

## PIETA AND HEIKKI HERRALA

Our grandfather, Heikki Herrala , was born in Oulais, Finland, and died April 1, 1927, of heart failure and asthma. Grandmother, Pieta (Juuska) Herrala , was born at Haapavesi, Finland, and died about 1940. Both are buried in the cemetery in the Oulainen church yard.

To this union were born seven children: Matti, Fiina, Hilma, Anna, Nanni, Lizzie and Otto. Both Matti and Fiina died in infancy. Hilma and Anna remained in Finland, married there and raised families. Hilma married a Mr. Tuomikoski and they had three children, but only Anna (Tuomikoski) Kanasaari is living at this writing. She lives in Oulainen. Anna married Antti Mayra, and they had eight children of which six are still living. Dagmar Kangas lives in Oulainen. Irja Kangas, Martta Sjoberg and Niilo Mayra live in Mayran Pera. Vilho Mayra and Eero Mayra live in Sweden.

Nanni and Lizzie came to America and lived in Michigan, where they both married. Nanni married Nestor Raisanen, and they had 10 children: Brunolf, Arno, Don, Pearl, Ronald, Albert, Ralph, Melvin, Ray and Edna. Nestor Raisanen died November 7, 1944. Nanni's second marriage was to Jack Ruohonen on July 26, 1957. Jack died April 18, 1973, and Nanni passed away July 12, 1977. They are both buried in the Hancock Houghton area of Copper Country in Michigan.

Lizzie married William Porkka in March 1905, and they had six children: Pate, Regina (Spilde), Esther (Murto), Fred, Ted, and Martha (Lampela). The latter two have passed away. Lizzie remarried Kalle Seitari in 1954. She passed away September 7, 1964, and Kalle died in 1970. All are buried in Michigan.

After Lizzie and Nanni had come to American, there was a time when their parents Heikki and Pieta, and sister Anna attempted to come to the United States. It had been arranged that Lizzie was to meet them on the East Coast when they landed, but for some reason she did not get there on time. The parents could not speak any English, and Grandpa Heikki had some eye problems, so they were sent back to Finland, and never did make another attempt to come again.

By Marian Juntunen

## MATT AND HELENA KOSKI

Our grandfather, Matt Koski, (Mother's father) came to the Copper country in Michigan from Oulainen, Finland in 1880. (The Koski name was derived from the name Korkiakoski in Finland). He worked in the woods several years to earn enough money to send for his family. His wife, Helena, (our grandmother) and four children, Matt (8 or 10 years old), Anna, Mary, and Antti came to Michigan in 1884. Matt and Helena's remaining children were born in America. Amali, Lydia, Hilda, Mimmi and Esther.

Matt and Helena ran a boarding house in Redridge, Michigan. Their son Antti, (Andrew) died at 14 years of age when a tree fell on him while working in the woods. His mother grieved very much over this and never really got over the sadness.

From Copper Country, the family moved to a farm near Rudyard, Michigan, where they lived several years. Uncle Matt Koski (Mother's brother), lived there also. At age 23, Uncle Matt married Henrikka Hannus, age 21, in Redridge. They homesteaded in North Dakota in 1905. Their first two children, Hilja and Helmi, were born in N. Dak. After three years they moved back to Rudyard, Michigan, where Fannie and John were born. Later they moved back again to N. Dak. Grandpa Koski came to N. Dak. with uncle Matt and family. Grandma also came later by train with the two youngest children, Mimmi and Esther. By this time the other children had already gotten married. Grandpa died in 1915, Grandma in 1919.

Anna was married to (Paasi Heikki) Henry Peterson, and they had 10 children. Arne, Saima, Helmer, Alfred, Arvid, Heino, Ernest, Allma, Adele, and Annie (Parvey). After Henry Peterson's death, Anna married John Pahkala, and they lived in Tantallon, Sask., Canada. Anna has also passed away, and all the children except Ernest, who lives in Minneapolis area. Alma Kurtti, of Rock Lake, N. Dak., and Adele Tapper of California.

Mary married August Haapoja, and they resided in Minneapolis. They had two children. Norman, who died October 25, 1980, and Emil, who lives in Rolla, N. Dak. Fourteen years after August passed away, Mary married Magnus Anderson, and together they had two children, Andy and Marie. Marie married Ray Johnson and lives in the Minneapolis area. Aunt Mary passed away March 7, 1952.

Amali married Isaac Malaska in Michigan. They had four children. Hilma, married to William Saaranen; Eino; Anna, married to Edward Aho; and Isaac. These children all resided in Michigan. Amali died December 26, 1957. Isaac died June 5, 1956.

Lydia (our mother), married Otto Herrala in Redridge, Mich., and then moved to North Dakota. They had 11 children. Anna, married to Wayne Neva; Henry; Heino; Alfred; Melma, married to Herman Doucette; Otto; Aune, married to Eugene Anderson; Edna, married to Bill Hoyhtya; Senia, married to John Halone; David; and Marian, married to Reno Juntunen. Lydia died May 13, 1936. Otto on September 22, 1960.

Hilda's marriage was to Walter Simonson, and 10 children were born to them. Wilfred, who died in 1954 at age 46; Helen, married to a Mr. Ekola, and Helen died in 1975 at age 65; Eleanor, who died in 1914 at 14 months of age; Wilhard; Adele, who married to Mr. Stern; Lorraine, married to Bill Ollikainen; Kenneth; Erland, Lois, married to a Mr. Keturi; and Alice, who married a Mr. Simpson. These children live in Michigan, Illinois and Tennessee. Hilda died in 1951 at age 62.

Mimmi married August Simonson. They had 11 children. Esther, who married Arvid Pirness (Esther has passed away); Edwin, who died in 1964; Nestor; Aleck; Alfred; Dick; Alma, married to Alfred Kangas; Anna, married to Arnie Nikula; Emma, married to Sulo

Holmstrom; Helmi, married to Jake Ylioja; and Elsie, who married Arne Haapala. This family resided at Glenside Sask., Canada, and the majority of them still reside in that area. Mimmi died in 1964, August in 1961.

Esther married Henry Simonson (a brother to August. But these brothers were no relation to Walter Simonson, Hilda's husband). They had 10 children. Helen, married to Willmar Ylioja (Helen died Nov. 1976); Henry, who died Dec. 1971; Mimmi, who died at 17 years of age; August; Helme; Wilfred; and Stella, married to Mr. Holgate. Esther died in April, 1966, and Henry died July 1955. All have lived in Canada except Helmer and Wilfred who live in the United States.

By Anna Neva &  
Marian Juntunen

## OTTO HENRY HERRALA - LYDIA ALINA KOSKI

Our father, Otto Henry Herrala, was born October 30, 1878, in Oulun Laani, Finland. He came to the United States in 1900 at age 22, and received his naturalization papers in 1905 in Houghton County, Michigan. He married Lydia Alina Koski on December 26, 1901, in Michigan. She was born December 20, 1886, in Atlantic Mine, Michigan, a daughter of Matt and Helena Koski. Lydia was only 15 years old when she got married. To this union were born 11 living and two stillborn children.

Dad worked in the copper mines in Michigan, but heard of good times to be had in North Dakota, which was a new territory. Mother and Dad had four children. Anna, Henry, Heino and Melma, when they came to the Perth, North Dakota area in 1908. First they lived on a farm north and east of Perth called the "Adams place", and later referred to as "Bengston farm." Then they moved to a farm six miles north and one mile west of Perth called the "Taylor place", then to the "Wilson place", which was one-half mile north of the Finnish Apostolic Cemetery. The next move was to a farm one mile east of the Taylor farm which was Matt Koski's farm. Matt was a brother to Mother. Later they moved back again to the Taylor farm. They continued to milk cows, raise pigs and chickens, and farm the rented lands until eventually Dad was able to buy the Taylor place. There they spent the remainder of their farming years.

During their years in the Perth area, seven more children were born. Alfred, Otto, Aune, Edna, Senia, David and Marian.

Mother was a jolly, loving person. She helped raise the family through the tough years doing the usual household chores, such as baking bread, churning butter, milking cows and cleaning house. She did sewing and mending, and in winter evenings would sit in her rocker and knit mittens and stockings. She was a good cook, and made luscious cinnamon rolls, doughnuts and pies, and we would often have company over for meals. I was young when Mother died, so cannot recall too much of her. She had a stroke August 3, 1935, and this left her paralyzed on her right side. She passed away May 13, 1936, and is buried in the Finnish Apostolic Cemetery near Perth.

Dad was also a speaker in the Apostolic Lutheran Church. It was a small church out in the country (across the road from the cemetery). Roads were not built up very well, and travel was often with horses and sleigh, as roads were blocked. Many congregation members lived farther away, and often would come already Sunday forenoon to our farm, visit, sing songs, have dinner, and then go to afternoon church services. I remember our house often being a gathering place, especially at times of services. Dad was strict in his ways, but firm in his faith.

In the summer of 1938, Dad made a trip to Finland by ship and was gone three months. It was his first and only trip back to Finland since he had come to America as a young man 40 years before. His mother, Pieta and sisters, Hilma, and Anna were still living, and we understand it was a joyous time for them to see one another after so many years.

Dad married Mrs. Lydia Raisanen, December 9, 1942, in Minneapolis. Lydia was from the Rock Lake, N. Dak. area. They lived in a small house in the town of Rock Lake for about two years before moving to Minneapolis, where they lived twelve years. Dad was a speaker in the Apostolic Lutheran Church on Humboldt Avenue.

Friends recall how he was a kind and loving man and would always go visit the "Shut-ins" and ill people, speak a few comforting words and sing a song or two. Dad had a great gift for singing. He was faithful in writing letters to the relatives in Finland, and to many

others, and would write articles for the Christian papers. One friend recalls a cute incident when Dad had received some mail, and after looking through it, handed the junk mail to a grandson, and then later asked him, "What does it say in your letter?". The grandson replied, "On taalla tervesisia vaarilekki!" ("There's greetings here for Grandpa, too!")

Lydia died April 16, 1956, and is buried in the Finnish Apostolic Cemetery near Perth. Dad move back to Rock Lake to live, and was still quite active for his age. He enjoyed driving out in the country to look at the fields, and watch the farming operations. He would often go visit his daughters Edna, Senia and Marian and their families, and other relatives and friends. He drove his car up until the day he complained of chest pains, and Edna took him to the doctor. Then he was hospitalized. He was sick with the heart ailment for 10 days before his death, September 22, 1960. He is buried beside Mother in the Finnish Apostolic Cemetery.

By Marian Juntunen

## ANNA (HERRALA) NEVA

Born July 28, 1903, in Redridge, Michigan, I was named Anna Helen Herrala. In 1908, at the time the family moved to North Dakota, there were six family members, Father and Mother, myself, brothers Henry and Heino, and sister Melma. We traveled from Michigan by train to Perth, and first came to Uncle Matt Koski's. The farm we moved to was known as "Adam's place", a few miles east of Perth, and we lived there for about three years. From there we moved to the "Taylor farm", six miles north and one mile west of Perth.

I started Monroe School from the Adam's place and completed 8th grade from the Taylor farm. We went to school in a school hack with a little stove in it to keep us warm in winter. It was drawn by a team of horses. The school hack driver picked up children from several families as it was many miles to school. Martin Johnson drove the school hack when we lived on the Taylor farm, and he went around a locality known as Gronna, and picked up four families. Henry and I were picked up at 7:00 o'clock in the morning, arrived at school by 9:00 o'clock, and came back home about 6:00 o'clock.

Brother Alfred was born during the time we lived on the Adam's place. Grandma Koski was there, and she said she had brought him from the potato patch! (In Finnish, pottu maalta!)

The Taylor farm we moved to about 1911 had a small two-room house, and a shed where brother Otto was born. A little later a new house was built on this farm. I remember that during the building, we kids used to go watch. Sisters Aune and Edna were born in the new house on the Taylor farm.

The Taylor farm was owned by James Taylor and Father rented from him. Every time Mr. Taylor would come there, he would give us kids a ride in his car. There were not many cars in those days! Father later bought this farm. Our parents did not have an auto at that time, but rather a horse and buggy, and old Jenny. I remember that Mother used to go to town (to Perth) six miles away to get groceries with the horse and buggy. It took her half a day to make the trip.

Uncle Matt Koski (Mother's brother) lived only a mile from us, on the present Walfred Halone place. We kids used to go there often to visit and play with the cousins. Uncle Matt was a good uncle with a big heart. He had come to North Dakota in 1905. His and Mother's parents, the Koski's, had come from Michigan to North Dakota also around the turn of the century, I believe 1905. The grandparents lived with Uncle Matt. Aunts Esther and Mimmi also lived there until they married.

I remember Grandma spinning the yarn from sheep wool, and then making (knitting) woolen stockings for all of us. Many a time we watched her, and she would come to our place and stay days at a time. I had the chance to sleep with her, because I didn't kick! One time I was very sick and she took care of me, and slept with me. I must have had chicken pox or measles. I know Mother brought me oranges from town, and did they ever taste good!

In September 1915, Grandpa was killed by a bull, which was his pet. It happened that sister Melma, who used to stay at Uncle Matt's a lot, and cousin Fannie had gone with Grandpa to get the cows from the pasture for evening milking. The bull was left behind, and Grandpa told the girls to take the cows to the milking place, and he would get the bull. For some reason the bull turned violent and crushed him. It was threshing time, and word got to the threshing rig, and from there men came to aid. However, Grandpa died soon after.

Grandma had a stroke and lived about four years after. She died about 1919.

Our parents lived on the Wilson place for about a year, where Senia was born. We, the Herrala family, had lived on Uncle Matt's farm in the early 1920's for a few years. Uncle Matt had moved into the town of Perth to live.

During one cold, wintry morning with snow covering the ground, our house burned down. Everything was lost, but there was another house on the place, and we moved into that. We lived there a few years. Here David and Marian were born. Then the folks moved back to the Taylor farm, which Father later bought around 1924.

In the early 1920's I worked in the community general store in Perth for two and a half years. During the time I worked, I stayed at Uncle Matt's place in town. Then I went home, and worked around the country a little while. In the fall, I would work in cook cars at threshing time with other girls, and with Mrs. Hannah Johnson, cooking for crews of 20 or more men.

On July 8, 1926, I married Wayne Neva (Waino Niva) at Cando, North Dakota. Sister Melma and Merle McMaster were our attendants. We had five children, and all are now married. Inez Marian was born March 25, 1927; Evelyn Rosalyn born Sept. 12, 1929; Ronald Wayne born June 4, 1934; Helen Lydia born February 27, 1937; and Fred Roy, born February 25, 1939.

Wayne and I lived in Mt. View Township in North Dakota a few years, on the Wilson place, and many years in Perth. We also lived in Bisbee a few years. In September 1940 we moved to Minneapolis, MN, where we have since made our home. Wayne worked for contractors and did carpentry work. He died on February 15, 1960 after a long illness.

Inez now lives in Brainerd, MN and is married to Daniel Horn.

Evelyn lives in Maple Grove, MN and is married to Theron Horn.

Ronald and his wife Sally live in Pengilly, MN.

Helen, married to Ben Worthington, lives in Denver, CO

Fred and his wife Margo live in Golden Valley, MN.

They all have families. At this writing I have 18 grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

During the war years of 1943-44, I worked outside of my home in a factory for two summers. In 1952, I went to work at the Super Valu warehouse factory in Hopkins, MN in food packaging. I continued working there for 16 years until I retired in 1969.

After my retirement, I went to California to see sister Melma as she was ill, and I stayed with her for two months, after which she passed away.

Now, I have stayed home most of the time, made some short trips to visit my children and other relatives. I live in a Senior Apartment building in Golden Valley, MN

By Anna Neva

## HENRY HERRALA

Henry Helmer Herrala was born November 21, 1904, at Redridge, Michigan, the second child of Otto and Lydia (Koski) Herrala . Henry and I, Hilda K. Pahkamaa, were married on November 19, 1934, at Rolla N. Dak., so I do not know much about Henry's youth as I did not know him in our younger days, except for what he has related to me. His father had come from Finland in 1900, and worked in the copper mines in northern Michigan as did my father. His family moved to N. Dak., and settled near Perth first. We Pahkamaas came to N. Dak. in 1917.

We did not know one another in our childhood years, but both our families settled on farms, and both of us, as in all farm families, shared in the usual farm work, field work with horses, milking cows by hand, making hay by hand, harvesting, including shocking grain by hand, and of course a lot of cooking as was common in all farm homes. There was also a vast amount of laundry, which was done by hand.

Henry attended Monroe school, and went one year to Mr. View school, but in those days schooling and education were not considered as essential as today. So, Henry, as well as I, attended school when time permitted, but if needed for work at home, it was taken for granted that children stayed home to work. Therefore, many did not have the opportunity to complete even the 8th grade, and it was not compulsory.

As Henry grew older, he worked out where work was available on neighboring farms, and in 1927-28 he spent a year working in Minneapolis. This was the beginning of the depression years, and work was getting more difficult to find. For several years, after home harvests were completed, Henry and Heino along with Elmer and Wayne Kangas would go to Nebraska for corn husking. This was all done by hand.

We were married Nov. 19, 1934, and settled in our little home in Rock Lake, N. Dak., where we operated a public sauna, heating it twice a week. It was a lot of work as it was heated by wood and we had to haul the water, but the sauna was appreciated by our customers. We also took over the dealership of McNess products and covered quite a large territory. Our schedule had us serving each customer about once every three weeks. We also took over the maintenance of the Apostolic Lutheran Cemetery, which we worked at together. This job also we had for many summers.

Henry was not in good health for many years, and it was getting so that more and more he had to give up hard work as his heart could not take it. He often complained of chest pains and was hospitalized several times. Finally with doctor's orders, he had to give up work, and was just planning for retirement when he became ill again in January 1960, and hospitalized for three weeks. He died of a cardiac arrest on Jan. 27, 1960.

I disposed of our business and sold our home, then moved into Rolla to live. I had other apartments first, then when the senior citizen's retirement home was nearing completion, the owner Tom Munro urged me to take an apartment there, which I did in 1975. At this writing (December 1982), I have lived in this comfortable apartment for seven years.

By Hilda Herrala



## HEINO HERRALA

I am writing this in behalf of my husband (now deceased) relative to his past young days and what I recall of those days and of our life together. Heino was born on April 14, 1906 in Redridge, Michigan.

Heino came to the Perth, N.D. area at the age of two from Michigan, and lived most of his life in that area. He attended the Monroe school whenever he could, but had to spend some of the time helping with the farm work during the spring and fall.

Heino used to go with his mother to the pasture while she milked the cows, and he related one incident to me as how he had walked in his sleep one night through the barn, and about a quarter mile into the pasture when he woke up. He said it rained, and he was so frightened to realize he was out in the dark by himself. He ran all the way to the house and into the bed with his parents, and his mother asked where he had been, as he was all wet. He answered, "I went to see if you were milking the cows!"

Both of our parents were good friends and attended the same church, which had some bearing on us getting acquainted, and led to our marriage on December 21, 1929. We stated dating when Heino sent me a valentine expressing his feelings.

Our wedding was quite an exciting event. As I was only 17 years of age, my father had to go with us to sign the license. We hadn't wanted anyone to know we were getting married, and we had to go to Cando to get the marriage license, so we decided to take the train from Gronna, an area which was just an elevator and two or three houses. We thought we could go without anyone knowing. As it turned out, Henry Mickelson was there for some coal, and of course he guessed what was going on, so he called some of the neighbors. We came to Perth on our return and had to go by horse and sleigh to the Herrala farm where the ceremony was to take place. We did not get to the farm until late that evening, and by the time we got dressed, it was at least ten that evening. Rev. Matt Kakela performed the ceremony on that evening of December 21, 1929. Those who stood up for us were, Hilda Juntunen, Ernie Peterson, Alma Juntunen, Otto Herrala, and Wallace Juntunen.

In those days people gathered to chivari the couples, banging tin cans or whatever they could find to pound. The people had gathered outside and started the noise before the wedding ceremony, so Rev. Kakela went outside and told them the wedding was not over. After the wedding, we invited them in for lunch, and everyone enjoyed the rest of the evening.

We lived with Grandma and Grandpa Herrala for a number of years during the beginning of our marriage. I enjoyed being on the farm, as I had lived in town most of my life. I had many interesting things to learn on the farm. Grandma Herrala and I were very close, and she taught me many of the things that went with farm life. The younger members of the family spent evenings skating and sledding on a large creek that ran through the pasture. In the summer we spent time swimming in the same creek. It was a good place to swim, and many of the neighbor children would also come there.

During the depression years we worked at various farms as work was very hard to find. In 1934, my sister-in-law, Mrs. William Juntunen, was injured in a truck accident and died four days later, leaving two young children, Bill age 4, and Beverly age 2 1/2. We took these children to help raise them. Beverly was with us almost her entire life until her marriage to Harold Jasper. Heino and I raised Beverly and Billy from the time they were very small. They both took jobs and worked very hard to help us in any way they could. They have remarked to me many times, as has Beverly's husband, of how fortunate

these children were to have Heino and I take them in and treat them as though they were our very own children. We had to get a home for ourselves as we could not work out anymore, so we moved to Rock Lake, N.D. At this point in our lives we worked at various jobs to help raise the children. Bill Juntunen started working at a very young age to help out the family.

In 1939, we moved to Detroit, Michigan. Heino worked for the Excello Corporation, and I worked at Highland Park General Hospital.

On April 14, 1944, Heino was inducted into the service. I moved back to Rolla at this time, as our first child was due in October and Heino wanted me to be near relatives. Heino took his basic training at Camp Walters, Texas, for seven weeks. After his basic training at Camp Walters, he was shipped to the European theater of war. He came home on leave for 10 days before he left for overseas. Heino knew he was being sent overseas, but did not want me to know. The day he left, I thought he was going somewhere in the States. A few days later his personal belongings were sent home from Camp Walters. My mother and Bill Juntunen hid all these belongings, as they felt I should not know he had gone overseas. I was looking for items in a closet, and came across the package marked from Camp Walters that belonged to Heino. I asked my mother when this package had arrived, and she said, "It came a few days ago," but a day or two later a letter came from the Army headquarters stating he had been sent overseas. It was quite a shock to realize he had been sent overseas so soon after his basic training.

I was notified by the Red Cross to let them know as soon as our child was born, so they could notify Heino and he could get a pass to come home. On October 12, 1944, our daughter Claudia, was born. A telegram was sent to Heino, but since he was already overseas and was on the move continuously, he never received the telegram. The first time he received word of his daughter's birth, was in December when all the letters finally caught up with him.

Heino was in the service for 13 months. Eight months of that time were spent overseas. Due to health problems, he was medically discharged in May of 1945. I was notified of his discharge in March, but he was not able to return home until May, as he spent those two months in various hospitals, one in England, the other in Texas. When he finally arrived home, we met him at the train station in Devils Lake. Claudia was eight months old. It took some time for her to adjust to having her father home, and she did make strange for some time.

In July of 1945, we moved to Edmore, N.D., to my uncle's farm, where we spent one year. From there we moved to my brother's farm near Rolla. Our second child, Bonnie, was born October 4, 1947. One evening the neighbor ladies all gathered together and had a baby shower for me. After the shower was over, they jokingly said, "You can go to the hospital anytime now!" that night at midnight I did go to the hospital, and Bonnie was born at 2:00 the following day.

We lived on my brother's farm approximately four years. Heino suffered a severe heart attack in 1950 and was forced to quit farming. We moved into Rolla which has been our home ever since.

Heino's health improved enough so he started working at Munro Hardware, where he was employed for a number of years. After that, he was employed at the Rolla School as a custodian, until more health problems forced him to quit.

At the age of 59, on March 14, 1965, he suffered a severe heart attack and passed away.

Our children, Claudia and Bonnie, are married, and live in the surrounding area of Rolla. Claudia is married to Bill Trottier, and they have four children, Barry, Carrie, Jamie, and Janelle. Bonnie married Lyman Bercier, and they have four children, Todd, Brenda, Tavis, and Crissy.

Since Heino passed away, I have been baby sitting in my home for 18 years. I have cared for as many as 17 children at one time. This has been a very rewarding experience for me. I have taken care of all my grandchildren, plus I am now caring for children of the parents I once baby sat for. All the children I have baby sat for have rewarded me in many ways, as have the parents. I have pictures of each and every one of the children I have taken care of.

Bill Juntunen married Faye Carlson, and they had five children. They reside in the Rolla community.

Beverly (Juntunen) Jasper, has five children, and she now resides in Minnesota.

My children, their families, and I have lived in the surrounding Rolla area up to the present time, 1983.

I am very grateful to have been in the Herrala family as they have been very good to me, and been right there to help in the many times of need I have experienced in my life.

By Vieno Herrala

## MELMA (HERRALA) DOUCETTE

Melma Esther Herrala, was born April 24, 1908, in Redridge, Michigan, the fourth in the family of Otto and Lydia Herrala. In August of that year, when Melma was four months old, the family moved to North Dakota, and settled near Perth. Then the family moved to a place seven miles north of Perth. Melma grew up in this area, and attended Monroe school. With chores and housework as in every farm family, she pitched in to help as everyone did.

Mother's parents, Grandfather and Grandmother Koski, lived with our family much of the time. Cousin Fannie Koski and Melma were good pals, and visited one another a lot. In September of 1915, Fannie was visiting at our place, and it was our chore to go with Grandpa Koski to round up the cows and bring them home from the far end of the pasture for milking time. Mel was seven years old at the time. She and Fannie went with Grandpa to get the cows, but for some reason this time the big bull stayed behind and would not come with the herd. This bull had always been calm, and had become a pet to Grandpa, but this time it stayed behind. Grandpa told the girls, "You girls take the cows home and I will go get the bull," which they did. Soon they noticed Grandpa and the bull were not coming, and upon checking, they realized the bull had turned vicious and was attacking Grandpa. He was helpless. The threshing crew was working in a nearby field, and as threshing was in those days, a man was required to haul water to the rig in a big tank pulled by horses. This "Water man" (as he was called) was Alfred Johnson, and he happened to be passing by and saw what was happening. He went to the rescue using a pitchfork he had with him, and attacked the bull to get him off Grandpa. By this time some of the other men also came along to help, and they carried Grandpa to the house. However, he lived only about one day before passing away.

Melma went to various households to help with housework from age nine and on. She often related how lonesome for home she would be, but knew that when someone needed help with the children, she was "Urged to go," as there were several others at our home to help with the home chores. She worked here and there, and was at home in between.

In December 1925, Mother and Father went on a trip to Canada by train, which at that time traveled between Devils Lake and Brandon, Manitoba. The folks continued on their trip from there. The older children stayed home to take care of farm chores and the younger children. During this time Melma became very ill with severe stomach pains, which lasted a couple of days. The others decided to consult a neighbor girl, Olga Falls, who was in nurse's training at General Hospital in Devils Lake, and was home at the time for a visit. She came over and recognized that Melma had appendicitis pains. They realized they should get her to a doctor and hospital, but the soonest they could go was the next morning on the train. Olga accompanied Melma, and the surgery was performed immediately upon arrival at General Hospital in Devils Lake.

Communication left a lot to be desired in those days, and the children had no way of letting our parents know what had happened. Mother and Father were already on their return home expecting to arrive the next day, and were to get off the train at Gronna. (Gronna was just a grain elevator out in the country about two miles from our home. The train did stop there if there were passengers, although there was just a platform by the elevator). The boys took Anna to Gronna with horses and sleigh, and she boarded the train to explain to the folks what had happened. She rode with them as far as Perth, which gave her enough time to explain (about an four mile ride). Then she got off the train again in Perth. The boys were there to meet her again, and the folks continued on by train to Devils Lake to see Melma! They came back home again that same evening on the return train.

In her teen years Melma worked in Hauge's Millinery Shop in Cando, helping with housework, and helping Mrs. Hauge make hats. She also spent one winter in Minneapolis working as a domestic, and she also worked in a candy factory on Glenwood Avenue. After coming home, she went to help with housework at the George Mitchell home in Rolla. He was a rural mail carrier.

During her stay in Rolla, Melma met Herman L. Doucette, a young barber. They were married July 11, 1928, and first lived in Leeds, N.D., where Herman had a barber shop, then moved to Cando, N.D. Their son Robert Herman was born in Cando, December 11, 1930. Soon after, they moved to Devils Lake where they lived many years. This was during the years of the great depression. Haircuts were only 25¢!

Melma worked in the Fairmont Creamery for a while, and sister Senia stayed with them one winter to care for little Bob when his mother worked.

Herman worked way up north on the Alcan Highway for a time. The Alcan Highway runs through Canada and into Alaska, and was a big construction project at that time. Melma and Herman also lived in various places in Montana, plus six or seven years in Rolla, where Herman had a barber shop on main street. Then they move to California where they bought a home and shop.

Melma decided to go to hairdressing school, and from there went on to become an instructor in that line. She was in this work for a few years when her health began to fail. She passed away March 3, 1969, and is buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, in Santa Monica, CA.

Bob married Shirley Tedlock of Wichita, Kansas, on March 25, 1955, and they have two children, Steven and Suzanne, who both live in California. Bob and Shirley have spent several years in Saudia Arabia.

By Edna Hoyhtya

## ALFRED HERRALA

Alfred Edwin Herrala, was born January 13, 1910, near Perth, North Dakota, fifth in the family of Otto and Lydia (Koski) Herrala.

Alfred grew up in the Perth area, and his youth was spent working on the home farm, as most young men, did field work with horses, milking cows by hand, and all the usual farm work. On these family farms there were chores and work for everyone from a very young age.

Alfred received his education in public schools and took a farming course at NDAC in Fargo, N.D. in 1940.

On October 17, 1928, he and Goldie E. Hendrickson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Hendrickson of Hansboro, N.D., were married in Cando, N.D. by Judge Brooke. Their attendants were friends, Anna Kurtti and Toivo Hemming. Later that fall, Anna and Toivo were also married. Soon after their marriage, Alfred and Goldie moved to a farm three miles west of Hansboro, where they made their home all of their farming years. Their son, Floyd Duane, was born April 27, 1930.

During his years on the farm, Alfred was interested and active in community affairs. He was on committees in farm programs such as, AAA, PMA, an ASC member of the Land Use Planning Group, Director of Towner County Improvement Association, and a representative of the Federal Crop Representation Service. He was also an assessor in Picton Township, treasurer of the Picton Township, treasurer of the Picton School District, as well as vice-president, then president of the Farmers Union Oil Company of Rolla. Alfred was listed in the 1955 "Who's Who in North Dakota." He was elected chairman of the Towner County ASCS, which position he held at the time of his death.

On July 6, 1958, he suddenly took ill and died within a few hours of a massive heart attack in the Rolla Hospital.

Duane attended the Hansboro and Rolla schools, UND in Grand Forks, and Minot State College after which he entered the service, where he was 2nd Lt. in the Air Force.

He married Aileen Fagerlund of Rolla, N.D. on September 13, 1953. They lived in California for a few years where he taught school. In July 1958, they had come home on a vacation trip when Alfred died so suddenly, so they decided to remain in N.D. and took over the farm for a few years. Duane then returned to teaching and was elementary principal in the Rolla School for a few years. Then they moved to Grand Forks, and he was Executive Secretary for the Shriners for many years. Duane and Aileen have two children, Brett, married to Valerie Trader, lives in Apache Junction, Arizona, and Kathleen, Married to Frederick Fields, lives in Minneapolis.

At this writing, 1983, Goldie has a home in Rolla, where she resides, and Duane lives in Apache Junction, AZ.

By Edna Hoyhtya

## OTTO A. HERRALA

According to my birth certificate, I was born September 7, 1911, on a farm north of Perth, N.D., known as the Taylor farm. The house there really was a log house, logs from the Turtle Mountain forest. Many did not know it to be a log house, as years later a lumber siding was placed on it. A new house was later built on the farm, and the old one converted into a grainery.

It was around 1917, that we moved to another farm which was about one half mile northeast of the Finnish Cemetery.

I remember the 1917-18 flu, first known influenza. We were all so sick, including Mother and Dad. We sisters and brothers normally slept upstairs, but due to illness we were all laying on the floors downstairs. I remember a doctor coming to our place late at night and giving each one a white pill, perhaps aspirin.

The first year of school, I attended was at Mount View, located at the northeast corner of the Perth road and the Finnish Cemetery Road. We walked to school, and I didn't know how to speak a word of English. Mrs. Hector Turcott was the teacher. She understood the situation and did a good job of getting me to read, speak and scribble English. Later we moved to Monroe Township where I attended Monroe School through the 8th grade.

Farming was done with horses, so as I grew up, I had to learn to ride to herd cattle. That was after threshing. The cattle were turned out of pasture to feed on fields, almost like open range. There were also work horses in fields, plows, harrows and all that. This was life on the farm.

In 1923, when our second house burned, I was age 12, the oldest one at home. I guess it about 9:30 or 10:00 PM when lightening struck the house. Brother David, sisters Senia, Edna, Aune and I were home. I stayed in Mother and Dad's bedroom with the others as the thunder and lightning storm was very severe, and we were all scared. The lightning came through the phone on the wall. Very rapidly the whole wall was on fire. I grabbed David and Senia by the wrists and dragged them through the room that was on fire. It was raining and raining, so we went to the barn. I placed David in a large feed sack up to his neck. He later said that the oats, perhaps wild oats, were sticking him all over. He had but small night pants on.

We went to the Falls' farm, and they let us in. Then Wayne Falls got on a horse and rode to tell the folks who were at a farm not far, having or attending church a meeting. The neighbors and people from all over had good hearts and brought food and clothing

In the fall of 1923, we moved back to the Taylor farm. I remember Dad and we boys trying to get the Model T Ford started, a car Dad had purchased a few months earlier. We were not any too familiar as to how it should have been winterized and perhaps there wasn't even any thinner oil and antifreeze available. Dad was so disgusted he said he would drive it in the slew (water hole) and fill it with rocks. I told him that we would have to get it started first!

I had finished the 8th grade and was busy on the farm. As I mentioned earlier, in the the fall of the year after crop threshing, the cattle were turned out to feed on open range. Horses also were turned loose, pretty much to feed on remnants of the grain fields. Dad took good care of the horses, so the horses were quite good about coming home in the evenings for water, oats, and salt. There was a time they strayed away though, and were gone for six weeks. I rode horseback looking for them, and I went as far as near Rolla,

Mylo, Perth and east near Rock Lake. It was finally decided to have an ad placed in the Cando Herald paper, and then a few days later the horses came home from the east. It was anybody's guess as to where they had been.

Recalling back to the time of 1917 and 1918, the flu epidemic, there were a few phones in the country, I guess, but we had none, so communication was only word of mouth or mail. There were no mail routes, but mail had to be picked up from the Perth post office. There were so many deaths and funerals, we would look out the window and see people and activity at the cemetery. We would talk about it, and wonder who has died now. The cemetery was only a half mile away. There were very sad times everywhere.

It was 1922, I believe, when we were living on the Matt Koski farm near the Perth Road, (the place where the two house fires burned the houses to the ground) that the first mail route was established. It had to be in the winter time, as we were all waiting for the mailman for the first time. The mailman was Charlie Dodge. At about 11:00 AM he was coming from the Perth direction with a horse drawn, canvas covered enclosure (we called it a hack). He stopped and left mail at our box as he had done for the others, then went on his way. Everyone wanted to get the mail! I don't remember how it was determined who did get to go after the mail.

The hack we went to school in had a small stove for warmth, but the U.S. fire ordinance prohibited the mail hack from having a stove, so the mailman just had to make the best of it and dress warm enough.

I had finished the 8th grade at Monroe school, and the school route was in our hands, agreed to by the Township. Sealed bids were issued to the Township. There was only sister Marian and brother David left on the route. In the fall and spring I often got to use the Model T Ford on the school route, but in the wintertime it was horses, and this hack with a small stove in it. I got a taste of many bad storms often taking the kids to school in the mornings, but as the storms got worse, I'd have to bring the kids back again, because like I mentioned earlier, we had no phone or radio for forecasts.

In the summertime we would swim a lot in the coolie water holes. Young, and some older folks as well, would come to swim from near and farther neighborhoods.

The 1930's depression years, were bad years, and a drought took place besides about the same time. Dad had given me a cow to sell and said I could have the money it would bring. Dad also had a cow he wanted to sell. We had no truck to transport animals, so I loaded the cows into a grain box on a wagon and hauled them to Rock Lake, a trip of about 15 miles one way. There I learned there was not going to be any shipment, because not enough cattle were listed to fill a cattle car on the railroad! So I brought the cows back home. A week later I loaded the cows again, and delivered them to Rock Lake. All total, I drove 45 miles with the cattle in the grain box, and 15 miles with the box empty. In other words, 60 miles. Dad's cow brought \$1.86 and mine brought \$5.00.

Time went on. In 1941 I went to California, enrolled in the Pacific Aircraft Training School, and after graduating went to work for North American Aviation, building bomber and fighter planes for the war. I worked on planes that were the first planes to ever bomb Japan. Also, I was a supervisor over 40 girls. Due to an injury in my eye, I was rejected from the Army Service, at Fort Snelling in the Twin Cities. Later I joined the California State Guard, and served three nights a week and every other weekend for six years, and rose the rank of a Sergeant.

I still had some farming in my blood, so when the war ended, I tried my hand at it in



Minnesota, having dairy cattle. But, I soon learned that I wasn't a farmer anymore. By the way, I had married in California. I gave up the dairy farm, and got a job with Republic Steel in the large open mines at Hibbing, MN.

Here, I will turn the calendar back to 1928 when I chauffeured the 1928 Chevy to Michigan for Dad and Mother. Dad was not very familiar with driving a shift car. He had only driven a Model T Ford. At home on the farm remained Heino, Alfred and a hired man. They were plowing summer fallow with three five horse plows.

The hired man was quite a joker. A day or two before we were to arrive home from the Michigan trip, he had taken red chalk, and drawn big red rings around the horses eyes. The black horses had white chalk around the eyes. Dad had a very odd and surprised look on his face trying to figure out what it was all about!

By 1937 there wasn't but some farm chore work on the farm so I ventured on to Chicago where I first worked for a landscaping contractor for a few months, then Bendix Radio for two years.

1950 found me in Minnesota, driving a huge off highway truck, married and father of one daughter. I decided to make a move since I didn't want to make a career of driving the big trucks. Instead I had a desire to build them. So I moved with my wife and child to Peoria, Illinois, where I bought a home, and worked at building heavy earth moving equipment for 26 years. I retired in 1976.

I have two grandchildren living in the Peoria area. I still go swimming often in indoor pools and paddle away like I learned in the prairie puddles. Everything changes, and time waits for no man.

By Otto A. Herrala

## AUNE (HERRALA) ANDERSON

My name is Aune Anderson, and I am the seventh of the children of Otto and Lydia Herrala. There were 11 of us in the family, six girls and five boys. At this writing, four boys and one girl have passed away, as well as the parents, Otto and Lydia.

I was born on a new farm near Perth, N.D., August 20, 1913. I went to the country school known as Monroe, located between our farm and the town of Perth. Those school days were happy days, even though it was far from home. In the winter we would be taken to school by sleigh, and often times we'd spend a night at some of our friends' homes. I remember being very lonesome the first time I went for a night, but then knowing I'd be home the next evening was a consolation. When I first entered school, I could not speak any English, but I feel happy now in later years that I learned Finnish very young. My best girlfriend, Nellie York, often teased me later reminding me that no matter what her question to me would be, my answer was "Yes" or "No", whether it fit the question or not! But, those were the only two English words I knew at first.

Work on the farm was difficult. As a teenager, I hauled grain to town with a team of horses, and sometimes it seemed it was an all day job, as I did not dare to drive fast. My brothers used to tease me when I had a load, and they made the team go faster because it frightened me! I also used to drive a plow with five horses abreast, and I'd help at haying time. We had cows to milk, and I'd often haul the cream to town when the milk was separated. I drove an old Model T car, which often was difficult to start, but I would jack it up, crank it, and away it started! After the day's work was done, the outside steam bath (sauna) was warmed, ready to wash up and relax. That was a treat!

Often times I'd be called to help at the neighbors. They had a lot of boys who worked out in the field, and only one little girl who was not old enough to help with dishes and small house chores, so I would go help when asked. At that time, I was the oldest girl at home, my older sisters having left to work in the cities, so I was called back home to be housekeeper. Apparently because I was the oldest, Mother depended on me. Baking bread was a "Must", and one day I decided to make a BIG batch, thinking then I wouldn't have to bake again for a few days. But as it happened, I forgot to put in the yeast! Well, well, didn't the brothers again have a big chuckle about that when they saw how badly I felt. It was a good chance for them to tease me again, so they told me to just go ahead and put the yeast in the bottom of the pan, and it would push the dough up! But I knew better than that. Of course the entire batch of dough was a big flop, but I did make another batch as soon as I got over the disappointment.

The Munro Hotel in Rolla, was my place of employment for one winter in my later teens. After working there, I came home for the summer to help on the farm.

By this time I was getting to the age of thinking of going to the cities to work, as most of the girls were doing, but before I would have left, my parents had company from Detroit. This particular summer (I believe it was 1934), the visitors were people who had been close friends of my parents when they were both young married couples living in Upper Michigan. My parents had since moved west, and this couple had moved to Detroit, and each had lost track of the other for a number of years. Somehow later they again got into contact, and it was a happy occasion when they met once more. I guess I had mentioned about going on the Minneapolis or some city that fall to work, so when they were about to leave they asked me to come along with them to Detroit. This I decided to do, and I ended up marrying one of their sons. I worked for about a year after I had arrived in Detroit, and even went back home for a while when Mother had a stroke. I then came back to Detroit and was married to Eugene Anderson in 1936. We have three children, Glenda, Lenida and Russell, and all are now married.

Eugene passed away in 1972 after a long illness. My home has been in Berkley, Michigan for the last 15 years. I now have eight grandchildren, the oldest being 21, and the youngest two.

Perhaps because Aune is such a typical Finnish name, and may sound unusual to some people, I am often called Ann or Annie, but I prefer being called Aune, as my oldest sister's name is Anna.

Of the experiences in early life, one distinctly stands out in my mind, the house fire we had where everything was destroyed, except the clothes on our backs. Brother Otto, the oldest child at home at the time, was about age 14. I was 12. We carried the younger ones out of the house, so fortunately no lives were lost. My parents were gone to church services at the time, and I always remember Mother being most happy over the fact that we all got out safely.

There would be many other experiences to relate, but so much for now.

By Aune Anderson

## EDNA (HERRALA) HOYHTYA

The 8th in the family of Otto and Lydia (Koski) Herrala, my arrival in this world was December 1, 1915, in a farmhouse north of Perth, N.D. The reason I was named Edna, was that our mother and a Norwegian neighbor lady were good friends, and these people also had a daughter named Edna, so Mother wanted that name for their new girl arrival too! That Edna is now Mrs. Howard Walsh of Rolette, N.D.

Incidentally, it happened that in later years the place where I was born turned out to be my own family's home also, where we lived when our children were born, and that is where they grew up too, although of course by that time we went into hospitals for our babies' births. Our three youngest children were born in the Rolla, N.D. hospital, our oldest child in Minnesota.

Back to my own early years, I started school at the Monroe School when I was four years old, a few months short of being five. Older ones in the family were attending school, so I guess I was just sent along with the rest of them. I remember very little about the first two or three years of school, except that my first teacher was Margaret (Berg) Lindberg. We were taken to and from school in a covered vehicle called a "School hack," which was pulled by a team of horses. This vehicle was on wagon wheels in the spring and fall, and on a sleigh in snow. Dad and the older boys would start a fire in the little stove inside the hack earlier in the morning so it would be warm.

A tragic event which I do remember vividly, perhaps related by others too, was on a cold December morning in 1919 while Father was away on a preaching mission. Our home burned, caused by an overheated chimney. Mother hurriedly rang the "General ring" on the party line telephone, which was four long rings, and this meant that everyone on the line was to pick up the receiver. I assume that is how word spread, although she barely rang it and shouted, "Our hose is on fire!" I was sitting on the floor lacing my high top shoes when my sister Melma grabbed me from the back and carried me to the warm "Hack." But I had one shoe off yet! As neighbors arrived, they'd come to the hack to console us little ones, and all I could think of was to say, "Ask Mother if she can get my other shoe." Of course she couldn't, and that was a small matter compared to the rest of the loss, as we lost everything on the second floor and most everything from the lower level. Sister Aune had already gotten both her shoes and overshoes on, so her shoes were put on my feet, although too large, and she had to clomp around in her overshoes! The rest of the events, I'm sure, are related by others. At that time we lived on what is now the Walfred Halone farm

On June 21, 1924, another house in the same farmyard which we lived in then, was struck by lightning and burned, and every item was lost. That is also related by others. After this fire, I remember Mother saying to Dad, "Not even a spoon is left," to which Dad replied, "Neither is there anything left to use a spoon for!" The rest of that summer we lived in a borrowed "Cook car" and a three partition grainery. In the fall we exchanged places with the Andrew Johnson's. Our family moved one mile west of that place, which was then known as the James Taylor farm, as it had a house. Andrew Johnson's came to live on the farm where the houses had burned, and they had a house moved on to it.

In the early 1920's the trips to Perth for necessities were made with a horse and buggy. Mother would go about once a week, and we little ones could take turns in making the trip with her. She'd take in a can of cream to sell, buy groceries and other necessities, as the stores were "General stores," and she'd visit friends, as at that time many of their friends lived in Perth. What a delightful trip that was for us kids!

Dad bought his first car in 1923, a Model T Ford, from a car dealer in Perth (Carl Berg).

Buying the car was a big decision to make. Finally, he said, "I guess we'll buy this car, but this will be the only car I'll ever buy." He had never driven a car so he had to be shown how to operate it. Cars had begun to come into the neighborhood, so the older boys were more familiar with them, and learning to drive came easily. Oh what a thrill it was for us younger kids to go and just sit in the car and pretend we were going on a trip!

In 1925, Mother had been having sick spells and had been doctoring, then finally had to go for surgery for gall stones. The surgery was done by Dr. Sihler in the General Hospital in Devils Lake. She was in the hospital four weeks. Dad and some others of the family would go visit her once or twice a week, and it was an all day, a long day's trip to Devils Lake and back, about 80 miles away. But the Model T didn't go very fast. They would take lunch along as restaurant eating wasn't common then. There were so many to take turns to go on these trips, so my turn never did come, but we were all might happy to have Mother home after four weeks.

When Dad bought the car, his comments about this being the only car he'd ever buy brought chuckles to several acquaintances, and they commented in return that this remains to be seen. This was progress and a new era, and they told him that once he has owned and driven a car, he'll never be without one which certainly proved to be true, as he traded and owned many many new cars, made many long trips, and drove a car until his last days. On his last days he drove over to our place from his home in Rock Lake, where he had lived since his second wife died in 1956. After her death, he moved back from Minneapolis and lived with us a few months, and then moved into the little house they owned in Rock Lake. He lived there for four years. On that particular day he drove to our place and said he had chest pains. I said, "We must go to the doctor immediately," which we did. I took him to the doctor and then to the hospital. His heart was failing and he lived only 10 days. He died September 22, 1960 at age 82.

Back to the 1920's. School years went on, and I graduated from grade 8 in Monroe school in 1928. There were different teachers in between, and it happened that my 8th grade teacher again was Margaret Berg Lindberg.

In the fall of 1928, I started high school in Rolla, staying the first year at the Peter Juntunen home, not realizing then that later their daughter, Vieno, would become my sister-in-law as she married brother Heino. The other three years, I stayed at the William Juntunen home for my room and board, helping with the housework and "Baby sitting" when needed, as they had two small children, Bill and Beverly.

These years we had also studied the Catechism in the Finnish language, and each summer a two week Confirmation school was held at the country Apostolic Lutheran Church north of Perth. In the summer of 1930, I attended this class conducted by Rev. Matt Kakela. Cars were slower, so a friend, Violet Hendrickson (Savaloja) whose home was about 18 miles from us, stayed at our place and attended this class with me. We walked the two and one half miles to the church and back every day, and carried sack lunches. Classes were large so we had fun at noon hour and recess. In 1952 the congregation decided to have a church in town, which was becoming a more common thing as transportation was more modern. So the old Presbyterian Church building in Rolla was bought (the Presbyterians built a new church), and the little country church was moved away. I graduated from Rolla High School in 1932 at age 16. About that time my future husband, Bill (William Hoyhtya) had come from Minnesota to work at the farm of his uncle Andrew Johnson (Niemonen) and his wife Hannah, who were our neighbors and which is how we met. We were married on July 12, 1933.

Those were the days of the Great Depression when Herbert Hoover had been President, but as no surprise, he was badly defeated after one term, and Franklin D.

Roosevelt was elected President. Roosevelt took things in hand and made a turn around, saving a lot of people from starvation. Besides providing jobs for people, his administration started a "Farm Program," which brought some "Allotment checks" for farmers. This was really a big help, as farm produce had been bringing in almost nothing. During the F.D.R. administration, the Social Security program was begun.

Bill and I lived in Baudette, Minnesota the first two years, where Bill was doing logging work. Our daughter Helen was born there on January 16, 1935. Back in North Dakota one morning in August 1935, my mother suffered a severe stroke in the midst of mixing bread dough. She was paralyzed and mostly bedridden and lost her speech, later learning only four or five words. By this time most of the family was married and gone to their own homes, except for David and Marian, who were still at home and in elementary school. As we weren't really tied up with anything in particular, Dad suggested we come to be with them to take care of Mother. Helen was about 11 month old when we went to live with them. Mother never recovered much, and had several spells. On May 13, 1936, about 5:00 PM, I had helped her from her chair to sit on the edge of the bed and told Marian to keep an eye on her needs while I went to the outdoor biffy, which we called "Mrs. Jones' house. suddenly she yelled out to me, "Edna, come quickly!" I ran in, and Mother had laid backward on the bed and we realized the end was near. Dad had just come to the barn with his horses, having just finished the seeding for that spring. I called to him to also come quickly. He rushed in and we stood beside her bed as her life ended.

Aune and her husband Eugene had come from Detroit, Michigan, only the day before to see Mother as she had seemed to be weakening, and sister Melma Doucette had come from Devils Lake. The three of them had gone to brother Alfred and Goldie's home that afternoon to do a big washing for us, as Alfred's had a power washer and we did not. In those days we had no electricity, and we did our washing by hand on the washboard, boiler, hand wringer, and such. They returned from Alfred's a few minutes after Mother died.

Years rolled by and we continued to stay on the farm and eventually we bought the place. Dad married Lydia Raisanen, and they moved to Minneapolis to live. David entered the US Army, and while in the service married Eileen Juntunen, and Marian married Reno Juntunen.

Our son James (Jim) was born June 10, 1942. Linda was born May 7, 1944, and Judith was born July 30, 1945.

In 1951 REA (rural electricity) came to the farms, which was a dream come true. That is a story in itself! We farmed there until 1973, when we rented out the land, retired, and moved into a house we had bought in Rolla, as Bill had a heart problem, and besides had reached retirement age. Life had been good.

In 1980, Bill's heart started failing, and in January 1981, he went to St. Luke's Hospital in Fargo for by-pass surgery from which he never awoke. Two weeks later, Jan. 27, 1981, he slept away.

At this writing, December 1982, Helen (Mrs. Richard Gailfus) lives in Bloomington, MN. They have two children, Ann Marie and Dan. Jim, his wife Pat and their two children Eric and Rachel, live in Aurora, CO, a suburb of Denver. Linda Michaelis and two sons Tom and Jeff live in Bloomington, MN. Judy, her husband Harry Kilts and three children, Steven, Angela and James live in Madison, WI. I live alone in Rolla.

By Edna Hoyhtya

## SENIA (HERRALA) HALONE

I, Senia Lydia Halone, was born December 27, 1918, shortly after World War I, the ninth child in the family. I was born on a farm northeast of the Finnish Apostolic cemetery, known as the Wilson farm. As told to me, Mother had been very ill with the flu which was going around right after the war. I was born a twin, and my brother was dead at birth.

I will mention some of the incidents I can recall of my childhood days. I can remember when the last house burned down, as other have related in this family history. Mother had made me a rag doll which I called "Appi," and that burned. That is the only doll I can recall ever having had. Also sister Edna and I had gotten new patent leather slippers, quite a change from our high top shoes! We were so proud of them and we would sneak away and try them on. They were black and shiny and had been bought for church for brother Alfred's Confirmation. Everything was destroyed in the fire.

I remember the day sister Marian was born, January 27, 1924. I was six years old at the time. Mother very ill. The weather was cold and there was a lot of snow. Dr. Verret came from Rolla with some kind of a snow machine, and the older brothers and sisters told us the doctor was going to put Mother to sleep. So sister Edna and I were outdoors, with our ears to the bedroom wall where Mother was in bed, thinking the doctor would sing her lullabies to put her to sleep! We were young and innocent, and as told in later years, we almost lost Mother. But the doctor was able to save both Mother and baby, for in those days, I guess, they didn't have a doctor for childbirth, just a midwife. At that time we lived on what is now the Walfred Halone farm.

I can somewhat remember when we moved then to the farm west of the place that burned. Seemed like such a huge house after we'd lived most of the summer where we had a cook car for eating, and a grainery for sleeping.

Being from a large family, there was always plenty of work for all of us. What time there was to play, we had to make our own fun, such as cutting paper dolls from old catalogs. In the summertime we made mud pies in our homemade play house. In winter we'd slide with a grain shovel down the coulee banks, as there was a coulee not far from the yard, and we tried making skis from old wooden barrels. With brother David, who was younger than I, we'd go to the pen where the pigs were. There was a straw pile not too far from there, and we'd let the pigs loose, then jump on their backs. The pigs would run to the straw pile. We'd sure catch it from our dad when he caught us doing that!

Folks would raise a large garden, and we would have to help care for that. Always lots of potatoes. We would have to pick the potato bugs off by hand and drop them into a small can, which had either water or kerosene in. We also had to poison gophers. We'd walk in the pastures etc. with poisoned oats, and put some in the gopher holes. Also, we had to work in the hay fields, and shock grain at harvest time. There were always cows to milk. Sometimes those buckets of milk seemed so heavy, and the house looked far from the barn, especially in winter when it was cold. There was always wood to carry in, ashes to haul out.

I went through eight grades of school at Monroe School. I wanted to go on to high school so badly, but the folks couldn't afford it, and I was needed at home.

When I was nine years old, I worked for our neighbors (Henry Mickelsons) for two weeks. Edna Lilja (who made her home with them) and I would milk 14 cows (it was summertime), do the barn chores, and house work, and take care of the young children, as Mrs. Mickelson was sick. I got paid \$4.00 for two weeks wages. With that money Mother bought material, and made me new dresses for school.

I used to stay a lot with my older sister Anna Neva, and help her with the children and housework. In the early 30's, I also stayed with sister Melma and Herman Doucette, in Devils Lake. One time I stayed there for six months. Herman was a barber, and had a small shop downtown. Times were hard. He would get 25¢ for a haircut. Melma worked at the Fairmont Creamery in the wintertime plucking turkeys. I'm sure her wages weren't much either. I took care of their son Bob. He was only three years old. I was 13 or 14. My duties were to do dishes, clean house in the mornings when they left for work, then start the noon meal which sister Melma would finish when she got home. Also, I did some chores in the afternoon They would give me spending money, 25¢ or 50¢ now and then.

Sister Melma was a good seamstress, so she would make me new dresses. In winter evenings when it was dark, Herman, along with some other men, would go and walk along the railroad tracks picking up chunks of coal that had fallen from box cars, and he'd bring them home. Every little chunk of coal helped. One time Melma was in the hospital. She had told me to make a pork roast for Sunday dinner, which I did. I thought I was pretty grown up, and I also made mashed potatoes and gravy. I guess I had never before made roast gravy, but make it I did! When Herman and I sat down to eat, I passed him the gravy. He took one look and said, "Thanks, but I'll put butter on my potatoes." I still get a little chuckle every time it enters my mind. Apparently the gravy didn't look very appetizing.

I often had to go help older ones to baby-sit, etc. One winter, perhaps I was 10 years old or younger, on a Friday after school, I went to sister Anna's for the weekend. They lived northeast of the Finnish Apostolic Cemetery, about three and one-half miles from home. I had to walk there.

It was cold and there was lots of snow, and it was past 4:00 PM before I got started. By the time I waded through snow up to my knees, it was getting dark and I was surely hungry. On the way I stopped at Hemming's, about half way to my destination. They (Mr. and Mrs. Hemming) were my godparents. They were having supper and asked me to eat with them, which I didn't refuse. I never liked "Green tomato pickles", but there were some on the table and I was so hungry I even ate some of them. They even tasted good! By that time it was dark and I knew I had to leave, but to get to my destination, I had to walk past the cemetery, and I was afraid! Didn't know what to do. I took off walking and crying to myself. So I stopped at the next neighbor (Oscar Berg's) about one mile away and pretended I was lost, though I had to go out of my way to get there. So, Mrs. Berg had her sons hitch the horses to the sleigh and take me the rest of the way. I was a mighty happy girl!

When going to Monroe School in the wintertime, we rode the school hack. The driver would pick up other children along the way. On the way home we would toast our "Left over bread" from our lunch pails (which were syrup pails) on a small "Pot belly stove" (wood stove) that was in the hack, and we would ride the runners on the sleigh.

Recalling one winter, it had been cold for so long, and there was so much snow. I was through school by then. We hadn't seen anyone outside of our own family for so long. Sister Edna, brother Heino and wife Vieno (Heino and Vieno were staying at my home at that time) decided we would walk to Hjalmer Juntunen's that day, a distance of about four miles or so. So, after morning chores were done, we bundled up, put on boy's overalls (no women's slack or snow suits in those days), and took off walking about 9:00 AM. There wasn't much for roads. What there was, you couldn't see for the snow. We walked across fields, and the snow was soft and deep. Sometimes we would be waist deep in snow and would have to crawl on our hands and knees over the snow banks. It was 1:00 PM when we got there. Mrs. Juntunen made us lunch and we were mighty hungry too.



We spent one hour there, then headed back home through the same waist deep snow. We had long black coats with big fur collars, and one of the neighbors along the way had seen us crawling over the big banks. At first he thought we were bears and almost took a shot at us! Weren't we lucky! Again, it was dark when we got home. Others had milked the cows and done chores. Mother had supper ready. We were satisfied to eat and go to bed, and didn't want to go visiting again for a while. Mostly in those days if we younger ones wished to go visit neighbors or anyone, we walked.

There was a time when I had to stay with our cousin Annie Parvey. (They lived south of Hansboro). I was 12 years old, and she was expecting her third child. It was harvest time, and her husband worked on a threshing crew. When the threshers had a straw stack, sometimes a mile or so away, we carried an old copper wash boiler and a piece of screen to the straw pile, and we'd sift the chaff off the screenings, put the screenings in the boiler, and carry it back home. When her husband, Art, would come home, he would take it to the grain elevator in Hansboro for which they would get a dollar or two. They couldn't afford to pay me wages, and it was lonely there. But Mother and Dad would come there sometimes. It was a long way from home. Mother would give me a dime, and Art's sister Mayme, who was my age and lived not too far away, would come over on a horse, and the two of us would ride to Hansboro. She usually had a dime also. So with that dime, we could each get two packages of gum. Looking back to those days, seemed like everyone was poor. There was not much money, no luxuries. But, we didn't know anything different. Everyone lived alike, and people helped one another.

At age 14, I went to Confirmation at the Apostolic Lutheran Church. It was held for two weeks in June. Rev. Matt Kakela was the minister. The church was about three miles or so from home. We had to walk to the church, carrying our lunches along. Other students, who lived farther away from the church, would come and stay at our place, and we would walk together. Classes were all in the Finnish language. We would get new clothes for Confirmation day, and the day before Confirmation was a big day. The church floor was bare boards, and there were wooden high back chairs. The boys would bring the water into the church, and we would all get on our hands and knees. The floor and chairs had to be scrubbed white. On Confirmation Day, the church was full of people.

I guess I just always knew my husband, John Halone. His folks and mine went to the same church, and would visit back and forth, and as I grew older, I knew he was the man in my life. We dated for almost a year before we got married. On November 27, 1935, John picked me up from my home. It was the day before Thanksgiving, cold and lots of snow, and the roads were blocked. We had to drive through fields whenever there was a clearing. We left in the forenoon with my Dad and William Tuomala (John's aunt's husband) as witnesses, and we were married before Judge Ness in Cando, N.D. We brought Dad and William back home, and then drove to Devils Lake and spent the night with sister Melma and Herman. We didn't have money to have wedding pictures taken. I had only \$5.00, so I got married in an old dress. But in Devils Lake, I bought a new dress and hat. I suppose the dress cost around \$2.00 and the hat 50¢. John had to borrow \$30.00 from his brother. On Thanksgiving Day, we drove back to my home. It took a long time to get there as it was drifting snow. Thanksgiving dinner had already been eaten at my home, so I made us some left overs, took my few belongings, and we went to John's home, which was three miles north of my home. John lived there with his widowed mother.

In the evening, the neighbors gave us a chivari. John's mother, Saima Halone and his grandmother, Cecelia Tapanila (who made her home with them) knew there was a gang coming, so they were busy baking cakes to serve the gang. It was a long hard cold winter. John had to be out almost all day long, as there was a large herd of cattle. I was young and would get lonesome for my parents, for Mother especially, as she was an

invalid. Sometimes I would catch a ride in a school hack from a school close by, and ride as far as Henry Mickelson's, and from there, their hired man would take me with the stoneboat and horse to my folks. I would spend a few days at home, then Dad would take me to Halones again, as I was lonesome for John.

On March 4, 1936, we moved to a farm three miles north of John's home where John's mother had cattle over the winter. There was no house on the place, only an old cook car which once had been used to feed threshers. It was all unfinished on the inside and only tar paper on the outside. When we left from John's home, we moved in a hayrack as roads were blocked. Our possessions included a bed and a few wedding presents. John's mother stood at the door and waved to us. Her youngest son now left home. He was the last to leave. But the "cook shack" was heaven to us. John's mother gave us food to get by on. There was an old wood burning heater and a "tip top" laundry stove to cook on. A shelf was built on the wall for a table to eat from. In one corner were shelves for food and dishes. It was cold. Some mornings, we'd awake to small snow banks on the bed. We had only \$10.00, but with that we got a small linoleum on the floor and some material for curtains for the windows. John's mother gave us 10 milk cows. In the spring when the cows calved, we began milking cows and bought a DeLavel cream separator on monthly payments, which were made from the money from our cream checks. But we were young, healthy and happy! And, as we got money, we finished the cook shack from the inside, added a small kitchen and porch, got a regular kitchen range, and cupboard.

John had a threshing crew, and at harvest time I would cook for 18 to 20 men, feeding them so many at a time in our little shack. One spring, it was a rather chilly day, and brother Otto was working for us. We were laying a new linoleum in the kitchen. A fire was going in the oil burning space heater in the other room. Soon we noticed the roof on fire. Otto told John, "You'd better go put out the fire", and John said, "I haven't got time, I have to put this rug on the floor!" But it did get put out before it went too far.

One spring we got 50 baby chicks by mail order. At that time we did not have a brooder house, but had boxes to keep them in for a few days. There were also a lot of rats around the place, because it had been vacant for so many years. One evening we went to visit my home. We had the chicks in their boxes, and had put them on chairs by the heater and covered them up. We weren't gone very long, but when we came home, the boxes were upside down and all the chicks gone! Rats had gotten all of them! We finally got the rats under control.

On September 4, 1940, our baby daughter was born at the Rolla Hospital. We names her Doreen, and we were so happy with our baby, John especially as he came from a family of three boys. But, she passed away on September 7. That was a sad time for us.

In March of 1941, I had to have gall bladder surgery. The roads were blocked ,but we kept our car at a neighbor's place closer to the highway. John took me to the car with horses, and from there we got to town with the car.

In the fall of 1941, we moved a garage from John's home on to the place. We hired a carpenter, dug a cellar, and had the inside of our house finished into two bedrooms, a living room, and kitchen. We also had cupboards built. It seemed at first we were lost with so much room. The neighbors gave us a house warming party. We had moved into the house in November, and in the spring the men dug a cistern close to the house, and we had a pump beside the kitchen sink. We would fill the cistern with water from the well. It was great not to have to carry every drop of water into the house.

On December 22, 1942, our son John David was born. He was John Halone the 4th. We named him David, as my youngest brother David was in the service at that time. Our second son, Terrence Keith, was born April 11, 1947. Both boys were born caesarean.

John Jr. married Pamela Mundy July 1, 1962. They have three sons. Jon Mark, born June 15, 1963, Kevin Raymond, born March 24, 1965, and Steven James, born May 29, 1967. We enjoyed the years our grandsons were growing up, as we have lived close together. Not far apart.

Terrence (Terry) married Constance Johnson April 19, 1969, in Bloomington, MN. They have one daughter, Alisa Michelle, born March 1, 1973. We have also enjoyed having a granddaughter, even though miles have kept us apart, but we manage to see each other at least twice a year.

John Jr. has been farming with us since he got married with the help of his sons and wife. We recently turned the farming over to him.

Terry is a hair stylist in Minneapolis, MN.

As a Finnish custom, we have always had a sauna (steam bath) on our farm, and have had people from all walks of life over for a sauna, from doctors to lawyers, bankers, and even the King of Figi Islands. If those walls could talk, they would have lots of stories to tell.

In November 1980, our family had open house for us at the Rolla Methodist Church honoring us on our 45th wedding anniversary. Over 100 people attended, and it was an occasion we shall always remember.

We still live on the same farm and have added more to our house, and now have all the modern conveniences as city folks do. We are considered retired, but still give a hand in farming when needed. We enjoy gardening and keeping up the huge yard. We also have a cabin at Lake Upsilon, where we spend much time during summer months.

We hope we can continue to live on the farm for years to come. We've shared in sadness and in joy. Most of the neighbors have moved away and others passed on.

We Herralas have been a close family, and still miss sister Melma and the brothers and brother-in-law who have passed on.

By Senia Halone

## DAVID HERRALA

Dave and I met when attending Confirmation School near Perth, N.D. He was a mischievous young boy, always thinking of ways to tease someone. From then on we saw each other over the years.

In 1941, Dave and his brother Otto went to California to attend aerospace school, and attempted to find work. They were there at the time Pearl Harbor was bombed, and our country entered World War II. Dave was unable to find work in the aerospace field, as he was of draft age and could be called into the service at any time.

He returned to his home in Perth in June 1942, and entered active service in August of that year at Ft. Snelling, MN. He went through basic training in Kansas, and from there was sent to Kedley Field, Texas, for further training. He served as a military policeman, and performed a lot of guard duty.

In November 1943, Dave came home on leave, and we were married on November 23, at my farm home. Several days later he had to leave for camp again. I stayed at home to help Dad as my Mother was ill at the Sanitarium. But that winter I did go to Texas for a short stay with him. Dave also was based at Keesler, WA, and received his discharge in January 1946 at Lowry Field, Colorado. Several time he was listed for overseas duty, but orders were changed, and he remained in the States his entire service period.

He arrived in Rolla by train on a cold Sunday in January. All roads were blocked with snow, and travel was by horse and sleigh. He found a ride to the farm with Ernie Johnson and walked the rest of the way to my Dad's farm.

We continued to live with my Dad, and help with the work the rest of that winter and the following summer. In the fall of 1946, we rented a farm near Perth and moved there to make our first home. We didn't have much in the line of furniture, so the relatives gave us odds and ends, and we bought a few more used pieces of furniture that we needed. We bought a few head of cattle, and the relatives again pitched in and gave us a cow or calf, and so we started milking cows and selling cream to help pay for groceries and other expenses.

That spring, Dave got sick with a sore throat and one evening was unable to help with chores. We had been having a difficult time getting some of the cows into the barn for milking, and sometimes Dave would take our old Model A car and chase them in. I decided to do the same thing this particular evening, but the Model A didn't have any brakes, and I was unable to stop when one of the cows stopped. I drove right into her hind leg and broke it! Only thing to do call the butcher from town. He came out and dressed the beef. Dave's sore throat got much worse, and he had to go to the hospital. While he was there, the baby chicks we had ordered earlier arrived. He hadn't had time to prepare a place for them outside, so I had to feed and care for them in the house. One afternoon when I was going to the hospital to visit Dave, I had fed the chicks and put them back into their boxes, and made sure they wouldn't get cold, then I got a nice fire going in the kitchen range and covered the chicks. When I came home later that day, all but a half dozen or so chicks had suffocated!

In the fall of 1947, we rented Saima Halone's farm east of Rolla. There we had more land to farm, and Dave worked a lot with is brother-in-law, John Halone, using each other's machinery.

We had winters where all roads would get blocked with snow for several months. The

men would go to town by horse and sleigh to sell the cream and buy groceries and other necessities. It would be an all day trip. They would also pick up the mail. In between times the mail might be delivered by airplane. Farmers would be alerted beforehand to watch for mail drops.

One winter, John hurt his knee, and it was difficult for him to get Johnny to school. We lived closer to the country school than John and Senia, so Johnny came to stay with us. Also, two of my brothers, Fred and Dale came to stay. It was too cold for them to walk the one mile from our place to the school, so Dave found a way to take them. He covered an old stoneboat with an old blanket and boards for the ends. This he would hook up to his team of horses and off they would go.

On August 2, 1952, a tiny bundle arrived. Just what we had hoped and waited for for so many years. We named him Randall David, and he became the master of our household, keeping us awake nights and sleeping days until he was about three months old. It was a difficult time and a big change for us having to get up in the morning for chores and field work with little sleep.

Shortly after, we were saddened by the loss of two infant babies, a little girl, Karin Jeanine, and a little boy, Kevin Charles.

We struggled on the farm with many crop failures, due to weather conditions. In the fall of 1956, we decided to go to Seattle, WA for the winter months. Dave was going to go find a job with Boeing Corporation. We arrived in Seattle on December 1, and Dave started work shortly after. We were able to rent an old house, and my brother Melvin came to stay with us. He also worked for Boeing.

In March 1957, we planned on leaving to go back to the farm. On the Saturday before we were to leave, Dave awoke not feeling well. He had planned on driving to Kirkland, WA, to visit our farm landlord, Ted Halone. While there he became more ill, and they called a doctor, and he was rushed to the hospital. That day, Dave suffered his first heart attack. He was hospitalized for one month, and the doctor felt he should not return to farming. Since we were going to be in Seattle for a longer time, Melvin and I started looking for a more cheery house to move to after Dave came home from the hospital. It was then that we moved into the Lake City area.

By June, Dave had recovered enough that we left for North Dakota to dispose of our farm machinery and other belongings. We had an auction sale and saved but a few items that we could haul back to Seattle in a small utility trailer and our car, and headed back for Seattle again. This time it was to make it our home.

By August of that year, Dave had recovered enough that the doctor allowed him to go back to work at Boeing, starting with half days. Before long he was strong enough to work full time and recovered so that he never did have to take any medication because of his heart.

Since Seattle was going to be our home, we wanted to buy a house. After a lot of looking around, we found one in the University area. In November 1957, we moved into our first home. One week later, Boeing laid off many employees, and Dave was one of them. However, he was fortunate to find another job within a couple weeks with Fentron Industries, a window and glass door manufacturing business. He stayed with them until his death.

Dave enjoyed working outdoors, so to supplement our income, he started doing lawn work in the evenings and weekends. First he mowed yards for neighbors and soon was

finding work further away. Then he bought a thatcher and a lawn perforator and other equipment. He gave up mowing and mostly worked in the spring of the year renovating lawns.

We lived in our little home on Ravenna Avenue for 20 years. There Randy went through grade school, Jr. High, High School, and the University. He graduated from the University in June 1974 with a degree in civil engineering.

In the early 1970's, we thought we would like to find a larger house, and one closer to Dave's work. He had started working for Fentron at the Ballard plant, but after a new plant was built in Woodinville, Dave was transferred there. It was somewhat further to drive.

We finally found what we both liked and moved into our present home in June 1977.

In 1975, Randy met a nice Minnesota girl, Noella Aho, and they were married in November of that year in Minneapolis. January 8, 1977, we became grandparents when little Lynette Joy was born. January 20, 1978, little Amy Eileen came along.

That winter, we began making plans for a trip to Finland later that summer. Randy's family, Dave and I left the end of June for one month. It was a fun trip. We met many relatives, both on Dave's side and on my side of the family. We attended suviseuras (summer services), and toured in Finland and in Norway. We returned the end of July, tired and happy to be home again.

There was a lot of work to be done in our new home, and changes we wanted to make. The biggest project was to build a sauna. We had always wanted a sauna, even in our first house, but never found a way to have one there. This house had a large utility room, so Dave decided to partition a corner of that for a sauna stove. It was a lot of work, but he completed it by Thanksgiving, when we heated it for the first time.

That was one of Dave's last projects. On Monday January 29, 1979, he had gone to work as usual, and there that morning suffered another heart attack, this time fatal. It truly was a shock, as he hadn't complained of feeling ill before.

Randy's family has grown. At this writing, April 1983, besides Lynette and Amy, there are David Randall, born June 9, 1979, Marleigh Lorraine, born November 28, 1980, Rita Susan, born February 10, 1982, and Carolyn Lavona, born April 7, 1983.

By Eileen Herrala

Marian recalls that when David was young, he just love whipped cream, and of course, he always wanted to lick the bowl. Once he persuaded Mother to make a bowl of whipped cream just for him, so she did. He ate and ate, and finally was getting full, and at last said, "Ugh, but this is good"!

By Marian Juntunen

## MARIAN HERRALA JUNTUNEN

Sister Edna tells of January 1924, how Mother was still in bed when the kids left for school in the morning. She was ill, but Edna didn't realize what it was all about. Annie Parvey was staying at our house, teaching school at Monroe, and Edna remembers Annie saying to Mother in a good humor, "I wish you luck, I wish you joy, I wish you first a baby boy." Mother was sick for a couple days, and on Sunday afternoon when Henry Mickelson (a neighbor) came over, he saw how sick Mother was and went back home immediately and called Dr. Verrett from Rolla, who came with his snow machine, and delivered the baby on January 27. They didn't think Mother would pull through, but God spared her yet to care for her family. This baby became Bessie Marian, the last child born to Otto and Lydia Herrala. They called me "Bessie" (ugh!) for a year, named for a grandmother in Finland, and then "whew!" they started calling me "Marian." At that time we lived on what is now the Walfred Halone farm.

Being the youngest, or the baby in the family, I guess I was spoiled. I was allowed to go with Mother and Dad more often than others. Dad would often be called on preaching trips, so my folks would take me along to Dunblane, New Finland in Canada, to Michigan, and even other areas. Once Dad and I drove to Devils Lake and took the train to Virginia, Minnesota, during Christmas vacation.

My childhood was a normal one, having to share in the work when I was old enough. I'd have to haul water into the house (no running water in those days), haul the dirty water out (no sewer), haul wood for the kitchen stove, haul water and wood into the sauna, and when old enough help with milking, and pick eggs. In the summer we had garden to care for, and big potato patches. It was a horrible job to have to pick the potato bugs into a tin can with kerosene in it. But, it had to be done! Another job was taking afternoon lunch out to the field (by waking). It surely broke up the afternoon. Usually, I had to walk to get the cows home for milking, and I'd always be so afraid of the bull! And the birds would swoop down on my head when I was near the ponds. They frightened me.

When I was young, I recall the "older" ones such as Otto, Aune and Edna (who were probably only teenagers then) having a "vipu kelka" in the frozen pond. This was made by putting a pole in the middle of the pond which would freeze solid there.

Then, a wooden arm extended from this with a sled on the end. With a few stiff "pushes" this sled would really go around with terrific speed. I remember having a few rides on this, but perhaps I was too young to go on it very often. I can remember some of the neighborhood young folks gathering at our hose on a bright moonlit night, and all going for rides on the vipu kelka.

As a young girl I enjoyed playing with paper dolls. I didn't have (and perhaps they weren't even available) the paper doll books of today. I couldn't wait until the new mail order catalogs would come in the mail. There were Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward, Aldens, and National Bellas Hess. Then I knew I could get the old catalogs to cut out my paper dolls. There was always a mother, father, older sisters and brothers, and babies. A large family to cut out. I would make a "Car" for them out of one sheet of the catalog, the ends folded up a bit and creased in the center to make it a "four seater." We had the pedestal that held a large flower pot, and on the bottom edge it was tiered. This is where my "Family of paper dolls" would sit, and I would play for hours. Too bad there isn't a picture of my playing with them!

In the summer, I'd always have a "Playhouse." Every young girl had one. Sometimes it was made behind the car shed, or the old cook car. One time I fortunate enough to have an old wagon box behind the car shed or "caraa camp," to make my playhouse.

What fun it was to round up old boxes and tins and blocks of wood, old broken dishes, jar lids and whatever was available to furnish the house. It was fun making mud pies and putting berries or leaves for decorations. I would either have a "Dolly" or a live kitty for my baby. What fun it was to pretend.

My school days bring fond memories. I attended the country school at Monroe for eight years. It was four miles from home to school. Our home was situated at the end of the school route, so for many years I was the only one attending from that area, therefore, my Dad drove the "School bus" so to speak. He'd made a small school hack for winter use just large enough for the driver and two people to sit on the back bench. It had a small stove in it which was fired with wood to keep it cozy and warm. He would take me in the morning, and get me again at 4:00 PM. In those days it seemed like a long ride. We had a young team of horses named "Peanuts and Barney," which were quite a sprightly team. They would often get frightened over the slightest thing and run away. It took a lot of muscle power to try holding them back. I especially recall one time coming home. The day was bright and sunny but crisp and cool. I was sitting on the back bench with my lunch pail open as I was nibbling on "Left over" lunch. Dad threw a bit of kerosene in the stove to get the fire going. The flame shot up through the chimney, the horses got scared, and away they went! Can you imagine the rough and tumbly ride in that little cracker box school hack! Dad was holding on to the reins as tight as he could and pulled for all his might. He leaned back so far that he crushed my lunch pail! Finally, he got the team calmed down and going at a regular pace again.

This team of horses ran away often. Once I remember they were in front of the hay rake. What a wreck the rake was in when the team ran home. Brother Dave was driving the rake and had fallen off, so had to walk home. Another time they ran away when hitched to a hay rack, another time with the mower. The horses always seemed to find their way home, though often with wrecked equipment and torn harnesses.

Lillian Kakela, Bessie Erickson, and I were the only ones in our class from grades 1 through 8 at Monroe School. Lillian and I were always good school friends, and spent many school nights, and sometimes a weekend at each other's houses. They lived southeast of Monroe School, we lived northwest. One particular time I was spending the weekend with her, and on Saturday morning I was feeling sick. I was in bed all day. There was no thought of bringing me home, no telephones for contact or such. I was really ill and feverish. It so happened that on Sunday morning brother Heino and Vieno stopped at John Kakela's on their way to visit for the day with Vieno's mother who lived even farther east from Kakela's. They saw how ill I was, and said they'd pick me up on their return, which they did. Mother and Dad were away on a trip at the time, and Vieno and Heino and whoever else was at home didn't know what was wrong with me, as I had such a high fever. They took me to Dr. Verrett in Rolla, and he determined I had a bad case of chicken pox. Where it came from I don't know, but I was really sick and had very big pox, so I had scars for years afterwards. I missed two weeks of school. Naturally all the children at John Kakela's got the chicken pox, and I suppose the rest of the school kids did too. Sometimes Lillian and her brothers, Wilfred or Wesley would come over at the same time. That was when Dave was still in school. We would have a lot of fun playing in the barn loft, or playing fox and goose in the snow, going skating on the ice ponds in the coulee, or sliding down the coulee banks with a sled shovel, or skis Dave had made from barrel staves.

Brother Dave was always a tease and playing tricks on me. I vividly remember one pond in the spring that had thawed, but froze over a bit to make it "rubber ice." He'd always "dare" me to do this or do that. This time he went over the rubber ice first, and it was quite thin! He dared me to come. I did, and plop! The ice broke and in I went to my knees in that icy water. Then he laughed and got such a kick out of it, but helped me to the



house with my wet clothes. At one time we had a massaging machine, battery operated, I believe. It was a box about 12 inches square with a crank on one side, and two wires coming out to be held in the hand or hands. A dial was on one side with numbers 1 to 10. One could hold on to the wire, turn the dial to perhaps 1 to 5, and slowly turn the crank. It would send electric tingles into the arms and feel good, and was supposed to help rheumatism. One time Dave talked me into taking hold, with both hands, with his promise, "I will only put it on No. 1 and turn the crank slowly!" I was suspicious and said, "I know what you'll do, you'll turn it higher and crank fast." He said, "No I won't, I promise." So being the sucker that I was, I believed him, and took the wires into both hands. Of course he couldn't resist, he turned the dial to 10, and turned the crank really fast. I fell to my knees off the chair and couldn't release the wires from my hands, and I began screaming and crying. It was a horrible feeling. Edna was outside at the time, and Dave ran out calling for her. It all turned out okay, but he got scared too for what he'd done.

He was full of all kinds of tricks and often would do anything for a laugh! One thing stands out in my memory of how he translated an English song into Finn. The English version goes: "Little man, you're crying, I know why you're blue, someone took your kiddy car away. Better go to sleep now, little man, you've had a busy day! Johnny won your marbles, tell you what I'll do, Dad will get you new ones right away. Better go to sleep now, little man, you've had a busy day."

This is Dave's version: "Pikku mies, sina itket, mina tian miksi sinut sininen, joku vei sun kitti caran pois, paras etta met nukumaan, piku mies, sull on ollut kiire paiva osta sulle uuet aivan heti, paras etta met nukumaan, piku mies, sul on ollut kiire paiva."

I guess it was so funny I've never forgotten the song, even after 40 years! Dave would take my autograph book and write some silly things in it. Once it had rained for days it seemed, and he was restless and full of teasing, and he wrote this in my autograph book, "More ran, more stain, more time for little Marian to make David tame!" Just memories!!

But, we had many good moments and times together with Dave, I suppose because we were the two youngest. When we were teenagers, he'd take me with him, we'd go to Rolla on Saturday nights, which was the custom in the community. So I have many fond memories of my youngest brother, and it was a blow when we heard he'd died so suddenly in January 1979, and my heart still longs for him. He was a dear brother.

In my young days the threshing season was a big joy. Andrew Johnson, our neighbor to the east one mile of our place, had the threshing outfit, and would do the threshing for my father. It lasted about four or five days if the weather was fit. But, if it was a rainy spell, it could drag out for many weeks. It was a busy time for everyone. The threshing crew consisted of many men, perhaps 15 to 20, which included bundle haulers, spike pitchers, steam engine operator, etc. along with the equipment came a bunk house for the men to sleep in, and a "Cook car" that had two women doing the cooking for all these hungry men. I remember Betty Savaloja and Ellen Lilja being the cooks when the threshers were at our house. The cook car was parked near the well, so they'd have easy access to water. My thrill was being able to go there and "Visit" them. They had a busy schedule making breakfast, dinner and supper, plus forenoon and afternoon lunches for the men. Hot summer days, they were cooking on a big wood range in small quarters. I was old enough to help in the house too, and it was the job of the household cook to make the meals and lunches for the grain haulers. One season, I especially remember how thrilled I was, because I had the chance to ride back in the cook car (the one mile to Johnson's). Betty and Ellen always had a big job to get the cook car ready for travel. The dishes, pots and pans, and all cooking equipment had to be unloaded from the cupboards and onto the floor so they wouldn't break, as it was a rough ride. The cook car had big iron

wheels and was pulled by a tractor. I still recall Andrew Johnson bringing me back home with the car after the "Thrill ride." It wasn't too many years after this that the combines came into use, and the threshing outfits became a thing of the past.

Mother had a stroke August 3, 1935, at age 48 years. I can remember the morning clearly. Senia had gone out to milk cows in the pasture, and I guess I was out there too. I can't recall if I was doing milking or what. Mother had been mixing bread dough when she was stricken and was lying on her face on the kitchen floor when Senia went into the house. Mother was bedridden for nine months. She was left paralyzed on her right side, and her speech was gone, though in the months following, she did learn to say a few words such as, "Ewi mitaan muuta" (no nothing else). She was in Devils Lake for awhile, stayed at Melma and Herman Doucette's, and had some therapy treatments which helped regain some strength in her arm and leg, so she was able to push a chair ahead of her and come to the table to eat. But in those months she had several other strokes, and the fatal one came May 13, 1936. Her funeral was on Sunday, May 17. It was a cloudy windy day. I can still picture it in my mind. It was a sad day.

Sister Senia had gotten married November of 1935, so there was no women folk at home to do the housework. Dad asked sister Edna and Bill, who were living in Baudette, MN, at the time, to come there to stay. Their Helen was about 11 months old at the time. So in December of 1935, they came, and Edna became chief cook and bottle washer, and took care of Mother. I was 11 years old then and had to go to school yet. I had turned 12 in January 1936 when Mother died in May, so after that, Edna was a "Mother" to me, and I have a very warm spot in my heart for her. I remember her teaching me to bake bread, though it was against my wishes, as it was for so many at that age. She also taught me that the upstairs cleaning was my job, and every Friday, I cleaned and scrubbed it from corner to corner. O course there was other work and chores to do too, but these are still fresh in my mind. On cold winter evenings, we would sit around the warm fires and do handwork. (We had a kerosene lamp in the kitchen which was a dim light, but had a gasoline lamp in the living room.) Edna also taught me to crochet edgings, and to embroider. Edna and Bill would often take me visiting with them in the evenings, and we'd often go with horses and sleigh to visit Ole and Lena Johnson, just a mile away. These are only small events, but stand out in my memory. We had many happy moments and laughs together.

On winter evenings, we'd often play a game where we had a "Nappi lauta". It was a homemade game. An outline made on a stiff cardboard, a square lump sugar was numbered on all sides for a dice, and different colored buttons would be the "Man." Same thing as Aggravation today, that can be bought in the store. These were fun times.

Edna and Bill stayed on at the farm and did field work and milked cows, etc., and worked with Dad. The years went by and Dad remarried and move to Minneapolis, so the farming was left for Bill and Edna, where they continued to live until they retired and move to Rolla.

I remember the old barrel type wooden chum we had on the farm. The cream was usually on the "Thin side," so sometimes it would take so long to get it into butter. I especially recall one summer day I had to chum and chum in the old cook car, and it seemed forever that I kept turning that heavy thing. Edna would always come check on me to see that I kept on with the job! I got so tired of churning, I decided to be funny and left a note for Edna saying, "Gone to visit Mrs. Jones, I'll be back in an hour!" Needless to say I stayed and stayed and when Edna came to check, she was quite perturbed with me! The cream had time to get warm and took that much longer to form butter, and at that it then came "Roppa voita", a soft mushy butter.

There was also a funny custom that was occurring in my young days. Every time someone went to the outside biffy, others would throw stones or rocks at the walls to make big noises and scare the one inside. I had been doing that to Edna one time, and finally she informed me, "I'm coming out now, don't throw anymore!" I had a rock in my hand and truthfully, I was throwing it at a different angle, but it came down and hit Edna on the head just as she stepped out of the biffy door! It hurt, I'm sure, and she burst into tears. No amount of apologizing helped the situation, but I think it cured me of the rock throwing. That custom too has passed. I guess it was just another form of fun or entertainment if one can call it that.

I attended Confirmation School in the summer of 1938 at the little country church. Matt Kakela was the teacher. This class was one of the last held in the Finnish language. It was at Confirmation School, where Reno and I first really met each other, though we'd known of each other before.

Reno and I were married on a Thursday evening, November 6, 1941, at my farm home with my father, Otto Herrala, who was a minister, tying the knot. We didn't have a fancy wedding, but the relatives, friends and neighbors had been asked to attend. I can't even recall much of the lunch part, except I guess Edna and Senia prepared it, and Senia made the wedding cake. Too bad we have no pictures of that evening. I do recall that Reno and I were not to see each other that day until the ceremony (just an old custom). I was upstairs in my room and had gotten dressed there. Brother Dave and Reno's sister Eileen were our attendants. We were all upstairs and had to file downstairs to the living room, where the ceremony was to take place. Reno and I were both shy and nervous, especially me! As we passed through the kitchen, brother Alfred said, in a clear distinct voice using sing song fashion, "Marian likes Reno," a way of teasing! I was so embarrassed!

The ceremony was simple. I looked straight ahead but can still see how Reno's knees shook. he was as nervous as I. While we were eating lunch there came a lot of loud noise, and it was a big gang who came to chivari us newlyweds. That was also a custom and a "Must" in those days. The people banged and pounded and made lots of noise until they were invited in for lunch and refreshments and cigars, which Reno handed out. I guess it was midnight when we arrived at Reno's home place, which was to be our home for the next seven months.

In June of 1942, we moved to a rented farm across the lake at Rock Lake, N.D. That was our home until May of 1946. We farmed a couple quarters of land, milked cows, had pigs, chickens, etc., like all farmers had. Carole Jean, our first child, was born October 16, 1942. Our next, Marlene Marie, was born January 15, 1944, while we were still living near Rock Lake.

Reno's father had purchased a small farm near Hansboro and wanted us to move there to live. The old farm house was a wreck and needed a lot of work before it was livable. We located an old cook car to move on to the place, and to live in temporarily until the house was renovated. The day of May 21, 1946, we moved the cattle etc., to the new place with intentions of spending our first night there, but lo and behold! I ended up in the hospital where our third daughter, Loraine Marian, was born. In a week I was back there, and we lived in the cook car for about six weeks with our three little girls, and I cooked for the men and women who were helping "ready" our house. It was a thrill when we finally moved in.

We continued to farm and milk cows. Our fourth daughter, Barbara Janelle, was born September 23, 1950. The girls all attended school in Hansboro. Carole went 12 years there. The school system was getting quite poor, so we decided to send our children to

Rolla School, and in the fall of 1961, the girls went their first year to Rolla. Marlene was a Senior, Lorraine a Sophomore, and Barbara a 6th grader. We purchase a small house in Rolla, and lived in it for two winters. By that time the Hansboro School had closed completely, and redistricting took place, so bus service was available for the school children. The girls all went to a bit of college, or took business courses. They all ended up in Minneapolis working at one time or another.

Carole married Eugene Groff, October 7, 1961. They live in Bloomington, MN, and have two children, Darren and Cheryl.

Marlene married Rodney Lake, October 28, 1967, and they have 12 children: Leland, Darwin, Renae, Lannon, Allen, Janelle, Randy, Patrick, Bradley, Kari, Roxanne, and Daniel. They live on a farm near Wolf Lake, MN.

Lorraine married Gordon Kumpula, March 16, 1968, and they live west of Minneapolis near Loretto, MN. They have one child, Mary Ann.

Barbara married Lawrence Byman, June 29, 1974, and they live in Longview, WA and have six children: Angela, Phillip, Kenneth, Kevin, Travis and Joshua.

We celebrated our 40th wedding anniversary November 6, 1981, at our farm home near Hansboro, where we had lived for 36 years. There were good times and bad. But, God had blessed us with family and home. Reno had a heart attack in November of 1980, and is unable to do heavy farm work any longer, so we rented out our land and made a move to Menahga, MN, where we built a new home and we now live.

By Marian Juntunen