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Elizabeth began her flight training in November 1946, earning her Private Pilot's license in April 1947. She continued her training and completed her Commercial training on July 3, 1948. She was the first woman pilot in the county to qualify for a commercial license. She told the story of going to Ohio to pick up an airplane telling the airport manager that she was there to get it. He said "OK, but who is the pilot?? SHE WAS, OF COURSE!!! When dating her soon to be husband, she flew them to meet her future in-laws. During a lightning storm, they made an emergency landing in a cornfield. As a result she ended up muddy, but made a good impression anyway.

Elizabeth joined the Northwoods 99s in March 2013 and was a current member at the time of her passing....She will be missed.



IRON MOUNTAIN NEWS, IRON MOUNTAIN

July 3, 1948

Commercial License Given Woman Flier

Miss Elizabeth McQuade, a Marquette resident who teaches in the Washington School in Iron Mountain, Thursday, at the Ford airport, passed required tests and was given a commercial pilots license. Miss McQuade, who now will be permitted to fly commercially, is the first woman pilot in the county to qualify for a commercial license.

She began her flight training during November 1946, under the GI Bill. Instructed by Claude Frickelton, chief pilot at the Fontana School of Aeronautics, Miss McQuade qualified for her private pilot's license in April 1947, and then began training for her commercial license.

Mario Fontana, representing the Civil Aeronautics Administration, conducted the tests on Thursday.



Paul



Elizabeth McQuade Carpenter

Landing on the Houghton shore from Ireland in 1851 was Betty's maternal grandmother, Bridget Cleary, age 17, and alone. She was to marry the older of two brothers, but the younger brother Patrick got there first and married her. Patrick was a bricklayer and constructed the kilns just east of Marquette that recently fell in, **and** the house on Champion Street that still stands today.

Elizabeth M. Carpenter came into the world on May 24, 1919, in Bay City, Michigan, to Arthur Nicholas McQuade and Mary Katherine Cleary. At age six and a half Betty lost her own mother to colitis, and there was some thought of dividing the three children. But Bridget, the grandmother, said "No" and they came to live in Marquette on Champion Street with her mother's extended family. On her mother's side was Bridget Cleary, her uncles John and Phil, her aunts Nellie, Della and Liz, all living in the family home.

Bridget, the grandmother, an uncle and Betty's mother were all waked in the front parlor within a month of each other. As Betty looked out the window at her mother's hearse, Nellie at her side said, "I will take care of you **always**."

Her father Arthur lived down the street, but came for dinner and helped the children with homework and was a strong support.

After Betty's military service as an aerographer's mate, she was in Hawaii and sought the advice of a chaplain as to whether to stay and teach second grade. He replied, "Go home like a good girl and get married!" Years later the chaplain docked in the Milwaukee Harbor and Betty had half a mind to dress all eight of her children to present to him.

Gram valued equal opportunity for all. When a relative offered to pay for the college education of just the boys, Betty and Jack both declined on behalf of **all** of their children.

She went out to Ohio to pick up an airplane, told the manager she was there to get it and he said, "OK, but who is the pilot? !!!

When dating Jack she flew him down to Downers Grove, Illinois, to meet her future in-laws. During a lightning storm, they made an emergency landing in a cornfield. As a result she ended up muddy, but made a good impression anyway.

Betty valued each of her students she worked with and found such joy and a great sense of accomplishment teaching children with special needs. She was one of the first to welcome special needs into a religious education program.

We am quite certain she never forgot that sentiment of **"taking care of people always"** and carried it on to whomever she met: students, friends, neighbors, family, the sick, the Insisiengmay family from Laos, caring for her sister and husband their last days in her home --- just about anyone.

Hiking in Kettle Moraine, picking blueberries, finding spring flowers, camping, beach walking, visiting National Parks, gardening, stargazing, birding ---- all served to instill in us a love of nature.

One of her favorite sayings upon seeing just a wee bit of blue sky: "Is there enough to patch a Dutchman's britches?"

Her deep faith was the thread that ran through her entire life and she richly shared it with us. Mass and Eucharist were integral parts of her life. She was involved in teaching religious education in Waukesha, Wisconsin, as well as in the Marquette area, even after retiring and moving north.

**She knew the breadth
Of God's blessing
The length of God's promises
The height of God's majesty.**

Her gratitude was ever present. A few weeks ago when Gram was lying down and Mary and Jean assured her they would be here, she replied, "I couldn't ask for more." Jean and other caregivers made it possible for Gram to stay in her home, for which she was most thankful.

During the last few days of her life here in her cabin with the Great Lake in her view, she was surrounded by her loved ones. That was the gift to US OVER TIME.... to accompany Gram through difficult as well as peaceful times.

A heartfelt thanks goes out to all who cared for Betty. She is a blessed part of our lives forever.

As she would say each night after we told her we loved her.

"Sweet dreams to your eyelids."

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