

[ca. 1989]

#1

I was born and raised exactly  
one block away from the Carnegie Public  
Library in Dupont Circle. Before I could  
even read or <sup>even</sup> spell my <sup>name</sup> own name, I had beaten a path over  
to <sup>it to</sup> explore its <sup>many</sup> treasures, soon working through  
the Harati Alger stories and the adventures of  
the Rover Boys, who were - <sup>it's</sup> <sup>still</sup> <sup>possibly</sup> <sup>remembered</sup> -  
-- Tom, Dick and Sam.

(Miss Brough) ~~Teacher~~

~~And so it~~ over the years I became  
fascinated with words -  
My mother <sup>first</sup> came to town as a music  
teacher in the public schools and soon <sup>met and</sup> married  
the woods - roving fisherman who probably  
<sup>gave</sup> implanted some of the gobs and fins that  
account for most of the fishing tales I've written.  
Though I know how to type I've <sup>turned out</sup> <sup>written</sup>  
eleven books and scores of tales, all written by  
hand.

2nd draft

that still stands  
I was born and raised ~~on the~~  
~~in an old~~ a rambling old wooden  
frame house on the southwest  
corner of Barnum and Pine streets  
in Upper Michigan. Before I could read  
or even spell my name I discovered  
that a treasure house of books  
stood ~~only a block away, ~~the~~ also~~  
the Carnegie Public Library on the  
southwest corner of Main and  
Barnum. ~~was beating~~

Soon I ~~had~~ <sup>beat</sup> beaten a daily  
path to the ~~place~~ <sup>depot</sup>, watching through  
the Horatio Alger stories and the  
adventures of the Rover Boys who  
were, <sup>named</sup> if it's possible that I can still  
~~remember~~ <sup>remember</sup> after all these  
years, Tom Dick, Tom and Sam.

place  
I also soon learned that many  
people prefer to say they were  
"born and reared" <sup>in</sup> a given  
place, <sup>rather</sup> than the way I ~~phrased~~ <sup>put</sup> it, in  
my opening line but, <sup>also</sup> that most of  
the my fellow Upper Peninsula  
neighbors seemed to prefer being  
"raised" rather than "reared." and

Also, as my fascination with words increased, that <sup>using</sup> sound idiom can often be more expressive and powerful way to say things or write things than the more genteel way.

Mellie Brayton was head librarian at "my" library when I was a boy, assisted by two ladies called Flossie Randall and Miss Popes, all of whom helped mightily to unveil their treasures for me.

Φ Miss Brayton was the sister of the wife of Doctor George Barnett, the doctor who ~~at~~ with the help of a midwife, <sup>his father</sup> delivered me in the music room of that ~~old~~ <sup>frame</sup> house on West Barnum Street. Miss Popes was the one of the two daughters of a man called Popes, who discovered and opened a gold mine up yonder on the Deer Lake Road.

Many librarians and their helpers have followed Mellie Brayton, including Margaret Dundon and ———, just (many: the present one)

just to name a few.

After writing eleven books  
and flocks of short stories, I  
now more and more believe  
that the <sup>life-opening</sup> education I received  
at the Ishpeming Carnegie Public  
Library and <sup>later in</sup> our public schools is  
mostly to blame. And may also  
explain why <sup>our</sup> librarians, along with  
our nurses and school teachers, ~~are~~  
my ~~far~~ have long been my  
top favorite people of all in  
our society. Perhaps it is  
fitting that I ~~regard~~ feel that  
one of the most moving <sup>movie</sup> scenes  
I <sup>ever</sup> recall <sup>in</sup> a movie called "Anatomy of  
a Murder" <sup>is</sup> a scene shot  
on that secluded upper floor of  
Carnegie Public Library on  
the southwest corner of Main and  
Barium.

Hail to Andrew Carnegie

Raven boys whose first names were, as I recall, Tom and Dick and a younger brother called Sam — though for just a moment I was tempted to call them Tom, Dick and Harry!

I will not pretend to be able to recall all the ~~many~~ librarians and helpers who worked in "my library" over the years, but distinctly memorable among them are Margaret Gordon, a Miss West, Ruby Vernequist and the little woman with a Cornish name who lived a block further down Barnum Street, just to name a few, including, of course, the ever helpful <sup>and gracious</sup> present staff.

Though I was educated in the law, and have followed that profession most of my adult life, ranging from DA to black-robes judge, such was my fascination with words and stories that during that time I also ~~somehow~~ continued to write short books and flocks of stories and yarns. In fact I must confess that I have developed a crush on librarians and library workers, and, further, that, along with nurses and teachers (my mother first came to town as the music teacher in the public schools

and two of our three daughters are teachers) I rate them at the very top among the preservers and purveyors of our Country's Culture.

There, I've finally said it.

Perhaps this also accounts for the fact that one of the most moving scenes I keep recalling in all of the many movies I have seen is the library scene where Jimmy Stewart and his lawyer friend discover the key to their case. This ~~was~~ <sup>happened</sup> in ~~from~~ an old movie called, of all things, "Anatomy of a Murder". And where was this memorable scene shot? In the ~~hallowed~~ <sup>hallowed</sup> confines of the ~~happening~~ Carnegie Public Library, just a block from where I was born <sup>hell,</sup>

Hail to <sup>hell,</sup> good old Andrew Carnegie!

John A. Vaelper

Ray R. Key

Wraft

Title  
TALE OF A WRITER'S  
BLOCK

10/31/89

avidly listening to  
begging  
my mother to tell  
me just one more story  
during my morning bath.

I was born and raised <sup>only a</sup> block  
away from the Carnegie Public  
Library in Idapemung, and while I do  
not wish to imply that propinquity  
to libraries is prophetic, the truth  
is that I have loved stories since

childhood I was a child, <sup>and I don't</sup>  
guess it was <sup>only</sup> natural that <sup>even</sup> before I could read or spell, <sup>my name</sup>  
already <sup>in that library</sup> beaten a path to the many  
treasures housed only a block  
away from where I lived.

Helping me in my ~~exploring~~  
exploration was Nellie

<sup>was also</sup> ~~and who was~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>and</sup>  
Brayton, the head librarian, <sup>and</sup>  
sister of the wife of the doctor  
who had <sup>earlier</sup> delivered me only a  
block away, Doctor George G. <sup>Omni</sup> Brayton  
Barnett. Helping her was a  
Miss Popes, the daughter of the  
man who ~~had~~ discovered and opened  
the Popes Gold mine and <sup>and</sup> the  
memorable Florence Randall, a  
memorable lady to all who can  
recall her.

the help of these very ladies  
 with their help I soon  
 discovered the Horatio Alger  
 stories and the <sup>fascinating</sup> adventures of the  
 three Rover boys whose first names were,  
 if I can ~~as~~ I recall, ~~was~~ <sup>books</sup> ~~books~~  
 Tom and Gene, <sup>Dick</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>Quinn's</sup> brother, <sup>called</sup> Sam.  
 -- thought <sup>not at all</sup> I was tempted to call <sup>for these</sup> ~~them~~ <sup>moments</sup>  
 them Tom, Dick and Harry!

MOMENT) →

I will not pretend to be able to  
 recall all the <sup>many</sup> librarians <sup>and helpers</sup> who  
 worked in "my" library over the years, but  
 distinctly memorable among them are  
 Margaret Dendow, a Miss West,  
 (Mary; <sup>also</sup> Put in <sup>name of the</sup> the large lady, please) and  
 the little woman with the Cornish name who  
 lived a block farther down Barmen Street, just  
 to name a few, including <sup>of course, the</sup> the present staff  
 ever helped present staff.





# FRIENDS OF THE LIBRARY NEWSLETTER

Winter 1989

Volume 10, Number 4

## THE ADDISON WAY

by Charlotte Viant

### Curriculum for Christmas

In an early issue of the Tatler, Mr. Addison urged his readers to love Christmas and to keep it well. I started to love Christmas when I was five and in kindergarten. I remember making chains for the Christmas tree. Miss Bamford was so patient. We ate some of the paste, put some on the tables, and made lopsided chains--beautiful to us. Miss Bamford liked Christmas, we could tell. One of the girls put paste on her bloomers. (Yes, bloomers!) Miss Bamford did not get mad at all. Miss Kermode had to take the girl to the bathroom. When she came back, we sang "Away in a Manger."

On the day of the Christmas party, I wore my best dress. I stood before the whole class and several mothers, and I said nervously,

A star shines  
Over the manger.  
A baby sleeps.  
Jesus is his name.  
Joy is in the world.

We sang songs, and I got to strike the triangle gong. We were given oranges and cracker jacks. When we went home, we took our paper chains and the calendars we had made for our mothers. I remember I had the wrong overshoes! Yes, I was beginning to love Christmas.

In the First Grade Miss Bennalleck frightened me all year. Maybe it was her pulled back hair. Maybe it was the pointer she used at the board. At our Christmas school party, she seemed to melt. She called me My Dear! "My dear" she said, "you may help to pass the oranges." Well, you can imagine my importance. We were not allowed to eat the oranges and cracker jacks. She told us to be grateful. Miss Bennalleck's car had flower vases inside. I thought that anyone who liked flowers would be kind. She was. I guess it was the spirit of Christmas.

In Second Grade at Christmas, Miss Creagon read us the story of the Juggler. It was a grown per-

(Continued on Page 2)

## TALE OF A WRITER'S BLOCK

by John Voelker

I was born and raised only a block away from the Carnegie Public Library in Ishpeming. While I do not wish to imply that propinquity to libraries is prophetic, the truth is that I have loved stories and tales ever since I was a child, begging my mother to tell me "just one more" story during my morning bath. So I guess it was only natural that before I could even read or spell my name I had already beaten a path to explore the many treasures housed in that library only a block from where I lived.

Helping me in my explorations was Nellie Brayton, the head librarian, who was also the sister of the wife of the doctor who had earlier delivered me only a block away, Doctor George G. Barnett. Helping Miss Brayton was a Miss Ropes, the daughter of the man who discovered and opened the Ropes Gold Mine, and also Flossie Randall, a memorable lady to all who can recall her.

With the help of these busy ladies I soon discovered the Horatio Alger stories and the fascinating adventures of the three Rover boys whose first names were, as I recall, Tom and Dick and a younger brother called Sam--though for just a moment I was tempted to call them Tom, Dick, and Harry!

I will not pretend to be able to recall all the librarians and helpers who worked in "my library" over the years, but distinctly memorable among them are Margaret Dundon, a Miss West, Ruby Vernquist, Betty Anderson, and the little woman with a Cornish name who lived a block further down Barnum Street, just to name a few, including, of course, Linda Peterson and the ever helpful and gracious present staff.

Though I was educated in the law and have followed that profession most of my adult life, ranging from D. A. to black-robed Judge, such was my fascination with words and stories that during that time I also contrived to write eleven books and flocks of stories and yarns. In fact, I must confess that I have develop-

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THE ADDISON WAY  
(Continued from Page 1)

son's story about a juggler who had no gift for the Christ child but his talent. The Mother of Jesus loved the gift. The baby was so small that He couldn't comment. Miss Creagon seemed to cry when she read the story. She was a nice lady. We didn't get to eat our oranges that year either. I loved the story. Many years later I learned it was called "The Juggler of Notre Dame."

Miss O'Neill seemed sad in Third Grade. Sometimes we made her sick and tired she had said. But you know, she could really sing "Silent Night." She put all the t's on. We had oranges and apples and candy that year.

Miss Berquist made all of Grade Four a lot of fun. We sang songs at Christmas. We sang "We Three Kings of Orient Are." I honestly thought Orient-are was a name of a place like Madagascar. Miss Berquist always sang with a smile as if she were glad to be of Orient-are! She explained very well about Christmas and not being greedy. She said things about good attitudes. We still were getting oranges. Some of the girls were no longer wearing long-legged underwear to programs.

Miss B. Anderson in Grade Five wanted us to present a play to all the Central School. Well, we tried. Everything seemed fine until one of the boys who was an elf did a cartwheel into the waste basket. We laughed--well, not exactly out loud---but we laughed. Miss B. Anderson said that personal safety had to be considered. We could no longer be elves. We couldn't be angels, either because we were not allowed to fly--just appear. Well, nobody volunteered just to appear. The play was called off. We did get to eat the oranges. We put the peelings in the waste basket. Then we sang "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear" out in the hall with the other classes. We were told to watch our behavior. We knew what that meant.

In Grade Six Miss Kellgren in her soft voice read "The Story of the Other Wise Man" to us. The story always made me feel pure and good and made Christmas even more precious.

Miss Cora Richards brought the beauty of Christmas home with "The Gift of the Magi," and Miss K. Laughlin in all the literature of the season helped us to keep the meaning of Christmas close.

I kept going back to the high

TALE OF A WRITER'S BLOCK  
(Continued from Page 1)

ed a crush on libraries and library workers, and, further, that, along with nurses and teachers (my mother first came to town as the music teacher in the public schools, and two of our three daughters are teachers), I rate them at the very top among the preservers and purveyors of our country's culture.

There, I've finally said it.

Perhaps this also accounts for the fact that one of the most moving scenes I keep recalling in all of the many movies I have seen is the library scene where Jimmy Stewart and his lawyer friend discover the key to their case. This happened in an old movie called, of all things, "Anatomy of a Murder." And where was this memorable scene shot? In the hallowed confines of the Ishpeming Carnegie Public Library, just a block from where I was born.

Hail to thee, good old Andrew Carnegie!

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I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

--Longfellow, Christmas Bells

'Most all the time, the whole year round,  
there ain't no flies on me,  
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

--Eugene Field,  
Jest 'fore Christmas

---

school after graduation to see "Why the Chimes Rang." Of course, I had figured it all out, but I went back anyway. There were no more oranges, but the school was a kind of home. There was a loveliness about growing up in the Christmas tradition in our schools. There is a sweetness in the memory of our tender faith. There is a joy that we share in remembering the past. It was our time, wasn't it? Geography maps will never include Orient-are, and school plays now have angels who can fly instead of just appear, but I would stand in line once again to register for Kindergarten for one more swing at the whole affair. You see, I like oranges and cracker jacks and paper chains. I'll keep Christmas and love it, Mr. Addison, Sir.