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Cover Photo: Members of the 1929 National Mine U.P. Class "D" Basketball Championship team are (back row, from left): Andrew Annala, Carl Gummerson, Coach Pat Gleason, Robert Trebilcock, Emil Havelin. Middle row, from left: Thomas Hill, George Cardew, Arthur Christian, and Matt Keto. Sitting, from left: Paul Roberts and William Dally.

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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.

Maxine Honkala & Sharon Richards

Donated to NMU archives

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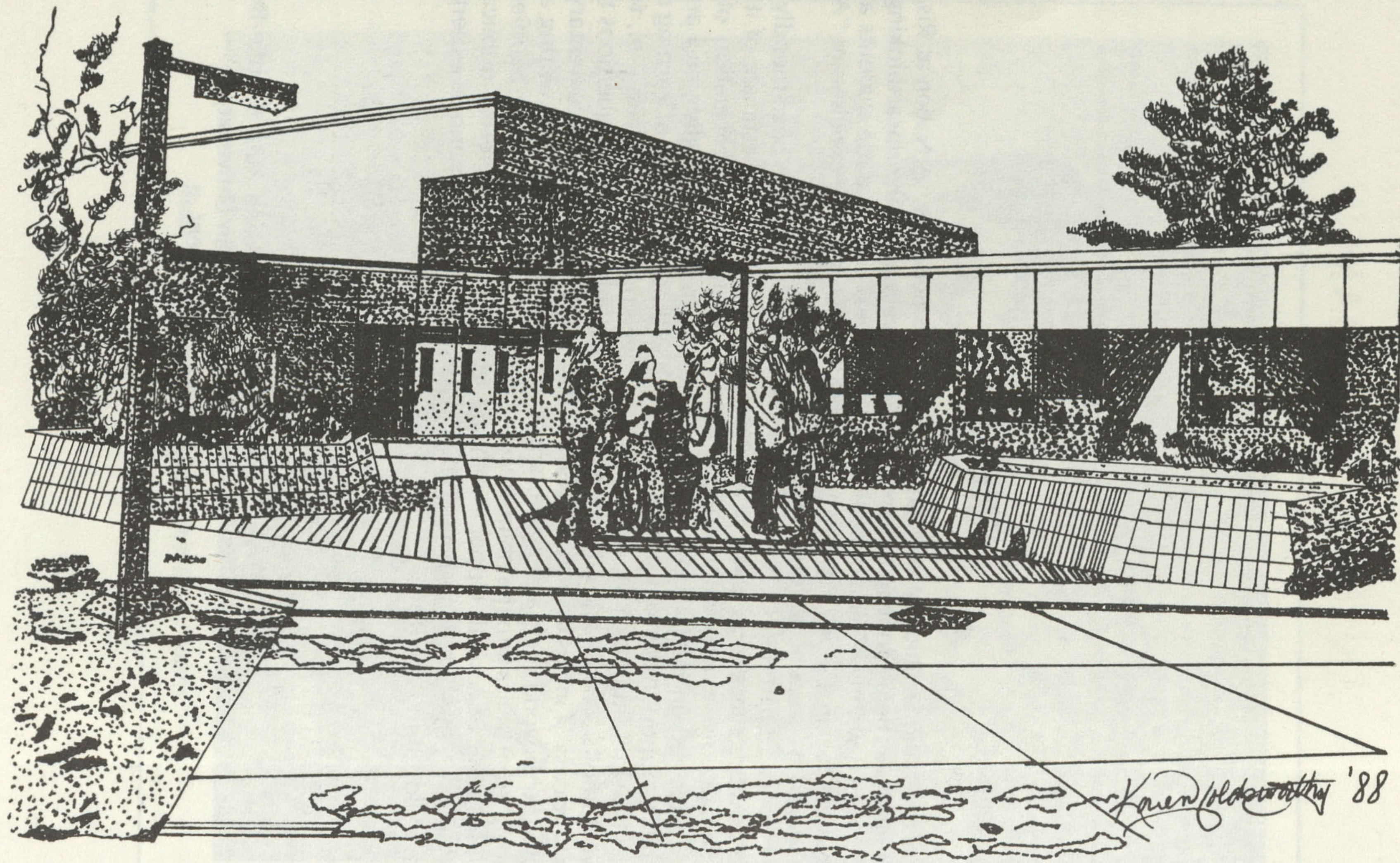
PREFACE

Five years ago a national study of education depicted America as "A Nation at Risk." Critics observed that little was being done to enhance student development in critical thinking, decision making, and creative writing. Coincidentally, that same year eighth grade students at National Mine produced the first in a series of projects entitled "Red Dust." The criticisms in "A Nation at Risk" are answered by student performance in "Red Dust."

We in the History Department at Northern Michigan University have been friendly observers of "Red Dust" since its inception. Here is what we have seen and our estimate of its value:

A trio of dedicated teachers, with supportive administration and cooperation of an entire school staff, developed an interdisciplinary experience — in history, English, and art — which provided students opportunities for intellectual growth in those vital areas of learning mentioned in "A Nation at Risk." Students have engaged in the decision-making process (i.e., topic selection and development, which local citizens to interview, which analytical questions to ask, and the important process of inclusion and exclusion); they have engaged in documentary research, often at a level far beyond their age grade; and they have sharpened their writing and artistic skills. By placing local topics into the mainstream of national history, they have clarified the roots and reason for being of a small Upper Peninsula community. The present publication is no exception. Moreover, these students have gained an experience which national experts advocate for all school children in America.

Gene D. L. Jones and Ruth Roebke-Berens
Northern Michigan University
History Department



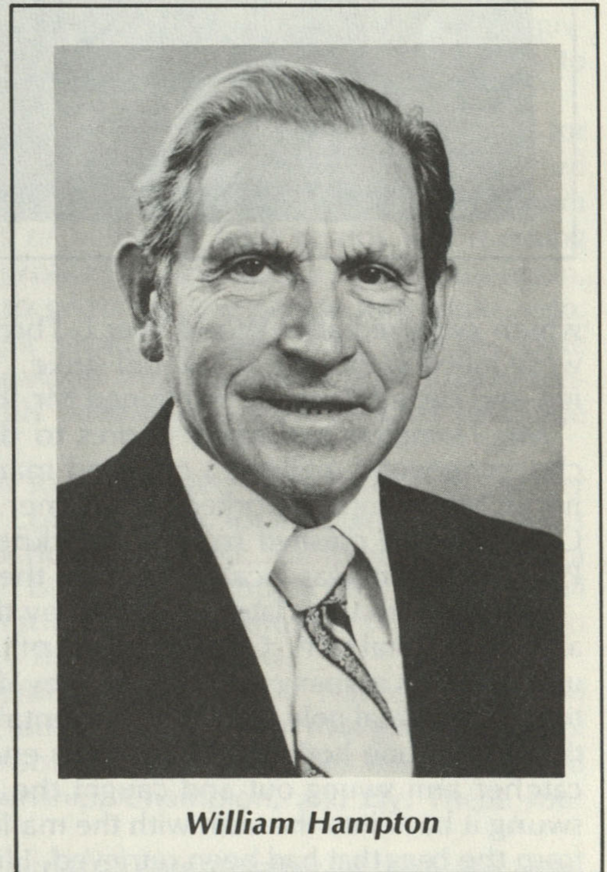
Westwood High School

"EDUCATION IS THE BEST INVESTMENT ANYONE CAN MAKE"

"I feel that education is the best investment a person can make," stated Mr. William Hampton. Mr. Hampton, served on both the Marquette-Alger and Champion School Boards during the consolidation which resulted in the formation of the N.I.C.E. Community School District.

Mr. Hampton was born in Negaunee on September 20, 1906. He is the oldest of seven children: William, Harry, Joe, Edith, Walter, Alvin, and Ruth. Mr. Hampton's mother, Mrs. Edith Hampton, is still living at the age of 102 years! Mr. Hampton's father worked in local iron ore mines, and his mother worked for five years at the Gossard Factory in Ishpeming.

Mr. Hampton was about eight years old during the time of World War I. He recalled, "Everything was rationed, the price of everything went up and everyone was almost forced to buy war bonds." Mr. Hampton also remembered how grey the flour appeared. He explained that when one-hundred pounds of flour was purchased one-hundred pounds of other cereal, such as oatmeal, rice, potato, and rye flour was also bought. The use of this flour mixture resulted in boils because people's digestive systems could not handle the roughage. Mr. Hampton's younger sister was born with boils in 1917.



William Hampton

For the Hampton family, Christmas was a stirring time of year, but with a large family, toys and presents were limited. The Fourth of July was another enjoyable day for the Hampton household. Mr. Hampton recalled, "There was a lot of noise on the Fourth of July, because at that time the mines were not as strict and the young fellows would take home dynamite, cut it up into quarter sticks and shoot it off on the Fourth of July." Mr. Hampton smiled, stating, "Mid Summer's Day was another exciting day." The English, Swedish, and especially the French lodges would have picnics. Mid Summer's Day was St. John the Baptist Day for the French, and when the people from these cultures came to America, they brought their traditions with them.

Mr. Hampton recalled going to Presque Isle for a day with the Ishpeming and Negaunee Episcopal Churches as a highlight of the summer. Mr. Hampton stated, "They ran a special train to Presque Isle. We stayed there all day and came back at night."

While Mr. Hampton was growing up, family members encountered many childhood diseases. He recalled having diphtheria, and small pox, while one of his sisters had typhoid fever. "But we were fortunate we all pulled through, we never lost any members of our family," said Mr. Hampton. Mr. Hampton explained that when a family member was diagnosed with a communicable disease a tag was tacked to the front of the home which labeled the house quarantined. To Mr. Hampton it seemed that their family was quarantined half the time, for with seven children, someone was always getting sick. Mr. Hampton also told me of the horrifying influenza epidemic

Mr. Hampton (right) and fellow clerk Earl Seal in the doorway of a railway Post Office car, taken at Calumet, Mich.

which occurred after World War I. Throughout the world more people died from the flu than were killed in the war. ''It would strike, 'bang,' just like that, people would be well in the morning and dead by night,'' explained Mr. Hampton.

Mr. Hampton had many chores to do when he was a child such as weeding the garden, chopping wood, milking a cow and many other miscellaneous duties. During his young adulthood, Mr. Hampton worked for a farmer. His first industrial employment was at the Pinehill Rock Quarry where crushed rock for doorknobs and the rock for roofing paper was produced. The Pinehill Quarry was located north of the present Acocks Nursing Home.

Mr. Hampton was later employed by the Postal Department where he worked on the trains as a railway postal clerk. On the outside of the train, there was a ''U'' shaped catcher arm. Workers used the arm at many small towns they did not stop at. Near the tracks of each station was positioned a vertical pole with two horizontal bars extending from it. The mailbag was stretched from the end of one horizontal bar to the end of the lower horizontal bar. The train's ''U'' shaped catcher arm swung out and caught the mailbag in the center. The man who worked the arm swung it back into the train with the mailbag attached. Mr. Hampton's task was to sort the letters from the bags that had been retrieved. His ''mail route'' extended all the way to Milwaukee. Fortunately, he worked one week, and he had the next week off. Mr. Hampton worked for the Postal Department for thirty-two years.

Since Mr. Hampton married in 1929, just before the Depression began, he and his wife Lillian faced many financial difficulties for six or seven years. All of the mines in Marquette County shut down. To get the only aid available, a person had to stand in line many hours to get a few dollars to buy food. During that time, Mr. Hampton lived in Negaunee where they were buying a home. Unfortunately, due to the economic conditions, he and his wife ''lost it'' to the bank.

Mr. Hampton received his first car, a used one, after he was married. He explained that there were no speed limits because most of the Model-T Fords traveled only about 30 to 35 miles per hour, but the roads were so terrible a person would not go any faster anyway. Drivers traveled in

the middle because the roads were built with high centers and sloping sides. When a driver met another car, both cars would move to their side of the road. Since there were not many vehicles at that time, a person could travel miles without meeting another car.

Public service has been a large part of Mr. Hampton's life. Much of this service has been through his work on the Marquette-Alger Intermediate School District and Champion School Boards.

When Mr. Hampton first began serving on the Marquette-Alger board, services consisted of a couple of nurses who visited schools, and a school psychologist. The district did not have any programs or special education classes. In the twelve years Mr. Hampton served on the intermediate board an exemplary special education program was instituted.

Mr. Hampton explained what surprising accomplishments children served by the Intermediate District can achieve with the correct help, especially the children with physical disabilities. It was evident to me that Mr. Hampton felt a great commitment to these children.

The Marquette-Alger Intermediate School District has other responsibilities in addition to giving the best possible education to mentally or physically impaired children. One duty is to monitor all reports local schools make to the state.

In 1970, Mr. Hampton was on both the Marquette-Alger and Champion School Boards for which he felt very fortunate. Since members who serve on the Intermediate Board were elected from local school boards, members knew the problems in their local schools and brought them to the Intermediate School District. One of the assets of being on both boards was meeting people from the State Department of Education. When problems came up that needed attention, Mr. Hampton and other board members knew where to go to find the people that could help.

Mr. Hampton emphasized that Superintendent Frank Mead was very active with the state department as is Louis Myefski, the present Marquette-Alger Intermediate School Superintendent. Mr. Mead is now a supervisor in the Grand Marais Township, but the contacts he made with the people in Lansing, were very valuable.

During the early 1970's the State Board of Education strongly urged consolidation of smaller districts. Mr. Hampton personally supported the idea of consolidation, for it would offer students the best opportunities. As a member of the Champion School Board, Mr. Hampton worked for a consolidation of Republic, Michigamme, and Champion but as Mr. Hampton said, "These small towns are afraid of losing their identity and they have traditions and animosities built up that go way back." The attempt to consolidate was rejected by the three districts.

A consolidation effort between Ishpeming City, Ishpeming Township, Ely, National Mine and Champion was defeated by the voters. When that effort failed, Mr. Hampton thought all hopes of consolidation were gone. But the time was ripe for consolidation and petitions were circulated among the districts of National Mine, Ishpeming Township, Champion, and Ely. These four townships requested a consolidation vote.

David Dompierre, from Negaunee, was appointed to act as a representative for the Marquette-Alger Intermediate School District. Mr. Hampton stated, "Dave did a tremendous job, he went around to different school districts and meetings. It was through his effort and through the help of the Intermediate School District that they were able to bring forth the consolidation."

Before the consolidation vote, the task of school boards of the various districts was to educate the people through literature and meetings that consolidation would improve the educational system. "That was quite a problem and took a lot of time and effort," Mr. Hampton explained.

Due to the large geographic span of the proposed consolidated district a major problem was transportation. Mr. Hampton refers to transportation, in these times, as a way of life.

The consolidation vote to form the N.I.C.E. School District was held in 1972. Once the vote passed each individual school district lost their identity. The newly-formed N.I.C.E. School Board

was composed of two board members from National Mine, Champion, Ishpeming Township and one member from the Ely District. All the assets and liabilities of the four districts were combined. "That was a tremendous job!" exclaimed Mr. Hampton.

After the consolidation, the N.I.C.E. District offered the township students at Ishpeming High School a choice. Students either came to the N.I.C.E. District, or they finished their education at Ishpeming High School. Tuition was paid to the Ishpeming District for two to three years. Until Westwood High School was completed, the remainder of the students attended high school at National Mine or Champion which were K-12 schools at that time.

To finance the building of Westwood High School, the N.I.C.E. District sold 900 bonds totalling $4,500,000. The thirty-year bond issue for the high school spans from 1972 to 2002. Kenneth Alderton, the board secretary, and Mr. Hampton, President of the Board, had to sign each one of those 900 bonds. Mr. Hampton laughed, "Our arms almost dropped off!" They signed half of the bonds in Ishpeming. The remainder were taken to Lansing and Detroit. They were told that if all of the bonds were signed before noon on a certain date interest would be earned that day. All of the bonds were signed before noon so they qualified for the interest. Since construction of Westwood was about two months behind schedule, the board kept the money in the bank. By the time Westwood was completed the money plus interest totaled nearly five million dollars.

Mr. Norman Goethe was chosen as superintendent by the board. The teachers formed committees under Kenneth Lindberg and Norman Goethe and together formulated the curriculum for the new district. Mr. Don Uitto had been the superintendent of the Champion Schools. Mr. Hampton stated that Mr. Uitto played a key role in the formation of the N.I.C.E. Consolidated School District. Mr. Uitto together with Mr. Ellwood Mattson arranged all of the financing. Mr. Uitto also worked out the transportation system which was a difficult task. Mr. Hampton said, "It was a miracle the way that worked out, most people don't realize what Don put into that school . . . ."

Mr. Hampton believes that educating children is a responsibility we all share. He said, "I feel education is the best investment anyone can make." Education has become more important as it takes less people to provide the necessities as well as the luxuries of life.

Mr. Hampton's service to youth was not only in the schools, for he served for twenty years as the director of the Methodist Youth Camp in Michigamme.

Mr. Hampton's children are a reflection of and share his belief in the importance of education, for his daughter Lorraine Lehto is a teacher in the Negaunee School system, and daughter Ginger is a substitute teacher in Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. Hampton's wife Lillian died in 1970. He married his present wife Berenice in 1971. Mr. and Mrs. Hampton still reside in Champion.

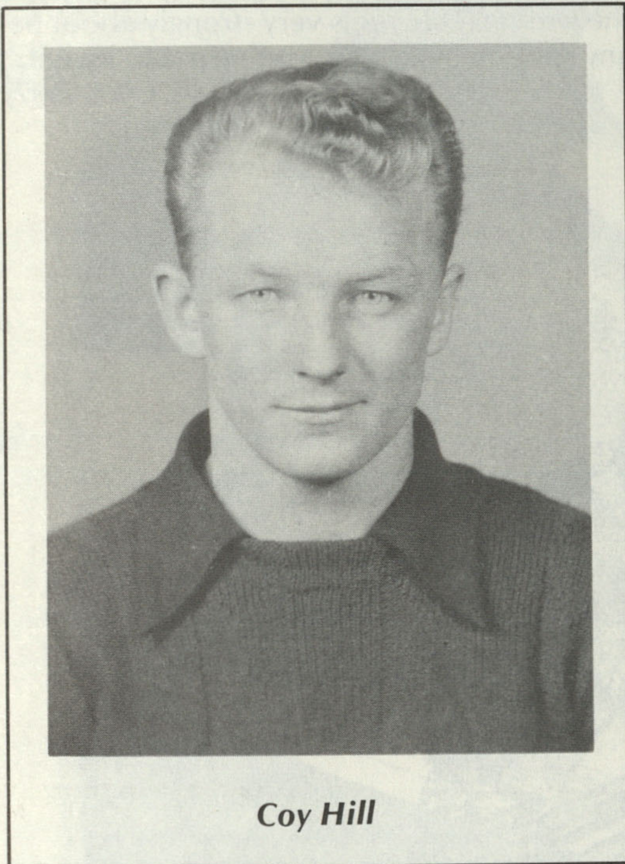
Mr. Hampton has seven grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren. As Mr. Hampton recited their names, it was evident how proud he is of each of them.

We all should be thankful that Mr. Hampton is a man who achieved his goals. He was very committed to his work to develop the best possible educational system for the students of the N.I.C.E. Community School District. Mr. Hampton's time and effort has benefited many students. We students should be proud of our opportunities in education and make good use of them.

— Jamie Olson

"YOU'VE GOT TO LOVE IT"

"Ooo, it's beautiful, you can't explain it, the sight of a snowflake used to tickle my heart when I was your age," said Coy Hill speaking of his love of ski jumping. Coy acquired his love of the sport of ski jumping at an early age. In fact, after he came home from school and the chores were finished, you can bet Coy was practicing at the ski hill. Almost all of his spare time was centered around ski jumping. "I loved ski jumping," stated Coy. He credited his start in ski jumping to his very famous relatives, the Bietila's. The Paul Bietila Memorial Tournament at Suicide Hill is in memory of his cousin Paul, a renowned ski jumper. Most of Coy's brothers ski jumped, also one sister participated in ski jumping, a sport that is sometimes considered a man's domain.



Coy Hill

Coy entered lots of tournaments, placing first in many. His first tournament was in 1940 at Chipmunk Bluff in Marquette, Michigan, which he won. Imagine, the first tournament he entered he won!

The equipment Coy was using at the time was the best in the area. "The binders and back straps were better than most," said Coy. The skis were a Northland Ski made in St. Paul, Minnesota which "Always had to be waxed," he stated. "We mostly used a paraffin wax, but you had to know how to wax them. If the weather was warm, you waxed with a heavier coat of wax. If the weather was cold you waxed a space and left a space so you eliminated traction and friction of the skis," explained Coy.

When I asked Coy if he were afraid when he first ski jumped he quickly replied, "Sure, a man that says he's not afraid is a liar. Everybody's afraid. There's fear in every man."

Among the many places Coy skied were Austria, Germany, and Switzerland; those tournaments were for sky *flying*, not jumping. When I inquired if he won any tournaments in Europe he replied, "I didn't win them over there but I skied right with the best in the world; I was the American champion."

Coy has been the proud winner of many ski jumping events. Competing in Class A he earned a gold medal in 1952, a silver medal in 1954, and a bronze medal in 1955. He also won the Veterans Class in 1964 and 1970. Coy never competed as an Olympic athlete. He made two Olympic teams but, "The structure of the sport kept me out of it," he stated. Coy's furthest jump was 328 feet at an event in Austria. Unbelievably, at the time it was not a record but Coy said, "It's an honor to have."

According to Coy, ski jumping's main change has been in aerodynamics. Better equipment helps jumpers cut through the wind to achieve greater distances. When Coy was jumping Suicide Hill, his jumps averaged 250 feet. Now skiers jump 300 feet at the same rate of speed, about 55 m.p.h. He believes that the longer jumps are due to the improvements in aerodynamics and equipment.

The safety of the sport has also changed, for now jumpers have crash helmets and air suits which Coy never had. As a result of jumps, Coy suffered a broken ankle and two brain concussions.

Currently, Coy is a Central ski coach and a technical delegate in America, an authority on ski jumping. He works with the U.S. Ski Association to keep ski jumping alive in America. He also builds, re-designs, and grooms hills.

Ishpeming's Suicide Hill is 61 years old, and has been re-designed many times. Ski hill re-designing has many steps. "First," Coy said, "we have to tear down the old structure and put all new steel up. The landing must be recurved," which is one of the most important steps.

Coy is a member of the National Ski Hall of Fame. He qualified for it in different categories: his record in ski jumping and being a builder of the sport.

Coy hasn't ski jumped in fourteen years but, he said, "I still think about it every day. Once you fly through the air on a pair of skis you never forget the feeling." He feels very strongly about being involved in sports and says, "To be a winner in any sport you choose, you've got to love it."

— Chris Perry

Wendy Wolfson '88

Eighteen-year-old Edna in her hospital bed knitting, 1940.

TUBERCULOSIS: THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

"I was there from May 1, 1937 to September 15, 1944," said Edna Kiiskila explaining the trials and tribulations of living at Morgan Heights Sanitorium for seven years.

In the early 1930s and '40s tuberculosis was a dreaded and feared disease which is why school children were tested for it. Edna explained that the test involved injecting a solution under the top layer of skin on the arm. If the person were free of the T.B. germs, the place on the arm would show no reaction. However, if there were some tuberculosis germs present in the system, the arm reddened and puffed up. "My arm was so red and so huge I could hardly lift it off the pillow," recalled Edna. Due to Edna's reaction to the skin test, she required further testing in the form of an x-ray. The x-ray showed that she had a spot in her lung which was diagnosed as tuberculosis.

Because Edna was diagnosed as having T.B., the rest of her family had to be tested too. Her dad and sister were also diagnosed as having tuberculosis. This resulted in Edna's sister Selina being a patient at Morgan Heights Sanitorium for two and a half years. Edna explained that although she was the first one that was hospitalized with T.B., her dad, who was also hospitalized, was the first family member carrying the T.B. germ, and he had probably given it to her and Selina.

Edna reflected on her past and began to tell of her experiences at the sanitorium. While she was a patient at Morgan Heights, all the kids in the sanitorium attended school in one classroom. She was the only high school student which caused a problem because the teacher was not qualified to teach high school subjects. Because the instructor was not prepared to teach advanced subjects, Edna found it too difficult and decided to quit school. However, she did not tell her father about her decision. When the Sunday arrived for receiving report cards, her dad asked to see hers and Edna replied, "Oh Dad, didn't I tell you I quit?" Edna took care of some of the kids while the teacher worked with others. She always felt that someday she would go back to high

Edna and her Morgan Heights roommates, 1949. From left to right: Bertha Maki, Jeanette Salmer, Elsie Warlin (in bed), Edna, Dorothy Danielson, Corinne Anderson, and Lydia Fowler.

school. During her seven years in the sanitorium, she never accomplished her goal of attaining a high school diploma.

When I asked Edna what kind of treatments they had given her, she answered, "I had every one . . . none of them worked!" She recalled that the first treatment tried was called pneumothorax. After that treatment failed, she had a phrenic operation. This procedure involved making an incision in the neck and pinching the phrenic nerve which runs right through the lung. This treatment was supposed to raise the lung and close the lesion. This period of her life was very difficult for Edna. Shortly after her phrenic operation, her father died from his tuberculosis. She and her sister thought that he was getting better because they would visit their dad daily and talk about the *Ma Perkins* radio show. Instead, Edna and her sister Selina were called into the Morgan Heights' office and told that their father had died during the night of a hemorrhage.

Edna recalled receiving another treatment that involved having ribs removed. She had seven ribs in the back and three in the front removed. Due to the number of ribs taken out, she had a huge incision in her back that required thirty-four stitches. She laughed as she said, "Many times the day following a thoracoplasty, the kitchen would serve 'spare ribs' and that got to be a big joke."

I questioned her as to how the doctors knew if a patient were negative or positive, and how they decided if a patient were cured. She explained that the patient's sputum was injected into a live guinea pig. If several weeks passed and the guinea pig were still alive, the patient was pronounced negative. However, if the guinea pig died, the patient was still declared positive.

Edna explained the daily procedures of the children's unit as well as the specific rules and regulations at Morgan Heights. She recalled that patients were not allowed to have coffee, and they received extra nourishment twice a day. Patients had vanilla malts, and they were supposed to sleep every day for two hours. Edna remembered that a long time after she was discharged, she was still taking naps in the afternoon. I asked Edna if she had spent any holidays at Morgan Heights. She explained that the kids were not allowed to go home. When she was transferred to the other building with the adults, she was permitted home visits. When questioned about the visitor's policy, she recalled that patients in the children's unit were only permitted to have visitors on Sundays. When Edna transferred to another section with older patients, she was allowed to have visitors every day.

Edna's health improved, and she was finally discharged on September 15, 1944. She remained close to home until she found a job she liked which was working at J & L Cleaners in Ishpeming. Edna found it difficult to return to a normal life because people were not educated about tuberculosis. Many people believed the disease could be transmitted simply by talking. "If you told them that you had T.B., you could just see them take a step back," stated Edna.

Edna met her husband, Henry, in 1945, and they were married in 1946. She continued with frequent visits to her doctor and was checked every three months. At the time, doctors believed that a patient could be assured of no recurrence of T.B. by surgically removing the tubercular lung. Edna's doctors suggested that she have this operation, so in January of 1949, she had two-thirds of her right lung removed. Following the surgery, she had to stay at Morgan Heights Sanitorium for nine additional months.

Edna and husband Henry, 1986.

To really understand Edna's personality, a person should know about her family and childhood. She was born in Ishpeming on September 24, 1922. Her parents were Steve and Ida Harvala, and she had three brothers and four sisters. Her oldest brother, Edwin, my grandfather, died of a heart attack in 1975.

When asked if she had any good memories about school, Edna replied that the West Ishpeming school was so nice because they could walk there and come home for lunch. They had three classes in one room. "It was a nice school, good memories, good teachers," recalled Edna. Two of the teachers that she liked most were Mrs. Lindholm, and Miss Jacobs. Her favorite teacher was John Lawry who had a lot of compassion for his students. When she went to Morgan Heights, he had students make cards for her which he personally delivered along with some Christmas presents. He also sent her a subscription to a magazine while she was in the hospital.

Edna feels her long stay at Morgan Heights was not in vain, for she learned many hobbies which included knitting, crocheting, tatting, leather craft, bead work and stencil art. Edna also learned much about taking care of sick people during her seven year stay at Morgan Heights. It is not unexpected that she chose to become a nurse's aide.

When Edna first started working as a nurse's aide at Bell Memorial Hospital, her administrator noticed that she had not graduated from high school, and he recommended that she return to night school and graduate. She decided to give education another try, and attended night school for two and one-half years. It was her father's dream to have all of his kids graduate and out of eight children Edna was the only that had not. "Inside it really bothered me that I didn't graduate. I got my diploma when I was fifty years old and I am very proud . . . . I had tears in my eyes because that was a dream that was fulfilled after all those years," stated Edna as she beamed with pride.

Edna continued her work as a nurse's aide for twenty-seven years. She stated, "I really enjoyed it . . . . I liked to be around sick people." She retired in 1986 and is enjoying a well-deserved rest.

— Jedd Holt

THE YEARS IN FOCUS

Miss Lois Tucker has very vivid memories of the Ishpeming of the past which she recently shared with me in her roomy home. I was able to form a clear picture of what Ishpeming was like as Miss Tucker explained the changes.

"Ishpeming has expanded a lot since I was a child," Miss Tucker commented. "They have some new homes, and there are still a lot of old homes."

As she thought back, she remembered that the old J.C. Penney store was in the same place as the Penney store of today. I found it interesting that the post office was not always in the same place, for once it was in the building where Sears is now. The present Jackson's Hardware was once a furniture store. Most of the furniture stores at that time contained undertaking parlors

Miss Lois Tucker, pictured with her mother during Ishpeming's Centennial (top right), and relaxing at home in the other two photos.

which took care of the dead like the funeral homes of today. The Butler was built as a theater. Mr. Butler, who owned it, lived across the street from Miss Tucker on Third Street where she was born. "It was a very nice theater," she added. There was also the Ishpeming Theater; in fact, the Ishpeming Theater was where the parking lot of the Pioneer Square Mall is now. "They had wonderful performers who would come from away," Miss Tucker recalled.

The Mather Inn, which has become a historical site, is important to Ishpeming's past. Miss Tucker recalled that the night it opened there was a private party for the opening. Miss Tucker was attending college, and she rode a bus from Marquette to Ishpeming. The bus stopped right at the Mather Inn. "It was so beautiful and the lights were on. I could hear the orchestra playing inside and I wondered, 'Oh, I wonder if I'll ever be able to go into this place.' It was just so beautiful and it's never lost its charm," she stated. Miss Tucker had her dreams fulfilled for over the years she attended many affairs held there including luncheons, weddings, dinners, and Christmas parties, in addition to a number of private parties.

Another important part of Ishpeming's heritage is the statue in the middle of town, "Old Ish." Many people, including Miss Tucker, have wondered how Ishpeming acquired it. After she did some research, she found the answer she sought. It seems there was a mayor whom the local people liked very much, and held in high esteem. They wanted to present him with a gift so they gave him the Indian. Well, the statue was too big to keep in his house or yard, so he gave it to the city of Ishpeming.

Ishpeming has been such an important part of Miss Tucker's life because she was born there. She also grew up and attended school in Ishpeming. Miss Tucket had two brothers and one sister, who were much older than herself.

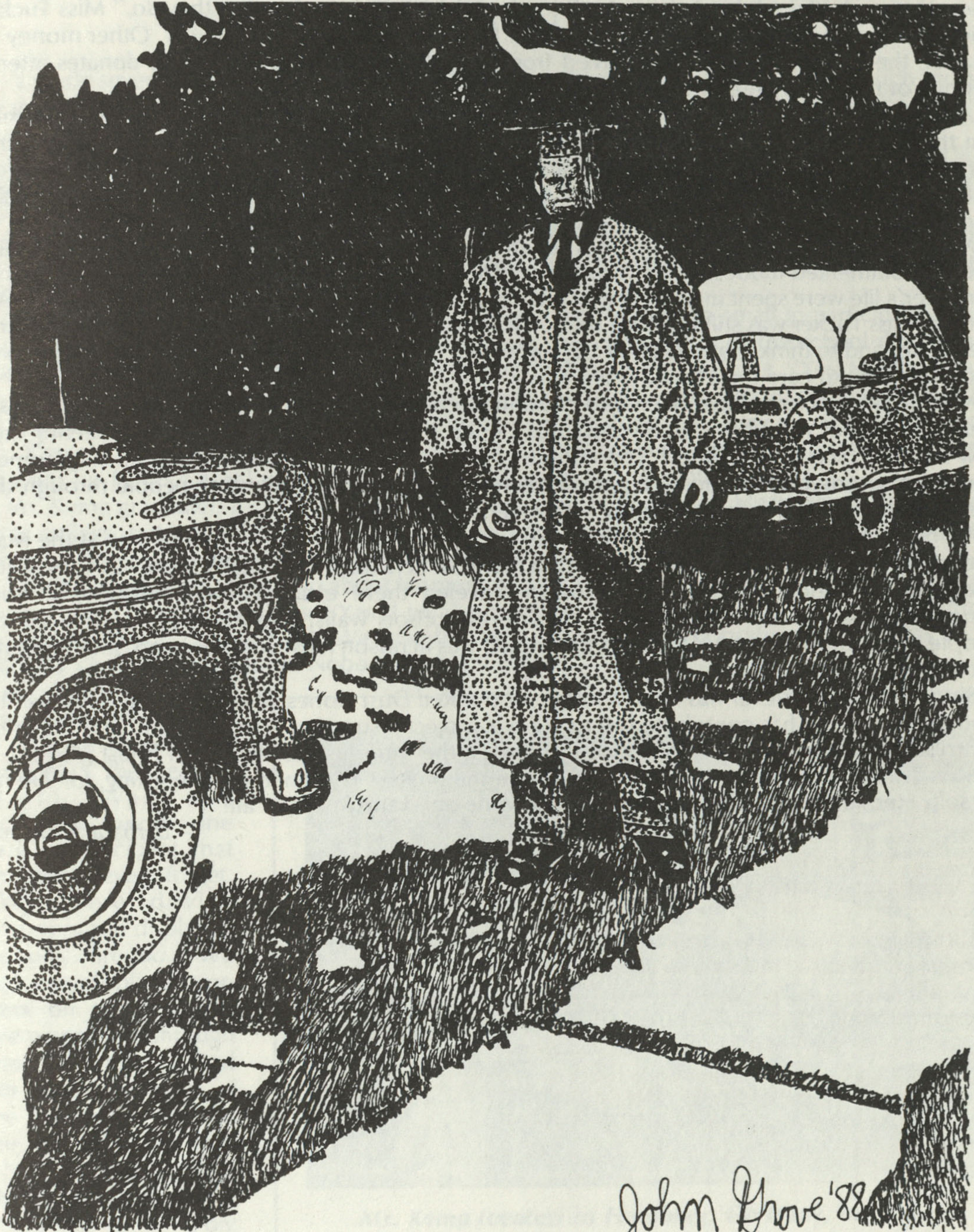
Miss Tucker acquired a Bachelor of Arts Degree from what is now Northern Michigan University. The first two years of her career were spent in Minnesota. She devoted thirty-seven years of her life to teaching the students of Ishpeming. In total she had nearly forty years of teaching!

Miss Tucker's relationship with her students was a most precious part of teaching. She keeps in touch with many of her former students. "I belong to many clubs in which some of my former students belong," she explained. "They are so nice; they call me and take me out for dinner or luncheons," Miss Tucker added.

"There was one couple who started going together in my room in seventh grade. After they got in high school, whenever they would go to a prom or something, they would come and see me. After he got out of the service they were married. Now they have two children and when they come and visit me the children call me 'Grandma Lois'," she stated.

Another important aspect of Miss Tucker's stimulating life are books. "So much of my life has been spent in the library," she commented. "We are so fortunate to have the Carnegie Library right in our town. We've always had good librarians. My sister at one time worked in the library. I remember she used to bring me a lot of good books. I must have learned to read before I went to school. I've just always loved to read. I can't emphasize enough the need for people to read and use our library," Miss Tucker explained.

To support the library in a variety of ways there is a group called the Friends of the Library. "They do a great deal," Miss Tucker stated. The Friends of the Library recently bought an Apple IIe computer for the children's department. They also sponsor lyceums. A lyceum is a presentation meant to inform and/or entertain. The Friends of the Library invite a speaker, someone who is well-versed in a particular area, to share their interest with the public at the library, usually on a Sunday afternoon. Mr. Voelker, or Robert Travers, who wrote *The Anatomy of a Murder*, spoke once. Mr. Fred Rydholm has given a talk about the history of the area. Artists and musicians have


John Grove '88

also presented. "I don't know how the Friends of the Library can do what they do," Miss Tucker said, referring to the way the group is funded. Dues are only one dollar a year. Other money to finance the group's activities is received fromthe goodwill offerings the public donates after a Friends of the Library tea or lyceum.

Another very important portion of Miss Tucker's life is her family. "Of my immediate family I'm the last one left," she said. "But I have a nephew and his wife and family. I love them very, very much," she told me. Her nephew, James, and his wife, Judy, have two sons and a daughter. The children are Glenn, age ten, Michael, seven, and Christina, one-year old. Each Saturday Miss Tucker takes the boys to the library and treats them to lunch.

Miss Tucker also took care of her mother and sister. "Well, it was my pleasure to do so," Miss Tucker commented modestly. Her mother was near ninety when she died. The last ten years of her sister's life were spent in a nursing or custodial care home because she could not take care of herself. Miss Tucker was still teaching then. "The hardest part was going to the nursing home and seeing her and to think that you can't do it yourself," Miss Tucker explained; how difficult it was not to be able to care for a loved one.

Miss Tucker's friends have been and continue to be very special to her. "Friendship means a great deal to me. Yes, I have such wonderful friends. I'm very fortunate. I'm always meeting nice new friends," she commented. "The volunteer work, like going to hospital and nursing homes. You'd be surprised at all the nice people there. I've met more interesting people through the hospital, the nursing home and other volunteer work."

Along with the other volunteer work Miss Tucker does she also volunteered time at the Marquette Prison. She started to go there with a friend of hers from her church who was very much interested in prison ministry. Miss Tucker traveled there every Tuesday night to a non-denominational service in the chapel outside the prison walls. She also visited some of the people who wanted visitors. One man she visited was in prison for seventeen years, and he never got a card or letter.

Since 1983 Miss Tucker has been a judge for our *Red Dust* stories. We are very grateful for the time and effort she has contributed to make our project a success. When I mentioned the great contribution she made, she replied, "I think what the students accomplished is just great."

Miss Tucker has achieved a great deal and in the process fashioned an interesting, full life for herself. Her kindness and unselfishness should be an example for us all!

— Barbara Anderson

AN EVENTFUL LIFE

"I made seven dollars a week," stated Mr. Clarence Kemp as he explained how much money he earned when he was first married in 1932. Mr. Kemp has been happily married for fifty-five years to his wife Charlotte.

Mr. Kemp was born in Ishpeming, Michigan, to Provis and Harriet Kemp on August 12, 1909. He was the second oldest in a family of five children. Mr. Kemp's father was an electrician in the iron ore mines.

Mr. Kemp and his family moved from Ishpeming to Negaunee when he was a youngster. He lived about five blocks from the Negaunee Central Grade School when he began his schooling at age four.

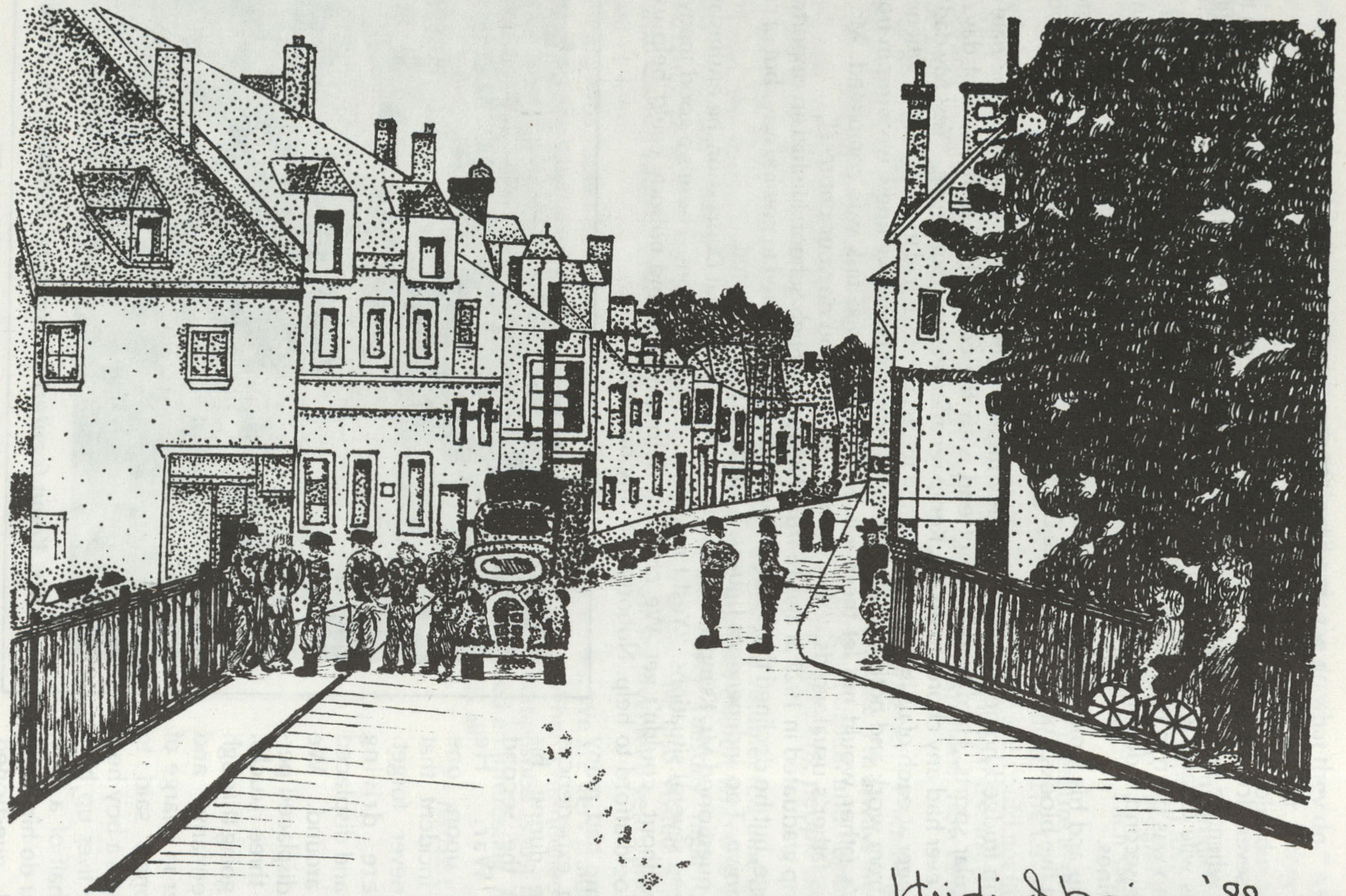
Mr. Kemp trudged home from school every night, for he was too small to participate in any extracurricular sports. Hard work did not end with the completion of the school day. When asked if he ever had any chores to do Mr. Kemp recalled eagerly explaining, "Yes! My dad would point his finger at each of us in the morning and tell us what we had to do. At night, whenever he got home from work and noticed that the chores weren't done, we knew we were in trouble." Mr. Kemp's father would not let them eat until the assigned task was completed. Mr. Kemp recalled his father's usual words, "You do not eat until you do your chores."

Mr. Kemp graduated in 1927 at age 16 from Negaunee High School. He had an opportunity to go to college, but he declined the offer. "My grandmother wanted to pay my way, but of course I turned it down. Too independent I guess," Mr. Kemp commented.

When I questioned Mr. Kemp about his memories of the Great Depression, he enthusiastically remembered several situations. "Yes! I recall numerous occasions. There's a good many things we went without, couldn't get. We couldn't help anybody and nobody could help us . . . . Nobody could afford to help. Nobody had any money."

Mr. Kemp had many interesting experiences in Europe during his service in the Second World War. He lamented upon one very sad incident that he will never forget. "We were driving prisoners and displaced persons around. We had sixty displaced persons on three trucks. We were going through Fiser, Germany, and this officer in charge of the prisoners said to me, 'There's a boy here who only lives up here about a half of a mile; could you do him a big favor?' I questioned,

Mr. Kemp (center) in Homberg, Germany, in 1945.


Heidi Skaja '88

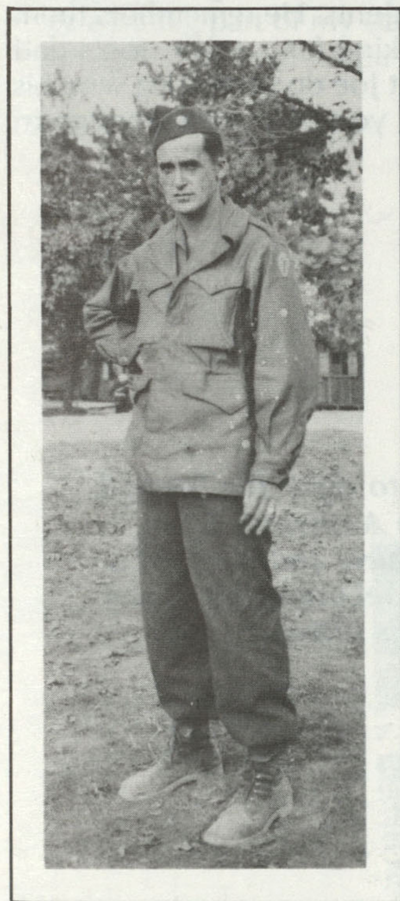
'What's that?' 'Well, he hasn't seen his wife and family for about five years, and he said that you are passing within maybe a tenth of a kilometer from his home! Would you mind stopping so he could see his family?' I said 'sure' and we stopped for a while. I told him that I would give him a half hour because it was against rules and regulations for you to do that. So he left and he came back within a half hour. He grabbed me and gave me a big kiss on both cheeks and I never saw a person happier in all my life.'' This was a traumatic subject for Mr. Kemp to talk about, for at the time of the incident he had a wife and kids at home too.

After the war, Mr. Kemp and his wife invested in a store. ''We purchased Kemp's store in 1956, and we had to pay for it by the month,'' stated Mr. Kemp. Kemp's Store offered delivery to elderly and handicapped people. He also permitted customers to charge goods. The store contained mostly grocery items: milk, bread, and staples. When I questioned Mr. Kemp about the help at the store he remembered, ''We had wonderful help at the store. Everybody knew what work they had to do and we were always satisfied.'' The busiest hour at the store, ''was when the kids came in from school. I think we have the best kids that you could possibly get to ever come in our store, hardly ever had problems. The kids are always nice, friendly, and courteous,'' he stated.

After many years operating the store, Mr. Kemp and his wife turned the store over to their daughter, Carol, and her husband. Mr. Kemp still enjoys working with kids and adults so he devotes two hours on Monday and Saturday mornings to working at the store.

He concluded by stating, ''Charlotte and I have three wonderful children, ten wonderful grandchildren, and ten wonderful great-grandchildren and we love them very, very much.''

— Heidi Skaja



U.S. Army soldier Clarence Kemp and storekeeper Kemp, forty years later.

"YOOPANESE" REFLECTS A TOTALLY UNIQUE PLACE

Rust and smoke; the heater's broke;
The door just blew away.
I light a match to see the dash
And then I start to pray.

These are a few lines of *Rusty Chevrolet*, one of the successful songs produced by the band, Da Yoopers, of which my dad, Joe Potila, is a member. Two years ago the band released a tape titled *Yoopanese* which sold about ten thousand copies. The band's second tape, *Culture Shock*, released last fall, sold nearly ten thousand copies in less than three days. Sales to date have reached more than fifty thousand tapes and thirty thousand records.

The band's music has been especially well received in the New England states. Vermont listeners are very enthusiastic about the band's type of music. Although other parts of the country responded to Da Yoopers' music, Wisconsin residents gave the most positive reaction and have been the greatest supporters of the band. Following a highly rated review of the *Second Week of Deer Camp* by the "Brenaman Review," a tip sheet for radio stations, the band received calls from California, Texas, Oklahoma, and New Jersey.

Considering the success and popularity of Da Yoopers, it is interesting to note that Joe never thought he could make a living writing music until his senior year in high school.

Joe credits his parents for encouraging him to pursue his musical talents. He remembers them urging him to get involved with activities. Joe "got involved" by asking for a guitar. Joe's dad worked all his life as a lumberjack and laborer and it was his wish that Joe do something with his life that he enjoyed doing. His dad always said, "It doesn't matter if you only make enough to

Left to right: Jim Pennell, Lynn Anderson, James DeCaire, and Joe Potila. Joe DeLongchamp is not in this picture.

pay the bills and get by as long as you're doing something with your life that you enjoy doing."

"He encouraged me all the way," stated Joe, referring to his father. Many books also influenced Joe in his decision to become a writer and musician.

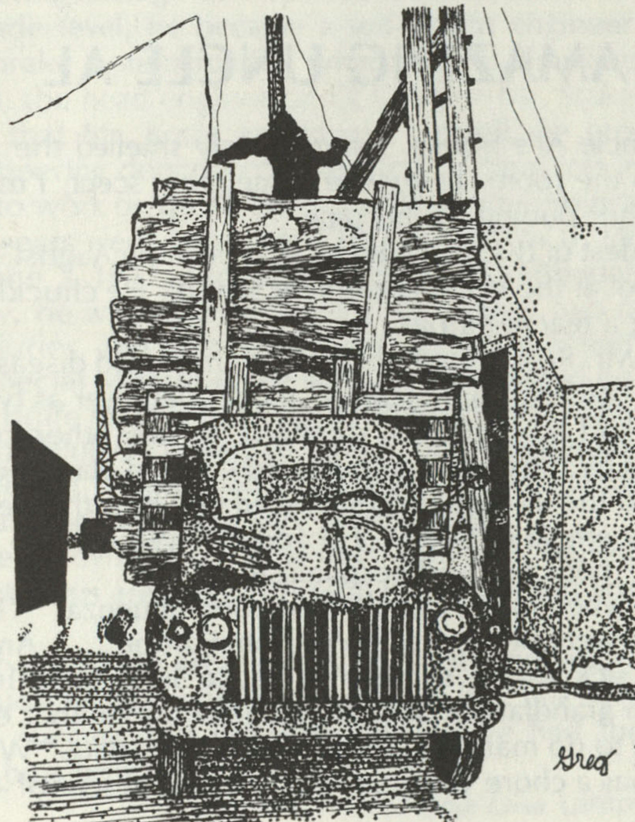
When the band first began, they sang mostly country music. Their repertoire changed over the years, and now they have dance and comedy routines included which make their live performances much more interesting. The band changed their music and their name, which had formerly been the Joe Arkansas Band. They changed the band's name to Da Yoopers because the name fit them better as they did not live or have anything to do with Arkansas.

In our discussion of Da Yoopers' music, Joe explained a concern of the band members. The group wanted their words to be understood but the greatest criticism of the band's music is the nonstandard grammar in their lyrics. Some English departments and local people think that such language gives an inaccurate picture of the people of the Upper Peninsula. Comments were made that the accent reflects ignorance and lack of education. Da Yoopers and especially Joe, do not believe that is the case at all. In most of the band's songs they use accents that blend Canadian, Finnish, French and Swedish. This "Yoopanese" accent reflects the fact that the Upper Peninsula is a totally unique place of its own. The accent doesn't reflect the intelligence or the education, it's a cultural thing," commented Joe. One of Joe's goals is to make people understand that the use of "Yoopanese" is not a put down.

Joe would like to write a hit song and a number one best seller as well as work on other kinds of writing. His ultimate desire is to do what he enjoys doing for a living and not have to work somewhere just to make money to pay the bills. With an expressive look, Joe stated, "Even though I see goals as stepping stones to something else, I don't see them as ends to anything."

A very big part of my dad's life is the band. Through their music, Da Yoopers are sharing our "someplace special" area with many liseners throughout the country.

— *Kristi Potila*



Al Koski . . . "sitting quietly in his bright plaid shirt puffing on his pipe."

AMAZING UNCLE AL

As I entered my great-uncle Al's house, I immediately smelled the pleasant aroma from his pipe which drifted through the room. Everytime I smell that scent, I'm reminded of him sitting quietly in his bright plaid shirt puffing on his pipe.

Alfred "Al" Koski, the oldest of twelve children, was born on August 16, 1907. Mr. Koski completed eight grades of school at the West Ishpeming School. He chuckled as he told me that he was once accused of being a teacher's pet.

Recalling his childhood, Mr. Koski remembered the childhood diseases that were common at that time. He remembered chicken pox, measles, and scarlet fever as typical illnesses. Mr. Koski explained that if a person had scarlet fever, diptheria, or any other communicable disease, a health officer was instructed by the doctor to put a red colored plaque on the wall and a sign on the house which proclaimed the disease. When I asked him how the people paid the doctors he answered, "Well it didn't seem so difficult." He added, "We used to contribute two dollars a month to our paycheck for medicine and hospitalization."

Mr. Koski recalled a time when many people died from influenza. "There was a bad epidemic in 1918 . . . when the troops were being sent home from Europe . . . . An epidemic that took a lot of people. People were not sick long — sometimes maybe 36 to 48 hours, and they were gone." He mentioned that his own grandfather died of influenza during that epidemic.

As a child, Mr. Koski had to do many chores at home. He stated, "We had to take care of the cows and cut wood. That was a chore when we got home from school — fill the wood box, coal

for the coal stove, shovel snow, help mother with housework."

Mr. Koski recalled special occasions in the community. He especially remembered that on Memorial Day many veterans from the Civil War used to parade down the street. He explained that the Civil War uniforms were different than the uniforms of later veterans and left vivid memories in his mind.

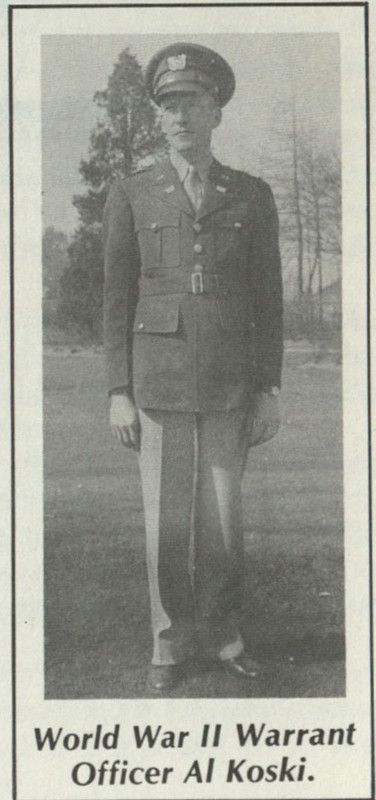
Funerals seemed more solemn in Mr. Koski's youth than they are today. Mr. Koski recalled a horsedrawn hearse being used. As the hearse brought the casket down the street everyone could see it and kids would often run to the road and watch funerals go by.

I asked my uncle if his family had a car and he said they did not own one until 1924. He bought the first one, and it was a Stanley Steam Car. He thought it was a very unusual kind of car because it ran by steam.

Mr. Koski's family did not find life too difficult during the Great Depression. The family owned a forty-acre farm near Cooper Lake where they grew enough potatoes and vegetables to feed themselves, and they also had enough to give the surplus to neighbors who were in need. He explained to me that his dad was very generous and would give food to anyone who needed it. The farm also housed cows and pigs. Mr. Koski's family had its own source of fuel to heat the house with an adequate supply of wood. Mr. Koski remembered two days a week cutting pulp during the Depression which gave him ample chance to get out in the woods.

Mr. Koski's first job outside the home began at age twelve and continued until he was sixteen. He worked for carpenters and masons, and on highway construction. Mr. Koski's wages were about fifteen dollars a month which was good because board was included. Mr. Koski also worked for the railroad company before he was hired by the Cleveland-Cliffs Mining Company.

Mr. Koski had good luck at getting raises and promotions. Much of his good fortune has come because he has always had a desire to learn. In his younger years, Mr. Koski studied electrical and mechanical engineering through correspondence schools. Even though his formal education ended at the eighth grade level, he became a self-taught engineer. Mr. Koski designed a brake system for the mine and his drawings were sent to C. J. Stakel, the head engineer at CCI. When Mr. Stakel saw them and learned that Mr. Koski had taught himself, he promoted him to the engineering department. Mr. Koski's final job in engineering at CCI was to work on the Greenwood Reservoir project.



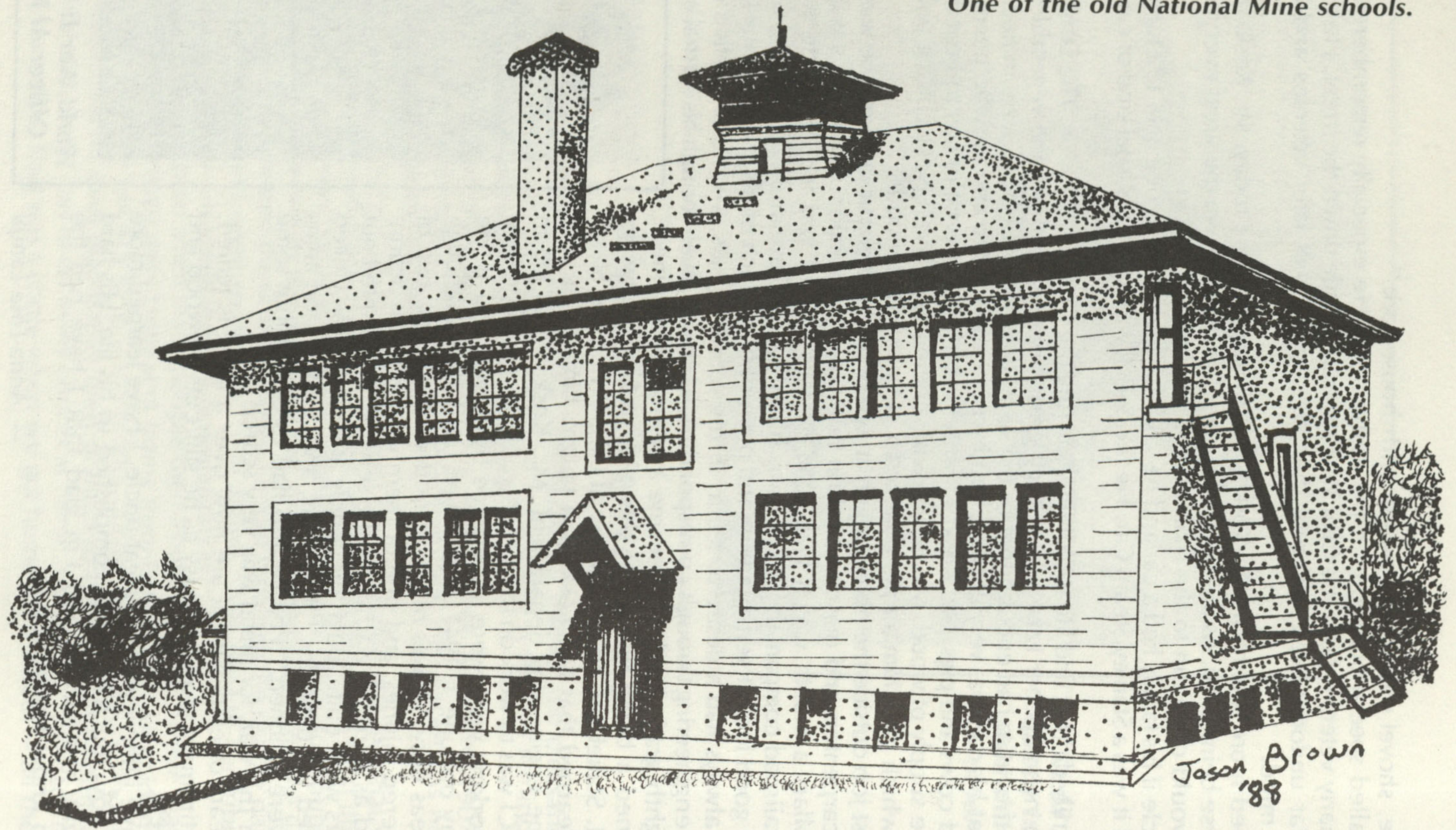
World War II Warrant Officer Al Koski.

Mr. Koski's working years were interrupted by World War II. He entered the Army on June 3, 1941, and stayed until 1946. Although he served overseas duty, he was never wounded. However, two of his brothers suffered injuries, and one of them was killed in action. Mr. Koski ranked as a special warrant in the service. He pointed out that the war years were quite rough on people at home in the United States. He recalled the difficulty, "It was gas, and a lot of food items and meat that were rationed." People also had to do without some metallic items in the war, for metal was very scarce then.

Mr. Koski's years of employment are now over and he is retired. However, his retirement years are busy as he still cuts firewood and has a large garden.

Now that I have interviewed my great-uncle, I have learned more about him, and how much he has accomplished in his life. His hard work has brought him success and I'm glad that I have had the chance to get to know him better.

— *Anna-Liisa Lampi*

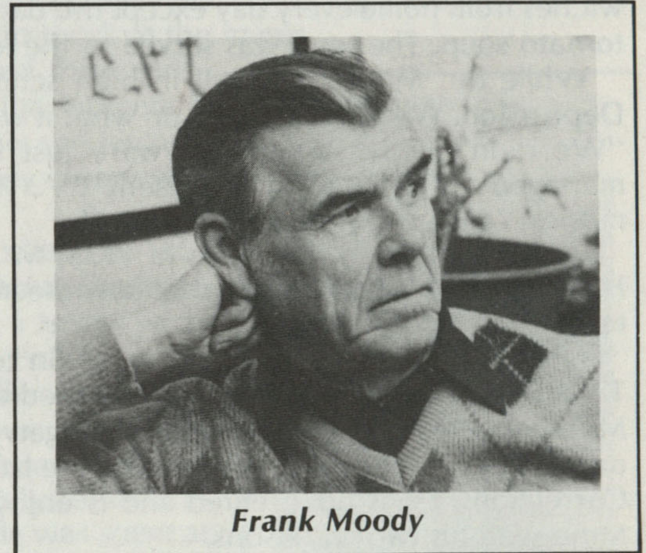


One of the old National Mine schools.

THE WHOLE JOB WORLD REVOLVED AROUND NATIONAL MINE

"We thought the whole job world revolved around National Mine," stated Mr. Frank Moody, local historian of the National Mine Location. Mr. Moody has lived here since his birth in 1918, while his family has resided in National Mine since 1880. During this time, Mr. Moody has witnessed changes in the appearance of the National Mine area. When asked about these changes he replied, "Outside of a couple cars, not much, in fact, with deterioration, railroads gone from here, mines are gone from here."

Mr. Moody pointed out that the population in this community has decreased. When he was a young boy nearly one thousand people resided in National Mine and today the population is only six or seven hundred people.



Frank Moody

During the years of Mr. Moody's youth, National Mine had a mixture of ethnic groups, such as Finns, Swedes, and the French. Most of the location consisted of Finns and Mr. Moody explained that a person had to learn the Finnish language to communicate with the people of the area. Mr. Moody added with a smile, "You had to learn to talk Finn around here 'cause all the kids were Finn. In the summertime we got out of school around the twenty-fourth of May and the minister of the Finnish Lutheran Church in Ishpeming would have summer school. All the kids in the location — the Cousin Jacks, the Swedes, the Finns, we'd go up there and we learned catechism in Finn . . . that's how we learned to talk." Learning the Finnish language became an advantage for anyone working in the mines. Mr. Moody further explained, "Cause when you worked for the mines we had to talk with all the old country guys there. There weren't very many Italian people like there was in Negaunee, Gwinn, and North Lake. There was Finns here . . . so if you worked in the Barnum you had to talk Finn."

Almost all the children of the National Mine location attended the National Mine School. Mr. Moody started kindergarten there but a fire in 1923 destroyed the school and he finished his kindergarten and first grade years at the Norwegian Church. When the present National Mine School was completed in 1925, he resumed his classes at the new school.

During the time that Mr. Moody was not in school, he had many chores to perform. When asked what these chores were he exclaimed, "Everything," and he proceeded to tell about them. Mr. Moody remembers hauling wood and water, chopping kindling, and doing whatever else needed to be done around the house. Sometimes when he was finished with the chores at his home, his parents sent him to his elderly aunt and uncle's home where he performed the same tasks.

Mr. Moody's life was not all work and no play. When he was finished with his chores, he enjoyed playing ball or in the winter he would sleigh ride or ski. Another activity he enjoyed during his leisure time was skip-a-ride which involved taking a barrel stave, building a seat on it, and

sliding down Hustler's Hill. This adventure ended at a little store at the bottom and sounded like fun to me!

As Mr. Moody grew older, he refrained from these childhood games and spent his leisure time at dances at the Coming Nation Hall and watching movies that a man from Republic, Mr. Ringuette, would bring to National Mine School's auditorium.

The remainder of Mr. Moody's time was spent attending high school classes at National Mine School. The classes he enjoyed the most were English, chemistry, and physics. As is the case with many students, he had a favorite teacher. Mr. Moody enthusiastically named his favorite, "A man by the name of Mr. Bently Griggs . . . one of the finest teachers I ever had in my life."

High school lunches were a little different from those of today. Students would bring sandwiches from home every day except the day the home ec teacher, Ms. Lind, would cook corn or tomato soup. The soup was served in the lunchroom which is presently the art room.

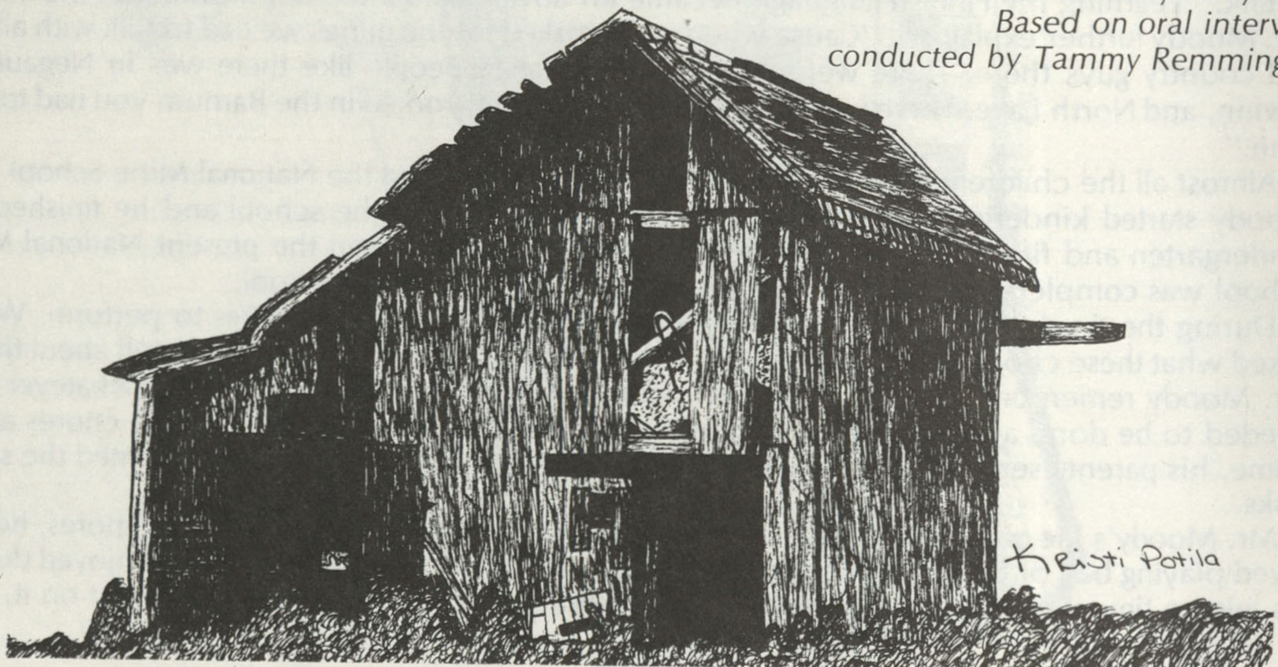
While Mr. Moody was still in high school the stock market crashed, beginning the Great Depression. When questioned on what it was like for him during this time, Mr. Moody recalled, "We didn't notice things, we were just kids, there wasn't much around, but our parents managed . . . learned to be miserly . . . you thought two, three times before you blew your money, 'cause there was no money."

In the mid-Depression years of 1936, Mr. Moody graduated from the National Mine School. His graduating class consisted of seventeen people. Fourteen of these graduates are still alive today.

After graduation, Mr. Moody went on to serve in the Third Marine Division in the Pacific Theatre during World War II. He returned to Marquette County to work in the local mines. Mr. Moody later enrolled at Northern Michigan University where he earned Bachelor's and Master's degrees in Education and Psychology. He later became employed at the Michigan Department of Corrections. He is now retired and is enjoying his time at his camp in Gwinn and in National Mine with his two grandsons.

Mr. Moody shared with me his experiences of growing up in National Mine in years past and his words enable us to see what a unique and special place it was and continues to be today.

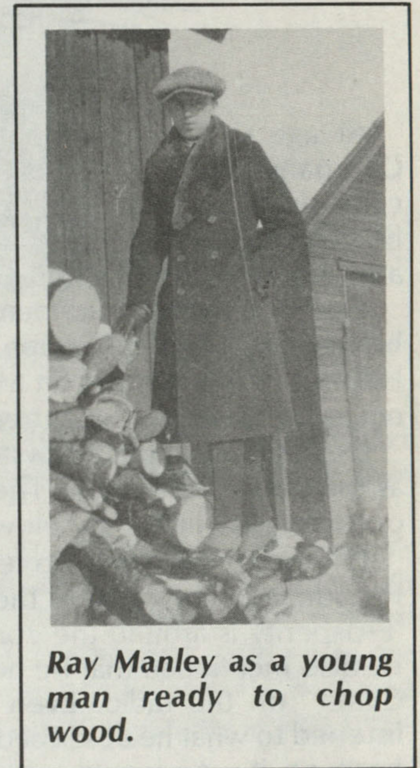
Written by Kelly West
Based on oral interview
conducted by Tammy Remmington



LOOKING BACK 88 YEARS WITH GRANDPA

When Ray Manley's father journeyed from England to the United States, he located in Champion, Michigan, where he began employment in an iron mine. "He went up to Champion because he had a nephew who was captain of the mine there," explained Grandpa. "He then came down from Champion and started a store on Cleveland Avenue in Ishpeming," he stated. My grandpa, Ray Manley, was born upstairs of this store on May 30, 1900. Grandpa lived upstairs of this store for a period of time. When Grandpa was young he would often go to his dad's store and have an ice cream cone. "My dad used to make his own ice cream and he also made it for a few other stores in Ishpeming," stated Grandpa. "The store went out of business when a panic came, or a depression they call it now, in 1905," he commented. Following the panic and the loss of his business, my great-grandfather returned to work at the mines.

Grandpa's family had six children, three boys and three girls. "All of them are dead and gone but me," Grandpa lamented. When Grandpa was a child, the family had a stove in the kitchen and another one in the living room, so one of his daily chores was hauling coal in and ashes out.

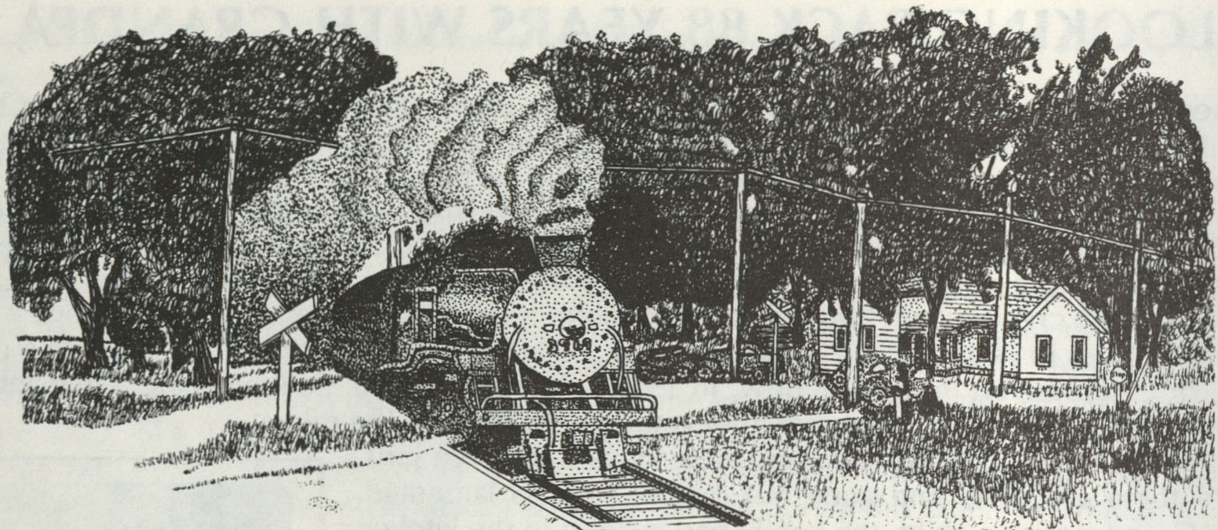


Ray Manley as a young man ready to chop wood.

Grandpa started school in 1905 at what he called the old Ishpeming High School. "It was the first school built in Ishpeming," he explained. "They would say when a heavy wind came it would sway," Grandpa said with a smile. Following his kindergarten year, the school was torn down. His first grade was located at a church called the Guild Hall. "That was where the Ishpeming High School gymnasium is now," said Grandpa. In the second grade, Grandpa attended school in a church basement on the corner of Bank and Third Streets while third grade was spent at the Ridge Street School. His favorite subjects were always spelling and English.

During his youth, Grandpa was a member of the YMCA which was located on the corner of Division and Pine Streets. "It was a big, quite good size gym and had a race track up above the gym, a pool, and bowling alley downstairs," Grandpa explained. "We bowled for five cents a game, our dues were a dollar a month and we paid a nickel for a shower. I was always sorry to see that torn down," Grandpa sadly added.

When Grandpa was a child they played a lot of baseball on the Oliver Diamond across from the old Oliver office, located behind the Ishpeming Fire Hall. There was also a handball court, so Grandpa and his friends enjoyed handball games. Semiprofessional baseball players often came and played games in the Legion parking lot which Grandpa enjoyed watching whenever he could get there. Grandpa recalled, "When there was a player from Negaunee or Ishpeming playing there was a big crowd." On Saturday nights during summer, Grandpa and his friends went to the depot in Ishpeming to watch the trains pass through. He continued reminiscing about years gone by and remembered purchasing a bag of toasty, hot peanuts at Joe Gill's candy store where the Butler Theater is now. Another favorite activity of his was to watch a few haircuts at the barbershop, or perhaps take a walk about "The Beat." Grandpa took great pleasure in explaining the popular "Beat." He said, "It followed Cleveland Avenue up to Fourth Street then down Division to Main Street." Grandpa recalled further, "Lots of people used to walk around there." At that time, Grandpa did not have a vehicle so he walked everywhere he went.

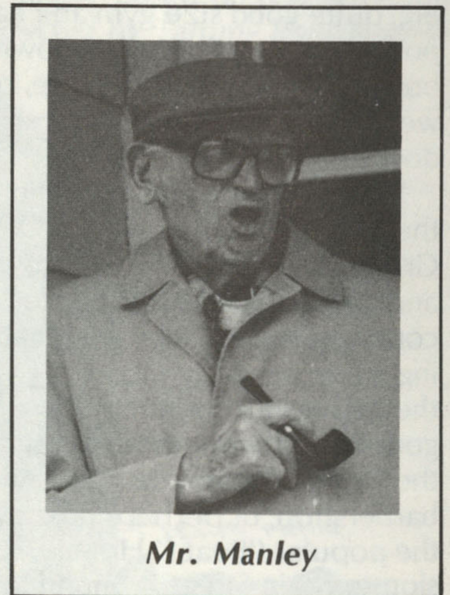


At age sixteen, Grandpa had his first paying job delivering mail for Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Company. During the Great Depression, he worked for the WPA where he earned twenty-five cents an hour for an eight-hour day. "I worked on that for a summer," Grandpa recalled. Next, he got a job at the mine office in the winter and for a few days a week in the summer. Grandpa also worked at the Colvert Gas Station in Ishpeming.

One of the most vivid memories of Grandpa's life occurred at age twenty-five when he bought his first car, a Model T coupe. However, the most memorable occasion was his marriage to Lillian Hebert. "I got married on May 30, 1927," Grandpa said. What added to the specialness of the occasion was that it occurred on his birthday.

During the famous snowstorm of 1938, Grandpa left for work at 3:00 P.M. and only got as far as the house next door. "They had a big snowbank there and my car stayed there for about two or three days until they plowed and shoveled 'til they got it out," Grandpa recalled.

Of course there was no television, so Grandpa often listened to the radio. He listened to the President on the radio in the 1930s. "The first one I believe was Hoover, and he had a saying, 'Prosperity is around the corner'," Grandpa remembered and he also mentioned that he heard Franklin Roosevelt's "Fireside Chats" on the radio. Even before Grandpa had a radio he listened to what he described as a talking machine. "It had a big horn on it, you would wind it up and put a record on it. It played terrible music but it was some music anyway," Grandpa said with a grin.



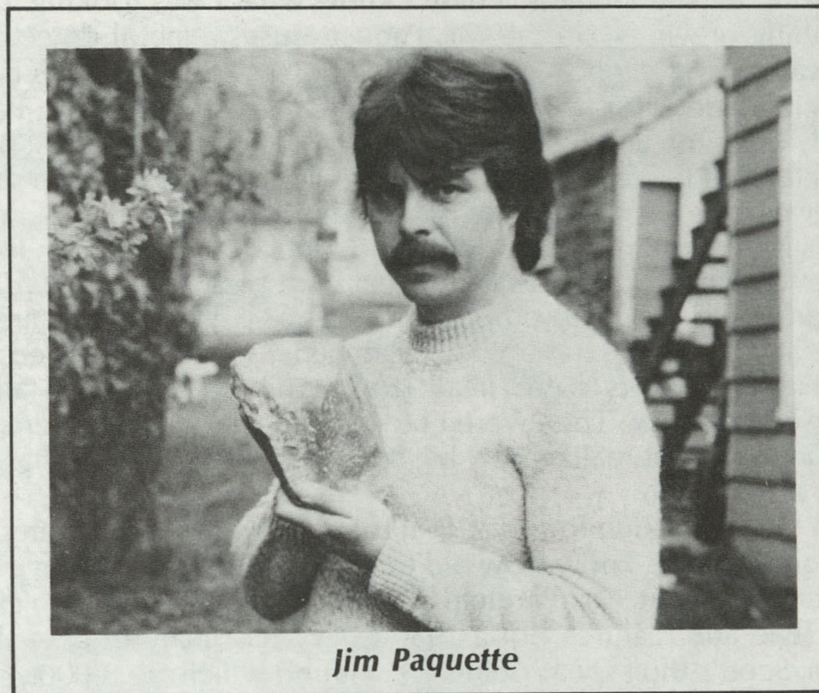
Mr. Manley

It seems that Grandpa's experiences could go on forever. However, it is evident to me that Grandpa has had a very happy and productive life. His family brings him great pleasure and many happy hours are spent with Grandma Manley and their four children. Three daughters, Helen Sarvello, Priscilla Tasson, and Pat Devereaux, were followed by my dad, Jim Manley, the youngest and only boy.

I learned much more about my grandpa after this interview. His description of Ishpeming and his life was so vivid that I could see it in my mind. I experienced the past in a very special way through Grandpa.

— Chad Manley

CONTRIBUTING TO THE HISTORY OF THE AREA



Jim Paquette

Jim Paquette's interest in Indian archaeology dates back to his childhood when his grandfather told him stories about the Indians. This was a particular interest to young Jim because of his own Indian heritage.

Much of Mr. Paquette's life has been spent in Negaunee where he was born in 1952. He attended St. Paul's School until it ceased operation and then graduated from Negaunee High School where he was a member of the National Honor Society. His favorite subjects were history, geography, and the social sciences. He explained, "I think the teachers who were the toughest on me were the ones I learned the most from." He gave special credit to Miss Berleyne Miller, an English teacher, and Mrs. Mary Matthews, his algebra teacher, as having lasting influence on him.

Like many students, he enjoyed playing sports. "I hunted, fished, and played ball . . . I was always doing something," he replied. In addition to school, he diligently worked a part-time job helping his dad who was a sign painter. He also worked at Sandy's, a fast food establishment in Marquette, and at a submarine shop. "I was always trying to earn money one way or another," exclaimed Mr. Paquette.

Mr. Paquette continued his education at Northern Michigan University where he graduated magna cum laude with a bachelor's degree in social services. In 1973, Mr. Paquette was inducted into Phi Alpha Theta, an honor society for historians.

Mr. Paquette's love for archaeology grew as he formed a partnership with Dr. Marla Buckmaster, an archaeologist from Northern Michigan University. Together, they worked on dig sites, excavating, and surveys. Mr. Paquette does not get paid for his archaeological work as it is volunteer labor that he enjoys doing. Grants are needed from the government and other sources in order for Mr. Paquette to do these big projects. For example, the Teal Lake dig cost over $10,000 for five weeks of excavating and surveying. "I've been offered money, but I haven't

been taking it, I do it just for the fun," stated Mr. Paquette.

Currently, Mr. Paquette has been involved with a dig in the Teal Lake area. He explained, "When I started looking for the artifacts, I didn't know what I was looking for because no one had ever found anything previous to that. Mr. Paquette uses a metal detector to begin finding artifacts. At first he was not very good with the detector, but over the years he has been able to perfect his skills. Once the detector has pinpointed where an artifact is, Mr. Paquette digs a very small hole, and gently takes the artifacts out. His first day of digging brought success. "I brought along my metal detector and looked for places that would make good camp sites and I started to find artifacts right away!" he explained. He also found a post mold which was used to hold houses together. This is an extremely rare find as no other place has been found to have any.

Mr. Paquette began looking for the sites in the Teal Lake area in 1984. "I've branched out and every summer and spring I try to locate other Indian sites as well and there are a lot of them. On almost all of the lakes and rivers, the Indians have camped." He further added, "The people who camped on these lakes and rivers were small family units that traveled along following the caribou herds, fishing and hunting. They weren't too advanced, but they were advanced enough to survive." Mr. Paquette did not realize how big the Indian sites were but has found a lot of artifactual history in the area.

He mentioned that the civilization found at Teal Lake was very old and dates back to 8000 B.C. He explained that archaeologists know how old an artifact is by comparing it to things found in other areas. To illustrate his point, Mr. Paquette used cars as an analogy. He explained that a '53 Chevy has a certain style and features but a 1980 Chevy has many noticeable changes. In the Deer Lake excavation, Scott's Bluff spear points were found which are 8,000 years old. Like a car, they could be compared to similar spear points found in a different place.

Mr. Paquette pointed out that archaeologists can actually remove charcoal and burned bones from old fire pits, send them to a lab, and learn their age by carbon dating. For instance, Mr. Paquette found a fire pit at the Teal Lake site, but learned that it was only 500 years old. It was interesting to note that it wasn't thousands of years old as it was first thought to be.

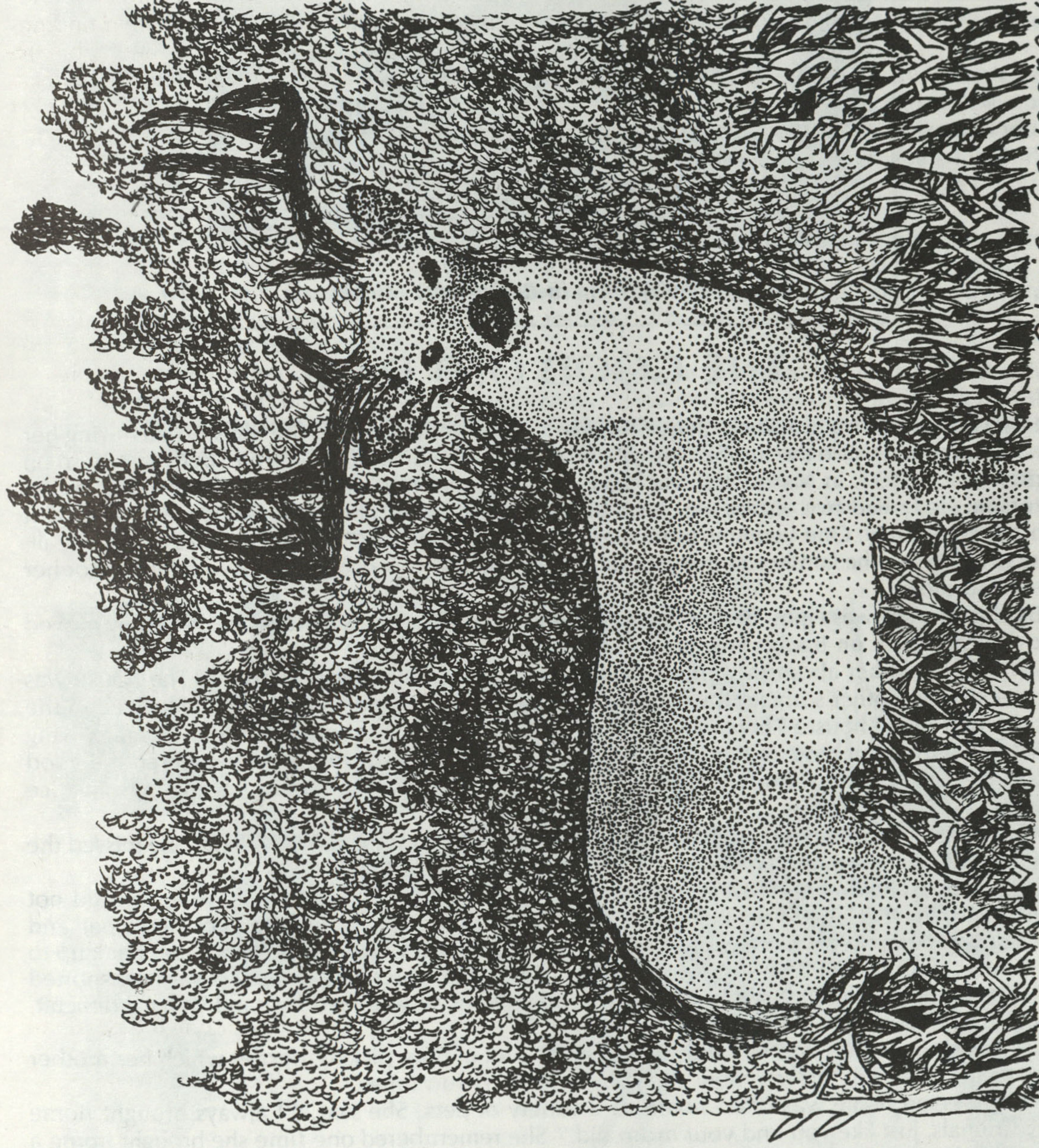
Mr. Paquette commented, "It would take forever to find all the artifacts because when you go out and excavate the sites it's such a scientifically involved process it takes a lot of time. So, there is enough work here in Marquette County — archaeological work just lasts a life time."

Mr. Paquette could not tell me the exact location of the Teal Lake dig. The site must be kept a secret because people other than archaeologists could find and destroy sites. People may believe that great treasures exist there and do great damage. "It's very important that people don't go out and start digging and moving things around because it will ruin all of the research we have gone through," explained Mr. Paquette. The work is a very long process and it's very important that the surroundings stay the same because of reports of surveys and excavations.

For his work, Mr. Paquette has been honored with many awards. He said that it was nice to be honored with awards and know that people appreciated what he is doing. Currently, Mr. Paquette works at the Empire Mine and is a writer for the Cliffs' newsletter. Although he greatly enjoys his archaeological work, he would never do this work on a full-time basis. It would take many hours out of the things he likes to do such as fishing, hunting, and exploring the beautiful Upper Peninsula. He feels that contributing to the history of the area is a great thing to do. Some people say that everything to be known is already known, but Mr. Paquette doesn't feel that is true. He says, "There is so much to be known in the area and worked on to be added to the history of the Upper Superior and Great Lakes Region."

I returned home on that late December day with a much greater knowledge of archaeology and the early history of my area and a greater understanding of a man who is making history.

— Eric Mason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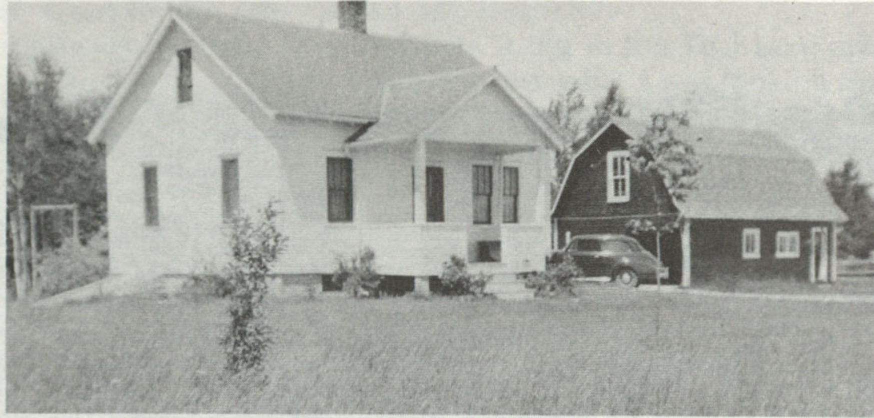


The old family farm in Bark River, Michigan.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

I recently visited my grandma, Betty Sleeman, as she fondly recalled the fun she had during her early childhood days in the lumber camps and at her home on Baraga Avenue. Betty was born on September 1, 1933, in Marquette, Michigan. She was the third daughter of Randolf and Agnes Peterson. Betty had two sisters and four brothers. The oldest child was Shirley. The youngest brother was Randy. One younger sister died of "Black Pneumonia" when she was three. The illness struck when the family was living in Bark River. By the time dad got back with the doctor her sister had died.

By the time she was eight, Betty's family had moved twenty times. Finally, in 1941, they moved into a large house on Baraga Avenue in Marquette.

When I asked her about this house, she shared an interesting story with me. The house was owned by her mother's uncle. It was a big house with twelve rooms and her family lived in the middle part of the house. There was also an upstairs but that was converted into separate living quarters. Betty spent most of her childhood in this house and she fondly remembered the good times she shared with friends while living there, such as playing games, swimming, and ice skating.

At the age of fourteen her family decided to build a house on the Big Bay Road. She missed the place on Baraga Avenue. She stated, "I still go back there to look at it."

Simple household chores were performed a lot differently back then. Mrs. Peterson did not have a washing machine at the first house the family resided in. The kids each carried a pail and went down to the river which was two blocks away. After they took the pails of water back up to the house, it was heated on a big wood stove. When the water was heated, it was transported outside and poured into a big tub where the clothes were all scrubbed by hand. What a difficult, time-consuming way to wash clothes!

Betty, along with her mother and sisters, spent a lot of time picking berries which her mother would can. She said, "I remember those as being very fun times."

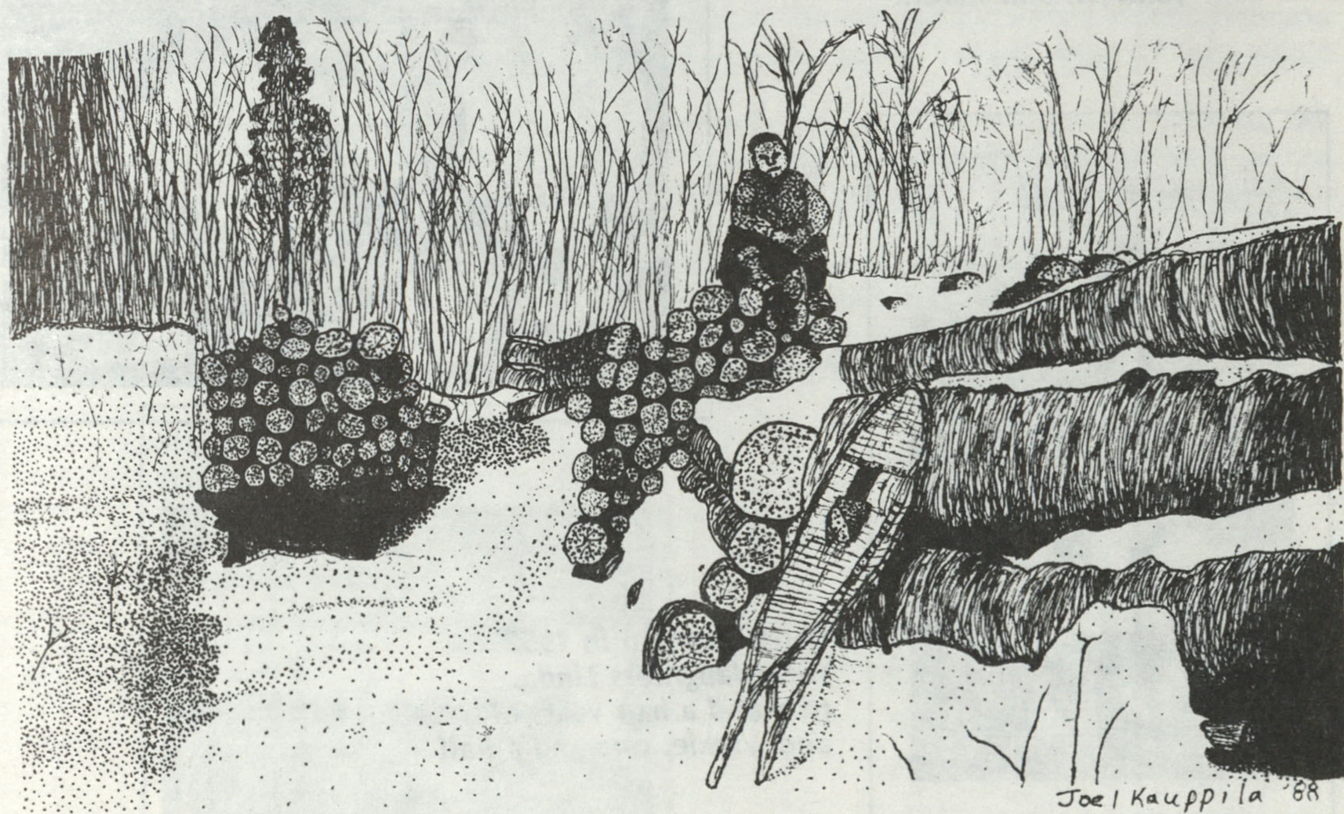
The Peterson home was often home to a variety of pets. She said, "I always brought home stray animals, just like you and your mom did." She remembered one time she brought home a big collie dog that she kept for a long time. She also had baby ducks. One Easter holiday was very special and the children in the family received baby chicks. They put them behind the house with

a light over them. There were four of them but only two chicks lived. Betty laughed when she told what these two chicks did when they grew up. They were two of the meanest roosters ever! She said, ''When we came out of the house, they would jump on our backs and peck on our necks.'' When asked what happened to them later, she said, laughing, ''I think they wound up in the stew pot.''

For a while Betty's father worked in the lumber business and the family lived at the logging camp. One very special Christmas for Betty occurred when she lived there. She stated, ''My mom and dad used to go shopping and they would leave us in the logging camp. My sister and I would go snooping in the top of the rafters. We found two rubber dolls, one for me and one for Shirley. We would take them down and play with them and then we would put them back in the same we found them. Then at Christmas time when we got our dolls we acted excited.''

Betty remembered having a relatively healthy childhood while she lived in the logging camps. She never did get sick except for an occasional cold. She and her brother got their tonsils out when they were both four years old. After the operation her parents felt sorry for them and bought them some crayons and stencils. She recalled, ''It was a very special treat for us and would have the best of times with them.''

When I asked if her father was ever sick or injured she informed me that he had a lung removed when he was eighteen. She also explained, ''One time he was using a big pick that they used to pull logs towards them. The pick went right through his foot.'' Her dad would not go to the doctor, even though the wound was severe. He doctored it at home by putting the injured foot into a pan of salt water. The water would run right through his foot . . . believe it or not the hole finally sealed up on its own, and he never did go to the doctor.'' Mr. Peterson was a big strong man who lived to age sixty-two.



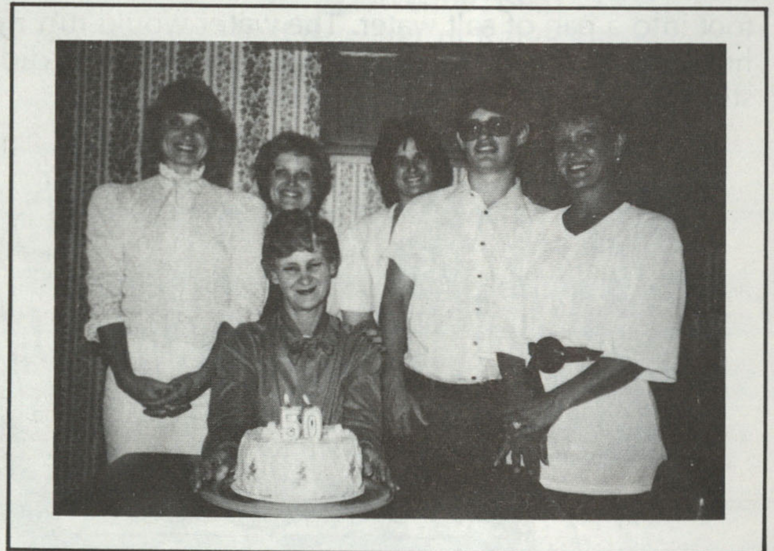
When I asked her if the family enjoyed any vacations, she said they often went to their grandparents' farm for a couple of weeks in the summer where they had lots of fun sleeping in the hayloft and helping with chores. Her grandpa would get them up at four in the morning to go out and milk the cows. She recalled going to the field and stepping on "cow pasties." One time she and her cousin were out in the pasture and she heard her cousin yell her name. At the same time, she heard an awful rumbling noise. When she turned around, a big bull was coming towards her. She jumped the barbed wire fence ripping her clothes. She said with a smile, "We had the best of times at my grandpa's."

Betty Sleeman was sixteen years old when she got married in Marquette at St. Michael's Church. She gave birth to her first baby at age seventeen and by the time she was twenty-six years old, she had five children. Her five children included my mom, Vickie, and her sisters and one brother, Jackie.

The years of raising children passed quickly and Betty recalled that the house that her husband built for them in Negaunee Township is now thirty years old.

After I left my grandma's house, I could not stop thinking about all the interesting stories she had shared with me. The time we spent reminiscing seemed to bring my grandma and me closer together. I thank her very much for sharing her life with me.

— Bill Baldini



Mrs. Sleeman's fiftieth birthday in 1983. Pictured with her are children Vickie, Linda, Cindy, John Jr., and Karen.

Betty Sleeman in 1952 with daughters Linda, two and a half years old, and Vickie, one and a half.

ALWAYS GIVING A HELPING HAND

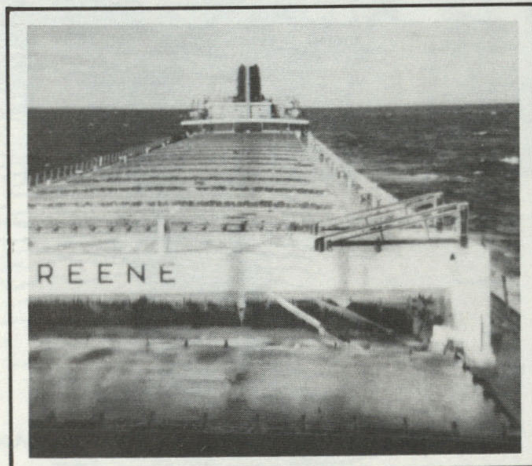
My uncle, Ken Pesola, warns people not to swerve off the road suddenly when they notice an ambulance behind them. Instead, they should carefully pull over to allow the ambulance to pass. He gives this warning because he is an EMT, which is an Emergency Medical Technician. He also drives an ambulance for the Ishpeming City Fire Department.

Although my uncle received his bachelor's degree from Northern Michigan University in 1970, he did not get his medical training there. After being hired for the position of EMT, he was given on-the-job training. In addition to advanced first aid training, he also received training in the operation of fire trucks. On his first call he was told, "Here is the ambulance; you're going to be driving it." The ambulance was a 1973 Chevrolet Suburban 4x4. "I was so shook up, that I went out the door, siren blaring, and I forgot to put the lights on," he recalled laughingly.

Uncle Ken took his first EMT course through the Department of Transportation. He started the basic EMT course in 1977 and graduated in 1978. Currently the State of Michigan has three different levels of EMT's. The basic EMT course requires 110 to 120 hours of training. Also, participants are required to have an ambulance attendant's license. The next level above the basic EMT is called the specialist EMT. My uncle is now certified as a specialist EMT which required an additional 100 hours of training. As a specialist EMT, he is certified to start IV's and intubate people which allows him to insert a tube into a patient's trachea and inflate the cuff. The curriculum of study includes basic, respiratory, and cardiac anatomy as well as CPR training. The training also covered medical emergencies and how to treat them. Trainees are coached to start at the scene of an accident with the ABC's which include the patient's airway, breathing, and circulation. Next a head to toe survey to locate lumps and bumps or punctures is completed. The course also trained participants in patient transportation. "I tell you it's really a relief when you take that state test. You get your certification, and it's like, 'Wow! I really made it'!" my uncle stated emphatically.

My uncle has been teaching CPR classes for over ten years. Currently, he is teaching the changes in the CPR course to the Champion Township First Responders as well as the Michigamme-Spurr First Responders group. "The First Responders take care of a person until we get there," he explained.

An ambulance driver takes part in many life-threatening experiences which can be very frightening. My uncle declared that a lot of fright is experienced on every run. "You never know what people are gonna do, even though you have your lights and siren on . . . . The job offers a great variety of experiences as each run and every patient is different."

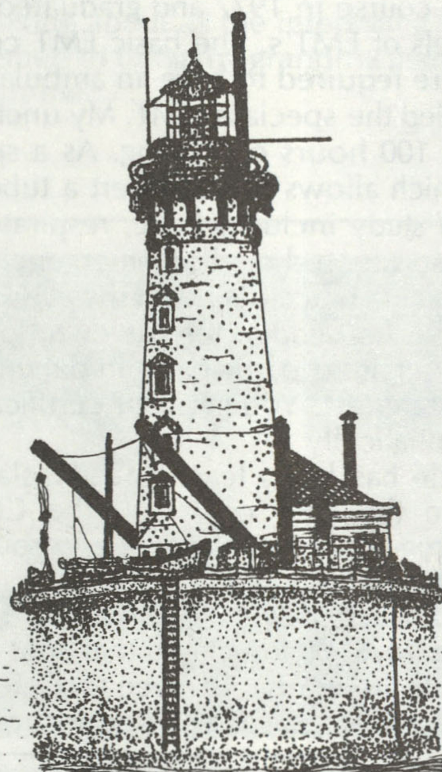


***The flagship of the CCI fleet,* Edward B. Greene.**

Uncle Ken has not always been an ambulance driver. He also spent time working on ore boats which sail the Great Lakes. The name of the first boat that he sailed on was the *Champlain* which was an older boat with a piston-type engine. He pointed out that newer ore boats have turbine engines. My uncle's voyages included a trip to deliver ore to the Republic Steel Mill on the Cuyahoga River near Cleveland. The Cuyahoga River made the national news in the 60's when a headline proclaimed that the river had caught fire because it was so full of oil and gasoline from all of the boats that traveled on it! When Uncle Ken's boat reached Republic Steel to unload, tugboats met them to take them clear of an abutment. The tugboats and their captain, Johnny Johnson, a Swede, weren't in sync and the tugboats pulled them back too fast. The boat hit the abutment which damaged the rudder. My uncle told me he also sailed on the *Edward B. Greene* which was reportedly the flagship of the CCI fleet. He explained that a trip from Duluth to Cleveland would take a couple of days. The *Edward B. Greene* was a large ship measuring 650 feet and had a cruising speed of sixteen to seventeen knots.

Uncle Ken's job on the ore boats was a deck hand or the fellow who pulls the cables on the dock and moves the boat up and down the dock to the different pockets. My uncle explained that the boats are loaded a little deeper aft than forward, and of course evenly side to side. The worst experience my uncle had on the ore boats was when they were sailing into Two Harbors, Minnesota, during late season shipping. There was no ice breaker available so the captain decided to break his own path during the last half a mile. My uncle said it sounded like someone beating on an empty 55-gallon oil drum. He recalled it taking about five or six hours to travel that short distance. "He'd crank 'er up and hit that ice; finally it'd stop. We'd put 'er in reverse, go back far enough to where he thought we'd get a good enough running start and then he'd order the power and we'd make a few more feet . . . ." he explained.

The meals on the ore boats were very good. The workers always enjoyed a good breakfast, lunch, and supper. Also available was a snack for the guys on night watch. The sleeping quarters were pleasant. The deck hands and deck watches slept below deck up front while the mates, wheelsmen and watchmen slept on the deck level, below the captain's suite. "I could sleep anywhere so it didn't bother me at all," stated Uncle Ken. Although my uncle enjoyed his work on the ore boats and found the experience interesting, he left his position in January, 1973, so he could spend more time at home.



Uncle Ken's other work experience included employment in Northville, a city northwest of Detroit, at the Wayne County Child Development Center. One of his most vivid memories of that job was of a kid, named Griffin, whom my uncle described for me. Griffin stood about six feet tall and weighed 200 pounds, but he was only thirteen years old. His parents were supposed to pick him up at 9:00 in the morning on Christmas Eve from the Child Development Center but they did not come. Griffin just stood in front of the window staring at the driveway, and he would not eat. Finally, at 4:00 p.m., his parents finally came. The picture of that young man staring out the window has never left my uncle as he knew how disappointed and dejected the young boy felt.

I enjoyed interviewing my Uncle Ken very much. I learned a lot about him that I never knew, especially the effort involved in attaining a fulfilling career. Ken's job is a lot harder than I expected it would be for he is always on his way to assist at an accident, or is working at sporting events as an emergency person if one of the players gets hurt. His job is really a community service which we should all be grateful for.

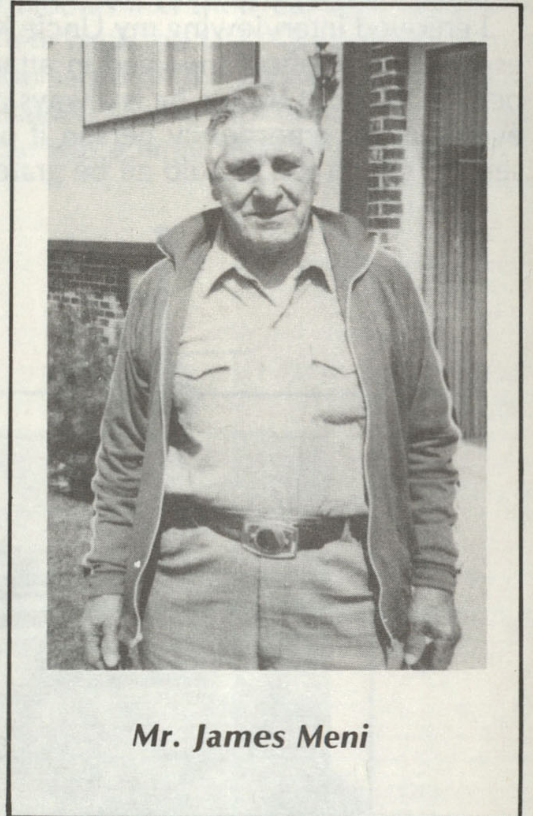
— *Chris Pesola*

Ken Pesola, working aboard the **Edward B. Greene.**

UNDERGROUND LABORS LONG AGO

"The mines sure did improve as the years went on," Mr. James Meni recalled as he described the changes in working conditions since 1927. "All the manager-like people cared was that the iron ore got out from underground, not the men's safety or health," added Mr. Meni emphatically.

He continued his explanation, "All we had for equipment was an air scraper." An air scraper was an implement with two handles on it that drew iron ore into a chute. A chute was like a pocket that the iron ore was dropped into. The iron ore was brought to the skip, which took the ore to the surface. The main level of the mine was 2,000 feet below surface where the men were cutting, blasting, and scraping.



Mr. James Meni

Mr. Meni began his mining career at the Athens Mine in Negaunee. At age fifteen he was paid a wage of thirty-five cents an hour. Mr. Meni's first underground job was cleaning track which meant going along the track and shoveling the iron ore off so the cars would not derail. Next, he was assigned a job as a chute man. The chute that drops the iron ore into the car had to be lifted up with a bar on the shoulders of the worker. When Mr. Meni finished his shift and returned home at night, his shoulders were raw from lifting the chute.

Mr. Meni explained that after the iron ore was in the car an air tugger was used to move it. Every time the air tugger was used someone had to go behind and help it along with a bar. This was a very difficult job.

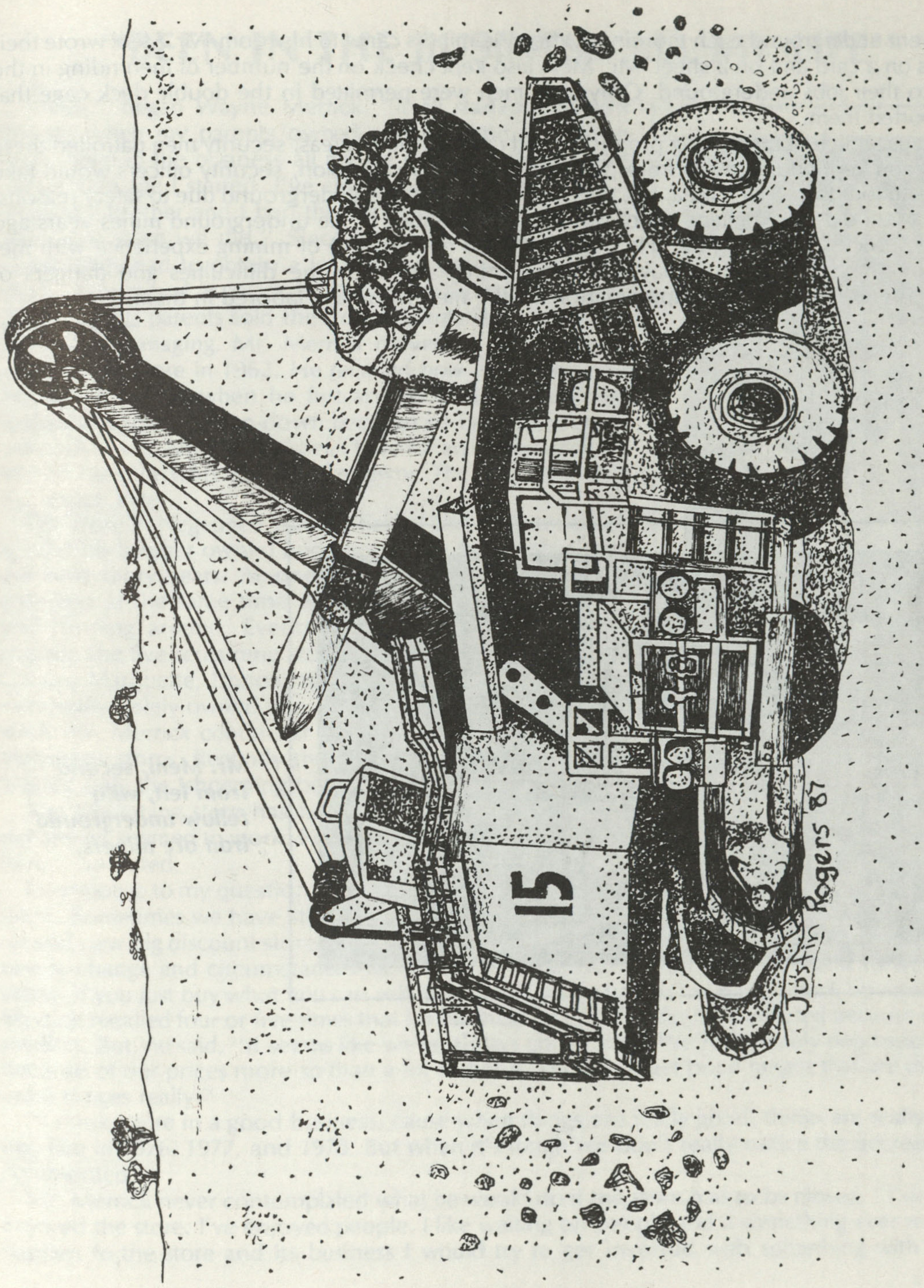
To make this job easier, the mine company implemented a fifteen horsepower tugger which was an improvement. More improvements followed with the introduction of a twenty horsepower tugger. Finally, the company purchased a forty horsepower tugger which was perfect for the job.

As the miners drilled into the drift, an eight-foot timber was installed. After the drift was driven, an eight-foot cap was put up. The bottom timber was spread between nine and ten feet. This reinforcement was a continual process throughout the drift.

In order to blast and not cause a cave-in, there was an important procedure followed to ignite the dynamite. First, the center portion of the rock was blasted out. The sides were next, then the top, and finally the bottom. "Back then they did not have the machinery like they have today," stated Mr. Meni.

Mr. Meni explained that the skip not only "brought the iron ore to the surface but also raised and lowered the men." Within the mine they had five five-ton cars that brought the iron ore to the shaft or skip.

Security police were also present in the mines. Because a timber had fallen and injured Mr. Meni's back, the owner of the mine gave him the choice of becoming a boss or joining the security force. He chose security. Security regulations required Mr. Meni to check all the men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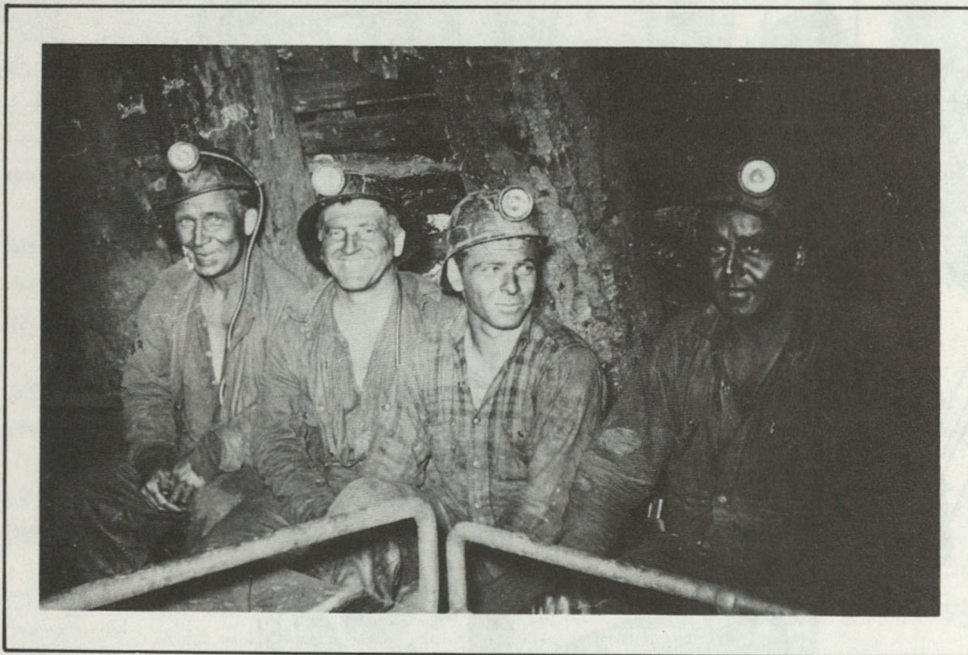
Justin Rogers 87

that went underground each morning. When the miners came to his room, Mr. Meni wrote their names on a card and on a sheet. Mr. Meni also kept check on the number of men riding in the cage to their jobs underground. Only sixty men were permitted in the double deck cage that transported them.

Because much of the mining properties had caving ground areas, security men patrolled these places and kept people away from potential danger. On occasion, security officers would take visitors to tour the surface area, but they were not permitted underground due to safety reasons.

Mr. Meni did an excellent job of describing conditions in the underground mines years ago and the process of mining ore. He eagerly shared his forty-five of mining experience with me. After our discussion, I now have a better understanding of the difficulties and dangers of underground mining and an appreciation for the men who have labored in them.

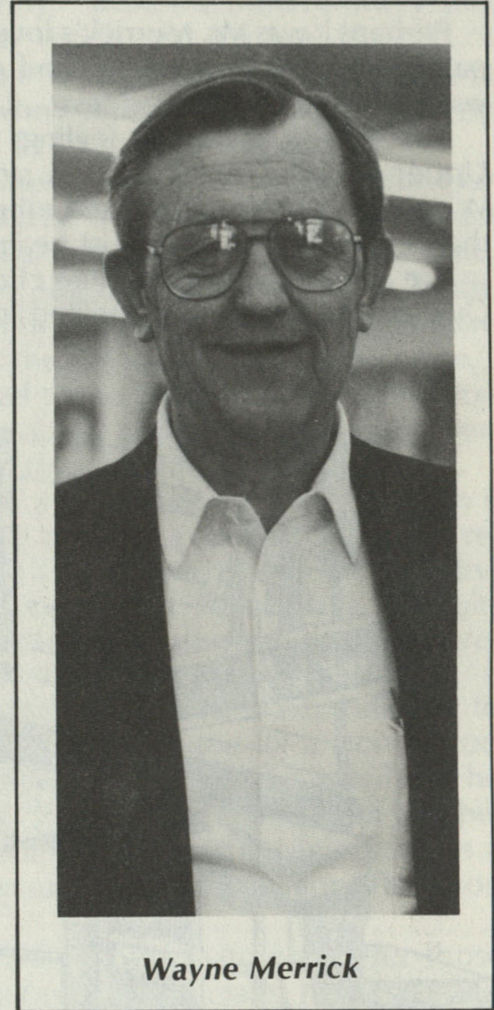
— Dan Koehn



Mr. Meni, second from left, with fellow underground iron ore miners.

"BEEN IN THE BUSINESS ALL MY LIFE"

"Well," began Wayne Merrick, "it all started in North Dakota when my parents owned a small dime store. I've really been in the business all my life so there really wasn't any certain age I started. I've always wanted to be in it, so when my brother and I had the opportunity to get into our own little store we did." Since they didn't have a lot of capital they had to obtain a loan to buy the store that Mr. Merrick described as a "really little dinky thing."



Wayne Merrick

In 1957 his parents sold the North Dakota store which he had been managing. Mr. Merrick moved to Negaunee to open a new store in 1962. He recalled how Ishpeming and Negaunee looked when he first arrived. A lot of buildings looked horrible and run-down because he had come in on the back roads. After he had been here for awhile he realized he had seen the worst parts of the towns. The rest of the area was much nicer.

The store in Negaunee was the first of seven stores which he and his brother owned and operated in partnership over the next thirty years. At one point, all seven stores were operated at the same time which required much traveling and running around. Eventually, two of the stores were closed. The five remaining stores were located in Escanaba, Gwinn, Marquette, Ishpeming, and Negaunee. His brother eventually solely-owned the Marquette and Gwinn stores while Mr. Merrick continued to operate the Ishpeming and Negaunee stores. Recently the Negaunee store was closed, leaving only the Ishpeming business.

The Ishpeming store has been a favorite. "Whatever we did always seemed to work. People seemed to like having us here," he stated.

In response to my question regarding hard times in the business, Mr. Merrick said, "Yes, many times. Sometimes we have strikes . . . . Sometimes we have lay-offs. There's new malls opening up and new big discount stores opening." Mr. Merrick has observed many losses in business, but trends change and circumstances work out. He stated his philosophy, "It seems to work, you know, if you just buy what you can sell. It's funny how your volume will go back up again." Mr. Merrick recalled four or five times that his business was really adversely affected because of competition. But, he said, "It seems like we've always come back. We're probably depression proof because of our prices more so than a lot of stores. We try to get price ranges that are everyday price ranges really."

"I think we're in a good business, cause when things are really good, things are really booming, like in 1976, 1977, and 1978. But when it's tough we don't really notice the decrease," he commented.

Mr. Merrick never contemplated what he would do if the store had to be closed. "I've always enjoyed the store. I've enjoyed people. I like waiting on people and if something ever really did happen to the store and its business I would try to get involved with something with people

around. I guess I would try to get into a business I'm familiar with." He has especially enjoyed having his family work with him in the stores. His children seemed to have enjoyed working in the business also.

Perhaps it was Mr. Merrick's love of people which nearly caused him to chose a different occupation. He attended college and graduated in 1949. He taught school and coached for three years until going into business.

Mr. Merrick has strong feelings for the Upper Peninsula. "I didn't really know there was an Upper Peninsula until I saw a store for sale here." Before that he had traveled throughout Wisconsin and Minnesota and other parts of the Midwest to find a new store. "When I got up to the U.P. I thought it was just beautiful. I absolutely loved it," he stated.

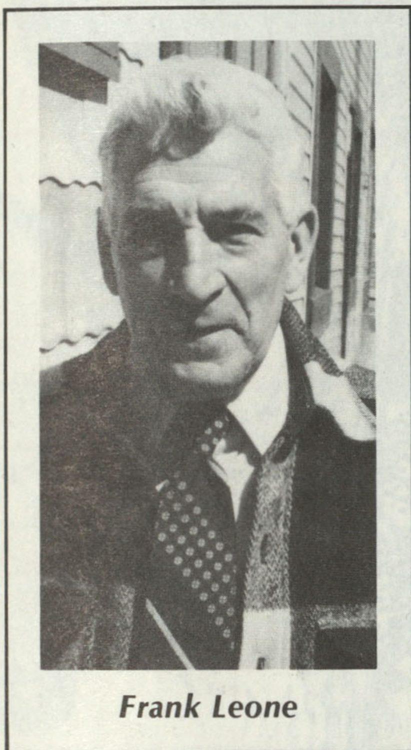
We are glad Mr. Merrick has chosen to stay in the Upper Peninsula and develop his business. Our area has certainly benefited from his presence.

— Amy Demarest

Hoyseth Store, corner of Sixth and New York Streets, Ishpeming, Michigan.

"JUST ANOTHER DOGFACE"

"You were just another dogface when you entered the Army," were the words of Mr. Frank Leone as he recounted a few of his numerous experiences of World War II to me. He said, "I wanted to go." Although he could have received a deferment working for wartime industry at Cleveland-Cliffs, he chose to enlist in the Amry which was a whole different life. "You forgot you had a name, anything. You were given a serial number and $31 a month," he said.



Frank Leone

Mr. Leone was assigned to basic training at Fort Knox for four months. There he was promoted from a private to a staff sergeant and was trained for the aspects of armored war. At the same time, the Army formed other military sections consisting of the Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth and Fourteenth Divisions. "Thirteen must have been unlucky or something for the military . . . there wasn't one," he said. Mr. Leone was assigned to the Twelfth Armored Division at Camp Campbell which was about a hundred miles from Fort Knox. It was here that he went through officers' training.

Camp Campbell was situated atop old tobacco fields. When it rained, Army personnel walked through a foot of muck. He recalled the days when the troops arrived from all over the country. Eighty-five thousand troops came in just fifteen days. Recruits came on trains from every direction and those signing them in remained on duty both night and day to do so.

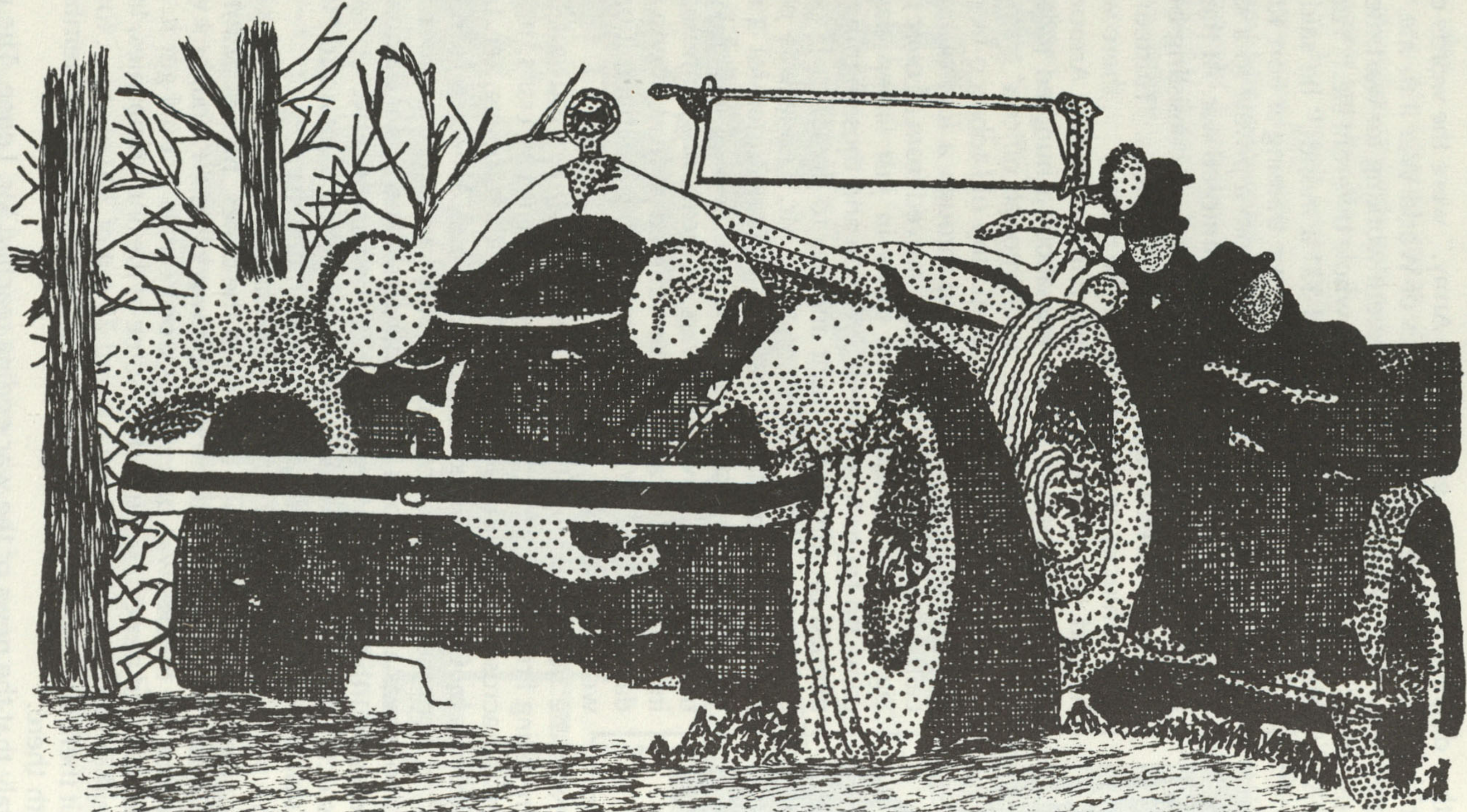
In just a short period of time, Mr. Leone was promoted to technical sergeant and assigned to Fort Burton for a month. Fort Burton was just outside of Abilene, Texas, and it was here he trained in actual live man wars. "I mean, live ammunition was being fired," he recalled. "We suffered at least fifteen casualties a day for a month. You had to go under live ammunition. Then you would be ready."

Liverpool, England, was the next assignment for Mr. Leone. "When you got there, those famous U2 rockets were being fired by the Germans. We got on landing crafts, not ships, and went up the Seine River and across the English Channel." During the crossing, Mr. Leone's craft was shelled a couple of times by German planes. The United States Air Force held off the Germans while they unloaded from the crafts. Troops moved inland and were assigned to combat.

Four days later, Mr. Leone was a member of a group that was taken out of combat command and assigned into Patton's Fourth Division. He was part of the famous drive up to St. Lowell. "Boy, he (Patton) got stuck!" Mr. Leone exclaimed. From there they went up to Nice, France, where Mr. Leone first saw the famous Sigfried Line of German defense.

With a sad tone in his voice, Mr. Leone recounted some battle experiences in which he lost many dear friends. Because of preivous first aid training in the States, he was promoted to first sergeant of the medics when the man who held the position was killed. "I thought it was going to be a snap until I found out the medics was one of the worst outfits I could get it. In fact, the medics, in three months, suffered more casualties than some of the line companies. In the month of February, they had either killed, wounded, or captured 75 out of 200 of us . . . for the simple reason that we were out there with no protection picking up the wounded. I remember I lost two good friends in a month there.

It was in Northern Italy that the news of the war ending reached Mr. Leone. The roads of the


John Bleau '88

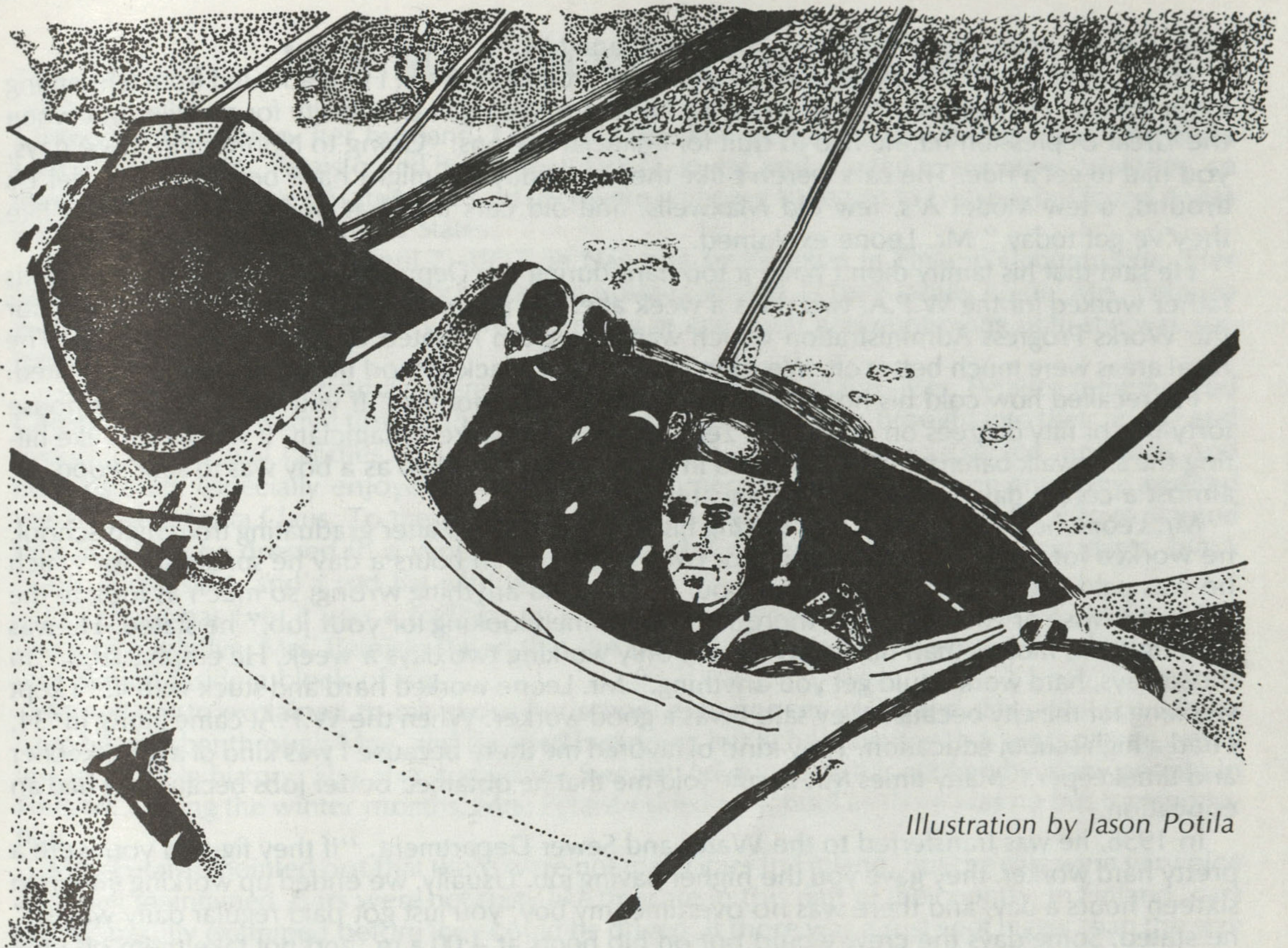


Illustration by Jason Potila

Alps were clogged with surrendering Germans. Being of Italian descent, people expected him to communicate with partisan soldiers and other Italians. He laughingly said, ''I never understood a word any of them said.'' Battle weary with wounds in his hand and head, Mr. Leone was sent home to Ishpeming.

In addition to an interesting military history, Mr. Frank Leone led an interesting civilian life. I learned much about the history of our area from our animated discussion. Born in Ishpeming, Michigan, on April 18, 1911, he was fourth in a family of seven. His parents were Italian immigrants.

''Games,'' he said, ''I played games. Everything you can think of. In those days we didn't have your fancy basketball and your hoops. We took an old bushel basket and stuffed something for a ball. The main things we played were basketball, baseball, kittenball, and kan kan.'' Since kan kan was something I had never heard of, I asked him to explain. ''Take a Danish milk can and beat it with a hockey stick you cut right out of the woods. Make a goal and you play back and forth on it.''

Fishing continues to be one of his favorite pastimes. As a boy, he fished the Carp River which was ''abundant with trout.'' He would rise at 3:00 a.m. and walk ten to twelve miles to the river if he didn't catch a ride with a logging truck. ''We started off as kids with a government pole. A government pole is a piece of elder bush about seven to eight feet long, straight as you could get it. When I was about twelve or thirteen I got the greatest gift of my life, I tell you . . . One of

those fishing poles, steel rods, that you pulled apart."

For eight years, Mr. Leone attended St. John's Parochial School. He graduated from Ishpeming High School. He went to what is presently Northern Michigan University for a while, but when the Great Depression hit, he had to quit for financial reasons. "Going to Northern in those days, you had to get a ride. The cars weren't like they are today . . . might have been a few Model T's around, a few Model A's, few old Maxwells, and old cars like that. Kids never had cars like they've got today," Mr. Leone explained.

He said that his family didn't have it too hard during the Depression because both he and his father worked for the W.P.A. two days a week after the mines shut down. The W.P.A. stood for the Works Progress Administration which was a program initiated by Franklin Roosevelt. "The rural areas were much better off. We didn't suffer from a lack of food like in the cities," he stated.

He recalled how cold his home was during the winter months. "If you could keep the house forty-five or fifty degrees on nights like zero degrees, you were a magician. It was almost like hitting the sidewalk barefoot, it was so cold in the morning." His job as a boy was to split wood . . . almost a cord a day during summer vacation.

Mr. Leone held many other jobs during his life. The summer after graduating from high school, he worked for the city of Ishpeming. For twelve to fourteen hours a day he spread tar for which he was paid twenty to thirty cents an hour. "If you did anything wrong, so much as look at the boss crosswise or you were late, there were other men looking for your job," he stated. He was making more money than his dad who was only working two days a week. He emphasized, "In those days, hard work could get you anything." Mr. Leone worked hard and stuck with it. "I kept working for the city because they said I was a good worker. When the W.P.A. came along in '34, I had a high school education. They kind of favored me there because I was kind of a bookkeeper and timekeeper." Many times Mr. Leone told me that he obtained better jobs because he had an education.

In 1936, he was transferred to the Water and Sewer Department. "If they figured you were a pretty hard worker, they gave you the higher paying job. Usually, we ended up working fifteen to sixteen hours a day, and there was no overtime, my boy, you just got paid regular daily wages," he stated. Some days the crew would put on hip boots at 4:00 a.m. and not take them off until 7:00 at night. If there were a leak they never left it, no matter what time of day it was.

After the war, Mr. Leone couldn't go directly back to work because he was wounded in the hand and in the head by shrapnel. After signing a medical discharge because, as he said, "I'd do anything to go back to work," he was rehired by the city. He became administrator of the water project. He spent forty-eight years of his life working for the City of Ishpeming. He also was a volunteer fireman for thirty-six years. He retired in 1985.

Frank Leone married shortly after the war. He has two children, Priscilla and Frank, Jr. He is proud of the fact that they both graduated from college. His son wrote a book about atoms which was quite successful. His daughter lives in Missouri.

Mr. Leone keeps busy with church affairs and the St. Vincent De Paul Society. Until a year ago, you could see him walking with his dog. Concerning the death of the dog he stated, "He was irreplaceable." He still fishes, saying it is something he'll always do. When I asked him if he hunted, he responded, "Nope. I don't hunt anymore for the simple reason that I can't stand the sight of guns." One of his guns is in the bottom of Lake Sally because one of the kids was playing with it. "The last gun I touched was after I got my Purple Heart and other decorations," he stated.

After an interesting hour, our visit was over. I learned a lot from Mr. Leone. He is a man who has worked hard his whole life. He cares for others and has dedicated his life to the small town of Ishpeming, making it a better place for all of us.

— John Nardi

IT'S SO GOOD TO BE HERE

Mrs. Sirkka Petaisto, her husband, Usko, and four children came to America from Finland on June 25, 1955. Mrs. Petaisto and her husband were young and wanted to see other countries, so they came to the United States. She said they were planning to return to Finland, but found it was good to be here in the United States.

Mrs. Petaisto was born April 7, 1927, in Narva, a small town in Finland's countryside. Her father was a manager of a big store, and the upstairs served as their family home. Mrs. Petaisto worked as a clerk in the grocery store beginning at age eight and continuing until she was sixteen.

Holidays, such as Christmas, were really special times in Finland. Mrs. Petaisto remembered Christmas Eve as a festive time in their home. A Christmas tree was brought into their house and decorated with real candles. A special dinner of ham and lutefisk was served, and tarts and cookies were especially enjoyed. Like children in America, Finnish children anxiously awaited the arrival of Santa Claus. To these children, he is known as Joulu Pukki. Mrs. Petaisto explained that he could be dressed in a variety of ways, but she remembers him having red pants, black boots, a red shirt, and a red hat with white trim.

On Christmas Eve, it was a tradition to visit the cemetery and place a burning candle at the grave of a relative. Mrs. Petaisto stated that she did this every year and remembered the candle was placed inside a block of ice.

Mrs. Petaisto explained to me about her school experiences in Finland. She attended school from September through May, and recalled beginning her school days with a song, prayer, and a lesson in Bible history. She also studied the Swedish language as it is spoken by many people in Finland. During the winter months, Mrs. Petaisto skied to school as there was no bus transportation.

Mrs. Petaisto pointed out that there were not many cars in Finland, but the cars were very nice and well maintained. Cars were not rusty like they are in this part of the country. In Finland, cars were carefully examined before they could be driven. If there was a rust spot bigger than the size of a quarter, the car had to be fixed.

Mrs. Petaisto pictured with her children: Heikki, Rita, Eva, and Inga. This photo was taken in Finland in the early 1950's.

I asked Mrs. Petaisto about funerals and weddings in Finland and she was happy to tell me about her own wedding. She explained that it was an elaborate double wedding with her brother and his wife in a large state church. She wore a long white gown and was escorted to the altar by her father. A young ring-bearer and flower girl attended them. Mrs. Petaisto explained that the flower girl scattered flower petals on the carpet as she walked down the aisle.

Following their wedding, the Petaisto's spent their early married years in Finland. Emigration to a new land included a brief time in Canada before they arrived in the United States in 1955.

Mrs. Petaisto related that at first her eight-year-old son did not want to come to America. He wanted to be a soldier in the Finnish army like his uncles had been in the Winter War of 1939 when Finland fought against the Russians. However, the family left Finland and emigrated to a new land.

Adjusting to life in America was not too difficult for Mrs. Petaisto. Perhaps, Michigan's Upper Peninsula was similar to her native village of Narva.

Mrs. Petaisto found it difficult to learn the English language. Her son, Heikki, learned the English language quickly and helped the rest of the family to learn it. Learning the language made it possible for Mrs. Petaisto to attend school and receive training to be a masseuse. After attending school for eighteen months and struggling to learn English medical terms, she received her diploma. Her interest in this type of work came from her mother who did massaging in Finland.

Sirkka Petaisto

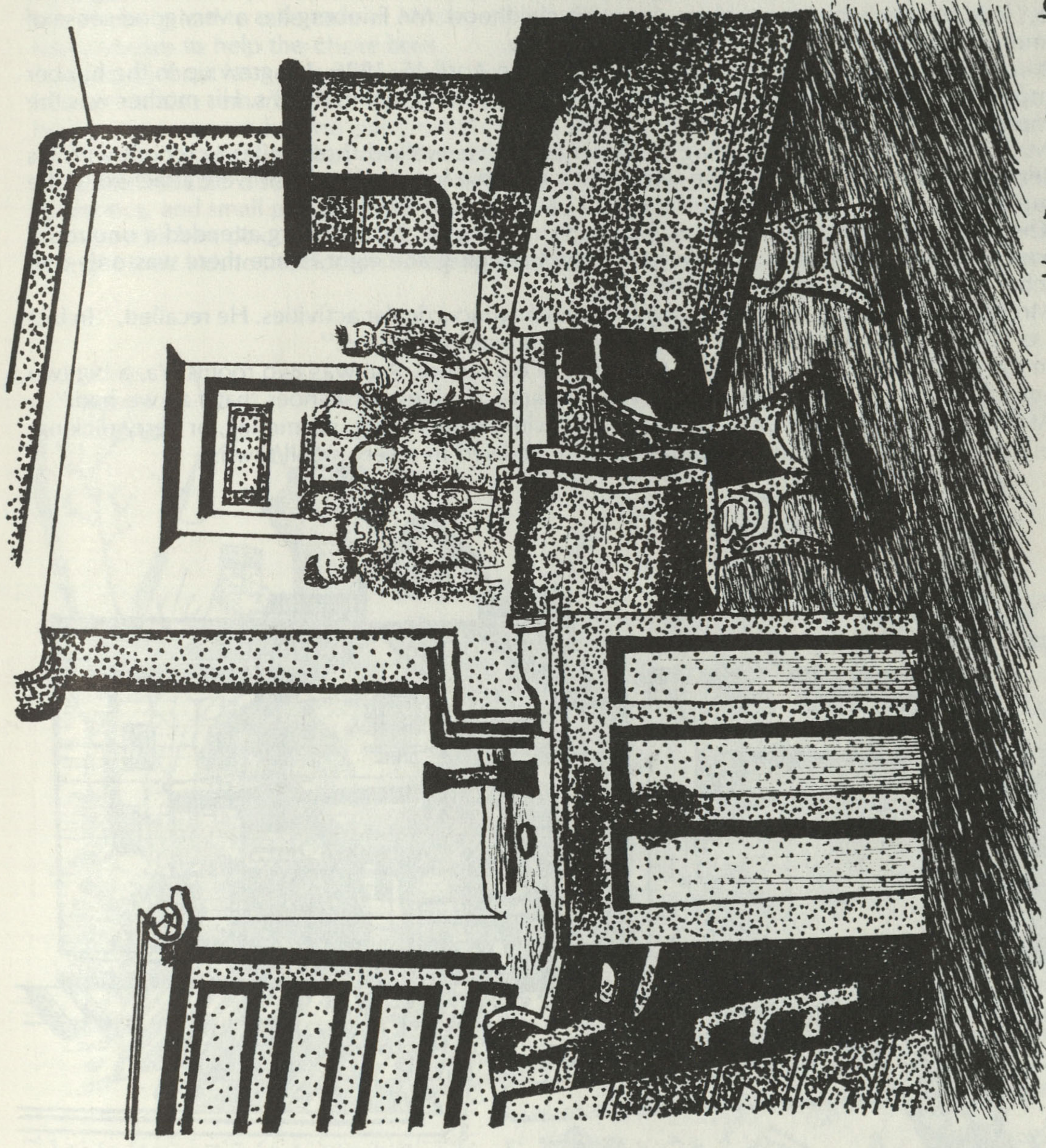
Mrs. Petaisto recalls an incident when her husband, Usko, had a bad back. She was a little scared to use her skills to massage his back because the doctor had said it was possible that her husband would never walk again. Mrs. Petaisto consulted with a chiropractor and soon after she began massaging, her husband was walking again.

In 1972, Mrs. Petaisto put her training into use and opened a business in Negaunee. She remembered resisting the idea at first, but was urged by Laura Romback to begin her own business. Mrs. Romback had frequently received massages and felt Mrs. Petaisto would have a good business.

"Sirkka's Masseuse" continues to serve the community and many people depend on her to help them with sore muscles and other aches and pains.

Maintaining a business keeps her busy and she also enjoys her family that lives in the area. Mrs. Petaisto travels to Finland as often as she can where two of her children have made their homes. Thoughts of her homeland are never far away, and she continues many traditions of her Finnish heritage.

— *Tammy Wikman*


Kristy Ogea '88

A LIFE OF VARIETY

"There was two-three kinds of things that lived in lumber camp; lumberjacks, bed bugs, and lice," said Mr. Frieberg as he told me about his childhood. Mr. Frieberg has a very good sense of humor which became evident during our interview.

Mr. Frieberg was born in Covington, Michigan, on April 15, 1926. He grew up in the lumber camps where his father worked as a cross-cutter in the early to mid 1900's. His mother was the camp cook.

Mr. Frieberg started his schooling in kindergarten. He walked three miles to school with his older brother and sister. During the winter they rode the log sleighs which were attached to the camp tractor.

The pupils spoke English in school, but Finnish otherwise. Mr. Frieberg attended a one room school which housed grades from kindergarten through grade eight. Since there was only one teacher there wasn't much homework.

Mr. Frieberg really did not have many choices of extracurricular activities. He recalled, "In fact the only recreation we had in the role of activities was horseshoes."

In the eighth grade, he continued, "I went to a big school, that was two rooms. Ya, a big two room school, and we had a baseball and a bat there. Besides horseshoes that's all we had."

At the lumber camps the only recreational activities were fishing, swimming, or berry picking. The lack of activities is understandable because he lived in a very small town.

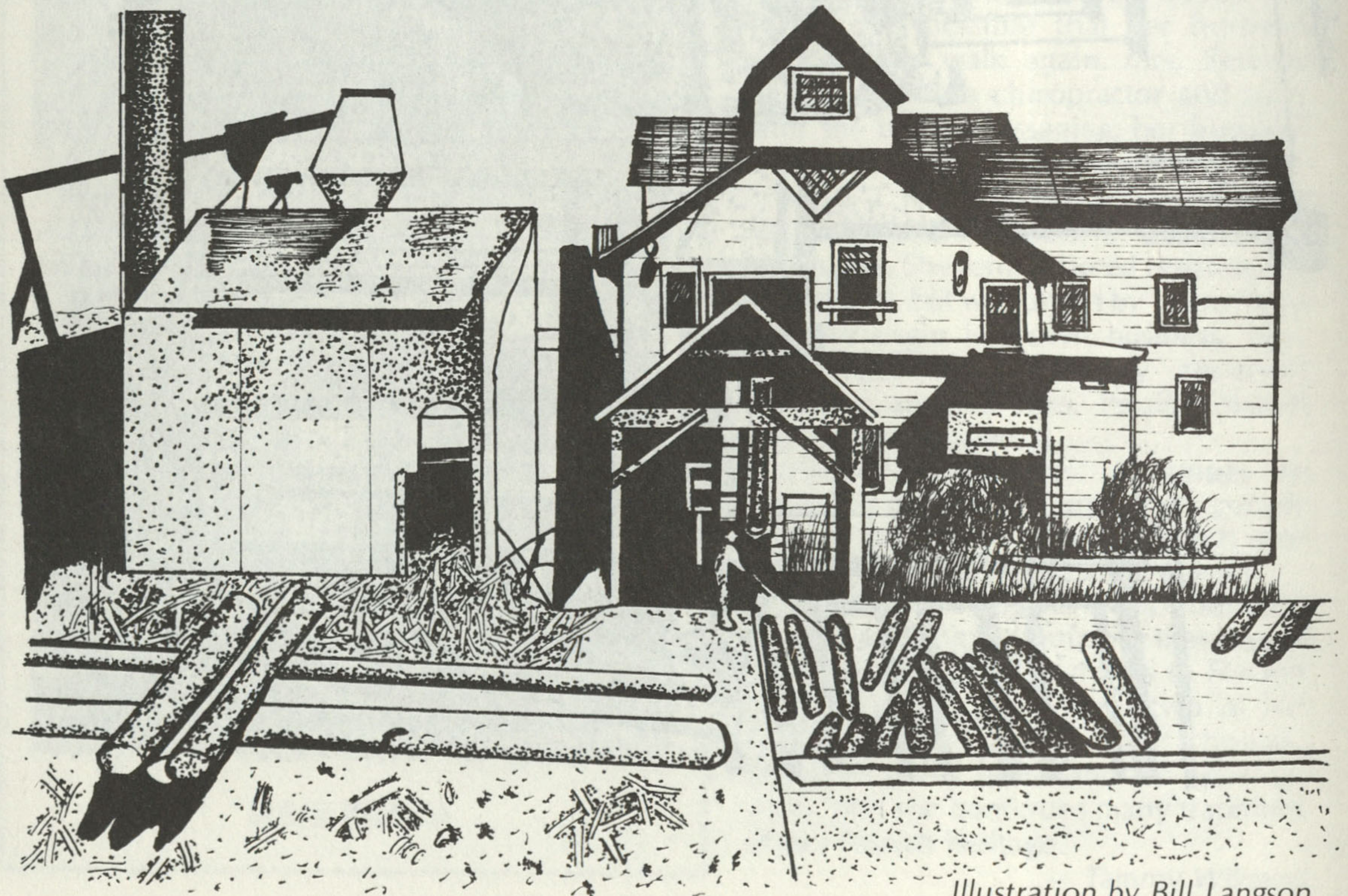


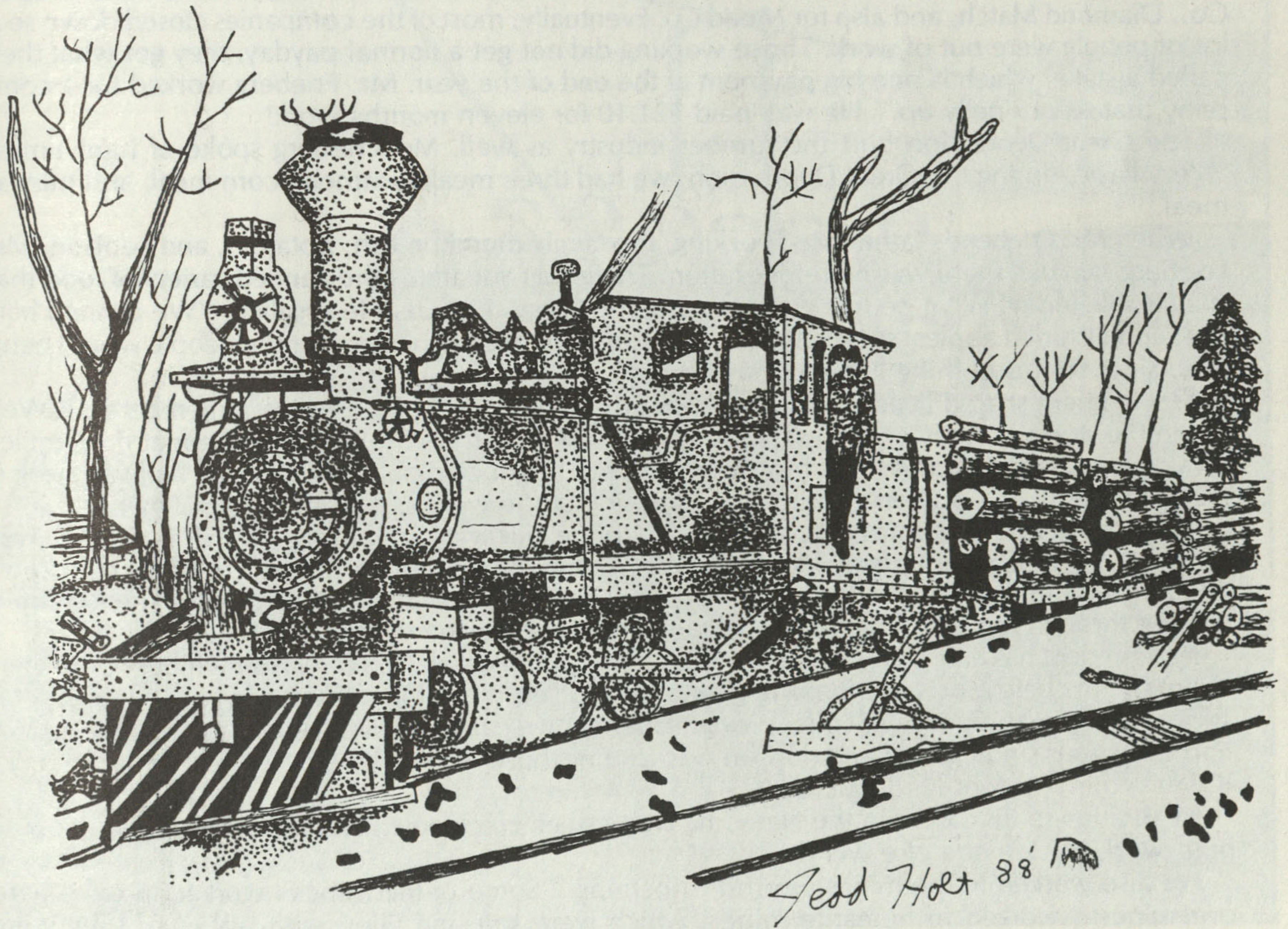
Illustration by Bill Langson

Mr. Frieberg did not have an athletic club to go to until he was thirteen when community baseball was instituted. Apparently, Mr. Frieberg's favorite sport was boxing. He boxed in the Navy, in Marquette with CYO, Catholic Clubs, and the Community Boxing Team.

In addition to school attendance there were a lot of chores to do at the camps. For instance, Mr. Frieberg had to take care of horses, cut wood for the cook shack, and carry water into the bunk houses to help the chore boys.

He had jobs at home also. He used to feed chickens, and carry water and wood into their own house. He also remembered having to take care of a cow. "But the biggest job was chasing it, because you see we had no pastures, the cow used to just roam. We used to spend about four miles a day just chasing that cow," recalled Mr. Frieberg.

Communicable diseases were a problem in the lumber camps. He recalled that diphtheria epidemics, and small pox were still common. Mr. Frieberg remembered, "But of course we used to have chicken pox, all kids got that, and measles. It was all home remedies then, nobody brought their kids to the doctor." He explained the home remedies, "For chest colds we used to



smoke bee hives. Ya, we used to make cigars out of them. If you had chicken pox they'd rub you down with sulfur, and corn meal, the homemade remedies."

If a person had a serious disease, Mr. Frieberg said, "The doctor was forty miles away in Michigamme. He came in on the train. They met him with a horse or a Model-T car." Mostly the doctor gave them pills. After the doctor treated the sick, the family usually put him up overnight. The next morning, they sent him back to Michigamme on the train.

If someone in the camp died, a similar procedure was followed. "We brought the undertaker. He'd put the coffin on the train and bring it to our town. Then he'd go to the house, fix the guy, and ship him off to the cemetery," explained Mr. Frieberg.

Mr. Frieberg's family's first car was a Model-T. Although there were lots of roads coming and going out, Covington people could not travel them. Winter was especially bad since there was no plowing of roads. He recalled, "You put the car in the barn usually covered with hay."

Usually in the spring the roads were not able to be traveled on. "So then you would start driving the middle of May — the end of May, then you put the car away in the middle of October," he stated. The area had gas stations with hand pumps, with the price of gas ranging from twelve to thirteen cents a gallon.

Before the Great Depression, Mr. Frieberg's father worked for Ford Motor Co., Patton Paper Co., Diamond Match, and also for Mead Co. Eventually, most of the companies closed down so a lot of people were out of work. Those working did not get a normal payday, they got what they called a stake, which is one big payment at the end of the year. Mr. Frieberg worked for a company that went "belly up." He was paid $21.10 for eleven months work!

The Great Depression hurt the lumber industry as well. Mr. Frieberg spoke of hard times, "Very basic, during the Great Depression, we had three meals: oatmeal, corn meal, and miss-a-meal."

When Mr. Frieberg's father was working, the family dined on fish, potatoes, and venison. Mr. Frieberg said that there was no refrigeration. There was not any of the canned variety of food that is available today. What people grew in gardens is what they ate. He recalled, "We canned berries, apples, dried apples, smoked meat, froze meat, in the fall of the year the people would hang it outside. So it is nothing like you have today."

Mr. Frieberg shared a story with me about the snow storm of 1938. He remembered, "Well when the storm started I was on skis. I was on my way to the store which was about three miles away. It was real, real mild . . . but then it started to get overcast. When I was halfway back it started to blow . . . . When I got to the other side of the woods, it was completely white . . . . I opened the door on the third day, and I had to tunnel our way out. I looked at the barn and it was covered. It was oh, about forty feet high. We used to ski ride down the hill off of the barn roof. We plowed the roads with a twenty-ton tractor. There were drifts so deep that the tractor could not get through there. There had to be guys shoveling the snow into blocks. . . ."

Mr. Frieberg has had many jobs away from the Upper Peninsula. He was a member of the merchant marine before he went into the Navy. He recalled, "I was in an amphibious unit, a ship-to-shore outfit. I was on a ship 365 feet long, 450 men, we carried 1,500 assault troops besides. We had thirty-four landing craft and our job was landing those guys on enemy islands. I drove a boat. It was a thirty-six-foot landing craft."

In addition to his career in the Navy, he was a steeplejack down state. Steeplejacking is doing high work that no one else will do.

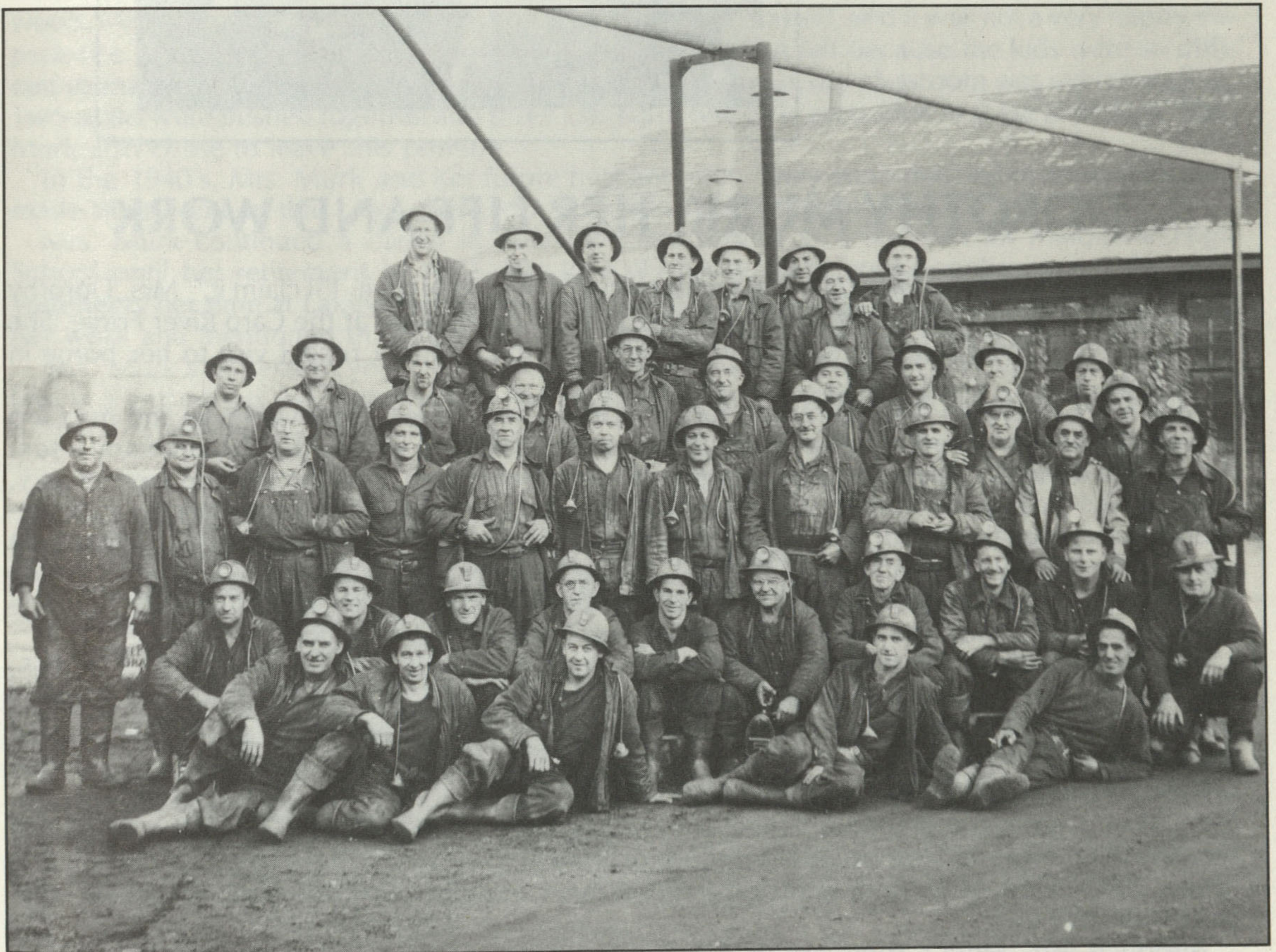
He also worked in the mines around Ishpeming. "Some of the mines I worked in were hard ore mines. I worked in hematite mines, which were soft and filled with water, so they were always replacing timbers since the ore was so heavy. The Maas Mine, incidently, was the biggest producer on the Marquette Range until the Mather B started," he remembered.

Mr. Frieberg explained what slice mining is. First, starting with a point, miners used to drill in a sunbeam pattern. They used to get a drift here and get that mined, and so on.

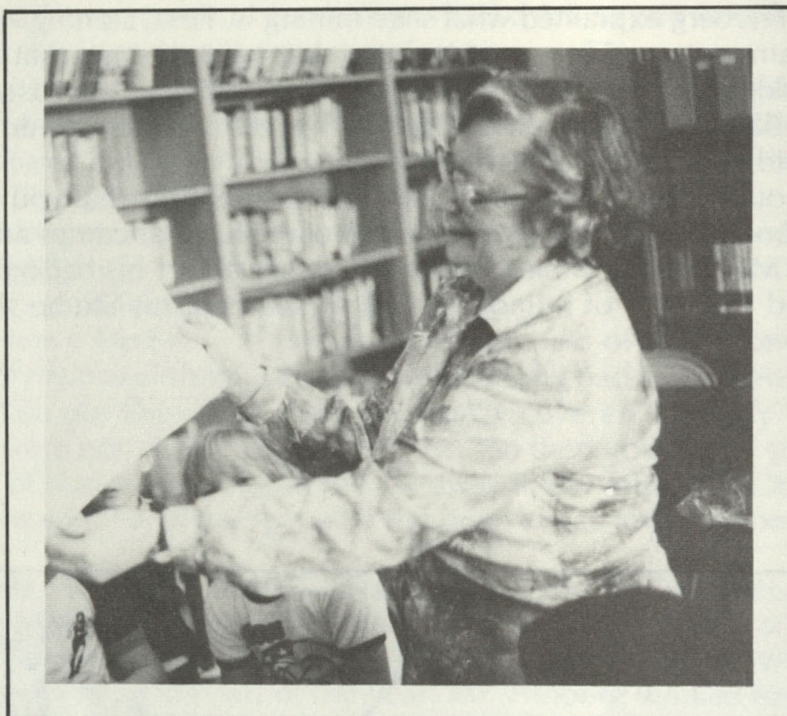
Working conditions were not very good in the mines. He said, "No matter how good you are at practicing safety, it's always the unexpected, cause you do not plan for an accident, you plan to avoid them. Accidents always happen when you least expect it. But there are a lot of humorous things in the mine, but it is the accidents that you remember," recalled Mr. Frieberg.

My uncle Ray Frieberg's description of the lumber camps and mines made them seem very real to me. My family and I learned many details about his background that we never knew before. I enjoyed his sense of humor, and all the parts of his life he shared with me.

— Chad Johnson



Maas Mine, Negaunee, Michigan, 1952.



Dorothy Murk, Negaunee Lakeview Elementary School volunteer.

DOROTHY MURK: HER LIFE AND WORK

"I keep saying if they dig up anything with Nancy Mall's name on it, I'll claim it," Mrs. Dorothy Murk said laughingly as she discussed excavation work being done at the Carp River Forge. She shared information about the forge and her life with me during a recent visit to her home in Negaunee.

Mrs. Murk explained that her reason for being interested in the Carp River Forge and the Carp River settlement involved her great-great-grandmother, a widow, who with a daughter and a son, lived there during its operation. The daughter's name was Nancy, and the son was Levi. Nancy, Mrs. Murk's great-grandmother, was married to her first husband at the Carp River Forge Settlement. Nancy was about fourteen years old when she came to the settlement and was married at age sixteen. Nancy's husband was killed by a falling tree while working on the plank road which linked the Jackson Mine to Marquette Harbor. Nancy then married George Mall. When the Forge closed in 1855, Nancy and George Mall moved to Negaunee.

Mrs. Murk told me the background of a land point that protrudes into Teal Lake along U.S. Highway 41 and is easily identified. There is one small point and one bigger one and a row of pine trees is positioned on the bigger point. Mrs. Murk explained that the trees were planted there to protect the house that once stood on the point from the cold north wind. A wealthy man owned the house which was labeled the "White House," because it was a veritable mansion. Mrs. Murk's great-grandmother, Nancy, and her family lived there as caretakers when the wealthy man went south for extended periods of time. Mrs. Murk's grandmother was born in that house. With pride, Mrs. Murk said her grandmother's middle name was Teal, Mary Teal, probably after the lake.

Although Mrs. Murk's roots are in Negaunee, she was born in Marinette, Wisconsin, on October 9, 1909. She resided with her mother, father, and her younger brother. Mrs. Murk com-

mented that a special treat for her, while living away, was coming back to Negaunee to visit her grandparents.

Mrs. Murk attended many different schools. She began kindergarten in Escanaba, and was in Marquette and Munising schools before coming to Negaunee. These frequent moves were caused by her father's employment as a plumber.

The family resided in Negaunee as Mrs. Murk's father enlisted in the service during World War I. He did not want his family to be left alone in Munising, and he felt more at ease knowing that they would be in Negaunee living near other family members.

Mrs. Murk recalled her school experience as very busy and involved. She was a member of many club and organizations and added, "Oh yes! I can remember I belonged to a sorority in college, and I was on the debate team." When asked her college experiences, she told me after she graduated from Negaunee High School, she received a scholarship as a child of someone who served in the armed forces. After a year at Beloit, Mrs. Murk returned to Negaunee as she was so homesick. She then attended Northern Michigan University and studied to become a teacher. Her graduate work was completed at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland where she earned a master's degree in library science. Mrs. Murk's first teaching job was in Ironwood, Michigan. The position began after the school year started, and it was not a very happy experience. Two teachers had previously held the position but left because the kids were so difficult to manage. Mrs. Murk explained one of the conditions in the classroom was overcrowding. Two desks were pushed together and three kids sat in one little area. Due to these problems, Mrs. Murk also chose to leave this position.

In the 1940's, Mrs. Murk and her future husband met. They were married in Marquette and made their home in that city, where Mr. Murk also operated a business.

Mrs. Murk continued a career in education and served as a librarian for Marquette High School until her retirement in 1972. Her love of children and books continues and she now volunteers her time at Lakeview Elementary School in Negaunee. Mrs. Murk proudly explained her work and mentioned that she often used puppets when telling stories to the children.

Mrs. Murk's retirement years have been very busy as she is a member of many organizations. She is a trustee on the board of the Marquette County Historical Society, and she is on the

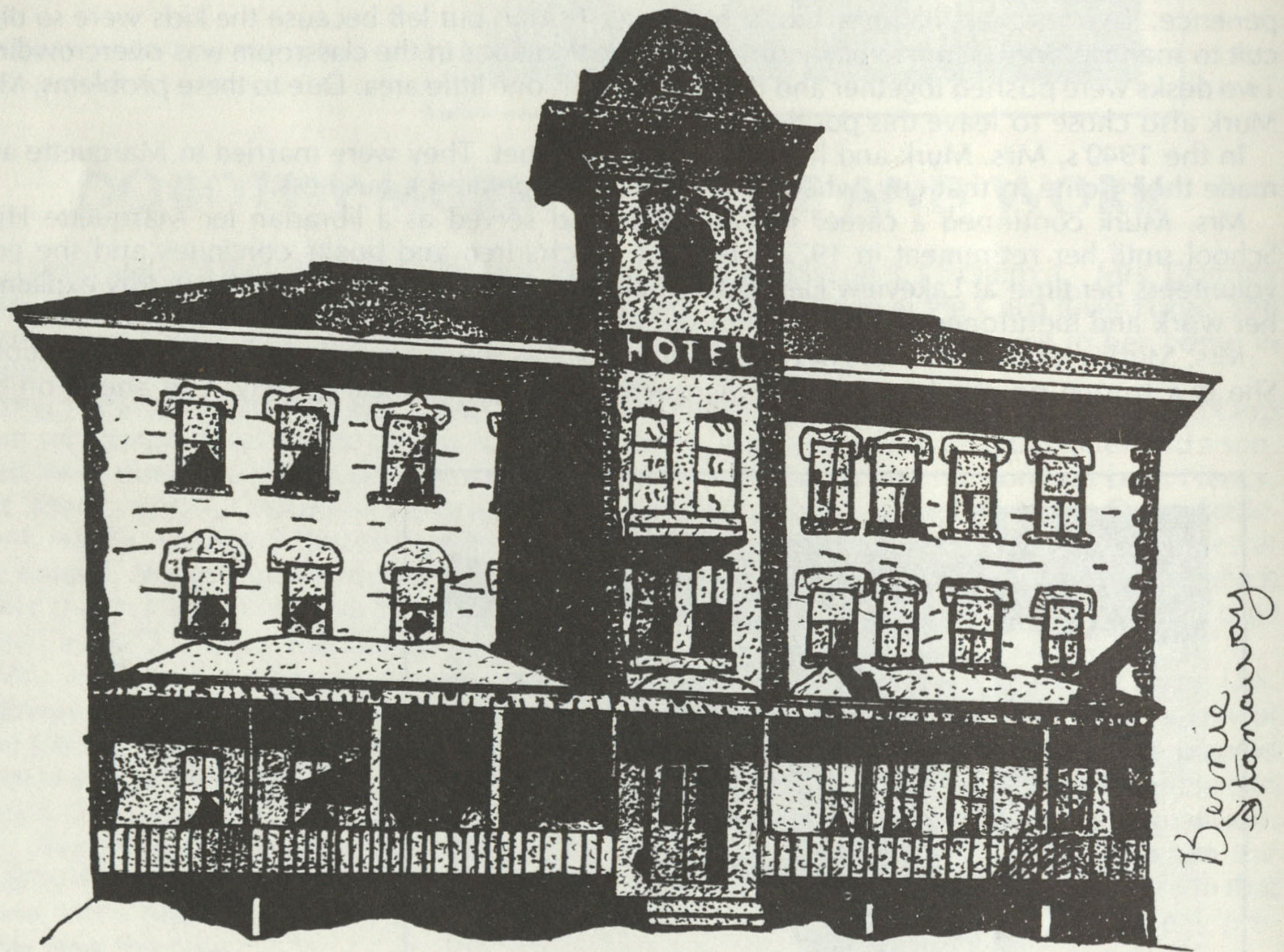
Dorothy Murk in the winter of 1937.

Negaunee Public Library Board. She also belongs to the Negaunee Historical Society, and she is on the Advisory Board for the Michigan Iron Industry Museum. The Advisory Board's main function is to advise what is to be done at the museum. The next big job of the Advisory Board is a plan to develop the surrounding area at the museum. The board's hope is to start some archeological work where the Carp River Forge Settlement was located. Information received from artifacts would reveal more about the people of that time.

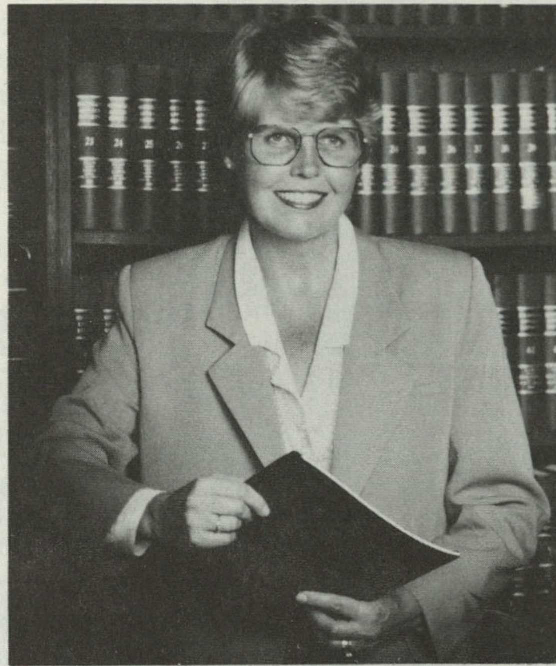
In her work with the Carp River Forge project, Mrs. Murk worked very closely with the late Frank Matthews, a well known local historian. She is quick to point out, "Frank worked very hard to get that museum built. Frank was a good friend of mine." Mrs. Murk recently found a letter that named Mr. Matthews as the winner of the "Keep Michigan Beautiful" award, and before he died he suggested Mrs. Murk's name to receive the award.

Mrs. Murk has received numerous awards and remains a very busy lady who continues to devote a great deal of time and effort to the preservation of the past. She has unselfishly given of herself and her expertise. In my visit with her, I really benefited from the knowledge she shared. She is one of the nicest people I have ever met.

— Tuti Hamm



Negaunee's historic Breitung Hotel, which was destroyed by fire in 1988.



Judge Patricia Micklow

"SOMETHING MAGICAL HAPPENS WHEN THE BLACK ROBE IS DONNED"

"I think it was a long term involvement both with history and politics and women's rights that got me into law," stated Judge Patricia Micklow.

Judge Micklow was born in 1937 in Ironwood, the youngest of three daughters. She grew up in Bessemer, Michigan, until her family moved to Marquette, Michigan, in the middle of her freshman year in high school. A strong interest in the outdoors was fostered while the family lived on her grandmother's farm on the edge of town. Judge Micklow spent a lot of time in the woods often hunting and fishing with her father. Most of the hobbies she had while she was growing up involved animals and wildlife. She remembers raising tropical fish, and squirrels. She tied fishing flies and gave them to her teachers for Christmas.

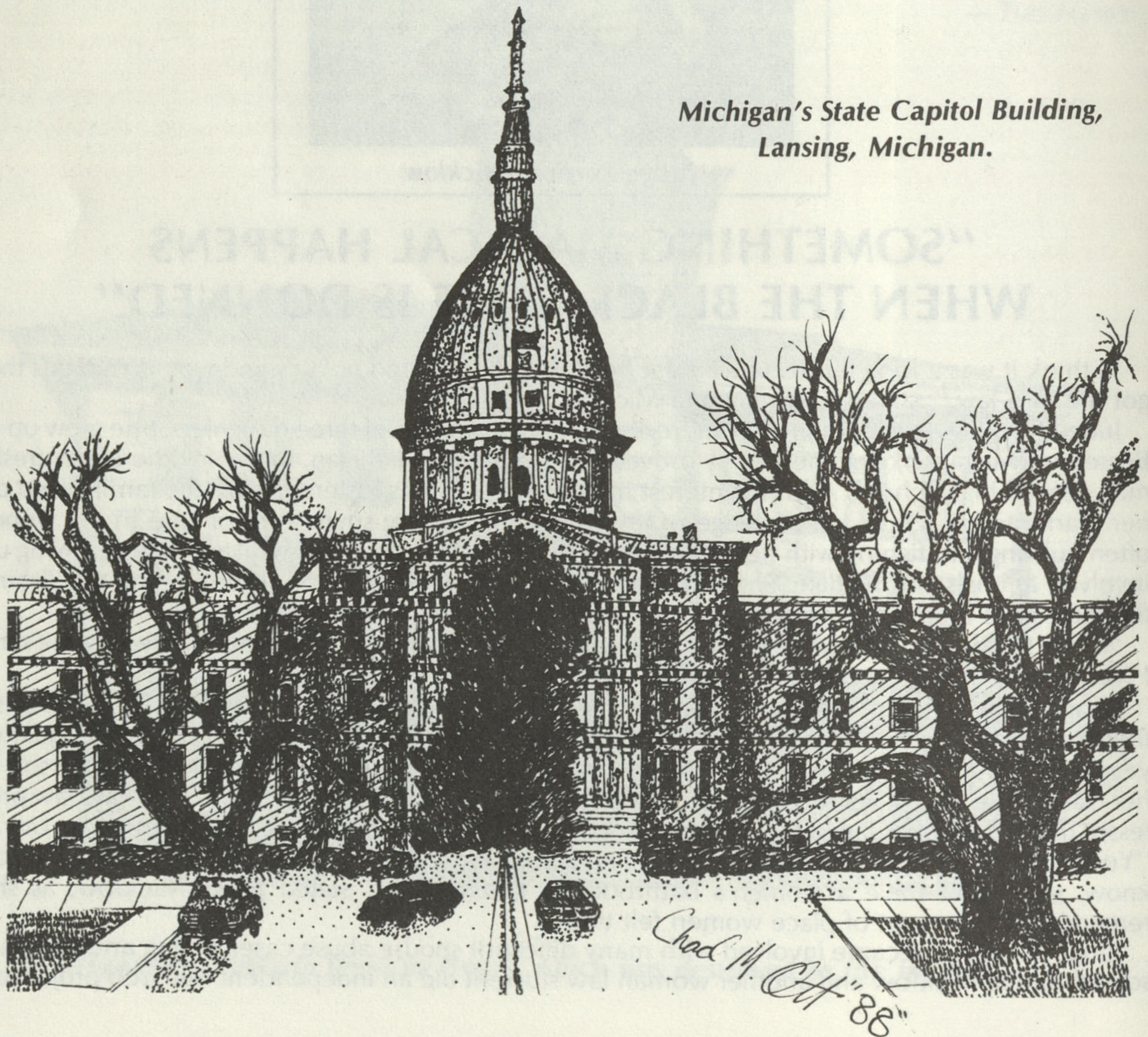
"Then I ended up being married when I was seventeen, and having three children by the time I was twenty-three," recalled Judge Micklow.

At age thirty-three after earning a bachelor's degree in history and a master's degree in English literature at Northern Michigan University, she went through an accelerated two and a quarter year program at the University of Michigan Law School. Judge Micklow was the oldest person in her class while only seventeen percent of the students were women. There was only one law professor in the school of law who taught part time. The class she taught was "Women in the Law." "You had a feeling right away that this was an area that women were not very welcome in. You know, we didn't have a women's bathroom at law school," stated Judge Micklow, as she remembered how out of place women felt there.

Judge Micklow became involved with many different spouse abuse cases during and after law school. Judge Micklow and another woman law student did an independent research project on

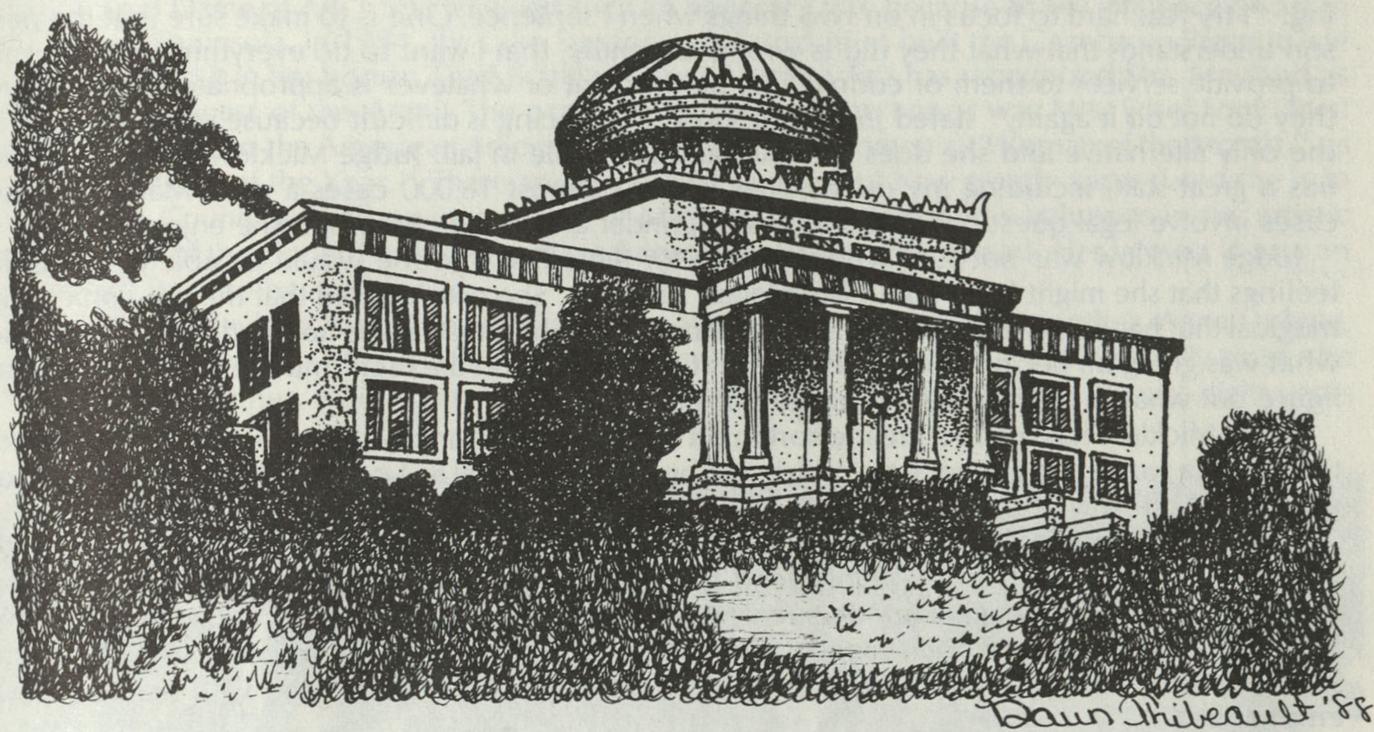
wife-beating which is what spouse abuse was labeled at the time. The research was done in two large counties, Washtenaw and Wayne. Judge Micklow and her partner contacted all the people that had any connection with such cases. Judge Micklow was astounded at the responses, such as, ''Oh it is not a crime,'' or ''It is due to the relationship between the two people,'' or ''The women must like it or they would not stay in that kind of position.'' Judge Micklow and her partner published the study which was the first in the United States in a legal journal regarding the response of the legal system to inter-spousal violence.

Judge Micklow shared a story which I found interesting. Following graduation from law school, she went to the prosecuting attorney's office for a job interview as an assistant prosecuting attorney. The prosecutor at the time was a man who later admitted he had no intention of hiring her. Judge Micklow learned that he gave her the interview out of courtesy because she was a ''local person.'' The prosecutor didn't intend to hire her because he could not see why a woman whose husband was making a good living would be interested in such a demanding job. However, she was hired for the job anyway because she startled him with her answers. Judge



Michigan's State Capitol Building, Lansing, Michigan.

Marquette County Courthouse, Marquette, Michigan.



Micklow commented, "He realized that I was serious about it so I became the first woman assistant prosecuting attorney in Marquette County."

"I think that the prosecutor worried more about me having difficulty dealing with police officers and criminal defendants than I did," responded Judge Micklow. She questioned some of the procedures male officers and attorneys used to handle certain cases. She also approached spouse abuse, and child neglect or abuse cases differently.

After she started working for the prosecutor's office, she was appointed by the governor to a task force that studied the laws that relate to spouse abuse. They made recommendations to the legislature which were adopted. Michigan became one of the first states to have laws that were specifically adapted to the problem of violence in the home. Since then Judge Micklow has been serving on the Domestic Violence Prevention and Treatment Board. Findings showed that victims often could not get out of the situation and they were injured or killed because they did not have anywhere to go. For several years, spouse abuse shelters have been available to combat this problem. This group is now working on the state-wide level to get agencies that deal with victims and assailants to look at better ways to respond to this crime. Such work is extremely important because many people who end up in prison as felons have been abused or neglected as children.

When Judge Micklow finished law school her first husband immediately became very ill. He died of cancer when she was forty-one. She had three children from this first marriage, Kurt, Brock and Susan.

Following her husband's death, Judge Micklow experienced a very difficult time. However,

she believes everything worked out fine. Her life took a difficult turn after her decision to campaign for a judgeship. She stated that people were responsive to her campaign. She wasn't certain that she would win the election although she believed that she could do an excellent job.

Judge Micklow really enjoys her work. She said the hardest part of her job is probably sentencing. "I try real hard to focus in on two things when I sentence. One is to make sure that the person understands that what they did is wrong. Secondly, that I want to do everything that we can to provide services to them or counseling, punishment or whatever is appropriate to make sure they do not do it again," stated Judge Micklow. Sentencing is difficult because sometimes jail is the only alternative and she does not like putting people in jail. Judge Micklow added that she has a great staff, including my mom. They process almost 16,000 cases a year. Many of these cases involve legal questions that she has to ponder and research, which she enjoys.

Judge Micklow was not sure when she ran for the office that she would be able to set aside feelings that she might have about individuals or issues. She commented that there is something magical that happens when a black robe is donned. "I found that it was not hard at all to set aside what was going on because you're concentrating so much on the facts and the law and trying to figure out what is fair," observed Judge Micklow.

Judge Micklow has made a great effort to do her job professionally. She tries not to use the fact that she is a woman to get her way. "I tried to be as professional as I could. I think that you sort of get treated the way you treat people," she stated.

"Sometimes people do treat you a little differently because you're a judge," commented Judge Micklow. She feels that some people tend to be a little stand-offish or afraid to say something wrong when they talk to a judge. "It is real important for me to have a lot of contact with people. I try to diminish that stand-offishness when I can because I do not like to be treated like some strange person with this black robe on. So I try to keep my connections with people," she emphasized.

Judge Micklow admitted that being a judge and a mother is sometimes very difficult. She remarried about four years ago, and her second husband, Judd Spray, has two teenagers from his marriage, April and Judd. April is a freshman in high school and Judd is in seventh grade. Her husbands helps out a lot. For example, he is an excellent cook. She thinks it is hard for women because since women are the child bearers they still have the period of time when they are intimately involved with child raising. She feels it is great that men are becoming more involved with family life. "You feel kind of like you are being a super mom. You do everything you would do if you were home all day and then still work, and it is real hard. I think that is probably one of the hardest things . . . to balance all these competing interests," emphasized Judge Micklow.

Judge Micklow right now has no intention of retiring. She would like to serve at least one more term on the bench. When she retires she would like to spend time on a sailboat. Sailing is one of Judge Micklow's hobbies. She also enjoys cross-country skiing and walking on the beach with her dogs.

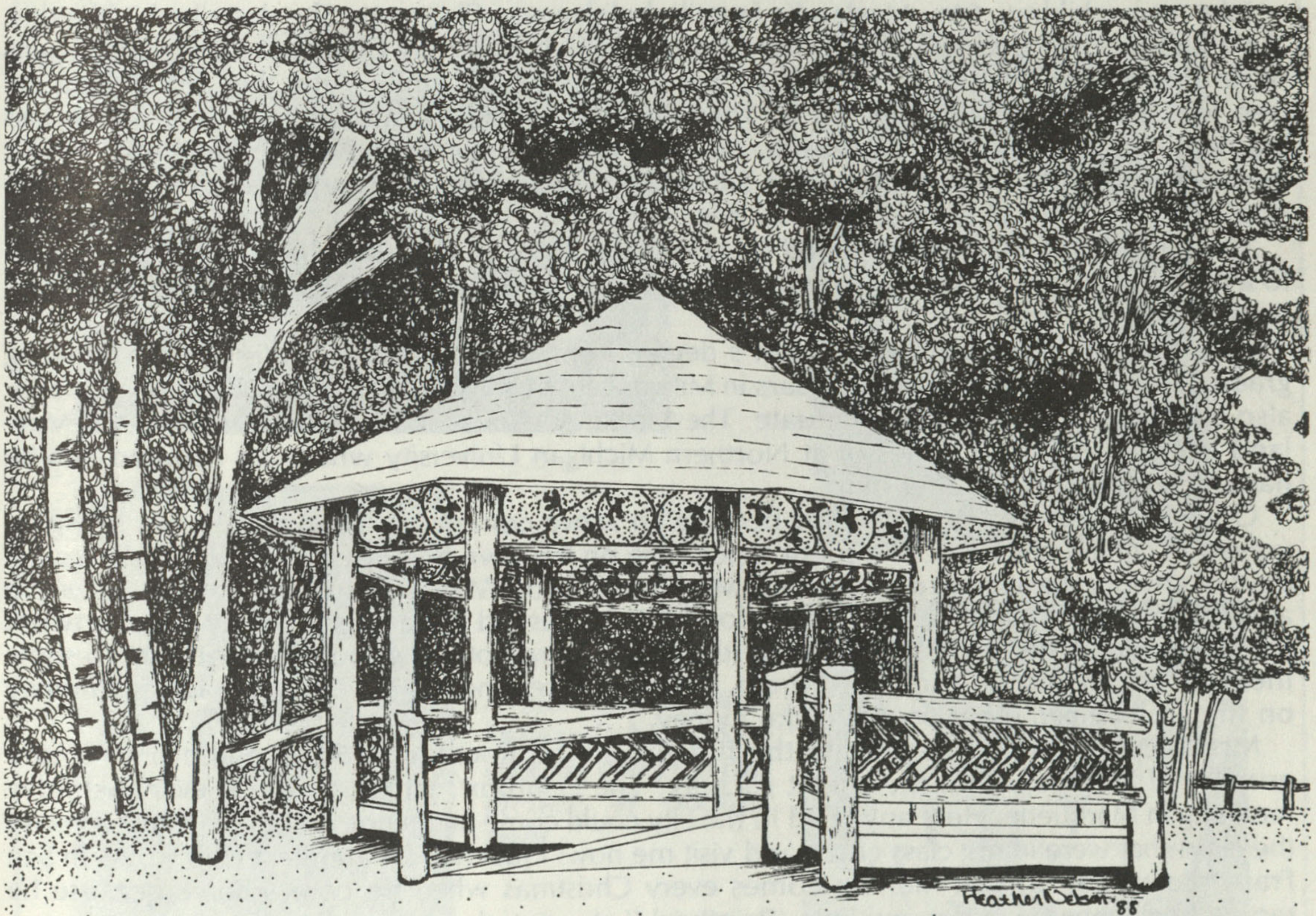
Speaking with Judge Micklow was a very interesting experience. She is a very enjoyable person who made me realize that we women can accomplish anything we set our heads and hearts on. I will always remember her words, "I think it's real important for women to keep in mind in any profession that if they take themselves seriously then everyone else will respond."

— Dawn Thibeault

A LIFELONG INTEREST

"I was always interested in artwork," said Mrs. Anita Meyland, designated by local people as the "Grand Dame of Art." She received such an honorary title because of her influence on art in the Upper Peninsula. In 1984, the Lake Superior Art Association built the Gazebo on Presque Isle and dedicated it in her honor. The Michigan Council for the Arts has recognized Mrs. Meyland as a "State Patroness of the Arts." The previous recipient of the honor was Mrs. Edsel Ford. Mrs. Meyland has been the American Association of University Women's "Woman of the Month," as well as "Citizen of the Year." These are just a few examples of how greatly appreciated she is in Marquette County as well as in the state of Michigan. Mrs. Meyland's influence in the artistic community of the Upper Peninsula was, and continues to be, widespread. Her interest in art can be traced back to her childhood.

Mrs. Anita Meyland was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1897. Her mother, Anna Ladwig, married Fredrick Elke. Mrs. Meyland describes herself as the "papoose" of the family since she had a brother Arthur, who was ten years older than she, and a sister, Elsie, who was eight years older.



Anita Meyland Gazebo, Presque Isle Park, Marquette, Michigan.

Mrs. Meyland's father was a fresco painter. Fresco painting is a technique where the artist paints on damp plaster. Mr. Elke decorated many churches with these wonderful paintings. He learned this profession at the World's Fair in the early 1800's.

Mrs. Meyland, as a typical child, had chores to do such as dusting and watering the plants and helping her mother around the house. When she had extra time, she and her friend would go out with a net and catch butterflies and bugs for their insect collections. Mrs. Meyland's love of nature was nurtured when her family vacationed at their summer cottage. While at the cottage, the men went fishing, the women went boating, and the children enjoyed the natural surroundings. She also enjoyed her ventures on the Milwaukee River.

A very important aspect of Mrs. Meyland's childhood was her school years, where she recalled, "I was always interested in artwork." She stated, "When I went to public school in Milwaukee I was so happy when the teacher picked up the drawings and she picked out some that were good. I remember there was a wire around the room, and I was never happy unless my 'rooster' or my 'geranium' was up on that."

A special treat for Mrs. Meyland during her school days was the annual class trip to the public museum and art gallery where she learned about things she had never seen or heard about before. She recalled that she enjoyed these visits tremendously.

Like many children, Mrs. Meyland's favorite holiday was Christmas. She described it like this, "We had relatives that all got together at one person's house on Christmas Day, and the gifts were always under the tree. You had supper with the whole family. After they would light the tree which had 'living' candles on it. Then you had to say a piece, either one that you had learned in school or learned in church. All of us, no matter what age, had to stand and recite a piece. As you recited your piece, not a Santa Claus, but someone from the relatives would give you a gift. Then we all sang like we do now."

The only disease Mrs. Meyland had as a child was measles. Unbelievably, she has never been to a doctor since her daughter was born in 1927! She proudly said, "I talk wellness rather than illness."

Mrs. Meyland received her bachelor's degree from the University of Wisconsin. Following graduation, she taught art for eight years in Milwaukee. Mrs. Meyland married Gunther Meyland, also a University of Wisconsin graduate. The Meylands moved to Marquette in 1924. Mr. Meyland became an English professor at Northern Michigan University which has honored him by naming a residence hall after him.

Once in Marquette, Mrs. Meyland became an active community member. Besides being involved in community work, she spent much time on her own art endeavors. When asked what kind of artwork she liked to do best, Mrs. Meyland replied, "Well I do arts and crafts . . . . I weave and I do pottery . . . and I am a watercolorist." When asked if she ever sold any of her artwork she answered, "They were like my children. If they were not any good, I did not want to show them. If they were good and I liked them, I would not sell them. I have never made any money on my art. I helped other people make money."

Mrs. Meyland helped coordinate the first Art on the Rocks in 1958. She also organized a number of art groups that she taught such as "The Paintbox" which was held every Saturday morning in Marquette. Here any child in the city could come and paint. "And I still have some of the boys that were in my class come and visit me now! I just had an architect who works in San Francisco come and visit me. He comes every Christmas when he comes home because he remembers when he was in my little 'Paintbox'," she stated.

Mrs. Meyland organized a group of young women that met every Thursday night for eleven years. Her way of teaching included the method of "pastich." This method involved studying the style of a particular artist and then having the students work in this same style. Mrs. Meyland

taught crafts for the elderly at Pineridge for many years. Until just recently she conducted workshops annually for the Young Authors program.

At age 92, Mrs. Meyland still belongs to the Lake Superior Art Association, the Milwaukee Art Gallery, and the Yarn Winders, which is a weaving group.

Mrs. Meyland has devoted her life to helping others with their artwork. She receives great pleasure from the achievements of people that she helped while they learned about art. Mrs. Meyland had a great influence on my art teacher, Mrs. Ameen. Mrs. Meyland said, "I always feel like a part of me is in her."

Mrs. Ameen commented, "For over sixty years Mrs. Meyland has been a mentor to many people in our area. I consider myself very fortunate for having been one of those whose life has been greatly influenced by her. As a teacher she has shared her artistic knowledge and skill freely with all ages. As a role model, Mrs. Meyland's enthusiasm and keen interest in art, civic and world affairs continues to inspire many."

— Heather Nelson

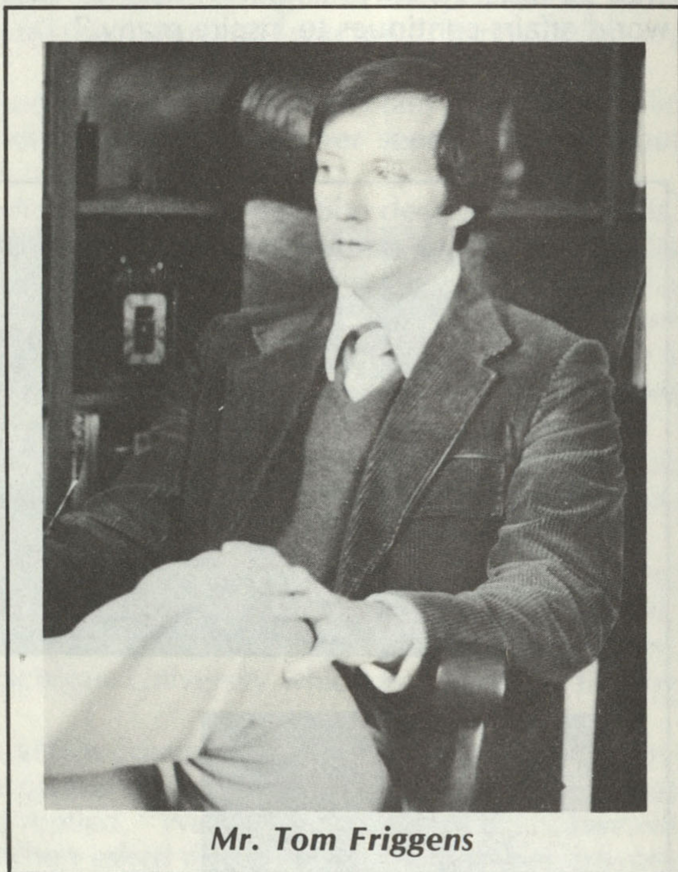
A montage of Anita Meyland photos. She is in the center in the picture at bottom right.

THE CRADLE OF THE MICHIGAN IRON INDUSTRY

"I think the actual success of the Carp River Forge was in its failure," stated Mr. Tom Friggens, regional historian for the Museums Division of Michigan's Bureau of History. Mr. Friggens shared with me his extensive historical research on the Carp River Forge.

In 1844, William Austin Burt and a party of surveyors discovered iron ore near Teal Lake. The following year, in 1845, Philo Everett left Lower Michigan with a group of explorers whose destination was Copper Harbor, in the Keweenaw Peninsula. The group stopped near present day Marquette at the mouth of the Carp River. Margi Gesick, an Indian chief guided them to a "mountain of iron." Philo Everett and his party departed for Lower Michigan, but they returned the following year to begin mining at the Jackson Mine, and establish the forge.

Mr. Friggens' research has revealed that the construction of the forge was begun in 1846 by the Jackson Mining Company, starting with the building of a dam. A great misfortune happened, though, for the dam was later washed out during a spring flood. The forge was finally completed in 1848 with about twenty buildings in the community.



Mr. Tom Friggens

The plan the Jackson Mining Company wanted to implement was to mine the iron ore at the Jackson Mine, forge the ore into blooms at Carp River Forge, and transport it to Lake Superior in present day Marquette to be shipped and sold.

"I guess the forge was really plagued by a number of different problems," related Mr. Friggens as he told me about the hardships of the Carp River Forge. He explained that the environment was very hostile. Twenty-four men and two women wintered at the forge in 1847. The winter delivery on November 20 was their last contact with the outside world until spring.

One example he gave concerned a girl named Nancy and her younger brother who were chased by a pack of wolves right outside the settlement where they lived. The transportation was not very good. It was hard transporting the forged iron all the way to Marquette Harbor on a wagon road which was just an enlarged Indian trail. In the winter, they had to use a sleigh to transport the iron. A plank road started in 1855 became a railway in 1857.

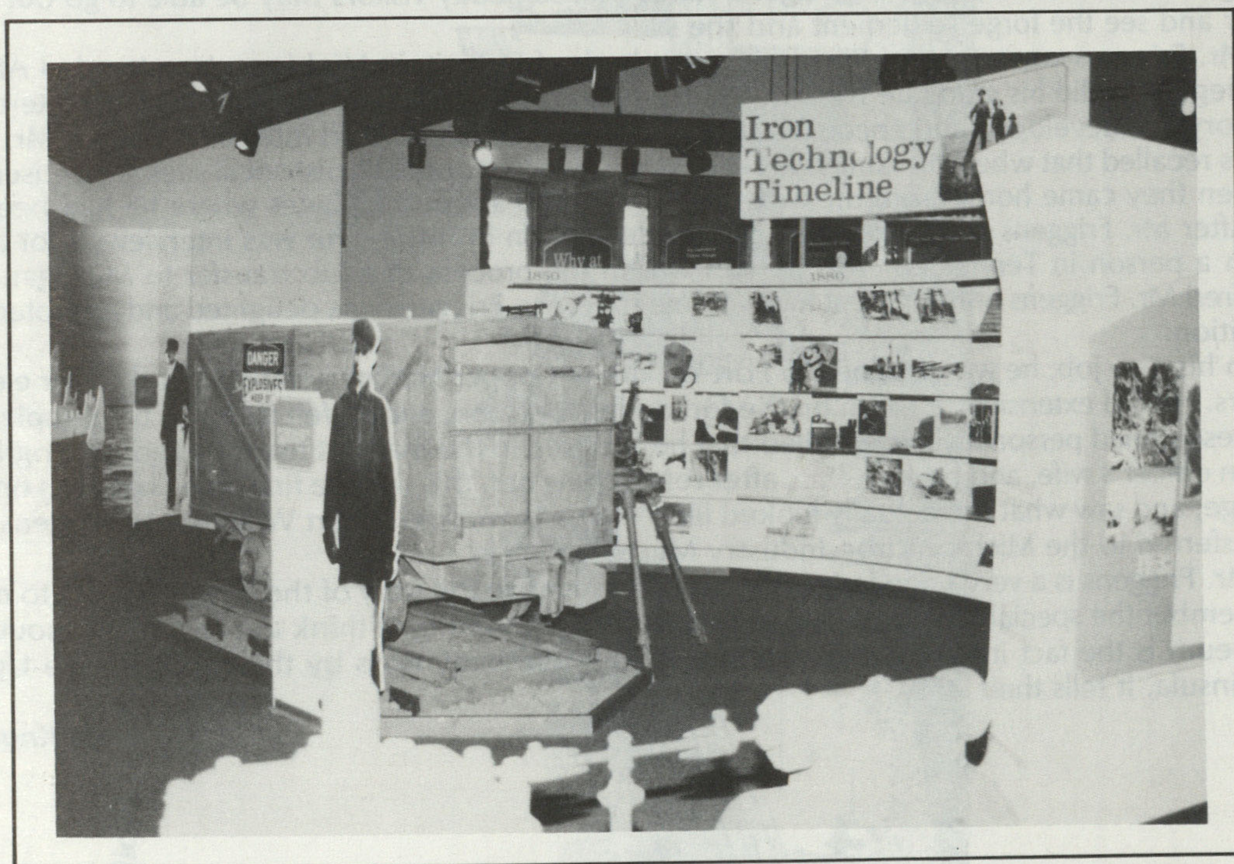
Another problem was the difficulty in shipping. Because the Soo Locks did not exist, iron was shipped to Sault Ste. Marie, portaged to Lake Huron, then transported through the Great Lakes to places like Detroit, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh. Also, during the winter months, the forged iron had to be stockpiled at Marquette Harbor until the spring.

Manpower was yet another dilemma that the Carp River Forge faced. According to Mr. Friggens, the mining company had trouble attracting laborers to this wilderness land. Financial difficulties made paying the workers an adversity. Mr. Friggens told me that a man named Ezra or

"Czar" Jones, who was manager of the Carp River Forge was threatened with death by the workers because he could not meet the payroll. During the winter months, Jones hired the explorer, Peter White, to take him across the Upper Peninsula on snowshoes to what is now Escanaba.

"Imagine the human experience of these people," emphasized Mr. Friggens. He related that Czar Jones left his law practice behind in Jackson, Michigan, to help carve this pioneer industry out of a desolate, hostile wilderness and in the end had to flee from the area because his life was threatened. He explained that because of severe winters, the workers were isolated from the outside world for nearly six months while forging the iron. He related that on the cold winter days, Ariel Barney, the forgemaster at the Carp River Forge possibly held the most popular job at the settlement as he was right next to the forge's fire and kept warm.

When I asked Mr. Friggens if there were any other forges, he said that there were a total of four. He also added, "None of them were successful, one of them burned." Peter White, an early pioneer and Marquette banker, claimed that the Carp River Forge would have been better off burning because it was an economic failure. However, "It drew attention to the high quality of ore to be found in this Lake Superior Region," said Mr. Friggens. The forge helped to bring other companies to the Upper Peninsula. When transportation improved and the Soo Locks were built in 1855, the iron industry really began to flourish, making Michigan the leading ore-



Michigan Iron Industry Museum.

producer in the country by the turn of the century. With the transportation problem solved, the companies decided that it would be cheaper to ship crude ore rather than forged ore.

To honor the forge and the fortitude and endurance of the pioneers who started it, the Michigan Iron Industry Museum was built. Construction of the museum began in 1985. It was not until the spring of 1987 that other staff members were hired, and the museum opened to the public.

"We've all paid for this building with our tax dollars and it belongs to all of us in the state of Michigan," stated Mr. Friggens when I asked him where the funds came from for the construction of the museum.

The museum began as a vision back in the 1970s. A group of people who later formed the Carp River Forge Bicentennial Park Association shared the dream of a museum located on the Carp River Forge site. Frank Matthews, Sr., one of the members, had the greatest vision for a museum. They wanted to have the museum constructed in 1976, but the state government vetoed the funding because of the economic doldrums that plagued Michigan. When Michigan's economy revived in the early 1980s, the legislature then provided the funds for the construction.

Mr. Friggens said that the collections for the museum have come from all over the Upper Peninsula, but the nucleus of the artifacts came from the estate of Frank Matthews. Mr. Matthews had the foresight to start collecting artifacts thirty years ago which made the jobs for the museum's staff much easier. There are not many artifacts preserved from the actual Carp River Forge in the museum, but Mr. Friggens stated that someday visitors may be able to go out on a tour and see the forge settlement and the site.

Mr. Friggens was raised in Royal Oak, a suburb of Detroit, in Michigan. He attended Albion College, and did his graduate work in history at Wayne State University in Detroit. His interest in history was developed and encouraged by his father who had an avid interest in history. Mr. Friggens recalled that when his family travelled, they always stopped at historical sites and museums. When they came home from the trips, he would read about the places where he had been.

After Mr. Friggens completed his college preparation in history, he was interviewed for a job with a person in Tennessee. This person was in the process of a job transfer to Michigan and offered Mr. Friggens employment in his home state. Mr. Friggens was delighted and accepted the position.

In his new job, he was assigned to Fort Wilkins in Copper Harbor where he worked for eleven years. He did extensive research on the fort during that time, and he felt he knew the people that he researched personally. He recalled that he received in the mail not too long ago, photographs of an officer's wife, and he said, ". . . after researching her, this was the first time I laid eyes on her image, and saw what she actually looked like." After he worked at Fort Wilkins, Mr. Friggens was transferred to the Michigan Iron Industry Museum.

Mr. Friggens is a very knowledgeable person. He made the story of the forge very real to me. I remember the special words he said to me about the museum. "I think the neat thing about this museum is the fact it's a museum of, and for, and in many ways by the people of the Upper Peninsula. It tells their story."

— Craig Knutson

The Michigan Iron Industry Museum.