Still fond of western U.P.

To the editor:

In the summer of 1944, my sister Elaine, 11 years old, and I, nine, were offered bittersweet choices. As the taxi driver was waiting in grandmother's yard, our mom urged us to go back to Detroit with her and our younger sister, Vienna, seven.

Scripture tells us that God hates divorce. Elaine and I were in complete accord. Try as she may, mom couldn't convince us to go with them. Our decision wasn't based on the choice of one parent over the other, but it was the beauty and intimacy of Ironwood and surrounding areas that had made our decision steadfast.

The love I have for our area has intensified since then, and so much the more as I had enjoyed many comparisons over the years. For example, when I first laid eyes on Sheridan, Wyo., I was enamored as the town is semi-circled by the Bighorn Mountains. My thoughts were, "I'll never get tired of viewing these surroundings." But my interest had steadily waned in the 10 days I was there.

In a conversation with two fellow workers near Detroit, each told me that they had seen much of the U.S.A., and each were in agreement that the western end of the Upper Peninsula didn't have to take a backseat to any area for true beauty, and variety. Have you noticed that many of the people who have moved into our area are quick to buy "Yooper" or other bumper stickers as a token of belonging?

-s- Donald Kleimola

Ramsay