

MY MARQUETTE

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Explore the Queen City of the North,
Its History, People, and Places
With Native Son

Tyler R. Tichelaar
Author of *The Marquette Trilogy*

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To the Great-Aunts and Great-Uncles
Kit, Jack, Jolly, Vi, Barb, Sadie, Ione, and Frank
&
To All Those Who Love Marquette

“Wasn’t I lucky to be born in my favorite city?”
— Tootie in the film *Meet Me in St. Louis* (1944)

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WHY I WROTE THIS BOOK

This book is written for the visitor who wants to know more about Marquette, for the longtime Marquette resident who loves its history, for people who want a tour guide as they walk around Marquette, for readers of my novels who want to know more about the people and places that inspired my characters and stories, and finally, to preserve some oral history and memories of myself and others before they are lost.

I first decided to write *My Marquette* for two reasons—because I have repeatedly been asked to give walking tours of Marquette to book clubs and other groups interested in the city’s history and my novels, and because my readers constantly ask me about what parts of my novels are true and what parts fiction. The short answer is that all the events in my novels that affect the city at large are true, as are all the historical people listed in the front of each book, but all the main characters and their personal stories are fictional. To make the distinction clearer, I felt a book about Marquette, specifically a tour of different places around the city would be insightful to readers while allowing me to discuss how growing up and living in Marquette inspired me to write my novels. I hope that by sharing my personal connections to Marquette, its history and the people and places that have made it so well-loved for me, the reader will equally come to feel that special connection I have for my favorite city, The Queen City of the North.

Many books have already been written about Marquette, and I list several of them at the end of this book for further reference. *My Marquette* contains a great deal of history, but it is not intended to be a thorough or chronological history of Marquette. Nor is it a complete depiction of every important place in the city or a full source of biographical information for the city’s important pioneers—to create such a book would have been overwhelming. Instead, I discussed “my” Marquette—the Marquette I grew up in and knew well, the stories that have inspired my writing, and the history that I think will entertain and inform my readers.

I have arranged the book by different areas of Marquette, which allows readers, if they so choose, to tour Marquette by car or on foot while reading the book. The maps at the beginning of each section of the book should assist in the process. I have included a few places outside of Marquette, notably Big Bay and the Huron Mountain Club, which are frequently mentioned in my novels, as well as the Crossroads where I actually grew up. I have also included genealogy charts of my family for easy reference as well as genealogy charts of many of Marquette’s pioneer and prominent

families, so readers can keep track of who's who since so many of Marquette's most distinguished families intermarried and were related in ways that can make a person's head spin. For those readers not familiar with my novels, I have included short descriptions of them at the back of this book, and on the genealogy charts, some of my family members are notated as being the inspiration for different characters in my novels. Finally, a complete Marquette timeline is included.

This book could easily have been three or four times as long, so I had to make difficult decisions about leaving out some things in the interest of space. I apologize for any serious oversights or errors. Marquette has far more history and places of interest than I could ever fully discuss. In some cases, I cover ground other authors have covered before; in other places I believe I have written the most extensive history to date, especially in relation to the historical residential section of Marquette. I hope this book will give the reader a greater appreciation of Marquette and inspire further exploration. I thank my readers for their many suggestions over the years to write a Marquette history book, and I hope this work will meet with their approval.

Tyler R. Tichelaar
Marquette, Michigan
August 31, 2010

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Writing a book like this one is far from a solitary experience and more difficult in its own way than a novel that does not require all the additional layout, photographs, and even research. I have many people to thank for their words of encouragement and support who said, “I’d like to read that book” when I discussed my ideas with them. They are too numerous to thank individually, but I appreciate all their ideas. I equally thank all the readers of my previous novels whose constant questions about the true stories behind my novels made me think such a book would be enjoyable. Among those who most deserve thanks are:

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files and documents and shared genealogy discoveries with me for many, many years, especially about the Bishop family, and to my cousins, Shirley Herbert and her son Paul who provided me with our Civil War ancestors' military records. Thank you to cousins Ben and Pat Hassenger for their information on our Zryd ancestors. Also to my distant cousin Kori Carothers, who sent me information about her ancestor Francis Marion Bishop. And thank you, especially, to my mother who allowed me to raid the family photograph albums for memorable moments captured on film. I have been in touch with so many relatives over the years who have given me information that if I forget any of their names here, know that your contributions have been greatly appreciated.

Finally, thank you to all of my readers who have been integral to my fulfilling my dream since childhood to write books people would love to read and which would help make their lives happier.

WHY I WRITE ABOUT MARQUETTE

Where do you come up with your ideas? What made you decide to write about Marquette? Ever since *Iron Pioneers* was first published, my readers continually ask me these questions.

My answer is that having been born and raised in Marquette, and being so enculturated into the city's history and its people, as an author I simply cannot *not* write about it. The best advice a writer is given is "Write what you know" and if I know any place, it is my hometown, where I and generations of my ancestors have lived. I am unable to remember the first time I saw St. Peter's Cathedral, the Old Savings Bank, or Presque Isle Park. They have always been there, always been a part of my conscious world—always actively influenced my imagination.

My earliest memories include my grandfather telling me about Marquette's past, stories I never forgot that made me wonder what it was like to grow up in this town in the early twentieth century, when automobiles were still a novelty, long before television, in days when my grandpa would get a quarter to scrub the kitchen floor, and he would use that quarter to treat himself and a friend to a silent movie at the Delft Theatre and still have change left over for snacks.

Since I was eight years old, I knew I wanted to write stories, and growing up in a town where my family had lived so long, hearing story after story about the past, I wanted to write down those stories and make the past come alive for people. While in college, I became interested in family history. I learned then that the earliest branch of my family came to Marquette in 1849, the year the village was founded, and my family has lived in Marquette ever since. As I learned more about my ancestors and Marquette's history, I could not help but imagine what it would have been like for a person to come by schooner across Lake Superior in 1849, to see only a wilderness where a village was to be built, and what it was like after two decades of struggling to build that town, to see it destroyed by fire in 1868, only to spring up again, grander than before. And what of the winters? Feet and feet of snow, and no snowblowers or modern snowplows. What an amazing courage and determination the pioneers had to carry on each day in the nineteenth century. In my novels, I tried to recreate the early settlers' experiences so readers would understand and appreciate their courage and draw their own strength from the examples of those mighty pioneers.

The scene in *Iron Pioneers* that I feel best demonstrates *The Marquette Trilogy's* themes of courage and survival is when Molly and Patrick talk about why they left Ireland to come to America. Their discussion reflects the tales of many immigrants

who came to Marquette—some like Patrick to escape religious or political oppression—some like Molly, to avoid poverty and suffering. Molly’s daughter, Kathy, after overhearing her mother relate how her ancestors had starved during the Irish potato famine, and knowing that others around the world are far from as fortunate as her, asks her future husband what the past and her ancestors should mean to her.

“How can we live in America, knowing that others are suffering?” Kathy asked.

“By appreciating our good fortune and being happy.”

“Happy?” she asked, feeling it impossible after years of living under her stepfather’s oppression, after the suffering her mother had known. She feared to be happy from fear it would not last.

“Yes, happy,” said Patrick. “All those people who suffered would want us to be happy, to live and marry and have children who will not know such pain. We are the extensions of our parents and grandparents and all those brave people; we’re a continuation of their spirits, and our happiness helps to validate their struggles, to give meaning to their lives.”

He only understood this truth as he spoke it, as he suddenly believed the world could be a wonderful place; that everything could work out for the best. He felt like an old Celtic bard who foresaw a hopeful future capable of washing away past grief.

I wrote my trilogy as a tribute to those pioneers who built Marquette, and those like them in every community who built this nation despite the difficulties they faced. Whether a person has ever visited Marquette should not determine whether they find enjoyment or inspiration from the history of this fine city. The story of Marquette is the story of the American Dream, of dreams for a better future and the struggles to achieve that dream, the hopes and fears of countless American generations of immigrants seeking a better world, and how some achieved it, some failed, and some persevered without giving up. Based on the pioneers’ examples, my novels have hopefully inspired readers with the courage to endure their own trials and overcome them. To give people that courage, and to hear how much my novels have resonated with them, has made the many lonely hours of writing all worthwhile.

In writing about Marquette, I knew I wanted to capture the magic of one particular place and allow readers to travel there and come to know it as well as I did. I have lived in Marquette all my life except six years when I foolishly thought I would find

a better life elsewhere, only to feel exiled. While I was away, Marquette celebrated its sesquicentennial in 1999, and that same year, I, homesick, decided to write about its history.

I had written other novels, but never satisfied with them, I had left them unpublished. When I began writing *Iron Pioneers* and its sequels, although I knew the task would be monumental, I finally felt I had found my voice, the books I was actually born to write.

I wrote about the outdoors—the wild, thick forests, the temperate, green-leaved splendid summers of blueberry picking and daring to enter Lake Superior’s cool waters, the roar of the winter wind, the blizzards that leave behind snowbanks that must be shoveled, and ultimately, the sense of peace one feels among so much natural beauty. I wrote about Marquette’s history, for I could not imagine a more inspiring story than the American Dream played out in a quest to build an industrial empire along Lake Superior, of an iron discovery that produced more wealth than the California Gold Rush, of a mined product that helped to win major wars and change the world. And I wrote about the change and decline of that iron industry, how it affected the people who lived in Marquette, sometimes fulfilling, often destroying their dreams.

Mostly, however, I wrote about life in a small town, of the relationships between people in a community. Many people think small towns are quiet and dull because they lack the fast-paced lifestyle of metropolitan areas. But small towns have a greater and more personal drama. Willa Cather, author of *O Pioneers* and one of my greatest influences—my title *Iron Pioneers* is partly a tribute to her—best described the relationships in small towns in a passage I used as the front quote for *Narrow Lives*:

In little towns, lives roll along so close to one another; loves and hates beat about, their wings almost touching. On the sidewalks along which everybody comes and goes, you must, if you walk abroad at all, at some time pass within a few inches of the man who cheated and betrayed you, or the woman you desire more than anything else in the world. Her skirt brushes against you. You say good-morning and go on. It is a close shave. Out in the world the escapes are not so narrow.

— Lucy Gayheart

Relationships are complex in small towns, the layers of social networks dizzying; in the intertwining family trees and the friendships of my characters, I tried to capture this reality. A love affair or a conflict between friends can be of mammoth proportions in the history of a small town—as important to its inhabitants as a world war is on a national or international scale. It was that personal connection to each person and place that one feels living in a small town that I wanted to capture in my fiction.

I have felt lonely in large cities, walking down streets where not a face is familiar, where no one notices you. In Marquette, although it has grown to where I can go into a store without seeing a familiar face, I know if I stop to speak to any stranger for a minute and name a few friends or acquaintances, the stranger and I will know someone in common. We are only separated by a degree or two in our little city of twenty thousand people.

Living your entire life in the same place breeds familiarity. Even if I see no one I know when I walk about Marquette, the city is rich with memories and history for me. It is an indescribable comfort to enter the downtown post office and recall that my grandfather helped to build it during the Great Depression. I can walk down Washington Street and see the stone in the sidewalk marking where the Marquette Opera House once stood, where my grandfather proposed to my grandmother before it burned down in the great fire and blizzard of 1938. The First Methodist Church has a stained glass memorial window to honor my ancestral aunt and uncle, Delivan and Pamela Bishop, who were among its founders in the 1850s. I look out onto Iron Bay and imagine what my ancestors must have felt when they first arrived on its shore. My readers tell me, because of my novels, they now walk about Marquette, equally imagining what life was like here for the generations before them—to me, that is the ultimate compliment to my work—that it has made my readers imaginative and interested in history and especially their own family stories.

A timelessness settles over a person who grows older while living in the same place. You talk about Cliffs Ridge, the ski hill whose name was changed to Marquette Mountain twenty years ago, yet your old friends know exactly where you mean and do not correct you—it is still Cliffs Ridge in their memories too. As you drive into South Marquette on County Road 553, you turn your head out of habit to look at the old red brick house of the Brookridge estate, which you have always admired, only to realize it is 2010 now, not 1982, and the house was torn down nearly twenty years ago to build the new assisted living facility, Brookridge Heights.

Moments of joy from your past keep you connected to people. Thirty years ago, the Marquette Mall had a fountain with colored lights—so many people have told me they had forgotten about it, and they were glad when I reminded them of its beauty in *Superior Heritage*. Every place I step, I remember a dozen moments from my own past—I stop to get gas at a station where once stood the Bavarian Inn where I had breakfast dozens of time. I go to the remodeled Delft Theatre and can still remember the first movie I saw there when I was three years old—memories layer themselves on top of each other. The past never dies—we can travel back to it in our minds, and reading a book is the opportunity to enter another world or an author’s mind and experience another person’s experiences.

I imagine such nostalgia and family connections are why people enjoy my books, why some of my readers stay in Marquette despite the possibility of better lives elsewhere, or why many of my readers, exiled from Upper Michigan, find comfort for their homesickness by revisiting Marquette through my words. Books and memories allow you to go home again.

This deep abiding connection, this sense of place, of belonging, of knowing I am home and knowing how much that is to be valued—that is why I write about Marquette.

WRITING THE MARQUETTE TRILOGY: FICTIONALIZING MY FAMILY

Before beginning our tour of Marquette, readers may like to know about my family and roots in the area, especially readers of my novels. Those not interested in genealogy or who have not yet read my novels may choose to skip ahead to Part One.

I am frequently asked whether any of the characters in my novels are based on real people. While all the characters are fictional, they were inspired by my family's long connection to Marquette, yet no character is intended as an accurate portrayal of any real person. It would be impossible, however, to understand my love for Marquette and my inspiration without knowing something about the history of Marquette and my family's long residence in my hometown.

The story of my family in Marquette is that of my mother's family. I am the seventh generation on my maternal side to live in Marquette, and other branches of the family—my distant cousins, now have as many as nine generations in Marquette. I must have well over a hundred distant cousins in this town, many of whom I have never met. I am descended from several of Marquette's early families, many of whom intermarried, much as the early families in my novels intermarried with one another, for Marquette was a small world in the nineteenth century. Because I have so many family branches, I have broken them up into four groups below to make them easier to follow. The family tree charts at the back of the book will also help in following the successive generations. I will refer to various family members throughout the rest of the book in telling the history of Marquette.

THE REMINGTON, BISHOP, & WHITE FAMILIES

Marquette, or rather, the settlement of Worcester which would later have its name changed to Marquette, was established in 1849. The first census taken was in 1850. On that census are listed Edmond and Jemima Remington and their children, including their oldest daughter Adda, who was born in 1845. Edmond and Jemima are my great-great-great grandparents, six generations back. They came to Marquette from Vermont according to the census. Edmond was born about 1821 and Jemima about 1820. Although best guesses exist about Edmond and Jemima's ancestors which include American Revolutionary War soldiers



**Edmond & Jemima
Remington**

for grandfathers and *Mayflower* Pilgrim ancestors, we know few details about their lives before they came to Marquette. They were the first of my ancestors to arrive on Lake Superior's shores.

My next ancestors to arrive in Marquette were my four greats-grandparents, Basil and Eliza Bishop. From one of Basil's letters, we know he arrived on May 1, 1850. The 1850 census was taken on July 22, 1850, so Basil and Eliza should have appeared on it. Instead, the only Bishop listed has the first name of Beelzebub and he is thirty-five years old. Since no other record exists of a Beelzebub in Marquette history, it is fair to guess Basil was joking with the census taker, providing one of the Devil's biblical names; the census taker apparently failed to get the joke. Basil also lied about his age—he would have been sixty-one at the time. However, Beelzebub is listed as a bloomer from New York, a job description and former residence that matches Basil Bishop's true background.



Basil & Eliza Bishop

Basil Bishop was born in Vermont in 1789. His Bishop family ancestors were Puritans who first settled in Connecticut in the seventeenth century—other branches of the family include colonial governors of Connecticut and Massachusetts Bay. Basil was the son and grandson of American Revolutionary War soldiers, and during the War of 1812, he served at the Battle of Plattsburg. In 1812, he also built a famous forge at Split Rock Falls in New York. His family prospered along with his business; his wife Elizabeth “Betsey” Brittell would bear him eighteen children. Then as the prosperous couple entered their golden years, they decided to move to the new settlement of Marquette, founded in 1849 by Amos Harlow.

The journey was arduous; the Bishops travelled through Ohio, where they contracted the ague, from which they would suffer the rest of their lives. Far from disappointed by the journey, Basil wrote to a friend of his arrival in Marquette (note, his original spelling, far from standard, has been retained):

I heard of the iron Mountains on Lake Superior & that a Forge was going & I was wholly bent to Sea it & in April I Started & Reached here the 1 day of May 1850 the next day I was on the Iron Mountains & Sea to Sea Millions upon Millions of the Richest ore I ever Saw piled up 200ft above

the Laurel Maple timber land below it was the most delightfull Seane I ever experienced.

Basil believed the iron ore of Michigan's Upper Peninsula was the finest he had ever seen in forty years of working with iron. Although his original intention was to build his own forge, he ended up instead working in the one owned by Amos Harlow, the village's founder.

The early years of Marquette were difficult ones of near starvation in winter, and little contact with the outside world due to no railroads and the short shipping season. Nevertheless, Basil continually wrote letters to praise Marquette. He convinced four of his adult children, Delivan, Lucia, Omelia, and Rosalia and his wife's nephew, Daniel Brittell, to move to the new settlement. He proudly watched the little village grow, and in 1852, he wrote to a friend, "it is but 2 years last july that the first blow was Struck hear & now it is quite a viledge 15 large uprite houses 95 numerous log & Small ones a forge 130 ft long a machine Shop Shingle Mill Lath Mill & grist mill all under one Roof." Today's Marquette residents who grumble about short growing seasons will marvel when Basil declares the area has the best growing soil ever, and that visitors to Marquette find it a "great wonder" to see Basil's "Beets Carrots Cabbage Cucumbers onions corn pumpkin squash sugar cane 9 ft hy and beans...narrow fat peas 2 roes 6 rods long that were 9 feet hy & loaded down with pods." His visitors "expressed much astonishment to sea such crops heare where all thought this was a frozen reagon as I once did." The visitors indeed would have been astonished were all this true—certainly, the sugarcane was an exaggeration.

Basil wrote of how rich everyone in Marquette was growing, and he was pleased to see his children prospering beyond their dreams. Writing to his other children back East, he remarks:

I suppose you thought I was a visionary & too much taken up with this contry but experience now shows I was right in all my prodictions as far more has come to pass than I ever named in so short a time & now there is every indication of there being double of the business done hear next season than was done hear before in one year.

Basil foresaw a great industrial metropolis arising in Marquette, and his letters speak of early Upper Peninsula dreams of statehood. In a letter of December 1858, Basil notes, "a voat was passed in the legislature of this state last winter to let all of

the Upper Peninsula for a new state & the first voat gave us a new state lacking but one & all believe we shall soon be set of & heare will be the capitol.” Perhaps Basil was too visionary in this respect, but his letters speak to the optimism and determination of Marquette’s first settlers, a spirit of survival that continues with today’s residents. When he passed away in 1865, Basil could feel proud of his contributions to the new community.

In 2001, a plaque was placed at Basil Bishop’s grave in Park Cemetery to commemorate him as a War of 1812 veteran. His letters are available at the Marquette County History Museum. He was indeed, a great iron pioneer, perhaps not remembered in the history books, but one who intimately knew the early Marquette residents and their experiences.

While iron ore attracted the Bishops to Marquette, religious reasons inspired them once they arrived. Delivan, Basil’s son, was a founder of Marquette’s First Methodist Church and many of the family would be involved in church activities including the Methodists’ two primary social causes: temperance and the abolition of slavery.

Two members of the third generation of the Bishop family would serve in the Civil War. One of them would be Delivan and Pamela Bishop’s son, Francis Marion Bishop. Francis was my great-great grandfather’s first cousin, and important to my family history because more than fifty of his letters he wrote home during the Civil War have survived. The letters allow the modern reader to understand what it was like to be twenty, brave, homesick, and frightened. His parents’ return letters have not survived, but his responses to them give insight into Marquette’s early years. He comments in 1863, after hearing of the burning down of the nearby village of Choccolay, that he had warned people the fire would happen, and next time maybe they will be more careful. He constantly names relatives, friends, and church members, asking to be remembered to them. He asks his grandfather to write if he can, and he tells his father to thank Mr. Everett, presumably businessman Philo M. Everett, for the loan of thirty dollars.

Francis continually comments on the war, the marches, army food, and his fellow soldiers. The dramatic climax of the letters occurs when an army chaplain writes to Francis’ parents: “your son Marion still lives. He is in Washington, badly wounded, but will recover, so says his surgeon. The ball lodged in his shoulder blade has been extracted and he is doing nicely.” A few weeks later, Francis describes in near-epic prose how he fell at the Battle of Fredericksburg:

At the time I received my wound we were advancing on the enemies works in double-quick time at charge bayonet. When within about 20 paces of our line I saw my Company were somewhat scattered by getting over a fence we had to pass and turning for a moment to my men I waved my sword over my head shouted "Come on Boys" Mind you I was not behind them but no sooner had I turned again to face the foe than I felt a stinging sensation pass through my left breast near the heart and I fell powerless to the Earth, turning as I fell striking on my back. I uttered a low groan and offered a prayer to God. [I fell] with sword unsheathed for the protection of our glorious starry Banner, whose gallent folds waved o'er my head as I fell, for you must know mine was a post of honor, as commander of the 1st Company I stood beside the good old flag of freedom [and I now have] an honorable scar and one received in the best cause for which ever man fought and died.

Despite his wounds, Francis wanted to continue his service so he was transferred to be Adjutant at Rock Island, Illinois, a prison for Confederate soldiers in the Mississippi River. Here his duties were less rigorous, although he does mention a breakout when the prisoners dug a tunnel. Six rebels escaped and one drowned trying to get across the river, while an officer of the guard was also killed.

When the war ended, Francis remained in Illinois to study zoology at Illinois Wesleyan University. His interest in Marquette continued, and prior to an 1866 visit he remarks, "I expect I will scarcely know Marquette when I see it. It has grown so much if I am to judge from the [Lake Superior] Journal."

In May 1871, Francis joined Major Powell's second expedition down the Colorado and Green Rivers and through the Grand Canyon; today, the expedition is considered the last great exploration of the American West. Powell's first voyage had been a disaster that included shipwreck and the murder of crew members by the Shivwits Indians. Francis, known by his fellow travellers as "Cap" for achieving the rank of captain during the Civil War, was ready for adventure and fame as the expedition's zoologist and cartographer.

The journey was the adventure of a lifetime, marked by difficult work, rough rapids, and placid moments of floating down river while Major Powell read aloud from the Bible or Tennyson's poetry. While the first expedition had been a travel into the unknown, this journey would be more scientific, as surveys were conducted and specimens gathered. Moments of excitement included Francis being attacked



Francis Marion Bishop

by a deer he had to wrestle by grabbing its antlers. The Fourth of July was celebrated by a simple shooting off of guns. At times, the men had to carry their gear overland when the river was too wild to be navigated. Most of the travelers kept diaries, including Francis, and hundreds of photographs were taken. Francis' maps of the river and canyons would become the first official government surveys of the area. However, in the spring of the expedition's second year, Francis' war wounds became too painful for him to continue the journey; reluctantly, he left the party before the final stretch through the Grand Canyon. His companions sadly parted from him, and they named Bishop Creek in the Uintas Mountains in his honor.

Francis then settled in Utah, befriending the local Mormons. He converted to the new religion and married the daughter of Orson Pratt, one of the original twelve apostles of the Mormon Church; one wonders what his staunch Methodist parents thought of his religious conversion and marriage. If only their letters to him had survived! Francis became Chair of the Natural Science Department at Deseret University, today's University of Utah, where the originals of his letters currently reside. In later years, his companions from the expedition visited him and presented him with Major Powell's special chair from the expedition. Francis would long remember his famous journey, and in his later years, he published an article on Major Powell's life and his own journal from the expedition. He died in Utah in 1933, at the age of ninety.

Francis Marion Bishop is today one of Marquette's famous, although forgotten sons, a pioneer of national importance.

Francis' cousin, Jerome, also fought in the Civil War, but he was content later to return to Marquette to raise a family. Jerome Nehemiah White, my great-

great-grandfather, came to Marquette in 1853 as a child of twelve. He was the son of Basil Bishop's daughter, Rosalia, and her husband Cyrus Beardsley White. Jerome was one of several Marquette men to join the Michigan 27th. By the end of the war, his company had marched across the South, from Mississippi and Kentucky to Tennessee and Virginia. They fought at such significant battles as Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and the Battle of the Wilderness. The strenuous



Cyrus & Rosalia White

marching and Southern climate caused Jerome to suffer from sunstroke. At Petersburg, he was wounded by a ball entering his left and exiting through his right side. He was sent to a hospital in Washington where he recovered, although he would suffer partial paralysis the remainder of his life. He was released from the hospital as the war was ending, and family tradition states he was in the Ford Theatre the night of Abraham Lincoln's assassination, a possibility since he was in Washington D.C. at the time.

After the war, Jerome returned to Marquette and raised a family. He continued his Methodist association by serving as the Superintendent of the Chocoday branch of the Sunday School. He also farmed in Cherry Creek, where his house still stands today. In 1900, he died of wounds received from a runaway carriage accident at the Carp River Bridge.

Jerome's wife was Adda, the daughter of Edmond and Jemima Remington. Jerome and Adda married in 1861, before he went away to the war. He was nineteen and a half, she a few months shy of sixteen at the time of the marriage. Adda's mother, Jemima, had died two months before at the young age of forty. Her father, Edmond, remarried in less than four months to Hannah, an Irish immigrant. Edmond



Jerome White



Adda Remington White

then joined the Michigan 27th with his son-in-law Jerome. Like Jerome, Edmond was wounded in battle and survived. After the war, he and his new wife and children left Marquette and moved to South Dakota. In 1882, Edmond would commit suicide by drinking strychnine, apparently because he could no longer tolerate the pain from his war wounds. His daughter, Adda, would remain in Marquette with her husband, Jerome; she would die in 1891 at the young age of forty-six. Jerome and Adda would have twelve children, the tenth of whom, Jay Earle White, would be my great-grandfather.

Readers of my novels will find that in the history of my Bishop, Remington, and White ancestors are sources for some of the characters in *Iron Pioneers*. The Bishop family influenced the Brookfields and the Whites influenced creation of the Whitmans. Lucius Brookfield is largely based on Basil Bishop from the information I have about Basil from his letters. Lucius' wife, Rebecca, the staunch old Methodist, however,

is completely based in my imagination. Nothing has been left to tell me anything about Elizabeth Bishop's character other than Basil's words of praise for her after her death. Rosalia Bishop was a source for both of Lucius' daughters, Sophia and Cordelia. Like Cordelia, Rosalia owned a boarding house, and like Sophia, Rosalia was said not always to be a pleasant woman. She does not look terribly pleasant in the one photograph surviving of her. But that statement is based on what her grandson, Jay Earle White, told his children about her and it may or may not be true. Everything about Sophia's social-climbing aspirations is completely my imagination. The Hennings in my novels are also completely made up. I knew so little about the Remington family that other than Edmond Remington remarrying and moving away from the area, nothing is based in fact there—the Remingtons certainly were far from being as wealthy as the Hennings. In *Iron Pioneers*, Gerald Henning marries Sophia after his first wife Clara dies. I have had many complaints from my readers about Clara's early death, but please note Jemima Remington died at forty, a fairly young death as well. Jacob Whitman is loosely based on Jerome White, but I borrowed from Francis Marion Bishop's Civil War letters to create the letters in *Iron Pioneers* that Jacob writes home to his family.



Jay & Barbara White

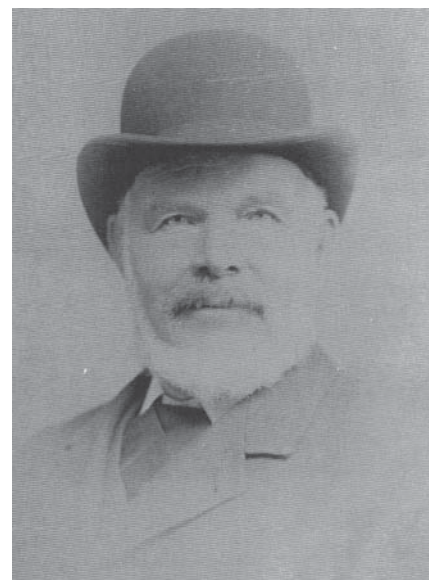
THE MCCOMBIE, ZRYD, & STEWART FAMILIES

My great-grandfather, Jay Earle White, married Barbara Margaret McCombie, whose family inspired the Scottish Dalrymple family in *Iron Pioneers*. Barbara's grandfather, William John McCombie, my great-great-great-grandfather, was born in Nova Scotia in 1819—his parents had migrated to Nova Scotia from Scotland. William John McCombie came to Marquette around 1870 with two of his sons, one of whom, William Forrest McCombie, was Barbara's father. In my novel, these family members were a very loose basis for Arthur Dalrymple and his son Charles Dalrymple. In writing about Arthur Dalrymple's tales of Scotland's glory, I simply enjoyed imagining what my ancestors might have thought and how they might have felt about their mother countries as well as their new one. The only facts about William Forrest McCombie's life used to create Charles Dalrymple are the mention that he had helped to rebuild Chicago after the great fire in *Iron Pioneers*, and that he helped to dismantle the Longyear Mansion as told in *The Queen City*.

William Forrest McCombie's wife was Elizabeth May Zryd. She is the source for Christina Dalrymple in the novels, although she did not come to Marquette with her husband in real life. In just a few places, references are made in my novels to Christina Dalrymple's maiden name being Zurbrugg—there is even a piece of china inherited by the Whitmans from Great-Grandma Zurbrugg. I borrowed the surname

from among the Zryd ancestors back in Switzerland.

The Zryd family founder in the United States was Elizabeth's father, Joseph Zryd, who was born in Frutigen, Switzerland and whose parents and siblings migrated to Canada. He married Barbara Stewart in Canada, where their daughter Elizabeth was born. They came to Marquette sometime between



William John McCombie



Joseph & Barbara Zryd

1870 and 1882, the latter being the year Elizabeth married William Forrest McCombie in Marquette. Barbara Stewart's siblings, Mary, William, and Elizabeth also came to Marquette. Elizabeth married Peter Dolf, who was a prominent policeman in the city. Mary's daughter Helen Rutherford would end up marrying William Forrest McCombie's brother, Daniel Bently McCombie. William Stewart would own the Pioneer Livery Stable in Marquette.

While the Zryds and Stewarts were largely left out of my novels, Joseph Zryd was well-known in Marquette in its early days as a violin player. He apparently had been well-taught to play the violin back in Switzerland, and he was often the entertainment at many gatherings in Marquette's early days, as testified by Carroll Watson Rankin, author of *Dandelion Cottage*, who wrote a paper about Marquette's past and in describing Marquette entertainment in the 1800s, said, "Then came Zryd with his wonderful violin." In a letter about her family, Joseph Zryd's granddaughter Barbara McCombie stated, "My Mother's father was a fine violinist. He could play like the wind whistling thro the trees. He could make you laugh and make you cry" and in her diary, Barbara recalls in 1903 when her grandfather Zryd and his friend, Captain Kruger, both played the violin at her wedding. I wish I could have been there to hear Joseph Zryd play that day and to meet all the other family members

who attended—I am fortunate to have inherited my great-grandmother's collection of calling cards she kept from her wedding guests, and I have pondered over the names of these friends and relatives, wondering what their lives must have been like.

William Forrest McCombie deserves mention for one other reason. He was a writer of short stories. A couple of them have been preserved, and while they are very rough, when I discovered them, as well as some short stories his daughter, Barbara, wrote, I felt like crying over the joy of knowing my ancestors had also aspired to telling stories. Barbara was also a diarist, and I adapted some of her diary passages for the diary passages of Margaret Dalrymple Whitman in *Superior Heritage*.

Jay Earle White and Barbara Margaret McCombie are the sources for Will Whitman and Margaret Dalrymple in the novels, and being my great-grand-



**William Forrest & Elizabeth
McCombie**

parents, I knew more about them than my earlier Marquette ancestors, but I exaggerated their characters and made up many of the stories in the novels. Jay Earle White was a carpenter who built numerous homes around Marquette, many now a century old and still standing. He died in 1963, eight years before I was born, and Barbara McCombie White died in 1976 when I was only five.

Born in 1885, Great-Grandma White is the only person born in the nineteenth century I consciously remember ever having met, and I only have two memories of her, one in her wheelchair, the other in her bed, both not long before she died. But somehow what family members said about her—her love of clothes, that she should have been a career woman or an opera singer—made her seem to me one of the most fascinating people in the family, and when people ask me whether I have a favorite character, it is undoubtedly, Margaret Dalrymple, loosely based on my great-grandmother, although Margaret is highly exaggerated for dramatic and plot purposes. My great-grandmother liked to brag about how many dresses she had, and she always claimed we were related to royalty, although she had no proof of it. I took this bit of family history and exaggerated it to create Margaret's childish dreams of being rich one day. My great-grandmother was also opposed to my grandparents' marriage because my grandpa was a Baptist and my grandmother a Catholic, but what my great-grandmother's actual words and thoughts were, I don't know. It is completely made up. I was afraid someone in the family would object to Margaret's depiction in the novels, but she is a fictional character, and I think she is my most fully developed character at least in my trilogy. She is the character who ties all the novels together—the only one who appears in all three books, and she is dynamic, maturing, and softening as the books go on, coming to terms with the dreams that never manifested for her, her jealousy over her sister Sarah's easier life, and her frustration over her nagging sister-in-law Harriett. Margaret represents to me that life of quiet desperation Thoreau wrote about, and she lives that life desperately but with courage; in the end, I believe the reader comes to identify and empathize with her.

Jay Earle White and Barbara Margaret McCombie were the parents of nine children, who were my greatest source of information in writing my novels. The eldest of these children was my grandfather, Lester Earle White, who married Grace Elizabeth Molby. They became the inspiration for Henry Whitman and Beth McCarey in *The Queen City* and *Superior Heritage*. I will talk more about my grandparents and my great-aunts and uncles later as I discuss specific places in Marquette.

THE BUSCHELL & MOLBY FAMILIES

My grandmother's family settled in South Marquette, and they were among Marquette's earliest residents. My great-great grandparents John and Elizabeth Buschell were married in Marquette in 1858. Neither John nor Elizabeth are listed on the first Marquette census of 1850 and no relatives appear to have been in Marquette with them.

John was born in 1820 in Saxony, then one of the many little kingdoms and principalities that made up greater Germany, while Elizabeth was born in Massachusetts of Irish parents. No information has been found about their parents or families. John and Elizabeth were to become my inspiration for Fritz and Molly Bergmann in *Iron Pioneers*. Since John was clearly German, I decided to make Fritz part of the group of German immigrants who arrived in Marquette that first year of 1849 and be among those who came down with typhoid and for whom, Peter White, perhaps Marquette's most famous pioneer, cared, bathing them in the makeshift hospital. These Germans later started to walk to Milwaukee in December to prevent the rest of the village from having to starve until word was sent after them that the supply ship had finally arrived.

In the novel, Fritz is frequently ill, never having quite recovered from the typhoid. Since I know so little about John Buschell, I used my imagination to fill in the holes. I can find no death record for John. I only know he and Elizabeth had their last child, Thomas Buschell, in 1876 and then on the 1880 census, Elizabeth is remarried to a Jeremiah O'Leary. Perhaps John's death was not reported and I can find no listing for him in a cemetery. In any case, I assume since Elizabeth remarried and since divorce was not common in those days, especially among Catholics, that John died, and since Fritz therefore would also die young, the typhoid and a lingering weakness as a result was a good way to explain his untimely death.

When I first became interested in genealogy and tried to find information about my Grandma Grace Molby White's family, I heard stories that we were supposedly related to Mrs. O'Leary, whose cow started the great Chicago Fire. I assume this story comes from Elizabeth's second husband being an O'Leary. I have not been able to locate much information about Jeremiah O'Leary other than that he was Irish and came to Marquette through Canada—his naturalization and immigration records exist in the Marquette County records. I have not been able to locate any relatives for him, but in Elizabeth's obituary, it does state that she lived in Chicago for some time, so it is possible that Jeremiah had relatives in Chicago whom they went to

visit, but for now a blood connection has not been confirmed between Jeremiah or the Mrs. O'Leary who had the infamous cow.

In *Iron Pioneers*, I also had Molly remarry, but I deviated from the family history, feeling I had already attested to the presence of Irish immigrants in Marquette, so I married her instead to an Italian, the brutish saloonkeeper, Joseph Montoni. I felt I wanted the novels to represent the wide number of immigrants who came to Upper Michigan, and the Italian population was significant, although that Montoni beats his wife and dies in a saloon brawl would not make his nation proud.

I also wanted motivation for Molly's character to transform over the course of the novel from an outspoken, sharp-tongued young woman to a rather saintly one by the end, and an abusive husband served this purpose because her marriage thereby taught her about survival, love, forgiveness, and how to strengthen her faith in God. I was inspired to depict Molly as becoming kind and faith-filled by Elizabeth Buschell O'Leary's obituary in *The Mining Journal* in 1897 which said, "Among her neighbors and friends Mrs. O'Leary will long be remembered for her many acts of kindness."

John and Elizabeth Buschell had several children, two of whom particularly have lived on in family stories, notably their son Frank and their daughter Lily, the inspirations for Karl and Kathy Bergmann in *Iron Pioneers*. Frank Buschell, like Karl, was a logger and he did end up in the Keweenaw Peninsula. Rather than marrying a Finnish wife who died in childbirth, the real Frank Buschell's wife, Mary, gave birth to several children, most notably for my fiction, Valma Buschell, the inspiration for Thelma Bergmann. Valma was my grandmother's cousin and like Thelma, she came to live in Marquette. She was a wonderful pianist but she also suffered from epilepsy, which I changed in the novel to multiple sclerosis. I am sure she was much brighter than I depict Thelma as being, but one other aspect of her story is true. As far as I knew, she never married, but one day while looking through the Marquette County marriage records, I stumbled upon a listing for her in the marriage index. Surprised, I went to find the actual marriage record, only to find there was none. The clerk at the courthouse explained to me that the license must have been applied for, but that the couple had never married, and therefore, had not returned the document. What happened to Valma's prospective marriage, I don't know, but she never did marry. In writing fiction, however, I could always make up stories to fill in the blanks as I did here, having Thelma Bergmann elope with Vincent Smiley to Mackinac Island, only to find out he was a bigamist and her marriage not legal.

Valma never adopted children, but I decided in *The Queen City* that Thelma would adopt Jessie Hopewell. I was inspired by this plot twist after visiting the

historical Honolulu House in Marshall, Michigan. In the house was a photo of a girl who had been adopted by the female owner of the house—only the owners had been white, and the girl was black. Interracial adoptions in the early nineteenth century must not have been common, so again, I thought it would make a great story. Only, Marshall, Michigan was more likely to have black residents—it being near the route of the Underground Railroad that aided escaped slaves. Upper Michigan has very few black residents, and I had given little treatment to the large Finnish population in Upper Michigan, so I decided to make the adopted child Finnish and her adoption explainable since Thelma was herself half-Finnish although her mother had died before she really knew her. It also allowed me, in the person of Jesse's father, to tell the fascinating true story of how many American Finns had left during the Great Depression to go to Karelia, in Russia.

One last interesting piece about the Buschell Family is that Buschell Lake, just south of Marquette, is named for them. No one seems to know exactly how the lake came to be named for the family—I would assume it was named for John or for Frank and that one of them owned property on it, although I have been unable to find a property record to confirm this.

As for Frank's sister, Lily Buschell, she married John Molby (originally Mulvey), who came to Marquette in 1882. John and Lily would be my grandmother's parents. Like her counterpart, Kathy, in the novel, Lily would end up becoming nearly deaf from the measles. I don't know when this happened, but I decided to place it during World War I for dramatic purposes. Also, as in the novel, my great-grandparents' sons went off to fight in World War I. My grandmother, Grace Molby White, said she remembered as a child going down to the train station to see her brothers leave for the



William Molby (Front Center)

war. Both Daniel and William would fight in the war, William going to Camp Custer in September 1917 for training and Daniel to Camp Gordon, Georgia in June 1918. After my grandmother died, we found among her belongings a handkerchief that had “Paris 1918” stitched on it which she had preserved—doubtless the gift of one of her brothers. She would have only been thirteen the year the war ended, although I chose to make her counterpart, Beth McCarey, five years younger so she would be all the more confused in trying to make sense out of the war.

My grandmother said very little about her family whenever anyone asked her questions. She told me her father was from New York, but other records say he was from Canada, and one family story said the Molby family left Ireland because they were rebels. I have found no direct connection to Ireland, but because Great-Grandpa Molby’s past was such a mystery—after nearly twenty years of searching, I still haven’t found out where he was born or who his parents were—I decided to make up information and depict Patrick McCarey as a rebel who did have to flee Ireland. This decision also allowed for the dramatic scenes in *The Queen City* when he is old and senile, and while hallucinating, he runs from the house, believing British soldiers are after him. John Molby was himself a bit senile and ended up running down the street in his nightclothes at the end of his life, and my grandparents would have to chase after him to bring him home when he was living with them, although what he was thinking during this time remains a mystery. I also made Patrick an atheist in the novel because John Molby apparently did not go to church or at least was not Catholic, while his wife attended St. Peter’s Cathedral and made sure all the children were baptized there. John Molby’s funeral was held at the First Presbyterian Church, although he was not a member there, and he was buried in the Protestant Park Cemetery while his wife and several children are buried in the Catholic Holy Cross Cemetery.

According to my other family members, the older Molby generations never talked about the family. Part of the reason I’m sure is because of the tragedies they experienced. My grandmother was one of ten children, yet none of her eight brothers lived beyond their early fifties. My mother never knew any of her Molby uncles as a result and my grandmother almost never talked about them. Only after we found her brother’s obituaries among my grandmother’s belongings after she died did we know my grandmother’s brother Charles was accidentally electrocuted at his job in his early twenties, leaving behind a wife and daughter with whom the rest of the family lost contact. Other brothers died of heart attacks, or what today sounds like an aneurism, and one brother died of alcoholism. I imagine all these early deaths were painful for



Molby Home

my grandmother, who by age thirty-six, only had her sister Mary still alive, and Mary would die in 1958 at only sixty-two of cancer. My grandmother was convinced she would die young like the rest of her family, but surprisingly, she lived until 1992, passing away at the ripe old age of eighty-seven.

In writing *The Marquette Trilogy*, I found it necessary to reduce Beth McCarey's siblings down to three brothers—eight brothers and a sister would have been too many for a reader. I had one brother die in World War I, one die in the Barnes-Hecker mining disaster for its historical significance, and the

third brother, Michael, become a priest. None of my grandmother's brothers became priests, but I had my reasons for Michael to become a priest in the novels as I'll explain later when I discuss St. Michael's Parish.

My Great-Grandpa and Grandma Molby lived at 609 Division Street (today 1509 Division) in Marquette—their house is still standing today although it was sold out of the family in the 1930s when John, then a widower, went to live with his adult children. In the novels, I had the Bergmann and McCarey families live within only a block or so of St. Peter's Cathedral because of the importance of Catholicism in their lives, and especially, partially to explain how the nearby cathedral's influence would have inspired Michael's desire to become a priest—along with the influence of his saintly grandmother, Molly, whose obituary as given in *The Queen City* closely resembles that of her real-life basis, Elizabeth Buschell O'Leary.

Today, the Molby name still exists in Marquette in the descendants of my grandmother's brothers. The Buschell name is not found in Marquette, but Frank Buschell's descendants populate the Keweenaw Peninsula, carrying on his name.

THE BERTRAND & TICHELAR FAMILIES

One other family is mentioned in *Iron Pioneers*, the French-Canadian Varin family. The influence of French-Canadians in Upper Michigan could not be overlooked,

and while my father's family is not from Marquette, they are French-Canadian long-term residents of Upper Michigan. In *Iron Pioneers*, the first fictional character to appear is Pierre Varin, a voyageur traveling with Father Marquette. He is later the ancestor of Jean Varin, husband of Suzanne Varin, who comes to Marquette in the 1850s.

My paternal grandmother was Harriet Bertrand, and her French-Canadian ancestors had been in Montreal since the 1600s and in Menominee, Michigan since the 1880s. In fact, the name Varin is among my ancestral surnames, but a few generations earlier than my grandmother. While my mother's family has the long history with Marquette, my father's family has a far longer history in the Great Lakes region. My most notable paternal ancestor was the famous explorer and Governor of the Wisconsin Territories, Nicolas Perrot (1644-1717). Consequently, I created an early voyageur character in Pierre Varin, and then reintroduced the Varin family to Marquette. I chose to have Jean Varin die in the Civil War so Suzanne could marry Lucius Brookfield, as my ancestor Basil Bishop had remarried a younger woman after his wife's death, although Basil's second wife was in her early sixties at the time, not a young twenty-something. Suzanne's family moves away from Marquette to Wisconsin, but over time her descendants move back to Michigan, and one descendant, Marie Varin, marries a Dutch immigrant named Vandelaare. My grandpa, Bernard Tichelaar, was a Dutch immigrant, and so consequently, I connected a fictional version of my father's family into *The Marquette Trilogy* when Tom Vandelaare, son of Marie Varin and her Dutch husband, marries Ellen Whitman, daughter of Henry and Beth Whitman.

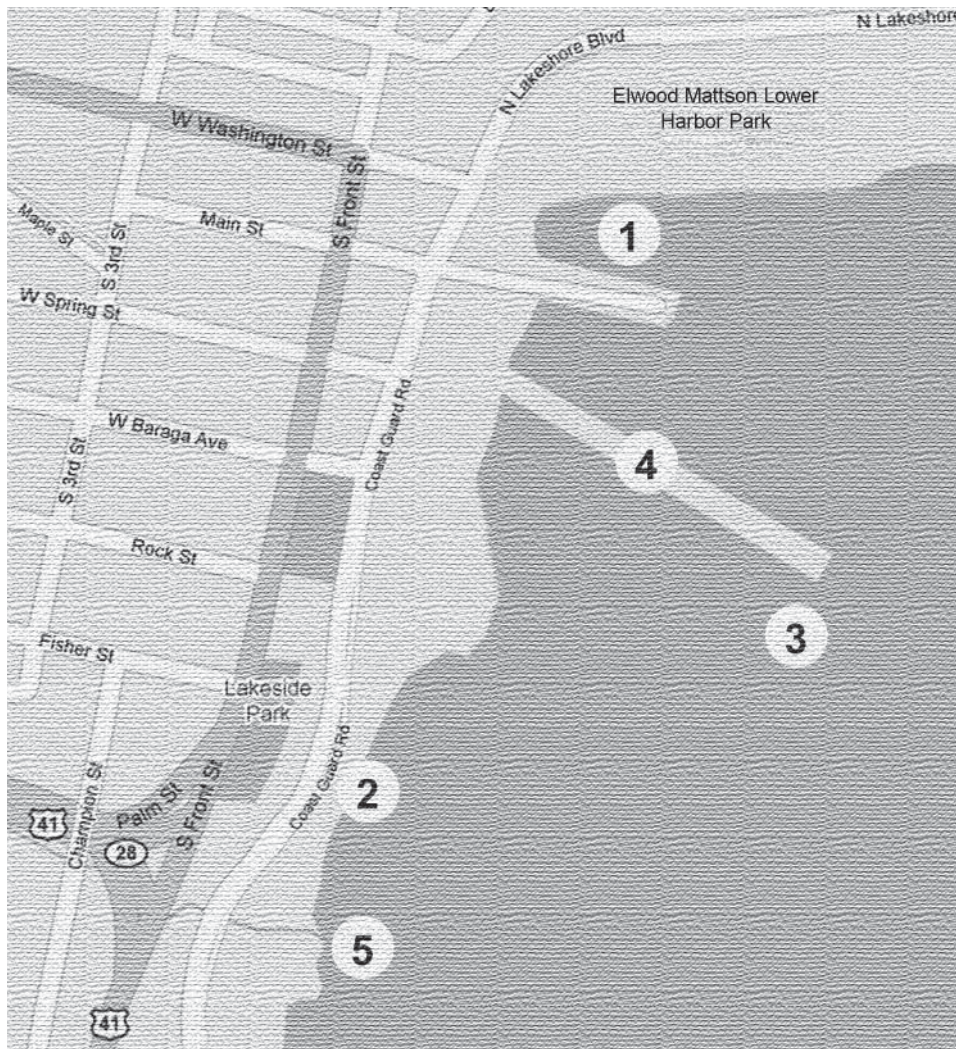
Such are the fragments of family stories from which I created fiction. I will include more family stories where appropriate throughout the book, emphasizing events that happened in different places in Marquette.

I find great satisfaction in my readers telling me their own family stories, and I believe my books have been largely successful because they have made people realize how closely they are connected to history. Not one of our ancestors is unimportant. If just one ancestor had not lived, I would not be here today. Family history is human history. DNA has shown that anyone of European descent today can claim to be descended from anyone who lived in Europe and had descendants prior to the twelfth century, so we are all the descendants of Charlemagne, of Alfred the Great, William the Conqueror and so many other famous names, and having such knowledge makes us realize how close we are as a human family, and how ridiculous are prejudice and racism. I have traced my family back to the first century and can claim ancestors in

every country in Europe and most countries in Asia. I am sure people of African and Asian descent can make similar claims. The lives of all these ancestors are to be marveled over and appreciated, and I hope my books have inspired people to understand that. By telling the story of a place and the people who lived there—basically a family story—I hope it bring my readers a little closer to understanding their own family histories and to understanding how the history of a place is still alive and of value.

And now, onto the tour of Marquette, the Queen City of the North.

PART I: IN THE BEGINNING ON IRON BAY



1. The Lower Harbor
2. Founders Landing
3. Ripley's Rock
4. Ore Docks
5. Gaines Rock & The Northwestern Hotel

THE LOWER HARBOR

“Clara, there it is!” Gerald exclaimed. She turned in the direction he pointed as he came and linked his arm in hers. She dimly made out a few logs floating in the water; in another minute, they were discernible as a small dock. Then between the trees a couple wooden structures became visible.

“There’s Worcester,” said Mr. Harlow, joining them on deck.

— Iron Pioneers

My first published novel, *Iron Pioneers*, begins with the arrival in Marquette—then known as the village of Worcester—of Clara and Gerald Henning. We first see the rugged wilderness settlement through Clara’s eyes as she approaches the harbor on a schooner in the summer of 1849.

The town had been established as a harbor where iron ore could be shipped out of Upper



Marquette from Mattson Park ~ Lower Harbor

Michigan on the Great Lakes to such industrial centers as Buffalo and Pittsburgh and even to Canada. Iron ore had been discovered in 1844, just west in the area that would become the cities of Negaunee and Ishpeming, so the ore was carried from the mines to Marquette to be shipped. During those early years, the ships that came in and out of the harbor were Marquette’s only link to civilization, and during winter, with Lake Superior mostly frozen and travel on it impossible, Marquette was isolated, no hope of contact with the outside world existing unless one wished to snowshoe or take a dogsled hundreds of miles to Green Bay or Milwaukee.

In the years that followed, the harbor would grow into a major shipping port for iron ore, lumber, and fish. By the early twentieth century, the harbor would contain five large docks. (The productivity and demand for iron ore even resulted in another dock being built in North Marquette near Presque Isle Park, resulting in it being known as the Upper Harbor, while Iron Bay's harbor became the Lower Harbor.) The shipping season from the Lower Harbor was usually mid-April to late November, although in mild winters, ships ran until late December. By the start of the twentieth century, ships from across the Great Lakes would fill the Lower Harbor. Even passenger ships arrived, carrying tourists who came to enjoy Marquette's reputedly healthy climate and cool summer temperatures.

From 1925 to 1976, the Spear's Coal Dock flourished at the harbor's north end where coal was delivered by ship and then delivered to the city's power plants to keep Marquette's homes warm during long winters. Then once the Presque Isle Power Plant at the harbor's south end was built, the Spear's dock went out of business.

As the twentieth century waned and many of the old mines closed, the ore docks became less needed and eventually were torn down. Today, only one dock remains, no longer connected to the railroad, almost all traces of which are gone. Instead, the harbor has transformed itself into a recreational center for Marquette.

In the 1980s, Mattson Park was created after the Spear's Coal Dock was removed and the area cleaned up. Today, the park is central to Marquette's summer activities, being host to many festivals including the International Food Fest, the Seafood Fest, and the Blues Fest. It includes a large children's playground and a marina. At its far end is the Lake Superior Theatre, a boathouse belonging to the Frazier family that is annually turned into a summer theatre; several plays are performed there every season and at least one always in some way commemorates Upper Michigan history and the proud heritage derived from the early settlers.

Clara and Gerald Henning would scarcely recognize the harbor today. No bands play to greet incoming ships as they once did. Few sea vessels other than yachts and the occasional tourist cruise ship enter the harbor. While Iron Bay's appearance has changed, it remains a central part of Marquette residents' lives, and the recent establishment of "Founders Landing" shows that the city's early settlers are far from forgotten.

FOUNDERS LANDING

As she stepped out of the wooden hut, she scanned the other log cabins under construction. A few wigwams and a lodge house were in the distance; she wondered whether Indians resided in them or had white men taken possession. Scarcely enough buildings existed to qualify as a village. She looked down to the lake where the lone dock stood. The schooner had already disappeared from sight, leaving no chance to escape. Lake Superior stood before her—the only source of communication with the outside world—so large she could not see Canada across it. How long before another ship would come, before ships would come regularly?

— Iron Pioneers

Today, the area known as Founders Landing along the south end of Iron Bay is being reclaimed by Marquette’s residents to honor the city’s heritage. For years, this area was industrialized and belonged to the railroads, but in recent years, it was purchased with the intention to turn it into a historic park. Various ethnic and historical monuments as well as condominiums and a hotel are slated to be erected in the area.

The name, Founders Landing, was chosen because at this spot on May 18, 1849, Robert Graveraet and Peter White first arrived by rowboat with a few hired workers to establish the town. They were greeted by Charles Kawbawgam, last Chief of the



**Reenactment of Peter White & Robert Graveraet Landing
on May 18, 1849**