

Enclosure Dec. 11, 1958 J

From: History of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, published by
The Western Historical Company, of Chicago, in 1883.

Biographical sketch section of Ishpeming, page 451:

"N. Voelker, saloon, was born in Prussia, Germany, May 8, 1820; emigrated to America in 1845, and came to Lake Superior the same year; arrived September 8 at Copper Harbor, and engaged in mining; was there four years, then went to Sault Ste. Marie; was there two years; then went to Eagle River where he kept hotel and was in business there until 1857; then went to Ontonagon and engaged in the brewing business, and was there until 1866.

"Then came to Negaunee and carried on the butcher and brewing business three years; in 1869, he came to Ishpeming and engaged in the mercantile business for two years; in 1871 went west and located in Salt Lake City, and engaged in mining; was there two years and in 1873 returned to Ishpeming and since then has been engaged in the wholesale and retail selling of beer.

"He is one of the oldest settlers of the Upper Peninsula; has held the office of alderman. He married Miss Kathrina Zeiem in Cleveland, Ohio, June 15, 1846. She was born in Prussia. They have four children--George, Nellie, Matilda and Joseph; lost one son--Jacob."

(You probably have all this material anyway, but I thought it might be interesting for you to supplement your own genealogical records.)

Ken Boyer

X

I ~~do~~ Old trapper Dan
may have put his finger on the
spell of the U.P. "~~It's like~~" As
the fella said, it's kinda like
our ^{U.P.} moonshine -- once it hits
you, once it gets in your
blood, you're floor^{ed}, man, you
jist can't move!"

U.P. people are funny
that way; they may curse the snow
and cold ^{up} ~~of~~ winter, the bugs and
heat ⁱⁿ ~~of~~ summer -- but they
and their fate all the time --
jist can't move.

X

The early immigrant settlers of the polygot U.P. were

mostly French-Canadians, ~~the~~ English (particularly the Cornish)

and the Irish, followed by the Finns, Scandinavians and

Italians, along with a fairish dash of Scots, Germans and

~~mix~~ miscellaneous "mittel" Europeans to leaven the yeasty dough.

This dough is now pretty well kneaded ~~and~~ ^{resulting in} and baked
into that friendly, prickly, hard-working, hard-playing

individual who presently lives in the beloved U. P. } (One

today ^{regularly} reads ~~stolidly~~ of U. P. highschool athletes named

Reginald Michael Millimaki without batting an eye.) ^{now is} "beloved

U. P." ^{any idle} ~~is no~~ extravagance, as the average dweller there wouldn't

trade forty acres of mortgaged cut-over jackpine for a warranty

deed to the Fisher Building. The U. P. may be distand ^{lonely and} and

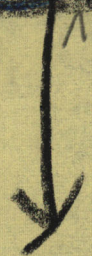
^{harsh ab} ~~its~~ climate ^{may be} harsh, its mosquitoes ravenous and its economics

chancy and haywire—but the born and bred U. P. dweller simply

wouldn't live anywhere else. Those who have to yearn ^{left seem only} ~~only~~ to

~~return. The spell of the rugged U. P. lingers in their blood.~~ ^{As old Danny says it} ~~like~~ ^{native} ~~in their~~ ^{one} ~~blood.~~ ^{eyes}

~~U.P. ^{the} people are~~ ^{in winter} ~~they're~~ ^{to} ~~funny that way.~~ ^{in summer} ~~they~~ ^{the snow and cold,} ~~just~~ ^{the mosquito and heat, but then} ~~want~~ ^{they} ~~more.~~ ^{you just can't move.}



See attached

Last of all the Peninsula possesses three of nature's

noblest creations: the white-tailed deer, the ruffed grouse (*partridge to the natives*) and the ^{elusive} brook trout. (Alas, blind pursuit of the latter has kept

^{U.P.} this native from himself observing some of the ^{other} ~~U.P.~~ attractions

here recounted.) ~~Bears~~ Bears and coyotes and smaller wild game also

abound, ^{besides many ~~other~~ game fish} but tales of man-eating wolves are greatly ~~exaggerat~~ exaggerat

exaggerated. One knows this is so because ^{one's} old trapper ^{friend} Danny

~~was~~ McGinnis recently ~~attended~~ attended a U. P. seminar on the subject at

the Mather Inn in Ishpeming. After ~~listening~~ listening to the learned

assemblage interminably deliver itself, pro and con, parched

Danny ~~rose~~ ^{abruptly arose} up and ^{abruptly concluded} abruptly ended the conclave as follows:

^{in this room} "Any man ~~in this room~~ ^{what} who says he was et by a wolf is a damned ^{terse} liar!"

~~Star~~ ^{and was the usual} Star Where in hell is the ~~bar~~ ^{bar?} bar?"

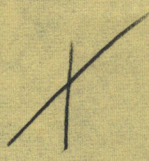
word on the subject!

X

Since any chamber of commerce would promptly banish any ^{U.P.} ~~native~~ ^{speaks} native who dared ~~write~~ ^{write} about the place without extolling its tourist glories, one ~~hastens to observe~~ ^{list} some of them, ^{fearfully mindful that} ~~(still)~~ ^{still} other chambers of commerce will doubtless ~~likewise~~ ^{also} want to ~~contemplate banishing~~ ^{him} for any ~~omitted~~ ^{glories that are to be omitted}. There is, of course, the mighty Mackinaw Bridge itself and venerable St. Ignace ^{including the jewel Mackinac;} and its surrounding history-drenched islands, then the teeming Soo locks, accounting for more tonnage (and exposed film) than any other lock in the world, not excepting Panama and Suez; then the colorful Tahquamenon river and falls near Newberry, thoughtfully provided by Nature as a ^{place into which the} refuse heap into which tourists ~~may~~ ^{might} ~~ecstatically~~ ^{may} hurl their empty ~~bottles~~ ^{tin cans and}; the ~~fabulous~~ sandstone Pictured Rocks near Munising; ~~(color film recommended)~~ ^{sprawling} the Seney wild-life refuge; ~~(no guns recommended)~~; the mighty iron-ore loading docks near Escanaba and at Marquette; ^{dwarfing} the smoky and brooding--and yet unspoiled--Porcupine Mountains lying beyond historic Ontonagon; the colorful Copper County and the breathtaking water-hemmed Keweenaw Peninsula ^{running} ~~which runs~~ straight into the ^{restless} sea; the lonely forested jewel of Isle Royale, lying far

One might say that the

run on ocean level;



Mining and lumbering has long been and still is the

heartblood of the U. P., without which the area would doubtless

revert to the Indians. Commercial fishing once played a modest

played its role, too,

~~part in~~ pumping this heartblood, until along came the lampreys

blood-sucking

and ~~drew the blood~~ and killed the fish. But of late years,

Now, ~~fighting~~ ^{searching} for lampreys has become a minor industry.

and especially since the advent of the new Mackinac Bridge,

the U. P. is rapidly becoming widely known as a vacation and

winter and summer

resort area, unique in the nation, both in winter and summer.

of a kind

Its very remoteness and ~~stagnation~~ rugged inland position

Consequently more and more the droll science of parting the

applied

tourist rapidly from his buck is being studied by the resourceful

descendants of the sturdy pioneers who first permanently settled

the Peninsula. Tonnages are ^{finally} bowing to tourists; board feet to ^{sandy} beaches

and boardwalks. *The sale of tomahawks is ^{more} brisk than ever.*

has become part of the attraction.

X

Today
~~_____~~

It is also not generally known that more people dwell
in greater Flint than in the entire Peninsula, which roughly
comprises one-third the area of the state. Nor that many
points in the Peninsula are farther from Detroit than the
latter is from ~~other~~ ^{other} points ~~in~~ on the Atlantic seaboard.

Nor that still other points in the Peninsula are almost as close

to Hudson's Bay as they are to the state capital. Nor that ^{hotly} ~~Michigan~~ ^{claims the disputed distinction of being} ~~is~~ ^{and possessing also} prior to the admuni

Michigan ^{is} the longest state or possesses the longest

coastline. ~~Not that~~ ^{But} ~~he~~ killed Cook Robin....

^{who knows,} all that, and may even bring humility to Texas.

of Alaska

X

already exploring the U. P. about the time the Pilgrims
were landing at Plymouth, ^{They were mostly} being largely prospectors, fur
traders and ^{devout} ~~devout~~ men of God. Before the Revolution the
^{practical} British were also prowling the area, being ^{somewhat} slightly more
~~single-mindedly~~ concerned with enriching Britannia than

extolling the glory of ^{God,} the Lord. One of these early ^{exploring parties} ~~groups~~
~~ones~~ spent a winter trying ^{away} vainly to move or hack up
the famous ~~copper boulder~~ at Ontonagon ^{they failed} which now rests in
the Smithsonian Institute ^{in Washington!} Detroit was not established until 1701,

^{after} ~~when~~ Cadillac ^{and his party had} ~~water~~ ^{in war canoes} ~~coasted by~~ ^{down} canoe down from the U. P.
fort at St. Ignace, ^{already} ~~which had been settled for many~~ ^{→ established for many} years.

(Of course every school child ~~also~~ ^{while in Detroit} knows that the intrepid
Cadillac stole his name ^{that of} ~~from a plush motor car!~~ ^{off a parked} ~~before~~ ^{before} that his
~~was Kilroy.~~ ^{his real name})

but only for lack of tools rather than skill, and the name was made in
the historical boulder

X

Every school child knows that for years nobody wanted to

~~annex~~
~~adopt~~ into ~~statched~~ the remote and raffish U. P., and

~~pouring~~ Michigan was at last reluctantly ^{to} persuaded to ~~take~~ ^{totally adopt}

it, coveting instead, almost to the brink of civil war, a

negligible parcel of ^{real estate} land along the Ohio border known as the ^{finally}

"Toledo strip." ^{parenthood} This reluctance ^{swiftly} turned to self-congratulatory

glee when shortly thereafter large copper and iron deposits

were discovered on the U. P. rivalling in richness any then

known on the hemisphere. The shunned ugly duckling had turned

into a fabulous golden-haired princess. ~~The astute down~~

^{strutted and} ^{for their astuteness}
The down - state politicians preened themselves as the rugged U. P.

thereafter became a vast horn of plenty pouring ~~mineral~~ and

forest riches out upon its ^{beaming} adoptive parent "down below."

¶ Fewer people know, however, that in the long glance of history

the U. P. was explored, fought over and ~~to some extent~~ settled

long before ^{the parent} lower Michigan ^{ever} came into its own. The French were ^{curious and intrepid}

1st
12/9/58

The Upper Peninsula

Limitations of

Learning

followed
all

Some of the oldest rocks in the world lie exposed on the Upper Peninsula, like ^{stained and} ancient molars, worn and ground on the ^{repentless} ^{bone of some} ^{many} ^{wet} ^{in it} ^{glaciers} ^{retreat} ^{of the} ^{last} ^{of which} ^{left} ^{the} ^{Peninsula} a confusing jumble of rivers and lakes and swamps and hills ^{and} ^{of} ^{sandy} ^{glaciated} ^{plain} ^{and} ^{as} ^{gradually} ^{formed} ^{by} ^{the} ^{world's} ^{oldest} ^{and} ^{colder} ^{inland} ^{sea}, Lake Superior, upon which first ^{the} ^{Inchian}, followed ^{by} ^{the} ^{French} ^{and} ^{English}, then the ^{settlers} ^{Americans}, ^{bringing} ^{God} ^{and} ^{pestilence} ^{to} ^{the} ^{heathen}, felling their forests, digging their copper and iron, catching their fish, trapping and ^{settling} ^{slaying} their fur and game.

The white man has ^{endlessly} ^{clawed} ^{at} ^{the} ^{Upper} ^{Peninsula}, since first he discovered it, but Nature was ^{so} ^{prodigal} that he has never quite been able to cut it down or dig it up, and there it still stands, isolated and proud, scarred but unbowed, still ^{green} ^{with} ^{miles} ^{of} ^{forest}, still blessed by three of Nature's noblest creations: the white-tailed deer, the ruffed grouse, and the brook trout.

Copper and Iron Ore ^{and} ^{copper} were discovered on the Peninsula before the Civil War, but it was only after the War that mining began in earnest, and prodigious were the millions of tons of ore (and dollars) wrested from its bosom, and the end is not yet. Some of the oldest underground mines in the world still operate on the Peninsula. Then there was the logging. At one time most of the Peninsula was ^{one} ^{cathedral}, roofed by the ^{organ} ^{playing} ^{the} ^{mighty} ^{white} ^{pine}, the wind ^{whistling} ^{through} ^{its} ^{branches}, or ^{shrilling} ^{its} ^{organ} ^{playing}. The big

penis are gone now, along with the ^{rawhide tough} men who
toppled them; logging is now largely a matter
of ^{employing} mechanics and petroleum products,

Mining, logging and fishing was
the ~~the~~ and is the life-blood of the Peninsula, to
which latterly has been added the cure and
feeding of tourists, those sturdy ^{bands of well-heeled} migrants
who cannot ^{sum to} rest less than 500 miles from
whence they rose. So the Peninsula is gradually
becoming criss-crossed with roads and highways,
tiny ^{networks of} veins in the vast body of forest
and plain.

Then there are the people, frozen in winter
(the ~~thermometers~~ ^{thermometers} are 3-foot long with ^{the} zero at the top),
bitten in summer, an increasing mixture
of most of the peoples of Europe, but all
marked by a ^{quite different} ^{spirit} sort of independence
and ^{absolutely} an absorbing love of the land from which
they wrest their living. There are more people
in greater Flint than ^{dwelt} in the entire Peninsula.
Detroit is closer to points on the Atlantic; it
seaboard than it is to New York. ^{It is also}
almost as far from some U. P. points than is
Lower Hudson's Bay. So it is a remote, harsh
and broken land, ^{now} joined to its ^{southern} sister
by the miracle of a new bridge.

~~the~~ The Peninsula has much to show the
visitor. There is of course the Mighty Bridge itself, then
the Soo locks, the Tahquamenon Falls near Soudan, the
brooding and yet unpopulated Porcupine Mountain,
the great ore docks near Escambia and at Marquette, the
Pictured Rocks near Munising, the Seney wildlife refuge,

*the surrounding
solitude, including
the Grand Marquette*

3
12/15/58

The U. P.

The Upper Peninsula of Michigan--simply U.P. to its inhabitants--is a wild, harsh and broken land, beautiful beyond ~~of languages which this~~ words, lying on the southerly rim of the great Canadian pre-Cambrian shield of North America. ~~Some~~ ^{are} some of the oldest rocks in the world ~~lie~~ ^{lie} exposed here, like strained and ancient molars ~~ground~~ ^{rubbed and} ground on the relentless hone of many past glaciers, the last ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ its slow convulsive retreat, leaving the region a vast jumble of hills and swamps and forest and endless

words, ~~rubbed~~ ~~the~~ ~~resonance~~

waterways. Two of the greatest of the Great Lakes pound and lap its rugged shores, Michigan and Superior, the latter the world's largest and ^{similarly the} coldest inland sea. It was ^{perhaps} upon these

along the coastlines of

lakes that the Indians of pre-history first ventured into the Peninsula, ultimately followed by the early French and English, and then the immigrant Americans, ^{the latter thrusting} all bringing God and pestilence alike ^{to thrust} upon the reluctant heathen,

~~to~~ thoughtfully felling their forests, digging their ore, ^{and women folk, at} catching their fish, trapping and slaying their game, and finally corralling the ^{battered} remnants ^{of these people} into marginal unwanted areas

^{of these pastoral people}

called Indian reservations, where they ^{sell} tourists 100-year-old artifacts ^{tomahawks} made the winter before ^{to that} ^{inimitable} ^{new} American guests, the ^{summer} tourist.

~~now~~ ~~gravelly~~ ~~and~~



X

Mining and lumbering ^{has} ~~have~~ long been the ~~heart~~ ^{and still is} heartblood
 of the U. P. ^{without which the area} Without them the U. P. would still doubtless belong
^{revert} to the Indians. Commercial fishing once played ^{a modest} its part to
ⁱⁿ pumping this heartblood, until along ^{came} ~~soon~~ the lamprey and
 drew the blood and killed the fish. But of late years, and
 especially since the ^{advent} ~~completion~~ of the new Mackinac Bridge, the
 U.P. ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{widely} is rapidly becoming known as a ^{unique} vacation
 and resort area, both in winter and summer, ^{unique in the nation,} ^{Consequently more} and more and more
 the droll science of ~~fast~~ ^{rapidly} parting the tourist from his buck
 is being studied by the ^{resourceful} ~~sturdy~~ descendants of ^{the sturdy} ~~these~~ resourceful
 pioneers who first permanently settled ⁱⁿ the Peninsula.
 Boardfeet and ~~one~~ ^{tonnages} are ~~bowing~~ ^{bowing} to tourists; ^{board feet to boardwalks.}

X

Since any chamber of commerce would promptly banish any U. P. native who dared write about the ~~U. P.~~ ^{place} without ~~mentioning~~ ^{extolling} its tourist glories, one ~~hastily~~ ^{hastens to} observed some of them.

(Still other chambers of commerce will doubtless likewise contemplate banishment for any omitted.) There is of course, the mighty Mackinac ^{C B} Bridge itself and venerable St. Ignace and its surrounding history-drenched ~~straits~~ islands; then the teeming Soo locks, accounting for more tonnage (and exposed film) than any other lock in the world, not excepting Panama and Suez; then the colorful Tahquamenon river and falls near Newberry into which ~~one~~ ^{thoughtfully provided as a refuse heap} may ecstatically hurl ~~one's~~ ^{tourist} their empty pop ~~bottle~~ ^{cake} bottles; the fabulous sandstone Pictured Rocks near Munising (color film recommended); the Seney wild-life refuge ^(no guns recommended); the mighty iron-ore loading docks near Escanaba and at Marquette; ~~that~~ ^{the smoky and} brooding virgin, ~~the~~ ^{and volcanic and} yet unspoiled Porcupine Mountains lying beyond Ontonagon; the ^{historic} breathtaking water-hemmed Keweenaw Peninsula which runs straight ~~out~~ into the sea; the lonely forested jewel of Isle Royale lying ^{far} out in Lake Superior, ^{once the} ~~the~~ ^{and} home of the primitive ^{Indian} copper miners; the beautiful ^{and always the} scores and hundreds of beautiful wooded lakes and rivers and ponds and streams and beaver dams which ^{abound} everywhere, with their ^{tall} forests and falls and springs and endless numbing scenery.

Gogebic range) Adjunct by colorful Mackinac

X
91

Last of all the Peninsula possesses three of nature's noblest

creations: the white-tailed deer, the ruffed grouse, and the

brook trout. (Alas, ^{blind} pursuit of the latter has ^{hampered} ~~blinded~~ ^{kept} this

~~astigmatic reporter~~ ^{native} from himself observing some of the ~~earlier~~

U. P. attractions here recounted.) Bears, ^{and smaller wild game} and coyotes also

abound, but ~~one should add that~~ tales of man-eating wolves

are greatly exaggerated. One knows, because ^{this is so} ~~our~~ ^{old} good friend

~~held~~ ^{at the Mather Inn in September.}

Danny McGinnis recently attended a U. P. ~~xxxx~~ seminar on

the subject. ^{listening to} After the learned assemblage ^{interminably} ~~had~~ delivered

itself pro and con, ^{parched} Danny rose up and ^{abruptly} ended the ~~seminar~~

^{conclude} as follows: "Any man ~~is~~ in this room who says he was et

by a wolf is a ^{damned} ~~dangered~~ liar!" ^{in hell is} ~~where~~ ^{the bar?}

7

X

The early immigrant settlers of the U. P. were French-
 Cadians, ^{polygot} English (particularly the Cornish) and ^{mostly} Irish,
 followed by the Finns, Scandinavians and Italians, along with
 a fairish dash of ~~Scotch~~ Scots, Germans and miscellaneous

"mittel" Europeans ~~to~~ to leaven the yeasty dough. This
~~polygot~~ dough is now pretty well kneaded and mixed into ^{and baked}

that friendly, prickly hard-working, hard-playing individual
 who presently ^{lives} dwells in the beloved U. P. (One today reads ^{stolidly}
 of U. P. highschool athletes ^{named} called Reginald Michael Millimaki

without batting an eye.) "Beloved" ^{U.P.} is no extravagance, as
 the average ~~U.P.~~ dweller ^{there} wouldn't trade forty acres of ^{land} mortgaged
 cut-over jackpine for a warranty deed to the Fisher Building.

The U. P. may be distant ^{and} its climate harsh, its mosquitoes ^{ravenous and}
~~huge~~ its economics chancy and haywire [—] but the born and ^{only} bred U. P. dweller ^{to return.} wouldn't live anywhere else. ^{It's in his} ^{blood.}

^{It seems they're} blood. ^{He's} funny that way.

suggest
 the hell of the U.P. gets in their
 their

8

The Upper Peninsula of Michigan

by

John D. Voelker

The Upper Peninsula of Michigan—simply U. P. to its inhabitants—is a wild, harsh and broken land lying on the southernmost rim of the great Canadian pre-Cambrian shield of North America. Some of the oldest rocks in the world lie exposed here, like stained and ancient molars rubbed and ground on the relentless hone of an age-old procession of glaciers, the last in its slow convulsive retreat leaving the region a vast jumble of hills and swamps and forests and endless waterways. Two of the greatest of the Great Lakes pound and lap the Peninsula's rugged shores, Michigan and Superior, the latter the world's largest and surely the coldest inland sea.

It was along the coastlines of these vast mid-continental lakes that the Indians of pre-history first ventured into the isolated Peninsula, ultimately followed by the intruding early French and English, and lastly the immigrant Americans, all of these thrusting God and pestilence alike upon the reluctant heathen, thoughtfully felling their forests, digging their ore, pursuing and catching their fish and women-folk, trapping and slaying their game, and finally herding the battered remnants of these stricken people into unwanted marginal areas whimsically called Indian reservations—where their descendants today gravely purvey genuine 100-year-old tomahawks made the winter before to that restless new American gypsy, the summer tourist.

Every school child knows that for years nobody wanted to adopt the remote and raffish U. P., and Michigan was at last reluctantly persuaded to do so, coveting instead, almost to the brink of civil war, a modest parcel of real estate along the Ohio border known as the "Toledo strip." (For awhile things got so bad that even Congress had finally to get into

the act.) This reluctant parenthood turned swiftly to self-congratulatory glee when shortly thereafter large copper and iron deposits were discovered on the U. P. rivalling in richness any then known on the hemisphere. The shunned ugly duckling had turned into a fabulous golden-haired princess. The down-state politicians strutted and preened themselves for their astuteness as the rugged U. P. thereafter became a vast horn of plenty, pouring mineral and forest riches out upon the receptive and beaming adoptive parent "down below."

Fewer people know, however, that in the long glance of history the U. P. was explored, fought over and settled long before lower Michigan ever came into its own. The curious and intrepid French were already exploring the U. P. about the time the Pilgrims were landing at Plymouth. They were mostly prospectors, fur traders and men of God. Before the Revolution the practical British were also prowling the area, being somewhat more concerned with enriching Britannia than extolling the glory of God. One of their early exploring parties spent a winter trying to abduct the famous solid copper boulder at Ontonagon. Failing that they tried to cut it up. Again they failed, but only for lack of tools rather than zeal, and the historic boulder now reposes in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, safe from marauding British and tourists alike. Detroit was not established until 1701, after Cadillac and his party had coasted down in war canoes from the U. P. fort at St. Ignace, already established for many years. (Of course every school child knows that while founding Detroit the intrepid Cadillac stole his name off a parked motor car. Before that it was Kilroy.)

It is also not generally known that today more people dwell in greater Flint than in the entire Upper Peninsula, a vast area comprising roughly one-third of the state. Nor that many points in the Peninsula are farther from Detroit than the latter is from points on the Atlantic seaboard. Nor that still other points in the Peninsula are almost as close to Hudson's Bay as they are to the state capital. Nor that prior to the admission of

Alaska Michigan claimed the hotly disputed distinction of being the longest state and possessing the longest coastline in the Union. But Alaska has changed all that, and may, who knows, finally bring humility even to Texas.

Mining and lumbering has long been and still is the heartblood of the U. P., without which the area would doubtless revert to the Indians. Commercial fishing once also played a modest supporting role, until along came the blood-sucking lampreys and killed the fish. Now ~~searching for~~^{finding} and ~~destroying~~^{the} lamprey has itself become a minor industry. But in recent years, and especially since the advent of the new Mackinac Bridge, the U. P. is rapidly becoming widely known as a winter and summer vacation and resort area of a kind unique in the nation. Its very remoteness and rugged individuality has become part of its growing attraction. One can really get away from it all. Consequently more and more the droll applied science of parting the tourist rapidly from his buck is being studied by the resourceful descendants of the sturdy pioneers who first permanently settled the Peninsula. Tonnages are finally bowing to tourists; board feet to ~~sandy~~ beaches and boardwalks. The sale of tomahawks is better than ever.

Since any U. P. chamber of commerce would promptly banish for treason any native who dared speak about the place without extolling its tourist glories, one hastens to list some of them, fearfully mindful that still other chambers of commerce will doubtless also want to banish him for any glories that are omitted. One sighs and bravely takes the plunge.... There is, of course, the mighty Mackinac Bridge itself and venerable St. Ignace and its surrounding history-drenched islands, including bejewelled and auto-less Mackinac; then the teeming Soo locks, accounting for more tonnage (and exposed film) than any other lock in the world, not excepting Panama and Suez; then the colorful Tahquamenon river and falls near Newberry, thoughtfully provided by Nature as a place into which itching tourists may ecstatically hurl their tin cans and empty bottles; then the fabulous sandstone cliffs known as the Pictured Rocks near Munising, from the top of which monotonous processions of legendary Indian maidens are reputed to have

flung themselves for love and love alone; the sprawling Seney wild-life refuge, a monument to the idea of conservation; then the mighty iron-ore loading docks near Escanaba and at Marquette, dwarfing even an ocean liner; the smoky and brooding—and as of this writing yet unspoiled—Porcupine Mountains lying beyond historic Ontonagon; the colorful and breathtaking Copper Country along with the equally breathtaking water-hemmed Keweenaw Peninsula, running straight into the restless sea; the lonely forested pine-scented jewel of Isle Royale, lying far out in Lake Superior, where long before the time of Christ a mysterious tribe of Indians had mined the copper; the beautiful water-flecked Gogebic range, adjoined by colorful and much-advertized Hurley; the impressive iron and copper mining areas, including some of the deepest workings in the world; the many parks and forest preserves; the various historic sites and ancient burial grounds; the Indian arrowheads and many other native gems and artifacts; and of course, for every taste, all the many blossoming mystery spots and assorted catch-penny tourist traps. And always there are the scores and hundreds of beautiful wooded hills and vast plains and spring-fed lakes and rivers and ponds and streams and misty beaver dams which everywhere abound, along with tall whispering forests and splashing waterfalls and crystal springs, hovered over by the soaring bald eagle, the cackling loon, the whirring ducks, the haunting whip-poor-will, and other birds and waterfowl galore. And everywhere there is the endlessly enchanting scenery, all wondrously beautiful, and far beyond the reach of the mere invented words of man. One has to see it to believe it.

Last of all the Peninsula possesses three of nature's noblest creations: the white-tailed deer, the ruffed grouse (partridge to the natives), and the elusive brook trout. (Alas, blind pursuit of the latter has kept this U. P. native from himself observing some of the other attractions here recounted.) Bears and coyotes and smaller game also abound, besides many species of game and pan fish, but tales of man-eating timber wolves are

greatly exaggerated. One knows this is so because one's old trapper friend Danny McGinnis recently attended a U. P. seminar on the subject at the Mather Inn in Ishpeming. After listening to the learned assemblage interminably deliver itself, pro and con, parched Danny finally arose and tersely concluded the conclave as follows: "Any man in this room what says he was et by a wolf is a damned liar! Where in hell is the bar?"

The early settlers of the polygot U. P. were mostly French-Canadians, English (particularly the sturdy Cornish) and the ubiquitous Irish, followed beginning shortly after the Civil War by the Finns, Scandinavians and Italians, along with a fairish dash of Scots, Germans and miscellaneous "mittel" Europeans to leaven the yeasty dough. This dough is now pretty well kneaded and baked into a strange and wonderful mixture resulting in that friendly, prickly, hard-working, hard-playing individual who presently lives in the beloved U. P. (One today regularly reads of U. P. highschool athletes named Reginald Michael Millimaki, for example, without ever batting an eye.) Nor is the phrase "beloved U. P." an idle extravagance, as the average dweller there wouldn't trade forty acres of mortgaged cut-over jackpine for a warranty deed to the Fisher Building. The U. P. may be distant and lonely and harsh of climate, its mosquitoes may be ravenous as condors, and its economics chancy and haywire—but the born and bred U. P. dweller simply wouldn't live anywhere else. Those who have left yearn only to return.

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The Upper Peninsula of Michigan

by

John D. Voelker

The Upper Peninsula of Michigan—simply U. P. to its inhabitants—is a wild, harsh and broken land lying on the southernmost rim of the great Canadian pre-Cambrian shield of North America. Some of the oldest rocks in the world lie exposed here, like stained and ancient molars rubbed and ground on the relentless hone of an age-old procession of glaciers, the last in its slow convulsive retreat leaving the region a vast jumble of hills and swamps and forests and endless waterways. Two of the greatest of the Great Lakes pound and lap the Peninsula's rugged shores, Michigan and Superior, the latter the world's largest and surely the coldest inland sea.

It was along the coastlines of these vast mid-continental lakes that the Indians of pre-history first ventured into the isolated Peninsula, ultimately followed by the intruding early French and English, and lastly the immigrant Americans, all of these thrusting God and pestilence alike upon the reluctant heathen, thoughtfully felling their forests, digging their ore, pursuing and catching their fish and women-folk, trapping and slaying their game, and finally herding the battered remnants of these stricken people into unwanted marginal areas whimsically called Indian reservations—where their descendants today gravely purvey genuine 100-year-old tomahawks made the winter before to that restless new American gypsy, the summer tourist.

Every school child knows that for years nobody wanted to adopt the remote and raffish U. P., and Michigan was at last reluctantly persuaded to do so, coveting instead, almost to the brink of civil war, a modest parcel of real estate along the Ohio border known as the "Toledo strip." (For awhile things got so bad that even Congress had finally to get into

the act.) This reluctant parenthood turned swiftly to self-congratulatory glee when shortly thereafter large copper and iron deposits were discovered on the U. P. rivalling in richness any then known on the hemisphere. The shunned ugly duckling had turned into a fabulous golden-haired princess. The down-state politicians strutted and preened themselves for their astuteness as the rugged U. P. thereafter became a vast horn of plenty, pouring mineral and forest riches out upon the receptive and beaming adoptive parent "down below."

Fewer people know, however, that in the long glance of history the U. P. was explored, fought over and settled long before lower Michigan ever came into its own. The curious and intrepid French were already exploring the U. P. about the time the Pilgrims were landing at Plymouth. They were mostly prospectors, fur traders and men of God. Before the Revolution the practical British were also prowling the area, being somewhat more concerned with enriching Britannia than extolling the glory of God. One of their early exploring parties spent a winter trying to abduct the famous solid copper boulder at Ontonagon. Failing that they tried to cut it up. Again they failed, but only for lack of tools rather than zeal, and the historic boulder now reposes in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, safe from marauding British and tourists alike. Detroit was not established until 1701, after Cadillac and his party had coasted down in war canoes from the U. P. fort at St. Ignace, already established for many years. (Of course every school child knows that while founding Detroit the intrepid Cadillac stole his name off a parked motor car. Before that it was Kilroy.)

It is also not generally known that today more people dwell in greater Flint than in the entire Upper Peninsula, a vast area comprising roughly one-third of the state. Nor that many points in the Peninsula are farther from Detroit than the latter is from points on the Atlantic seaboard. Nor that still other points in the Peninsula are almost as close to Hudson's Bay as they are to the state capital. Nor that prior to the admission of

Alaska Michigan claimed the hotly disputed distinction of being the longest state and possessing the longest coastline in the Union. But Alaska has changed all that, and may, who knows, finally bring humility even to Texas.

Mining and lumbering has long been and still is the heartblood of the U. P., without which the area would doubtless revert to the Indians. Commercial fishing once also played a modest supporting role, until along came the blood-sucking lampreys and killed the fish. Now searching for and destroying ^{the} lamprey has itself become a minor industry. But in recent years, and especially since the advent of the new Mackinac Bridge, the U. P. is rapidly becoming widely known as a winter and summer vacation and resort area of a kind unique in the nation. Its very remoteness and rugged individuality has become part of its growing attraction. One can really get away from it all. Consequently more and more the droll applied science of parting the tourist rapidly from his buck is being studied by the resourceful descendants of the sturdy pioneers who first permanently settled the Peninsula. Tonnages are finally bowing to tourists; board feet to sandy beaches and boardwalks. The sale of tomahawks is better than ever.

Since any U. P. chamber of commerce would promptly banish for treason any native who dared speak about the place without extolling its tourist glories, one hastens to list some of them, fearfully mindful that still other chambers of commerce will doubtless also want to banish him for any glories that are omitted. One sighs and bravely takes the plunge.... There is, of course, the mighty Mackinac Bridge itself and venerable St. Ignace and its surrounding history-drenched islands, including bejewelled and auto-less Mackinac; then the teeming Soo locks, accounting for more tonnage (and exposed film) than any other lock in the world, not excepting Panama and Suez; then the colorful Tahquamenon river and falls near Newberry, thoughtfully provided by Nature as a place into which itching tourists may ecstatically hurl their tin cans and empty bottles; then the fabulous sandstone cliffs known as the Pictured Rocks near Munising, from the top of which monotonous processions of legendary Indian maidens are reputed to have

flung themselves for love and love alone; the sprawling Sency wild-life refuge, a monument to the idea of conservation; then the mighty iron-ore loading docks near Escanaba and at Marquette, dwarfing even an ocean liner; the smoky and brooding--and as of this writing yet unspoiled--Porcupine Mountains lying beyond historic Ontonagon; the colorful and breathtaking Copper Country along with the equally breathtaking water-hemmed Keweenaw Peninsula, running straight into the restless sea; the lonely forested pine-scented jewel of Isle Royale, lying far out in Lake Superior, where long before the time of Christ a mysterious tribe of Indians had mined the copper; the beautiful water-flecked Gogebic range, adjoined by colorful and much-advertised Hurley; the impressive iron and copper mining areas, including some of the deepest workings in the world; the many parks and forest preserves; the various historic sites and ancient burial grounds; the Indian arrowheads and many other native gems and artifacts; and of course, for every taste, all the many blossoming mystery spots and assorted catch-penny tourist traps. And always there are the scores and hundreds of beautiful wooded hills and vast plains and spring-fed lakes and rivers and ponds and streams and misty beaver dams which everywhere abound, along with tall whispering forests and splashing waterfalls and crystal springs, hovered over by the soaring bald eagle, the cackling loon, the whirring ducks, the haunting whip-poor-will, and other birds and waterfowl galore. And everywhere there is the endlessly enchanting scenery, all wondrously beautiful, and far beyond the reach of the mere invented words of man. One has to see it to believe it.

Last of all the Peninsula possesses three of nature's noblest creations: the white-tailed deer, the ruffed grouse (partridge to the natives), and the elusive brook trout. (Alas, blind pursuit of the latter has kept this U. P. native from himself observing some of the other attractions here recounted.) Bears and coyotes and smaller game also abound, besides many species of game and pan fish, but tales of man-eating timber wolves are

greatly exaggerated. One knows this is so because one's old trapper friend Danny McGinnis recently attended a U. P. seminar on the subject at the Nather Inn in Ishpeming. After listening to the learned assemblage interminably deliver itself, pro and con, parched Danny finally arose and tersely concluded the conclave as follows: "Any man in this room what says he was et by a wolf is a damned liar! Where in hell is the bar?"

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