

THE QUEEN CITY



The Marquette Trilogy: Book Two

A Novel

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The Queen City
The Marquette Trilogy: Book Two

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To the Memory of
Lester and Grace White
My Wonderful Grandparents
Whom I Miss Everyday

“I had searched for books telling about the beauty of the country I loved, its romance, and heroism and strength of courage of its people that had been plowed into the very furrows of its soil, and I did not find them. And so I wrote *O Pioneers!*” —Willa Cather

PRINCIPAL FAMILIES IN *THE QUEEN CITY*

Note: some characters are not included so as not to give away the plots

The Whitmans

Cordelia Whitman—family matriarch, mother of Edna and the late Jacob Whitman

Edna Brookfield—Cordelia's married daughter who lives in Utah

Will Whitman—son of the late Jacob Whitman, brother to Clarence, Sylvia, and Mary

Clarence Whitman—brother to Will, Sylvia, and Mary

Mary Feake—sister to Will, Clarence, and Sylvia. She is married and lives in Chicago

Sylvia Cumming—sister to Mary, Will, and Clarence. Married to Harry Cumming

Harry Cumming—Sylvia Whitman's husband

Harry Cumming Jr.—Harry and Sylvia's oldest son

Douglas Cumming—Harry and Sylvia's son

Serena Cumming—Harry and Sylvia's daughter

The Dalrymples

Arthur Dalrymple—family patriarch, born in Nova Scotia, of Scottish descent

Charles Dalrymple—son of Arthur, a carpenter

Christina Dalrymple—Charles's wife

Margaret Dalrymple—Charles and Christina's oldest daughter

Sarah Dalrymple—Charles and Christina's daughter

Charles Dalrymple Jr.—Charles and Christina's son

The McCareys and Bergmanns

Molly Bergmann Montoni—family matriarch, and twice a widow. An Irish immigrant who came to Marquette in 1849 when it was founded

Kathy McCarey—daughter to Molly, wife to Patrick

Patrick McCarey—an Irish immigrant, husband of Kathy

Frank McCarey—Patrick and Kathy's oldest son

Jeremy McCarey—Patrick and Kathy’s son
Michael McCarey—Patrick and Kathy’s son
Beth McCarey—Patrick and Kathy’s daughter
Karl Bergmann—Molly’s son
Aino Nordmaki—Karl’s wife
Thelma Bergmann—Karl and Aino’s daughter

Other Principal Characters

Lysander Blackmore—a rich young man, later a banker
Eric Hobson—friend of Robert O’Neill, a teacher in the Marquette Schools
Mrs. Hopewell, Jessie and Lyla—the abandoned wife of a Finn and her two daughters
Robert O’Neill—famous local novelist born in South Carolina but raised and living in Marquette
Vincent Smiley—a young man, newly moved to Marquette from Sault Sainte Marie
Lex Weidner—a young man who works at the Huron Mountain Club
Chloe—an attractive waitress

HISTORICAL PEOPLE IN *THE QUEEN CITY*

Abbott and Costello—famous comedy team who came to Marquette to promote war bonds during World War II
Bishop Ablewhite—Episcopalian bishop of Marquette in 1938
Buffalo Bill (William F. Cody)—Wild West Showman who visited Marquette in 1902
Don H. Bottum—Dean of Men at Northern Michigan College of Education in 1949
Father Bucholtz—priest at St. Peter’s Cathedral in 1935
Paul Bunyan—the famous logger. Karl Bergmann insists he is a real person
Warden Catlin—Warden of the Marquette Branch Prison during the 1921 riot
Henry Ford—automobile magnate and member of the Huron Mountain Club
Bob Harper—inmate at the Marquette Branch Prison involved in the 1921 riot
Perry Hatch—scoutmaster, organizer of the Bartlett King memorial obelisk
Daniel L. Hebard—President of the Huron Mountain Club 1926-1938
Otto Hultgren—a decorated World War II soldier from Marquette

Chief Charles Kawbawgam—last Chief of the Chippewa, who lived from 1799-1902

Bartlett King—boy scout leader and soldier who dies in World War I

Frank Krieg—owner of a gold mine in Marquette County, founder of the town of Birch

J.M. Longyear—prosperous Marquette entrepreneur, city benefactor, member of the Huron Mountain Club

Mrs. Longyear—his wife

Howard Longyear—their son who drowned in Lake Superior

David McClintock—submarine commander at Battle of Leyte Gulf in World War II

Mr. Miller—embezzler of funds from St. Paul’s Episcopal Church

William Molby—World War I soldier

Mrs. Carroll Paul—member of the Huron Mountain Club, daughter of J.M. Longyear

Perry—inmate of the Marquette Branch Prison involved in the 1921 riot

Carroll Watson Rankin—local Marquette author of *Dandelion Cottage* and several other children’s novels

Roberts—inmate of the Marquette Branch Prison involved in the 1921 riot

Theodore Roosevelt—U.S. President, defendant in 1913 trial at the Marquette County Courthouse

Fred Rydholm—employee at the Huron Mountain Club, later Mayor of Marquette and author of *Superior Heartland*, a history of Marquette and the Huron Mountain Club

William Howard Taft—first U.S. President to visit Marquette while in office

Henry Tape—President of Northern Michigan College of Education in 1949

John Voelker—Marquette County prosecuting attorney

Dwight D. Waldo—first President of Northern State Normal School

Dr. Luther West—head of Northern Michigan College of Education’s Science Department

Lester White—a carpenter in Marquette

The Honorable Peter White—one of Marquette’s founding fathers, a prosperous businessman and Marquette’s greatest benefactor

William, Roland, and Frank White—three brothers who served in World War II, brothers to Lester White

Governor Williams—Governor of Michigan in 1949

Monsignor Joseph Zryd—first pastor of St. Michael’s Parish

1902

“You better talk to him today. No sense in them boys carrying on with their fancy dreaming any longer.”

Harry Cumming made this declaration to his wife at breakfast.

“But Clarence is going over to Grandma’s house to help her pack this morning, and Will and I are taking the boys to the Wild West Show,” Sylvia Cumming replied.

“No reason why you can’t tell Will on the way to the show.”

Harry Cumming chugged down his morning cup of coffee. Then he got up from the table to leave for work.

“Harry, isn’t there any money left at all? Poor Clarence will be heartbroken.”

“Can’t be helped,” he muttered, grabbing his lunch pail.

“I don’t see why I should be the one to tell them.”

“You’re their sister.”

“But—”

“Damn it, woman. I told you to tell them. Now you mind me, or it’ll make things worse. Those boys are too lazy anyhow. Look at them; here it is a Wednesday, and Clarence is going to his Grandma’s and Will’s going with you to the Buffalo Bill Show. They both ought to be out working. I never saw such spoiled folks as your family. You all act as if you’re royalty or something.”

“Harry, you know Clarence is helping Grandma pack; you can’t expect him not to help her when she’s moving away. And Will is looking for work. He can’t help that he was laid off from his last job.”

“He can’t be looking too hard if he hasn’t found anything in three weeks. Now you tell them before I get home tonight, or you’ll be sorry; I guarantee it.”

“Sorry about what?” asked Clarence, coming into the kitchen.

“Don’t butt in when I’m talking to my wife,” Harry snapped. Then he offered his cheek to Sylvia for the obligatory kiss before he disappeared out the door.

Sylvia immediately turned the topic of conversation away from her husband.

“Clarence, are you sure you don’t want to go to the Wild West Show with us?”

“No, I’m late now. I told Grandma I’d be there by eight.”

“Don’t you want me to make you breakfast?”

Before Clarence could answer, his two year old nephew screamed in the parlor.

“I’ll just take a muffin with me,” Clarence hollered as Sylvia ran to see whether her child were safe.

Will came downstairs in time to bid his brother goodbye. Then he went to the stove to help cook breakfast so they would not be late for the parade. Sylvia returned to the kitchen with her little boys, Harry Jr. and Doug. Both boys were too excited about the parade to eat more than a bite. Sylvia was thankful for Will’s help; the boys kept her and Will so busy she was momentarily relieved from having to tell Will the awful news. But she knew she would have to tell him before Harry returned home.



On July 16, 1902, the residents of Marquette, Michigan anticipated seeing an exhibition unparalleled in American history. The one and only Colonel William F. Cody had come to town with his famous Wild West Show. Better known as Buffalo Bill, Colonel Cody had hundreds of fans just among Marquette’s young boys while fathers eagerly anticipated seeing the man who had been their boyhood hero, and even mothers willingly attended, although less interested in the colonel than in the sharp shooting prowess of Annie Oakley.

Never had the remote little Northern town expected such famous visitors. The exciting day began with a parade led by the infamous Buffalo Bill himself; every boy idolized him as the famous cowboy pranced his white horse down Washington Street. Hundreds of locals followed the procession west of town to the Toupin Farm where the show would be held. No one wanted to miss this once in a lifetime chance. People traveled from Ishpeming, Negaunee, and the surrounding farms to create a crowd of ten thousand attendants. The program

would include twenty-three fabulous demonstrations, including artillery drills, Buffalo Bill rescuing covered wagons from an Indian attack, a buffalo hunt, an Indian war dance, lasso throwing, sharp shooting, and a new feature, a shipwreck lifesaving drill.

Will Whitman, his sister Sylvia, and his two nephews cheered the parade, then joined half the city's population at the Wild West Show. In high spirits, Will effortlessly took turns carrying his nephews on his shoulders as they hiked to the showgrounds. The boys adored Uncle Will who paid more attention to them than their own father. Since the sudden death of Will's father five years before, he and Clarence had made their home with Sylvia's family.

Will had been seventeen when his father died; he had then wanted to run the family farm, but his brothers-in-law had insisted such a plan was impractical; truthfully, they had wanted their wives' shares of the estate. Because Jacob Whitman had failed to make a will or appoint an executor, Harry Cumming had taken it upon himself to sell the farm and divide the estate equally between his wife, her sister Mary, and the two brothers. Mary had not even come home from Chicago for the funeral, so her share of the inheritance was sent to her. She and her husband despised Marquette and felt no ties to the area. Her contact with her siblings had since become irregular. With the farm sold, Will and Clarence had no choice but to live with Harry and Sylvia. The arrangement was far from ideal.

Sylvia had suggested her inheritance be used to purchase a larger home, but Harry had refused, so Clarence and Will were forced to share a room. Sylvia and Harry had their own room while their two boys had the third bedroom. Now Sylvia was expecting her third child, whom she insisted would be a girl. Will saw this expected family addition as reason for him and Clarence to find their own place; for Sylvia's sake, he had kept the peace these five years, but he knew his brother-in-law did not want him around.

Jacob Whitman had wanted both his sons to attend college, but his sudden death had made higher education impossible for Will. Both Will and Clarence were too young to know how to handle money without guidance. Rather than assist her younger brothers, Sylvia entrusted both her and her brothers' inheritances to her husband. During the ensuing five years, Harry was frequently out of work; as money became tight, he spent his wife's inheritance, then borrowed freely from Will, who gave from a sense of duty toward the family. Gradually, Will's savings dwindled; he did not mind terribly when he had to give up plans to attend college; he had been a good student, but he preferred working outdoors with his hands to being buried in books. Yet Will was ada-

mant that Clarence, this spring just graduated from high school, would attend Marquette's newly established Normal School to be trained as a teacher.

At night, in the quiet of their room, the brothers would discuss their future. Neither was happy with his current situation. Will had found several odd jobs over the years ranging from logging and carpentry to cooking and pounding spikes on the railroad. Often he had been laid off or quit a job he hated, in hopes of finding something better, but something better never seemed to come. Now the brothers focused on what they would do once Clarence finished college. They agreed that wherever Clarence found a teaching job, they would move there together. They loved Sylvia and her children, but living with her family was a strain for two young men who wanted to be on their own. They had no real reason to remain in Marquette. Their parents were both gone, and their grandfather had passed away the previous winter. Grandma Whitman was their only other relative in Marquette, and now she had decided to move out West to live with her daughter, son-in-law, and sister, Great-Aunt Sophia.

Today, Will found welcomed relief from his constant brooding over his future by attending the Wild West Show. When Harry Jr. decided to practice his Indian war whoops from his uncle's shoulders, Will eagerly joined in, despite stares from onlookers.

"Will, don't encourage him," Sylvia said.

"Uncle Will, do you think we'll see any Indians get killed?" Harry Jr. asked.

"We'll see Indians, but not any getting killed," said Will. "There are only peace loving Indians in the show."

"Oh," Harry Jr. frowned. "Will there be buffaloes?"

"I don't think so," said Will.

"Well, then what is there going to be?"

"People marching and horse riding tricks and a band and some sharp shooting."

"Okay." Harry Jr. felt satisfied.

The family followed the streaming crowd into the circle of wagons that formed the stadium. They soon found seats amid the excited, good-natured spectators. Will explained to his nephews what cowboys did when they were not busy chasing Indians while Sylvia searched for her handkerchief to wipe away the perspiration from the long, warm walk.

Finally when none of the crowd could bear any longer the anticipation to see an Indian from the Wild West or an army cavalry, the band struck up the music. The Star Spangled Banner played, and Harry Jr. waved the American

flag Uncle Will had bought him on the Fourth of July, and which he had insisted on bringing along.

Into the arena galloped a stream of mounted horses. INDIANS! Sioux, Arapaho, Brule, Cheyenne in war paint and feathers, waving terrible weapons and intimidating all their enemies with ferocious war whoops. Harry Jr. laughed in delight. Little Doug looked frightened until his mother whispered it was all “make-believe”. Now came the U.S. Cavalry, and cowboys, and an old stagecoach—what would a Wild West Show be without a stagecoach robbery? A stage scene was set of an Indian camp, with the inhabitants going about their daily lives amid their teepees, until suddenly a group of braves rushed into camp. An attack was coming! Then appeared the hostile tribe. Fighting! Arrows flying! Scalping! Noise and confusion. Cries of terror! Shouts of victory! The crowd was aghast at such realism, marveling at the war bonnets, wishing such excitement existed in everyday life despite the bloodshed. Dozens fell to the ground, actors acting dead.

“Uncle Will, I told you we would see Indians get shot!” Harry Jr. said.

Will did not spoil the boy’s fun by reminding him it was just a show.

“My word!” said Sylvia when the cowgirls rode out on their horses. Infamous Annie Oakley arrived to display her sharp shooting skills. “It ain’t natural,” said Sylvia, yet she was secretly exulted to see a woman do something better than a man.

Now the Buffalo Chase. Most of Marquette’s citizens had never seen a buffalo. Harry Jr. shook with the thrill of the sight, and even Will was impressed by the animals’ inclusion in the program.

“Those buffalo are the ugliest things I’ve ever seen,” Sylvia said.

“They make fine coats though,” Will replied.

“I wouldn’t wear one.”

“I would,” Harry Jr. said.

“You would, would you?” Will laughed. He could not afford a buffalo coat, but he resolved to buy his nephew a cowboy hat before they left.

Even after the show ended, Harry Jr.’s enthusiasm did not wane. He insisted they go get a closer look at the animals.

Sylvia clung to her brother’s arm as they passed Indians fully dressed in war bonnets. These noble warriors, well aware of how they frightened white women, smirked gleefully at Sylvia’s discomfort.

“Uncle Will, do you think you could wrestle one of them Indians?” Harry Jr. asked.

"I don't know. They look awful strong," he said as they walked toward the animals.

"I think you could," replied his admiring nephew.

"I'm too thirsty to wrestle now," Will said. "How about I buy us all some lemonade?"

"Okay," said Harry Jr.

"No, Will, you spoil the boys too much," said Sylvia. He had already bought Harry the cowboy hat. His generosity made Sylvia all the more nervous about what she must tell him before supper.

Lemonades in hand, for Will would not be dissuaded, the family walked home. Will whistled tunes from the Wild West Show while Harry Jr. tried to imitate him. The whistling grated on Sylvia's nerves. She felt herself trembling with anxiety. When they reached their front yard, Sylvia caught a glimpse of her husband through the window. He was home early. She tried to steel her nerves.

"Will, I need to talk to you a minute before we go inside."

Will was surprised by her sudden seriousness when all had been gaiety a moment before.

"Uncle Will, I—"

"Harry," Sylvia told her son, "go inside and take Doug with you. I have to talk to Uncle Will."

Doug did not want to go with his brother, but when Sylvia glared at him, the little boy took his brother's hand. Will stood awkwardly while the boys went up the porch steps into the house. Then he turned to his sister, silently waiting for her to speak.

"Will," she trembled, "I know you have your heart set on Clarence going to college, and so do I. It's what father wanted, but—"

"But what?"

"Will, please don't be angry with me."

She did not need to say more. Will guessed.

"What happened to the money? What did the bastard do with it?"

"You know how it is," Sylvia cried. "Things are hard for us with so many mouths to feed."

"I pay my and Clarence's room and board," Will said. "You had your inheritance from Pa. You don't need Clarence's. How much is gone?"

"All except maybe fifty dollars," she said.

"Why?"

She sighed. "You know what Harry's like."

“Gambling debts?” Will did not need to ask; he knew the answer.

“Among other things. He made some risky investments. We’ll try to pay it back, Will. It doesn’t mean Clarence can’t go to college. Just maybe, he could work for a year or so, and—Will, no, don’t go in yet. Don’t. Wait!”

She chased her brother up the front steps. Enraged, Will had nearly leapt onto the porch, flung open the front door, torn through the house and found his brother-in-law seated at the kitchen table.

“How was the show, Will?” Harry Cumming asked before he saw the wrath on his brother-in-law’s face.

“You bastard! How could you?” Will demanded of the man he doubly detested for marrying his sister and stealing his and his siblings’ inheritance.

“Now, Will, don’t get your dander up! You don’t understand what I—”

“Will!” Sylvia cried. Harry said no more. Before he could stand up, Will’s fist had met his jaw. He fell to the floor, his chair collapsing on top of him. Will grabbed the overturned chair by its legs and prepared to batter Harry with it, but Sylvia grabbed him from behind. In thoughtless rage, Will jerked to free himself from her hold, flinging her back against the sink.

“Mama!” cried Doug, standing in the doorway.

The alarm in his nephew’s voice recalled Will to his senses.

Harry Jr. had heard the screams and now stood beside his little brother in the doorway. Doug let up a torrential cry. Sylvia ran to comfort him. She would have carried him from the room, but she feared to leave her husband to her brother’s mercy.

“Will, I didn’t mean, I—” said Harry, despite his mean streak, cowering on the floor. Will set down the chair, disgusted by his brother-in-law’s fear.

“You deserve worse than I gave you,” he spat out, “but for Sylvia and the boys’ sake—”

Harry bowed his head under Will’s glare.

“Damn you!” Will shouted, flinging the chair to the floor. He brushed past his sister and nephews to leave the room.

“Sylvia,” Harry called, but she left him lying on the floor while she rushed after her brother.

“Will!” she cried, but he did not stop until he was halfway down the front porch steps.

“I can’t stand to see him ever again, Sylvia. He blew all your money, and I loaned him all of mine, and now he’s stolen all of Clarence’s. He’s not even man enough to own up to it, but instead makes you tell me, and now I have to tell Clarence.”

“We’ll pay it back, Will, even if I have to work myself to do it.”

“You don’t owe it to us, Sylvia, he does, and that means I’ll never see that money again. Just like I’ll never see him again.”

“What are you saying, Will? You’re talking crazy.” Tears streamed from her eyes. She feared his words. Could he be so cruel as to leave her alone with Harry? “Where will you go, Will?”

“I don’t know. Maybe Clarence and I’ll join the Wild West Show. We’ll both have to work now.”

“Don’t talk so foolish. I couldn’t bear you going away. We can work something out.”

“I can’t discuss it now, Sylvia. I’m sorry, but I’m about ready to blow again.”

He turned toward the sidewalk.

“But where will you go?”

“I don’t know. I have to talk to Clarence. I’ll tell you later.”

Sylvia watched his feet pound down the street. She dreaded going back inside the house, but when she heard Doug wailing, her maternal instinct conquered her fear.

“How dare you take his side? I’m your husband!” Harry roared when she returned to the kitchen. He had managed to stumble back into a chair. “I don’t want that ruffian in my house from this day on. Do you hear me?”

“He won’t be coming back,” said Sylvia.

Her answer was not enough for Harry. His pride was wounded by the thrashing he had received; he ranted for the next half hour to assert he was king in his own home. Sylvia scarcely listened. She was in a panic that she and her children would now be alone with him.



Will worked off much of his anger as he walked to his grandmother’s house. He was not by nature a violent or unreasonable man. Had it only been his money that was lost, he never would have acted as he had—he might have yelled—but never resorted to physical violence. After years of his brother-in-law’s antics, however, Will had become protective toward Clarence, not taking lightly any mistreatment of his younger brother. He warned himself not to express his anger before his grandmother; she was eighty years old and troubled enough since his grandfather’s recent death. Will had never enlightened his grandparents to the economic woes of his sister’s family or his own result-

ing deprivations, and now that his grandmother was going out West to live with Aunt Edna, it was pointless to mention it.

“There you are,” Cordelia smiled when Will entered her kitchen. “I was hoping you’d come over. I have a cake cooling in the pantry, and I didn’t want Clarence to eat it all, though I’m sure he would. I’ve never known a Whitman who didn’t have a sweet tooth.”

“Cake sounds wonderful, Grandma,” Will replied. “Where is Clarence?”

He wanted to speak to his brother in private, but Clarence was already coming downstairs, bearing a crate of items to be shipped out West.

“Hi, Will; how was the Wild West Show?”

“Great,” said Will, surprised to think only an hour ago, he had been having a pleasant day with his sister and nephews; now his head throbbed from his violent outburst.

“Was that lady sharpshooter there?” asked Cordelia.

“Yes,” said Will. Despite his mental anguish, he found himself answering a dozen questions about the Wild West Show. His grandmother set slices of cake before them all and poured coffee which they all doused with cream and sugar.

“My, I hope I don’t see any Indians get shot when I’m out West,” said Cordelia.

“The West isn’t that way anymore, Grandma,” said Clarence.

“Well, you would know; you’re book smart. I’m so proud to think you’ll be starting college soon, and becoming a teacher of all things.”

Clarence lowered his eyes and stuffed more cake in his mouth. Will’s heart sank at the mention of his brother attending college.

“Your Aunt Edna is proud of you too,” Cordelia said, “which reminds me—I wanted to read you boys the letter I got from her yesterday.”

Neither Will nor Clarence were interested in Aunt Edna’s letters. They had never met her except the two times she had briefly come home for their father and grandfather’s funerals. They rather resented Aunt Edna for stealing their grandmother away, although they were too good-natured to say so; they knew Grandma was looking forward to spending her final days with her daughter’s family.

“Here it is,” said Cordelia, finding Edna’s letter in a clutter of mail on the cupboard. She poured herself another cup of coffee, then sat down to read aloud.



Dear Mother,

I'm so happy you've agreed to come live with Esau, Aunt Sophia and me now that Father has passed away. We've been so lonely since Uncle Darius died. Aunt Sophia talks constantly about your coming. She is anticipating it by telling us stories about your childhood back in New York. You were quite a mischievous girl, Mother.

“Not as mischievous as Sophia,” Cordelia said. All her life she had striven to be a good Methodist, and she did not wish her grandsons to think ill of her.



You will not miss those cold Upper Michigan winters once you are here and see how pleasant and warm is Utah's climate. Aunt Sophia insists she will live to be one hundred in this warm land, and with all the energy she has at eighty-two, we do not doubt it. She is becoming a bit forgetful now, but I think old age has mellowed her, and with all her money, she is delighted to be the richest citizen in the county. She rarely goes out, however, but seems content here at the ranch. She has a few church ladies who come to visit her and who do not seem to mind when she lords it over them, but I think she has given up on social prominence. At her age, she just prefers to relax. If only Uncle Darius were still alive, the three of you would have such fun, rocking away on our veranda on a warm summer day while you remembered the old days.

I'm afraid we are all old folks here now that the children are grown. The boys help out on the ranch in the summers, but they are gone off to the University of Utah the rest of the year. Phillip has begun a master's degree there and Tom will be a freshman this fall. Harry looks forward to your being here for his wedding this fall. I can't believe my oldest boy is about to get married. Only Celia is at home with me now, and at fourteen, I realize it won't be long before some young man steals her away.

I don't have much more to say. I will be arriving by train in Marquette on July 20th so please be packed and ready to go then. I know Jacob's boys will be helpful to you. Give my best wishes to all the family and my old friends there. I'll see you in a couple weeks.

Love, Edna

Cordelia sighed as she folded up the letter. She saw the look of disinterest in her grandsons' faces. They barely knew their Aunt Edna, and they had never met their Great-Uncle Darius, Great-Aunt Sophia, or their Brookfield cousins.

"I'm so anxious to see my grandchildren in Utah," Cordelia said, "but I'll miss the ones I'm leaving here in Marquette."

She hoped she had made the right decision to go out West. She had always missed Sophia, and after Sophia's husband, Gerald, had died, and Sophia had moved to Utah, Cordelia had often wished to visit her sister and her daughter's family. Her own husband had been too frail for her to leave alone, but now that he was gone, she knew if she did not move, she would soon be too old to make the journey. She could not remain in Marquette for Sylvia and Harry's sake; she never felt welcome in their home. She would miss only Will and Clarence, but they were young men likely to leave Marquette to seek their fortunes. The warm dry climate of the West would be better for her health. Still, with all her reasoning, she found it hard to leave this town.

Cordelia had arrived in Marquette in its infancy half a century before, right after it had been established as a port on Lake Superior for shipping the newly discovered iron being mined just ten miles south of the lakeshore; here she had raised her children and watched her grandchildren be raised; here her son and daughter-in-law, husband, parents, niece and nephew were buried; she had watched Marquette grow from a village of a few unstable wooden cabins to a city of ten thousand inhabitants, the seat of the county, the Queen City of the North; as the Civil War encroached, Marquette's solitary dock had become a harbor full of ships, hauling iron ore that was poured from its magnificent pocket docks. That ore had helped to win the Civil War for the Union, and in the years that followed, despite occasional economic hardships, the town had grown and thrived with the iron industry. Cordelia's father and brother-in-law had built one of the town's first forges, her mother had been a leader in founding the Methodist church, her nephew had worked on the ore docks during the war, her sister owned one of the first stores, her husband and son had prosperously farmed the land, and she had operated one of the early boarding houses, while still raising her family.

Cordelia was proud of how Marquette had grown and prospered, and she was reluctant to leave the town that had become her home. She would miss everything here—the gorgeous view of the great blue Lake Superior, the lush green forests that surrounded the town, the sublime lakeside cliffs, the cool lake breezes, and the long yet serene winters when the snowbanks grew and grew until they towered over a person. Utah would be warm and that would be

fine for her health, but the lake, the trees, and the snow had been good for Cordelia's spirit. She would miss the town as much as her grandchildren, but she could not expect them to devote their young lives to caring for her in old age, and she knew she should no longer live alone. In Utah, her sister, daughter and other grandchildren would be a comfort to her. Life was always changing—if nothing else, she had learned in her long life that she could either die or embrace change; her pioneer spirit rose up in her as she prepared for her next adventure.

"Grandma," Clarence asked. "What's Aunt Edna's last name? Didn't she marry some sort of cousin?"

"Yes, she married my brother Darius's son, Esau."

"So her married name is Brookfield?"

"Yes, same as my maiden name. She has three boys to carry on the Brookfield name. My father would have been happy to know it if he had lived long enough."

"Will and I will carry on the Whitman name," said Clarence.

"Yes, but don't forget you have Brookfield blood too."

"Whitman or Brookfield, either is better than being a Cumming," Will thought. He hated all this chitchat, this delaying of his telling his brother what a scoundrel Harry was, but he held his tongue before his grandmother.

"I have a surprise for you boys," said Cordelia when the cake was all gone. "I was going to sell this little house, but I don't really need the money, and I know you boys don't like living with Sylvia's family, so I've decided to deed it over to you."

"Grandma, that's a great idea!" said Clarence.

Will was stunned, but he managed to object, "We can't afford to buy the house, Grandma, and it wouldn't be fair to accept it as a gift."

"I can't give it to you. I have to deed it over to you so if you just pay the costs for the paperwork, we'll call it fair."

"But we don't have any money," Will replied.

"Yes, we do," said Clarence, thinking of his college savings. He felt owning a house would be a better investment than going to the Normal School where only girls went.

"No, we can't," Will repeated.

"Yes, you can," Cordelia said. "I talked to Peter White down at the bank. He said I could sell it to you boys for one dollar."

"A dollar?" Will was amazed. He could easily afford one dollar. That would mean not having to live with Harry and Sylvia anymore. It would mean he

could support himself and Clarence on his wages since they would not have to pay rent. And Mr. Dalrymple had said he would have carpentry work for him next week. If he were frugal, he might still send Clarence to college.

“What do you say?” Cordelia asked.

“Yes. We say yes,” said Clarence.

“Yes,” Will agreed. “Now we’ll have our own rooms, and the house won’t be full of screaming children, not that I don’t love Doug and Harry Jr., but Clarence’ll need a quiet place so he can study.”

Will felt the future seemed not as awful as an hour ago.

“Good. I’m glad,” said Cordelia. “Let me clean up this table. Then I have something else to tell you boys before you go.”

Clarence and Will carried more crates downstairs while Cordelia washed the dishes. With each trip they made downstairs, she had new directions for them. “I don’t want the furniture; I’ll leave it here for you boys. We’ll go to the bank tomorrow to sign the papers. Would one of you mind staying with me until Edna comes next week? I don’t want to be alone in case I trip over some of this mess when I get up during the night.”

All this while, Will just wanted to hug his grandmother. She had solved his troubles without his telling them to her. He would still have to tell Clarence how Harry had wasted all their money, but he could wait now until after Grandma had moved out West so she would not get involved. Will was content simply not to sleep under his brother-in-law’s roof any longer.

“We’ll both stay with you until Aunt Edna comes,” Will told his grandmother. “We’ll just move in now if it’s all right.”

“That’s fine. You can go fetch your things while I make supper,” said Cordelia, “but first I have something to give you boys before it accidentally gets packed.”

She led them into the parlor where she sat down on the sofa beside a crate of china. She directed the boys’ gaze to the mantle, over which hung an ancient rifle.

“My other grandsons will carry on the Brookfield name, but you boys are Brookfields too. I was always going to give that rifle to your father, but I could never quite do it. It belonged to my grandfather, and having it here always made me feel as if he were still with me. It used to hang over the mantle at my father’s farm, but when he died, your Aunt Sophia snatched it up—I never understood why since she never liked our Grandpa Brookfield too much—but later she gave it to me. I feel it should go to you boys and one of you can pass it on to a son of your own someday.”

“Are you sure you want us to have it, Grandma?” Will asked.

“Yes. I would have given it to you boys sooner, but—well—we both know what Harry is like. I didn’t want it to end up in a pawn shop with him pocketing the money.”

“Grandma!” Clarence laughed.

“I’m just being honest,” said Cordelia. “At my age, I’m allowed, and it’s no secret that Sylvia made a mistake when she married that man.”

Will was tempted to expose Harry’s latest crime against the family, but the rifle dominated the conversation.

“It was really your grandfather’s?” Clarence asked.

“Yes, it belonged to your great-great grandfather, Major Esau Brookfield.”

“He was a major?” Clarence repeated.

“Yes,” said Cordelia. “Didn’t your father tell you about him?”

“I think so,” said Will, “but it was so long ago.”

“Well, your father didn’t like to talk about war after his own experiences fighting in the South. Anyway, my grandfather was a major during the American Revolution.”

“Was he the one in the navy?” asked Clarence.

“No, that was your Grandpa Whitman’s grandpa. My grandpa was in the army. He carried this rifle through the war. When I was a little girl, he used to tell me stories about the battles he was in.”

“What was he like?” Will asked.

Cordelia avoided mentioning that in his old age her grandfather had been a drunkard and a bankrupt; she had long ago forgiven him for it, and she chose to remember him as the kind old man of her childhood. “He was a great man, a hero of the Revolution; he went off to fight when he was only thirteen years old.”

“Thirteen!” said Clarence.

“Yes, he felt it was his duty,” Cordelia said. “You boys would do the same for your country if you had to, but back then, no one was even sure the United States would be a nation—it was just an idea, a dream of freedom.”

“I don’t know whether I could fight in a war,” said Will.

“I hope you never have to,” said Cordelia, “but the Brookfields, and the Whitmans too, are made of sturdy stuff. When courage is necessary, we hold our ground.”

“But why did your grandfather go to war? Couldn’t his father or older brothers go instead?” asked Clarence.

“Listen, and I’ll tell you the whole story,” said Cordelia. “My grandfather’s family lived in Vermont when the war started, not far from the Canadian border. They and their neighbors helped to capture some of the local Tories and other traitors to the Revolution who were trying to escape into Canada. The Redcoats came to punish the families for siding against the British Crown. When my great-grandpa saw the soldiers coming, he told my grandfather, Esau, to take the family silver and with his brothers and sisters, to hide in the woods and stay there until he came to let them know it was safe. Esau’s mother remained at the house. She refused to leave her husband’s side or to abandon her home until she was forced to it.”

“Esau must have found it hard to leave his parents like that,” said Clarence.

“Yes, but he knew if anything happened to them, he would have to care for his brothers and sisters. He told me that while he hid in the forest, he saw smoke rising up and knew the house was being burnt down. It was all he could do to keep from running back, but he waited until he heard the drums and knew the soldiers were leaving. Then he left his brothers and sisters in the woods and went to investigate. The house was burnt down and the crops had been torched. He found his mother sitting on the ground crying before the house’s smoldering ruins. She told him the soldiers had taken his father away. His father remained a prisoner in Canada until the war was over. His mother had managed to save the barn; some wicked Indians had come with the Redcoats, and they had tried to burn the barn, but she had scared them off by throwing pots of boiling water at them.”

“That was brave of her,” said Will.

“Yes,” said Cordelia. “I don’t know how any woman could have endured it, but we Brookfields find inner strength when we need it.”

“Is that when your grandpa joined the army?” asked Clarence.

“Yes, but first he escorted his mother and his siblings to a fort held by the Continental Army. My great-grandmother became the laundry woman for the fort, while her children played safely inside. She sold the family silver and used the money to feed the family, and to buy my grandpa this rifle and a uniform to fight in. The rest of the money she gave out to people like herself who had lost their homes or to widows whose husbands had been killed in the war.”

“But what happened to Esau?” Clarence asked.

“He joined the army and fought in a lot of battles. I don’t remember all the names of them, but he was promoted to major before the war ended. He told me he was the youngest major in the army.”

“Was he ever wounded?”

“No, surprisingly not. I wish I could remember the battles he told me he was in. I guess I remember more about his mother since I can’t imagine being a woman during a war like that.”

“I wish I knew which battles he was in,” said Clarence.

“Well, we can just be proud that he was a brave man,” Cordelia said. “I like to think he passed some of that bravery on to us.”

“Thank you for the rifle, Grandma,” said Will, “it’ll mean a lot to us.”

“I want it to be a reminder to you boys of the brave people you come from. It will help you remember how much one person can matter in bringing about something as great as our nation.”

“Your grandpa would be proud of you, Grandma. You’re as brave as he was,” said Will.

Cordelia was embarrassed, but she did not argue when he elaborated, “You came to Marquette when it was just a wilderness, and now, in your old age, you’re not afraid to go West. And even if you didn’t fight in a war, you spent years struggling to care for your family and run the boarding house and to set a good example for everyone.”

“Well, I have tried,” Cordelia said.

Only now when his grandmother was leaving did Will realize what a strength she had been to him, especially since his father’s death. And here she was doing one last kind act by giving him this rifle, and a home, giving him hope and a reminder of the strong pioneer blood that flowed in his veins.

“Anyway,” said Cordelia, “I figured you boys would take good care of that rifle. I’ll go fix supper for us now.”

Clarence returned to packing crates while Will set out for his sister’s house. He hated even to enter it and see his brother-in-law again. He regretted he had lost his temper in front of his nephews; it was a shame those boys should know their father was a scoundrel and a coward, but as they grew older, they would have realized it anyway. Even now, Will felt tempted to give Harry another good thrashing, but he also felt guilty to abandon Sylvia and her children to that man.

Will approached his sister’s house slowly; he hoped to find Harry Jr. outside so he could get some information regarding the state of his brother-in-law’s temper. But the house was silent. Even when he stood on the front porch and listened through the screen door, he could hear no sound.

Cautiously, he opened the front door and stepped inside. He saw his sister lying on the sofa, her eyes red from an hour spent crying.

“Sylvia,” he whispered, sitting down beside her.

“Will, I didn’t think you’d be back so soon,” she said, jumping up in mixed fright and joy at his return.

“I came to collect my stuff. Grandma is giving Clarence and me her house. We’ll live there from now on.”

“Oh,” she said, wiping her eyes. “I’m glad, Will. I never wanted you and Clarence to live here like this. It was my mistake that I married him, not yours.”

“Where is he now?” Will asked.

“He went off to the tavern for supper. He said he was in no mood to eat my slop.”

She half smiled to keep from crying further.

“Where are the boys?”

“Upstairs in their room. They’re too scared to make any noise.”

“I’m sorry,” said Will, putting his arm around her. “I didn’t mean to attack him like that. I just got so angry, more for Clarence’s sake than mine.”

“I know,” said Sylvia. “Did you tell Clarence yet?”

“No, I’ll wait until Grandma leaves. I don’t want to upset her.”

“You’re so sensitive, Will, always taking care of everyone.”

“I wish I could take better care of you, Syl.”

“You can’t,” she sighed. “I’m stuck because I married him; I don’t mind so much for me; I just wish my boys had a better father.”

Will knew he could say or do nothing more. He could not change the boys’ father, and he could not support his sister and her children when he could barely feed himself and Clarence.

“I’ll come upstairs to help you pack,” said Sylvia.

Everything was quickly in a suitcase. The brothers possessed nothing more than their few clothes and a couple items they had managed to keep from their father’s house—a watch, a few books, a couple old family photographs.

“Don’t be a stranger, Will,” Sylvia said on the front porch. “The boys adore you. I couldn’t bear for us to live in the same town and not be civil to one another. Harry told me not to see you anymore, but I won’t let him stop us.”

“It’ll all work out,” said Will to make her feel better, but he had no hope for peace between him and his brother-in-law. “Someday I’ll have money, Syl, and then I’ll take care of you and the boys so we can be together again.”

Sylvia hugged him. He had a good heart, but she had lived long enough to doubt such dreams could come true. “Give Clarence my love,” she said, then let him go.

“At least they’re not leaving town,” she thought as she watched Will walk down the street, “or doing anything reckless like joining the Wild West Show. Maybe it will still work out.”



When Karl Bergmann finally married, he did it in a big way. Had he decided otherwise, his mother would have been disappointed. She was seventy-two years old and had waited thirty years to marry off her forty-eight year old son. She insisted on a large church wedding at St. Peter’s Cathedral, even though Karl lived in Calumet and his bride was from Ishpeming. Following the festivities, a reception was to be held at the Hotel Marquette, where the bride and groom would spend their wedding night before leaving on their honeymoon to Chicago.

The future couple first met at Marquette’s Clifton Hotel. Karl spent a couple nights there that summer while in town on business. While Karl loved his mother, sister, brother-in-law, and three nephews, the McCarey house felt too cramped and noisy for a middle-aged bachelor. Karl had left home at nineteen, and since then his life had been spent in tents and logging camps with other lumberjacks, particularly his friend and business partner, Ben. Karl and Ben had become owners of their own logging company, growing wealthy and building a fine house in Calumet where they resided when they were not out in the woods. Then one day, while supervising a logging operation, Ben had been killed instantly by a falling tree. The tragic accident was a devastating blow to Karl. Working in the woods had been his and Ben’s life, and now he could not imagine going on without his best friend. Still he did not weep for Ben; to be taken by a tree seemed the ideal death for a lumberjack, a fair reparation for the many trees he had chopped down. Karl had, however, dreaded the years of loneliness he saw stretching before him.

During this difficult time, Karl met Aino Nordmaki, a Finnish girl less than half his age. She was a housemaid at Marquette’s Clifton Hotel, working to help support her large family of parents, brothers, and sisters. Aino’s family was among the vast number of Finnish and Scandinavian immigrants who settled in Upper Michigan at the turn of the century. The Nordmakis lived in Ishpeming, where Aino’s father and brothers worked in the iron mines. Upon arriving in the United States, Aino had attended school only long enough to learn English, then gone to work. She soon became a favorite among the hotel clientele. Unlike most of Upper Michigan’s clannish Finnish immigrants, Aino

realized that to get ahead in this foreign land, she must assimilate into American culture. She thought working in one of Marquette's finest hotels was a fine start compared to the jobs in the mining towns of Ishpeming and Negaunee; Marquette seemed practically a cosmopolitan city compared to the nearby little mining towns, and the Clifton Hotel was frequently visited by shipping and railroad magnates.

The morning he met Aino, Karl had slept in late at the Clifton Hotel. During the height of his logging days, he would have been up before the dawn. But Ben's death had caused him to retire to bed early to escape the monotony of empty evenings, and he rarely rose now before ten in the morning. When he did wake, he would wish to return into the slumber of oblivion. On this fated morning, Karl had only woken early enough to run to the bank before going to his sister's house for lunch. He was half-dressed, and standing in direct line with the doorway when Aino opened the door, thinking the room empty and available to be cleaned. She stood in embarrassed surprise at the magnificent sight before her.

Karl Bergmann was far from a young man, but a life spent in the woods had sculpted his muscles and developed his chest until it was a barrel of power. Aino stared at his naked torso. He stared at Aino, glad to see another human being after a long, lonely, half-sleepless night. Then, a sense of decorum intruded; Karl clutched his shirt and Aino apologized for barging into his room. He accepted the apology, yet noticed she continued to stare at him as he buttoned his shirt. He gazed back, discovering her lovely blonde Finnish hair.

When she saw how he looked at her, she became nervous and went to clean his bathroom. He grabbed his hat and coat and departed. Their first meeting had lasted less than a minute.

Karl went to the First National Bank to complete his business. He went to lunch at his sister Kathy's house. He went to a nearby lumberyard to ensure enough lumber was available for an order Charles Dalrymple had contracted to build a house. Then he returned to the Clifton and wandered up and down the stairs and through the halls, feeling like a silly schoolboy—he had no more experience than a schoolboy in what he was about to attempt. Finally, he found Aino Nordmaki in a stairwell and asked her to have supper with him. She tried to explain she could not be involved with the hotel's male clients. He persisted when her eyes betrayed her pleasure at being asked. He took her to the Hotel Marquette—known for its splendid cuisine—where no one from the Clifton would see them. Aino had never eaten in a restaurant before—she had certainly never dined alone with a man. That he was a giant of a man made her

feel both nervous and safe, as if even losing her position at the hotel could not happen if he were with her. They did not talk much; neither knew what to say, but in the end, she thanked him for the meal. When they returned to the Clifton, Karl walked her to the back door. Then he walked alone to the front door to preserve her reputation.

That was the first night Karl did not dwell on his grief over Ben's loss. He had known moments of romantic inclination in the past, but he had never known how to gain a woman's interest. Ben had repeatedly stated he had no interest in marriage, and with Ben's friendship, Karl had been content and focused on his work, but now he was alone, and work and all its profits were insufficient to fill his loneliness. Lunch that day with his sister's family had made him long for his own wife and children. He had felt foolish asking Aino to dinner. It had been a silly spontaneous decision. Yet he thought they had gotten along well. She had been a bit shy, but he could see she wanted to please him. She seemed like a good girl; she had told him she was working to help support her family. He imagined her life was not easy. It dawned on Karl that marriage might be a mutual benefit to them.

When Mr. Bergmann asked her to dinner again the next night, Aino feared she was setting herself up for trouble. She said yes anyway. She might lose her position if caught with one of the hotel's clients, but somehow she guessed Mr. Bergmann would protect her against that happening. He seemed kind, like her father, even though a little older, and a lot wealthier. But it was not just his money. He was the first man not from Finland whom she thought she could trust. She felt sorry for him; he seemed so lonely. And although he had told her he was just a roughneck lumberjack, Aino thought him exotic and so American in his large size and bushy beard.

By the end of the week, they were engaged, and a wedding date set for September, just a few weeks away. Aino and the wedding preparations were left in the care of Karl's mother and sister while he returned to Calumet to settle some business and make his home suitable for his future bride. Aino's parents were unsure about the marriage, but they knew it might mean a better life for their daughter. The Nordmakis wanted a Finnish Lutheran wedding, but Aino convinced them a Catholic wedding was best—that she must adopt her husband's American ways rather than remain entrenched in her Finnish heritage. That Karl's parents had been immigrants from Germany and Ireland hardly mattered—his family had spent half a century assimilating to American ways, and consequently, Karl had become prosperous. If the Nordmakis felt they were losing their daughter, they could not help being pleased by the large wedding

in the impressive St. Peter's Cathedral and the grand reception at the Hotel Marquette.

Among Karl's acquaintances, however, were those who looked down on him for marrying a foreigner. The Upper Peninsula's Finnish population was growing so rapidly that jealousy, prejudice, and discrimination against them were bound to surface. Aino was well aware of how her people were maligned. Her husband's prosperity represented how hard work leads to money and money washes away the taint of immigration. By marrying Karl, she would have money and a respectable husband, and then she would be as good as anyone whose ancestors had been in the United States since before the American Revolution. No one need even know her children were half-Finn.

Although some of Marquette County's earliest settlers did not like the newcomer Finns, Aino found herself warmly welcomed into Karl's family. His widowed mother, Molly, was so kindhearted she even won over Aino's suspicious parents. Mrs. Montoni—Molly retained her second husband's Italian surname—was respected throughout the community for her many charitable deeds. No parents could disapprove of such a saintly old woman or her son. Karl's sister, Kathy, was content to see her brother settle down, and she thought Aino such a sensible, hardworking girl that the bride and groom's vast age difference would be irrelevant. Kathy's husband, Patrick McCarey, had come to America as a fugitive from Ireland not so many years before; having found safety and love in Marquette, he was willing to stretch out his arms to welcome others into the family that had accepted him.

After the immediate family, the person most elated over the Bergmann-Nordmaki wedding was Margaret Dalrymple. Until now, Margaret had long hated the Bergmanns. Karl's mother, Mrs. Montoni, had served as midwife when Margaret was born in a boarding house. Margaret had never forgotten her inauspicious origin, and she had been ashamed when her family had several times accepted charity from Mrs. Montoni. Yet Margaret overcame her qualms when her father, a simple carpenter in Marquette, was invited to the wedding because he was one of Karl's lumber customers. Mr. Dalrymple was reluctant to attend the wedding, feeling uncomfortable among the wealthier guests, but Margaret insisted her father take her. She was a young lady of eighteen, and it was mandatory she attend such social events to scope out a prospective husband. Rather than admit her reason for wanting to attend, she cajoled her father by saying, "The city's most important men will be there. It'll be the perfect opportunity for you to make business contacts."

Margaret was always scheming to make money. Her ideas were seldom ingenious or successful, but at least she had ideas. She believed attending this prominent wedding could boost her family's social, if not financial position.

But for all Margaret's anticipation and the new dress she bought for the occasion, she was disappointed to find not one suitable young man at the reception.

"Aren't you going to dance, Maggie?" her father asked.

"Father, I'm a young lady now. Don't call me Maggie."

"Well, that's your name. What else should I call you?"

"I'm Margaret, and when you introduce me, it's as Miss Margaret."

"Miss Margaret, ain't ya gonna dance?" her father mocked.

"No," she sighed. "There's no one here to dance with."

"How about your old man?"

"I can't dance with my father." Margaret rolled her eyes.

"Margaret, what about that young man over there?" said her mother. "I think he's the bride's brother. He looks about your age."

Margaret had noticed the fellow before; he was decidedly "too Finnish looking" for her; that he be suggested as a prospective dance partner made her decide he was downright homely.

"He doesn't look pleasant," she said.

Then Frank McCarey, fourteen year old nephew of the groom, approached.

"Would you care to dance?" he asked.

He was only a boy in Margaret's eyes.

"Go ahead, Maggie," said her father.

Margaret glared at her father; had she not just warned him about using the derivative form of her name?

"I'd be honored if you would," Frank McCarey said.

"I'm sorry. I'm not feeling well," said Margaret.

Frank went away, disappointed.

"Margaret, how could you hurt that poor boy's feelings?" asked her mother.

"Oh, Mother, he's just a boy. I'm eighteen. I'm not a child anymore."

She felt like crying. Instead, she went to get herself a glass of punch. She wondered why she could not have a father polite enough to fetch her a drink. Her grandfather would have, but he was at home, suffering from a cold.

After an uneventful hour, Margaret asked to leave.

"We just got here," said Charles Dalrymple.

"Father, it's only fashionable to put in a brief appearance; we don't want to look as if we have nothing better to do than just sit here."

Charles Dalrymple was enjoying the music, but he knew better than to argue with Maggie.

“I have to do the laundry tomorrow anyway,” said Christina Dalrymple. “I’ll be too tired to do any housework if I’m out all night.”

It was only nine o’clock. That her mother thought laundry more important than social events annoyed Margaret, even if it gave them an additional reason to leave.

As she walked home, Margaret felt so disappointed she could not help remarking, “Don’t you think Marquette is terribly lacking in handsome young bachelors?”

“I never really noticed,” said her mother.

“You’re just too picky,” said her father.

“It’s such a shame,” said Margaret, “that Howard Longyear drowned. He was handsome.”

“As if a Longyear would have danced with you,” said her father.

The comment made Margaret’s blood boil, but she managed to hold her tongue. She knew Howard Longyear never would have danced with her. She was just the daughter of a simple carpenter while the Longyears were millionaires. Yet she would not admit defeat to her parents.

“I saw Howard Longyear at the Opera House the year before he died,” she said. “I thought he was so handsome, and I saw he kept looking at me. He would have come over and talked to me, only intermission ended and the orchestra started playing right then so he couldn’t. I’ve always regretted that he never did.”

“You’re such a dreamer,” laughed her mother.

Margaret sulked; why couldn’t her family support her aspirations? She could not believe her life was so drab, so dull, so pointless.

When Margaret reached home, her grandfather was still awake; she went into his room to kiss him good night. He was the only one who understood her. “You look so pretty in that dress, Margaret,” he said. “I bet you were the belle of the ball.” She did not disillusion him.

Once in her room, she began to hum softly.

Many a heart is aching,
If you could read them all;
Many the hopes that have vanished
After the ball.

But Margaret's aspirations refused to accept defeat. As she turned off her bedroom light, and heard her sister Sarah snoring in the neighboring bed, she looked at the picture of Mary, Queen of Scots, that she kept beside her mirror.

"My grandfather's mother was a Stewart," she reminded herself, "and the Stewarts were the royal family of Scotland. Someday I'll live up to my heritage. I'll find a way to escape this little town. I'll show them all."



Ever since he was seventeen, Will Whitman felt his life was a perpetual state of crisis, marked by continual loss. His father's death had jolted him into adulthood; his family's farm had been sold; his and Clarence's inheritances were stolen by their brother-in-law; his grandmother had moved away; and now, he was no longer on speaking terms with his sister's family because Harry had forbidden Sylvia to contact him or Clarence. Will tried to convince himself he had reason to be thankful—he and Clarence had a roof over their heads, and so far, enough money to eat and pay Clarence's tuition at the Northern State Normal School that fall. The school was only a few buildings on land donated by the wealthy Mr. Longyear in the most northern part of Marquette, but in the three years since its establishment, the Normal School's enrollment had increased from an initial class of a couple dozen to over two-hundred fifty for the 1902-1903 school year. Clarence was one of a handful of male students, but Will believed that would make his brother all the more in demand once he received his teaching certificate. Hope for Clarence's future was all that kept Will going most days.

Christmas was especially hard that year. The brothers spent the day alone, and little money was spared for presents. By afternoon, both felt restless. Clarence finally went for a walk down to the lake, but Will sat home, sadly reminiscing upon happier Christmases spent with parents, grandparents, and siblings.

Will's spirits sunk further a few days later when he learned Chief Kawbawgam had died. Old Charles Kawbawgam had been the last Chief of the Chippewa. Rumored to have been born in 1799, he had lived in three different centuries. He was Marquette's oldest and longest resident. He had been the first to welcome the settlers to Iron Bay when the community was established in 1849. More importantly to Will, Chief Kawbawgam had befriended Will's father when Jacob Whitman was still a boy; they had fished together until Jacob's death.

Will felt obliged to attend the funeral at St. Peter's Cathedral. He mourned the chief, and the entire way of life he had represented. Will recalled when he had first met the chief, in his childhood, in a simpler time. He suspected the Chippewa had known an easier life in many ways before the white men came to devastate their land, to rip iron ore from the ground, to cut down forests, to make moneymaking their lives' purpose. Chief Kawbawgam had learned to adapt until he had become a local celebrity, well loved by his native people and the white foreigners alike; his kindness, especially in Marquette's lean infancy, would never be forgotten. Yet Will thought it odd the chief's funeral should be held in a Catholic Church, his eulogy given by a white man, Peter White, even if that man had been his friend. Following the funeral, the casket was transported by streetcar to Presque Isle for burial on the island home where Kawbawgam had spent the last years of his life. This chief, this ancient connection to the past, this father figure of the land, was gone, and the twentieth century had arrived. Will knew he had no choice but to live in the present, but he yearned for that simpler past, even if he occasionally wondered whether he did not romanticize the past into a time that had never existed. Whatever that past had been, he felt the future would be more grim.

Will was in a sour mood when he came home from the funeral. He found his brother sitting at the kitchen table, poring over a book on shipwrecks.

"How was the funeral?" Clarence asked. Will had tried to convince his brother to attend, but Clarence's mind was filled with other troubles, which today he planned to confess to Will.

"It was nice," Will replied. "It made me lonesome for Pa since he and the Chief were such good friends."

"I know," said Clarence, "but they're in a happier place; I bet they're up in Heaven fishing together right now."

"That would be no Heaven for the fish," Will smiled, trying to shake off his depression as he sat down at the table.

"Will, I have to talk to you," Clarence said. Will felt annoyed by his brother's tone. He was too tired to have a serious conversation right now.

"What?"

Clarence sensed he had picked the wrong time, but if he did not speak now, he feared his courage would fail him.

"Will, I've decided I'm not going to finish school."

"What do you mean you're not going to finish?" Will asked. He had worked so hard to send Clarence to school. Was his brother crazy?

“Now don’t get angry, Will. Hear me out,” said Clarence. He knew his brother would not be happy, but it was his life at stake. “It isn’t fair, Will, for you to support me. You have a right to your own life.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Will said. “You can pay me back when you find a job.”

“No, that’s not what I’m getting at. Listen to me, Will. You’ve done everything for me. No one could ask for a better brother. You’re the only family I’ve got, and I never want there to be bad blood between us.”

“Why would there be?” asked Will.

“Because I don’t want to go to college anymore. I don’t want to teach.”

“You know Ma and Pa wanted—”

“I know,” said Clarence, “but this is my life, not yours or Ma’s or Pa’s or anyone else’s. I have to do what’s best for me. Otherwise, I’ll be miserable, and I’ll make everyone around me miserable.”

Will was too irritated to speak.

“I figure, Will, that you have as much right to go to school as me. I don’t belong in college, so you should use the money for yourself. After all, Ma and Pa would have wanted you to go just as much as me.”

“No, I’m not the college type,” said Will. “Not that I’m any less smart than college boys, but I prefer working with my hands to sitting behind a desk and learning things with no practical purpose. I’d rather build a house; at least you know a house is needed and will be appreciated.”

“That’s the same,” said Clarence, “as how I’d rather sail on a ship. What I’m trying to tell you is I’m going to be a sailor, just as soon as the boats start running in the spring.”

Will thought it worse that his brother be a sailor than that he leave college. “Being a sailor is a hard life,” he said, but he was thinking, “You mean you’re going to leave me alone.”

“I’m not afraid of hard work,” said Clarence. “I’ve had my heart set on sailing ever since I can remember. I never even would have finished high school if you hadn’t insisted so much. I mean, everytime I see a ship, I feel I ought to be on it. I don’t belong in school. If I don’t go on the boats, Will, I think I’ll always regret it.”

Will said nothing; his face spoke his disappointment.

“Don’t be glum, Will. It’s for the best. I’ll be making my own money so you won’t have to support me, and someday, you’ll want your money so you can get married and have a family, and then you won’t want me hanging around.”