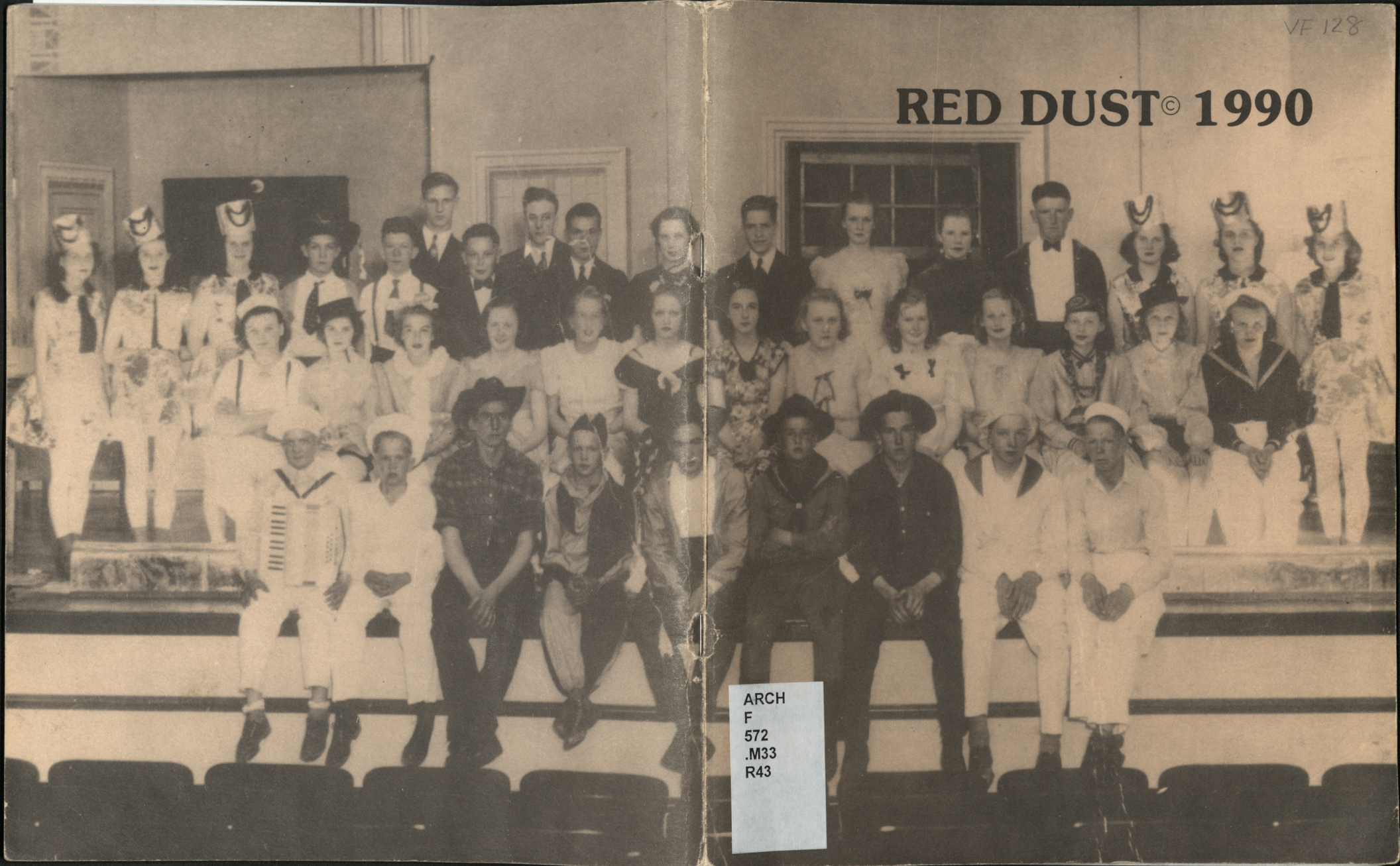


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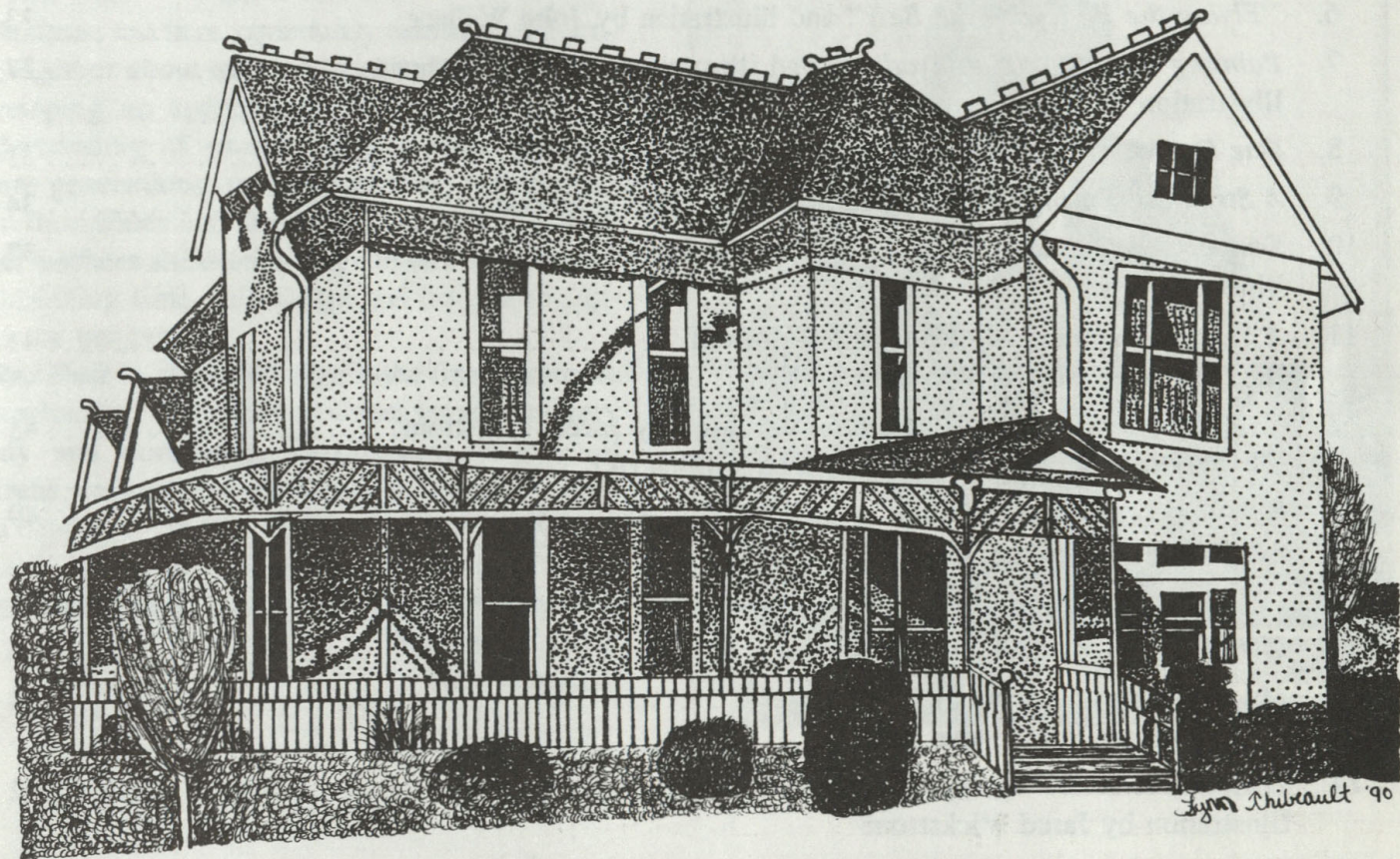
Cover photo: The National Mine School 1941 annual play cast. Identified members are: 4. Donald Larson; 5. Joe Pietro; 6. ____ Mattson; 8. Robert Waters; 10. May Kompsi; 11. Lloyd Cox; 12. Betty Sjoholm; 14. Jimmy Moody; 17. Marian Nelson; 22. Bernice Korpi; 24. Pat Alderton; 27. Betty Trebilcock; 28. Bernice Cox; 30. Verna Keto; 31. Wallace Harmala; 33. Roland Keto; 35. Robert Hart; 36. Dewey Hanson; 37. Warren Keto; 38. George Waters; 39. Bill Maki.

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Maxine Honkala, Principal
Aspen Ridge Middle School
350 Aspen Ridge School Rd.
Ishpeming MI 49849

+ Sharon Richards

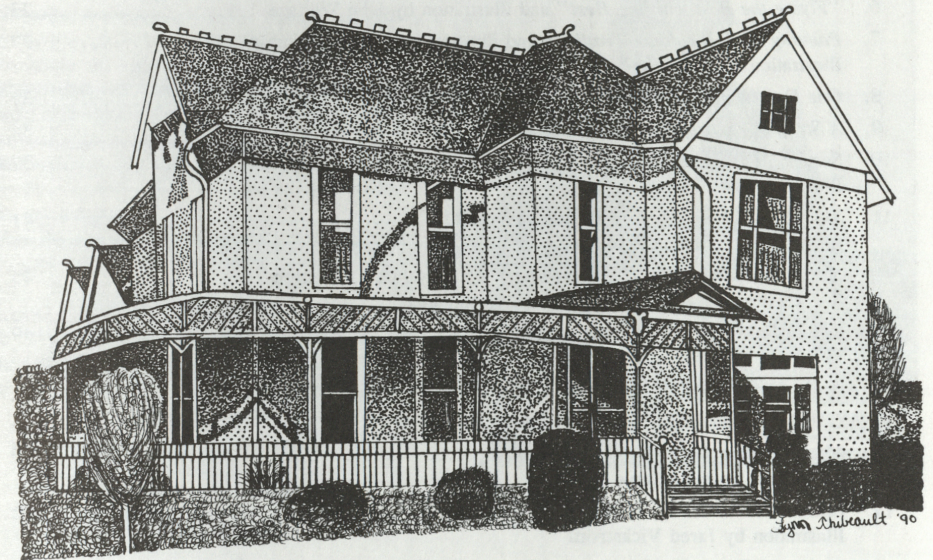
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Cover photo: The National Mine School 1941 annual play cast. Identified members are: 4. Donald Larson; 5. Joe Pietro; 6. ___ Mattson; 8. Robert Waters; 10. May Kompsi; 11. Lloyd Cox; 12. Betty Sjöholm; 14. Jimmy Moody; 17. Marian Nelson; 22. Bernice Korpi; 24. Pat Alderton; 27. Betty Trebilcock; 28. Bernice Cox; 30. Verna Keto; 31. Wallace Harmala; 33. Roland Keto; 35. Robert Hart; 36. Dewey Hanson; 37. Warren Keto; 38. George Waters; 39. Bill Maki.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. *From North Lake to Stoneville* by Tom Rajala 1
2. *Practice Really Does Make Perfect* by Jennifer Mongiat 7
Illustrations by Carla Laukka, Jessica Lundin, and Elisa Tynnismaa
3. *He Succeeded in Teaching and Singing* by Kim Clark 12
Illustrations by Rachael Bjork and Trisha Perala
4. *Long Time to be Coming and Going* by Jenny Tynnismaa 17
5. *Ahh, the Memories* and illustration by Val Ovink 20
6. "Flying the Best with the Best" and illustration by John Wallace 23
7. *Painting — A Rundman Tradition* and illustration by Tim Rundman 27
Illustration by Kim Clark
8. *One Day at a Time* and illustration by Lars Edwards 31
9. *A Strict but Loving Man* and illustration by Terri Hammar 34
10. *Semper Fidelis* and illustration by Frank Robinson 37
Illustration by Gina Bjork
11. *A Life of Pain and Joy* by Denise Thibeault 41
Illustration by Regina Benvenue
12. "A Great Family, The Highlight of my Life" by Jared Vickstrom 45
Illustrations by Tracy Thibeault and Eva Rintamaki
13. *School Days* by Holly Evans 49
Illustration by Valerie Beito
14. "War Time: Good and Bad" and illustration by Courtney Allen 52
15. *Life as a Miner* and illustration by Kim Szenina 56
16. *My Main Man Gramps* by Scott Syrjala 59
Illustration by Mike Steve
17. *Lifetime Memories* by Marti Chinn 62
Illustration by Jared Vickstrom
18. *An Aerial Gunner* by Jenny Swanson 66
Illustrations by Jennifer Kinunen and Sherri Krook
19. "A Successful Struggle" by Rachael Bjork 70
Illustration by Julie Fraser
20. *The Proud Owner of the Pioneer Square Mall* by Hope Robinson 73
Illustration by Justina Anderson



TRAIN NORTH LAKE TO STONEVILLE

PREFACE

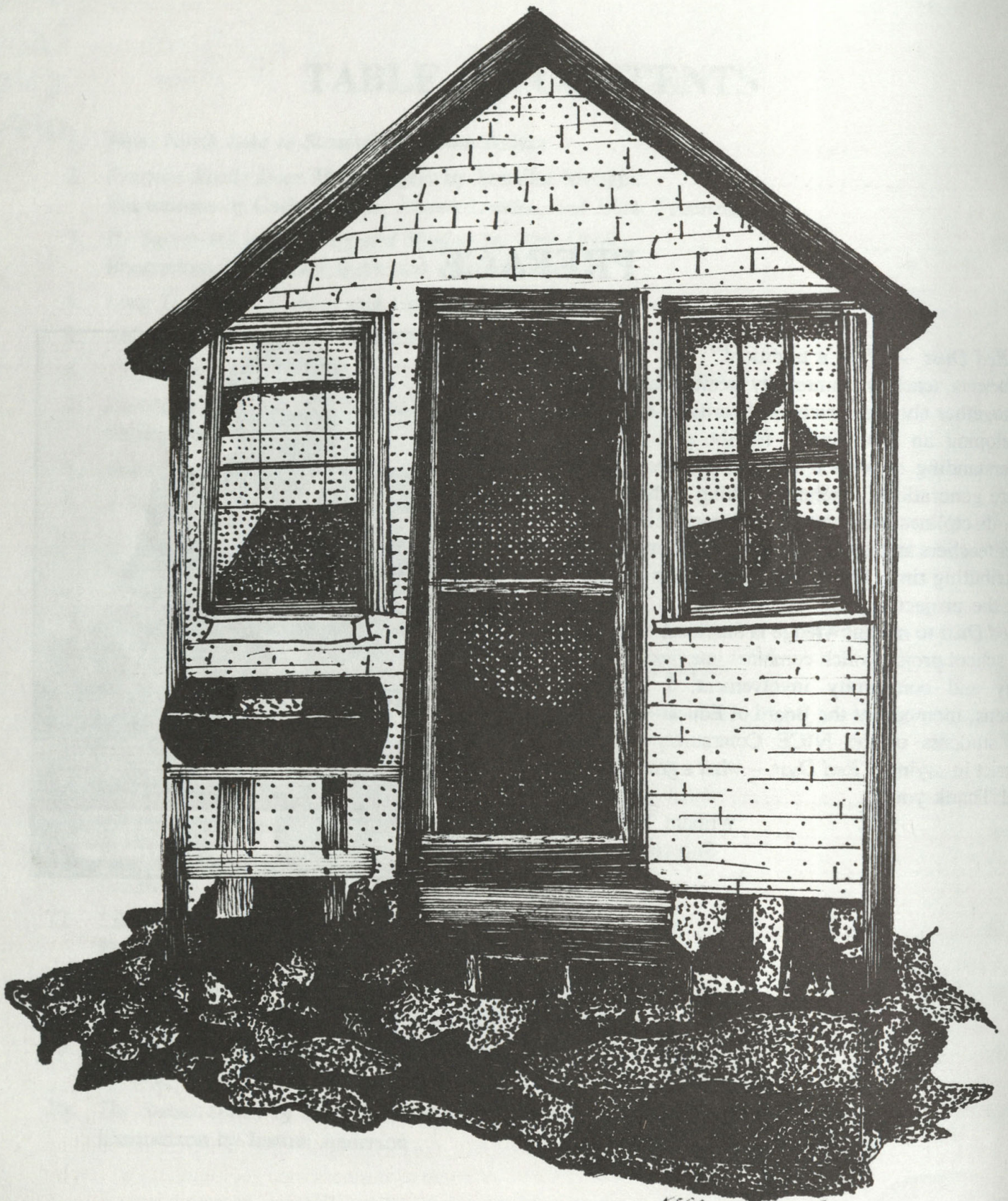
“Red Dust — What a tradition!”

Students, teachers, community members all learning together about our rich local heritage; students developing an appreciation for the past and an understanding of what it takes to preserve it for future generations; teachers working within their own disciplines and stretching to coordinate with other teachers and disciplines; community members contributing time, knowledge and insights to support the project.

Red Dust to my knowledge is the finest example of a school project which combines interdisciplinary study and community involvement. I join all citizens, members of the Board of Education, staff and students of the NICE Community School District in saying, *“Red Dust — what a great tradition! Thank you!”*

William T. Hyry
Superintendent





KERRI ROLSTONE

FROM NORTH LAKE TO STONEVILLE

As I entered my grandma, Ellen (Ostola) Hill's home, I noticed the familiar kitchen and the wood stove heating the kitchen and nearby rooms. From the warmth of my grandma's kitchen we entered the old-fashioned living room. This house used to belong to the Bensons. Signe Benson was my grandma's kindergarten teacher in North Lake.

Grandma, the former Ellen Ostola, now Ellen Hill, began by telling me that she grew up in a duplex house in North Lake with her parents Martha and William Ostola and one brother and one sister. People at the time owned cows. She said that the owners just let them graze around the area. When they rounded up the cows, "You would feel like big cowboys," she stated. Everybody separated their cows from neighbors' cows, and they brought them home to be milked.

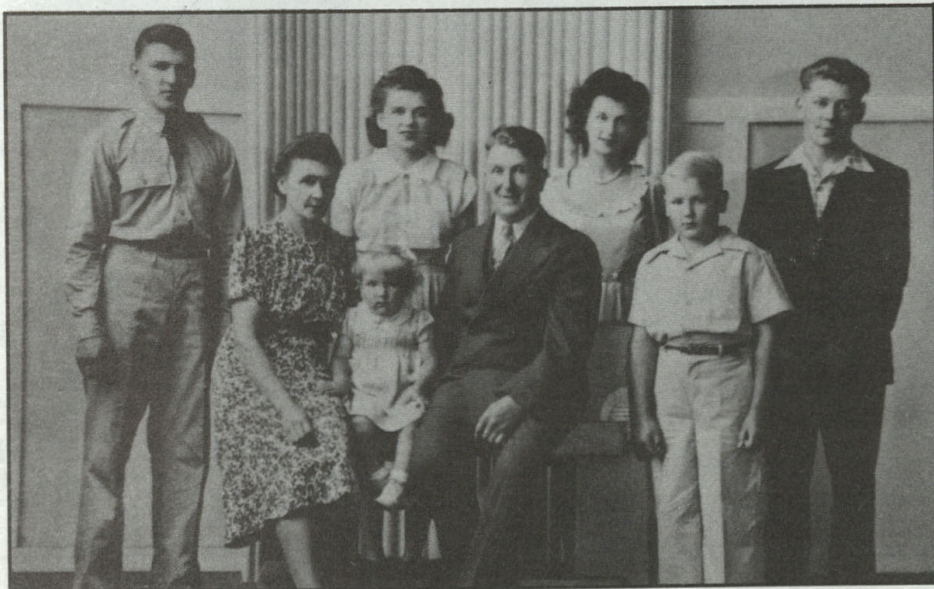
Grandma's parents had a big cow about the size of a Texas steer which was not only scary but mean. One time the big cow backed my grandma up against the chicken wire fence, and started pushing. Her dad heard her scream and came running. Fortunately, her dad was so strong that he was able to force the cow's head up. Luckily, she was not hurt. Even after that incident, my grandma was not scared of livestock.

Being the oldest child, Grandma had the job of watching her brother and sister. Every time her brother and sister got into trouble, can you guess whose fault it was? It was my grandma's fault, for she was supposed to keep an eye on them.

My grandma's brother, Eugene (Jug), and her sister, Esther, were the trouble makers. "They were called the bad pair or *paha pari*. They gave each other hair cuts. They even cut my mother's brand new curtains," stated Grandma. They often seemed to be in mischief when my grandma was supposed to be watching them. One time when her mom went to the store, and all of the kids had the measles, my grandma was cutting paper dolls "oblivious to what her brother and sister were doing." When her mother came, it was real cold and rainy out. The *Paha Pari* were out in the alley without any coats and dragging a dead cat!

When my grandma was growing up, they did not have a radio. Do you know what they did for entertainment? My grandma's father played the accordian. "There was always somebody that played music. He was real talented; he could pick up the accordian and just hear a song and could play it. He never had music lessons," she stated.

The first big present my grandma bought when she had her first job was an accordian for her dad, from Spiegel's catalog costing \$19.98. She paid five dollars a month until it was paid. The *Paha Pari* had fixed her dad's old accordian



The William Ostola family, circa 1945. Seated (from left) are Mrs. Ostola, baby Eileen, Mr. Ostola. Standing (from left) are Eugene, Esther, Ellen, Edlund, and Ensio.

by nailing holes in the bellows. He never got it to work right after that!

My grandma was the kind of person who enjoyed listening to people tell stories. "Sometimes they were pretty scary stories, but they were also interesting," said Grandma. Her mother also had a hard time putting her to bed because she liked to listen to her father and visitors tell stories. "It was like listening to the radio," she stated. Her dad was a good storyteller and very interesting. Whenever they had company, my grandma had to stay up and find out what was going on.

"Auntie Auntie I Over" was one of the games my grandma and kids played when she was young. She also played "Kick the Can" — "real expensive games," said Grandma. They also played Pom, Pom Pull Away, guessing cards, run sheep run, red light, cowboys and Indians, and baseball. My grandma and her friends did not have a bat. "We just used a clump of wood," stated Grandma. They did have a real ball. Grandma was playing baseball at North Lake one day at noon time. She was playing left field and a boy named Jimmy Tasson hit the ball so far that everybody thought it was a home run, but Grandma got under it and caught the ball with no glove! She was so shocked she hardly believed it, nor could anyone else.

My grandma went to the show at the North Lake Club House, until she was seven. The movie was free if the child were under seven. After that a person had to pay five cents. "I couldn't wait to be over seven. I couldn't wait to pay my way in," said Grandma. When she first reached the age, her dad told her she did not need to tell them that she was over seven. The ticket taker asked her how old she was, and my grandma spit out, "Seven!" "I had this hot nickel in my hand. I was so proud to buy a ticket," said Grandma. Kids took an apple with them to the movie, and when they were finished eating it, they threw the cores all over the place. They called them the cords. People called out, "Somebody threw an apple cord at me!" Westerns and comedies were Grandma's favorite movies. The movies were silent, but the older kids read everything aloud.

When my grandma lived in North Lake, her Grandpa and Grandma Kytosaari delivered butter every Wednesday. My grandma's grandma churned the butter, and they delivered the butter on a sleigh pulled by a horse. They gave my grandma and her brothers and sisters a ride to the North Lake forks. The other kids were envious because they had this Santa Claus type sleigh in the winter, and a wagon in the summer.

My grandma also did "girl's stuff" like cut out paper dolls and clothes out of old Sears Roebuck catalogs. Grandma's mother gave her old catalogs, so it was free. Her mother did a lot of sewing so they obtained some pieces of material for making doll clothes for celluloid dolls. "They were our Barbies!" said Grandma. If Grandma were real lucky, she received a couple of beads to sew on the dresses. The first time my grandma's folks had a record player, it was called a Victrola which had to be cranked up. My grandma and her



Grandma's dad, William Ostola, c. 1943.

friends pitched in and bought a record for fifteen cents. "Ever heard the song *Cheerful Little Ear Full?*" she questioned.

"I was the youngest kid carrying lunch pails (pasty) to my dad at the mine at noon," Grandma recalled. She ran home at noon from school and got her dad's lunch from her mom who had it ready. Then my grandma ran out to the mine where she had lunch on the lawn with her dad. After all that she jaunted back to school.

The day that the Barnes-Hecker mine caved in, my grandma's dad was scheduled to work there. He decided that he was not going to go to work that particular day. My grandma's dad was one of the few guys that went down the shaft to look for survivors. "They called him Wild Bill," said Grandma. They called him that because he was so gutsy. It was a very dangerous job to go and look for the deceased or perhaps find anybody alive. Vi Ranta, who is still my grandma's best friend, lived on the other side of the duplex house with a family of ten. Vi's father was killed in the tragic cave in. Fifty-one people died, and the only survivor was Wilfred Wills who raced up the shaft ladder ahead of the water and debris.



Morris Mine miners, c. 1930. Great Grandpa William Ostola is top row, third from left.

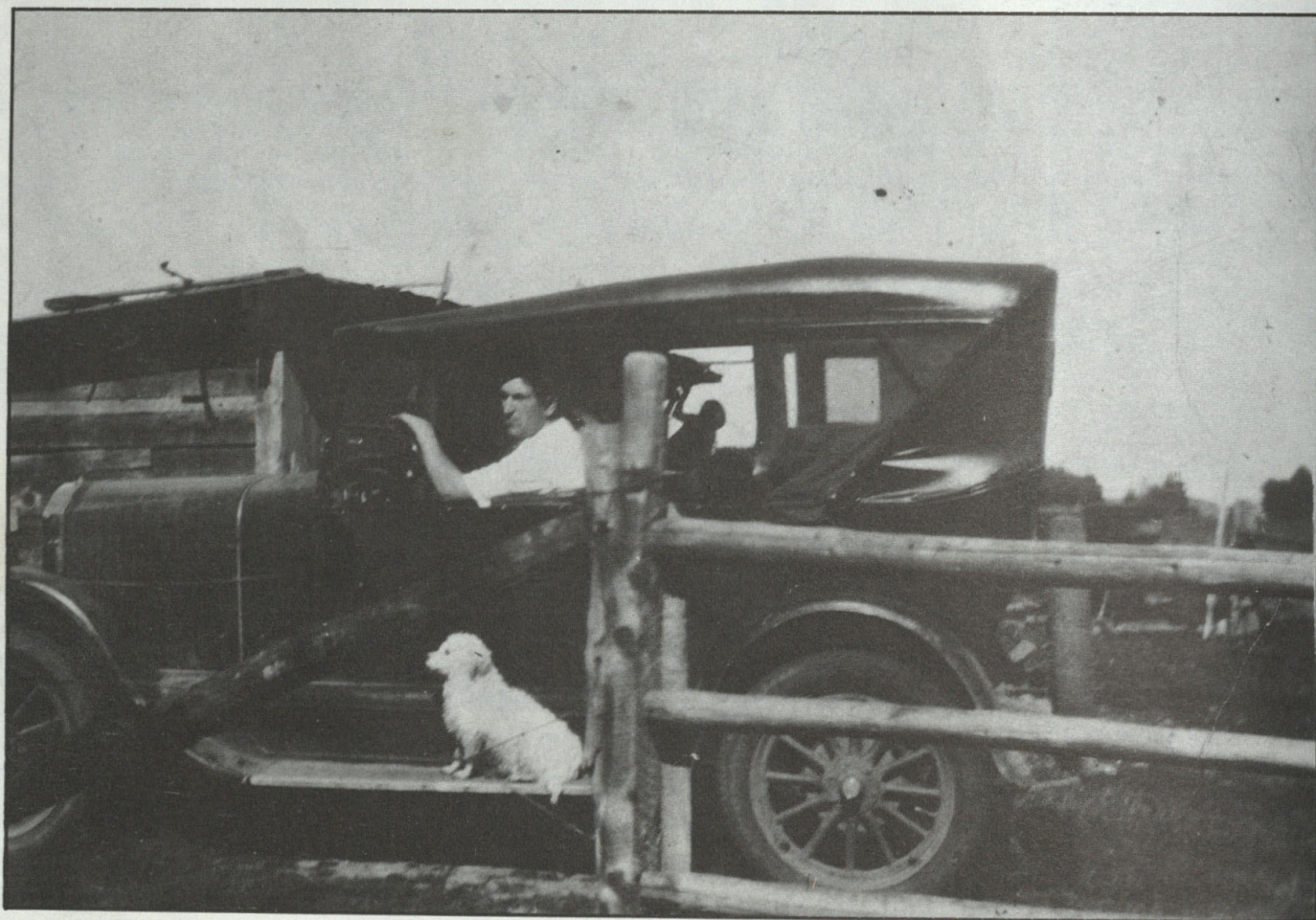
My grandma's family moved to Stoneville in 1931 where they bought one acre of land. When they first moved there, they lived on the corner at the bottom of the hill across from the present Mather Nursing Home. They had buff colored chickens which they ordered in the spring. Grandma recalled waiting for the rooster to crow. "Finally it crowed, when it was real big, and it made this awful sound," said Grandma. They thought the rooster was dying but it had just learned how to crow! They also had pigs and cows. They gathered hay

in the swamps where they found it, down by Carp River, because they never had a hay field of their own. They grew strawberries in a patch on the corner where they lived which they sold for five cents a quart. Eventually her dad made a swap and became a dairy farmer. "It was a very busy time, I milked five cows at one milking," Grandma stated.

My grandma's dad had a Star car which had a lot of "get up and go." One time my grandma's dad was going up the hill by their house. There was this guy who was going real slow so my grandma's dad just used his car to push him up the hill. "He was real proud of his Star," said Grandma. The roof would come off in the summer. "Guys would brag about the Chevrolets, Whippet, Nash and Star cars," said Grandma.

My grandma's grandpa, John Kytosaari, was the avid hunter and the fisherman of the family, for her dad was not really a hunter. He mostly went fishing. On Sunday he caught pike at Lake Michigamme on the railroad bridge at the mouth of the Peshekee River. They came home with a couple of them and made "kala mojakka," or fish head stew. It had some milk and potatoes and the fish heads. Her mother cooked the remainder of the fish, for they used every bite of it. Of course, the cat was waiting for his share.

It was the kids' job to pile wood. There was a man from Stoneville who came around and cut wood.



William Ostola in his Star car with dog Teddy, 1927.

Grandma's family did not have a chain saw in those days. The guy had a great big circular saw which was run by gasoline. "It made a putt-putt noise," said Grandma. Then the machine backfired. "It was really fun to watch and listen to," Grandma recalled.

A big event for my grandma's family was going all the way to Crystal Falls to visit relatives. In the morning when it was still dark her mom and dad woke them up to get ready. "We would be half asleep and we would get up in the morning and go!" recalled Grandma. When they finally got to Crystal Falls, they visited with relatives, ate, and attended the Fourth of July parade. There was a picnic and many relatives were there. There was a roast pig and apple pies. "They were good cooks," said Grandma. Her mother brought cookies and cardamon coffee cake as her share. "I suppose we ate like hogs," said Grandma. There were cousins the same age as my grandma and they had fun playing baseball! Because travelling was so slow in the old cars, they stayed overnight.

"Thinking back to Christmas time, we didn't put the Christmas tree until Christmas Eve," said Grandma. They had real candles on the tree which they lit only on Christmas Eve. Each child had to watch a couple of candles because the tree could catch on fire. Kids were careful with the tree because they loved it. There were paper decorations on the tree and paper tinsel. They had a few of the fancy things like Christmas balls and tinsel in colors.

For Christmas, Mrs. Claus, or my grandma's mother, put a stick of gum and a popcorn ball in her stocking, and if she was lucky she got a candy bar. For gifts they received some different kinds of candy and a coloring book, and the girls also got a doll. "Once I remember getting tracing paper and a doll," said Grandma.

In school, at Christmas, students got candy in an ice cream carton and in the middle was an orange. Her brother and sister, Esther and Jug, ate theirs right away. "I didn't want to eat it, I liked to save it. The orange dried up like leather; boy did I get teased!" said Grandma.

Grandma had attended the Tilden Township School, but she was switched to the National Mine School. Her grandpa Kytosaari was the bus driver. They rode in his own Model-T Ford with a bear skin rug over their laps to keep warm.



Grandma Hill with her children in 1985. Standing (from left) are Amy, Jennifer, and Bonnie. Sitting are Mike, Grandma, and Bert.

“My mother was expecting a baby in May, and we were still in school in June. I knew that the ‘Big Day’ had come, because my dad stayed home from work. My sister and I ran home at morning recess and sure enough, we had a baby brother!” The doctor said, “This isn’t a baby. It’s a man!” Why? Because he weighed 12 pounds and was 24 inches long. “That was my brother Ensio. My brother Edlund, and my sister Eileen were born at the hospital,” Grandma recalled.

“It was fun being at Grandpa and Grandma Kytosaari’s when I was a kid. We got to ride on the big hay load when it was ready to bring to the loft, and ride on the pigs and collect eggs. My grandpa would read from the Bible out loud and sing hymns. He was also substitute minister at times,” Grandma said.

Before my grandma became an adult she had a job working for her dad at their farm. My grandma did not have to milk the cows for the dairy business but she had to wash milk bottles, and wash clothes with a washboard and wringer. “I helped a lady there. I’d go down there and work for twenty-five cents a day,” said Grandma. That wasn’t much but it meant maybe she could go somewhere and maybe go to the show for fifteen cents. “The shows were fifteen cents by then,” said Grandma.

My grandma was lucky to have a job during the Depression. She worked at the Anderson Hotel for fourteen dollars a month and her room and board with every other Sunday afternoon off.

The years that followed brought World War II. During the war, Grandma worked in a defense plant in Waukegan, Illinois. For the war effort she bought War Bonds and worked for the Red Cross and the USO. “I met lots of people from our home town,” she stated.

Grandma met John Hill during the war. They were married in the garden at the farm. They had five special children and moved to National Mine. “We bought Captain Trebilcock’s house so the kids could attend the National Mine School. Bert was in National Mine’s last graduating class. He and his wife, Carol, and daughter, Heidi, now live in the original Trebilcock house.”

John, her husband, became the treasurer of Tilden Township. He could fix anything and had a good sense of humor, and he was very interesting to talk with.

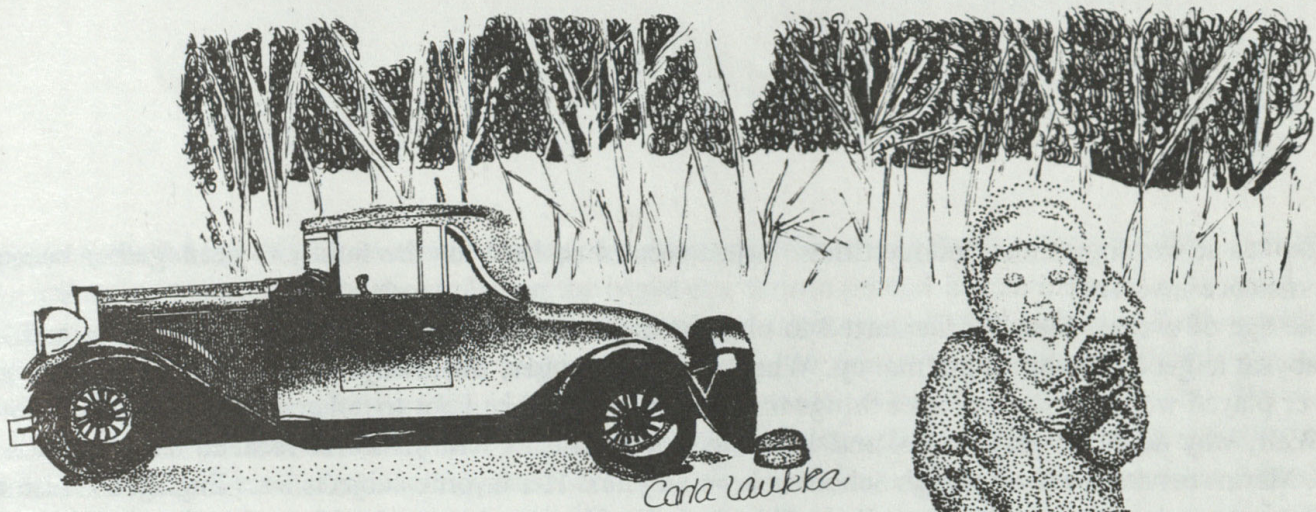
Grandma has eleven grandchildren who are “all individuals, and my joy,” stated Grandma. Grandma enjoys activities such as picking blueberries, and taking saunas with her grandchildren.

I had a nice talk with my grandma and I learned a lot about how it was when she was young and a lot about my grandma. Life was not as easy as I thought, and I admire her very much.

— Tom Rajala



Grandma, the day she married
John Hill in 1948.



PRACTICE REALLY DOES MAKE PERFECT

“I think some kind of goal and a purpose in life, a sense of right and wrong, a sense of discipline to accomplish the things that you really want to do.” These were the inspiring words of Luella Marin, piano teacher and organist.

Mrs. Marin’s parents, Alice and John Latola, were both born in Finland. They came to America and Michigan’s Upper Peninsula when they were just infants. Her grandparents decided to come to America because they were in search of jobs. Mrs. Marin’s mother was born in Ylivieska, Finland, whereas her father was born in a small town near Oulu, Finland.

Mrs. Marin was born in Gwinn, Michigan, in 1928. She was not an only child, for she had two sisters, named Norma and Karen. Some of Mrs. Marin’s daily chores as a child included keeping her room neat and clean, helping with the dishes, dusting furniture, and carrying the wood for the stove. When the chores were finished, she and her friends went swimming in the Escanaba River, or in the winter they skied and ice skated.

The whole town of Gwinn joined in a Christmas celebration which was held in the clubhouse that housed the school’s gymnasium. “Santa came on Christmas Eve and gave candy and oranges to all the children in the town.” Mrs. Marin remembered the scene vividly, and told me how the Gwinn High School Band, along with the chorus, came and sang carols all evening. This was a very big event in Gwinn, and many townspeople were present to share in the festivities. Although Mrs. Marin did not go to any family reunions, she did see

her relatives at weddings or at holiday times. It just seemed so hard for the family to get together because of the distance involved.

At the age of twelve, Mrs. Marin started to play the organ at Grace Lutheran Church in Gwinn, and she also babysat to get a little bit of pin money. When she was younger, she always dreamed of being a teacher. "I never played with dolls or did other things that the kids did. When I got together with my friends I would say, 'Well, why don't we play school and let me be the teacher?'," Mrs. Marin recalled laughingly.

Mrs. Marin attended the Gwinn High School in her teen years. Her favorite subjects were English and history, which were two classes she did very well in. She liked all of her teachers and told me that then it was easier to be a student than it is now. "We did not have all the extracurricular activities that seem to be so prevalent now," she stated. Mrs. Marin had to walk about a mile to school. There were only nineteen people in her graduating class. Mrs. Marin played the piano at choral concerts at the school. She also played at some PTA meetings when she was in high school.

After high school, Mrs. Marin attended what is currently Northern Michigan University for four years where she earned her bachelor's degree. Although Mrs. Marin majored in music, she taught English and history at a public school, and directed the Girl's Glee Club.

Mrs. Marin said she learned to play the piano because it was her mother's idea. Her mother was quite musical, but she never had the chance to take lessons. Her mother enrolled Mrs. Marin with her first teacher, Virginia Schugren. Her sisters also took lessons. Miss Schugren was Mrs. Marin's teacher for her first ten years. Since Miss Schugren lived in Ishpeming, she had to take the Northwestern train every Saturday to teach in Gwinn. She taught at one house all day. When she stopped doing that, Mrs. Marin traveled to Ishpeming to continue lessons from Miss Schugren.

Mrs. Marin recalled the time she was in a recital in which she did two piano music. Two piano music is when two people play a duet on two different pianos! Mrs. Marin did this duo recital with her sister. The recitals that Mrs. Marin played in were public recitals held in the Gwinn High School.

Although Mrs. Marin did not always love to, she practiced about an hour a day. "I do remember that lessons were a real luxury for us in our family." Mrs. Marin explained that it was a real sacrifice on the part of her parents to let her take lessons because they cost the princely sum of fifty cents a half an hour. Both of Mrs. Marin's parents were musically inclined, although they did not have any formal training. "My father and mother were good singers, and my grandfather had an organ in his home. I remember that he picked out tunes and sang." Mrs. Marin has had lessons off and on all of her life from many teachers. She also had lessons during college.

Mrs. Marin played the organ at church from the age of twelve until she was about twenty-four. She stopped playing for a while to start a family with her husband, Martin. Mrs. Marin and her husband were married on June 24, 1950. In 1955, they moved to Ishpeming with their two children, Paul and Peter, who were born in 1951 and 1953. In 1958, their daughter Ann was born, and their youngest son, John, was born in 1962. Mrs. Marin and her husband currently live on 218 Maple Street in Ishpeming. Martin Marin, who is a Michigan Technological University graduate, is now retired, but he previously worked as a mining engineer and a Deputy Base Civil Engineer.

Mrs. Marin has been playing the organ again for about seventeen years, most often the organ at the Bethel Lutheran Church, but sometimes she plays at other churches as a substitute musician at weddings or funerals. Mrs. Marin recalled a couple of her experiences. One time Mrs. Marin was playing the organ for a wedding, and the window near the organ was open. The music blew right off the music rack! "I can't remember what

happened, but I don't think it was quite the catastrophe it could have been!" Mrs. Marin told me, laughingly. Mrs. Marin told another story about playing the organ at a church service and smoke started to spiral around in front of her. "I could smell it and see it, and I wondered what on earth had happened," she stated. Mrs. Marin shut off the organ, and she sent a note with the usher to the pastor informing him that she was too afraid to play the organ any longer. Mrs. Marin finished the service on the piano that was nearby. She received a comment after the service stating that she must have played some pretty hot music to have smoke coming out of the organ! What had really happened was that dust which had collected on some of the contacts was burning off.

Mrs. Marin practices the organ at the church at least once a week, sometimes more. "Playing the organ is really fascinating and the time just slips away from you. Lots of times I say well, I've got about a half an hour, I'll run down there. I'm just amazed to see that I've put in a lot more time than that," Mrs. Marin said. She plays at the church service Sunday mornings and sometimes Saturday evenings or for Finnish services. Although she is not the only organist at Bethel Lutheran Church, Mrs. Marin considers herself a principal player there.

Of Mrs. Marin's four children — Paul, Peter, Ann and John — two are very artistic. Her daughter, Ann, is a talented weaver and drawer. Ann's career deals with architecture and drawing. Mrs. Marin's son, John, an excellent painter, is making his living in graphic arts as an art director with an international firm in Chicago. Mrs. Marin's home shows how proud she is of her family and Finnish background. There are various weavings and paintings done by her children on the walls. Also displayed are many artifacts and hand-crafted items from Finland. Mrs. Marin has collected these during the four times she visited Finland. She told me Finland is a wonderful place.

Mrs. Marin's family and time to travel are very important to her as is her piano. One very major part of piano is, of course, practice. "I do not think that most people love to practice. They love to play, but a lot of times you don't feel like practicing and you go to the piano and say, 'Well, it's my time to practice.' Once you get started, it does not seem like such a chore." I know this is true because I'm a student of Mrs. Marin, and these intelligent words are quite true! Sometimes I may not feel like practicing, but once I start it's not so bad.

Mrs. Marin was also choir director at Bethel Lutheran Church for about fifteen years, but she gave that job up a couple of years ago. Before this, Mrs. Marin directed youth choirs and a four-part mixed choir, but she has never directed a children's choir. Mrs. Marin explained the difficulty in teaching voice. "I think voice would be harder to teach because it's more intangible. Whatever comes out of the piano is the fault of the piano — you don't have to worry about pitch, tone, and how to use your throat and tongue when you play the piano, but when you sing you need to worry about those things," she explained.

Mrs. Marin started giving piano lessons when she was in high school because no one else in Gwinn offered lessons. This was how she ended up doing all the church playing too. Mrs. Marin has taught piano most of her adult life, except when her children were young.

Mrs. Marin holds at least two recitals a year. The Christmas recital is held at her home. It's an informal setting to give the new students a chance to see what a recital is like.

Mrs. Marin's public recital is held at the Bethel Lutheran Church in the spring. Sometimes Mrs. Marin has a private recital where one student gives the whole recital. "Lots of things happen in recitals. You never know what's going to happen no matter how well trained your student is or yourself for that matter." Mrs. Marin remembered one amusing incident. She had a young girl who had noticed that the bigger students, who played before her, were using the pedal, so of course she wanted to use the pedal also. The only problem

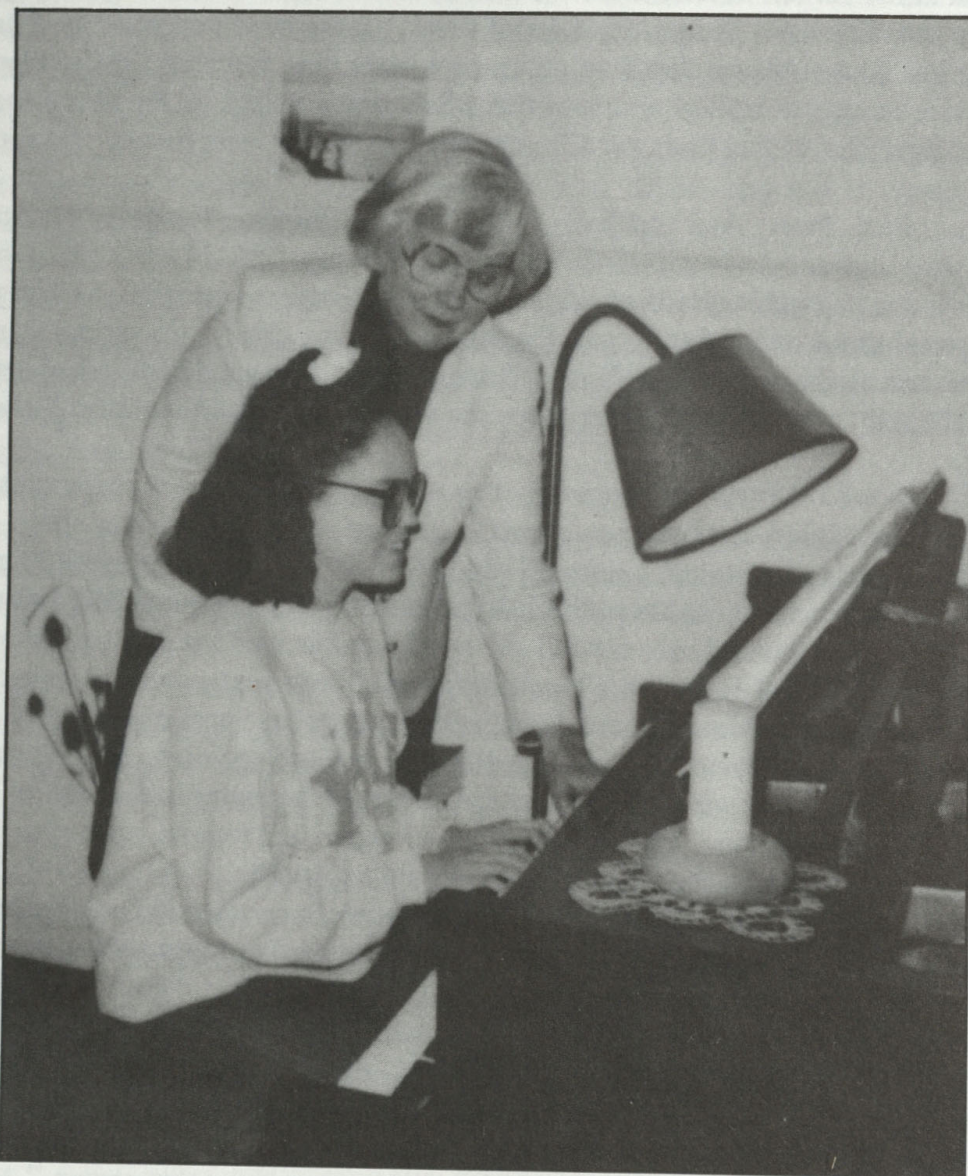
was the little girl couldn't even reach the pedal! When it was her turn, she went up to the piano, stood up, put her feet on the pedals, and just played away!

When I asked Mrs. Marin who inspired her to become a piano teacher, she told me about a wonderful lady that could be an inspiration to all. "I did have one teacher when I was in college who inspired me in many ways, not only to become a teacher, but I really looked up to her as somebody really special. She encouraged me very much, and always gave me the feeling that I could do anything I wanted to if I put my mind to it. I really looked up to her. I thought she was an excellent teacher. Not only was she a teacher, but she was a friend." Mr. Marin also displays this quality of relating to her students.

Currently, Mrs. Marin gives lessons two days a week because she does not want to teach five days a week as she did before. She told me that she's "sort of retired."

When I asked Mrs. Marin to compare students twenty years ago with students now, she said, "I think that they're basically the same. Of course, some of my students are very dedicated to piano and others are not," she responded. Mrs. Marin does think that her current students do not seem to have as much time to practice because they have many more diversions. There are so many new inventions with television and everything that she never had as a child. When Mrs. Marin was young, she had lots of time to practice. It's kind of hard to squeeze in practice time with so many new things to do.

There have been many memorable events in Mrs. Marin's life including the day she was married, when



Luella Marin with piano student Jennifer Mongiat.

HE SUCCEEDED IN TEACHING AND SINGING

her children were born, and her first trip overseas to visit some relatives in Scandinavia. "There have been many highlights!" exclaimed Mrs. Marin.

Another highlight of Mrs. Marin's life is her experience as a teacher. "To be a teacher is very rewarding. To see in a student his potential. To teach someone something and know you taught them that. Just knowing you helped a person is very rewarding," explained Mrs. Marin.

Mrs. Marin's early opportunity to take piano lessons really shaped her future, for Mrs. Marin's life has revolved around music.

She is an inspiration to my just as her teacher was to her, for she is a wonderful teacher and a friend. I really look up to Mrs. Marin as someone to be like when I grow up — talented, kind, and friendly. She is someone to model myself after, and I am thankful for the opportunity of knowing this exceptional lady.

— Jennifer Mongiat



HE SUCCEEDED IN TEACHING AND SINGING

As Jack Boase said, "A small town, the people are so friendly, they care about each other. They watch over their neighbor, and they won't let their neighbor suffer." This is why he chooses to live in a small town like Ishpeming. Jack was born on September 1, 1930, in Ishpeming, Michigan, and he was raised by two loving parents, Raymond and Lucille Boase.

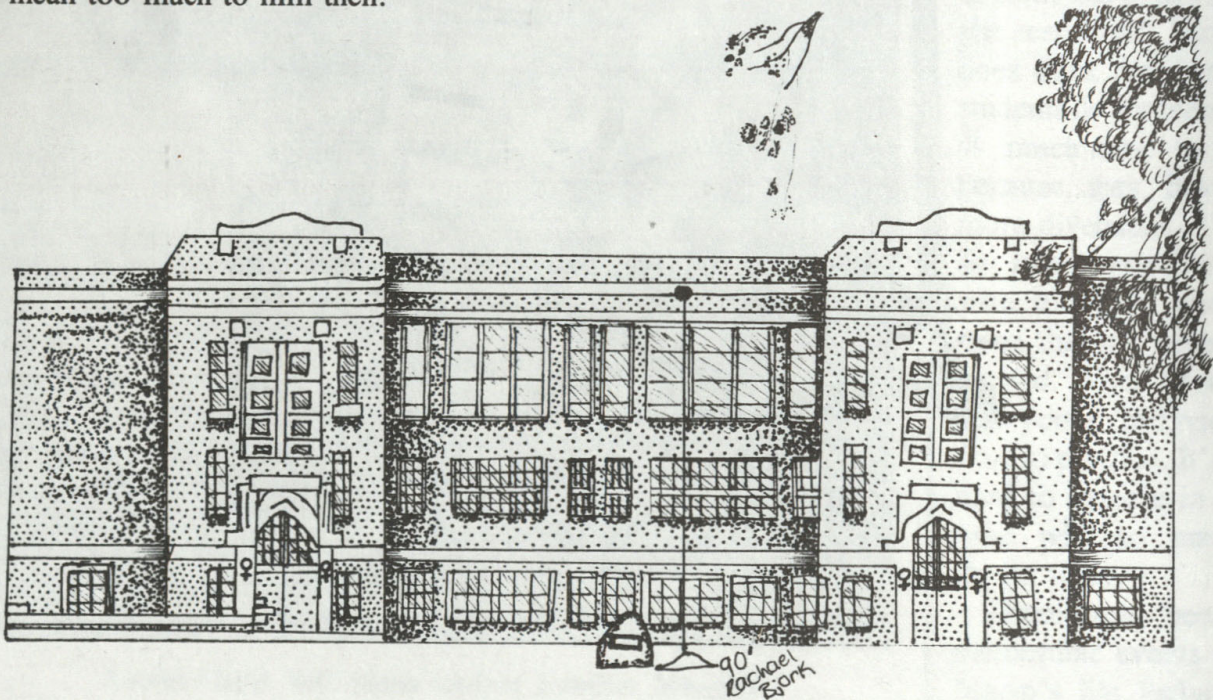
Since Jack was an only child, he had few responsibilities around the house. Jack put the coal, that lasted all day long, in their stoker coal furnace in the morning. He also shoveled sidewalks in the winter. His parents had many of the modern conveniences that we have today.

Although Jack wasn't born when the stock market crashed in 1929, it didn't affect Jack's parents because they didn't have a lot of money or any stock investments. People who worked in the mines had no money to invest.

Jack said the Great Depression started with the Crash of '29 but it didn't hit Upper Michigan right away, but it continued until World War II started in 1940. The Depression affected everybody to a certain extent. People didn't have any work. Some got handouts for their food. Jack's dad went out and cleaned chimneys and helped build the sidewalk between Ishpeming and Negaunee which is still there. His father took odd jobs to keep the family in food.

As an adolescent during World War II, Jack remembered the people in the town took part in gathering empty tin cans, paper drives and the tin foil drives. People put cans, paper, and foil on their sidewalks and the Boy Scouts, of which Jack was a member, gathered the goods on Saturdays with the aid of city trucks. The goods were sent away for the war effort. Tin cans were melted down, paper recycled, and tin foil used in making ammunition. Three weekends a month the Boy Scouts gathered these materials, and the whole town of Ishpeming took part in the war efforts.

Jack still remembered that he was making a go-cart when he heard about the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. He also said it wasn't much of a surprise that we were at war, but since he was only twelve years old, it didn't mean too much to him then.



Jack began his teaching career at the Champion School.

As food rationing went on, each family received a booklet with a number of stamps in it. The stamps were taken to the store for groceries. The amount of money a person had didn't make a difference, for they needed the stamps to buy goods. If a person did not have the stamps, goods could not be purchased. Canned goods and sugar were not for sale. Jack also remembered that tires for cars and bicycles weren't readily available. If bike tires or car tires were out, a person had to hang up their bike or put away their car.

Jack also explained the use of victory gardens. People planted their own vegetables so they didn't have to depend on buying goods. He explained that people had gardens in their backyards. They'd dig up topsoil in their yards and plant their own vegetables because so many canned goods were shipped to the war effort in the Pacific and Atlantic for our fighting men. The site of the present St. Joseph's Church, then a huge triangle, was parceled out into about a hundred victory gardens. Jack's father planted a thirty-foot by twenty-foot victory garden on that parcel of land. Hard work went into those gardens by the people in this area.

The townspeople helped by conserving on gasoline. Consumers only got three gallons of gasoline with "A" stamps. Farmers got "B" stamps which gave five gallons of gasoline because they needed gas to run their farm machinery.

Jack learned about the war overseas by listening to the radio. They listened for the news, and commentators like Gabriel Heater and Walter Winchell told how the war effort was progressing. People in the U.S. heard what the war correspondents told them, as the correspondents tried to describe the war that they were witnessing. Words are never as graphic as pictures to show the horrors of war. Jack also explained that during World War II it was constant fighting.

The war years found Jack's father working in the mines. He was locked into his job which meant that he couldn't quit his job if he didn't like it. His father had a very important job in regards to the war effort. He worked long hours for very little pay. Producing iron ore for the war was considered a priority, so it was a big job. All the mines were fenced off and the people who worked in that property had an identification badge to get in because they didn't want anybody blowing up the mines.

Jack explained that residents of the community had a star on their door representing each member of their family in the service. If it was a blue star, their son or daughter was alive, but if it was a gold star, the family member was deceased. Notification of death in the service was done by a Western Union messenger who rode around on a bicycle. He brought telegrams to parents notifying them that their son or daughter was wounded or killed. It was a daily thing, and the messenger covered Ishpeming and Negaunee because the towns were so small. If Jack remembered right, he thought twenty-two men in Ishpeming were killed in World War II.

As Jack recalled, in school they talked about the war a lot. It was a daily conversation, and they'd take a half hour and discuss what they heard on the radio and from people in the students' families. Almost every single kid in the school had somebody in their family involved in the war. Youngsters told how their brothers or sisters were wounded or shipped to France, Germany, or to the Pacific islands.

Jack learned of President Roosevelt's death by listening to the radio. Roosevelt died on April 12, 1945, and Americans knew the war was coming to an end, for the Allies had the Germans almost into Berlin. The Russians were pushing on one side and the Allies — French, English, and Americans — were pushing from the other side. The war effort was going fairly well in the Pacific against the Japanese. They heard that President Truman was the new President of the U.S., and he served as President during the remainder of the war. The war ended in Europe first and the Japanese surrendered after the atomic bombs were dropped in August of 1945.

Jack recalled that he was playing with a friend at the time when they heard the fire sirens go off for a lengthy

period of time. This meant the war was over. Everyone went downtown and the celebration lasted until the early morning hours. Nobody went home, not even the kids, for the celebration lasted all night.

As Jack recalled his school experiences, he said he didn't like school much because he was immature and didn't have a good attitude about it. It wasn't until his high school years that he saw a purpose for education. As Jack said, "There's not much difference in kids today than kids yesterday, except they were a little more self-reliant. They didn't rely on their parents for everything, and they did more things on their own."

Jack's years of public schooling were spent at the High Street School and Grammar School. Schools haven't changed a whole lot, only the buildings are different. Jack said, "Back then the teachers would make sure you listened. If you were smartalecky, they'd slap your face."

Jack remembered numerous humorous incidents but he said, "You'd have to be there to think it was funny." Like today, the kids then had little cliques of friends, and they had their own slang sayings. The teachers didn't understand their conversations, and it was fun to talk around them just like students do today.

Jack had all the same subjects in school as we have today. He remembered that social studies is what he liked best.

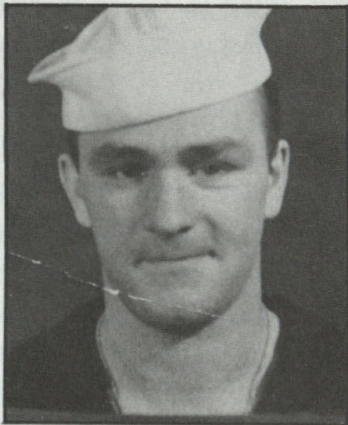
Jack walked a mile to school every day because Ishpeming didn't have school buses until the 60's or 70's. He walked his mile in the morning to school, home again at noon, back for his afternoon classes and home again at night.

In addition to school, Jack participated in sports such as basketball, football, baseball, and track. He also was in Boy Scouts. Most of the time Jack and his friends played sandlot baseball and football. He and his friends congregated near a place called Sportland which was a bowling alley and billiards hall.

In the fall, Jack hunted. He mostly hunted rabbits and birds, but he didn't particularly care for deer hunting. As he laughed and said, "I might shoot one and then have to clean it."

During the winter season in the Ishpeming area, Jack recalled that nearly everybody skied. In fact, there were probably thirty ski hills that kids made themselves. He also remembered that another favorite activity for many was skating. The skating rinks were twice as big as they are now. Both adults and kids skated, and there could be as many as 200 people on the rinks at once!

During his high school years, Jack's first job was with a candy wholesaler. He visited various businesses and distributed candy and cigarettes.



Jack while serving in the Navy during the Korean War.

Jack graduated from Ishpeming High School and he immediately enlisted for action in the Korean War. Jack served in the Navy. He did his basic training at Great Lakes, Illinois. He shared with me interesting things that he had learned. He learned how to fight fires aboard ship and how to swim away from a sinking ship. He completed boot camp, and he was sent to Norfolk, Virginia. The rest of his company went to San Diego to reactivate a ship that had not been used after World War II. Jack and two others were sent out to the East Coast where he was put into a Naval In-

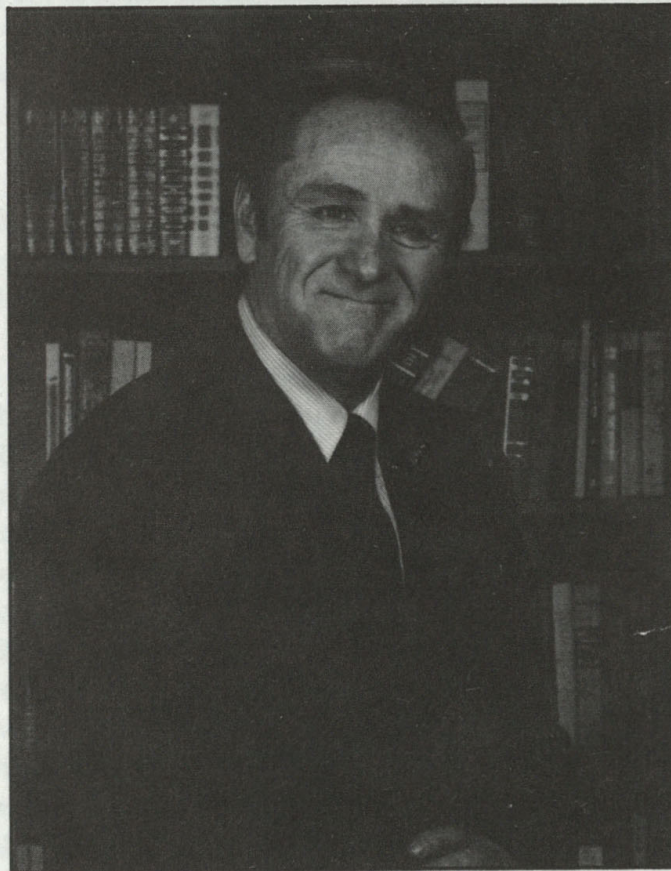
telligence division. Jack dealt with criminal things that military people were involved in whether they were in the Army, Navy, Marines, or Air Force.

Following his service time, Jack returned to college at what is now Northern Michigan University where he earned both his Bachelor's and Master's Degrees. Northern Michigan University was much smaller when he started, for there were about 800 students. Jack described Northern as more like a glorified high school at that time. Right after the Korean War the university started to grow fast, and the students population had grown to 2,000 by the time he graduated. He explained that at that time the university was titled Northern Teachers College, and it wasn't a university until he got his master's degree.

Jack's first job after graduating from college was as a vocal music teacher at Champion, for four years. Jack continued his teaching career and is currently teaching sixth grade in the Negaunee Middle School, and driver's education in the summer.

In addition to education, another big part of Jack's life is music. He started to sing with his dad, and his brothers and sisters when he was about nine or ten years old. His family was not really eager to have him sing with them because they sang harmony and his harmonizing ability had not yet developed. Jack has sung in the church choir since he was fourteen years old which means this is his forty-second year as a choir member.

Jack's love of music and talent led him to start a singing group called the Choraleers. The music the Choraleers



Jack Boase

sang was Fred Waring-type of music which only used the piano as accompaniment.

Jack is responsible for bringing quality musical entertainment to the Marquette County region, for he is currently directing a group called Allegro which he started in 1975. Allegro is now more popular than the Choraleers were. The music Allegro performs is a Ray Coniff-type of music. The five instrument combo — piano, guitar, drums, bass, and percussion — gives them more rhythm and the music is upbeat.

There are about twenty singers in Allegro along with one announcer, two sound people, and Jack, the director. As the director, Jack chooses the songs that the group sings. To become a member of Allegro a person must audition; acceptance into the group depends on how rapidly a person learns music, how they sound, and how well they sing with others. Allegro meets and practices one a week, but before performances the practices are more numerous. Concerts are given every three to four weeks.

During many concerts there's a little interesting story that goes on which most of the audience is not aware of. The people who are singing may forget their words and have to improvise, or the vocalist gets stuck but the audience does not know the difference. Jack laughed, saying that some of the people are pretty good at making up words.

Looking back over the scope of his life, Jack said the memories of World War II are very strong because so many things happened. The war left large markings on people's memories. Things like the deaths of sons, daughters, brothers, and sisters of families will never be forgotten.

Jack stated the incident which had the greatest impact on his life was his graduation from college because it gave him the opportunity to do a job that he enjoys — teaching.

Jack has been married for thirty-seven years to Jan Boase. They have four children: Steven, Brian, David and Julie, and seven grandchildren. Jack stated, "Seeing my kids succeed in what they're doing . . . your own children succeeding in life," is his most rewarding life experience.

— Kim Clark



Jane Dawe in December, 1986.

LONG TIME TO BE COMING AND GOING

Jane Dawe is an extraordinary woman who has lived through such historic events as the Great Depression, World Wars I and II, has been affected by the deadly swine flu of 1918, saw the famous *Titanic*, and remembers when Lindberg first crossed the Atlantic Ocean in a plane.

Jane, who was born to Daniel and Mary O'Keefe on April 23, 1893, in Liverpool, England, was one of seven children in the family.

Liverpool is a big seaport town on the River Mersey in England. Jane recalled seeing many different nationalities living in Liverpool when she was young. A highlight of her life in Liverpool was touring the *Titanic*. The *Titanic* had docked on the River Mersey and people were paying to see the great ship before its maiden voyage. Remembering what it was like, Jane had only one thing to say, "It was like a palace." This awesome liner was advertised as unsinkable, and when the tragedy of the sinking of the *Titanic* was released many people could not believe it. Jane had several friends who were on the *Titanic* and on their way to America.

Jane, who has a great presence when telling a story, also has a vivid memory of a humorous childhood incident. During the time when Jane was growing up, children received one penny for Christmas which purchased one doll that all the girls in the family shared. The boys bought candy or cards to trade. One year when Jane was just a child of six or seven, she received, in addition to her penny, a handkerchief for Christmas. Jane had a terrible cold when she attended church the next morning. Naturally, she wanted to use her new handkerchief. By the time she returned home it was dripping wet, and to dry it out she held it out over the fireplace. She stated, "I didn't hold it tight enough, so when a gust of wind came through the house, my handkerchief went up the chimney! I cried out to my mum and she said, 'You must have done something bad because Santa Claus came and took it back.'"

Jane loved the Christmases of her childhood. She recalled big suppers that consisted of plum pudding, turkey, and mincemeat pie which was a Liverpool specialty.

Life was much different in the early 1900's. Apprenticeships were common during that era, and after students received an eighth grade education, they either appointed themselves to a dressmaker or a trade they wanted to excel in, or they continued their schooling. Jane went to a shoe shop to learn how to fit shoes properly. Later, she worked in an ammunition factory in Liverpool that manufactured guns and other war materials.

Working at the ammunition factory played a big role in Jane's life, for she met her husband, Jack Dawe, there. Jack was born and raised in Cornwall, England, which is located 500 miles south of Liverpool. Cornwall is a beautiful country, and its people specialized in making Cornish pasties. "I hate to say so but, Cornish pasties taste better than the Upper Peninsula pasties. There are some good pasty makers in Ishpeming, but I think there's nothing like a Cornish pasty made in Cornwall." Jane explained that Jack's mother tried to teach her how to make a Cornish pasty. Thinking that she knew how to make one, she went back to Liverpool, but the pasty turned out like a pudding! If that wasn't enough, her husband criticized her crimping of the crust and then did it himself, perfectly! Jane finally figured out why she could not crimp the crust as well, for both Jack and his mother were left handed and she was right handed!

Jane and Jack were married in a simple ceremony. The bride and groom dressed in their best suits so they could work afterwards. The relationship remained a strong one for the thirty years they were married until Jack passed away.

In 1918, the deadly Swine flu swept through Liverpool and whole families were wiped out. One night Jane was talking to a lady at dinnertime and by eight o'clock that night the lady had died from the Swine flu. Luckily, Jane only suffered a mild case.

When I asked Jane about mourning customs in England, she explained that the bereaved wore black clothing and black crepe on their dress and hat for three months, followed by six months of wearing nothing but black. After nine months the bereaved wore black, gray, or lavender for the rest of the year.



Jane Dawe at age 30.

Jane remembered emigrating from England with her daughter, Mabel, seven years old, to join her husband who had already been in the United States for two years. When she arrived in New York the weather was 26 degrees below zero, and she was not dressed in warm clothing. Jane paid her own way to America, as she put it, "You paid your own way or else you didn't go." Although she was thirty-one years of age when she came to the United States, she became very homesick. Everywhere she went she thought, "It's better than this in England." At that time the only mode of transportation was by boat. Jane recalled wishing she could have flown across the ocean after Lindberg accomplished the feat.

After settling down in Crystal Falls and having another daughter, Beatrice, Jane was finally becoming somewhat accustomed to the States. She still wanted to return to her homeland, at least for a vacation, but that's when the Depression started.

All the mines closed down in Crystal Falls during the De-

pression so the Dawe family was forced to move to Negaunee where Jane's husband found work at a local mine. From there they moved to Ishpeming in the Salisbury location where her husband worked at the old Tilden Mine.

She strongly stressed how money was scarce during the Depression. She never had enough money to feed her family, much less go to Marquette to get things she needed.

World War II followed the Depression and after the Second World War, Jane finally returned to her beloved homeland, England.

Surprise and shock were some feelings she felt upon going back, especially since Liverpool was the second most bombed city in England. Great big stores were flattened to the ground. Churches and factories were destroyed and in ruins. Jane's childhood home was only one of five houses that were left standing in the area after the great bombing.

After Jane's husband died she moved from Salisbury to downtown Ishpeming. She now lives by herself in an apartment at Pine Bluffs in Ishpeming.

When I asked her how many times she had been back to England she told me she had gone back six times, "Then of course I'm ninety-six years old you know and that's a long time to be coming and going."

— Jenny Tyynismaa



Jane and Jack Dawe by the Salisbury home, c. 1945.

AHH, THE MEMORIES

“I had some of my best and worst times there,” said my father, John Ovink. He was remembering his times in Vietnam.

John was drafted into the United States Army in 1969. He did his basic training at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and he went to Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, for further training. After a furlough to visit his family, he was on his way. He thought his trip to Vietnam was very interesting. John left Oakland, California, on an airplane which made one stop at Anchorage, Alaska, where it was about -20 degrees. When the plane landed in Japan to refuel, it was in the mid-twenties. The last stop was Ton Son Nhut Air Force Base. When he got off the plane, he soon discovered that it was 110 degrees!

John was stationed at Vihn Long Airfield in South Vietnam during 1970 and 1971. “There was a battle all over, you didn’t know who was who,” stated John. “You could see people downtown who would be your friend during the day and shoot at you at night,” he continued.

Mr. Ovink was on a lot of convoys and was shot at a few times, but he was never seriously injured. He did not realize that he was being shot at until a bullet went through the cab, or somebody in the convoy ran over a mine. John remembered having to get up at 5:00 a.m. and hit the guard stations because there were mortar rounds coming in.

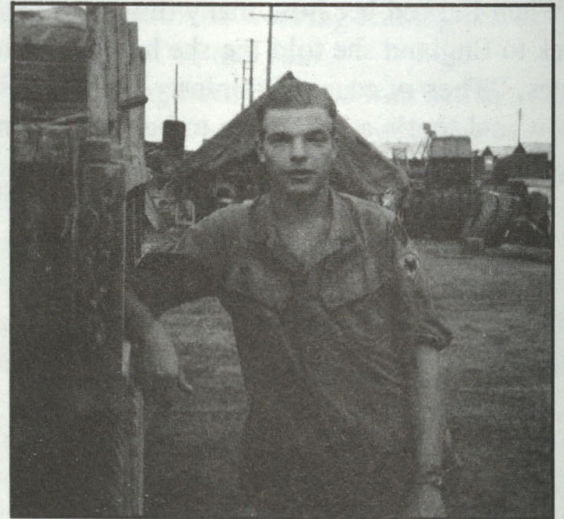
Military life for John followed a predictable routine. He rose at 6:00 a.m. and went to reveille, a bugle call at about sunrise which signaled the first military formation of the day. Next, he went to the mess hall for breakfast. After eating he went to morning formation where the soldiers were given their job for the day. Many times John had lunch on the road. Sometimes he worked until seven or eight at night.

Because they were engaged in military action, there were not many regulations to follow, just the basic military rules. He did not have to be at a certain place at a certain time. They were not harassed too much by their commanding officers because they were in a combat zone.

John served under many commanding officers. He and fellow soldiers had a first sergeant who was a real nice guy. When John returned from a convoy that sergeant had rotated, and they received a new one, who “thought he was still in the United States.” One night the soldiers rolled a canister of tear gas into his room and, “Ever since then he was the nicest guy you ever wanted to run into,” stated John. One company commander was a particularly nice guy, for every night he picked one of the barracks and visited the guys there.

For entertainment John and his fellow soldiers frequented the club for a few beers. He did get to watch a movie once in a while. There was a big projector set up outside right by the motor pool, or a supply storage where he sat on a flat bed trailer and watched the movie. “Usually something older. We never really got to see any fairly new ones,” John said laughing.

One of the most poignant situations that ever happened to John took place when he was working on the road. An old Vietnamese man who lived in a house right there invited John and a couple of the other guys to have tea with him. He and the other soldiers were trying to talk to him in the little bit of Vietnamese they knew. The man turned around and smiled at them and as



John Ovink, while serving in the U.S. Army during the Vietnam conflict.

it turned out, "He spoke better English than I did," said John. The Vietnamese man had graduated from the University of California at Los Angeles, and he had been in the Merchant Marines. He had been all over the world, and he was a chef. John asked him, "You have been all over the world, you could live anyplace you wanted to, why did you come back to this war-torn country?" The old Vietnamese man simply replied, "I am an old man, I am going to die soon, this is my home country, and I am going to die here." John thought that was very moving.

Another interesting event he shared with me took place when he was on a convoy. There were fifty trucks that were filled with airfield matting that were headed west from Bien Hoa towards the Cambodian border. After two days of driving they went up the side of a mountain which meant that they were no longer in the rice paddies of South Vietnam, but they were in the highlands of Cambodia. John sat there listening to President Richard Nixon on the radio saying, "We don't have any men in Cambodia." John questioned, "If we don't have any men in Cambodia, where was I?"

The highest rank held by John was an E-4. There is private, E-1, private E-2, a PFC, and there's specialist fourth class, which was the rank he held. When he had thirty days left in the United States Army, he was put up to the E-5 board. Because in thirty days the orders would never go through, he thought, why even bother?

John sometimes wondered about the outcome of the Vietnam War. Because it was a guerilla war he had an idea of what might happen, and it did. "We were just like the French and stuck our tails between our legs and snuck out while we had a chance," he stated. It was a war that could not be won the way the U.S. chose to fight it. The most rewarding thing that ever happened to John during the war was that after fourteen months he returned to the United States.

John was born on June 25, 1949, in Pontiac, Michigan, to Hank and Ethel Ovink. John had two brothers, Dennis and Douglas, but Douglas died in 1978.

John is married to Shelley Ovink. They live in Ishpeming with their children, Gregg, Valerie, Lori, Scott, and Michael.



John Ovink (right), pictured with (from left) his brother Dennis, his father, Hank, and mother, Ethel, in 1988.

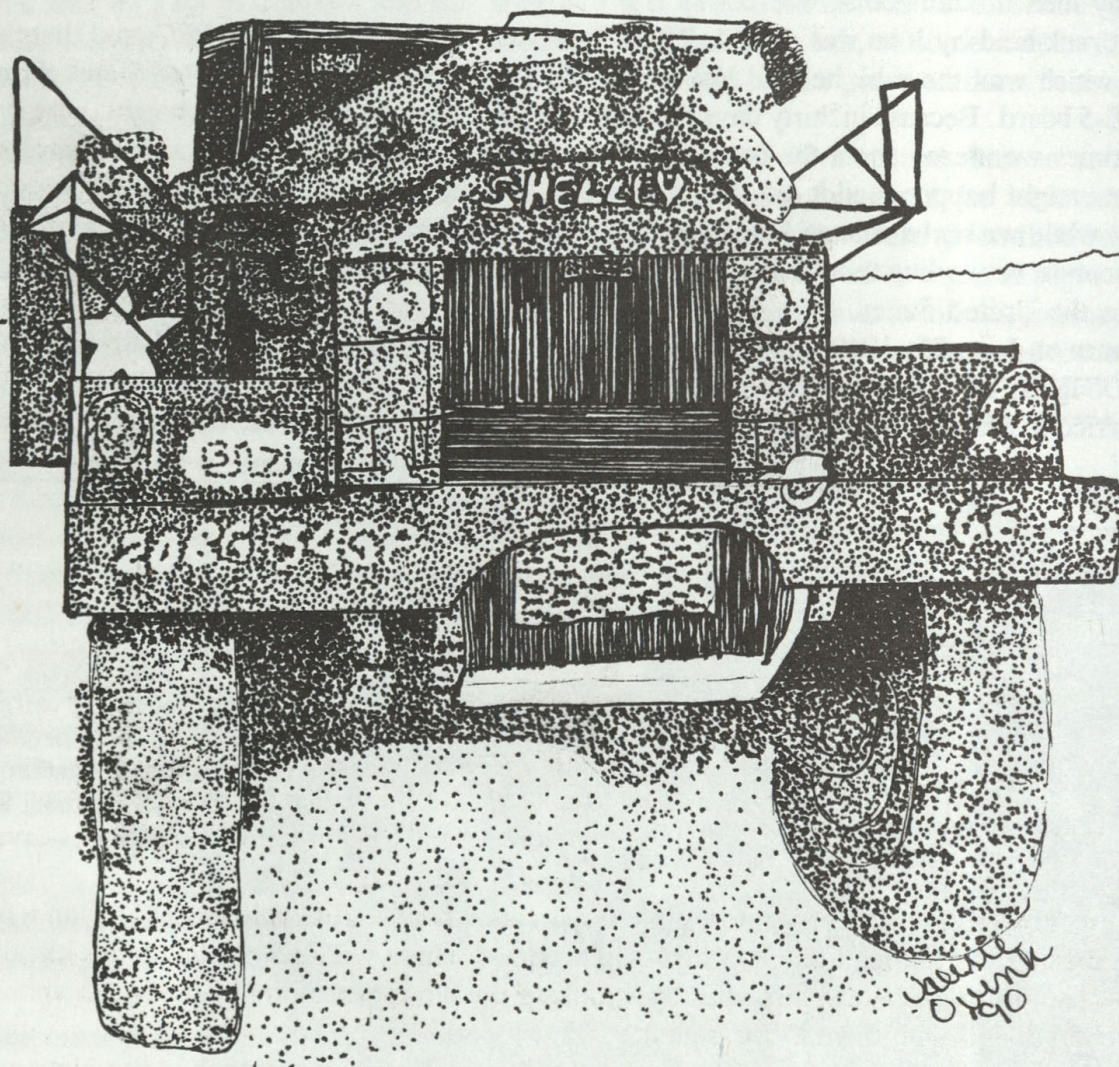
JOHN OVINK'S MEMORIES

When the war was officially over John was sitting at home watching TV. "You could watch everyone being evacuated, and they were pushing \$200,000 helicopters over the sides of aircraft carriers into the South China Sea," he stated.

War experiences have changed the way John thinks of life. He appreciates the things he has after seeing the way the people lived in Vietnam. "With the Berlin Wall coming down, people earning their freedom like that, it's really something. A lot of people don't realize what they have," said John stating his views.

Speaking with my father, John, was very interesting. I learned a lot about the Vietnam War and how things were there. I am very grateful that he could share that part of his life with me.

— Val Ovink



John Ovink during a "moment of rest" in Vietnam.

“FLYING THE BEST WITH THE BEST”

“Flying the best with the best,” is how Joseph Pietro, a sixty-six year old former pilot began to recall his flying experiences. Joe’s experience in the air included over 33,300 hours of aviation time, a feat which few people in America have achieved. His forty-two years as a pilot included a full Navy career and an airline career which spanned over thirty years.

Joe was born on March 30, 1924, in Negaunee, Michigan, to John and Agnes Pietro. The Pietro’s had five children, three boys and two girls. Joe’s family roots originate in Ireland and Austria, and his ancestors emigrated to the United States in the early 1890s, with his great-grandfather, John Pietro, the first to arrive.

Joe Pietro’s young boyhood days were spent during the Great Depression. “Living in the Great Depression was fun to a point,” Joe recalled. “Because we would look up to the ‘haves’ because we were the ‘have nots’.” At the time, Joe was not quite old enough to realize the effects of the Great Depression. I asked how the Great Depression changed his own life, and he answered, “By succeeding in coming through the Great Depression. I feel it prepared me as a young adult, that regardless of what future challenges I would face in life they would be ‘a piece of cake’ so to speak.” I asked Joe how the Great Depression changed his family life.

He replied by saying, “It affected us like all other families, it created cohesiveness second to none, and it taught us how to survive. Find a way or make one.” Joe’s family mainly lived off the land, for they grew their own potatoes, corn, radishes, and turnips. Joe also did lots of fishing and hunting.

From fifth grade until graduation, Joe attended the National Mine School. When I asked him if he enjoyed school, Joe replied, “I did, it was a learning process, a platform for being a better person and a more productive person.” Joe was a member of the National Mine basketball team which was the Class D champions in 1941. He was also a player on a softball team at National Mine. Joe was in many plays and other school activities and was part of the senior class play in 1941. Joe lived in a house that his parents built from “scratch” on a hill in National Mine, and he had to walk three miles there and back to school. He did not have the luxury of a school bus.

When Joe was young, he had a very interesting and unusual hobby. He made model airplanes out of a few pieces of wood using a whittling knife and his imagination. “There were no plastic model kits that you buy in stores now. I would make model airplanes by whittling the wood with a knife, putting them together, and making propellers to go with them,” Joe stated.

In his spare time as a youngster Joe often went ski jumping. He was a member of the National Mine Ski Club directed by Bill Dally. Joe participated in many ski jumping tournaments in such places as the Suicide Bowl in Ishpeming and Pine Mountain in Iron Mountain. Other less known places he remembered were



Joe Pietro in his retirement photo from Republic Airlines in 1985.

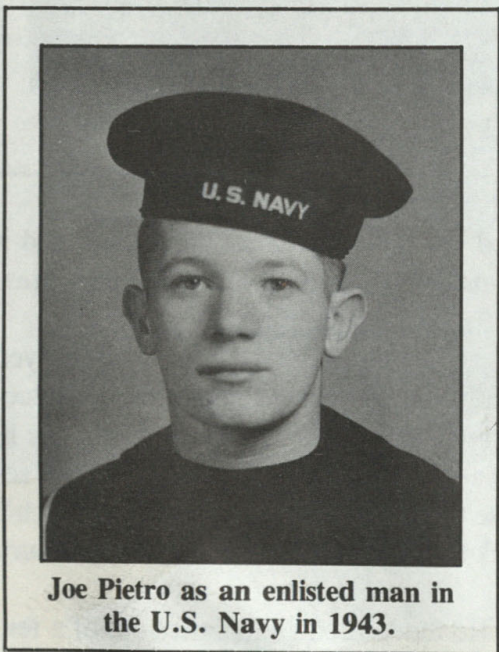
Pearlin Hill in Marquette, a hill in Rhinelander, Wisconsin, and a little ski hill in Negaunee.

Joe's childhood was not always fun and recreation, for he had much harder chores than people have today. I asked Joe what chores or responsibilities he had around the house. Joe responded by saying, "My job was to haul the water, there was no running water, and to haul the wood, and sweep the ashes." Other chores Joe took part in were cutting and splitting wood and shoveling the paths.

After high school Joe attended several colleges for the next seven and a half years. In Joe's first years as a cadet in the Navy, he attended the University of Iowa at Iowa City and also attended the College of Wooster in Wooster, Ohio. After Joe received his commission, he took correspondence courses from Stanford University in California. He also enrolled in more correspondence courses from the Naval War College and also the National War College. Joe was taught subjects that may not be familiar to many people. These subjects were: geopolitics and foundations of national power, strategy and tactics which were military orientated type courses to prepare someone for becoming a senior officer. The courses were founded on the mistakes that previous military people had made and how not to duplicate those mistakes with human lives and resources. When Joe completed college, he was a flight instructor. He was licensed to teach people how to fly an aircraft.

The first plane that Joe ever flew was a Taylor Craft which a pioneer aviator from Marquette, Sig Wilson, taught him how to fly.

With his college days behind him, Joe decided to serve in the Navy. He traveled to Chicago to do his basic training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. The first plane Joe flew in the Navy was an open cockpit Steerman that he flew wearing the oldtime goggles and scarf.



World War II approached and Joe enlisted as a Navy pilot. The F6F fighter planes were the kind of airplanes Joe flew during the war, and he spent time flying air evacuation flights. Joe's military career continued and he flew during the Korean War and the Vietnam War. During the Korean and Vietnam Wars, Joe flew transport planes and flew in combat zones in both wars. Being a pilot in three wars, Joe was in a lot of real dangerous situations that he said were too numerous to mention. Joe expressed that he is lucky to be here and that he is very thankful that he is alive and well.

While serving in the Korean and Vietnam Wars, Joe's favorite places to fly were Honolulu and Tokyo because there was a lot to learn and see. When I asked Joe how his war experiences changed his life, he replied, "Well, they taught me an awful lot that nothing is insurmountable regardless of the odds."

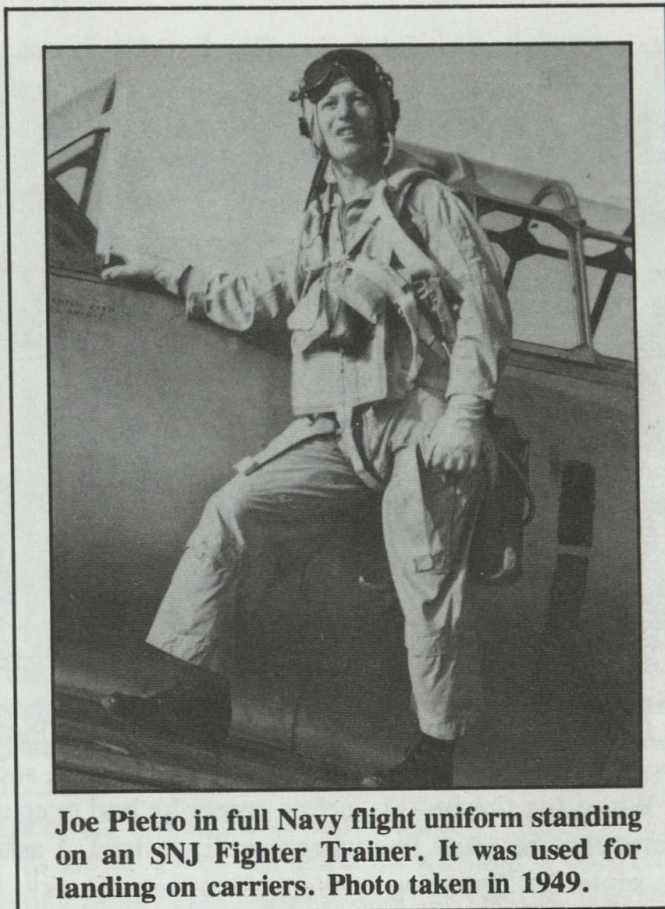
Spanning the years of Joe's impressive Naval career, he earned many medals and honors including the World War Victory Medal, the Navy Medal, for people who distinguished themselves by heroism not involving conflict with an enemy, the Asiatic Pacific Medal, the Southwest Pacific Medal, and the Vietnam Ribbon for service in the Vietnam War. When Joe retired from the U.S. Navy he was a full commander, one of the highest ranks an officer can achieve. When I asked Joe how he accomplished this high ranking he laughingly replied, "I guess hard work and luck." Joe recalled some of his commanding officers who were: Admiral Redford (Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff), "Jump-in" Joe Clifton, Admiral "Smokey" Streen, and Admiral Durgan.

After his illustrious Navy career, Joe decided to fly passengers for North Central Airlines. He flew a DC3 passenger plane which held twenty-seven passengers. He also was an airline captain for Republic Airlines. Joe's airline career totaled over thirty years, and he received a plaque from North Central Airlines after his retirement which documented his total aviation time at 33,300 hours. Approximately fifty people have achieved this award in the United States. The last plane Joe flew in his airline career was a DC9-80 jet airliner which is also his favorite plane. Joe expressed that the safest way to travel is scheduled airline flying.

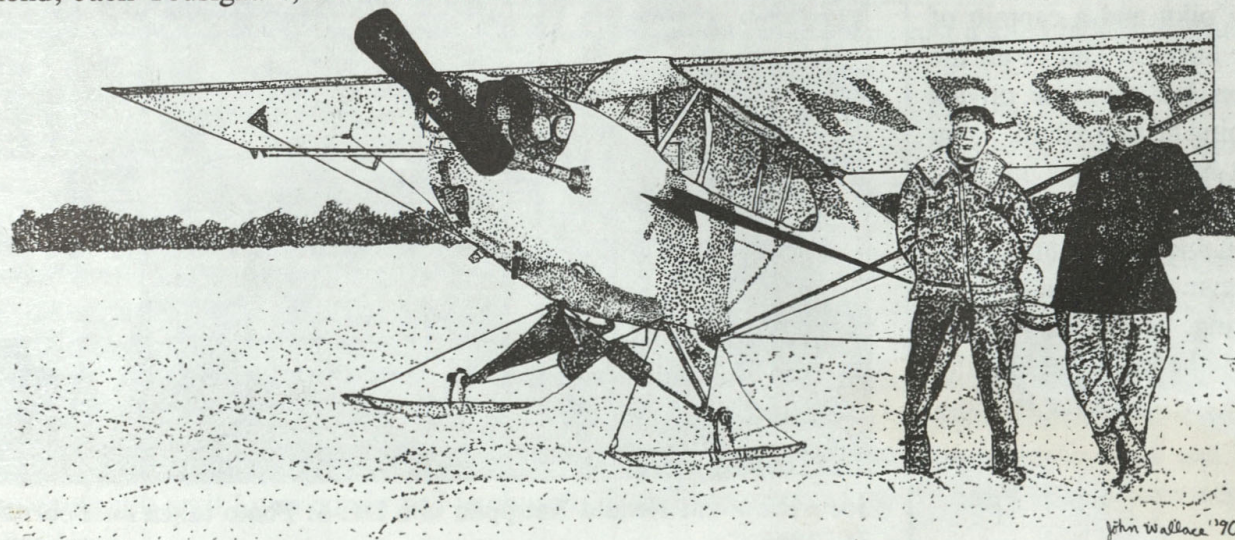
Reflecting back on his flying career, Joe recalled several incidents. A very interesting happening occurred when Joe flew the first paying customers out of Marquette in 1947. Two passengers: John D. Morrison and Al Smith were booked on Nation Wide Airline, a brand new airline and the airplane had a mechanical problem. Joe was called by the airline to fly the people to Lansing from the Marquette County Airport. A Long plane was used by Joe to fly the people downstate.

Another interesting story was when Joe landed a plane in Helsten's field in National Mine. He flew a Piper Cub on skis, the only airplane ever to land in National Mine.

To enable Joe to take off again, a few people in National Mine had to pack the snow down in the field with their skis. Another complication he encountered was having a passenger on board. Joe had to leave behind his friend, Jack Tousignant, because the field was so short and the extra weight was a factor.



Joe Pietro in full Navy flight uniform standing on an SNJ Fighter Trainer. It was used for landing on carriers. Photo taken in 1949.



A Piper Cub flown by Joe Pietro (left) with his friend Jack Tousignant. It was the only plane to land in National Mine.



Joe Pietro (center) and his J-3 Piper Cub in 1947. Among others in the picture are Fred Alderton, Paul Kaminen, Chuck Maki, Gerry Aho, Werner Maki, Bill Helsten, and Ray Maki.

Joe flew chartered flights for the Green Bay Packers on and off for thirty years. He also flew flights for the Minnesota Vikings, the Chicago Blackhawks, and the Northern Michigan University Wildcat football team.

When Joe finished his airline career he had been around the world three times, and back and forth so many times that he could live wherever he desired. I asked Joe what the most rewarding part of his life was and he replied, "Spending forty-two years in the sky, flying the best with the best." The most rewarding part of his career was making full commander in the Navy.

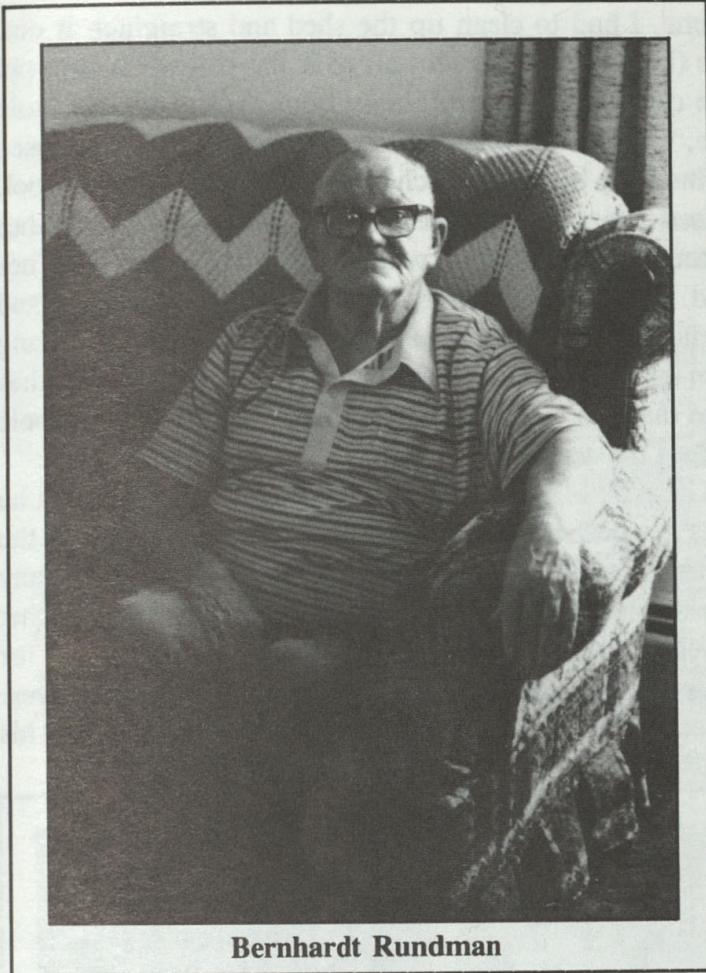
While spending the time that I did with Joe, I received extensive knowledge on the various activities of a Navy pilot and a captain of two major airlines. Out of all the information Joe gave me on his life, one thing he said often: "You should not be a follower but be a leader." Coming from this very knowledgeable and intelligent man, the saying was given a whole new meaning, because it was obviously how he had lived his life.

— John Wallace



Joe Pietro and Ronald Kauppila in a DC-6. Photo taken on February 21, 1965.

PAINTING — A RUNDMAN TRADITION



Bernhardt Rundman

Amazingly, Rundman and Sons' Painting and Decorating store, a business establishment in Ishpeming, Michigan, was in business for eighty-two years! My grandpa, Bernhardt Rundman, shared with me details about our family history and memories of growing up in the early 1900's.

Grandpa's mother, Etty, was born in Finland. However, the inhabitants of her hometown spoke Swedish. She spoke only Swedish until she moved to Ishpeming where she learned to speak some Finnish and broken English. Grandpa's father, Otto, was also born in Finland where he served in the Russian Army. Grandpa stated, "We had a picture at home of him with his uniform on and he was just a plain soldier. He didn't get any medals, I don't think, but he sure looked tough with the uniform on." Otto and Etty were married in Finland and their first child, Ralph, my great-uncle, was born there. Otto learned to paint in Finland. Grandpa said, "He was really a painter, and he knew his stuff. He could do anything in the line of painting, graining, mixing, and marbelizing."

In about 1900, while Ralph was still a baby, the young family emigrated to America. They lived in New York for about a year. Then they moved to Ishpeming because Etty's sister lived there. Otto, Etty, and

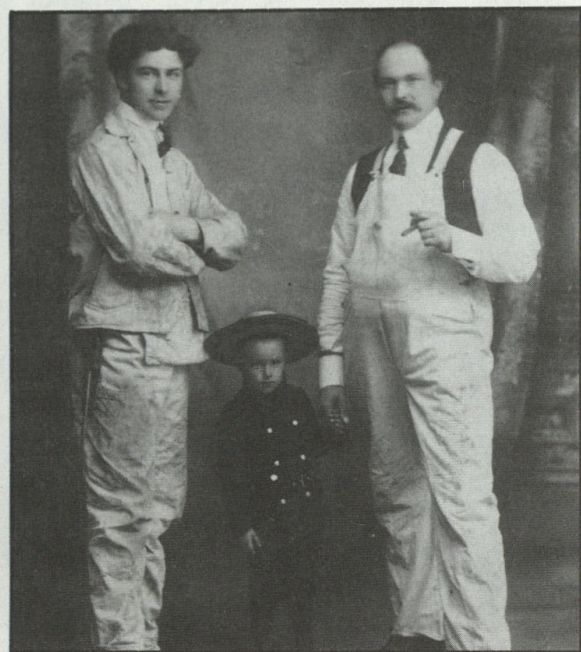
their son moved into a house on the corner of Ely and Third Street. Otto worked for Chris Olson who had a paint store on Second Street where Willey's Tire Shop is now located.

In 1904, Otto Rundman opened his own paint shop which really was just a shed behind the house. Some early employees were Albert and Toivo Kukkonen and John Johnson.

A second son, Bernhardt Rundman, my grandpa, was born in Ishpeming on June 26, 1906, in the Ely Street house where the family lived until Bernhardt was five years old. Then the family and business moved to 206 South Second Street where Rundman and Sons' Painting and Decorating business remained until 1986. Grandpa grew up in a large family of three girls and six boys. When I asked him what their names were, he took a photo album down from a shelf that was full of family pictures. He pointed to each as he named his sisters, Erna, Ethel, and Norma, then his brothers, Ralph, Otto, Sven, Eric, and Henry. Also in the picture were his father, Otto, his mother, Etty, and himself.

Grandpa had only half a block to walk to kindergarten at the Central Grade School in Ishpeming. Other schools he attended were Ridge Street, Grammar, and the Ishpeming High School. When I asked how he dressed, he exclaimed, "I had kneepants! I still had kneepants when I was a freshman in high school and I didn't get a long pants suit until I was confirmed in church. Then I was dressed up." I can't imagine wearing kneepants for that long.

Besides school, my grandpa had many jobs to keep him busy. Grandpa explained, "As soon as I got



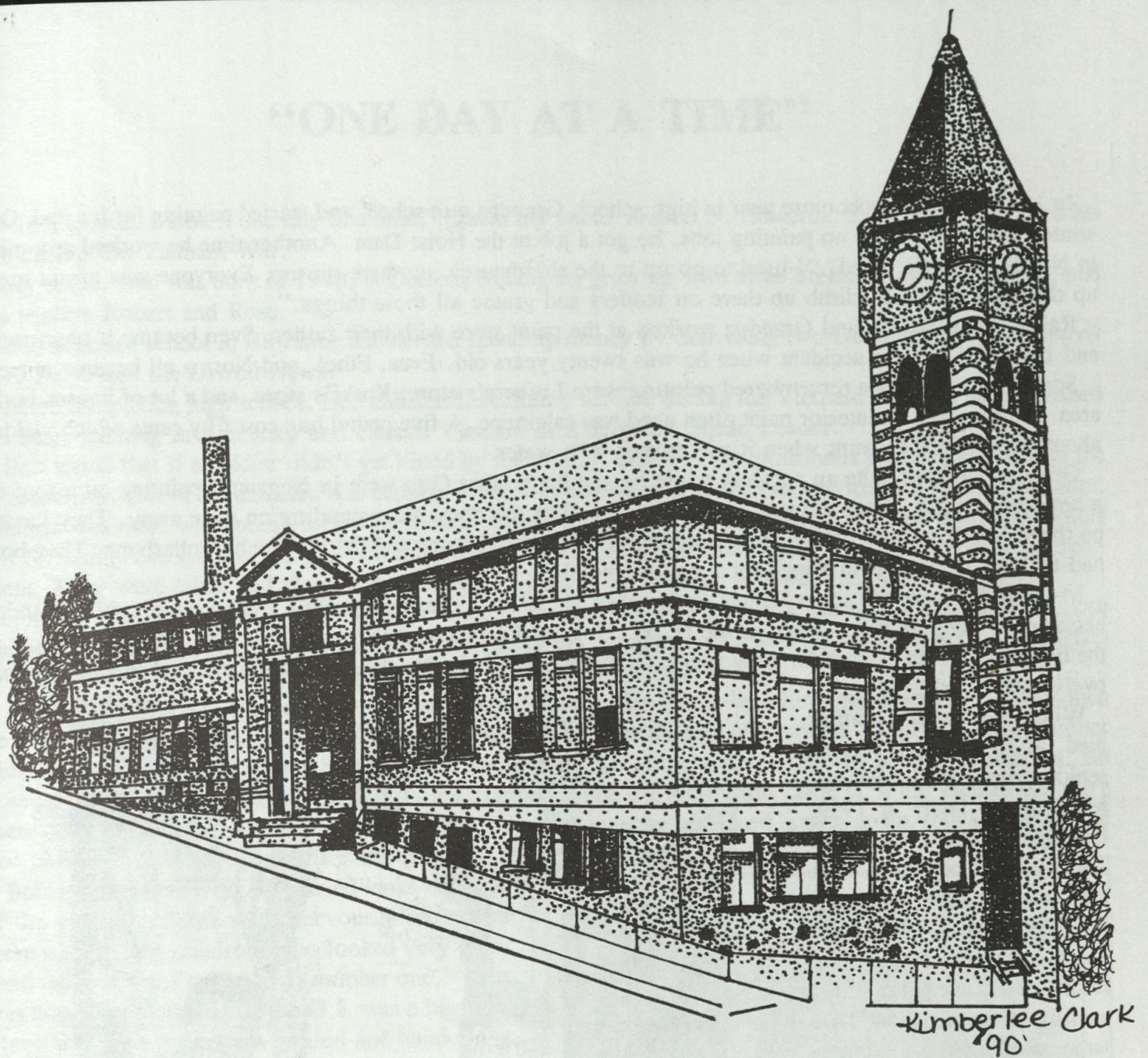
**John Johnson (left) and Otto Rundman
with young Ralph Rundman, c. 1904.**

home, I had to clean up the shed and straighten it out. He (his father) had paint all over the place. I had to put the cans back and straighten it out." Grandpa also told me, "Those day when my mother washed clothes, I used to hurry up home from school. When I was in high school, I used to turn the wringer for her. When she put the clothes through the wringer, I would crank the wringer for her and give her a hand to get the clothes washed, and sometimes I'd have to take the clothes outside and hang 'em up." The clothes were hung to dry on a pulley clothes line that ran from the second story shed roof to a pole across the yard.

Grandpa explained that when he was ten years old he was a paperboy. He delivered the *Mining Journal* in the morning and the *Marquette Chronicle* at night for many years. The paper only cost a nickel. Grandpa recalled that when World War I ended, people gave him a dollar for the paper because they were happy that the war was over. That day he sold the paper right from the veranda on his house.

**The Rundman
family,
c. 1929.
Back row:
Ralph, Otto,
Etty,
Bernhardt;
middle row:
Otto, Norma;
front row:
Erna, Henry,
Eric, Ethel,
Sven.**





The old Grammar School, Ishpeming, Michigan.

For fun and recreation Grandpa said, "We used to go to the schoolyard and play Pom Pom Pullaway." My grandpa's childhood was an exciting one. One incident he recalled was a near drowning accident. One day Grandpa and his brother, Ralph, went to swim at Little Lake. While they were swimming, Grandpa went out too far into the lake, and he started to panic because he was just learning how to swim. Luckily, Ralph saw him and rescued him. Grandpa said that he was riding on Ralph's back, almost choking him in order to stay on.

Music has always been important in my family. Grandpa lived across the street from the Methodist Church where he played violin in the Sunday School orchestra. He also played the violin in the high school orchestra. Later he played violin in a dance band called Wally's Jazz Kings. His brother, Ralph, played piano. They played for dances throughout the area, and sometimes at the Kaleva Hall, where both his parents were members.

In 1922, after his sophomore year in high school, Grandpa quit school and started painting for his dad. One winter when there were no painting jobs, he got a job at the Hoist Dam. Another time he worked at a mine in North Lake. He stated, "I used to go up to the shafts, up there on top. Everyone was afraid to go up there, so I used to climb up there on ladders and grease all those things."

Ralph, Otto, Henry, and Grandpa worked at the paint store with their father. Sven became a pharmacist and Eric died in a car accident when he was twenty years old. Erna, Ethel, and Norma all became nurses.

Some places Grandpa remembered painting were Lofberg's store, Koski's store, and a lot of houses in the area. In those days an interior paint often used was calcimine. A five pound bag cost fifty cents which yielded about two gallons of paint when it was mixed with water.

Grandpa suffered quite an accident while he and his brother Otto were in Negaunee painting on a roof on a hot summer day. Since the sun was so hot, the cleat that they were standing on gave away. They landed on the sidewalk in front of the house. Grandpa broke his right arm and Otto broke his collarbone. They both had to have their arms in slings for a couple months.

My grandpa married Lilyan Kaijala on October 31, 1936. "That was really a Halloween prank!" Grandpa exclaimed. My grandma worked in the H. W. Gossard Company at that time. She also played the organ at the Bethel Lutheran Church for sixty years. Grandma started playing the organ at funerals when she was only twelve years old.

When Grandpa's father died, in 1939, Ralph became senior partner of the business. Many years later, in 1959, Grandpa's brother, Otto, died. The business continued with the three remaining brothers. In 1969, both Grandpa and Ralph retired. At that time Henry took over the store, naming it Rundman's. That same year Ralph's son, Ralph, Jr., started his own painting and contracting business.

On October 31, 1986, my grandparents celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary. Their children Miriam, Karl,

Claire, and Neil honored them with a party for family and friends at the Bethel Lutheran Church.

Also in 1986, Henry retired and sold the store to a painting business from Marquette. Since then, the building has changed owners again, and today it is a pet store.

Rundman and Sons' was a well known and prominent business in Ishpeming for eighty-two years. Today, Ralph, Jr., carries on the Rundman tradition of painting through his contracting business. I am thankful to my grandpa for sharing these memories with me, the youngest of his twelve grandchildren.

— Tim Rundman



Back row (from left): Matt Hamari, Bernhardt Rundman, and Lawrence Bone, Sr.; front (from left): Lawrence Bone, Jr., and Terry Meyers, c. 1954.

“ONE DAY AT A TIME”

“In Vietnam, I took it one day at a time,” stated my uncle, Robert N. Edwards, as he vividly recalled his life during the Vietnam War.

My uncle, who was born in 1948, in Detroit, Michigan, grew up with three brothers and three sisters, and his parents Robert and Rose.

Bob attended school in Gibraltar and earned spending money by delivering two Detroit papers, the *Detroit Free Press* and the *Detroit News*.

After completing high school, Bob enlisted for military service during the Vietnam War. He accomplished his basic training in Kentucky and entered Vietnam as a Sergeant Squad Leader.

Bob stated that if a soldier didn't get killed by the enemy, diseases and poisonous snakes added to the list of casualties. One of the diseases was malaria which was caused by a sporozoan carried by a female mosquito. Malaria was more widespread following the monsoons, a season of the year where it rained nearly the whole day for nearly two months. People suffering from a severe case of malaria received a very cruel form of treatment. They were taken and thrown into a bucket of ice in an attempt to lower the high fever.

Bob was once hospitalized for jungle rot, another disease that was prevalent during the monsoons because the damp weather never allowed the skin to properly dry. Jungle rot caused the skin to “rot” and shrivel up, thus encouraging bacteria to enter the skin and allowing a rash to form.

I asked Uncle Bob to explain what life was like in Vietnam. He began by telling me about village life which he experienced on patrol. He stated that he saw few adults over the age of fourteen. “The Cong were either hiding or they had gone somewhere,” stated my uncle when I asked him about the people themselves. He pointed out that the villagers didn't know what to expect when the Americans came in. If the Vietnamese were there before the Americans, they told the villagers that the Americans burned houses down, shot all the women and children, stole all their cattle, and gave the villagers a rough time.

Bob recalled observing the varied looks on faces of the villagers. Some were nervous while others were scared. The children, who looked very innocent, came out and said, “G.I. number one.” This was supposed to mean that the G.I. was a big guy. Many times the Americans smiled and handed out crackers and candy because American candy was a rare treat to the village children.

The houses in the villages were made out of bamboo with dirt floors. Some of the huts had every indication that they had been there for about a hundred to one hundred-fifty years! Regardless, the village women treated them as home and kept them clean.

Bob, who slept on the ground, constructed his shelter out of poncho liners that his squad draped over tree branches.

“Vietnam for the most part was pretty relaxed,” stated Bob when asked about military regulations. The soldiers did not have to shine their shoes, nor



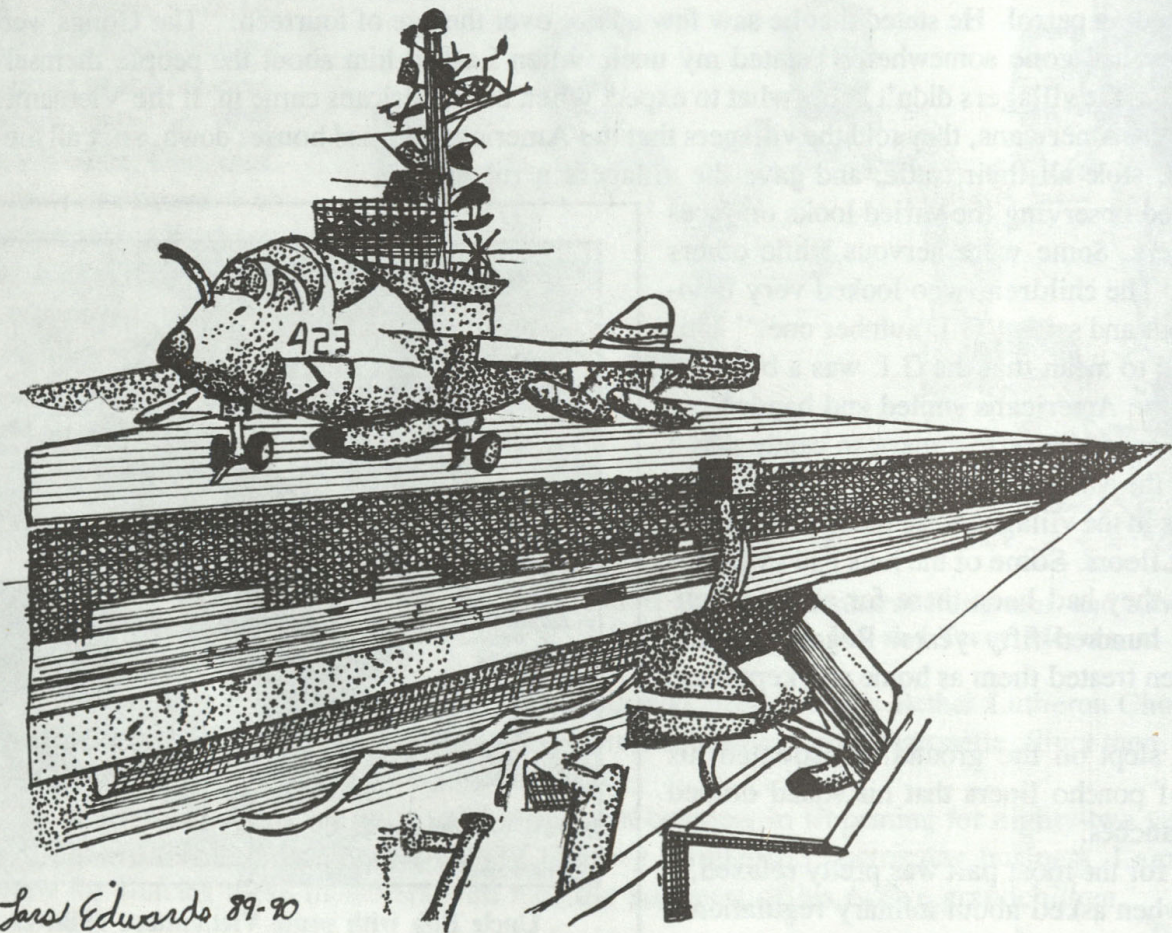
Uncle Bob with some Vietnamese children.

did they have clean clothes all of the time. In fact, sometimes soldiers wore the same clothes for a week. Individuals were not allowed to smoke at night, and when groups were out on patrol they had to stay quiet which of course everybody did since nobody wanted to get shot.

Bob explained why the U.S. soldiers were not welcome in Vietnam. He said many people assumed that the Americans were trying to take over their country. "It was just like the Revolutionary War," said Bob. "We didn't want the British over here, and the Vietnamese didn't want the Americans to come over and tell them what to do." While there, the U.S. soldiers experienced guerilla warfare, which made it very difficult to win unless the soldiers were ruthless and killed everyone in sight. The United States military did not operate this way. For the most part, the enemy gave the Americans a tough time.

My uncle related an experience with the enemy to me. He and his squad had set up for the night along the side of a hill and were attacked. The enemy was engaging them in heavy action. Consequently, they called in the Navy reinforcements one time and reinforcements from the Air Force on another occasion. The jets came in and strafed the hillsides with napalm bombs and other heavy artillery. The enemy didn't want to stick around with that heavy stuff coming down on them, so they retreated. Luckily my uncle escaped without injury.

I inquired about the food he had to eat and he said that good food was not present in Vietnam. Most of the time the soldiers were given C-rats, or canned food which nobody enjoyed. Every twenty days, the



Lars Edwards 89-90

soldiers went to the rear when it was supposed to be safe. In this safe position, before the soldiers went on another twenty-day mission, they were supplied with food, ammunition and blankets.

On one occasion, while Uncle Bob's squad was in the rear, he met a guy who was the supply sergeant. "I could tell right away that he was from the U.P. because of his accent," acknowledged Bob. "When I asked him if he was from the U.P., he replied, 'Ya, how did you know?'"

One day while on patrol, my uncle and fifteen other guys were standing on the outside of the village. The villagers were celebrating a holiday called the "Tet," which was a Buddhist holiday. The head-of-the-village invited the soldiers to come over and share their feast. The group didn't eat very much because they could not stand Vietnamese food. "It was terrible," Uncle Bob stated.

Uncle Bob also recalled frequently being on ambush patrol. Ambush patrol was where five or six guys set up in the dark with phosphorous grenades and other explosives. An engagement never lasted very long, and if it did, it meant that the ambush wasn't very successful. Sometimes the enemy was close, or sometimes they were off in the distance. My uncle was fortunate to be in a "free-fire" zone which meant that he could shoot the enemy before they shot him.

When I questioned Bob about getting lost, he stated that a soldier was never really lost. U.S. soldiers have a joke, "You were never really lost because the enemy always knew where you were," laughed Uncle Bob.

When I asked my uncle how he felt about the outcome of the war, he stated, "I was disappointed on how it ended, because when the South Vietnamese were retreating, they left cities and stuff behind that could have been saved. But for the most part, I was happy to get out alive."

After the Vietnam War, Bob attended Northern Michigan University and the University of Michigan. He is presently employed as a school social worker and also runs a car lot in Ishpeming. He and his wife, Jean, live with their family in Champion, Michigan.

Before my visit with Uncle Bob, my knowledge of the Vietnam War was limited. However, after my interview, facts about the Vietnam War became more vivid and meaningful and will be remembered. I enjoyed being able to interview my uncle. Thank you, Uncle Bob.

— Lars Edwards



The Robert Edwards family.

A STRICT BUT LOVING MAN

The year of 1924 began the life of a very interesting man. My grandpa, Arthur T. Hammar, drew his strong belief in discipline from his war experiences which then earned him the respect of many students and teachers.

On the day of July 1, 1924, my grandpa was born to Arthur and Julia Hammar in Ishpeming, Michigan. His great-grandparents came from both England and Sweden. His relatives emigrated to America to find work and a place with somewhat the same climates as their home countries.

The Stock Market Crash of 1929 affected my grandpa as a young child. Not only was his sister born during those harsh times, but they had very little to live on.

The Great Depression was also a big concern for Grandpa's family. But "it brought us closer together because you couldn't have as much as you had before," Grandpa assured me.

Hard times didn't disturb my grandpa's play time, though. He enjoyed every minute he could spend with his friends. His family had enough to eat, but there was no extra money. They just didn't get the luxuries.

My grandpa attended the Ishpeming Public Schools where he was strictly disciplined. However, he sincerely loved school. "That's why when I did get out of school and went to college, I became a teacher," he stated.

Children today do not have such a harsh dress code as when my grandpa was young. Trousers, sweaters, and dresses were proper clothing. Other attire, such as overalls and tennis shoes were prohibited while in school.

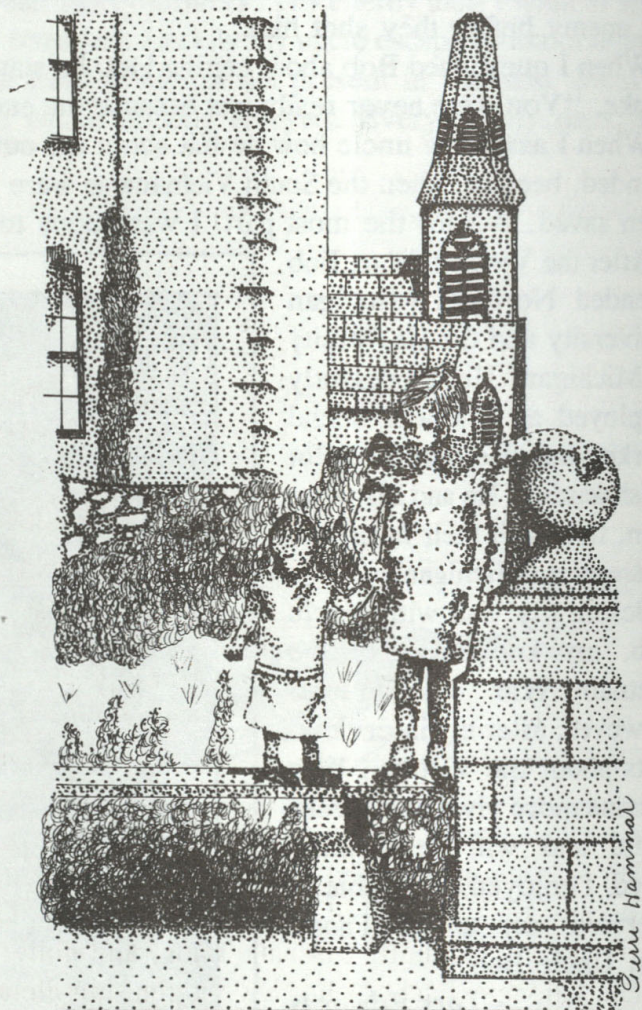
Although the teachers and schools were harsh, my grandpa participated in many fun sports which included baseball, basketball, football, and ski jumping. He also got a lot of exercise walking to school and home again for dinner because there were no cafeterias at the time.

While in high school, my grandpa had a job waiting on customers and delivering groceries for a grocery store. He also pedaled 350 papers twice a week to earn extra money for his family.

After Grandpa graduated from Ishpeming High School, he enlisted in the Army Air Corps. His basic training was in Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. While in training, Grandpa lived in a tent in "Pneumonia Gulch." This was a place where every morning the ambulance carried out a person with pneumonia because of the chilly nights. My grandpa also stood in formation for hours to be inspected and honored by President Roosevelt who was visiting the base.

After traveling to states such as Utah, South Dakota, and New York, Grandpa was stationed in England for one and a half years. He was a part of the Army Air Force Bomb Squadron.

Before the war ended, my grandpa received bad news, for his best friend was shot down in Germany and never



Mrs. Hammar (right) with her brother, as children standing on the bench outside of Ishpeming High School.

returned home. The dropping of the atomic bomb was a very happy moment for many soldiers. This made my grandpa overcome some of the pain of his loss. He stated, "I always felt that American people really cared about keeping their country, and they would fight for it until the end." He believed that the dropping of bomb stopped many people from being killed because the Japanese surrendered.

Awards were given for the courageous work my grandpa did. They included conduct medals, the European Theatre of War medal, a few gold clusters, and of course a medal for the end of the war. He was ranked a sergeant.

After the war, Grandpa left the service in July of 1945. He came back to New York harbor on the

Queen Elizabeth. Suddenly, all men on board grew quiet and took off their hats when passing the Statue of Liberty because they were glad to be home.

Grandpa pursued his schooling at what is now Northern Michigan University. His favorite subjects included math and history. He earned a bachelor's degree, with a teaching certificate in both elementary and secondary teaching, and later a master's degree from the University of Michigan. Afterwards, Grandpa taught in Hancock for two years.

My grandpa maintained a permanent teaching position in Ishpeming, Michigan, from 1952 to 1965, until he became the principal of the Birchview School. During his years in Ishpeming he coached many sports such as basketball, football, baseball, track, and golf.

The Ishpeming school had a very pleasing elementary program in which the children did very well academically. Grandpa said, "Teachers should take strict control over their kids from the very beginning, then ease up once they know you're the boss."

Grandpa proudly married a wonderful lady named Ann Marie Nelson. They had three beautiful boys:



Mr. and Mrs. Art Hammar

STRICT BUT LOVING MAN

Thomas, Allan, and James. My grandpa and his family stayed in this area because of the friendly people living here, and because they enjoyed the rural area.

After retiring from his career in education, my grandpa especially likes to travel and help kids.

My grandpa is a special man. I enjoy spending endless hours with him and appreciate his kind words. He always is there for me, and now I know more about his past. This helps me create a vision of what his childhood and schooling have done to make him a strict but loving man.

— Terri Hammar



Mr. and Mrs. Art Hammar on their wedding day.

SEMPER FIDELIS

I settled in as my dad, Reese M. Robinson, began to recite his personal views and experiences of the Vietnam War by saying, "Being a brainwashed young man of the 60's, the Vietnam conflict seemed of interest, at least it looked good after watching John Wayne and Audie Murphy for years on the tube."

My dad began giving a brief description of himself saying, "I'm an old man, have four children, was a millwright journeyman for over twenty years, and an ex-jarhead." Currently living on County Road 510, he gave his opinion of Michigan, saying, "I enjoy Michigan, and I'm proud to be a Michigander, and I always will be."

My dad explained how he came to be a Marine. He was fresh out of high school, saving money to go to Northern Michigan University, where he planned to major in commercial arts. Due to a large party he attended in the state of Washington his funds were depleted. With his savings gone, it seemed his only chance for an education was to join the United States Marine Corps.

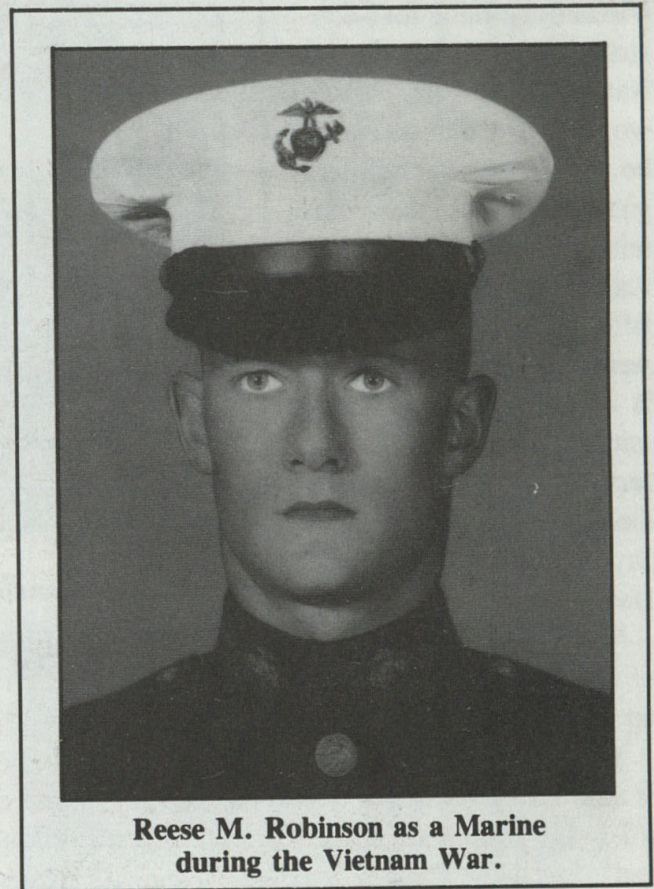
So it was on September 13, 1965, my dad was at boot camp in San Diego standing on what was referred to as the yellow footprints. As he was standing at attention watching kids get slapped across their heads he wondered if it was going to be like this for the next four years. Soon he saw shaven hair falling and the next thing he knew it was, "A brand new life, a brand new body, new food to eat, and a new clothing style."

"The proudest moment of boot camp," my dad said, "was getting your dogtags." He explained how difficult it was to learn the serial number or I.D. number. Yet he called, "My old number was 21 — — — ." He told me that boot camp was, and it still is a challenge for any young man or woman.

My dad was glad to get out of boot camp. After boot camp came Infantry Training Regiment. "You learn how to lay in a mud puddle and eat a can of food and enjoy it," he stated. But being young it was all interesting to him. "The one thing I can say is I'm glad that I listened to what they told me. It's training, but you have to take the initiative to implement everything that they say when the time comes. The training saved my life and several other jar heads' lives. We were trained to stay alive," he exclaimed solemnly.

In April, 1966, he left for Vietnam on a Navy "boat." Most of the time Marines and Navy people never got along so dad had to say "boat" because every Navy person, or as the jarheads called them, "deck-apes," became rather disturbed when a person said "boat." To a Navy man anything that floats on water is a "ship." "But we all served our country," Dad stated. It took him thirty days to get to Vietnam on what he called a cargo ship. He spent two of the weeks in a typhoon. More than half of the jarheads wanted to die before they even got to Vietnam because they were so seasick. "But, fortunately, the Marine Corps gods were watching over me and I didn't get sick at all," he said solemnly.

It was on an Easter Day that he reached the shores of Vietnam. These were the shores where Operation Starlight, the first major battle of the Vietnam War, had taken place. They were not allowed to have any



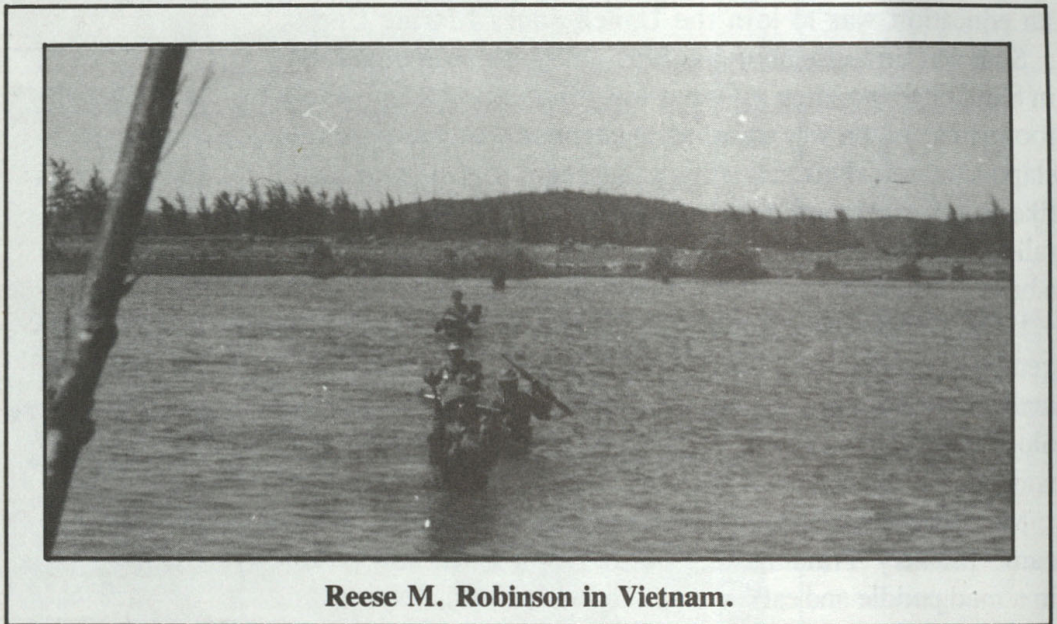
**Reese M. Robinson as a Marine
during the Vietnam War.**

ammunition because it was a holiday. "Yes, it was something to open your eyes at. It was just live on T.V.," responded dad.

My dad stayed in Vietnam for two years, two months, two weeks, and two days. He extended his tour twice. During his time there he travelled to DaNang, Chu Lai, Quang Tri, Dung Ha, Fu Bai, and lots of smaller towns.

To my dad, at the time, the Viet Cong seemed like "savages." They had no flush toilets and most soldiers had no uniforms. Although some hard core V.C. did wear uniforms when they were in battalion form. While in Vietnam my dad experienced some unusual smells, ate some unusual foods, like dog and cat, and drank warm beer. He saw a lot of different people, and he was trained to speak formal Vietnamese. But being instructed in only proper textbook Vietnamese made it difficult to speak with different villagers because there were so many different dialects.

My dad started off in Vietnam working for a construction company in Da Nang for awhile. While working for this company he saw American soldiers go to jail because they committed crimes, just like in America. "I couldn't mentally see having people that were in Vietnam go to what is called a brig for committing crimes. But in the service, you have criminals there, as you do in everyday society," explained Dad.



Reese M. Robinson in Vietnam.

My dad was in Vietnam during the Tet Offensive. 1966, 1967 and 1968 were considered the harder time of the war. He said that basically all he tried to do was get another can of C rations and see the sun come up again. "You don't get a whole lot of sleep when you're playing the war game," he stated.

Most of the time that my dad was in Vietnam he was in what was called the Combined Action Group, which is a small group of six to eleven men, the number varied as members died. He was what was referred to as a 0-3-11, an Infantry man. He was trained in little games such as Vietnamese chess, the Vietnamese language, and some Vietnamese etiquette. This small group, which was strictly a volunteer group, lived out in a village and protected it. "And as anyone knows, nobody in their right mind volunteers for anything when you're in the service," he said. They didn't have much equipment, and often the equipment they had was defective. My dad described in greater detail about how a lot of people were injured, maimed for life, or killed because of defective equipment. Protecting villages was hard because it was difficult to protect people he didn't even know, especially when his brothers were dying all around him.

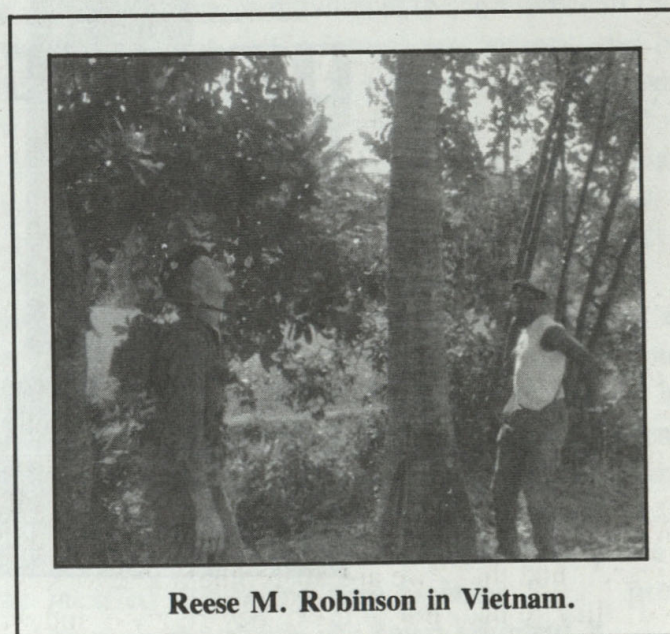
My dad shared with me some things that stayed with him. He explained to me, "There is no real glory in war," and that "we are all brothers and sisters, but you don't realize that when you're in the war. I'm good, they're bad. But to them they're good and we're bad." He continued, "While you play these games,



deadly games, the youth usually has to pay.” The point being, he explained, was that during training nobody told him that these conflicts that they were involved with, in the name of Democracy, would live with them until the day they died.

My dad explained to me that he never met or had friends that were closer than the friends he made during the Vietnam conflict. “You become very tight, your brothers are your brothers until the day you die. You may never even see them again, but they live with you on and on. Whether they’re dead or alive you keep them alive within your own thoughts. Sometimes they visit you in your dreams to say hello again,” he said meaningfully.

My dad’s opinion was, “War is a total society.” It has typists, computer operators, doctors, police, and they even have people that distribute goods such as Coca Cola and potato chips.



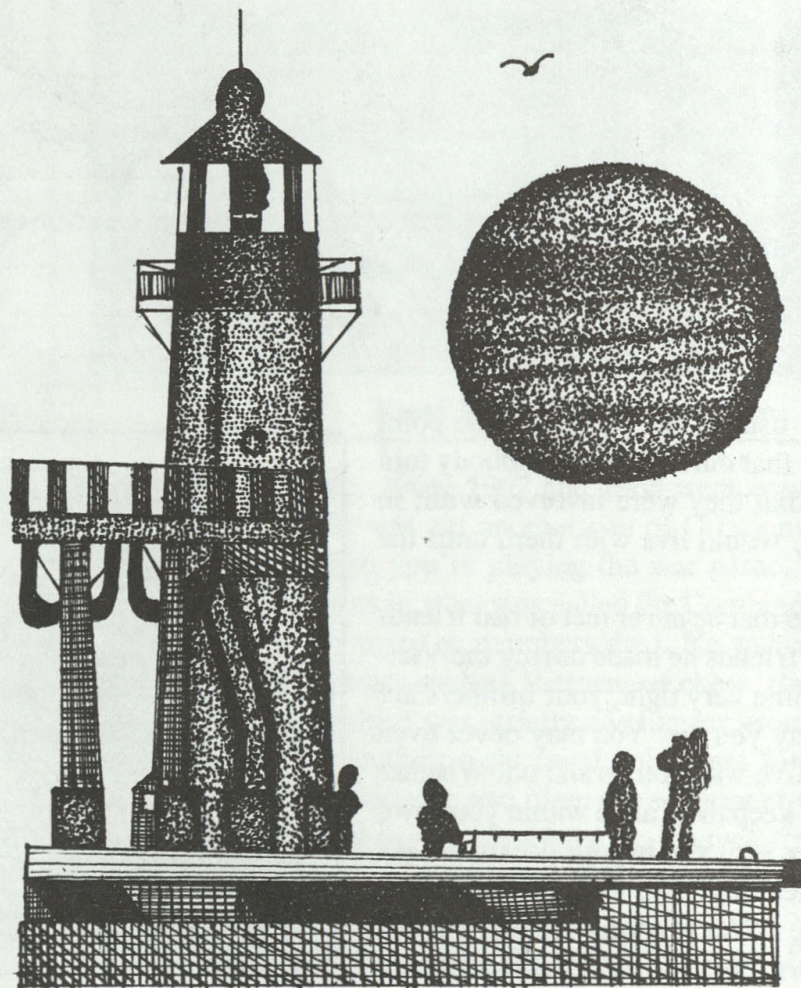
Reese M. Robinson in Vietnam.

My dad recalled that during the early 1970's the Vietnam veterans were looked down upon because they had served their country in Vietnam. Some military men as well as civilians believed they were not worthy to be called a veteran because the Vietnam War wasn't popular.

Fortunately, times change and when the 1980's came the Vietnam veterans contribution was recognized. Consequently, veterans that had hidden their service began to come out of the woodwork and proclaimed their service to their country. My dad has always been proud that he had served his country.

Dad ended our conversation by saying, "But as Vietnam veterans we learned a lot. We learned a lot about life, we learned a lot about becoming a member of a brotherhood. Whether you jump out of airplanes or hit a typewriter, you're serving your country in the best way you possibly can. It allows you an aspect of saying that you have served your country and that you have a right to live in this great country of ours. After seeing people in Vietnam and other countries while serving in the service, you become aware of how wonderful this country is."

— Frank Robinson



Lina Bjork

A LIFE OF PAIN AND JOY

Raising a family of eleven children alone may strike some people as extremely difficult but it became a way of life to LaVerne Thibeault. Married at the age of twenty she had her first child at the age of twenty-two, and ten more children followed. During this time period it was not unusual to marry at a young age nor was it uncommon to raise a large family. But LaVerne had an unusual situation. "I wanted to have a big family . . . still today I am involved with them," LaVerne stated.

LaVerne married a veteran of World War II, Morris James Thibeault. Morris served in Japan from 1945 until April of 1946. "The war was pretty much over by then. If anything they were just cleaning up," LaVerne remembered.

Morris was away at the time of his son Robert's birth. The eleven children of LaVerne and Morris are: James, Robert, Patricia, Barbara, Richard, Bonnie, Dennis, Ronald, Gary, Carol and David.

LaVerne's husband, Morris, was working at the Morris Mine when he was hurt in an accident. He suffered great difficulties due to his injuries. Eventually, he died of a cerebral hemorrhage. He was only in his early thirties when he died.



LaVerne and Morris James Thibeault, 1942.



Morris James Thibeault in Osaka, Japan, in May of 1946.

The day of LaVerne's husband's death was Christmas Eve of 1960. His untimely, tragic death left LaVerne to raise eleven children on her own, with little or no money. Yet somehow, maybe by the will of the Lord, LaVerne's children never went without the necessities of their lives. At the time her oldest child, James, was sixteen and her youngest, David, was three years old. As sole supporter of the family, LaVerne worked as a bookkeeper and clerk for Dubinsky's clothing store and during the evenings she made and served pizza at the Congress Lounge and Pizza. "She is a saint," stated one of her daughters-in-law. "I just can't put my feelings into words," was the heart-felt thought from a son of LaVerne.

LaVerne was proud that her children participated in school activities such as basketball, cheerleading, band, and the student council. She enjoyed being involved in the functions surrounding her children which included the Ishpeming Youth Center and the Parents' Club of the Ishpeming Blue Notes. Three of her daughters, Pat, Barb, and Bonnie, were members of the Blue Notes for several years. LaVerne transported her children back and forth from place to place. LaVerne recalled this trying time as being ". . . pretty rough . . ." Although she claims she never regretted it.

Two of her sons, Robert and Richard, served in the U.S. Navy and took part in the controversial Vietnam War. Born in April, 1923, in the city of Marenisco, Wisconsin, LaVerne was very young in the era of the Great Depression. Having three sisters and three brothers, she recalled this time of financial scarceness. "Everything was cheap, but no one had any money either," she stated.

LaVerne, being the daughter of Herbert and Rose LeGault, was raised in Escanaba and attended Escanaba Senior High School. "All we had to wear to school was uniforms, so we didn't have to worry about what we were going to wear . . . Navy blue necktie, white collar, and white cuffs," LaVerne remembered.

Laverne's mother still lives in Escanaba, but her father, Herbert, died many years ago of a heart attack.

LaVerne is currently working at the Negaune Township Hall as a secretary for Marquette County. She recently received a plaque for outstanding work through the Marquette County Townships Association. LaVerne is looking forward to an upcoming retirement. "I am going to miss it. Never bored there. There is always something to do," LaVerne stated as she reminisced about her job.

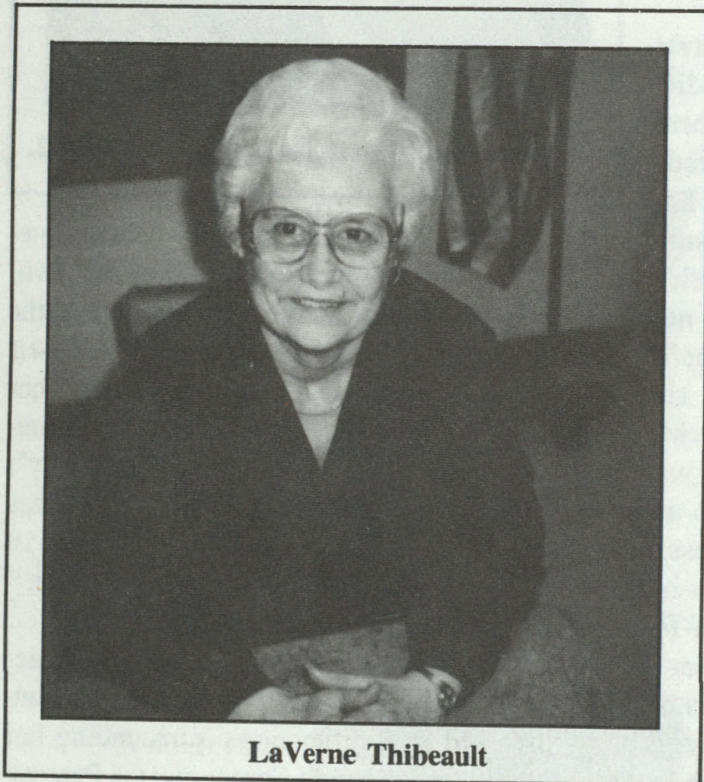


**LaVerne
in 1941.**

LaVerne is extremely supportive of the entire family. She eagerly sets out in an attempt to attend every basketball game, football game, school play, and recital she possibly can. She bakes brownies or a cake when each of the forty-seven family members' birthdays roll around. She is very energetic and is always there when you need her.

I have learned a lot from LaVerne Thibeault who is also my grandmother. I realize the pain and the triumph that is involved in raising eleven children on your own. I will always treasure these memories of my grandmother's and try to never take things or her for granted. LaVerne is dearly loved by all of her twenty-four grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

— Denise Thibeault



LaVerne Thibeault

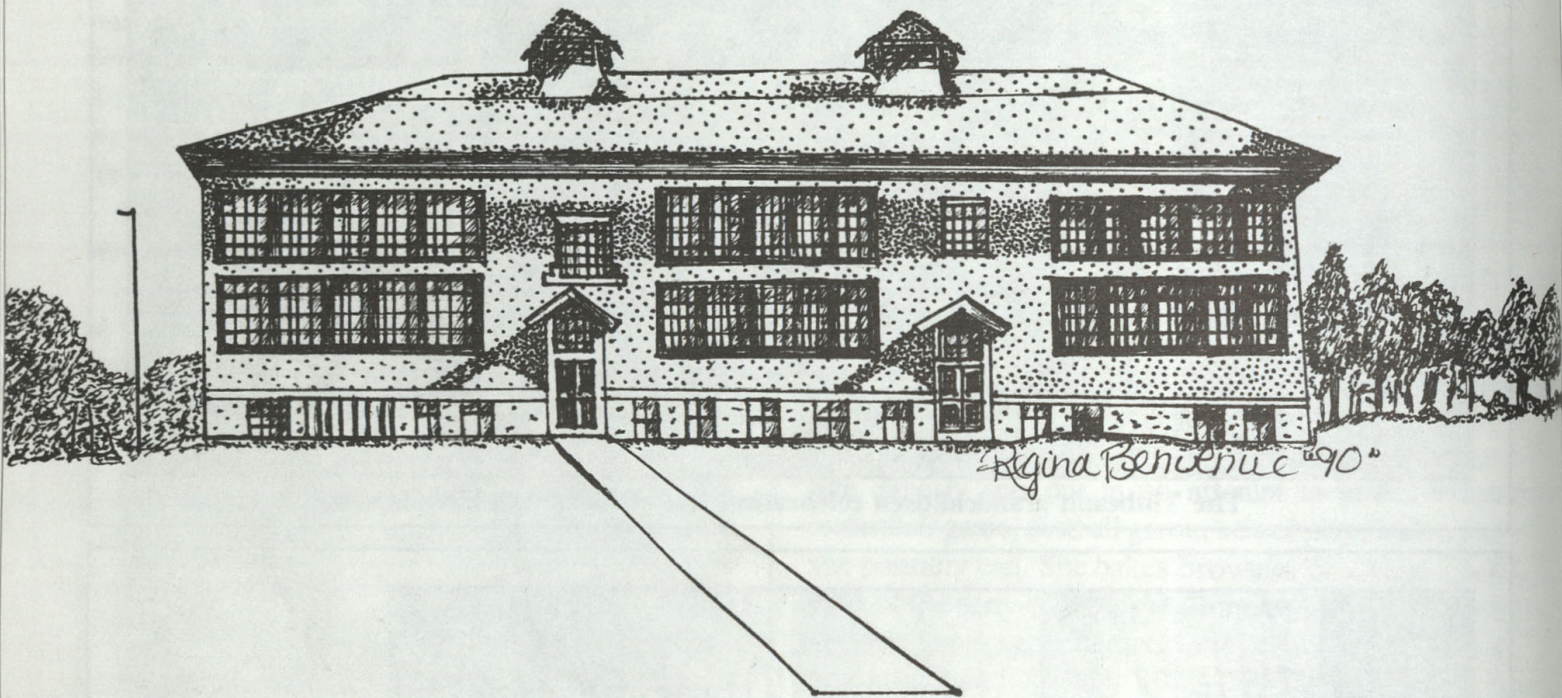
WHAT FAMILY, THE HIGHLIGHT OF MY LIFE



The Thibeault grandchildren celebrating one of LaVerne's birthdays.



LaVerne and her children (front row, from left): Barbara (Turino), Jimmy, Gary, LaVerne, Bonnie (Morcom), and Dennis; (back row, from left) Ronnie, Richard, Carol (Johnson), Robert, David, and Pat (Manley).



An old National Mine School.

“A GREAT FAMILY, THE HIGHLIGHT OF MY LIFE”

“I think the best thing that ever happened to me was raising a very fine family,” said my grandpa, Edward Vickstrom, as he explained his interesting life story to me.

Edward Vickstrom was born to Carl Vickstrom and Mabel Johnson Vickstrom February 16, 1920, in Marquette, Michigan. Grandpa has one living brother. His sister died in 1936 when she was fourteen years old.

Grandpa’s father worked hard to make a living. A few of his many jobs included: logging, farming, working for a sawmill, and in 1939 he moved to Iron Mountain where they were bilding the new Ford plant. During the Depression he worked for the W.P.A. and also had many other odd jobs. After the Depression he worked for Tenel and Roof first, and then he worked at N.M.U. as a fireman and a boiler operator. Grandpa’s mother, Mabel, never had any employment outside the farm, but she did baking, and other household chores.

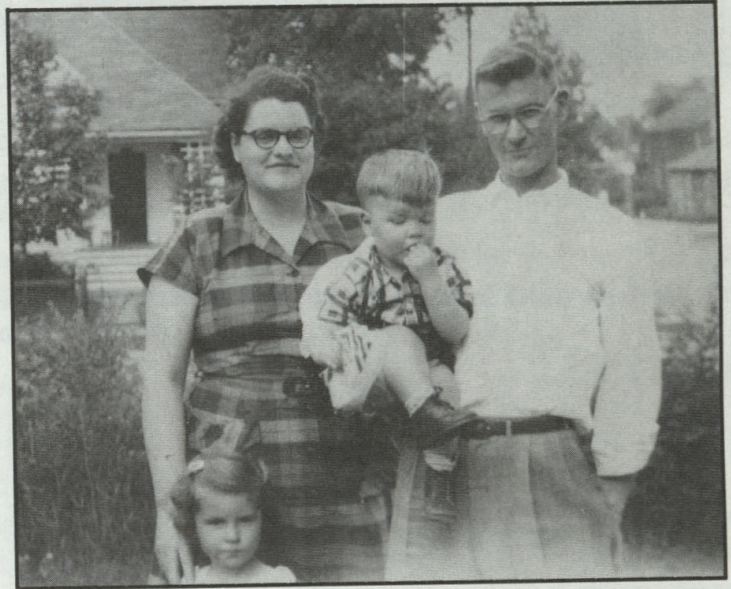
Grandpa attended the Breitung Township Elementary Schools. The three main subjects in those days were reading, writing, and arithmetic. He also said there were very few extracurricular activities outside the three mainstays. The teachers were very dedicated and professional, and they were respected.

His elementary schools were within walking distance. In fact, one was right across the street from where he lived. High school was no more than a mile away. Class sizes were usually 20-30 kids and if a student got in trouble he was sent to Mr. Davidson, the principal. Grandpa remembered the high school students from Kingsford had to walk along the Ford Motor Company fence into the north wind. When they got to school they often went to a health clinic in the home economics room where they were treated for frostbite. His favorite subject of all was chemistry. After he graduated from Kingsford High School in 1937, he went to a business school. He also took a self-taught I.C.S. course in accounting.

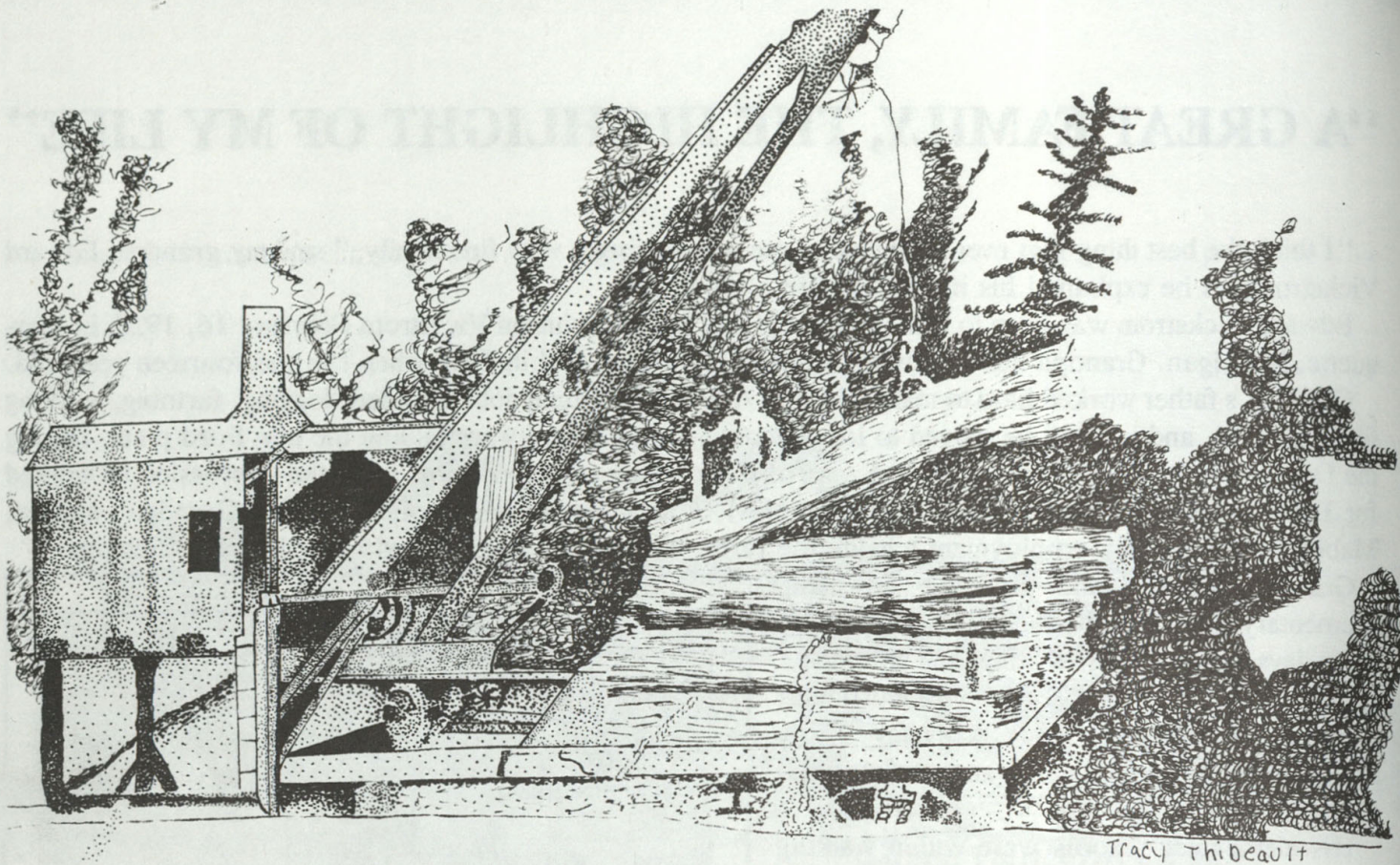
Some of Grandpa’s chores in the summer and fall included: stacking wood, planting crops, cutting wood, and also household chores. Sometimes, he walked to his grandmother’s farm which was in a little place called Homestead across the Menominee River in Wisconsin. His uncle, Axle Johnson, and his grandmother ran the farm which was a seven-mile hike from his house. The distance did not seem like much to him. Usually he stayed there for two weeks and worked at the farm. He was not paid, but he liked working there in the summer.

During the long summer days he spent most of his time outside, for in those days children did not have such things as television, a telephone, or even indoor plumbing. Instead, in his leisure time he fished, swam, and he also did a lot of hunting. During the winter months he skied, made jumps, ice-fished, and also constructed ice skating rinks.

It was 1939 when Grandpa decided to follow his mother and father as they moved to Marquette. In 1940 he joined the National Guard Company of Marquette which was the 107th Engineer Regiment. They were inducted into service on December 14, 1940. He was shipped to Beauregard, Louisiana where he trained.



Marie and Ed Vickstrom with their son Tom and daughter Laurel, c. 1951.



Logging was, and continues to be, a source of livelihood for many Upper Peninsula families as it was for Grandpa Vickstrom's.

Grandpa did not recall many humorous experiences in training because he was working so hard. The weather was hot in the summer, and it was very cold in the winter. There were chiggers, snakes, and all their time was spent out in the field training. The pay for basic training, at that time, was twenty-one dollars and after three months it was raised to thirty dollars.

On February 17, 1942, Grandpa departed from Halifax, Nova Scotia, and on March 3, 1942, he landed in Belfast, Northern Ireland. Eleven months later he went across the Irish Sea and landed in Strandler, Scotland. Next, he moved into the midland of Northern Ireland. He was stationed and trained at Divisies, England, in North Devon, and finally in Nukie, Cornwall. He stayed in England for about one and one half years. His division united with with the 254th Engineer Combat Battalion and landed in Normandy on the D+2. (The second day into the Normandy campaign.) Grandpa said, "Our assigned mission was to build and repair bridges to link up the 5th and 7th corps which we successfully completed."

During the Battle of the Bulge, they built the longest tactical bridge in the world across the Rhine River which was 1,378 feet long. This was all done with the First American Army. In late April, 1945, his unit was transferred to General Patton's 3rd Army. At that time Grandpa was a lieutenant. He had been in the service for five years, and he had been overseas for three and one-half years, and we had been overseas for three and one-half of them.

Grandpa recalled that the food in the service was not very good except for the thirteen days it took to get across the Atlantic on the Naval Troop Transport. In the combat zone a soldier was lucky if he ever had a warm meal. Soldiers had three different types of rations. K-rations were in a box like a Cracker Jack box, C-rations were in cans, and D-ration was a fortified candy bar which was very rich chocolate, which could

SCHOOL DAYS

only be nibbled on because if a person ate the whole thing he became sick to his stomach. Sometimes, he or the others killed a deer or a cow and ate that.

Sleeping quarters in combat were very poor. If a soldier was lucky, he was able to pitch a pup tent which was shared by two men. If a soldier was in a forward position, he dug himself a foxhole and slept in it. In Nukie, England, Grandpa had good sleeping quarters because the soldiers took over the hotels and slept in them.

Grandpa explained that the saddest part of the war was "Just watching your good buddies being killed and wounded. The most rewarding point of the war for me was losing sight of all the miserable, miserable times. I remember fondly things like the many friendships with friends and comrades. Our friendships are still active today at our Army reunions we have every year."

Grandpa and the other soldiers concentrated on the more important things like staying alive, rather than about the outcome of the war. His war experiences, "Made me appreciate *life* and *people* a little more than when I went in," he stated.

After the war his awards included: five battle stars for the five major campaigns, and a bronze star.

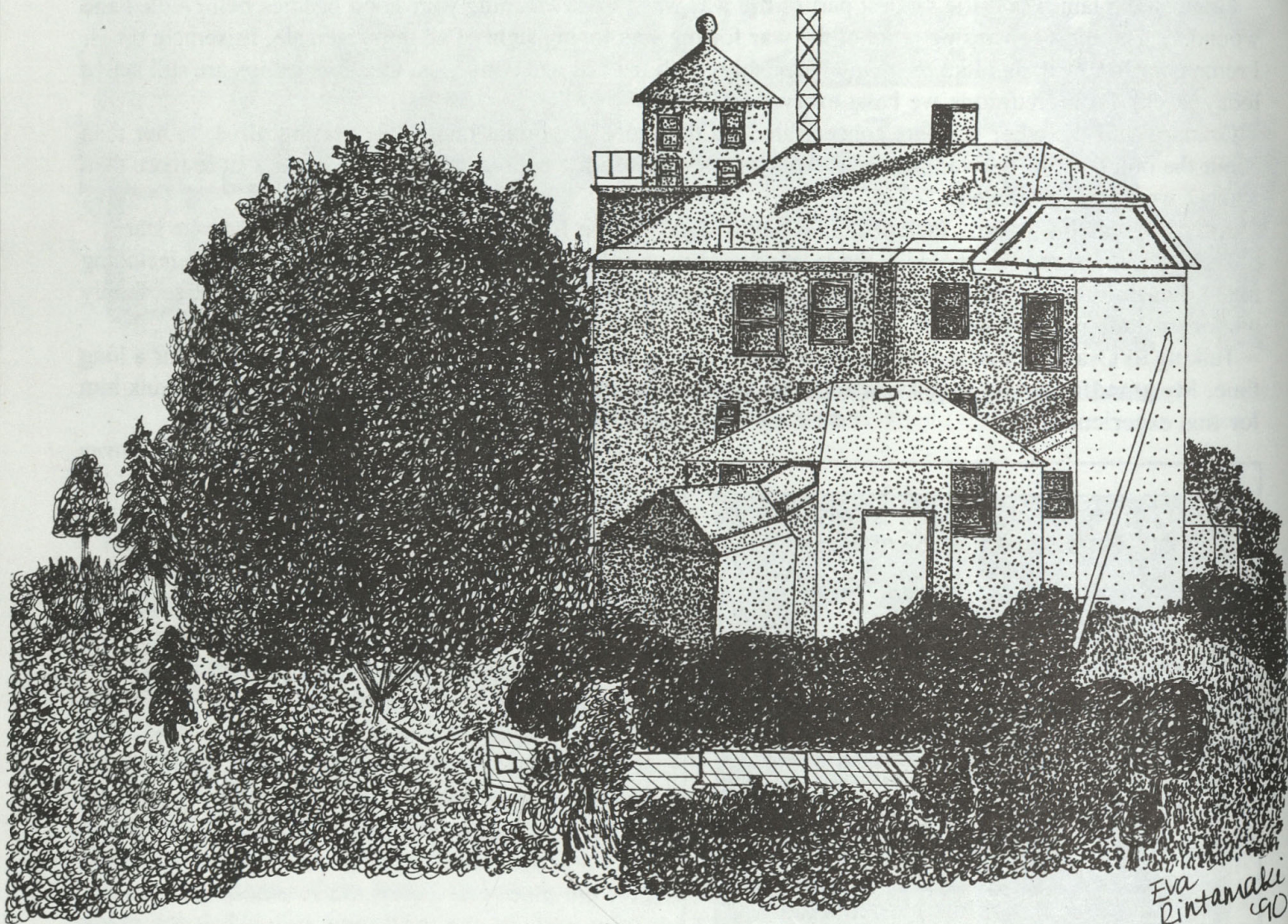
Throughout Grandpa's whole life the most rewarding point of it all was raising a very good family including nine grandchildren. "I would say after the experiences of WWII, a good happy homelife, and a great family without a doubt is the highlight of my life."

Talking to Grandpa Vickstrom has been an interesting and joyful experience that I'll remember for a long time. My grandfather is a very knowledgeable person who enjoyed speaking to me, and I'd like to thank him for this experience.

— Jared Vickstrom



Grandpa and me and Vick's Ranger at the Beagle Field Trial at Ishpeming Beagle Club, 1988.



Marquette's landmark lighthouse.

SCHOOL DAYS

My aunt, Dorothy Grubb, is a very special person. In spite of her blindness, she has learned to become an independent and caring person.

Dorothy Grubb was born on January 8, 1952. She was born three months prematurely and weighed two pounds three ounces. She was put in an incubator and given too much oxygen which injured the optic nerves behind her eyes. As a result, she became totally blind.

Dorothy is the youngest of her family of six. Her mother, Irma, and father, William, had two sons and a daughter before Dorothy was born.

On January 7th, 1957, the day after Dorothy's fifth birthday Dorothy began school. She went to the Michigan School for the Blind in Lansing to learn Braille and other things she needed to know. She attended this school because at that time there was no program at the Ishpeming Public Schools to teach her those special skills. Today, the Marquette Alger Intermediate School District fills that need.

While Dorothy went to the Michigan School for the Blind, she had to live there because Lansing is so far away from Ishpeming. Dorothy lived in a dormitory where she shared a room with another girl. They each had a bed and they shared a dresser, desk and closet.

The Michigan School for the Blind had a lot of rules, but the rules were necessary due to the large number of students. Thinking back Dorothy remembered a time when she was in kindergarten. She was just about to go out the door when housemother called her back inside. The housemother said she had to fix her blanket because it had too many wrinkles in it. After she fixed her blanket, she went to classes where she got in trouble again because she was late.

Dorothy's classes included the same subjects as the public schools: art, social studies, reading, writing, gym and music. She also had Braille classes. When she reached the third grade, she was required to take piano lessons until the seventh grade. In the seventh grade she had the choice of switching to a different instrument.

For fun the kids at school played and did the same things as sighted kids. They went to dances, school parties, swimming, skating, bowling, and many other activities kids do. One of Dorothy's favorite hobbies was reading.

There were many buildings on the campus of the Michigan School for the Blind. There was a gymnasium with a swimming pool, bowling alley and Home Economics and Music Building which was a quarter a mile away. Sometimes she had to run to get to class on time.

While Dorothy was going to school she only returned home to Ishpeming on Christmas, Easter and summer vacations. She took a plane back and forth for Christmas and Easter but for summer vacation, her parents drove her home.



Dorothy Nicholas Grubb at one year old.



Dorothy (Nicholas) Grubb at age seven.



Dorothy Gruber (third from left) with friends, c. 1988.

Dorothy remembered one time when she was seven, and she was flying home to get her tonsils out. She was required to transfer planes in Green Bay. The stewardess asked a gentleman sitting next to Dorothy if he would help Dorothy since he would be transferring also. The stewardess and the man started talking and after getting acquainted they started dating, and eventually they married. Years later, when they saw Dorothy's name in the paper in a list of graduates for the Michigan School for the Blind, the couple sent a letter to Dorothy with a twenty-five dollar savings bond thanking her because they met through her.

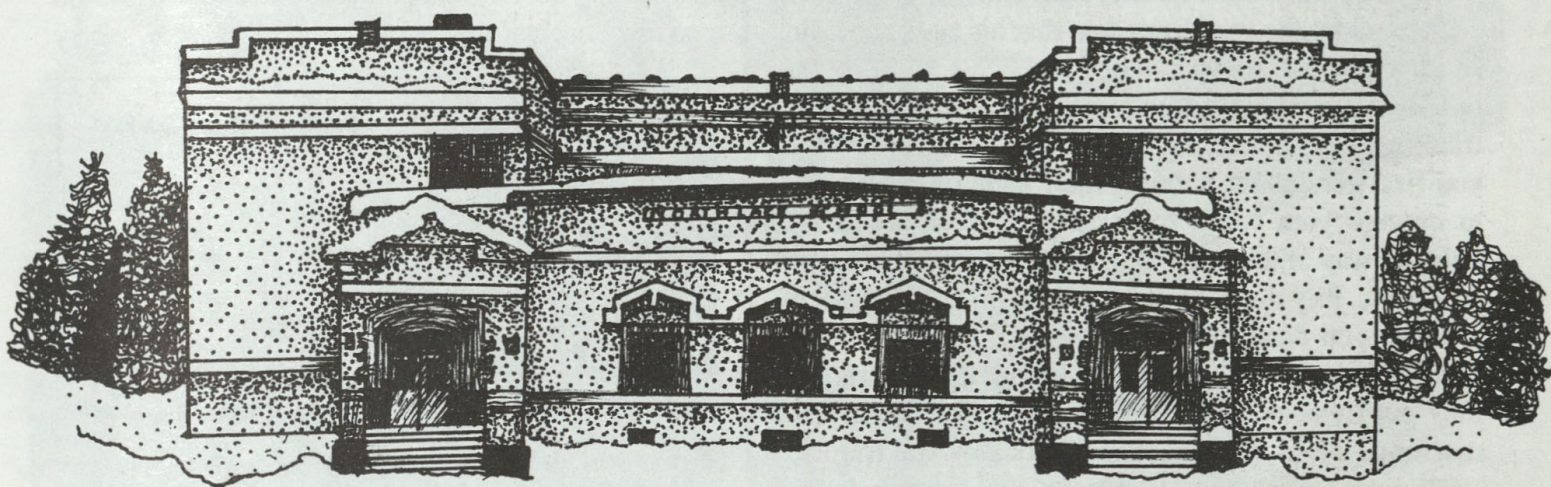
During Dorothy's sophomore year she landed a job at the school. She worked for the Dean of Students and typed addresses on envelopes and did other secretarial chores. She had the job for about a half a year because the students were supposed to each work a half a year and then give someone else a chance.

After high school graduation Dorothy worked as a medical transcriptionist for five years full time and two years part time at a large hospital in Lansing.

Dorothy married when she was twenty-two, and she was married for twelve years. She has a daughter named Nicole who is now in fifth grade at the North Lake Elementary School. When Nicole, who is not blind, was young and just learning to walk, Dorothy said she put bells on her shoes so she could hear where Niki was. Dorothy now works at the Library for the Blind in Marquette and lives in the apartments above Jim's IGA in Ishpeming.

Her goals are to help people through her own experiences, and to help her daughter become an independent and productive citizen.

— Holly Evans



Valerie Beito 1990

The North Lake School where Dorothy Grubb's daughter Niki is in the fifth grade.

“WAR TIME: GOOD AND BAD.”

“The biggest part of it was, keep your mouth shut, do what you were told, and play the game the way they wanted it,” which sounds like a one liner from a John Wayne war movie. In reality it was my dad’s statement of his experiencing the harsh commands of Army personnel in the Vietnam War.

Tom Allen had just completed four years of college in July of 1968 prior to enlisting in the army. He enlisted in what was called a Warrant Officer Flight Program.

Tom took tests in Milwaukee to qualify for placement in the flight program. He passed all of the tests, and he was put on a 120 day delay entry.

At this point Tom’s family, Jack and Dorothy Allen, and his sisters, Susan, and Ann, assumed that he would have to enter the war. Tom said that his family did not jump to any conclusions, for they did not start to worry until his schooling was over.

Tom’s schooling began with an eight week basic training at Fort Polk, Louisiana. Tom stated, “When you first get into the service, their main objective was to change your mind from being a civilian to the military way of thinking. During your first couple days or a week, they don’t give you time to think. They seem to wear you down till you are tired.”

After he arrived in Fort Polk, in the late afternoon, they put trainees and him in barracks. Early the next morning, the Drill Sergeants made all of the trainees “fall out” and do a police call which was done in the dark. Literally, on their hands and knees, they looked for anything from gum wrappers to cigarette butts. The military tried to get the recruits worn out and tired. Once they had the recruits thinking the way they wanted, it was all progressive training and handling of weapons. He also said that they did a lot of marching, march to class, march back from class.

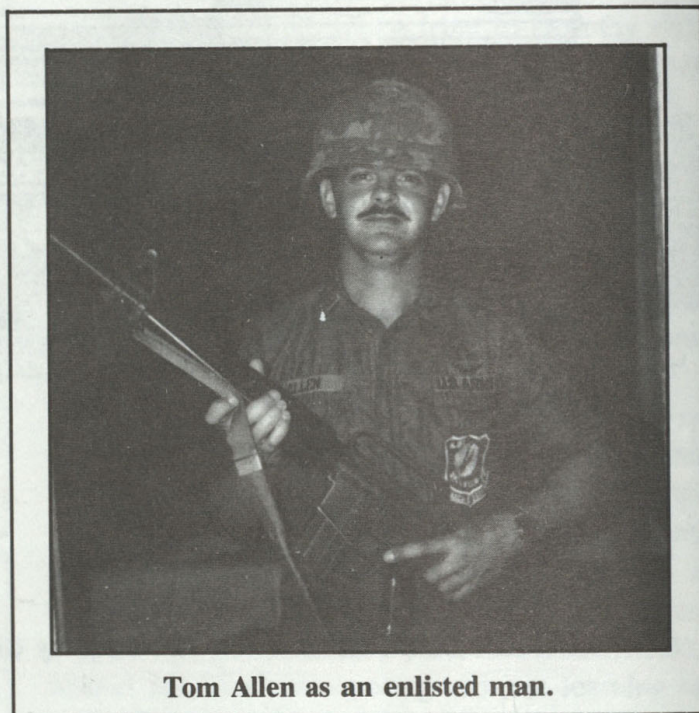
Tom remembered when they were first issued their M-16 rifles. The common conception of Louisiana is that it is warm, but Tom was lying in a mud puddle with nearly an inch of snow on him. This was not the weather he expected in Louisiana.

After boot camp Tom had a two week delay. Basically, what Tom did was stay out of sight and help out in the kitchen which was called “K P”. The reason for the two week delay was the flight school Tom was scheduled for was not ready to open and accept students.

When he arrived at Fort Stewart, Georgia, it was not so bad. The first two or three days there were fear and intimidation tactics. Later on everything settled down to all schooling. The upper class harassed Tom’s class. Tom’s solution was to stay in his room, do his work, and keep his uniform neat. He mentioned that he did a whole lot of pushups.

In Fort Stewart, Tom studied fixed wing aviation. Fixed wing is a normal airplane. There also was rotary wing which is a helicopter. At that time, there was more a need for rotary aviation than there was for fixed wing.

Tom’s flight class started out with twelve members and ended with ten. The remaining two “washed out” under pressure. One of the two washed out on the first day. The reason was because of the “haunting”



Tom Allen as an enlisted man.



Tom Allen before take-off.

of an ex-drill sergeant. When this person got to Fort Stewart one of his past boot camp students happened to be a Warrant Training Officer. The Training Officer took great pleasure in getting back at his ex-drill sergeant.

In the military, they try to “weed” you out of the aviation unit. If a soldier cannot take the pressure and the harassment, he was “washed out”. Tom said, “If you keep your mouth shut, do what you were assigned and play the game the way they wanted it played, you’d do O.K.”

While in Fort Stewart, Tom started his actual flight training flying a Cessna 172 plane. The training procedures were short field landings, takeoff, full stall landings, landing in grass fields, and maneuvering through trees.

Next, he went to Fort Rucker, Alabama where he was trained on planes that were used in Vietnam. The plane was an OG1 Bird Dog which was a civilian version of a Cessna 170. Tom’s last training at Fort Rucker was on multiengine and instrument training. Tom was in the top ten in his class which meant that after graduation, he could choose either a transition to another type of aircraft or a choice of any related schools. He chose a thirteen-week course at Fort Eustis, Virginia, which was the Aircraft Maintenance Officer Course.

Graduation was just like a high school graduation. He got his diploma and shook hands with his commanders. After the graduation ceremony, there was a party at the officer's club. There were drinks, a nice dinner, music, and those who were married had their families there.

Before leaving the school, the graduates filled out "Dream Sheets". On the "Dream Sheets" they picked four places they wanted to go. Tom's top choice was Alaska. The army never sent him there, but he did go to British Columbia on his own for two weeks of leave prior to going to Vietnam. While in British Columbia, he flew home for two weeks to visit his family before he left for Vietnam.

There were a lot of soldiers dying in Vietnam which made the whole family worry. Tom said, "I guess I was concerned too, but I didn't feel like I wasn't coming back. It was harder to see them worry than it was for myself to worry."

From Ishpeming, Tom went to Washington. The plane from Washington left at about three or four in the morning. Packed in the airplane like cattle, they flew to Anchorage, Alaska, landed for fuel, and hours later landed somewhere in Vietnam in the three corps area of Saigon.

When he got there, he was assigned to the 74th Reconnaissance Airplane Company. Tom was in the first platoon. Tom and his platoon stayed in a place called Tay Ninh which was further west of Saigon and about a fifteen minute airplane ride from the Cambodian border. Tom was doing reconnaissance along the border of Cambodia.

More than a couple of times, Tom was involved in action. One time there was heavy fighting. There were a couple of three star generals and one star generals who were there to command the fighting. People were getting slaughtered. Tom explained some military tactics to me. He said, "See, we couldn't bomb rubber plantations. Because for some reason, which made this war rather stupid, if we bombed rubber plantations we had to pay for each rubber tree that was bombed, and that was very expensive." This was a way of preserving Vietnam's economy after the war. Naturally, the enemy would run into the rubber plantation because they wouldn't get shot at. Luckily, Tom was never wounded.

Later on, Tom and the 1st platoon moved to Langson which had a pool, toilets, regular showers and nice rooms. This was better than a bunker filled with cockroaches and snakes.

Tom went on many search and rescue missions looking for downed airplanes which kept him very busy. He flew a minimum of three hours a day to as many as twelve hours. He recalled, "I heard a lot of helicopters shot down and a lot of young men screaming over the 'emergency radio'."

During his stay in Vietnam, they played basketball and on Sunday afternoons they played softball. They did this when they were not flying. Tom said they had the best cook in Vietnam, so they ate real good. Every night they had a movie; however, many nights it was the same one.

Tom explained that the Vietnamese were very poor and their standard of living was much lower than ours in America. They were all hardworkers, but he didn't trust them at all.

Tom had an experience with a Lambretta driver when he was flying Coastal Intelligence for the Navy. He was able to sleep in the hotel downtown, but he had to take a Lambretta back to the airfield in the morning. They always took off in the morning before daylight. One morning his Lambretta driver stopped and demanded more money if he wanted him to go on. The Lambretta driver knew that Tom had a 38 pistol in his pocket. It did not take Tom long to convince the Lambretta driver to keep going! When he did get there, Tom did not pay the driver at all because of the way he was treated.

Tom's roommate was David Barnwell. Tom said that he and David had a lot of good times together. They still make contact by phone calls and letters. On March 2, 1990, Tom went to North Carolina to visit David.

They had not seen each other for eighteen years. They stayed in his 150 year old cabin in the mountains.

Tom was not in Vietnam for the end of the war. His platoon was put on stand-down because there was no longer a need for fixed wing anymore. Tom remembered the day he was sent home. In the military there were random drug tests. He went in for a drug test, as did the whole platoon. While they were there waiting for the bus to bring them back, the commander came out with a list. The man's name was Major Bacon. When your name is on a list it never meant anything good! He called, "Allen, you have three days to get out of this country!" Tom replied, "Sir, if I can do it in two, can I leave the country?"

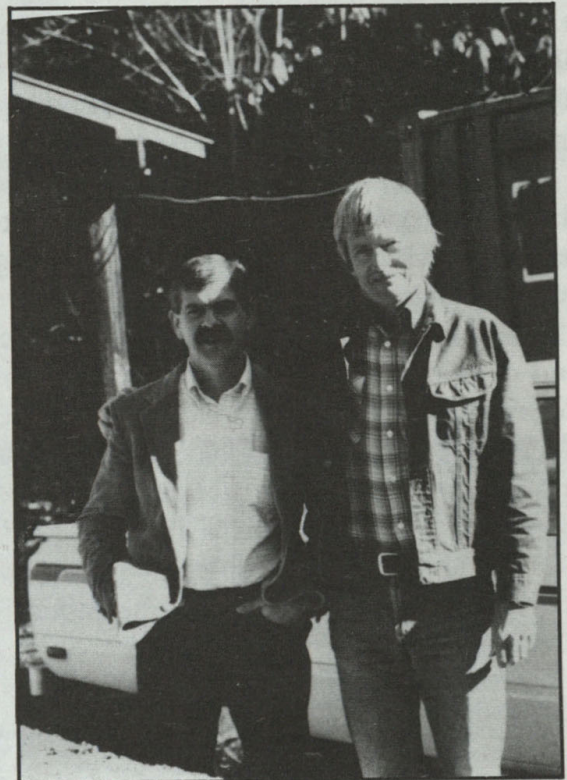
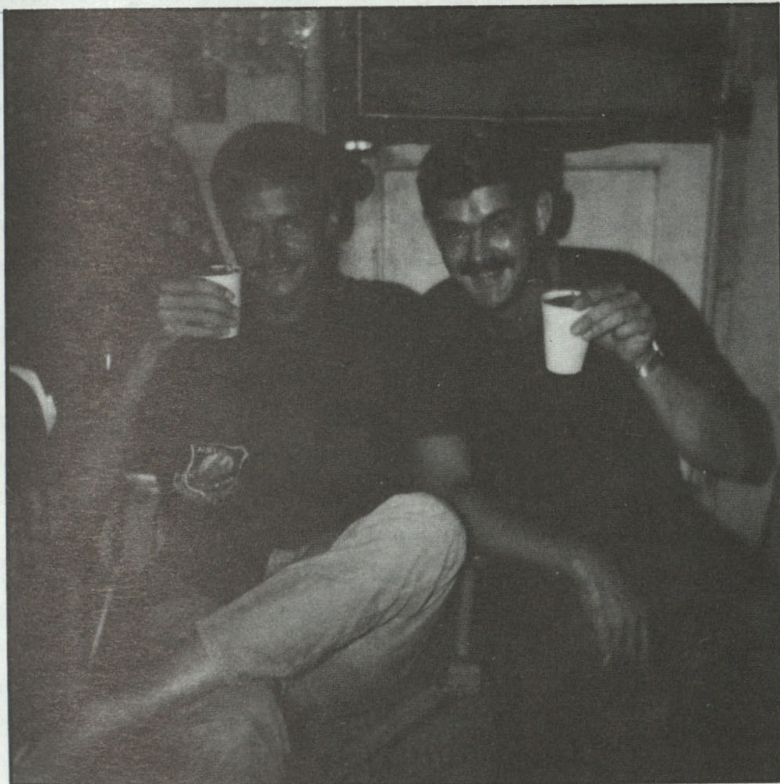
The major answered, "Allen, if you can do it in one you can still leave but you have to see me first!"

Tom did go and see the major and was presented with the Bronze Star.

Tom said the Vietnam War did not affect him like it did some people. His job today has to do with airplanes. He works at Simmon's Airlines in the repair and maintenance shop.

Tom is a very patient, loving person who cares a lot about people and things around him. I have gained a lot from this project and talking with him. Thanks Dad!

— Courtney Allen



Tom Allen and David Barnwell while serving in Vietnam together and during a March 1990 visit.

LIFE AS A MINER

Have you ever wondered what drew people to the cold, frosted, and snowy Upper Peninsula? My grandpa, Tony Certo, told me about mining, one of the main industries that spurred the development of the Upper Peninsula. He explained experiences he went through while working in the mine.

My grandpa was born in Negaunee, Michigan, on April 12, 1929. His parents, Georgina and Antonio, were the proud and lucky parents of five children. Grandpa was the middle child. The other four children were: Joseph, grandpa's only brother, and three sisters: Grace, Antoinette, and Rosemary.

My grandpa and his brother and sisters had many chores to do throughout the day. Grandpa's whole family worked in their enormous garden in the summertime. In the winter, Grandpa and his brother, Joseph, had to haul wood and shovel snow.

In addition to his chores, Grandpa went to school. My grandpa walked seven to ten miles to attend St. Paul's Catholic School in Negaunee, Michigan. School life for Grandpa was different than most because he went to a Catholic school which was run by nuns. They were very strict which was one reason he found school life very challenging. My grandpa remembered one nun in particular. She was special because every day at lunch she played baseball with the children.

After grandpa got home from school and did his chores, he enjoyed some recreational activities, like skiing, sledding, and skating in the winter. Grandpa explained the kind of skiing that he did was ski jumping. My grandpa had fun ski jumping, but he exclaimed, "I never got the guts to ride Suicide. I did ride many other hills though." Another recreational activity he enjoyed was driving his Model A car. At the time, not many other kids had a car. "Once I had my car, I drove to school everyday," Grandpa stated. My grandpa never finished high school, but he completed the tenth grade.

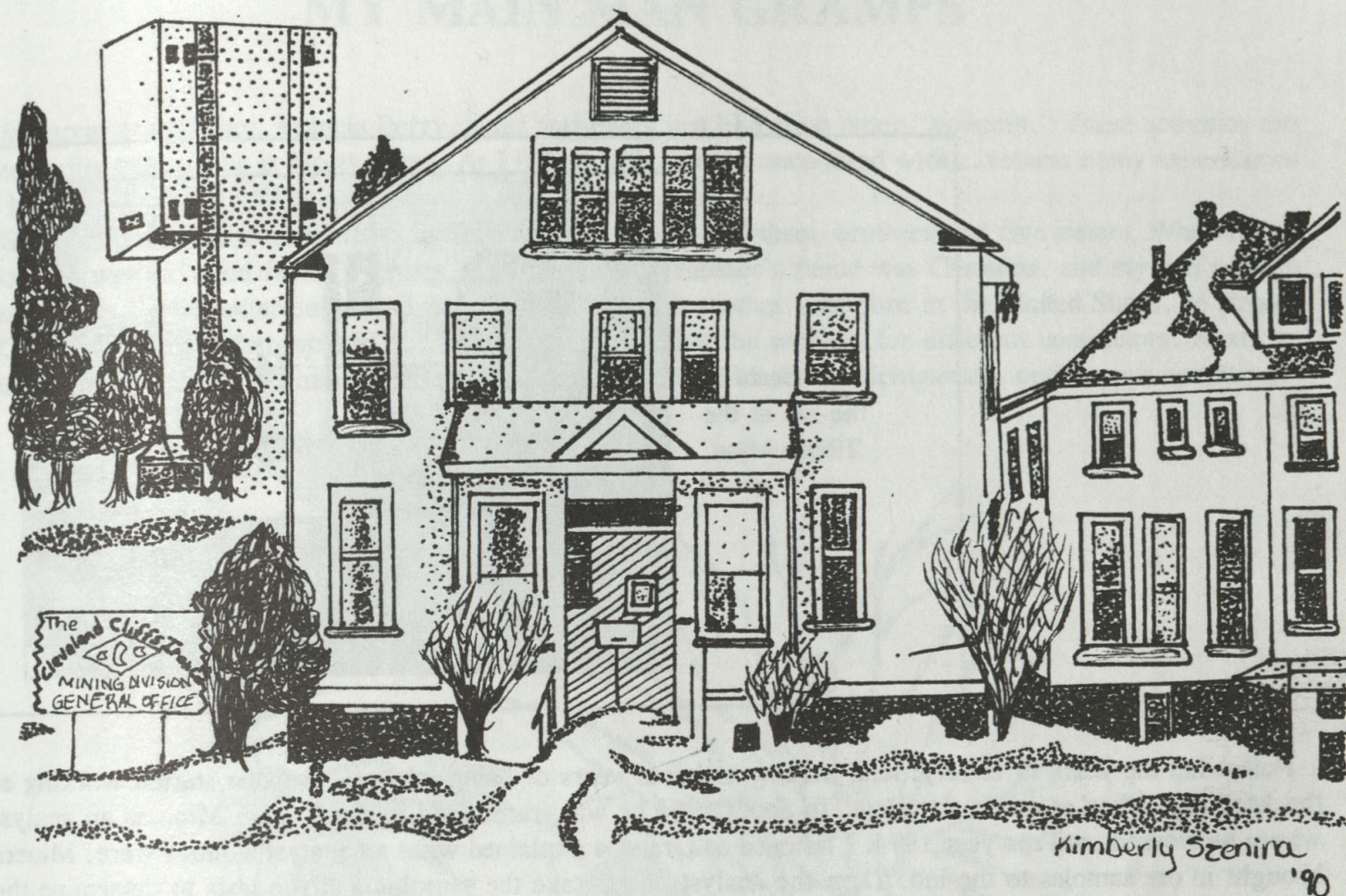
At age fifteen, Grandpa started his first job which was to collect tickets and usher people into the Vista Theater in Negaunee. However, his tenure at this job was short. Next, he worked at a roofing and siding company which Grandpa explained was like a regular construction company. Grandpa's boss traveled around and bid for siding or roofing jobs. Most of the money that Grandpa earned was used to help out at home.

At age eighteen, Grandpa began his career in mining with the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company. The first kind of mining he did was underground mining at the Athen's Mine. When I questioned Grandpa about underground mining, he explained that underground mining was going into the drifts, blasting the dirt out, and bringing the ore out of the shaft onto the railroad cars. The ore was transported to Escanaba by railroad cars and then loaded onto ships. My grandpa was a motorman at the time. He brought ore out of the shaft, and when it was out of the shaft, it was raised to the surface by skips.

Grandpa worked at four different properties or underground mines. He worked at the Mather A Mine, Mather B Mine, Bunker Hill Mine, and the Athens' Mine. Grandpa worked underground until he was about thirty years of age.

During these ten to twelve years of underground mining, he married Abbie Mitchell. My grandpa explained how hard it was to raise a family and to make ends meet. Grandpa stated that then it was much harder to make ends meet than it is now.

When I questioned Grandpa about any memories he had about his underground mining years, he responded, "I do remember a couple of memories from working at the Athen's Mine." One accident occurred in April. My grandpa and his boss were sitting on a dirt pile. Grandpa's boss left, but for some unknown reason Grandpa stayed seated on that dirt pile. A very short time after his boss left, that dirt pile caved in. Grandpa was left there alone buried up to his chest in dirt. After he hollered long and hard, somebody found him and he was rushed to the hospital by ambulance. My grandpa was a very lucky man because he did not have anything



Main office, Cleveland-Cliffs Iron Company.

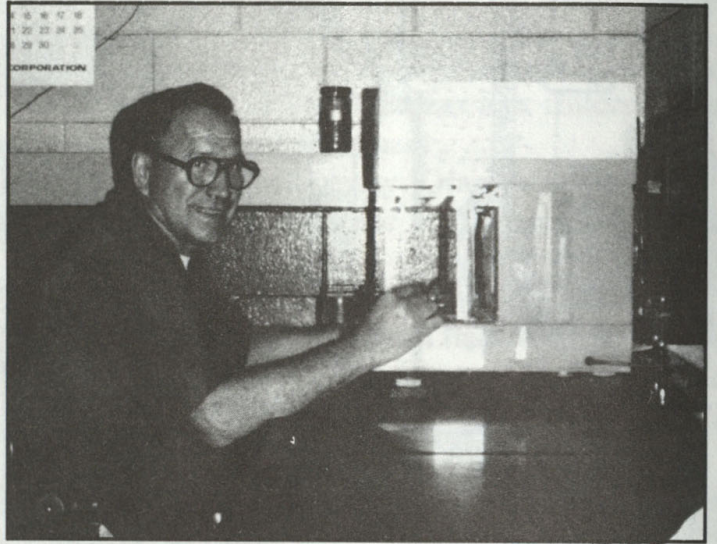
broken at all! After a week he was released from the hospital with only a bruise on the back.

Another accident happened while Grandpa was working at the Athen's Mine as a motorman underground. Grandpa's partner, the brakeman, was coming, and he had his hand inside the sling that held the pole up to the trolley. The pole flew off and was jammed. The pole was so strong that it pulled him off the motor and right off to the side. My grandpa was afraid to look back, but his partner was very fortunate as he wasn't injured. Over the years, safety at the mines has improved greatly.



Tony Certo underground in the Athens Mine in 1950.

**Tony Certo in
the lab at the
Tilden Mine.**



Following the years of underground mining and four years of being laid off, grandpa started working at the Mather B Mine as a belt attendant. In about 1964 he was transferred to the Empire Mine as an analyst where he worked until the year 1974. I listened as Grandpa explained what an analyst's duties were. Miners brought in ore samples to the lab. Then the analyst had to take the samples and run tests to determine the grade ore. If it was the grade desired, they kept it and it was made into pellets. Otherwise the tailings were thrown away. Next, he was transferred to the Tilden Mine. Grandpa continued as an analyst at the Tilden Mine until he retired. Grandpa said that by this time all underground mining was shut down for safety reasons. Grandpa stated, "Boy was I glad when they shut down underground mining because I didn't care to go underground." Grandpa was one of the first people to work at the Tilden Mine. The new lab was operational very quickly after the Tilden Mine opened.

My grandpa retired on May 1, 1989. He is enjoying his retirement spending time with his three children Jacqueline, Carolyn, and Tony. His eight grandchildren keep him busy also. One thing that has kept my grandpa's retirement very active is the recreation committee in the Township of Ishpeming, and he is also a volunteer fireman for the township.

When I questioned my grandpa on what he thought made this area special, he said, "The only thing that makes Ishpeming and Negaunee keep growing are the mines." He enjoys the different seasons of the year, even though the winters can be difficult at times.

My grandpa is very loving and special. I will always appreciate the memories that he shared with me. I have learned much about my grandpa's childhood and his life. Since our talk, I have learned that I should be very happy for what I have, and what my family can do.

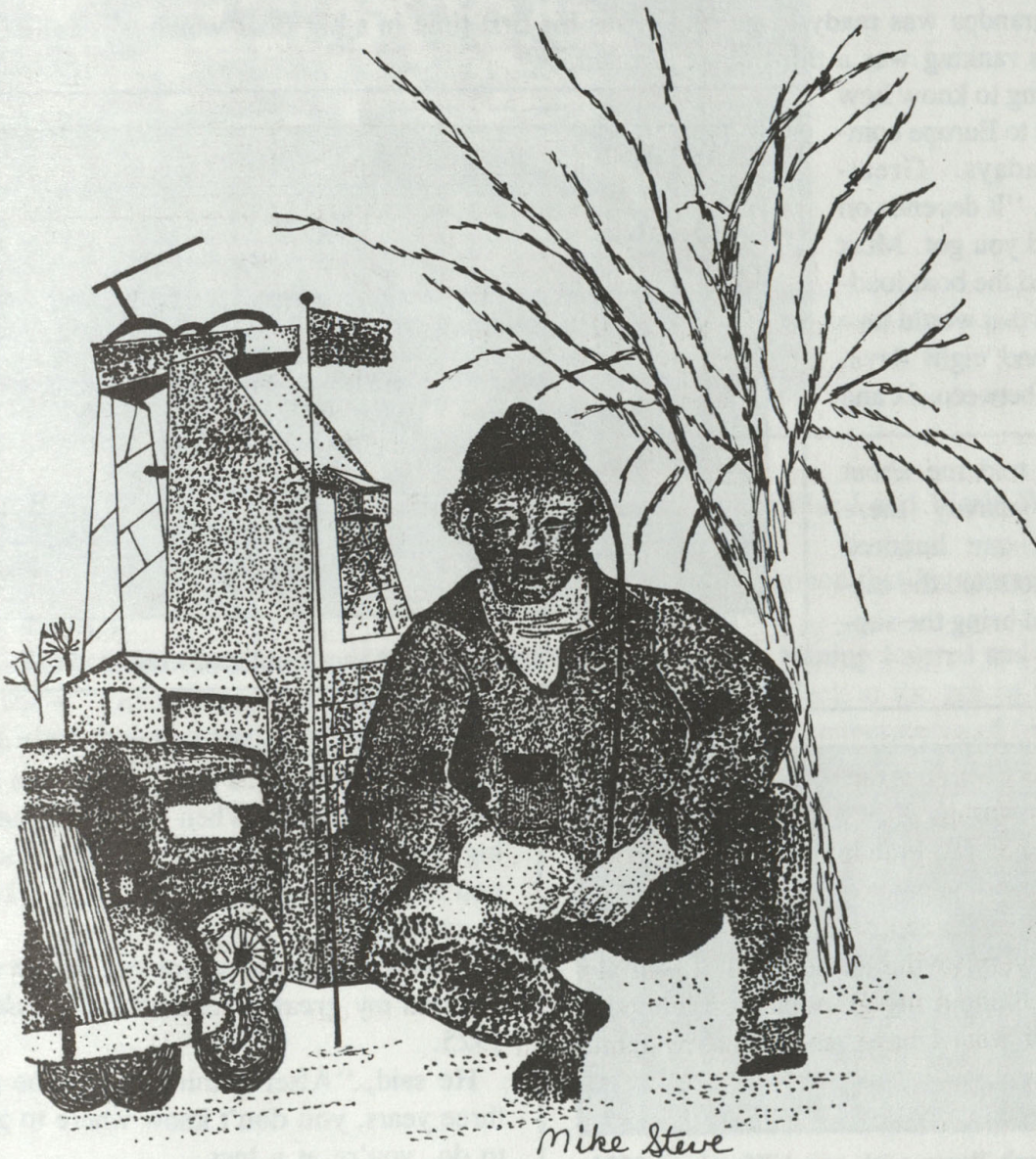
— *Kim Szenina*

MY MAIN MAN GRAMPS

My great-grandfather, Francis Perry, hunts and fishes just like most other "yoopers." These activities are noteworthy because he is ninety-three. As I talked with him, he recounted with exactness many experiences of his life.

Great-grandpa was born in 1896 in Spurr Township. He had three brothers and five sisters. When asked about his mother's and father's names, he replied, "My mother's name was Christina, and my dad's name was Francis." His father emigrated from England and his mother was born in the United States, he stated.

Great-grandpa's father worked for the township, and then he worked for different contractors. Next, he found employment in the mines. He worked at the Imperial Mine in Michigamme until it quit operating.



Great-grandpa attended Michigamme School. He had to walk one mile in order to get there. When asked about how strict the schools were, he laughingly replied, "Well they (the teachers) were quite strict I'd say. They would expel you if you went a little too far, but they'd take you back."

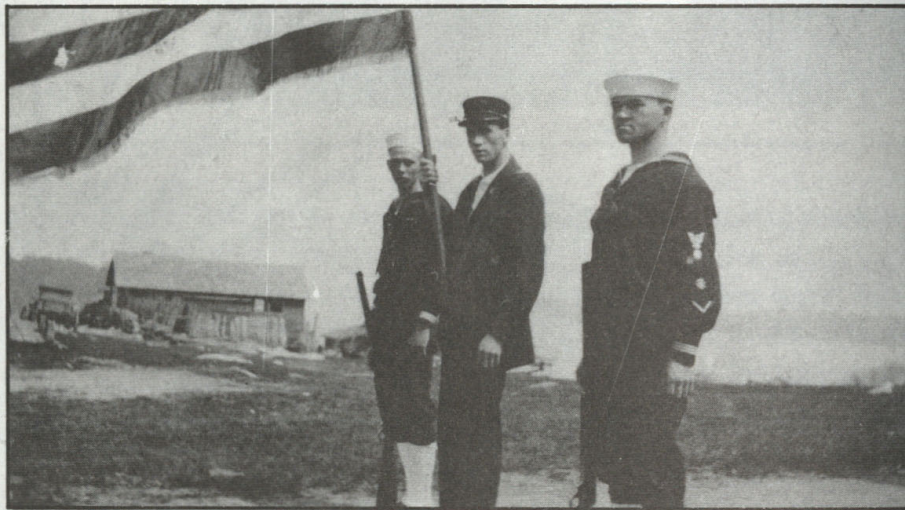
He said, "They had just about every subject — algebra, trigonometry." He also added that his favorite subject was bookkeeping because it was so easy. Unlike other students of this time, he graduated from school on June 10, 1917, and he enlisted in the Navy on June 22nd. On July 2nd he left for his basic training at the Great Lakes Training Center.

He explained, "The basic training was more drilling and stuff like preparing to go on the boats. You had to be prepared. You could take part in any branch of the Navy that you wanted to take. Like me, I went into heavy artillery, and so that's how I got on the big guns."

When Great-grandpa was ready to go on, it was his first time in a big boat which was called the *George Washington*. His ranking was a third class fireman.

It was interesting to know how long it took to get to Europe compared to nowadays. Great-grandpa recalled, "It depends on how heavy a load you got. Most of the time we had the boat loaded real heavy and that would take between seven and eight days. But coming back between six and seven days."

Great-grandpa told me about convoys. In a convoy there sometimes were one hundred ships, and they protected the carriers so they could bring the supplies to Europe.



Frank Perry (far left) as an enlisted man, c. 1917.



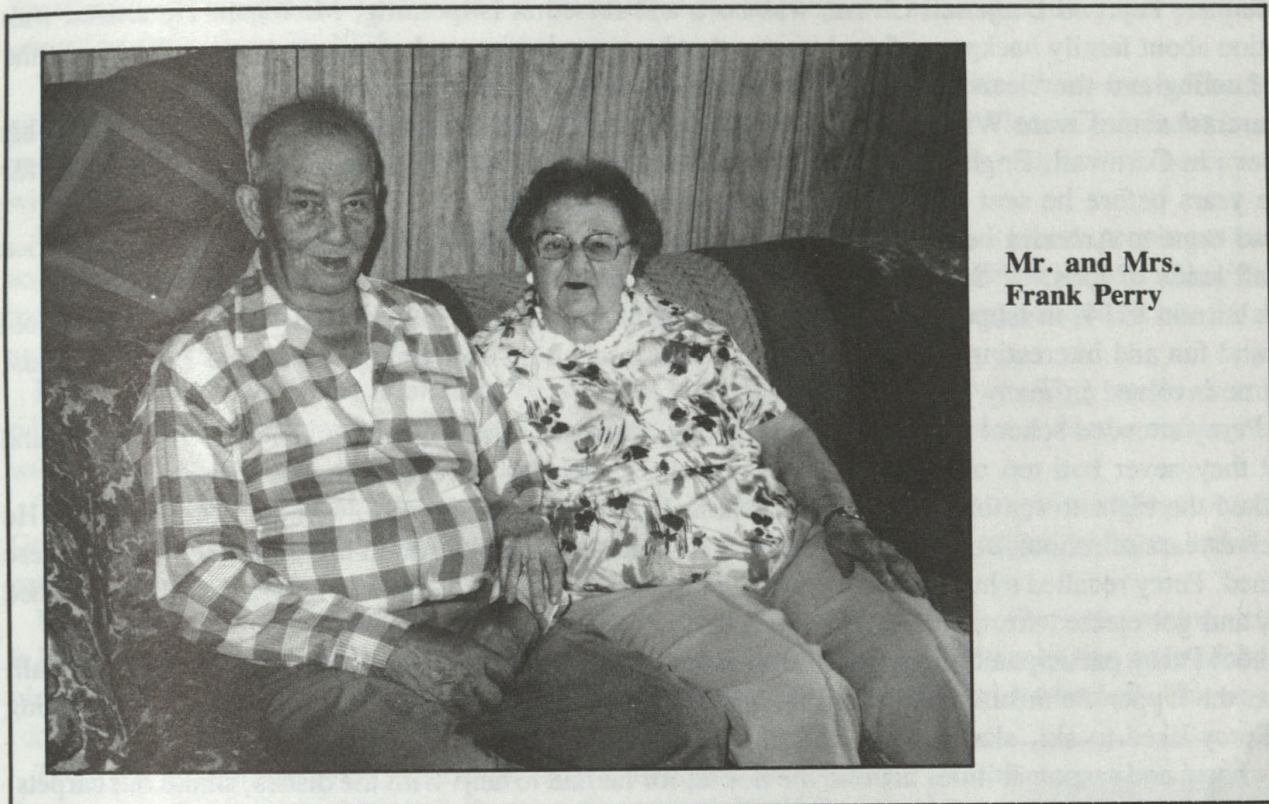
Myrtle and Frank Perry with son Gilford, c. 1930.

He added, "You are 'under' stricter orders when you're in the Navy. I didn't like when they would order you around. When you get up in the morning, you have to look and see what kind of clothes you're going to wear for the day. It's kind of hard to swallow."

After Great-grandpa got out of the service, he married my great-grandmother, Myrtle Perry, in 1925.

He said, "After coming out of the service for three years, you don't know where to go, or what to do, you're at a loss."

During World War II, Great-grandpa worked at



Mr. and Mrs.
Frank Perry

the Blueberry Mine. When asked about the difference between World War I and World War II, he replied, "In World War II, everything was a lot more advanced."

As we talked on, I was amazed at his detailed descriptions. He explained that he appreciates the U.P. for the mining industry.

Today Great-grandpa hunts deer and partridge. He appeared in the Mining Journal and on the W.L.U.C. television show "Discovering" in 1986 for bagging his twelve-point buck at the age of 90.

I'm glad I had the opportunity to share his memories with him and the experiences of his past and present lifetime.

— Scott Syrjala

LIFETIME MEMORIES

My grandfather, Percival Benjamin Chinn, was born and raised in Ishpeming, Michigan. He shared with me information about family background and stories that have made him such a unique person. To him, "the fishing and hunting and the clear water and air, make this area a great place to live."

Percy's parents' names were William and Grace Ellen. Percy's mother and her two sisters, as well as his dad, were born in Cornwall, England. Percy's dad came to America in 1903. He worked in area mines for two to three years before he sent for Percy's mother and two sisters.

Percy's dad came to America because things were not very good in England, and he heard, "In America there were all kinds of jobs." "So he came here and worked in the mines," stated Percy.

Percy was born in 1914, in Ishpeming, Michigan. He had two brothers and two sisters. He went to school which he found fun and interesting. He liked school because when he was young, Percy had lots of friends, and he became involved in many school activities.

Although Percy attended school many years ago, people were not so different. Students dressed neatly and warmly, but they never had too many clothes because there was not that much money either.

Percy walked the eight to ten blocks to school where his favorite subjects were history and English. He received twelve years of school, completing all grades from kindergarten through high school. The kids were very disciplined. Percy recalled a humorous event that happened. "I lost my temper in typing class, and bunched up the keys, and got ejected from school, for three days," he stated.

During school Percy participated in sports like track and some football, but his main sport was basketball. He played on the Upper Peninsula championship team of 1932, as a starting guard. In addition to playing basketball, Percy liked to ski, skate, swim and play baseball.

Percy had chores and responsibilities around the house, for he had to help with the dishes, shake out carpets, and carry wood and coal. During the Depression, his family had a potato field which Percy helped his dad plant and harvest. The family had a wood lot where they cut and chopped wood to burn.

Percy often went to the circus down at the Union Park. He also watched the dog and horse races. In February, on Washington's birthday, parades were held on Main Street in Ishpeming. He often went to the Mardi Gras where everyone dressed up in costume and had lots of fun. Percy and his friends flirted with the girls.

When Percy was young he said Christmas was, "Well, Christmas was fun. It was a time when people sang carols, but we didn't have very many expensive gifts." Percy and his family were satisfied with small gifts like apples, oranges, nuts, and popcorn balls.

Percy remembered church as being the same as it is now. He took part in church sponsored activities, and he became the president of the Grace Episcopal Fellowship. When Percy was younger, his hobbies were fishing and hunting. He told me an interesting story about hunting. One very funny thing happened at the camp out north on the Bois River. He was trailing the fresh footprints of a deer in the snow when he saw a beautiful Christmas tree. He said, "There's the tree I'm going to get for Christmas." As he laid the gun down and went toward the tree, the buck jumped from behind it, and he ran away.

Before Percy was an adult, he had several jobs. As a teenager he fired the family stoves for the Ropes sisters in Ishpeming, the family who owned the first Ropes Gold Mine. Earning a few dollars necessitated working four different jobs. He drove a car for a doctor on weekends, he worked in the A & P store on Saturday, he took care of the coal stoves, and fired the furnace in the Woolworth Store. When Mr. John Voelker, the author of "Anatomy of a Murder," opened his law office in Ishpeming, he hired Percy as the secretary where Percy worked for several months.

In 1934, he started in the office of Cohodas Brothers and eventually became a salesman for this company.

Spending several years there after the war, he finally left and became a salesman for a paper company in Duluth, returning from there in 1976.

The Stock Market Crash of 1929 did not affect Percy because his family didn't have much. The Great Depression affected Percy's family just like any other person employed by the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company. Some people employed by the mines hadn't worked for several years. His father was one of those, so they got by with the bare necessities.

When I asked Percy what it was like living during the Depression he said, "I think people got closer together and were more friendly because of the fact that everyone was in the same financial boat. They had organized baseball, softball teams, and they had picnics, and everybody felt the same way about it; it was the most friendly atmosphere."

Percy and his family made ends meet with the help of very little welfare. They made use of deer meat, rabbits, and perch caught out of Deer Lake. Percy's sister was working for a doctor making five dollars a week, and she was able to buy a little meat.

The Depression changed Percy's life. He stated, "I never got a chance to go to college on account of the Great Depression." Because his family never had any money, he didn't attend college, and it was hard to get a good job.

Percy described the YMCA as a brick building that filled the corner lot where the senior citizens is now. It had a basement with lockers and a swimming pool. The first floor contained the main lobby where they played pool and ping pong, and the gym where they played volleyball and basketball. The upper floor had rooms rented out to older citizens.

The most memorable event in Percy's life was being drafted into the Army in September of 1941 at the age of twenty-eight. Percy did his basic training in Camp Grant, Illinois. A humorous experience occurred when his allergies were starting to act up on him. When Percy was given a vaccination that they gave all the soldiers, it reacted violently on him. As the sergeant was marching them, Percy fainted!

He spent four years and two months in the Signal Corps but did not go overseas. It was declared that he was not able to go over seas because of back and allergy problems.

Percy stayed in the service and was stationed at Camp Grant Illinois, Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, Camp Kohler, California, and Seattle, Washington. He became a master sergeant which was the most rewarding thing that happened to Percy during World War II. Upon discharge, he received a rewarding recommendation from his commanding officer in Seattle.

Percy never questioned the outcome of the war as he figured that the United States had enough power to win. Percy's war experiences changed his life, "It increased the sense of value, of discipline and friendship," he explained.

When the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, Percy was stationed at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. We were all



Percy Chinn while serving with the United States Army.

LIFETIME MEMORIES

younger men and were all raring to go and kill the Japs,” he stated. “The army does not work that way; sometimes they had so many men and so many places to send them that they couldn’t go where they all wanted to go. The army just told soldiers where they were stationed that was final.”

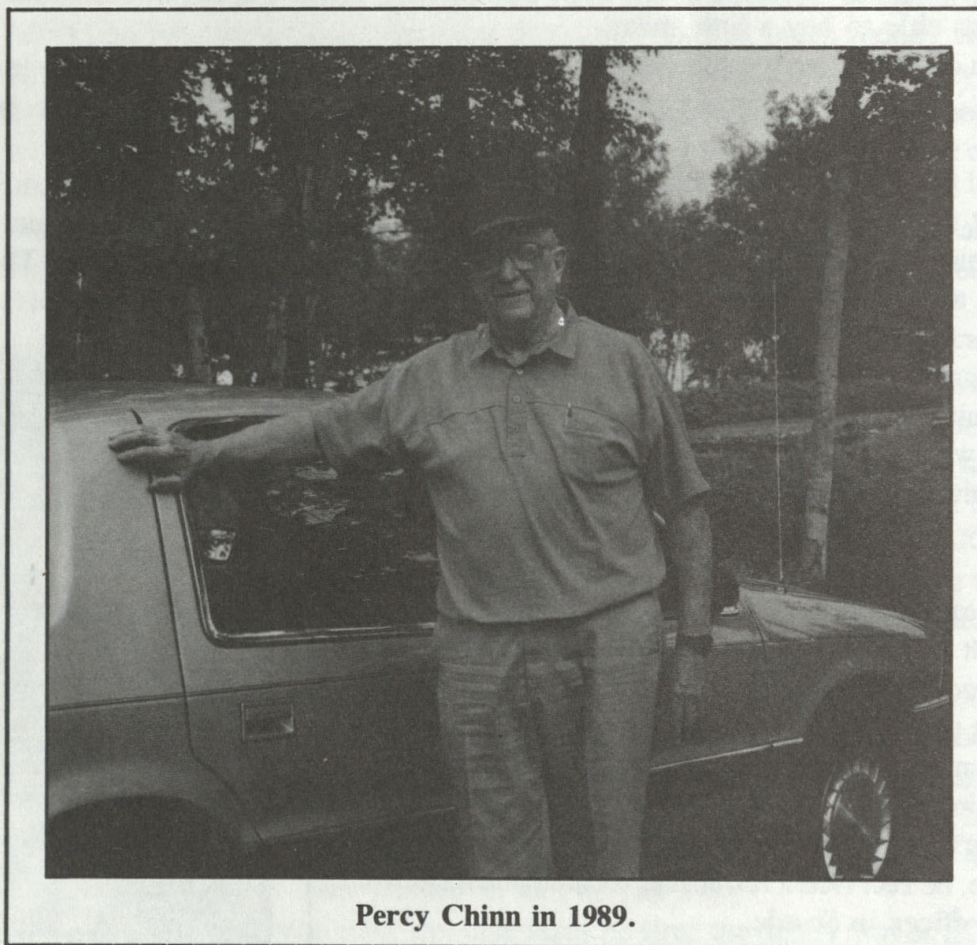
Ordinary people supported the war effort by working in factories and working in the steel and iron industries.

Percy’s explained that the dropping of the atomic bomb ended the Japanese resistance so the war could end. However, after thinking about it, Percy said it was bad, a horrible thing, because those people who invented the atomic bomb had released a horrible weapon that they didn’t know what they were getting us into.

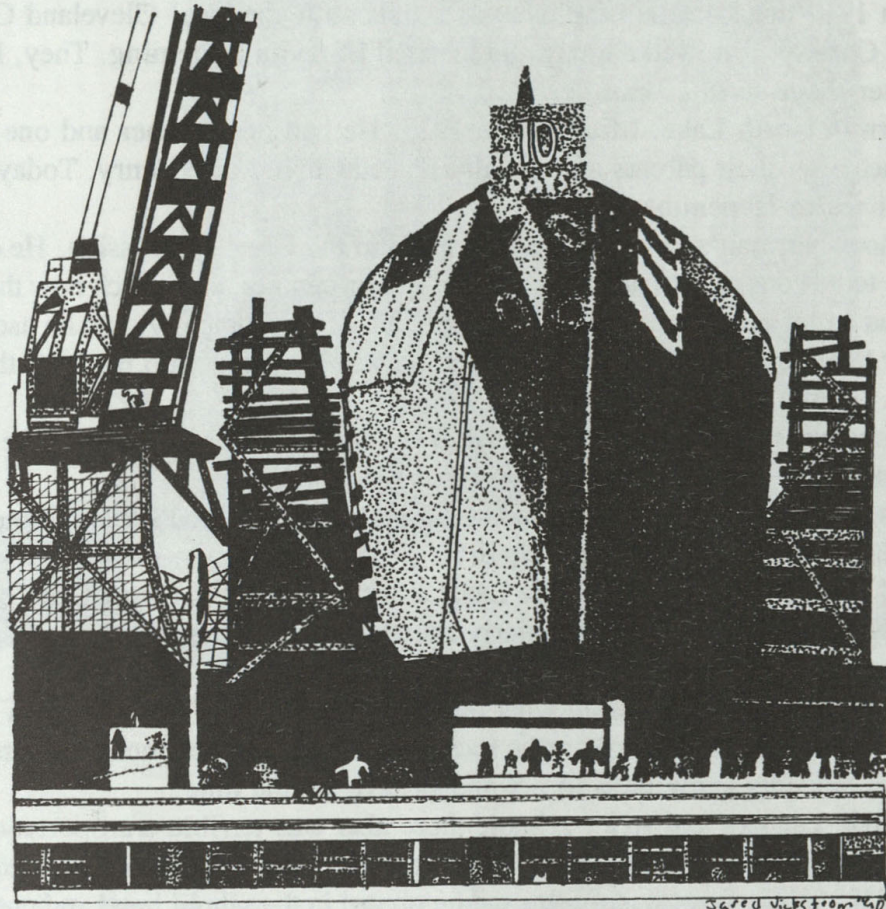
Percy said, “Memories faded somewhat after the war but some would always remain. One very special event was when he was on leave in 1941 and he came home from Fort Manmouth and married his beloved Verna, my Grandma. Their son Gordy, my Dad, was born in Sacramento, California, in February 1944.

I enjoyed interviewing him on his life story. He was unique and I am thankful to have him as my Grandpa.

— *Marti Chinn*



Percy Chinn in 1989.



One of the "Liberty Ships," quickly and cheaply constructed ships designed to carry war materials to Europe and Asia during World War II.

AN AERIAL GUNNER

As I walked into Norman Scarffe's uniquely decorated home, my eyes were attracted to the numerous knick-knacks and wall decorations. The sweet aroma of this sixty-seven year old man's house filled the air.

Norman's parents were born in 1896 and 1898 on the Isle of Mann located off the coast of England which is a possession of Great Britain. Their names were Chrissy and Harry. His father, Harry, came to this country as a young man in 1919 and became employed as a miner for the local Cleveland Cliff Mining Company. Norman's mother, Chrissy, followed shortly and married Harry in Ishpeming. They, like many others, came to America to better themselves economically.

Norman was born in North Lake, Michigan in 1923. He had one brother and one sister, both older than him. They are named after their parents and are also named Chrissy and Henry. Today, Chrissy lives in Marquette and Henry lives in Ishpeming.

In our conversation, Norman's thoughts were directed to the Great Depression. He explained, "Oh I think it taught everybody to be conservative and kind of pinch their pennies, and watch how they spent their money." Norman's father had a plot of land from the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company, and he used it for a garden which supplemented their food supplies. Part of Norman's job was to pick potato bugs off the potato plants and do the weeding.

A few of the many responsibilities Norman had as a child were: hauling oil to the house in a five gallon pail, cutting firewood and kindling, and also shoveling the paths.

Besides doing his chores, Norman and his buddies skated, skied, played kick the can, softball, and baseball. Norman stated, "There was never any idle time."

Norman also was a member of the Epworth League at the Methodist Church and played in the Methodist Church orchestra. Norman and his family regularly attended Sunday church services and enjoyed special occasions at the church.

"Schools were strict. Much stricter than what they are today. It was work to go to school in the days that I went to school," Norman said laughingly as he recalled his school experiences. He also remembered teachers were very strict and students knew how to act and behave all the time.

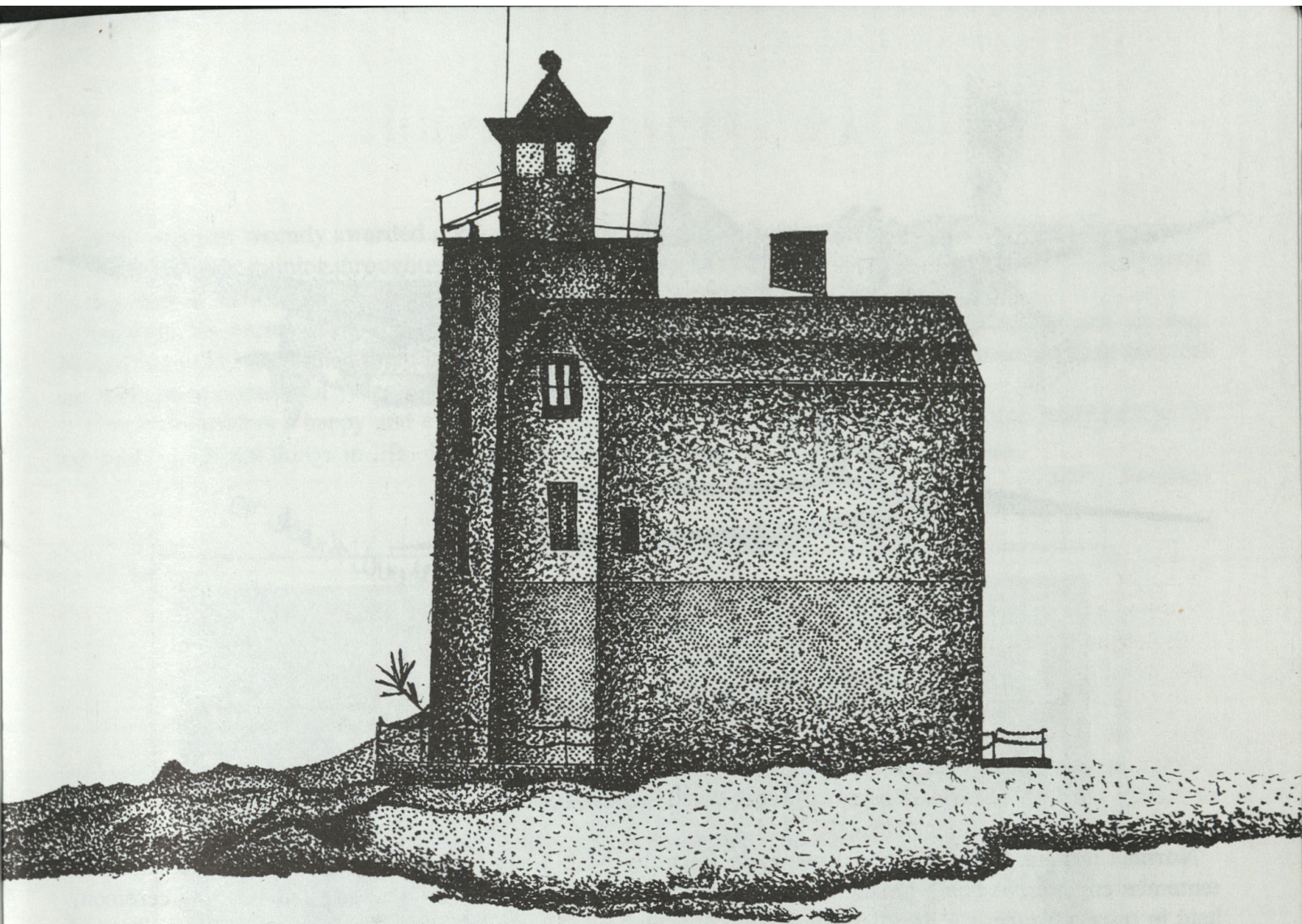
To add to the tough teachers and strict school, there also was terrible transportation. Norman walked to school from the Cleveland Location to the Ridge Street School which was probably a mile and a quarter each way.

Music was one of Norman's favorite subjects and he played in the school band and orchestra. Another school activity he enjoyed was sports.

The succeeding years brought World War II to Europe. A few years later, in 1941, Norman graduated from Ishpeming High School. He did not go to college, for he started to work right away for the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company in their laboratory. Prior to his first real job, Norman pumped gas at a local garage for a few months. "Kind of part time, that's about it," stated Norman.

The war years continued and Norman served his country in the United States Army. During the time of United States involvement in World War II, Norman was in the service. He recalled that food and gas rationing didn't affect him at all unless he came home on leave and wanted to use his father's car. "Then," as he stated, "I had to kind of beg and borrow gas stamps to get the gas to use it."

He and his crew did their basic training in Atlantic City, New Jersey which is famous for its Boardwalk. The trainees lived in big fancy hotels and trained out on the beaches during the day. As Norman described it, it was all hard work and everybody had to be in shape. Norman recalled an incident when a friend reached for a salt shaker that he was reaching for. His friend let go of it, and Norman grabbed it and it hit him in the mouth and chipped his tooth. As Norman exclaimed laughingly, "I'll never forget that!"



Jennifer Korman

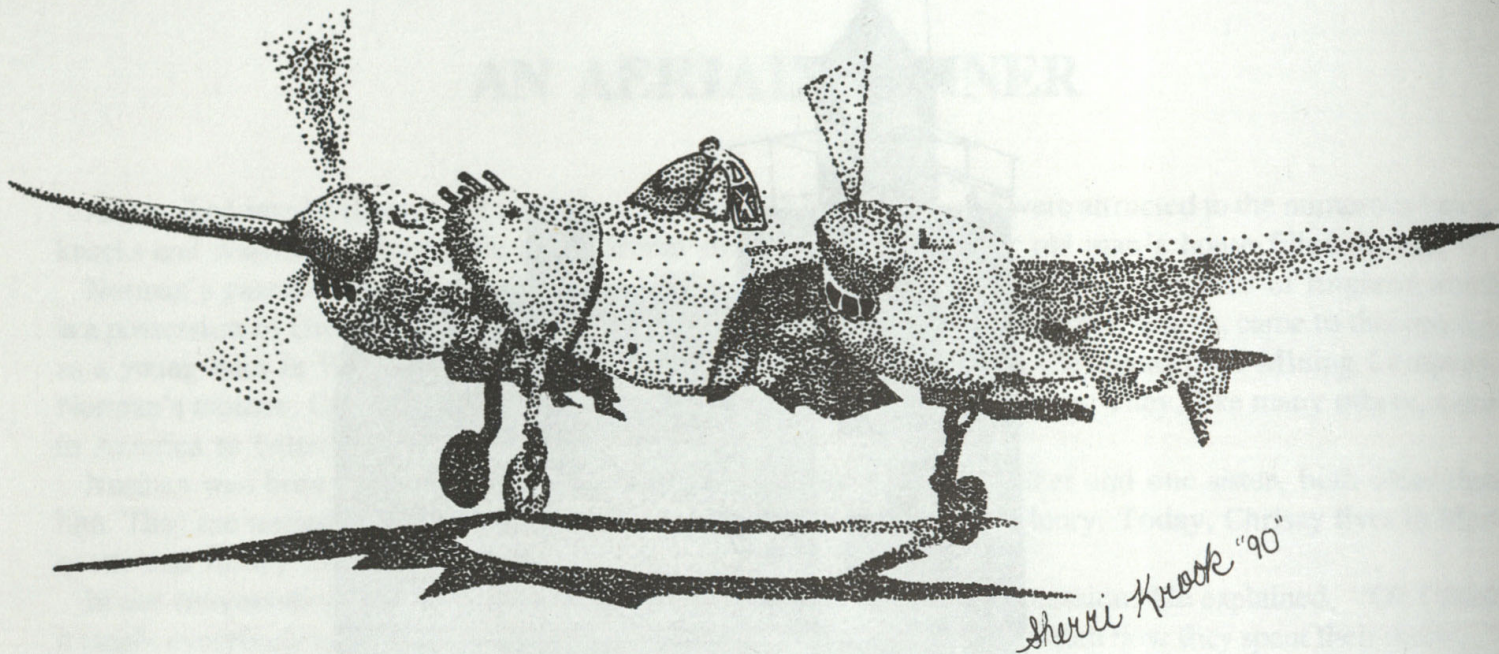
Norman told me ordinary people supported the war effort by saving and turning in all their scrap iron. Not using their cars as much as they liked to was another way that people supported the war effort.

Norman continued his Army training in several states in the United States. For example, he was enrolled in radio school in Nebraska, aerial gunnery school in Las Vegas, Nevada, and bomber crew training in McDill Field, Florida. His crew flew overseas through Labrador and Iceland, Scotland, and went on to England. Norman flew bomber missions out of England from September of 1944 to February of 1945.

Norman was wounded on February 3, 1945, on his thirty-first bomber mission. The B17 Bomber was attacked by fighter planes and then caught on fire.

Norman first realized they were in trouble when he was hit in the back with something that felt like a sledge hammer. He was thrown across the plane. Next, there was a tremendous racket as the bullets from the enemy plane hit their plane. He and the other crew members had to bail out.

Norman survived the attack by parachuting to the ground. He landed in a plowed field on a farm where prisoners of war were working. They discovered Norman but shortly after they found him, German soldiers came with their guns and took him prisoner. He and the rest of the survivors were held as prisoners for three months. Four of his fellow crew members perished in the incident, and this was the saddest experience of the war for Norman.



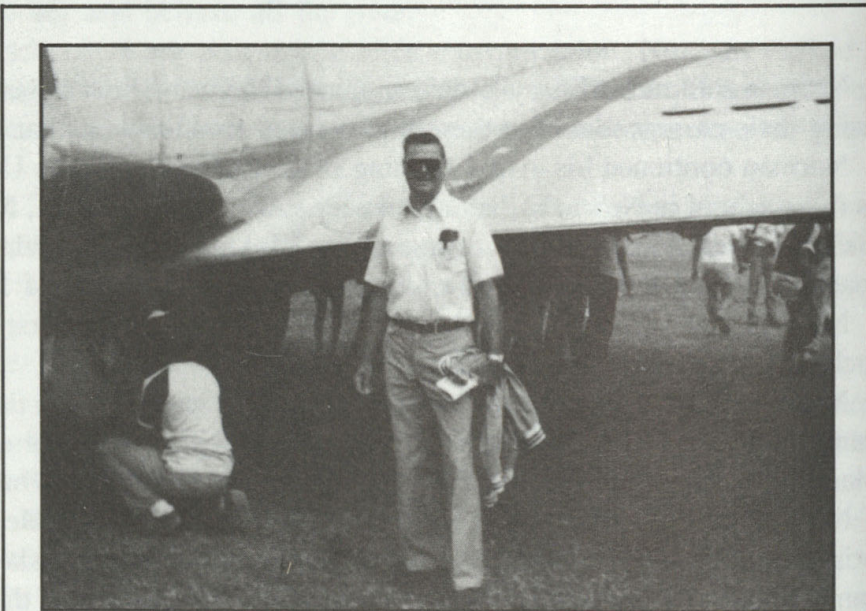
World War II fighter bomber.

Norman recalled being in a prison camp in Germany when he heard of President Roosevelt's death. He remembered the news being broadcast over a loudspeaker for the prisoners and also the touching ceremony held in respect for the late President, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Shortly afterward, the prisoners were liberated from the prison camp by the British Second Army. Norman stated, "That was the happiest day of our lives."

Not long after they were liberated, General Eisenhower came and talked to them. Following President Truman, Eisenhower was elected President. Norman explained, "So you might say I did see a President."

World War II ended with two separate surrenders. VE Day stood for Victory in Europe and VJ Day signified Victory in Japan. When victory in Europe was declared, Norman was on convalescent leave in Brussels, Belgium having just been liberated from the prison camp.

For his valor and bravery in the war, Norman was awarded several medals. He received the Purple Heart Medal for being wounded in action, and he was given the Air Medal with four oak leaf clusters.



Norman Scarffe reminisces at an air show.

Norman was just recently awarded a Prisoner of War Medal for the time he spent in a German prison camp. Despite his war training throughout the U.S. and traveling in Europe, Norman said, "Being born and raised in this area is hard to get away from. I've never had any desire to live anywhere else."

Recalling the events of his life, Norman felt the day he got married has had the greatest impact on him. He and his wife, Carol, had three children: Norman Junior, Judith, and William. Norman has been married for forty-three wonderful years.

Norman considers a happy and enduring marriage, good family, good health, and a nice retirement to be the most important things in life. Norman Scarffe has all four of those important things.

— Jenny Swanson



The Norman Scarffe family.

"A SUCESSFUL STRUGGLE"

"Yes, I had to struggle to raise a lot of money, and I had to struggle for quite a few years," related my grandfather, Vincent J. Tasson, as he told me of beginning his distributing business and how it progressed.

Clara and Bruno Tasson were born in Forega, Italy, and they came to the United States as young adults to begin their lives. They resided at 137 West Superior Street which was well known as the Italian section of Ishpeming.

Vincent J. Tasson was born on November 23, 1929. He has a brother who lives in Monroe, Louisiana by the name of Frank J. Tasson, and a sister by the name of Lena A. Juidici who passed away thirteen years ago.

My grandfather attended St. John's Parochial School in Ishpeming through the eighth grade. He also went to Ishpeming High School for two months which was all the schooling my grandfather had. He stopped at the age of sixteen when he lied about his age, and he joined the army.

My grandfather married Ann Louise Mariuzza on December 2, 1949. They had three children a son, Michael J. Tasson, and two daughters, Carol Ann and Clara Marie.

After my grandfather was married, he had several jobs. First, he worked in a tire shop for a few years, a job which he returned to after working in the Tracy Mine, an underground mine.

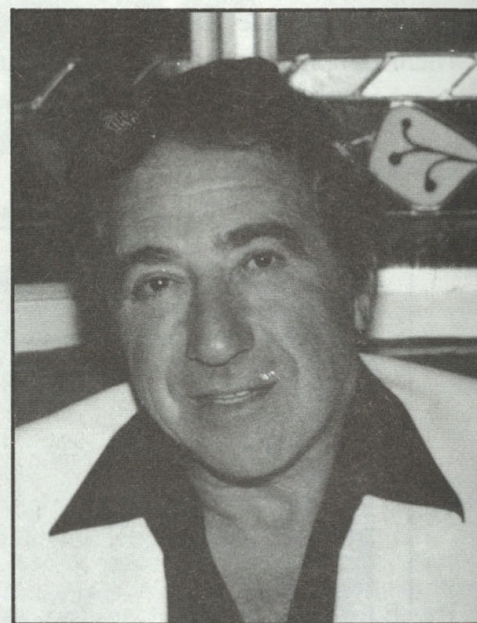
In 1957, my grandfather bought into the Casino bar. He was working in the mine during the day and in the bar at night which left little time for his family. In 1962, he quit his job at the mine, sold his half-interest in the bar, and formed the wholesale business of Tasson's Distributing.

My grandfather purchased his distributing company, which was located on Division Street in Ishpeming, from a man by the name of Mr. Jim Jernstead. My grandfather's mother mortgaged her house for five to six thousand dollars. My grandfather had to raise around 40,000 dollars, "And back in 1962, 40,000 was a lot of money," related my grandfather.

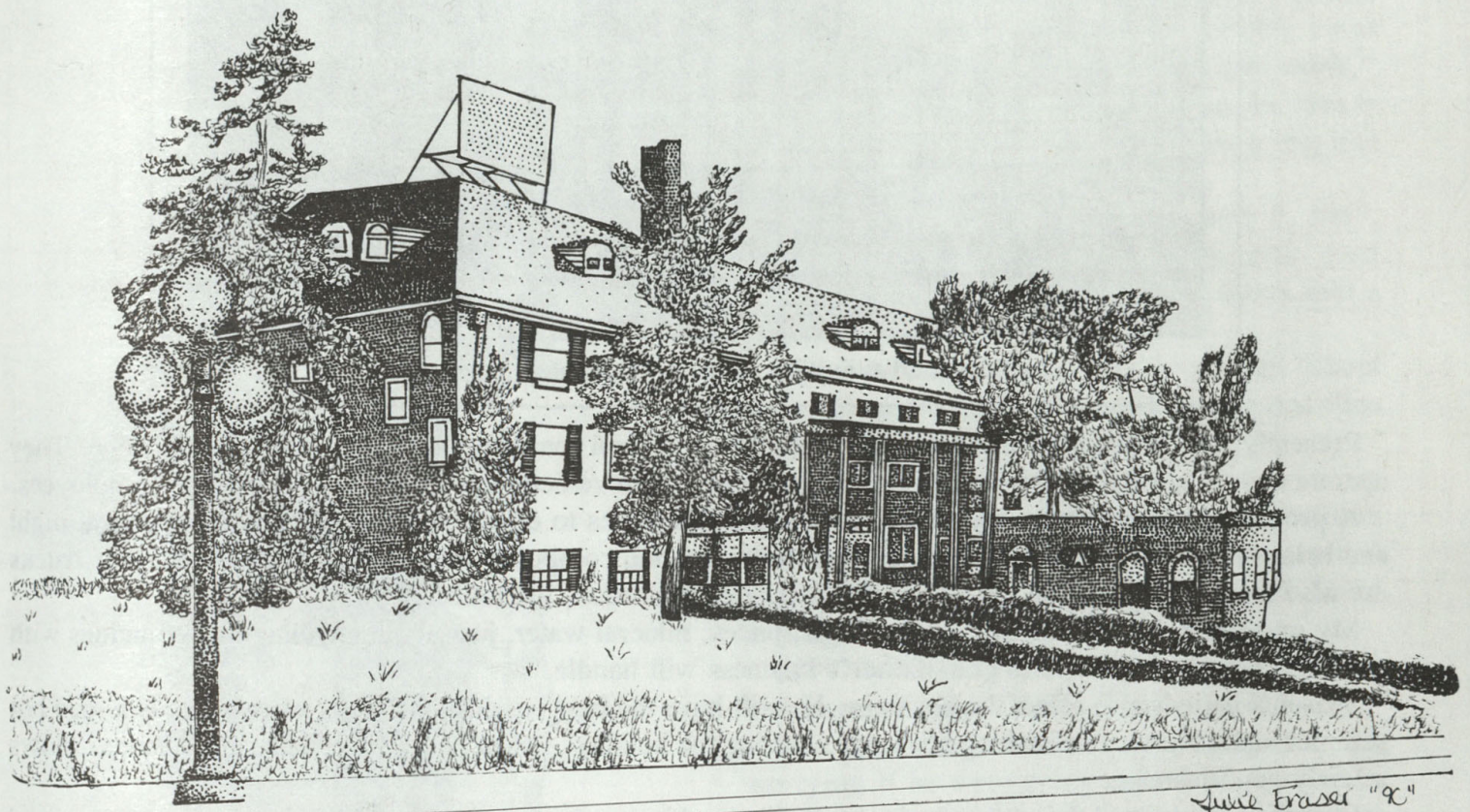
My grandfather started Tasson's Distributing Company with the Bosch beer brands which sold well for a few years. "Eventually, that brand went right down the tube," grandfather stated.

Later, television and their advertising came in which made a big difference in the wholesale business. Due to this change, the little breweries were hurt by the big breweries because the big breweries had money to advertise, but the small breweries did not. At that time, my grandfather was with a small brewery. In order to improve business, he acquired other brands of beer and he began offering them. He hung on to the company until 1972 when he acquired the Miller franchise from the Miller Brewing Company. This acquisition changed the whole aspect of his distributorship.

My grandfather stated that the prosperity of local mines really didn't make a difference in his business. "If you had the right brand, a hot brand of beer, at that time which was highly advertised this is what made the sales," stated Grandfather. However, when the underground mines shut down, my grandfather lost a lot of his young customers which hurt his business. But basically, if a company carried the hot brands, the distributorship was successful and the business survived. Otherwise, the business struggled.



Vincent J. Tasson



The Mather Inn, Ishpeming, Michigan, a business at one time serviced by Tasson Distributing.

My grandfather started off with four employees including himself and his sister who worked in the office. She took care of the books, deposits, and answered the phone. He also had a driver by the name of John Kirby who worked a total of thirty-five years, and another driver by the name of Bob Truckey who worked for seven or eight years. Art Palmer also worked a few years for my grandfather.

Today the whole aspect of his business has changed and not only in operation. He has a newly constructed warehouse and office which stands at 100 Cliffs Drive, Ishpeming, Michigan. Grandfather stated that a business cannot be operated like it was five years ago. Currently, everything is computerized. The breweries tap into Grandfather's computers and know the sales and the inventory. Grandfather stated, "Its just a whole changed ball game! Today to run a proper distributorship, the breweries require you to have a college education and at least two years of marketing." My grandfather did not have these skills, so he had to hire people to operate the computers and understand everything that the breweries wanted.



Tasson Distributing office in Ishpeming, Michigan.

Presently, my grandfather has four pre-salesmen, a general manager, and three girls in the office. They operate eight route trucks, a wine van, and five pre-salesmen vehicles which is a total of eighteen employees.

A pre-salesman goes out a day ahead to the local businesses to do all the selling. He comes back at night and brings in all the orders. The orders are run through the computers which print the saleslips. The trucks are also loaded that evening, and the drivers deliver the orders the following day.

My grandfather's business distributes wines, juices, mineral water, just about anything that coincides with the distributing company; my grandfather's business will handle.

Seasonal periods also affect the business. He will have the best business normally when there is a nice hot summer and a beer is a refreshing beverage. During the holidays, when people entertain, the business shows a fairly good increase.

Grandfather admitted there are advantages to having his own business, especially being your own boss and seeing great gains as in the last few years. My grandfather also stated that when he bought the company, he bought a route truck for \$6,000 for which he would now pay \$65,000. Now he looks back and says, "Hey, if you're still hanging in there you've done a good job."

There are also disadvantages to owning a business. Grandfather explained that when business gets bad, he still has payrolls to meet, as well as employee benefits such as hospitalization, and pensions which all come out of the company profits. Sometimes it all gets kind of nerve-racking, "But just hang in there and keep plugging away," stated my grandfather.

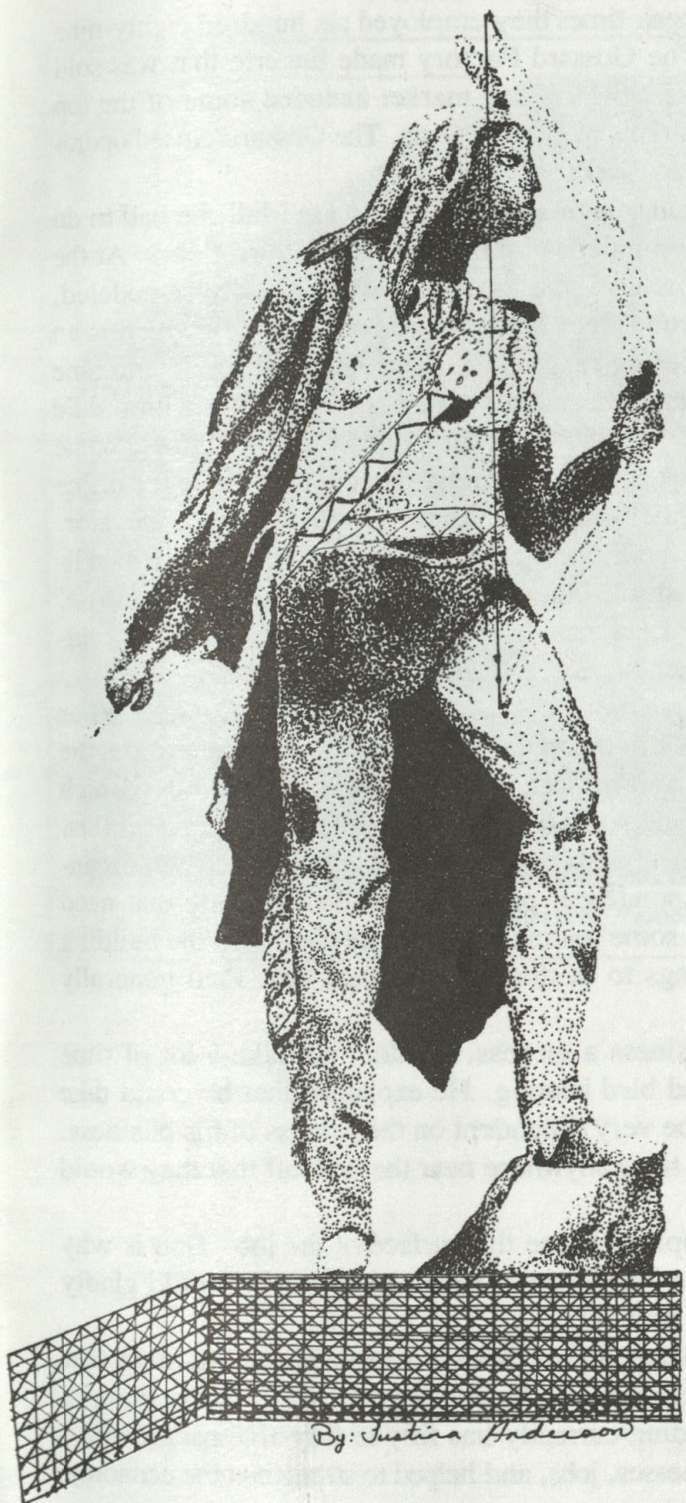
To young people going into any kind of selling field my grandfather advised that they better be well educated, have some marketing experience, and get all the college they can get. It's a different time now. Today, if a person doesn't have the education but still wants to excel or get into something for himself, he better be very, very knowledgeable.

My grandfather, Vincent J. Tasson, built his distributing business from a small operation to one that today employs eighteen people and operates out of a new warehouse. He worked hard and had to struggle many times to earn what he has now. He is very happy with the goals and success he has reached.

Congratulations on a job well done, Grandfather!

— Rachael Bjork

THE PROUD OWNER OF THE PIONEER SQUARE MALL



“Old Ish,” another Ishpeming landmark.

Thanks to the efforts of Paul Arsenault, one of Ishpeming’s landmark businesses is once again a vital part of our community.

“I decided I didn’t want another company to control my life. If I was going to be successful, I was going to be successful because of my hard work,” stated Paul Arsenault when asked what led him to developing the Pioneer Square Mall and going into business for himself.

Paul Arsenault was born on February 8, 1957. His parents are Donald and Opal Arsenault. Paul is the youngest of a family of two sisters and a brother.

Paul Arsenault attended Westwood High School and graduated in 1975, as a member of the first class to graduate from the new school.

After high school, Paul worked as an electrician on construction. He worked for Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company for ten years, and he also worked for Ireco Explosives as a mechanic and truck driver hauling explosives.

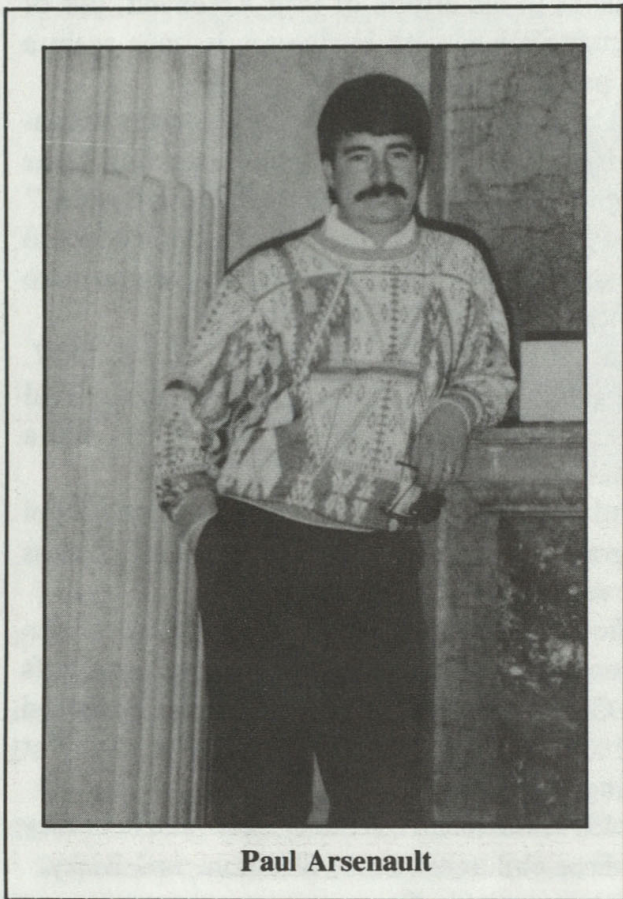
In 1979, Paul married Sandy Scott and later they had three children: Jason, Shannon, and Ricky.

Paul grew tired of answering to companies and worrying if he were going to be laid off. Consequently, he started attending business and financial seminars through community colleges. Paul learned a great deal about going into business from talking and listening to several professional people.

Paul Arsenault decided to buy the Pioneer Square Mall on April 26, 1985. Because the city of Ishpeming was going to abandon it, the mall was empty.

Before it was the Pioneer Square Mall, the building was called the Braastad Department Store. It was built in 1904 by a gentleman named Fred Braastad. At the time, the Braastad Department Store was considered the biggest department store north of Milwaukee. After Mr. Braastad died in 1920, the city of Ishpeming took over the building. A group of business men got together and rescued it. The Gossard Factory operated from 1921 to

THE PROUD OWNER OF THE PIONEER SQUARE MALL



1973. In peak times they employed six hundred eighty-nine women. The Gossard Factory made lingerie that was sold all over the world. Their market included some of the top lingerie markets in Paris, France. The Gossard closed operations in the 1970's.

After Paul bought the Pioneer Square Mall, he had to do extensive remodeling on the second and third floors. At the time of purchase, the first floor was basically remodeled. On the second floor he added Apache Archery which is an indoor shooting range. When the 96th District Court came in, he remodeled and put several offices along with public restrooms. In 1989 when the Federal Census Bureau came in, he did extensive remodeling on the third floor for office space, public restrooms, and he added a new elevator. Presently, the Pioneer Square Mall has tenants such as a liquidator's store, beauty salon, clothing store, video store, a restaurant, computer store, financial planing firm, insurance agency, and a health service.

An average day for Paul Arsenault begins around 7:30 or 8:00 o'clock in the morning. Right away in the morning he does some routine maintenance checks on the building which might include some boiler work, or changing some lights. After lunch, he takes care of any banking activities, financial correspondence, payrolls, and bookkeeping that need

to be done. At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon he again makes some routine maintenance checks on the building and takes care of any other errands. He makes a list of things to be done for the next day. Paul generally goes home between 6 and 6:30 p.m. in the evening.

Paul works sixty to seventy hours a week to make his business a success. He does not take a lot of time off for vacations or for his hobbies which include fishing and bird hunting. He explained that he could take time off if he wanted to leave, but the amount of time would be very dependent on the success of his business. Paul explained that most self-employed business people don't have anywhere near the time off that they would have if they worked for someone else.

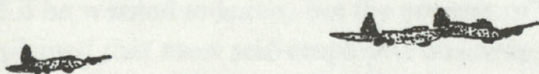
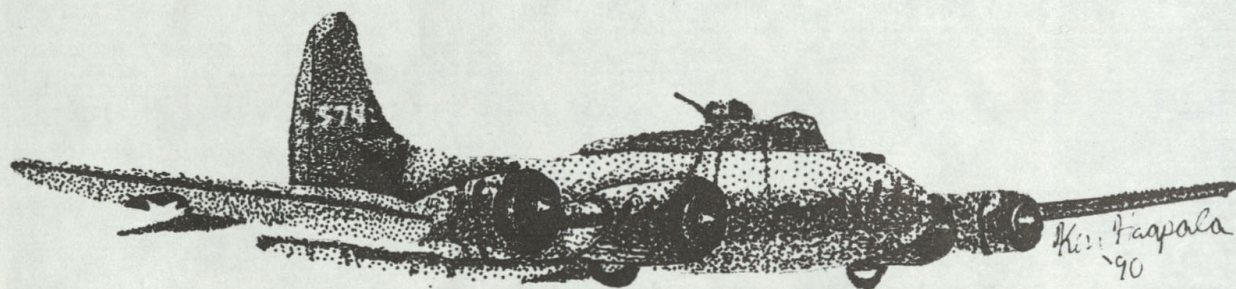
Because being a businessman is very difficult, a lot of people only see the surface of the job. That is why Paul would never force any of his children to go into business. It is such a rough road, but he would gladly help any of them who would be interested in following his foot steps.

Paul stated that the most rewarding part of owning the Pioneer Square Mall is that he took a building that was literally empty and turned it into a successful place. There are new businesses and stores in the Pioneer Square Mall that never existed before in Ishpeming. The building currently has fifty to fifty-five people making a living in there. Paul's ingenuity helped to create new businesses, jobs, and helped to strengthen the economy of Ishpeming.

— Hope Robinson



The present Pioneer Square Mall in Ishpeming.



RED DUST, our integrated curriculum project, continues to provide a firm bond of friendship between our school and community. The 1990 RED DUST staff would like to extend sincere thanks to everyone who contributed in any way to the production of this book.