaido, Japan. She stayed at Camp Crawford. "I was in charge again of the O.B. department and set up the first rooming-in plan," she explained.



**Mrs. Florence (Mannikko)
Sharpmack in 1946.**



A former hospital in the Ishpeming area.

After two years of overseas duty she was sent back to the United States and assigned to a hospital in Fort Riley, Kansas, where she was again assigned to the obstetrical department. During this time she transferred to the Air Force Nurse Corps and was assigned to the Station Hospital in Fairchild Air Force Base in Spokane, Washington. "An O.B. department was needed at the hospital, and I was assigned to set up the O.B. department," Mrs. Sharpmack says with a smile. Later in December, 1951, she was discharged as a captain.

Mrs. Sharpmack married Charles Sharpmack, who is now deceased. They had one son, Steven. Steven and his wife, Janet, have two sons, Matthew, four years, and Michael, two years.

Mrs. Sharpmack worked in civilian hospitals mostly in the O.B. wards. In the last six years of her career she worked in two nursing homes until she retired in October, 1982, when she moved in with her sister, Lydia Keto, in National Mine, Michigan.

Following Mrs. Sharpmack's retirement from nursing, she became involved in many activities. She says, "I belong to the Birthday Club, I'm interested in church work, Ruth Esther Circle, quilting for World Relief, socials, bazaars; I belong to the St. Luke's Alumni Nurses Association, and attend nursing functions." She likes to travel and has visited her family and sister in Illinois. She's been in Tucson, Arizona to visit a sister and has been to Florida where she visited relatives and Disneyworld, Epcot, Busch Gardens. She states, "I like to take color tours each year around the U.P. of Michigan. I love to read good books and write many letters. I love to receive mail, I like to go to camp, take hikes, and walk."

"Nursing is an interesting and rewarding career." Mrs. Sharpmack glows with pride as she recalls memories of her nursing career. She chose nursing as a career because she cared about people. To give of herself as Mrs. Sharpmack does takes a very special person.

— Kara Magnuson

WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

Today a working woman is not so unusual, but I was surprised to find out that my grandmother, Eunice Keto, had a very unusual occupation during World War II. She worked on the railroad in Ishpeming. It was a manual labor job that included many hours of hard, physical work.

Grandmother was born on February 15, 1920, across from St. John's Catholic Church in Marquette. She was the youngest child of Bill and Jenny Leskey. She had two brothers and three sisters.

Grandmother attended the Nester School. It was a small school, including eight grades. She commented that they received a little bit of homework each night. If you didn't do it, you didn't get punished. But, "if you didn't act right in school, they'd make you stand in the corner." She remarked that was the only punishment they received.

Grandmother was twenty-five years old when she started working on the train. She and Florence Hearter were told about the job by Florence's husband, Mr. Hearter, who worked on the section for a while. "We were the first women on the diesel," she remarked to me. Later on there we about four other women working in the coaches cleaning them up. They had to work every night.

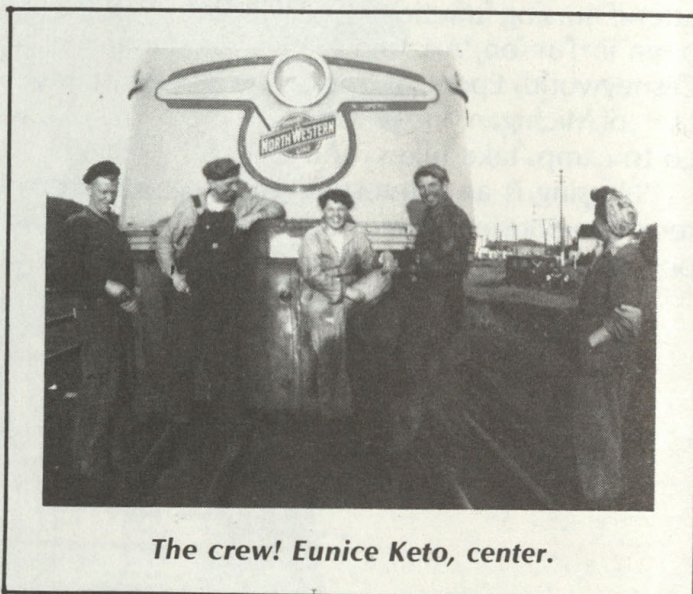
I asked her if she was well paid, and her response was, "We acquired good pay for working there, because all of the men were in the army at that time; they were overseas. So they had to hire us to work in the train." Her job was to wipe the oil and the grease off the train hoods, using okite, a very strong chemical.

She worked outside on the engines for awhile. Then she was moved to inside work which meant cleaning the rest of the cars, mopping, cleaning and washing the windows. They also had to clean up the bathrooms which were really difficult to clean because the people would use them when they became motion-sick.

Later, Grandmother was moved back out to the engine. She told me the engine was pretty big, and she had to wash it all down to get the oil off of it. She also remarked that the engine was extremely hot. She had to leave the doors open in the summertime so she could stand the heat. When they worked, they had to wear coveralls and a cap which made it even hotter!

She remarked, "When we worked on the engine wiping up the oil, course that was real strong okite which you had to work with to clean the oil, my hands and arms obtained terrible soreness so the doctor had to put bandages up to my elbows to be able to work there."

Her work hours were seven nights a week, every week, a steady shift with no days off. Her lunch break included a half hour every day. For a time she also had another job at the Mather Inn in Ishpeming, cleaning rooms. But she found she couldn't work both places at once, because it



The crew! Eunice Keto, center.



Chris Harmala
'87

Ishpeming's historic Mather Inn.

was too much for her.

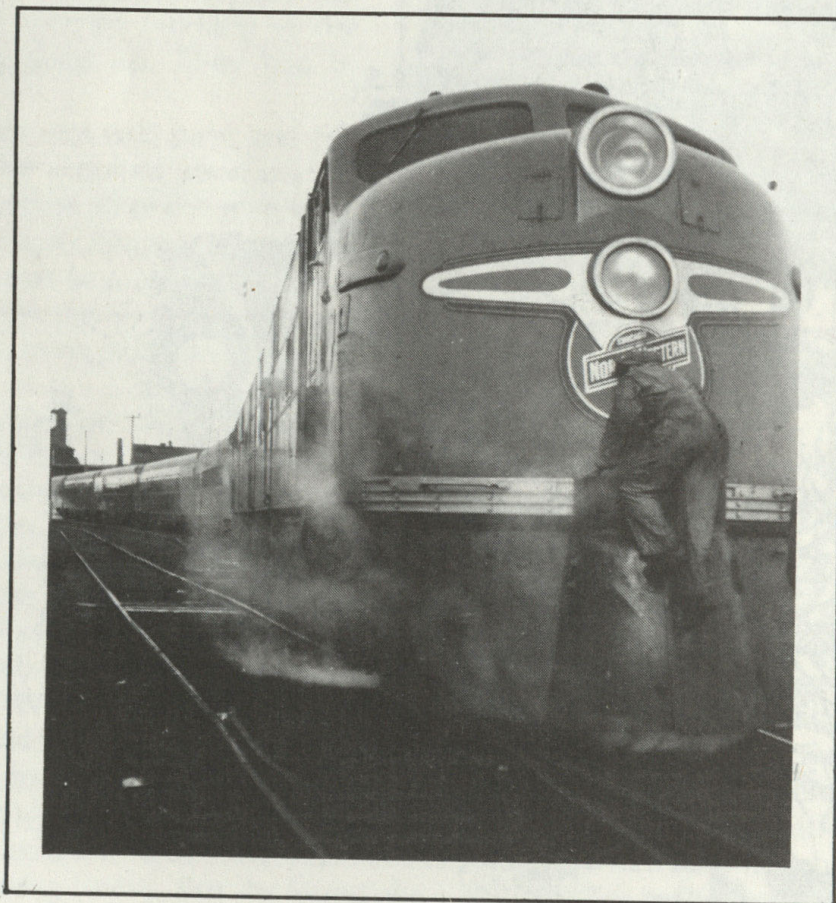
When I asked her if she ever drove one of the trains, she replied, "I drove one of them black ones, the steam engine, down as far as the round house, but there was somebody else with me you know, I wasn't alone. There was somebody else with me, to show me how to do that." She explained that the round house was used to turn the engine around and head it back up the tracks again. She described the round house as being a colossal turntable.

At night before the train arrived they had to get everything ready such as their cloths, brooms, window cleaner, soap, and mops. They would then have to wait. Sometimes the train wouldn't come in on time so they would go to sleep, waiting. Sometimes the train wouldn't come at all!

The train that she worked on was called the "Chicago and Northwestern Railroad." I wondered why some people called it the "400." Her reply was because it was supposed to take 400 minutes from Ishpeming to Chicago. I was eager to know if she liked her job. Her response was, "It wasn't hard, but it was kid of dirty."

Grandmother worked on the railroad for five years. While working there she met her husband, Warren Keto, whose father also worked on the railroad. After the few hours I spent with my grandmother that day, I learned a lot about her. I never knew she had such an interesting life; I am eager to learn more!

— Chris Harmala



“WE MADE OUR OWN FUN!”

“Well, the only grandparent I knew was my mother’s mother, Johanna Larson,” Miss Lois Toy replied, discussing her ancestry. “She came to this country from Norway, with her father, a brother, and two sisters,” Miss Toy continued.

She explained that her grandmother then married Louis Larson, from Sweden. Miss Toy related that her grandparents settled in New England location in National Mine where ten children were born, one of which was her mother.

“My grandmother was a very remarkable woman,” Miss Toy says. “She worked very hard and always had a cup of coffee and some delicious Scandinavian food for family and visitors. She died at the age of ninety-three.”

Miss Toy was born in the Ishpeming hospital. Her parents’ names were Louise and Frederick, or as most people called him, Fred.

Her father was a very interesting man. He held township offices, and he was also on the National Mine School Board for many years.

Miss Toy explained that she had two brothers, Burton was the oldest and Robert Scott, who people called Scotty, was the youngest. She was the oldest of the three.

I was very interested to find out the styles of clothes and hair that people wore when Miss Toy went to school. When I asked her about it she replied a little amused, “Well, we didn’t wear jeans! We had to wear dresses!” She said the boys wore knickers and Gold Seals. I asked about hairstyles then, and she replied with a laugh, “Well, they didn’t wear these fuzzy kinds. Mostly long hair.”

She easily recalled her teachers: Mr. Gleason, Mrs. Herring, Miss Solka, and Miss Peterson were just a few. She also mentioned Mr. Annala who was the principal at that time. It was also interesting to find out that the buses were red and white and then changed to the present yellow.

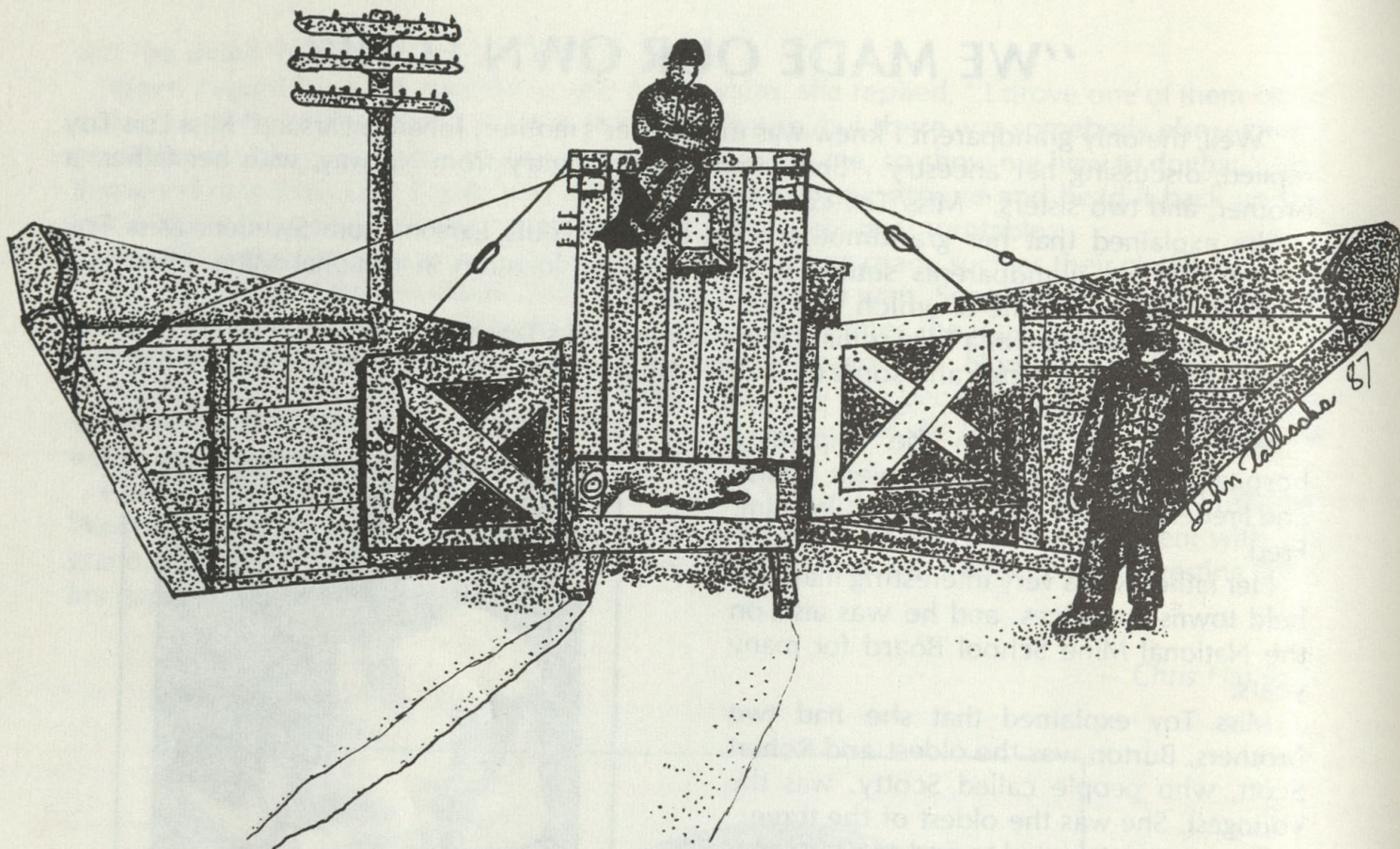
Miss Toy explained to me that National Mine had sections with different names. She said they were: Finntown, Swedehome, Sunnyside, New England Location, Powder Mill, and New Burt Location.

Miss Toy lived next to the National Mine School most of her life. She remembered games that she played when she was growing up such as red-light, green-light and auntie-auntie-I-over. She explained, “We didn’t have the opportunities kids have today. We made our own fun!” She said she liked to go to Champion Beach, but sometimes she picnicked in the woods near her house.

Miss Toy and her best friend, Jean Trebilcock, put on shows for their families and friends. She explained that they even used to charge admission. Sometimes the shows took place in the building where the Trebilcocks used to wash clothes. If not, the shows took place in the backyard.



Lois Toy as a child.



Old fashioned snowplow used in the area.

The winter season was a different story. "Snow days at school were ski days for us," she laughed. She went skiing at the Winter Sports as well as the woods around her house.

Miss Toy informed me that her father did most of the shopping, probably because he liked to do it. They shopped in Ishpeming and at Annala's store for food. Dubinsky's in Ishpeming was one of their favorite spots for clothing. I asked if she had an advantage being the only girl in the family, and she replied, "I suppose I did," with a laugh.

Miss Toy said she graduated from National Mine High School with grades of "B's and A's and sometimes a C." Her favorite subject was music, but she also liked English and literature. She continued her education at Northern Michigan University where she graduated with a degree in teaching.

She explained that her first job was at Bay Cliff Health Camp. She was very happy to relate, "I used to sing for them at night and walked up and down the aisles and sang them to sleep."

Her next position was as the kindergarten teacher at North Lake for a year, where she was not only a kindergarten teacher but also a piano and music teacher. She expressed her love of music quite clearly.

Miss Toy told me of many exciting and interesting things. She recalled her early childhood, her teen-age years, and her womanhood. Now, since her cousin died last summer, she is the only Toy living in National Mine.

— Amy Swanson



Fred Toy standing on steps in front of the National Mine School.



Lois Toy (center front) with her graduating class from National Mine High School.



Left to right, Aunt Bessie, Lois Toy, and Louise Toy.

LILLIAN PEARCE: A TEACHER'S STORY



*The Sam Pearce family
(standing, left to right):
Frank, Lillian and
Lawrence (P.A.), and
(seated) Mr. and Mrs.
Sam Pearce.*

Ninety-five years ago was the beginning of a very full and interesting life for Lillian Pearce who was born in Ishpeming, Michigan. She was the oldest of three children with two younger brothers.

When she was a little girl she had two special items. "These two objects were: one, a kitten and two, a doll. I took such good care of them," Lillian states. "I used to hold my kitten. See, I was an only child for six years and I had nobody to play with so I played with my kitten." She really loved her dolls. Later, when she had a little brother, he sometimes got into her dolls "and that didn't suit," chuckles Lillian.

When Lillian was five, she attended the old school, which was where the Ishpeming High School is now. She attended it until she finished the fourth grade and then attended a school in Negaunee for fifth and sixth grade. When she returned to Ishpeming she explains, "The seventh and eighth grade were in the high school building too, so I attended there."

When I inquired if she had a favorite teacher she replied, "Oh, yeah, I think we all do don't you? I was in high school and I had a teacher; I think she was my favorite of them all." I inquired what class it was and she replied, "Well, she taught algebra and I don't remember what else Miss Blanchard taught. But, it seemed to me that she could help you with anything." Miss Pearce's favorite subject was mathematics.

Lillian became a teacher at age twenty-one. The first place she taught was in Little Lake, which was in the country outside of Gwinn, Michigan. She commented, "Of course at that time, the Northwestern train came in here and we would drive out to the farm. I boarded with people who were farmers because it was four miles from the station." The school had grades one to eight housed in one room.

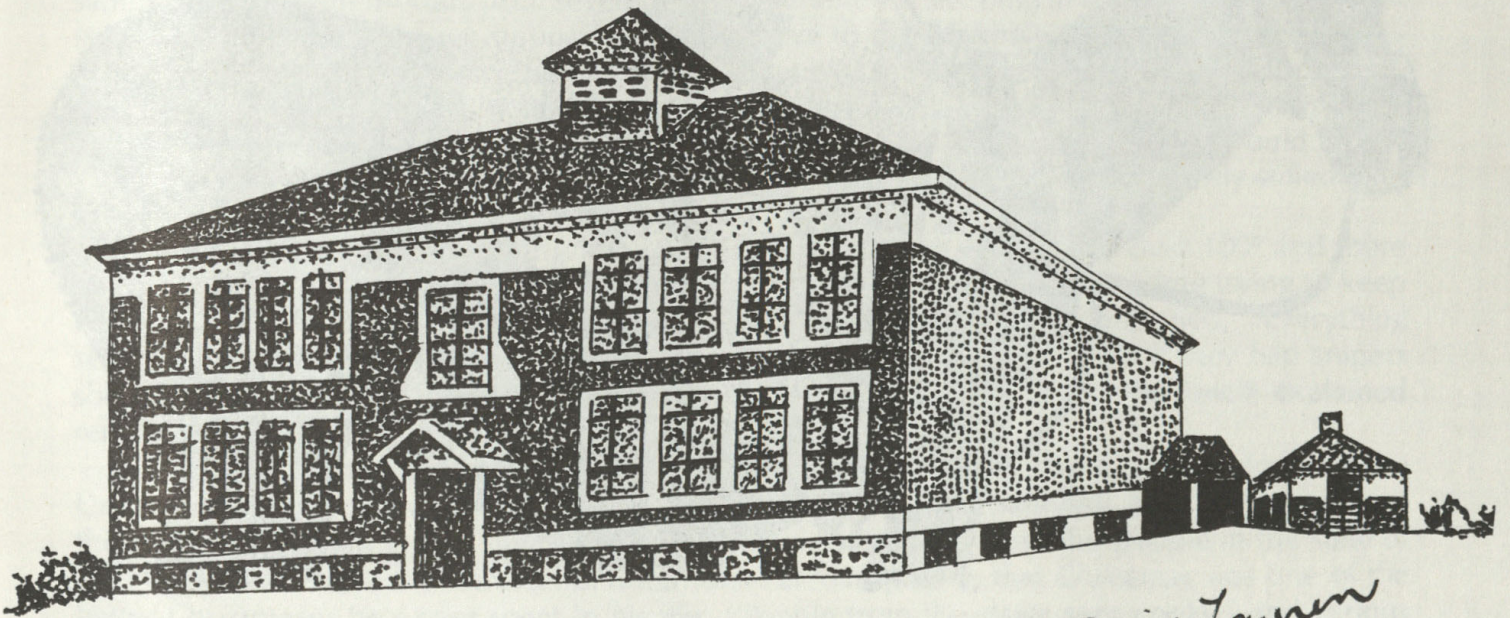
She was paid fifty dollars a month. Lillian states, "I said to my mother when I received the contract 'Fifty dollars!' Well, you paid ten or fifteen dollars for board and you had the rest for yourself." Lillian went home every weekend and returned to Little Lake Sunday night. She enjoyed teaching very much.

She taught in Little Lake for three years until she came back and did substitute teaching in Ishpeming for a number of years. When I inquired which grade was her favorite to teach she replied, "My favorite was the fifth grade. Mr. Phelps called me the latter part of August and he asked me if I would teach that fifth grade." The regular teacher was ill and had requested the rest of the year off. Lillian taught from September until school closed for Christmas. She recalls, "I was so lonesome that day when we had our Christmas program because I thought 'Oh, when I don't come back Monday their own teacher will be here!'"

Another teaching position she held was in a one room ungraded class. The state of Michigan demanded that a child go to school until age sixteen. Some students felt they had to work, so they attended school two afternoons a week. The working students had to put in so many school hours. She had that assignment for the whole year. "I kind of enjoyed that. It was different," comments Lillian.

Students are what make teaching special. Lillian remembers one female student that was very emotional. She could be near crying one minute and the next minute be very joyful. Lillian tried to bear a great deal with this girl because the girl had no mother and her father was not an understanding man. Lillian states, "I used to think, 'Oh, if I can give her just a little bit of happiness while she's here.' You learn to overlook some things when you are teaching, like for instance that girl."

Lillian didn't have any tricks played on her when she was teaching. She commented, "No, I didn't have any problem with discipline. I think I may be an old-fashioned teacher but I believe that when you say 'Now, let's settle down and get your books out.' I expect them to do it."



Early National Mine School.

Teachers didn't wear fancy clothes. Lillian states, "I used to like a couple of nice dresses and skirts with blouses." She walked to school when she was a student *and* a teacher. She added, "I always walked. I lived just a mile and a half from the school when I was teaching, and I walked. It is good exercise. I can't see why you would have to be bused for a mile."

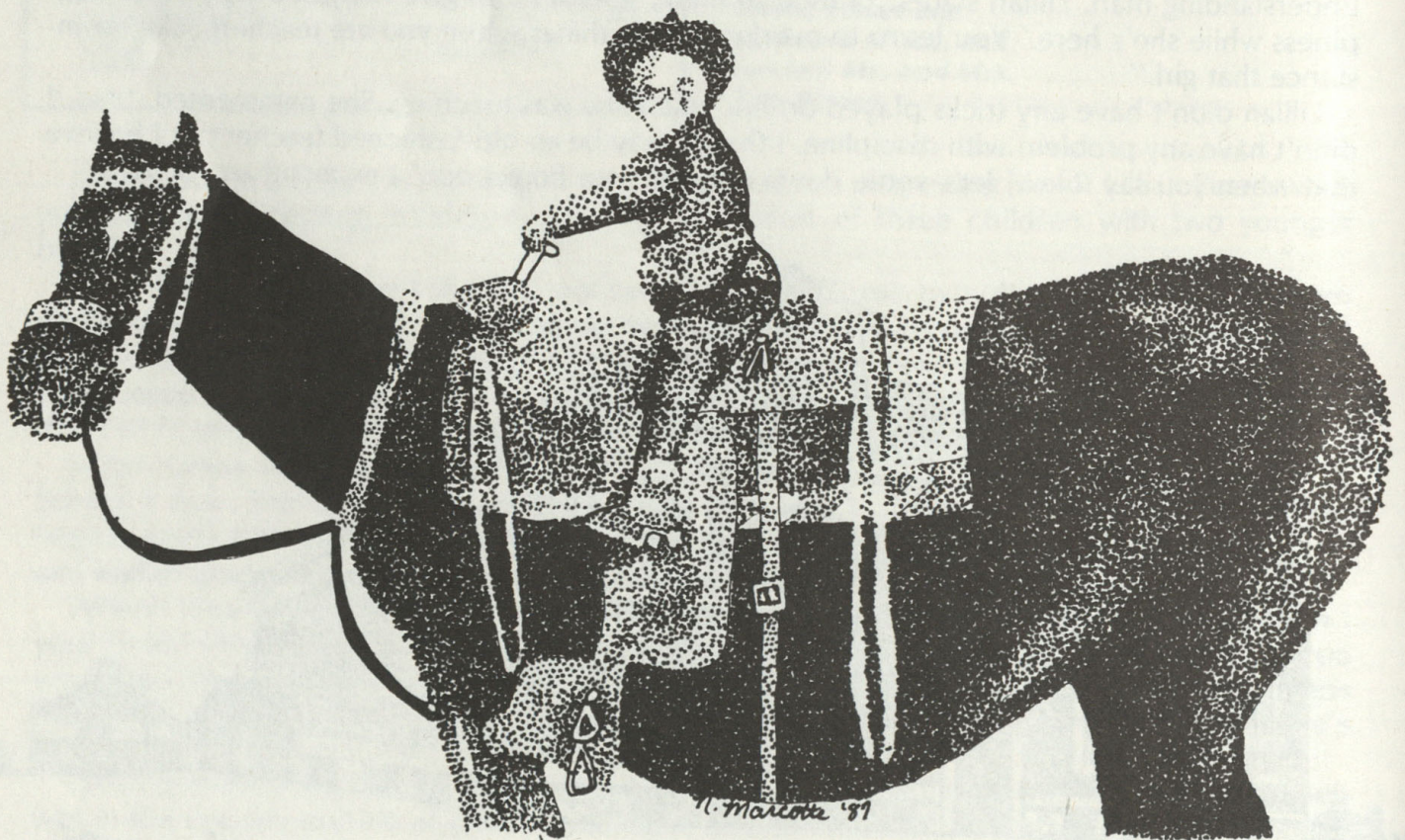
Her hours were 9:00 A.M. until 3:30 P.M. with an hour for lunch. All the students and teachers ate at school except one family that lived only a short distance from the school.

"Well, I love teaching," adds Lillian. She stopped teaching "A good many years ago."

In her advancing years Lillian Pearce remained a very wise and intelligent woman. It was very interesting to learn about discipline in the early 1900's. She was a very kind teacher, and I enjoyed talking with her. I'll bet Lillian Pearce was somebody's favorite teacher.

Shortly after I interviewed her she had a stroke which resulted in a short stay at a nursing home. Lillian Pearce died on March 1, 1987.

— Tania Lisowski



“MY CHANCE TO DO MY PART FOR MY COUNTRY”

In the fall of 1965 my uncle, Art Ranta, loaded his gear and shipped out for Vietnam on a big troop ship, the *U.S.S. Man*. It took them about ten days to cross the ocean and they landed in Vietnam on October 12, 1965.

My uncle had strong feelings about going to Vietnam, for he felt it was the patriotic thing to do. He was following the example of his uncles who had been in World War II and some friends who had fought in Korea. “I felt this was my chance to do my part for my country. To go to Vietnam and do what we were supposed to do get rid of Communism,” he stated.

My uncle explained his preparation for action, “We had several war games that we played before we went over.” He continued, “And we had some pretty extended field maneuvers where we stayed out in the field for two, three weeks at a time just to get ourselves acclimated to battle conditions.”

My uncle’s assignment in Vietnam was as an infantry medic which means that he went with the troops on every maneuver and patched up the wounded. “Most of the time we didn’t have many gunshot wounds to take care of. Our wounded were mostly from booby traps,” he explained. My uncle remembers being in the field for a long time.

Sometimes the American soldiers would let kids come into base which was a risky practice because many times the Viet Cong would plant grenades or time bombs on kids six years old or younger. “The kids would come wandering into a base camp. Because the GI’s just loved kids, the kid would end up with a whole bunch of GI’s around him, then the time bomb would go off. Of course it blew up a bunch of GI’s or at least wounded them,” related my uncle grimly.

My uncle spent many nights sleeping in a bunker which is a good size hole where as many as half a dozen men could sleep. The bunker was fortified on the top with at least four layers of sandbags to prevent mortars from severely injuring the men. Sleeping in the field was a different story. “Every night when we stopped we would have to dig a foxhole. Usually we dug our foxholes maybe about four or five feet wide and about two feet from front to rear,” he explained.

My Uncle Art did not enjoy his free time. He stated, “One of the things that probably was worse than anything was sitting around base camp doing absolutely nothing. You would be doing that day after day, maybe two, three weeks at a time. You were just completely stifled with boredom because there was just nothing to do.”

He described the conditions in Vietnam. “The temperature was always over 100° and there you would be sitting around trying to think of something to do. At the same time trying to keep cool and also wondering if they’re not going to start attacking.” He continued, “Everything seemed to be done at night; if they lobbed mortars on you, it was at night. If they had snipers shooting at you, it was at night. Nothing happened during the daytime,” my uncle explained remembering his long boring days.

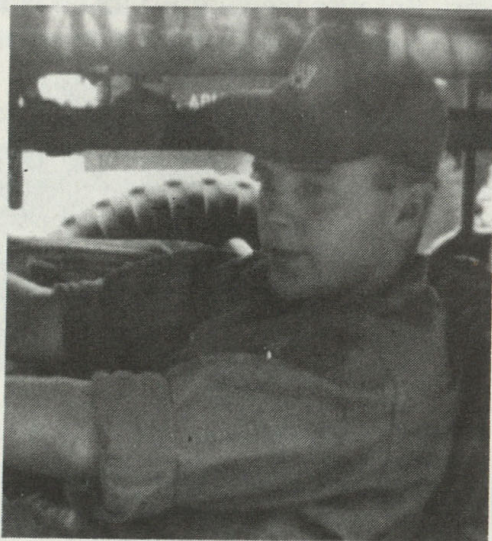
Realizing that holidays are always difficult for a person far from home, some people in the United States tried to help. My uncle says, “I remember George Romney was the Governor of the state of Michigan at that time, and he sent a box of goodies from the people in the state of Michigan which included a model of a Rambler car.” Ironically, that Christmas was one of the better Christmases he’s ever spent in his life. “People from the states sent cookies and various other things.”

When my uncle received his orders to return to the United States he went to company headquarters to ask about his transportation to division headquarters. He was told to find the best transportation he could. "In other words you don't have any transportation figured out for me to get from here outta the boondocks to division headquarters where I get my discharge?" he questioned. When my uncle received a negative reply he sat on the air strip most of the day until a mail plane landed. He sprinted to the pilot and asked him which way he was going. Unfortunately, the pilot was going the wrong way. Finally, after three or four planes and helicopters landed, one was going the way my uncle needed. His destination was First Division Headquarters, where his processing procedure was started. He returned to the United States on a 747 jet.

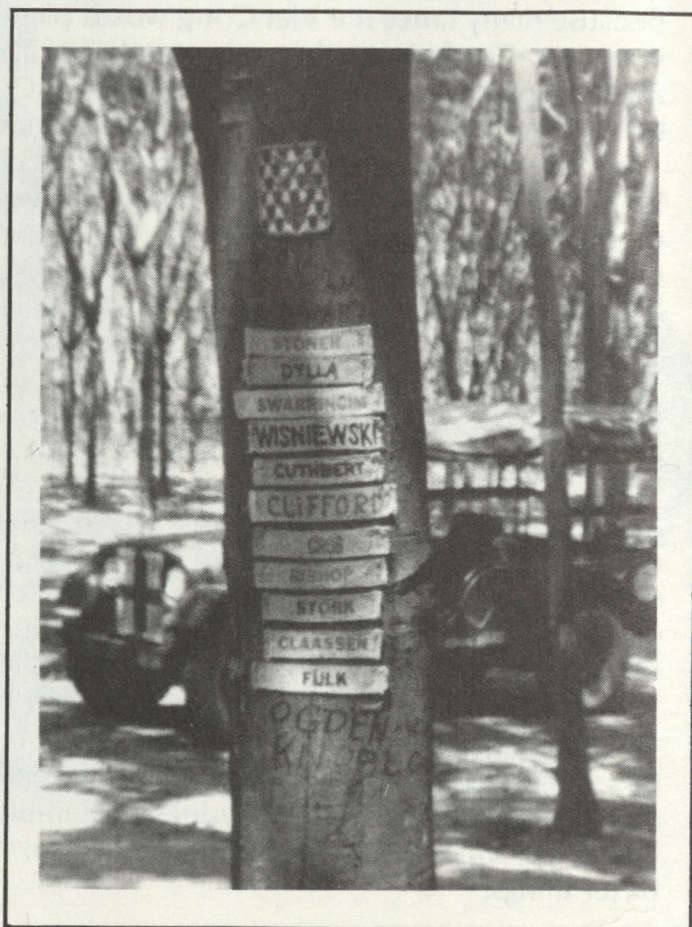
"One of the things that I remember I wanted immediately upon returning to the states was a glass of milk and ice cream," he recalls. My uncle didn't care about hamburgers or steaks. "The most important thing I could think of about having was nice fresh milk," stated my uncle remembering his desire.

The Vietnam War was an unpopular war in the United States. My uncle recalled his feelings when he returned to Oakland, California. "Quite a bit of irony in that we came from a place we were wanted and needed, back to a place where people did not appreciate what we were doing."

— Jennifer Rantanen



Art Ranta as an infantry medic.



Vietnam soldiers returning home posted their names on this tree.

“WE ARE THE NICE-EST SCHOOL SYSTEM”

The opportunity to interview Miss Parviainen about her life and teaching career in our school system was a very interesting experience.

Miss Parviainen was born on July 17, 1910, in Michigamme where she lived for the next three years. The family then moved to Dexter which is now known as Diorite and then to North Lake where she now lives. “I have lived in North Lake about sixty-two years because we lived in four different houses. We lived in this house for about fifty-five of those years.”

One of the fun activities she did as a little girl was sliding down the hill on an arrangement of cardboard boxes and bushel baskets. “At that time you could go to a store and ask for a bushel basket and they had loads,” said Miss Parviainen as she explained tumbling down the hill to me. Another thing she used to do was go skating on Mud Lake near her home. Skiing was another of her childhood activities.

Miss Parviainen’s family home did not have the conveniences we have today. She explained how her mother washed clothes in the “summer kitchen.” We only had a wood stove and a contraption called a wringer where two sides fell down. We had a tub of hot water on one side, cold on the other and a wringer in the middle. Mother did all her washing on a board called a scrub board and boiled them on the stove; from there they went into clean water and then hung on the



The Olli and Wilhelm Parviainen families (1919). Tynne Parviainen is standing second from right and her father, Olli, is standing in back right. Back left is his brother Wilhelm.

line," she recalled.

Her mother made all her own carpets. "We used to have carpet bees at home." Her friends would cut carpet rags out of clothes. "There are many things we would do that they don't do any more," Miss Parviainen remembers.

Miss Parviainen recalled that she was seven years old when she started school. There was no kindergarten only the first grade. She attended eight grades at the North Lake School. She told me, "I never had a teacher I didn't enjoy."

She attended Ishpeming High School where she remembered having two gym periods which she says helped. "The only things I used to study at home were history and Latin. I took four years of Latin in high school," she explained. Lunch was not provided at the high school. "We used to buy pasties across the street for fifteen cents and a bottle of pop for a nickel." She continues, "We used to bring cans of soup. We were allowed to use the home economics room."

After graduating from Ishpeming High School, Miss Parviainen became employed in a grocery store. She told me, "The first place I worked was at the A & P Store for twenty-one cents an hour. During the Depression we worked all day from nine in the morning 'til nine at night. Then after nine we had to stock the shelves for twenty-one cents an hour." She continued, "Tomato soup was three cans for twenty-nine cents, Eight O'clock coffee two pounds for a quarter. These things stay in my mind forever."

Miss Parviainen had been out of high school for fourteen years before she went to college. She talked to Mr. Ogden Johnson telling him she wanted to attend what is now Northern Michigan University. He replied, "I want you to come into the office Tyyne. You have a scholarship."

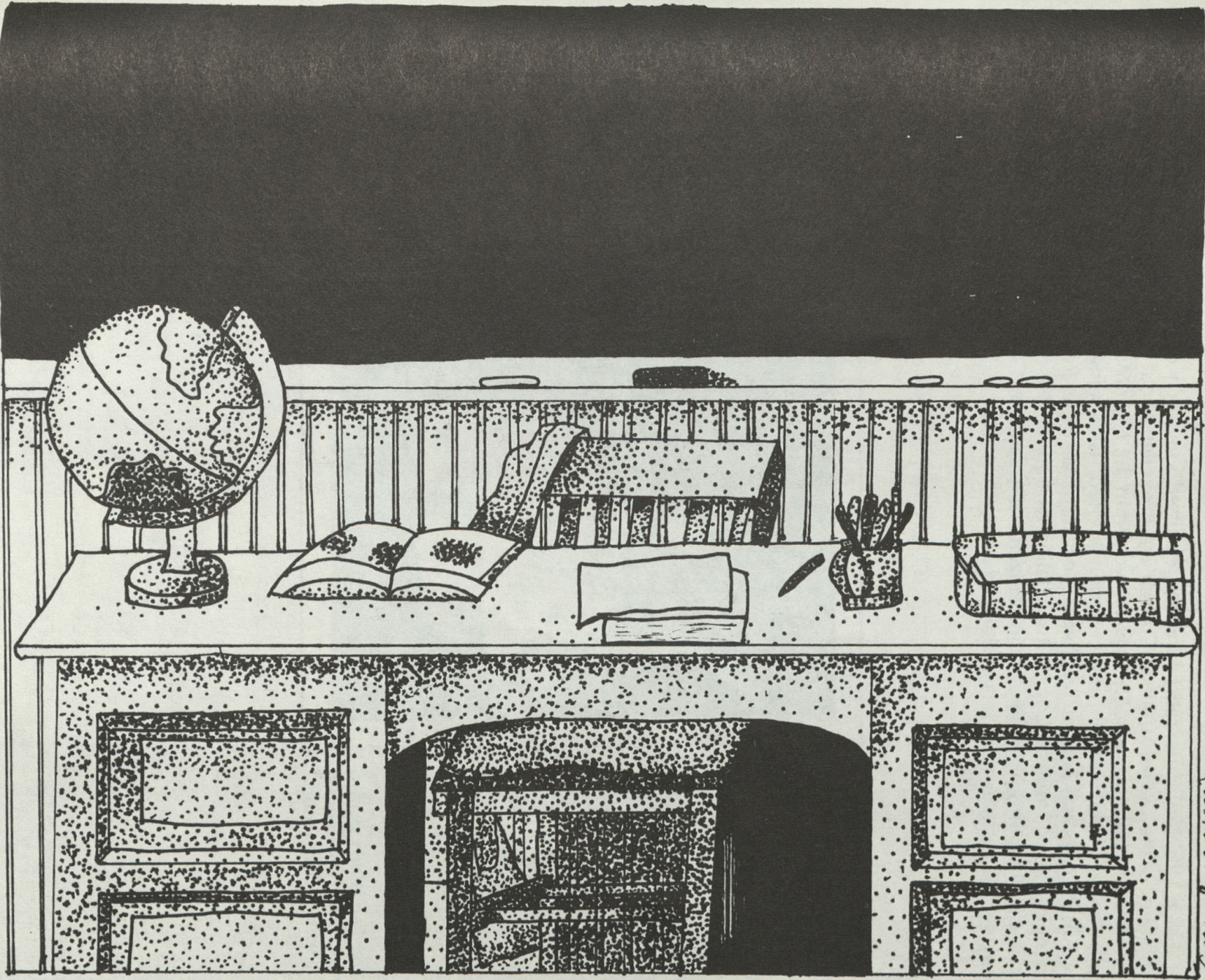
She questioned, "After fourteen years?" It was small, but it was a scholarship.

During the years that Miss Parviainen attended college, there were no dormitories so she had to find a room to rent. She found a place to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Lehto in Marquette, who owned and operated a Finnish sauna bath. After a year and a half attendance at college, she was certified through the State Limited Teaching Certificate which was granted to teachers who would continue to work toward their degrees. This allowed people to teach during the school year and work towards their degrees in the summer. She earned her bachelor's degree from Northern Michigan University and her master's degree from the University of Michigan.

Miss Parviainen taught school in Curtis, near Manistique, for a year and a half. She began teaching in the North Lake School in Ishpeming Township in September of 1945. "I taught in the same building for thirty years, and I had a wonderful relationship with the administration," stated Miss Parviainen. Mr. Goethe was the superintendent, and the principals were: Mr. Bully, followed by Gilbert Larmour, and John Pontti. She also worked with two teachers' aides in her last years and has wonderful memories of Carol Tresseder and Tulikki Saying.

She remembers having an excellent relationship with the School Board. In 1972, consolidation between Ishpeming Township, National Mine, Champion and Ely Township took place forming the NICE Community School District. She says, "People always laugh because we are called NICE." When people ask her why, she replies "because we are the NICE-est school system." She continues, "Now of course we have a wonderful high school. I say anyone is proud to be retired from that school system."

Looking back at her thirty years of teaching, she says, "We always had a wonderful school system. The teachers were good, and the board was the most considerate Board of Education you could work for. I'm glad I taught in those years because I think there was a closer relationship between the Board of Education and their teachers than there is now. I certainly enjoyed my teaching," she stated.



Amy Swanson

Since Miss Parviainen retired she has remained a very active person in the community. She is a member of the Bethel Lutheran Church and is excited about the centennial celebration that the church is having this year. She is also involved in the Alger-Marquette Nutritional Services Council, American Association of University Women, Ishpeming University Club, M.E.A., N.E.A., A.A.R.P., National Retired Teachers Association, Michigan Retired School Personnel, Past President of the Marquette County Association of School Personnel, Rebekkah Lodge, Ladies of Kaleva, Ishpeming Township Senior Citizen board, and the Golden Key Club. She concluded by saying, "I'm involved in lots of things. I enjoy them all."

— Robert Wood



Tyne Parviainen shares her teaching experiences with Robert Wood.