

Marquette—the Queen City of the North

By LAWRENCE D. TUCKER

THEY call it the "Queen City of the North"—and why not? It would take a bit of courage, possibly to make such a comment at an Upper Michigan commercial clubs' convention, but the fact remains that Marquette, the "Queen City of the North," is generally recognized as one of the most attractive localities, scenically, in the northern Michigan region. Plumped down on the very shores of Old Superior, and flanked north, south and west by the rich, virgin forest for which that region is famous, Marquette is indeed an ideal objective for the summer vacationist.

The attractiveness of this manufacturing, mining and lumbering town is, however, by no means entirely confined to its location—its natural setting alone. There is much of that, but the tourist to the northern Michigan region is ever reminded of the fascinating history which the native will insist upon relating on the slightest provocation. It is a history in which the Red Skin played a prominent part. Therefore, it must be interesting, if we are to believe the story books.

The name? Very ancient history credits Father Marquette, an explorer of the earliest pioneer days, with first setting foot on soil which is now included within the corporate limits of the city of that name. In fact, there are records existing to prove it. But the fireside, word-of-mouth version places the actual founding of the city of Marquette at the feet of Peter White, Michigan's "Grand Old Man," now deceased, and one of the most remarkable characters with which any locality in the union can possibly be credited. Marquette, and all that it now boasts, owes much of that achievement to Peter White. Born in New York, and reared in the woody wilds of old Wisconsin, Peter White's early years were spent in fondest dreams of the day when he set foot upon the Great Iron Region of Michigan, of which he had heard and read much. And it was while still a young man that he who came later to be known as Michigan's "Grand Old Man," with a small party of friends, beached their tiny craft at Jackson's Landing, now Carp River, and gave to that site the name which earlier history had destined should last forever—Marquette. And today we are told that Peter White felled the first tree upon the site which now represents one of the most attractive municipalities in the middle west.

There is so much more that could and should be said of Peter White. Suffice it, here, to say that for the next fifty years or more the heart and soul of Michigan's "Grand Old Man" remained in and for Marquette. There are many monuments to his remarkable career, probably chief of which is the splendid public library bearing his name. Throughout all of his useful life he bent every effort to make of Marquette the most beautiful spot in the north-middle west, and if we are to believe the summer tourist, his aim has been achieved.

Industrially, Marquette is and always has been one of the most active localities north of the Straits of Mackinac. Beginning, first as a shipping port for much of the iron ore mined in the Marquette Range, and later taking up its other and even greater natural resource—lumber—Marquette has grown steadily and prospered. Today there are several woodenware factories, including the Piqua Handle factory, the Keystone Handle factory, the Nufer Cedar company and others. There is the Lake Shore Engine Works, manufacturers of heavy mining, lumbering and manufacturing machinery, the Marquette Boiler Works, the Pioneer Furnace and Chemical plant and other though lesser industrial projects. There are sawmills galore, both within the city and near its limits. But let us leave all of that to the "grossly material," for the moment, and consider here just the elements which contribute to make

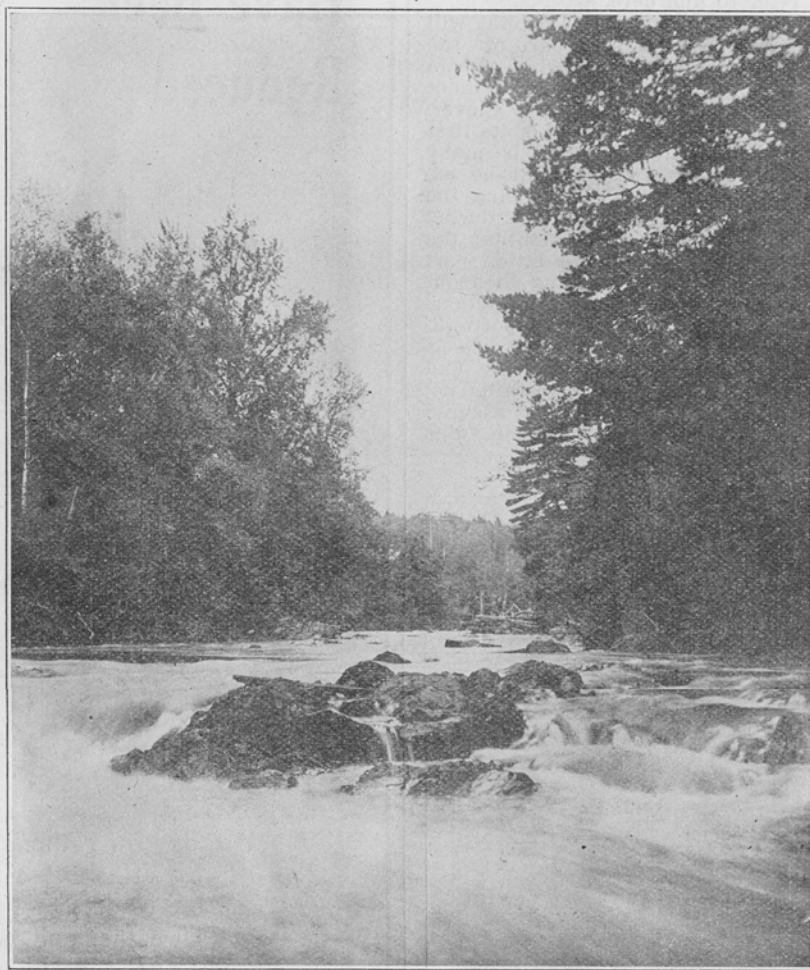


Photo by John O. Viking

Riviere de Mort. Named by the Early French Pioneers in Marquette County

Marquette the objective of thousands of summer visitors each year.

Certainly few cities throughout the country are as adequately equipped with the first essential of successful touring—good roads—as Marquette. Approaching the city—and leading out of it—from the south and west are two of the finest stretches of macadam highways to be found anywhere. To the south, this smooth, well-graded boulevard stretches for miles before piercing the city limits, skirting the very shores of Old Superior, and fanned by the cool breezes

which constantly sweep in over the lake. Now skirting the shore, here dipping into a thicket of majestic pines and rolling out again over the gently undulated plains, Marquette's shore drive is a delight and a revelation at once.

To the west, there is even more to delight the visitor. Extending directly west from Marquette, the county highway between this city and Negaunee, a mining town sixteen miles distant, an unbroken stretch of oiled macadam awaits the tourist. Repeatedly the tourist has declared:

"that is the finest stretch of road we have struck thus far," and the strict maintenance program prevailing throughout the entire county of Marquette justifies that statement. Passing beyond the city limits, the tourist finds himself plunged deep into what we, of the "Queen City," call "Lover's Lane." If ever a situation moved man to speak his heart, this bit of highway surely deserves the distinction. Flanked on both sides, for a distance of a mile or more, by tall pines and slender spruce, so bountiful that the sun's rays are permitted just a shaft or two here and there and dipping down into a valley so cool and peaceful that one is tempted to actually question the power of nature's hand in creating so fascinating a setting, "Lover's Lane," is a high light and a beauty spot in Marquette's offerings to the tourist. And throughout the rest of the fourteen miles to Negaunee, there is a never-ending kaleidoscope of ever-changing scenery for the summer visitor.

Marquette has boasted much. It has much of which to boast. It will have more in the days to come, but nothing which can ever come to it will live as long in the memory of the tourist as Presque Isle. And here again the hand of Peter White is indelibly imprinted, for it was he who succeeded in securing that charming bit of natural setting from the federal government, for reservation as a Marquette city park. Presque Isle, which is nothing more nor less than the Indian way of saying "almost an island" is located north and east of the city proper. It is just what the name implies—almost an island—being connected with the mainland by a narrow strip of land, over which a splendid road has been built.

Presque Isle is a park, and a natural beauty spot, which annually attracts thousands of visitors, not only from upper Michigan but from almost every section of the country. A beautiful drive skirts the park, from every point of which the broad expanse of old Superior is plainly visible. Slender birches, basking in the shadow and protection of the towering pines, abound, and a trail, blazed through the very heart of Presque Isle reveals a natural setting which many declare cannot be equalled in any section of the country.

But old Superior, pounding away, year after year, is working havoc with Presque Isle. The sharp, precipitous cliffs are creeping closer and closer to the drive so that, in some places, but a step or two from the road brings the sight-seer to the very edge of a high, rocky precipice, dipping straight down into the blue depths of the lake. And said sight-seer will look just once—at first—and then step back for the sensation is similar to that of being suspended in mid-air by some mysterious force, for with the sky above and the tumbling surface of Superior below a rather odd dizziness creeps over one and it's none too pleasant for the novice.

Here and there a sign will point the way to some particularly attractive or interesting point. You are invited to explore the "Big Trees and Point Look-out," where, from the heights of one of the steepest cliffs, the visitor can look for miles out over the lake; there is "Pulpit Rock," a high, pulpit-shaped rock rising grandly out of the lake and joined to Presque Isle by a narrow strip of rock, over which a constant stream of sight-seers flock throughout the summer season. Climb to the top of old Pulpit Rock, and then place yourself in the position of Hiawatha, Longfellow's Indian hero, who, folk lore tells us, leaped to the rescue of his Indian sweetheart from that very cliff.

There is the Old Silver Mine, said to shelter the secret of old Charlie Kawbawgam, last chief of the Chipewewa's, who died several years ago on Presque Isle, where he and his tribe had roamed for many years before.

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Photo by John O. Viking

Lover's Lane is on the Marquette County Road

Marquette, the Queen City

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fore the hand of civilized man laid claim.

Boating and bathing—both are available at Presque Isle, or at Middle Island Point, a summer resort section a mile and a half "up shore" from the Island. Many tourists find the beach along that stretch an ideal over-night camping ground. Rental—free. And, almost every evening during the summer, the strains of a lazy waltz, or mayhap, a not-so-lazy fox trot, can be heard floating over the lake from the dancing pavilion.

Then, back to the city proper again, and, once more forgetting the purely industrial features, a few more objects of interest to the visitor. First, was there ever an individual who, with a day's time on his hands and situated within walking or riding distance from a prison, a reformatory or an asylum, that did not take the opportunity to visit that institution. Within a mile and a half west of the city, almost directly on the highway leading into Marquette from that direction, is the Marquette state prison. Here three hundred or more unfortunates are "serving it out" for a wide variety of offenses. The majority are "lifers"—and the strict discipline maintained accounts for that fact. A box and lumber plant, and an over-all factory keeps the minds of the inmates off their

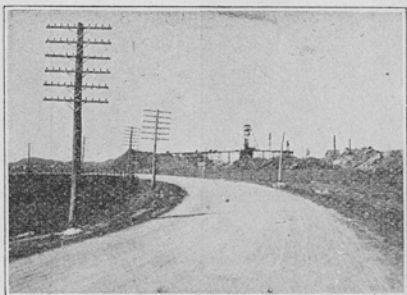
predicament. A trip through the prison will reveal much of interest.

Marquette, also, is the home of the Northern State Normal School, one of the most attractively located training schools in the country. Here hundreds of students—men and women—come annually to prepare either for college courses or for permanent vocations as instructors. Tourists are welcomed. Visit the spacious buildings, the classes and the huge, richly lawned campus.

And this would include all of the chief features of interest, were it not for just one more—one in which none out of ten genuine, honest-to-gosh, bona fide tourists are interested in—FISHING. Marquette and its immediate vicinity abounds in almost countless fishing streams. There are speckled and brook trout, pickerel, bass, and well, almost any old kind of fish. A step or two from the main highway, over numerous creeks along the route, provides ample sport for the nimrod. Moral—be prepared.

And so it is that Marquette, with its invigorating yet moderate climate, its excellent roads and shaded streets, its incomparable highways, its old Superior and its fishing streams, its towering pines and its slender spruces—stretches forth a welcoming hand to the tourist, and does so with a full measure of justifiable pride.

"Let's Try Marquette"



MAYBE last night, maybe tonight, maybe tomorrow night—but the time is at hand when YOU, MR. TOURIST, must sit down among your pamphlets and folders and pick out an objective for your summer trip. You have been flooded with literature of all des-

criptions. They are all the "best ever."

Possibly yours is a hard task. It may seem so at least. What with "Riverside," "Bayview," "The Inlet," "Shore's End," and possibly dozens of other likely sounding places from which to choose—you are stumped.

Yet, after all, what is it you are looking for? It's rest, recreation and relief. You want good roads, you want quietness, some fishing—of course—bathing, boating, accommodation, service and, generally, good treatment all around. You want a moderate climate—not too cool, not too warm. You want some shade, some sun. You want a pleasing mixture of forest and plain. You want an ever-changing kaleidoscope of scenery.

YOU'LL FIND IT IN:

Marquette

"The Queen City of the North"

Read the story in this issue. Then write the Marquette Commercial Club or the Upper Peninsula Development Bureau, Marquette, Michigan, for information, booklets and maps.

The following establishments cater, particularly, to the tourist trade:

THE MARQUETTE HOTEL
"A home away from home"
Front & Rock Streets

THE CLIFTON HOTEL
Where Service Is Right
Front & Bluff Streets

CLOVERLAND AUTO CO.
Storage and Service
Baraga Avenue

WICKSTROM'S GARAGE
Storage and Repairs
Front Street

A. E. ARCHAMBEAU
"Everything That a Man or Boy Wears"
Front Street, 114 South

UPPER MICHIGAN MOTORS CORP.
Storage and Service
Baraga Avenue

SHOCH & HALLAM'S
Jewelry and Souvenirs
South Front Street

CONKLIN'S JEWELRY
Souvenirs—Music
North Front Street

MARQUETTE STEAM LAUNDRY
Six-Hour Cleaning and Pressing Service
114 Main Street

F. B. SPEAR & SONS
Hay, Grain, Feed, Coal
Lake Street

"THE THREE TWINS"
Drayage and Inter-City Bus Service
East Main Street

THE PHOTO ENLARGING SHOP
Wild Animal Flashlights
Harlow Block

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
South Front Street

MARQUETTE NATIONAL BANK
Front & Washington Streets

MARQUETTE CO. SAVINGS BANK
Front & Washington Streets