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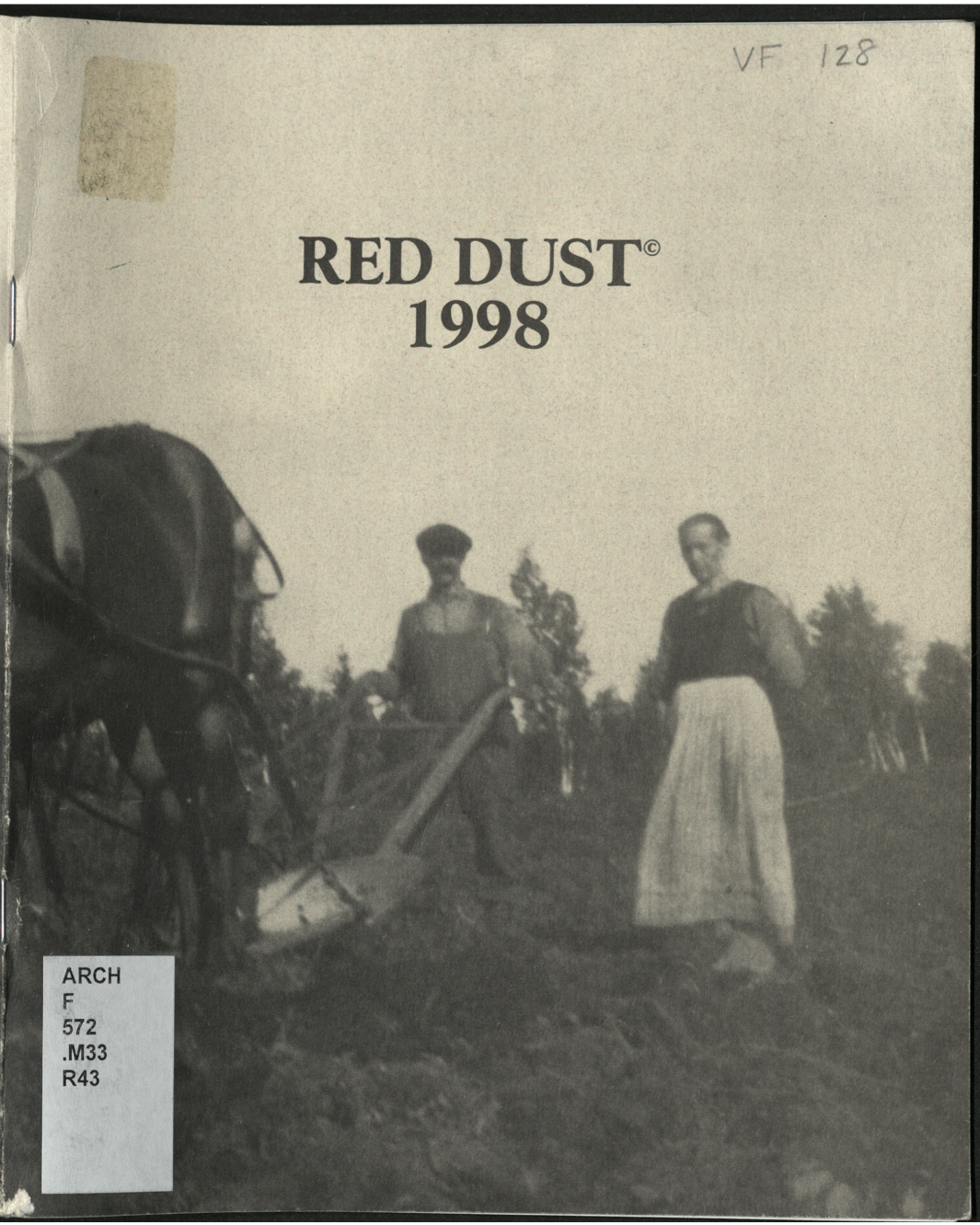

Cover Photo:
Elias and Sanna Aho Pictured at the Aho Homested 2 miles
North West of Republic. In Humbolt Township.
Photo *circa* 1916 courtesy of the LaForge Family Collection.

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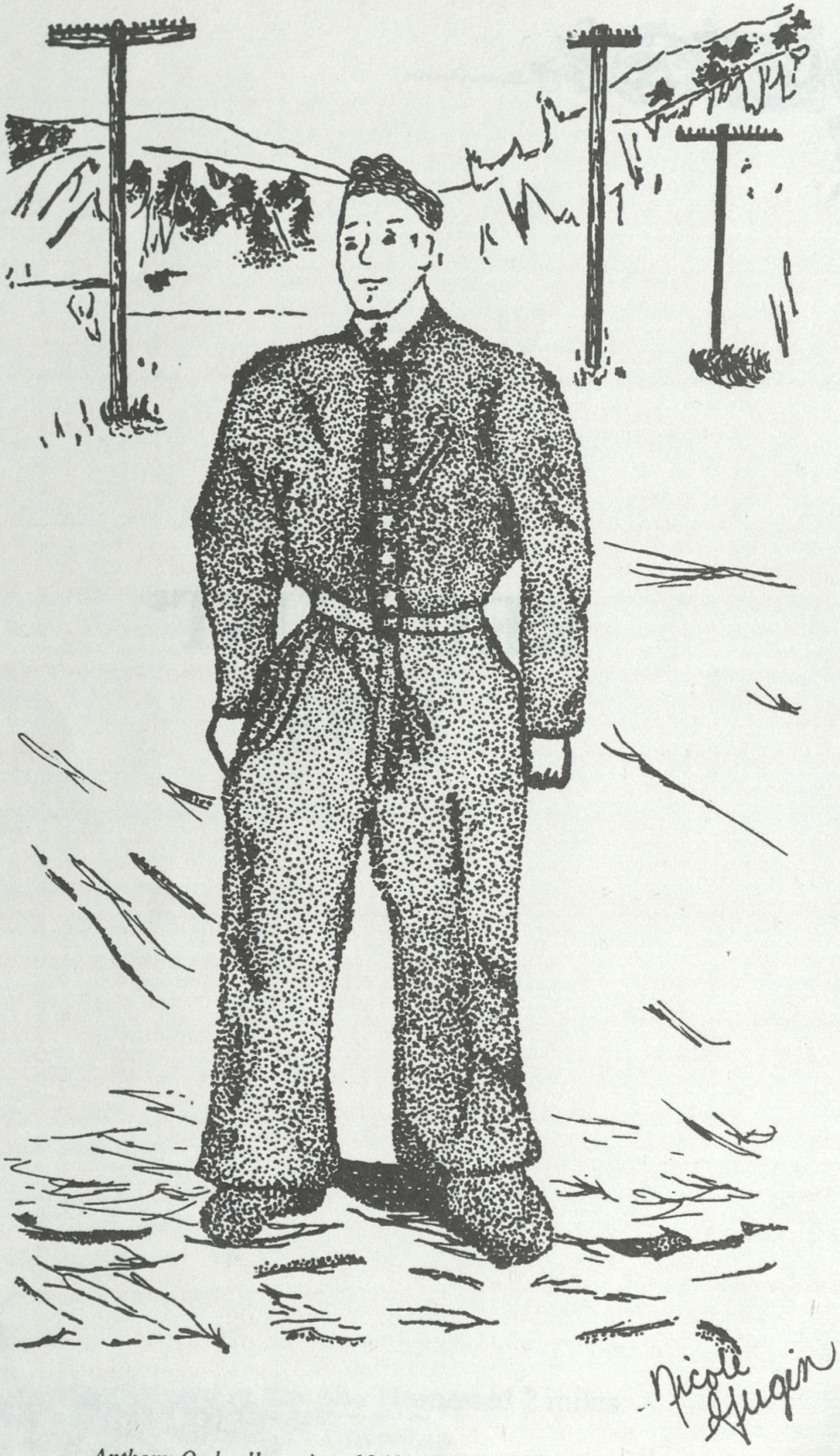

Anthony Ombrello - circa 1940's. Nicole Gugin's grand-father.

PREFACE

There's an old expression that says "you don't know where you're going unless you know where you've been."

The Red Dust project is a perfect example of how true that saying can be.

My first introduction to Red Dust was way back in 1983, when I was a new reporter at *The Mining Journal*. In the years since, the project has never failed to impress me — and a great many other people.

Sometimes we Yoopers are of the mistaken belief that we are somehow "behind" the rest of the world. That's what the value of Red Dust is — it is proof that with dedication and determination, people from the Upper Peninsula can compete with folks from anywhere else and can break new ground as well.

While the audiovisual portion of Red Dust gets the most attention, the books that are produced each year are quite spectacular, too. By interviewing local people who can share their take on historic events, Red Dust students are not only learning about history: They are preserving it. Too many of these older folks pass through our lives without having the chance to record their memories. Red Dust is a way to solve that problem.

This year's National History Day them of "Migration in History" is a perfect example of how Red Dust performs a valuable service. By reporting for all times the stories of various immigrant groups, the Red Dust students are teaching us all "where we came from." That is an exciting example of education at its best.

I hope the people of the NICE Community School District know how lucky they are to have such dedicated educators as Maxine Honkala, Sharon Richards, Bobbi Ameen and the others who have made Red Dust a reality through the years. And I hope that the students who participate realize how fortunate they are to have the opportunity to acquire such valuable learning skills.

"You don't know where you're going unless you know where you've been..." With Red Dust, we are all going to wonderful places. Let's hope we have the chance to continue to enjoy this amazing journey through local history for many years to come.

-Renne Prusi

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Frisk, descendents of Finnish and Italian Immigrants

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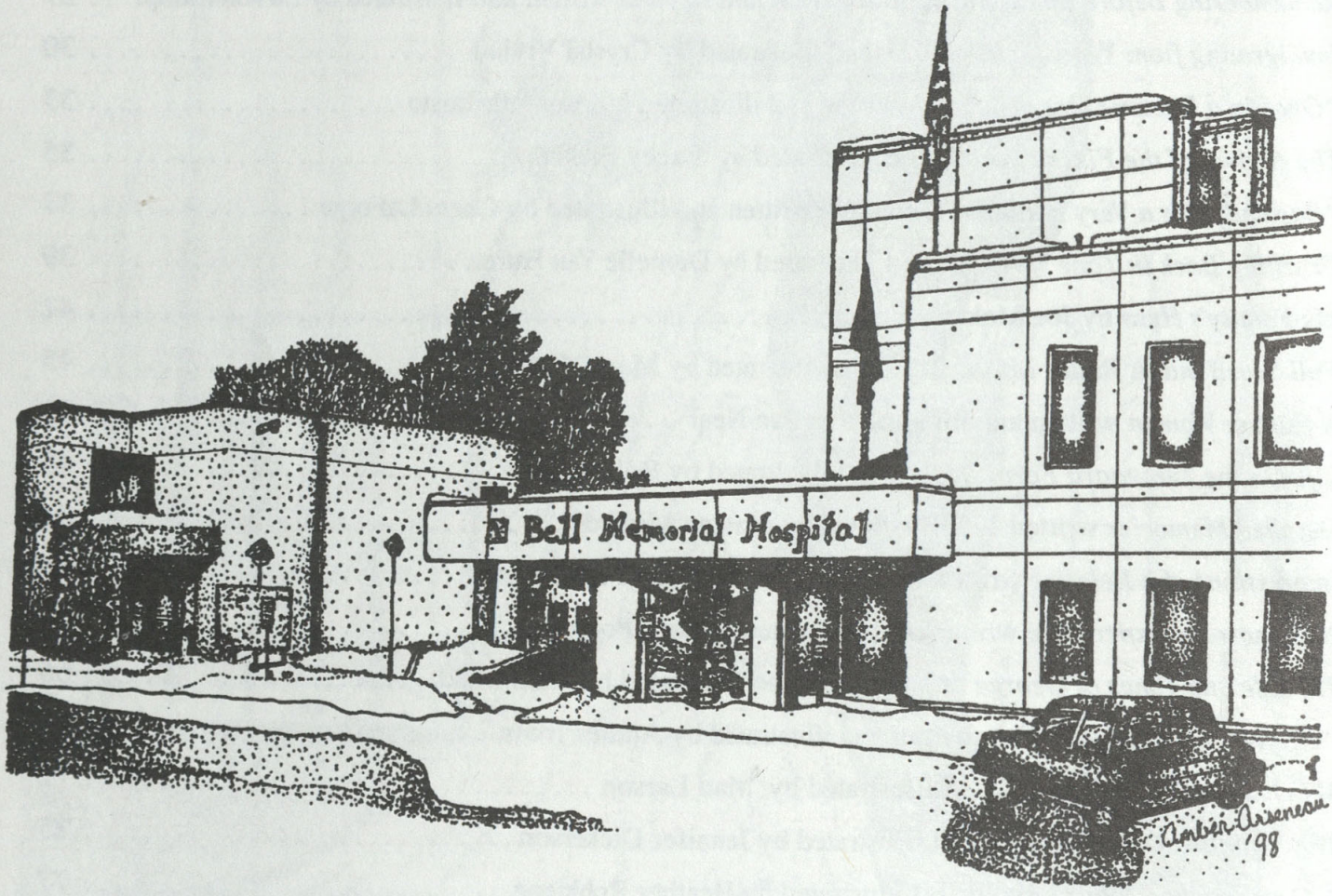


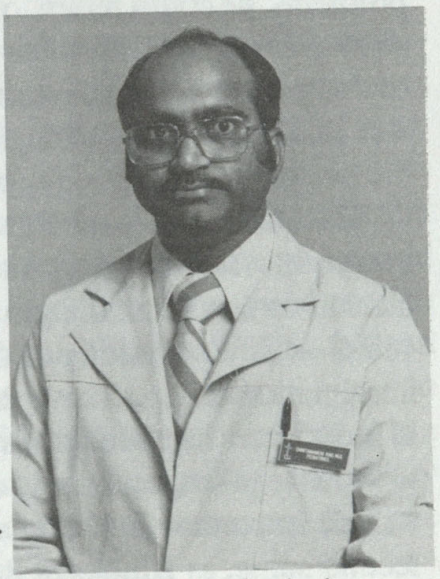
"Bell Memorial Hospital and Medical Center, present-day"

MEMORIES FROM AFAR

"Home was home — but we miss it now forever." Dr. Bhujanga Rao Chintamaneni spoke these words as I interviewed him in his snug, plaque-filled office at Bell Medical Center in Ishpeming, Michigan. When I arrived to conduct the interview, Dr. Rao's pleasant smile and friendly manner readily greeted me. I was soon aware that an engaging interview was right ahead of me.

Dr. Rao was born in India on July 10, 1941, to Surya Prakasa and Kamalamba Rao. The town that he grew up in was a close-knit, rural area, with many families who knew each other well. He implied that the village his family resided in was, "Very, very close, we can help each other... I mean, really close – any function, when anything happens...we are there." The family's house, which included his parents, himself, his four elder brothers Syaksundar, Pathasi, Hanumawta, and Chalapathi, and two younger sisters Padma and Lakshmi, was only medium-sized, and as a result, a crowded setting for nine people. There was never a dull moment in the Rao household. He and his siblings had some free time to play games, but there were also chores to accomplish. Babysitting his sisters was one of the chores that he found to be the simplest. Dr. Rao also helped his father with the farming of rice, green peppers, beans, lentils, and some sugarcane. If he and his siblings were not at home playing games or doing chores, they were present at school.

During the years of his childhood, Dr. Rao attended a school which was about a mile away from his home. He walked to school every day with his sisters and brothers because there were no buses to transport students. Formal schooling began in kindergarten, where children were taught the ABC's, and in first grade, he began learning English. At the school, Dr. Rao was also instructed in basic subjects, such as mathematics, history, geography, English, and science. Besides these subjects, he learned his country's native language, and had different classes for certain subjects, such as separate biology and physical science classes. Even though some of the subjects, such as geography, were confusing at first, Dr. Rao exerted a strong work ethic, which resulted in commendable grades. Once Dr. Rao had finished eleventh grade, he graduated from high school and began basic college courses at a nearby university. This element of college lasted for two years, when Dr. Rao moved on to a professional college of medicine. His schooling was not over yet, as he became a general practitioner in the field of medicine for a period of five years, trained one year to receive a diploma in child health, and then held a position as a pediatrician in an Indian hospital for two years. Over this long period of time, he developed warm friendships with a number of his classmates.



Dr. Rao as a beginning pediatrician.

Even though Dr. Rao had many close friends, they generally were of the same background, class, and socioeconomic status. This occurred mainly because of the existence of a caste system in Indian society, which prevented people of one caste from mingling with those of another. These friends still keep in contact with Dr. Rao, and he has visited them more than once on trips back to their village. One of these friends, who during college was his roommate, was very close with him. The apartment that they shared was rather small, but they

managed to get along very well for a total of three years. His roommate happened to introduce Dr. Rao to his niece, a woman by the name of Radha Ravuri, and the pair became acquainted. Soon afterwards, a marriage was arranged by her uncle and Dr. Rao's parents.

This marriage agreement was followed by the announcement of an engagement. It was in the year of 1965 that Bhujanga and Radha were married. The ceremony was an elaborate, three hour long affair. Following Indian custom, all of the family members and their relatives traveled to Radha's house for the service. Guests were offered accommodations by one of the family members who housed the bridegroom's parents, family, and neighbors. A resting-place was visited shortly by Dr. Rao before the beginning of the ceremony, and then the wedding party was taken, along with a band, out into the streets of the village. It was soon proclaimed that Radha was being married to Bhujanga Rao, the son of Kamalamba and Surya Chintamaneni. Dr. Rao was blessed, and he talked about the responsibilities of marriage with the priest. Shortly afterwards, the ceremony commenced to begin as Radha arrived.

Life was pleasant for many years following the marriage. Dr. Rao, during this time, held the position of general practitioner, and faced no problems with his job. Two sons, Anil Kumar and Sunil Kumar, had been born, and both Dr. Rao and his wife were blissfully contented with their peaceful lifestyle. Traditions were observed, such as the numerous religious festivals, but it was not common to celebrate each annual birthday or anniversary, so they only acknowledged them with small family celebrations. Everything seemed perfect, but Dr. Rao was disappointed with one thing — the lack of technology in the hospitals and general medical field. Equipment that was being used was outdated and not conforming to the needs of the patients, and there was not much that doctors could do to further educate themselves in medicine after completing college. America, the land of opportunity, was calling, and soon they realized that it was indeed time to move to a new land, where there would be more education and a better life for their children and for themselves, including better medical procedures.

It was finally decided, after a short time period, that Dr. Rao alone was to leave India to get a taste of the American lifestyle. If he did not find America to be beneficial, or discovered other dislikes or problems, he could return to India and continue his practice there. He trained in Tulsa, Oklahoma, as soon as he arrived, and then followed with ten months of work in an Oklahoma hospital. At the end of this period, Dr. Rao returned to India to tell his family about America, and the decision to move was made. There were long immigration forms to fill out, but in 1971, at the age of thirty, Dr. Rao, his two sons, and his wife departed for America as a family to begin a new life in Chicago, Illinois.

The bustling city of Chicago was seemingly different than India. Dr. Rao found it amazing that everyone was constantly busy, and never took the time to rest. It was also astonishing to see the mechanization of all things in American culture, and how dependent people were on machines and vehicles. After drinking in the sights and sounds of Chicago, Dr. Rao and his family located the immigration office to have their passports checked, and found a surprise. At the immigration office in India, there had been a misunderstanding. Dr. Rao's passport read "Bhujanga Chintamaneni Rao" to be his legal name, instead of Bhujanga Rao Chintamaneni. This name would not be correct, for it was an important Indian custom to have the first name match evenly and rhythmically with the second name, as Bhujanga Rao did. The uncertainty had increased when Dr. Rao had filled out the application for immigration, because he had been asked to give his first and last name. In India, there

was no "last" name, because names were referred to as first, second, and third. He did not understand what they were asking, and filled out the last name as Rao. Afterwards, Dr. Rao thought of changing it, but then, realizing how much trouble and confusion it would cause, decided to leave his name as they had written it.

Besides this name discrepancy, there were few challenges to face in the new land. At this time, Dr. Rao was content with his position at the hospital, his children were in school, and his wife had decided to stay home and take care of Anil and Sunil. Even so, it was soon decided that the entire family wished to have a better living environment in a more relaxed, quiet neighborhood, where there was less crime and pollution. Immediately after Dr. Rao had completed another year of medical training in Chicago, he and his family visited the Upper Peninsula to see what the area was like. "It was a matter of chance," he said, recalling the decision to move here. They found the area to be more serene and mellow than the ceaseless rush of Chicago, and were delighted to find "clean" weather, with no smog and diminutive amounts of pollution. Residents of this area were pleasant and agreeable, and they basically found it to be a superior atmosphere for the entire family to live in.

Dr. Rao opened his office in the Bell Medical Center in 1978. It was slow at first, but patients began to come regularly after some time. After all these years, Dr. Rao remains completely devoted to his patients and duties at the hospital, and is available to ill children at any time for any reason. He derives much pleasure from his medical practice, which became evident when he relayed that he "wanted to go into pediatrics and help children because.... you can do something like healing." It is fortunate that he does enjoy his profession, because he spends innumerable hours at the hospital, with patients inside of the medical center, and in the newborn and emergency wards at the hospital. A typical day is very tiring and demanding for Dr. Rao, as he is usually there from nine o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening. If there are emergency calls, then this day becomes even longer, and on regular nights, he returns home exhausted at about eight o'clock in the evening. Weekends are just as, if not more hectic, but Dr. Rao has faced these challenges with a hardworking spirit that never fails. Even on the longest weeks, when he has put in at least sixty hours, he keeps on working, savoring the smile from a young child and an acknowledgment from a relieved parent to make him feel a sense of accomplishment with what he has done.

Today, as an American citizen, Dr. Rao visits his homeland, filled with a vast expanse of memories. Every two to three years, he and his family vacation in India and visit his brothers and sisters and their families. Floods of memories wash up constantly at home as he recalls the wonderful years he spent in his homeland with family and friends. Still, he is able to savor the fiery, pungent cuisine and feel the loose, cotton, pajama-like clothing worn by men and women alike. These memories that he related to me unfortunately cannot be sensed in anywhere but my imagination, although I would immensely enjoy experiencing the alluring aura of his homeland. Dr. Rao has encountered enough fascinating experiences to last a lifetime. The life that he has lived has been well educated and primed for success, which he has already achieved. It is this same success that has shaped him into a hardworking, kind, and pleasant man, who has devoted his life to the well being of others. It is a spectacular advantage to the people of Marquette County to have such a competent, exemplary doctor for their children. I feel proud to be acquainted with such an admirable person, and the taste of Indian culture that I received from Dr. Rao is too intriguing to soon forget.

-Amber Arseneau

ENGLAND AND BEYOND

Great-Grandpa Rogers sitting in his house in Negaunee, Michigan with the tablecloth he painted

As I sat down to interview my grandpa, Clifton Frances Rogers, about his father, Henry Hale Frances Rogers, I realized I was going to learn a lot of interesting facts about my grandpa and my great-grandfather. "He was a good father to both my brother and myself, and was a good husband for my mother", explained Grandpa Rogers. Grandpa Rogers had spoken to his father about many of his life experiences from his boyhood. Some of the information came from my Grandpa's son, Terry Rogers, who interviewed his Grandpa, my Great-grandpa.

Clifton Frances Rogers was born on Heath Street, Negaunee Michigan, on June 6, 1919. Grandpa Rogers was the first son of Henry Rogers and Ruth (Roberts) Rogers whose lives were joined in holy matrimony on May 14, 1914, in the Mitchell Methodist Church in Negaunee. "From the time I was ten months old, until I started tenth grade, I lived in a small mining location three miles out of Iron River, Michigan," confirmed Grandpa. My grandpa has one brother, William Keith, who is eight years younger than Grandpa. William Keith has always been referred to as Keith to the family. Grandpa does not have any sisters.

My great-grandpa Henry Rogers was born in the country of England and raised in the outskirts of Bristol, England in an area called Clifton. Great-grandpa Rogers spent twenty-one years of his life in that immediate area. At that time in history, people did not do a lot of traveling. When Dad was growing up, life seemed easier, Grandpa said, "He played with his two brothers and his sister around the cobblestone streets of Clifton." Henry Rogers and his oldest brother Walter, along with brother William and sister Florence, were often found exploring the caves and cliffs along the River Avon under the Clifton Suspension Bridge. "These same caves have been hideouts for notorious pirates who plagued the area prior to that same time," stated Grandpa. Male youth in England during the later part of the 1800s were required to take some military training. Great-grandpa Rogers was involved in what they called a Boy Guard. This organization was influenced by Baden Powell, who was later founder of the Boy Scout organization in England in 1912 and the United States in 1913. "My father as a Boy-Guard was inspected by Baden Powell who later known as Lord Baden Powell after he was knighted by King George IV," said Grandpa.

Henry Rogers was born in a brick structure house known as a row house. Living quarters in the row house were all identical. The front doors of each house faced the same way and looked the same.

"There were about six dwellings in that same building each with two floors," explained Grandpa. When I asked about the holidays his father celebrated, Grandpa informed me that at that time, England celebrated the same Christian days as we do today in this country. Grandpa made known to me that "In England as in Canada, the word holiday means vacation." Some of these days of celebration include, Good Friday, Easter, and Christmas. May Day is also celebrated in England, but my Grandpa is not sure how universally it is celebrated. Many Christmas customs we celebrate today started in England. Some ethnic foods Great-grandpa Rogers liked were pasties, plum pudding, fruitcake, dumplings, lamb, mint sauce, rice pudding, and boiled dinners.

Family discipline was not a part of Henry Rogers', childhood life. His mother died at his birth, and he and his brothers and sister were left to be raised by an aunt and grandmother and later by his sister who was a few years older than he. Great-grandpa Rogers lived near a grocery store, and it was up to him and his siblings to keep up with all the necessary chores around the house. His dreams as a child differed from the dreams of other children at that time. Great-grandpa Rogers had an "ingrained desire" to get a good education and to learn all he could, even if he had to accomplish this on his own. "He was set on leaving his home land as soon as he could travel on his own, because he felt it would provide more of an opportunity to improve himself," stated Grandpa Rogers.

As a youth Henry Rogers attended school in Clifton up to what was equivalent to the eighth grade. Grandpa is not sure but the school that his father attended was either a government school or a church school at that time. Great-grandpa Rogers loved to read and was always interested in politics. He did not get a certificate or a diploma from school. However, "He did take correspondence courses after he came to this country and had started working," Grandpa stated. "While my father was growing up in Clifton... the only specific work I am aware of him doing was his working for an undertaker or what we call a funeral home," verified Grandpa. "Dad started this work at the age of thirteen or fourteen and by the age fifteen the undertaker put him in charge of making all funeral arrangements for an elaborate funeral service. This consisted of all white carriages, drawn by all white horses," said Grandpa. Great-grandpa Rogers did not earn much money working at the funeral home. Considering that his father was a gardener he also thought about a career of gardening.

"Dad enjoyed his work very much and was always loyal to his employer," stated Grandpa about his father and how much he enjoyed his work. Great-grandpa Rogers always did what was expected of him and if it were possible he tried to do more then what was asked of him. Henry Rogers was a type of person who did what he was told and did it with no complaints.

"Dad left his homeland because he felt that there would be more opportunities to better himself in Canada or the United States," said Grandpa. At the age of twenty-one, Henry Rogers left Clifton England and sailed to Canada for the fare of about seven dollars. "The fare was low because he had signed on to work on the farm of Mc Donalds which needed laborers in the area immediately outside of Ottawa, Canada," stated Grandpa. Great-grandpa Rogers' port of arrival was either Ottawa, Canada or else he took a train part way across Canada. From that day on, Henry Rogers never returned to England, although Grandpa is pretty sure that there are still descendants of Great-grandpa Rogers' brothers or his sister, in the Bristol area.

Henry Rogers worked on the farm in Canada for three years and then immigrated to the United

States, to the town of Negaunee, Michigan in 1909. He was a carpenter for three years upon arrival in the United States. Great-grandpa Rogers worked at many different mines, having many different positions starting with the position of a motor man at the Negaunee Mining Company in November of 1912. "He became shift boss in 1915 and was sent to Iron River in 1920 to take charge of the companies Spies Iron Mine, as mining captain," replied Grandpa. Negaunee, Michigan was again his next destination in 1934 to take charge as captain of Athens Mine. Great-grandpa Rogers, now known as Cap Rogers, worked in many different places and was a very skilled man. It was common for miners at that time to refer to their captain as Cap. Cap Rogers also helped other men in their goals to become bosses at the mines by conducting special "Shift Boss Training," schools in Gwinn, Negaunee, and Ishpeming preparing men with job skills that one might need to succeed and to become a boss or a leader. Cap Rogers worked at the Athens Mine for five years and then became a Safety Engineer for the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company. "All dad's moves were made because he felt that he could better himself in a new environment or he accepted additional responsibilities at the request of his employer," declared Grandpa. Grandpa called to my attention that, "Dad retired from the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company on December 1, 1951 after thirty-nine years of service."

Grandpa Rogers standing outside of his father's birthplace in Bristol, England

"I don't ever recall my father ever saying that it was hard for him to adapt to the American way," recalled . Great-grandpa Rogers readily adapted himself to the way of living. His work and his goal of improving his educational status by correspondence and independent study courses were just a few of the ways Great-grandpa Rogers kept himself occupied. Henry Rogers first came to Negaunee and stayed in a rooming house. This rooming house consisted of emigrants from Finland, Italy, the Scandinavian countries, as well as England who were working in the mines. Great-grandpa Rogers was appreciative of what America had to offer him. "Dad was seeking a country where he could be free to follow his own dreams of improving himself intellectually and improving his status in life while making a decent living standard for himself and his family," said Grandpa. "Dad was thankful he made the choice to come over here and he was not disappointed by the way things turned out, " Grandpa said. His experience with life in America was exactly the way he thought of it.

When Great-grandpa Rogers married Ruth Roberts in May of 1914 he got his certificate of naturalization to The United States of America on the 7th of December 1914. As an item of interest, the certificate of Naturalization in addition to the year 1914, also stated that it was the 138-year of our Independence (from England). Although he was now officially a part of America, he still remained faithful to England. As the United States became involved in World War II Great-grandpa Rogers began to think that it might be important to have a birth certificate to show proof of birth. He would also need it when it came time for him to retire and to collect Social Security. Great-grandpa Rogers was not certain of his own birth name, so, on March 28th 1942 he sent a letter to the Registrar of Birth and Death in England. It read,

"Will you please send me a copy of my birth certificate. I was born on or about November 10th 1884 or 1885 at Oakland Place (or road) Clifton. I understand that I was christened Henry Frances or James Henry. My father's name was Richard Steven Rogers and my mother's maiden name was Long. I do not know her given name. Will you please send the certificate by airmail? Money order enclosed."

After writing this letter, Great-grandpa Rogers got a response on the 22nd of April in 1942. He found out that he was born on November 10th, 1885 at Oakfield Grove, Clifton, and was christened Frances Henry Hale Rogers. His mother's name was Emma Mary Hale (Long) Rogers. Long being her maiden name.

Militarization of Italy, Germany, and Japan was one subject Great-grandpa Rogers read a lot about and was of great concern to him. He was more patriotic, about his adopted country, the United States than his birth land, Great Britain. He did not trust the Germans, the Italians, or the Japanese during the thirties or the forties when fascism was rampant in Italy and Hitlerism was rapidly growing in Germany. Although Great-grandpa Rogers had many strong feelings about the wars and what went on, he was not directly involved in military activities. At the time when Pearl Harbor was attacked Great-grandpa Rogers was living in Negaunee and felt as though he should support the government in the war effort. One thought he had about the war was that President Roosevelt was doing wrong by letting our military personnel die when Pearl Harbor was attacked just to get the support of the American people in his war effort.

Stalin and Hitler both had the world believing that they were not or would not invade their neighboring country. When Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain called on Hitler, he also believed in what Stalin and Hitler had said. "Dad did not trust the intent of either the Soviets or the Nazis," stated Grandpa, "but all his information had to come from what the news reports had to say about the situation." During The Cold War he still stayed alert to what was going on and was thankful that his two sons came out of World War II safely. With his trust still hesitant, he felt that our best defense was to have a strong military.

During the time of the Cold War Grandpa was going on with his domestic life by building a house and having children. He had a son, Terry and a daughter Barbara. "I was cognizant of the fact that principally the Russians and the United States were building up their military strength," noted Grandpa. With this in mind they were each attempting to have a stronger force than the other one. Grandpa did not like what was going on in world at that time but he felt he could do nothing to help it.

Great-Grandpa Rogers

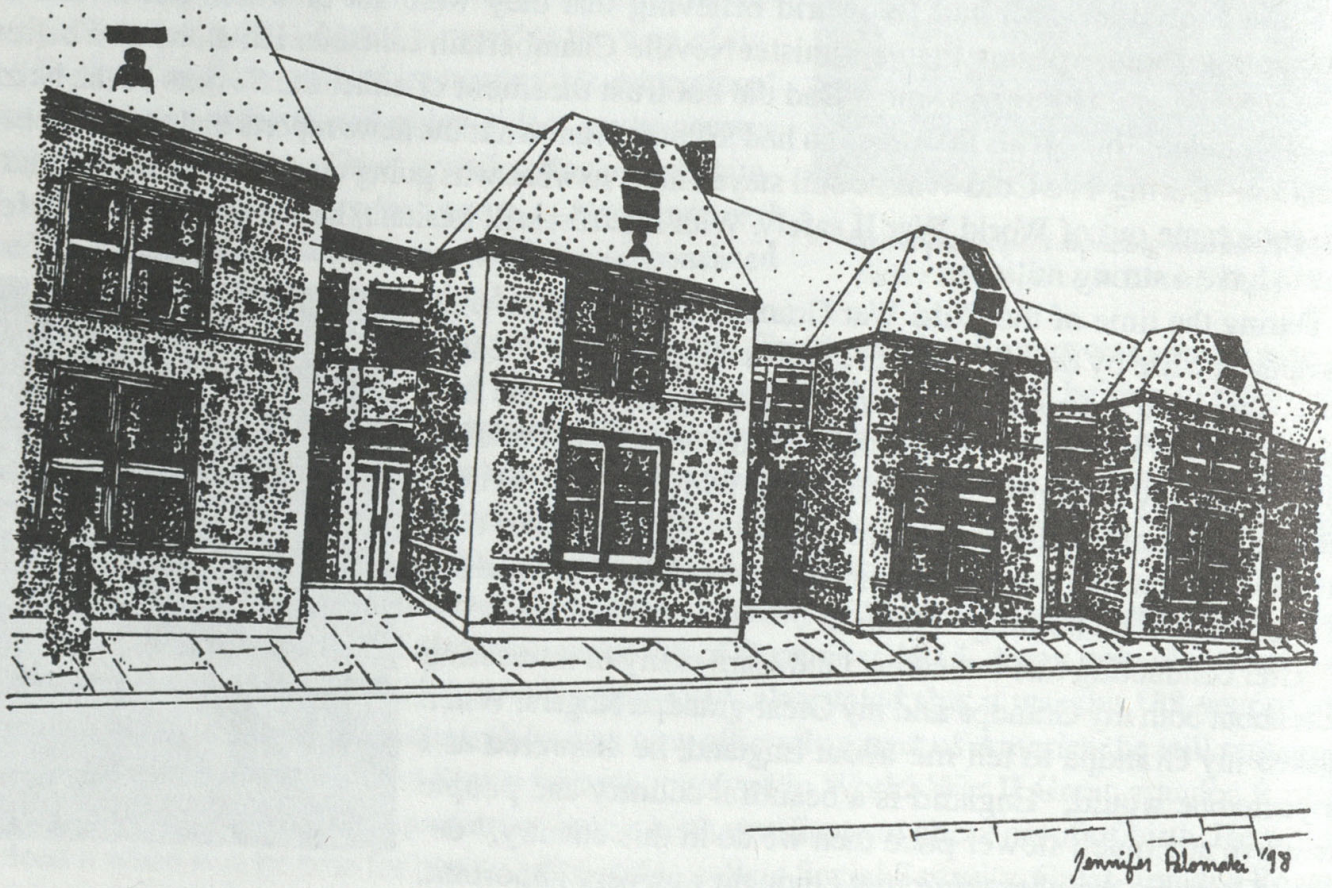
After conducting this interview I did learn many of interesting facts about both my Grandpa and my Great-grandpa Rogers. When I asked my Grandpa to tell me about England, he answered as I suspected he would, "England is a beautiful country and people there live at a much slower pace then we do in this country," declared Grandpa. Another thing that I thought was very important, were the lessons Great-grandpa Rogers might have passed down

to his children. The first thing that Great-grandpa Rogers taught his sons was to be a good father and husband. Also it was important to be honest, dependable and to get a good education. "He taught us to be willing to work hard and to have faith in God and not be afraid to express our faith," stated Grandpa. "He also taught us to be considerate of ones' fellow man and to realize that none-of us are better than our fellow man as long as he is a law abiding citizen," Grandpa pointed out. To appreciate our country, freedom and heritage were some of the other lessons Great-grandpa Rogers passed down to his sons.

Great-grandpa Rogers was a great man and a hard worker. He always cared for those he worked with as well as those who worked for him. He encouraged getting a good education and did not feel it was up to him to tell his boys what field of work they should pursue. His attitude, appearance, and actions were all respectable. If someone was in need of money or financial help he was always there to lend a helping hand and he never had any desire to get paid back. Great-grandpa Rogers was the model for the lessons he taught his sons about being a good husband and father.

I would like to thank my grandpa, Clifton Rogers for his time and patience while helping me research and learn about the life of my Great-grandpa.

-Jennifer Palomaki



Birth place of Great-Granpda Rogers - Bristol, England, 1885

"I HAVE BEEN A LIFE OF MUSIC!"

In the early 1900s, the question on many people's minds, in Italy, was how they could make a better living. The answer was...America! For the Trolla family, the land of riches and plenty awaited them because, "Life in Italy was extremely difficult..." as Ms. Mary Trolla described it.

Mary was born on January 1, 1935, in Wakefield, Michigan, almost twenty-seven years after her dad's arrival in May of 1908. She shared with me her family's very interesting history. Her dad, Middio Trolla, was a young bachelor looking for a better opportunity who came to America on a ship called the *Prince* which docked at Ellis Island, New York. After processing was completed his port of entry was New York City, and from there, a train took him to Michigan's Upper Peninsula. He lived with the DeRubois family, in Gogebic County, and they provided him with room and board.

Mr. Trolla in WWI uniform

Middio Trolla served in WWI, but was wounded by gas, as many men were. As a new resident of America, his dream was to be a miner, but his lungs were damaged, and he could not breathe well underground. "So, he wasn't a miner. I don't think for very long...And as a father, and family money maker, he became a shoe maker," said Ms. Trolla. He had a little shop along side of their house on Main Street, where he had all his equipment to make and repair shoes. "He was a cobbler, but then later on people bought from the shoe stores I suppose, and then he only fixed them," said Ms. Trolla. In a job where money is exchanged from hand to hand, some people cheated the immigrant, Mr. Trolla. When they asked him for change for a dollar, they told him that a five-dollar bill was equivalent. This same kind of deception occurred with many other immigrants of varied nationalities.

As years passed, Middio Trolla was denied marriage to his sweetheart, "She was about my mothers age. He wanted to marry this particular lady," but she was the second daughter Ms. Trolla explained. The father of the girls would not allow his second daughter to marry until the first one was betrothed. As years went by, Middio thought it was time to take a wife. He sent for Pacifica, from Italy, and married her in1920. "There was no courtship, or any kind of...there were no parents to ask for her hand or anything." explained Ms. Trolla. "He must have just remembered her from Capestrano", she added.

Pacifica was ten years younger than Middio, but she was a very experienced and talented cook. For years, Pacifica made many dishes with her own pasta, at least five out of seven days of the week and always on Sunday. She flattened out the noodles with a large rolling pin that had about a three-inch diameter. Then, she rolled that into a jellyroll shape, and cut them by hand. "And then hang them up, and then you got these long strings of kind of a thick textured noodle, more than a noodle," described Ms. Trolla. Pacifica made so much spaghetti and noodles, that Ms. Trolla remembers spaghetti stacked higher in their pantry, than in the store!

Along with her wonderful cooking skills, Pacifica Trolla was called upon for her healing power. "She would make a cross, many little crosses on your forehead, with oil. And she'd being saying prayers all the while. When she was done, the object of this whole thing was to make people feel

Mrs. Pacifica Trolla standing in the back row on the left

better!" said Ms. Trolla. In fact, she used this technique not only for people, but also for animals. "The lady called, and said that her husband's pig was lying in the mud and not well at all," said Ms. Trolla. So, Pacifica used her healing power to help this pig, right from her home! She did the traditional prayer system, along with the crosses. Well, a bit later, word came that the pig was all cured! This traditional process, used in Italy also, is called "amaleocchio". Ms. Trolla remembers trying to learn the entire procedure, and complete meaning, but it had to be learned during the octave of Christmas. The octave of Christmas was the eight days before Christmas. "Well, once I tried to learn it, and all these saint's names, and all these Italian words, no way!" laughed Ms. Trolla.

Three years after the marriage, Middio and Pacifica started their own family. In the year 1923, Marguerite was born; she was the oldest of the family. Next came Joe, born in 1925, and Anthony, born in 1927. "And then my other little sister, Anna, was born just two years after I, in 1937. So the two of us were close as we were kind of raised together," said Ms. Trolla, as she went on to tell about her meaningful relationship with her younger sister.

Ms. Trolla was very close with her sister Anna, because the older siblings were away and seeking careers. "They were great role models for me!" said Ms. Trolla "I remember one day, we were helping our neighbors across the street saw logs." joked Ms. Trolla. She and Anna had to mark the logs, the length of a piece of kindling, and then put a notch in the wood. "I don't know what she was reaching for, when I was putting the nick into the log, but as she was cleaning off a chip or something, and I hit the ax down, and chopped her index finger!" Ms. Trolla was terrified even when she went home, and she got in bed and said the Act of Contrition, while her sister was still at the doctor. "And then my sister came back and said, 'Don't worry Mary, the doctor said my finger would grow!'" Ms. Trolla said with a sigh of relief. However, her sister's finger never completely reached its desired length, to meet the other fingers.

Ms. Trolla and her sister also helped in the family's garden Ms. Trolla remembers her father always saying, "You can't eat grass!" Consequently, their enormous vegetable garden spread over their entire yard. Ms. Trolla helped can many vegetables, as many were used in family specialties or special recipes such as tomato sauce. She remembers her favorite or most common dishes as pasta soup, lasagna, and polenta. Along with making certain dishes and helping in the garden, Ms. Trolla also helped make wine with her father.

Every fall, her father bought many boxes of grapes and the kids had to go down in the basement and crush the grapes with a hand grinder! There was little time to play or do homework. "It was fun, cause we could eat some of the grapes," said Ms. Trolla. Her family, along with many others, such as her uncle, made wine not for entertainment purposes, but for a beverage. Italians drink wine, as we other nationalities drink milk, or juice. They also drank wine at religious events, or important affairs.

Religion was very important to the Trolla family, and they attended church regularly. "We had holy pictures all over you know, big ones, little ones," said Ms. Trolla, as she referred to her childhood home. In fact, when a harsh storm came to Wakefield, Pacifica placed a picture of Jesus or

Mary in the window, hoping the lighting and thunder would stop. Their Catholic religion was recognized and practiced throughout their lives. "Other kids were outside playing on Easter break, and we were at church, because there was Good Friday, Holy Saturday, Holy Thursday, and Sunday. My parents were very strict about us going to church," said Ms. Trolla. When the Trolla children were not attending church or helping out at home, they attended school.

When school started at the Mary McDonald Middle School, friendships developed and a whole new light was shown to Ms. Trolla. "I enjoyed high school particularly...cause I did speech, music, and forensics. I remember we used to have a sub who went from class to class, and activity. She always said, 'Mary you're getting more out of school than any other kid I know, cause everywhere I go, there you are.'" Along with all her activities, Ms. Trolla was becoming active socially.

Growing up in the time when young bachelors just sent for their wives, her parents were a little cautious about her socialization with boys and getting rides with them. "If I ever did meet a boy, or you know, just got a ride home or whatever, I don't care what time it was, my dad would be sitting there, out on this bench at the house!" she exclaimed. In 1952, Ms. Trolla was elected homecoming queen at Wakefield High School! "You know, I wondered if I should really do that...because they were pretty strict..." stated Ms. Trolla.

Ms. Trolla's real love in life, was, and is her music career! She recalls the day her interest in music was sparked. In her school, teachers announced that if any student wanted to be in band, they should report to the band room at two o'clock. "Well, that meant that I could get out of a class, so I went over there." announced Ms. Trolla. There was a teacher, Carl E. Nelson, there that looked the students over, and decided which instrument would be better. He examined Ms. Trolla's embouchure, and told her she was a natural trumpet player.

Ms. Trolla practiced her trumpet, which she rented for a couple of dollars from the school, whenever she had free time. "I would play my trumpet for three hours at a time, and that was my joy, or escape from stress." said Ms. Trolla. As she continued practicing her trumpet, her skill and love for it increased. Practice and her natural talent led to a wonderful career in music.

By the time she was eighteen, she was honored for her outstanding musical talent. Attending a music festival in Menominee, Ms. Trolla's abilities were noticed by an adjudicator who asked if she would like to attend Northern Michigan University. "I went home and told my mother and dad, and they didn't even understand what it was you know...their response was something like, 'Why do you need to go to college? You have a good job at the drug store.'" stated Ms. Trolla. She enrolled at Northern, took her entrance exams, and then worked very hard to do well and get good grades.

Mary Trolla as homecoming queen 1951-1952 Wakefield High School

Pacifica was very proud of her daughter, and Ms. Trolla recalled the special surprise her mother gave her on the day she had her rose ceremony and trumpet solo. Earlier in the day, Pacifica approached the driver of the Bunny Bread truck at a grocery store in Wakefield and asked him for a ride to

Marquette. She knew he always traveled that way and said to him, "My little girl up there, and she's playing the music instrument, and want to be the music teacher..." Ms. Trolla said as she described how her mother talked. So, Pacifica saw the ceremony, and went home with the driver the next day. "I'm proud of that, but at that time, I couldn't believe it." exclaimed Ms. Trolla who explained that her family did not own a car and if her mother did not get a ride, she would not have been able to attend.

"And so, with the good teachers and help that I had, I graduated with honors!" stated Ms. Trolla. She majored in music and attended the Northern Michigan University for a total of four years, receiving her bachelor's degree in 1956, and master's degree in 1961. A college education did pay off for Ms. Trolla because soon after, she had a teaching position. She worked for the Negaunee Public Schools as a music director and teacher in a career that spanned thirty years. "But I have to say that it is a blessing that I got to teach in the Negaunee Schools, because they support the arts." explained Ms, Trolla, as she described her much-loved career of teaching music. Ms. Trolla remembers, with pride, her greatest satisfaction in teaching. It was watching children grow and succeed with their music, especially if they were not good students and found school difficult. "When you have a kid who says you know, chorus keeps me in school. That gave me reason to get up every morning and go to school," confirmed Ms. Trolla. For her, everyday was a new challenge and adventure. In 1986 she had her last concert and it was filled with many honors, congratulations, and good wishes. A grateful community paid tribute to an outstanding teacher and music director. "It was such an ovation, paid to me by our church choir that sang, and our kids who did special solos, and surprising me with special music...Lots of things!" said Ms. Trolla.

Trolla family - Mary third from left

With her teaching music career ended, Ms. Trolla now directs the Negaunee Male Chorus and two choirs at St. Paul's Catholic Church. She is a very respected lady and is admired by many.

Two years before her mother passed away, Ms. Trolla, her mother, and brother Joe traveled to her parent's birthplace in Capestrano, Italy. Capestrano is a small village not far from Rome. Mary recalled the warm hospitality they received from her aunt and uncle even though they were quite poor and their living conditions very humble. She explained to me that her Aunt and Uncle only had a donkey for their transportation. However, her Uncle had a beautiful garden and they were given a lot of good food. Ms. Trolla speaks with deep admiration of her family's roots in Capestrano. A few years later, Mary and her sister, Anna, returned to Capestrano. "We always thought the word for bathroom was bachaos, so on one of these trips, the bus stopped at a little town near Rome, where we landed, on our way to Capestrano." said Ms. Trolla as she described her humorous adventure in

Italy. So, Anna asked the bus driver for a bachaos, so she could wash her hands. He replied "No capishe!" Then, he realized what she was asking for. "Well, after a while, we found out the word we thought was "bathroom", was the word for where our bathroom was when my older brothers and sisters were little was a backhouse. Outhouse...behind the house!" laughed Ms. Trolla. So, eventually he understood what she and her sister were talking about, and showed them where it was, "So, that was one of our first experiences." chuckled Ms. Trolla. That was not Ms. Trolla's only trip to Italy, as she returned to visit relatives a couple more times.

Along with her relatives in Italy, Ms. Trolla took her mother to visit other family members in the United States. "We were going to go to Boston and New York. Take my mother back to some aunts and uncles, some sisters and brothers she had there." said Ms. Trolla. But, on July 6, 1969, her mother got sick, and she died. They buried her on the tenth, as their trip was scheduled for the eleventh. After days of mourning over her great loss, Ms. Trolla's friend convinced her she needed to get away and go on at least some of the trip with her. She remembered while they were in Boston visiting her friend's relatives, they watched on television as man landed on the moon! Ms. Trolla will remember that occasion for years to come, not only for the great step in technology, but also for losing her dear mother.

Today, the Trolla family's traditions have decreased in practice, but the memories continue to remain. Ms. Trolla's sister, Anna, who still creates her own pasta, and has continued family recipes along with their traditions, preserves the Italian heritage. As far as the garden goes, "The garden that Middio Trolla once tended is like two postage stamps by comparison" Ms. Trolla commented.

Now that her mother and father have passed away, Ms. Trolla keeps her Italian heritage alive by participating in Italian organizations. She has been a member, in fact the president, of the Marquette County Paisano Club for the last ten years. She continues to remember and reminisce about her wonderful experiences in Italy and hopes to share all her Italian knowledge with generations to come.

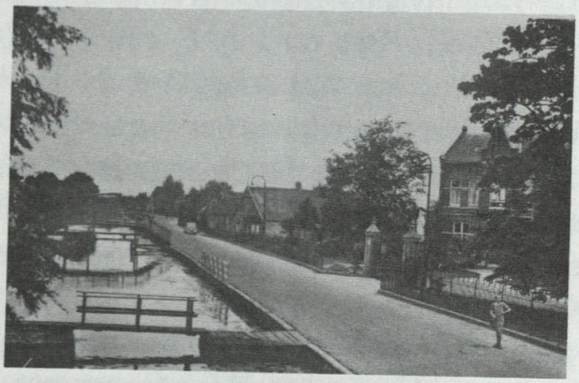
Although Ms. Trolla has retired from her music teaching career, she continues to carry loving memories of all her students and the gift of music with the community. She is the inspiration to friends and family and encourages all to develop these talents and find joy in music. I want to thank Ms. Trolla for sharing her experiences and memories with me. I hope her experiences as an Italian-American will inspire others to learn about their heritage.

-Lindsey Paananen

Mary (right) and Anna (left) Trolla sitting on the step of their childhood home in Wakefield, Michigan.

WHY WE SHOULD WELCOME IMMIGRANTS

As I sat in the waiting room of Dr. Lexmond's office, I tried to imagine the interview to take place. After a short time, the hallway door opened and Dr. Lexmond greeted me warmly. He immediately gave the impression that he was incredibly admirable. I was led though the hallway and into his very personal office. I was offered a seat, and I knew just by all the pictures, little trinkets, and just the overall arrangement of the office, that behind that welcoming grin on his face, he was holding a fascinating story of his life for me.



Dr. Lexmond's hometown

Dr. Martinus Lexmond was born September 15th, 1930, in a small area in the Netherlands. He was child nine of twelve, but he loved his big family. His mother, Catherina, and father, Martinus, both supported him from day one, especially with schoolwork and any childhood problems that might arise. His mother was the single person that affected his life the most. Although his father certainly loved him and wanted the best for him, it was his mother who had the chance, due to the time she had being a housewife, to further his desire for education and talk to him. She was his motivator and always pointed him ahead. Dr. Lexmond's father held the house in order. "In a family of twelve kids you have to be strict or you will have chaos," stated Dr. Lexmond in defense of his father. With his parents backing him, Dr. Lexmond was given the confidence and guided in the right direction in life to become successful.

Dr. Lexmond always had an interest in science, but a lack of interest in school itself. The education was taught slower to make sure every single student understood completely, and with few vacations, it was difficult for him to stay interested for any long period of time. What helped to make the longer school year pass faster was a system farmers had adopted in Holland. Every so often, any child who worked on a farm could be excused from class for two or three weeks to help out on the farm. Of course, every child back then worked for his or her parents in order to carry their load in the family. But as school progressed, Dr. Lexmond gained more interest and kept to his studies to fulfill dreams and goals. While he favored the sciences, aviation was what really caught his attention.

Dr. Lexmond with classmates

People like Charles Lindbergh who broke aviation records gave Dr. Lexmond a fascination for the field. Just getting out of the normal grade and high school, he desired to become a pilot for the air force in Holland. Dr. Lexmond was given a physical for the air force and the results showed a depth perception problem. Unfortunately, he was not accepted to become a pilot due to his vision. The air force told him he would not know a hill from a valley in the sky, making emergency landings practically impossible. After being turned down for the air force, he really did not know exactly what direction

his life should take. Dr. Lexmond had planned on having his education paid for by the government, but instead he had to borrow money and attend medical school.

Although Dr. Lexmond really wanted to be a pilot, he enjoyed his medical training, and has no regrets on becoming a doctor. Dr. Lexmond had completed medical school in Holland, but had not done his internship, when he decided to move to the United States.

His main reason for leaving was simple and practical; he wanted more space. Holland was very crowded and basically, America was empty and waiting to be filled, so he emigrated from the Netherlands. Dr. Lexmond really had no worries about moving to America, since he knew English, already had his education, and was certain he would be employed as an intern. Dr. Lexmond was twenty-six when he and his wife, Jacoba, who he had just married in the week's prior, took the flight to New York. People who aided immigrants waited for them and boarded Dr. Lexmond and his wife on a train to Baltimore, Maryland. When finally reaching Baltimore, another helpful group of people took them into their house until Dr. Lexmond and his wife could support themselves. While in Baltimore, he started his internship and he worked to become an American citizen.

To become an American citizen, Dr. Lexmond applied for his state board, which gave him the license to practice in the medical field, and had to take the ECFMG (Educational Council for Medical Graduates) test. He passed and after he applied to become an American citizen. A couple of doctors in Youngstern, Ohio sponsored him for the event. Dr. Lexmond studied the history of our country, but especially the American political system. He passed the test earning his citizenship.

Dr. Lexmond Joins Medical Unit In City

ISHPEMING — Drs. R. G. Williams and W. G. Schroeder announce that Dr. M. J. Lexmond has become associated with them in their medical-surgical practice in Ishpeming.

DR. LEXMOND

He joins Drs. Williams and Schroeder in the medical building at 524 Mather Ave. following completion of five years of service as resident surgeon in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Youngstown, Ohio. Prior to that time, he completed his medical education at the University of Leiden, the Netherlands, and served for a year as interne at St. Joseph's Hospital in Baltimore, Md.

Dr. Lexmond, his wife, Jacoba, and their two children, Theodore and Michelle, are residing at 2017 Washington Ave.

Article written about Dr. Lexmond when he moved to Ishpeming

Adjusting to America was no problem at all for Dr. Lexmond. He had a strong grasp on the language due to his years in medical school. At the time, many American students who could not get into medical school in the United States came to Europe for their education. Dr. Lexmond was exposed to large amounts of English through those students. The most difficult task Dr. Lexmond faced was getting from point A to point B. Since he did not have his drivers license, it made getting around town quiet a hassle. Except for riding public transportation for his first two years, his adaptation to America was quick and painless.

Dr. Lexmond and his wife Jacoba at left

Dr. Lexmond had a positive outlook about America before he came, but after coming his perspective only grew stronger. What surprised him was that the people of this country were very friendly and extremely helpful to newcomers and immigrants. "And yeah, kind of surprising because I don't think you will find open arms if you come into any foreign country like we came here," declared Dr. Lexmond. In one instance, Dr. Lexmond's wife, who was a nurse, had a friend who was also a nurse. As Jacoba and the nurse became friends and shared time together, she found

out that the nurse's husband was a floor supervisor at Sears. Through that man Dr. Lexmond and his wife were able to purchase furniture at remarkable discount prices. Dr. Lexmond and his wife were immigrants and really had little money, but many people helped them right from the start through all the different methods possible to those people.

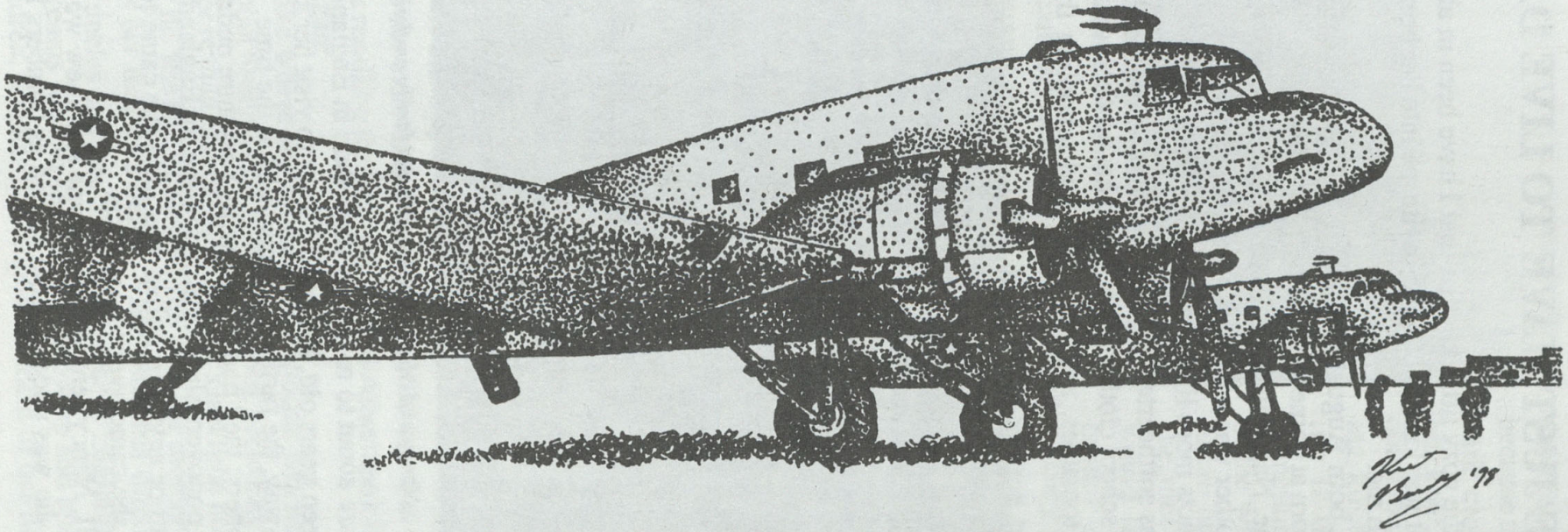
Dr. Lexmond still holds strong feelings about the Netherlands and how the country operates. "From the cradle to the grave," Dr. Lexmond explained about the social services in Europe. They have great health insurance and good retirement in general, but because of these things taxes are terribly high to pay for the services rendered. Also, the population density needs to be taken into consideration. With thirteen million people in an area about the size of Upper Michigan, it must be extremely well organized in order to maintain a functioning system. The Netherlands will always have a special place in his heart. The cherished memories of ice skating the day away and Christmases with his family remain the highlight of his life. "The best memories are of your childhood, and mine are too. In spite of the war, growing up in a big family was fun. We had interesting holiday and family celebrations and life was really fun. And this is one of the things you miss when you immigrate, you lose your family and you lose the old customs of your country," Dr. Lexmond concluded about his favorite memories.

Dr. Lexmond with his model airplanes

Through practicing the medical profession, Dr. Lexmond has accomplished a great deal and made a great contribution to the community. He is a very active man for his age, and I could just tell the kid at heart still lives deep inside. Because of his love of aviation, Dr. Lexmond now builds model airplanes. "My main goal is to get old, I'm sixty-seven now! But no, I want to see my children all settled and educated, hopefully happy. My grandchildren, I want to see them go to school and so on. And hopefully enjoy my old age for a long time," Dr. Lexmond acknowledged to me as the interview came to a close.

When I take the whole interview into perspective, and why people immigrate, I start to realize that it not only benefits the person who immigrates, but it also benefits the entire country. Dr. Lexmond is a prime example why we should welcome newcomers to this country, and why we should allow everyone an equal chance to come to America. To many, America is the only option to escape the brutal world that is their home country. While some people would like to stop incoming of immigrants, I believe we should leave the doors of opportunity to anyone. Immigrants are what molded our country to what it is, and gave us a well rounded, diverse economy. America is a place for the whole world to meet, and share cultures, and become one as a world society.

- Kurt Benckendorf



"WE JUST HAVE TO LIVE DAY BY DAY"

As I walked into the cozy little kitchen that I have been in about a thousand times before, I was nervous. Nancy Nault was kind enough to invite me into her home and share her life in England and the United States with me.

Nancy Nault was born August 9th, 1931, in Colchester, Essex, England, to Percy and Hilda Whybrow. She was born at home with the help of a midwife because expectant mothers did not go to the hospital at the time. Nancy was the fourth of six children. Nancy's father was a bricklayer when she was born. Her mother was a housewife; mothers did not work when Nancy was born.

Nancy thinks she acts more like her mom than dad. She thinks a girl normally acts like a mom. She says her mom was softhearted, easy to get along with, and never crabby.

To earn money for school clothes, Nancy and her brothers and sister did some gardening, such as picking mushrooms, tomatoes, and peas. She had schooling that is equivalent to high school in America. She considers the kids of today to be very lucky to have all that we have. About forty years ago, in England, maybe one in the family went to college. At that time college did not even enter a student's head. Nancy is not quite sure if her children and even grandchildren would have had the schooling they had or are about to receive if they were in England.

Nancy and Albert with friends and family on their wedding day, August the 7th, 1954

When she was thirteen years old, her family went to visit her sister Daphne, in Devon, England, which was 200 miles away, the farthest she traveled at the time. Looking back forty years, Nancy remembers Sunday dinners; they had a roast with Yorkshire pudding topped with gravy. Yorkshire pudding is kind of like popovers she explained to me. In England people eat very plain. Nancy did not know what spaghetti or anything Italian was until she came to America. Surprisingly, she also never had a pasty until she came over to America.

During World War II, Nancy remembers no one she knew was killed. There were times it was very frightening when she was under a table or bed as bombers flew over head. They did not see

Nancy Nault, Country Road in England

daylight through the windows because they were covered with dark cloth, during the town blackout. She recalls worrying about the people she knew fighting, killing others, and wondering if they would survive. Something good did come out of the war though, she met her future husband. As a teenager she met a boy her age, who, would later become her husband.

"I met and married an American serviceman," explained Nancy. They were both twenty-two years of age that glorious day, August the 7th 1954, when they became husband and wife. Her husband, Albert, lived on the air base until they married. After that, they lived in a little bungalow near the ocean. "It was a small one bedroom bungalow, five minute walk and you were on the ocean," as Nancy recalls their first home. They did not stay long in England, for eleven months later they were coming to America.

Nancy did not anticipate that she would be the first family member leaving to come to America. One of the hardest things to do when she left England was say good-bye to her youngest brother, because he was only seven at the time. She was twenty-three years old when she left England.

Nancy and her new husband, Albert, were on a boat to America. The journey took eleven days, because they had to make a loop around the coast of Germany before reaching America. For the majority of the boat ride Nancy was sick. Their port of arrival was New York City, New York.

Seeing Nancy was born in England, she knows how to speak English very well. Her mom and dad were also born and raised in England. When she married Albert and came to America, she got along famously with all of his family. They were just wonderful to Nancy, treating the new couple very well.

She had some early opinions of the Upper Peninsula. When I asked her what they were, she replied, "I thought I was going to the ends of the earth, all I could see was trees. I'd never seen so many trees in my life." Nancy was recalling the bus trip she and Albert took from Milwaukee to their future home in Ishpeming, Michigan.

Nancy still lives in Cooper Lake where she raised four children: Michael, Scott, Timothy, and MaryAnn. When MaryAnn was about twelve years old, Nancy took her to England to meet MaryAnn's grandma. Nancy has been home more than once to visit. Nancy's last time home was for a sad reason because her mother was seriously ill. She had a chance to be with her mother a week before she died. She stayed for a week or so after her mother's death. Nancy still has three brothers, John, Bryan, Graham, a sister, Daphne, aunts, uncles and lots of cousins over in England.

Some of Nancy's hopes and dreams were to see her kids grow up and lead happy lives, to have a long life and to see her grandchildren. She has accomplished most of her hopes and dreams. All of

her kids have grown up, and given her ten grandchildren, A.J, Nicole, Alicia, Tori, Ashley, Ryan, Justin, Michele, Joseph, and Kelsey.

Although Nancy loves her home country, she would not want to live in England after forty-two years in America. Like she said, " We Just Have to Live Day by Day."

-Toni Lusardi

REMEMBERING BEFORE IMMIGRATING TO AMERICA AND BEYOND

Mrs. Pirjo (Poytakangas) Hill was born on April 22, 1943, in Laapenranta a city that lies in the southeast of Finland. "I'm originally from Oulu, but before I was born my family moved to Laapenranta because my father was in the war." explained Mrs. Hill in her cozy living room. When I stepped in to her living room, I knew at that moment, I was about to experience what life was like for a Finnish immigrant.

Mrs. Hill's parents' names are Vieno and Arvi Poytakangas, and they were farmers. Mrs. Hill's mother is still alive, but her father passed away thirty-two years ago. Her dad had been in the World War II training horses for this war. After the war Mrs. Hill's grandfather's age hindered his working so the family moved back to northern Finland to help him on the family farm. Taking full advantage of the privilege to vote, Mrs. Hill's parents could be called politically active, participating in all elections. Mrs. Hill lived with her two sisters and three brothers. Mrs. Hill was close to her parents but at that time Finnish people were more reserved than people here. They did not show emotions easily or express them.

Mrs. Hill was very shy when she was younger. She was always very honest as a child. " When I was little I was my dad's pet, he did not try to show it to anybody but I knew I was my dad's favorite child," stated Mrs. Hill. Her childhood was very plain. In the summertime she played chase in the woods or played house with her brothers and sisters. She did not have very many toys when she was little. " I remember making houses out of old matchboxes," stated Mrs. Hill. One toy Mrs. Hill remembers having is a doll that she received for Christmas one year.

Before receiving her degree Mrs. Hill worked as a nurses aide

There were many different chores Mrs. Hill, her sister and brothers did such as helping in the barn, milking the cows and stacking hay. She also had to help with household chores like cleaning doing the dishes, baking, and cooking.

A typical day at school in Finland was a little different from here in America. In the morning she and her classmates had a morning devotion where they bowed their heads and the teacher said a prayer. After saying a prayer the class then did sing a song. The day continued with regular classes. Mrs. Hill attended grade school in Finland for seven years. She remembers Mrs. Vesterinen, a teacher in Finland, because she had been a teacher for many

years, and she was a very strict but loving teacher.

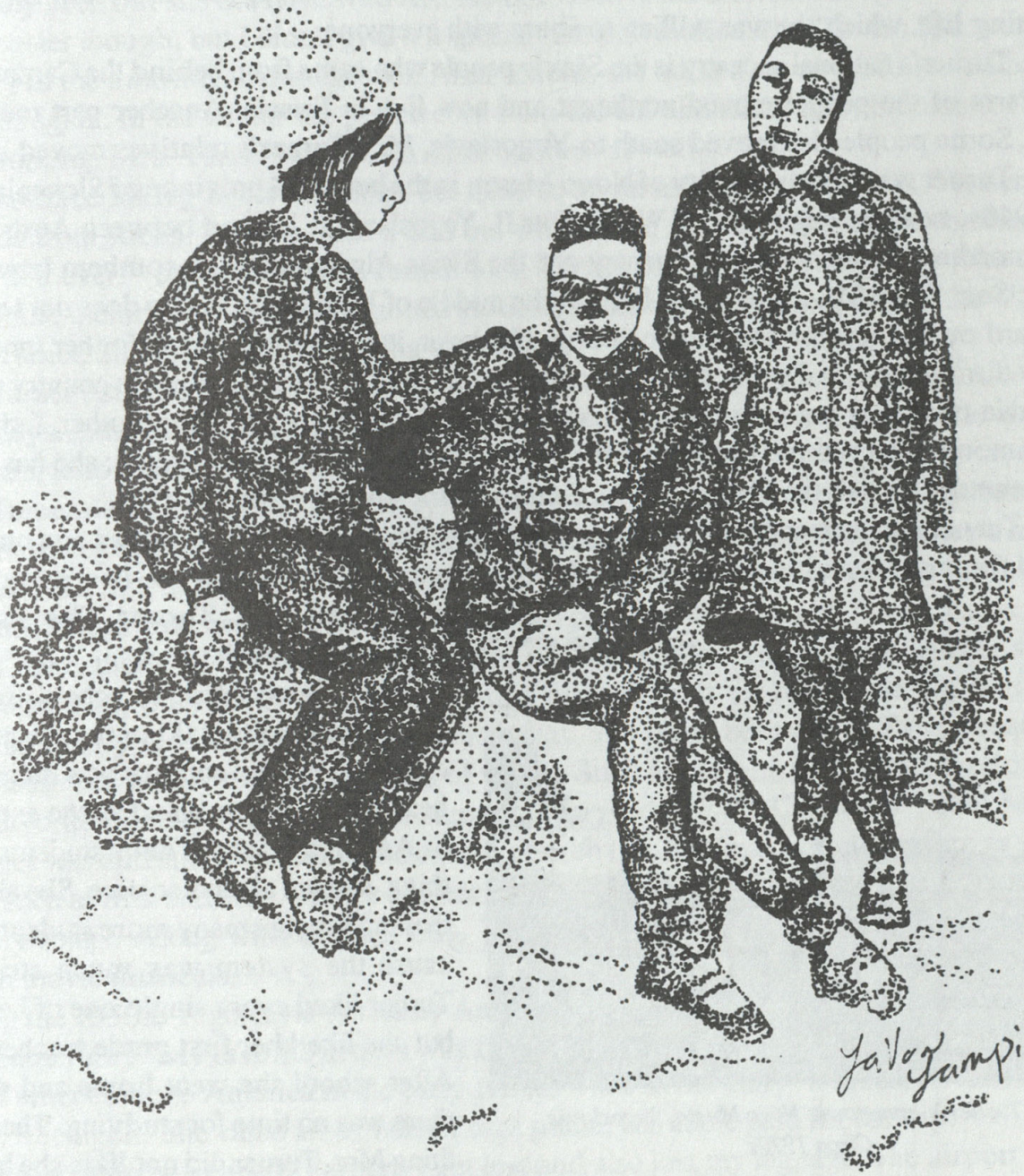
Mrs. Hill immigrated to America on December 16, 1965, at the age of twenty-two. She came to America to live with her relatives in Illinois because they invited her. Not until after immigrating to America and attending school, did Mrs. Hill learn how to speak English. Soon after coming to America many sad events erupted in her life. One of the most traumatic was when her father died, it happened just after she came to America, and she could not make it back home for the funeral. She was very close to her father. Another sad occurrence was her grandmother's death she was really sad because she was very close to her grandmother. After living in America for a few months she decided to go back to school and finish up her education, despite her age. "I did not have a high school education in Finland," noted Mrs. Hill. Since her family was a poor family back in Finland, she did not have a chance to go to high school there. "I did go of course in the fall. I was able to get my diploma and later go to college to be a nurse," replied Mrs. Hill. Mrs. Hill went to college here in this country to be a nurse. Mrs. Hill first applied to nursing school at Michigan Tech, which lasted for two terms. Her studies were interrupted when she met her husband and married. Mrs. Hill was married in Hancock, Michigan on December 21,1968. She later went back to school after fifteen years to become a practical nurse.

After achieving her nursing degree Mrs. Hill has enjoyed her work at the D.J. Jacobetti Home for Veterans. A typical day at work for Mrs. Hill starts off by helping the patients get dressed and ready for breakfast. After breakfast, she gets them prepared for the day. At lunchtime Mrs. Hill and her partners have to get the veterans ready to eat. "If the patients wet their beds we have to make sure they are clean and turned regularly," she explained. Mrs. Hill also helps them get ready for a nap too. The days the nurse has to do medications she has to so the charting and the doctor's orders.

I asked Mrs. Hill to reflect back into her past. Some of happiest times for Mrs. Hill were when her children were born and when her grandchildren were born. Mrs. Hill children's names are Lala, Lisa, Sara, Jana, Eric, Peter, Tina, Michael, Paula, Jussi, and Hannah. Mrs. Hill's grandchildren names are Kevin, Bridget, Maria, Craig, and Lala. Her hobbies are doing hand work like knitting and baking. She likes to work outside in the summertime planting flowers and working in her vegetable garden. One opportunity that Mrs. Hill feels she missed is working as a registered nurse instead of a practical nurse although she does like the work she does right now as a practical nurse.

I enjoyed talking, looking at pictures of Finland and sharing the great memories of Mrs. Hill. She still leads a very interesting life. I learned a great deal of what it was like to immigrate and leave the ones you loved. I greatly appreciate Mrs. Hill for letting me look into her past.

-LaVon Lampi



Friends in Finland

IMMIGRATING FROM YUGOSLAVIA

"It is not how it looks around you; it is what you learn." Ana Turner stated as we spoke about her school life in Yugoslavia, which is now Slovenia. Ana Turner is a very delightful and admirable person, and I knew that from the moment I spoke with her about the interview. She has a very fascinating life, which she was willing to share with everyone.

Mrs. Turner's national ancestry is the Slavic people who came from behind the Carpathian Mountains. Parts of the people moved northeast and now live in Russia. Another part moved west to Poland. Some people also moved south to Yugoslavia. Mrs. Turner's relatives moved south.

Mrs. Turner was born in the city of Novo Mesto, in the beautiful province of Slovenia, during the early 1940s, near the beginning of World War II. Yugoslavia is located between Austria and Italy. On the northern boundary of the country are the Swiss Alps and on the southern boundary is the Adriatic Sea. Since Mrs. Turner was born in the middle of World War II, she does not recall the war being hard on her because she was so young. However, it was very difficult for her mother to raise a family during the war. During the cold war years, as Russia tried to make the country communist, Yugoslavia tried very hard to stay independent. Mrs. Turner lived with her mother, father, and one sister, Simona, who is three years older than she is. Simona is still in Slovenia; she has never been healthy enough to visit the United States, although Mrs. Turner visits her often.

Mrs. Turner and her family lived in a one-bedroom apartment, with a kitchen and one bedroom. "We had the most beautiful fields and gardens to play in, my youth was the best part of my life!" exclaimed Mrs. Turner. She also enjoyed school very much.

Mrs. Turner's hometown, Novo Mesto, Yugoslavia
Circa 1970s

Mrs. Turner went to school from 8:00 in the morning until 2:00 in the afternoon. "Discipline in my old country was more strict than here," Mrs. Turner noted as she explained that in America teachers help students with anything, and are always so nice. She also recalled that in Slovenia many more students failed because the system was much stricter. Mrs. Turner liked every single one of her teachers, but she liked her first grade teacher the most. After school she went home and did chores; there was no time for studying. There was one thing Mrs. Turner did not like; she had to walk a long way to and from school every day. "I walked about two miles every day to and from school. There were no paved roads so when it rained I got very dirty and muddy," Mrs. Turner informed me. When she was educated, it was not like here in America. Because, there was not many big buildings, or nice places, because of the World War II destruction, for a school, an old house was what she was taught in. She also told me that when she was being schooled, kids were forced to take so many years

of one subject, but now students get to pick what subjects they want. Mrs. Turner wore second hand clothes and clothing made by her and her family. "Usually my shoes were two sizes larger because my mom always thought that I'd grow out of them too soon," laughed Mrs. Turner. Before and after school, not including her chores, Mrs. Turner had a favorite place.

Mrs. Turner's favorite place to be in her house was the kitchen because she loved to cook. She did not have any pets, but she did have wild cats that she used in the barn for eating mice. " I did have a favorite rooster though, but I didn't give it a special name." recalled Mrs. Turner. She worked in the fields early in the morning, before school. After school, she milked the cows, followed by working in the fields again. In the winter she peeled corn from the cob and made many brooms for sweeping. Besides working, Mrs. Turner liked to do other hobbies as well.

She also liked hiking and swimming, but liked to swim more than hike. Mrs. Turner made her own games from sticks. " I never had a doll but when I had a child, I made sure she had the most beautiful doll ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Turner. Mrs. Turner still enjoys sewing. " I make clothes for my own child, including many warm knitted stockings, since we need them here in the U.P," chuckled Mrs. Turner. She also enjoys listening to music.

Mrs. Turner listened to classical music, opera, and orchestras. " I went to the opera house every fourteen days....the house had Old Italian operas. I loved it," Mrs. Turner stated. She also enjoyed polka bands, with ten to fifteen instruments.

Mrs. Turner described her parents as common people; her mother was a housewife who rented fields to raise vegetables, pigs and chickens. In addition to her farming, Mrs. Turner's mother also cooked. She did this to provide food for her family. Mrs. Turner's father worked on the railroads. Her parents always told her to be honest and tell people what she thought. " As long as our school work was done, that's all our parents expected of us," stated Mrs. Turner. Mrs. Turner's family did not eat much beef, only pork. "We had one great big feast and the rest of the pig was sold," she related. Her family also ate potatoes, corn, rutabagas, and green beans. Mrs. Turner made her own bread because her family owned two acres of wheat. Such feasts with pork took place on a holiday

"My favorite holiday is probably the same as everybody else's, Christmas," said Mrs. Turner. Mrs. Turner was and still is Catholic; she attends church on Christmas as well as often as she can. On holidays such as this one, Mrs. Turner and her family went to church, cooked a big dinner, and then sang many songs. Along with singing, Mrs. Turner enjoyed watching other people sing in many American movie musicals.

During the 1950s, Yugoslavia got many American movie musicals. Such as: *Oklahoma*, *Carousel*, and *State Fair*. "My favorite actress was Doris Day," recalled Mrs. Turner.

Mrs. Turner came to America in the early 1960s, while in her early twenties, to visit her uncle in Calumet, Michigan. She came all by herself on a plane; her uncle paid for the trip.

"At first, I came to Kennedy Airport. I got lost and also lost my luggage. The airport was so big; they had to drive me all the way to the luggage claim," exclaimed Mrs. Turner. It took about ten hours to get here from Yugoslavia, to Kennedy Airport in New York City. Once she got to America she stayed over night in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, before she came to the Copper Country, in Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

"I didn't intend to live here, but I wanted to learn how to speak English, so I came to see my uncle

who owned a restaurant in Houghton," Mrs. Turner stated. When she got to Houghton, the only job she could get was helping at her uncle's restaurant without pay. Because she was not a citizen yet, she was not able to work anywhere else. Mrs. Turner was on the visitor's visa for one year, while living in Calumet. While she was helping at her uncle's restaurant, she met her future husband, Amos Turner. They were married on September 18, 1965.

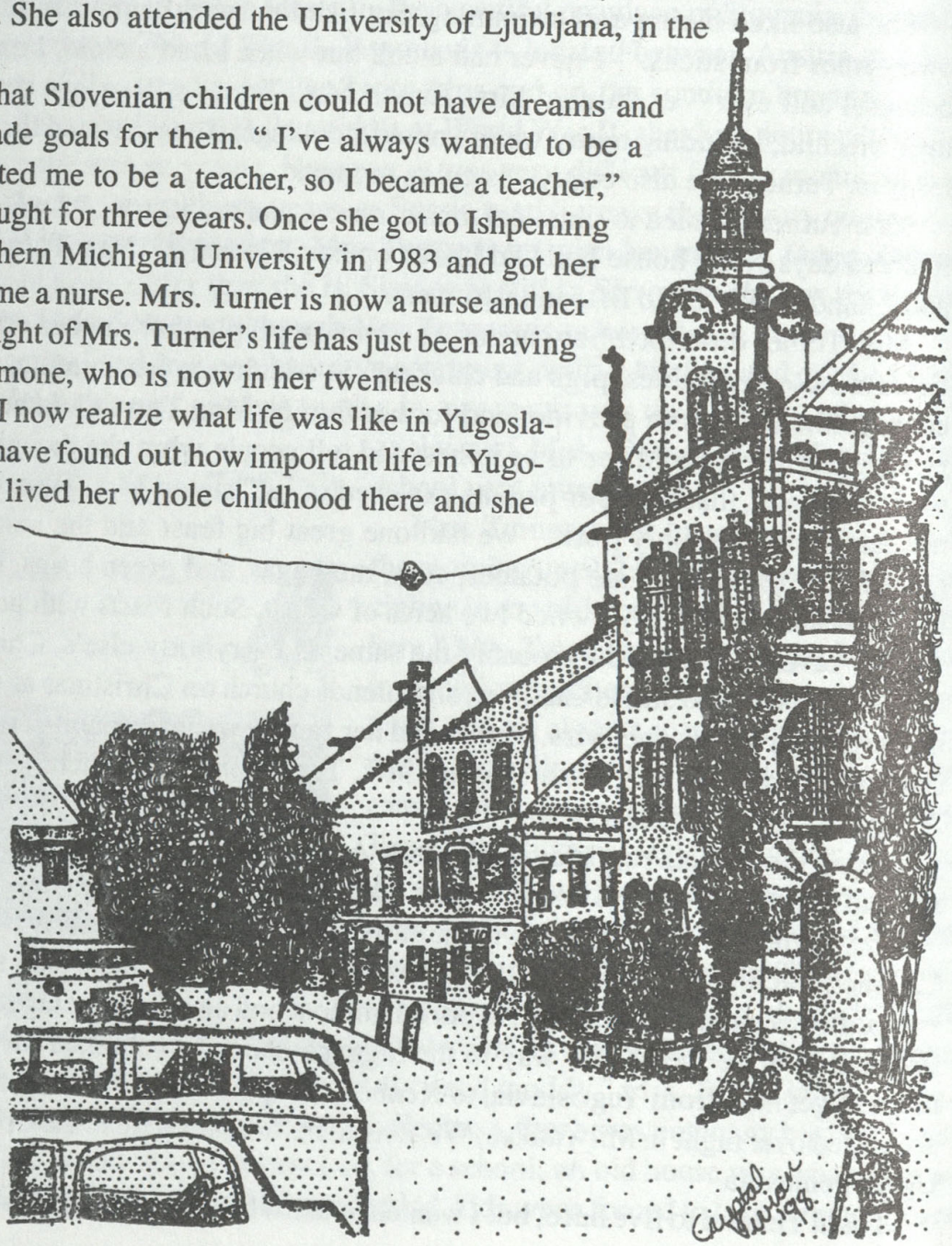
At first when Mrs. Turner came here, it was hard for her to understand people, because most people spoke the English language. "I went to Northern Michigan University when my child, Simone, was about eleven. It only took about one semester for me to adapt to the English language," explained Mrs. Turner.

Mrs. Turner has lived in Novo Mesto, Calumet, Houghton, Hancock, and then she moved to Ishpeming. She also attended the University of Ljubljana, in the city of Ljubljana.

Mrs. Turner told me that Slovenian children could not have dreams and goals because parents made goals for them. " I've always wanted to be a nurse, but my father wanted me to be a teacher, so I became a teacher," stated Mrs. Turner. She taught for three years. Once she got to Ishpeming in 1974, she went to Northern Michigan University in 1983 and got her bachelor's degree to become a nurse. Mrs. Turner is now a nurse and her goals were met. The highlight of Mrs. Turner's life has just been having her one and only child, Simone, who is now in her twenties.

Thanks to Mrs. Turner I now realize what life was like in Yugoslavia. As I spoke with her, I have found out how important life in Yugoslavia was to her. She has lived her whole childhood there and she treasures that. It meant a great deal to her, and I have found that out when she told me how much she loved the beautiful fields and gardens she had. She was willing to share her incredible life with us and I appreciate that very much.

-Crystal Vivian



"ONCE IN A LIFETIME OPPORTUNITY"

In the year 1895, Matthew Maki was waiting in the port of Hango for a ship departing from Finland to the United States. Along with others, he left his homeland with the same dream of seeing his first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty.

Emelia and Matt 10 days before he died

Viola Hima Sofia (Taisto) Maki retold the story of her parent's immigration from Finland along with the memories of her husband's immigration to the United States. Since Matthew and Emelia Maki are deceased, I interviewed their daughter Viola to find out how my ancestors came to this country.

When Matthew came out of the long lines of people being processed through Ellis Island, he made the decision to settle in Colorado and then Montana to go work in the silver mines. His days in the mines were adventurous yet dangerous spending hours in the cold wet earth, fearing he would get a bad case of the fever. In addition, the greatest danger was of being killed by falling rocks. After experiencing these harsh conditions, he left the silver mines and headed toward Michigan's Upper Peninsula in search of work in the iron ore mines.

In 1899, Emeila (Kiviniemi) Maki also waited in the long lines of people also at Ellis Island. She decided to leave her homeland of Finland because her three sisters, Mary, Sofia, and Hilma, who were in America, sent her a ticket to the United States. There were not any opportunities for her in Finland; the main reasons why Emelia and Matthew decided to leave Hilma said, "They left Finland because of the bad summers and winters, also in search of job opportunities." After meeting up with her sisters, Emelia moved to Ironwood to work as a cook in a boarding house.

In Ironwood boarding house is where Emelia and Matt met. After work, he went to the boarding house to eat and rest. They were married in the year 1905, and had five children, Viola, Jenni, Arnie, Hemli and Oscar. They also had a regular farm, and raised mink, and they did their own logging.

After Matthew quit his job at the Caspian Mine near Ironwood, he and the rest of his family logged the trees on their property, and sold the lumber. That is how they made some of their money during the Great Depression. Hilma said they never really had a problem during the Depression because they had animals from the farm they could eat if they had to. They also raised

Viola Hilma Sofia Taisto at an earlier age

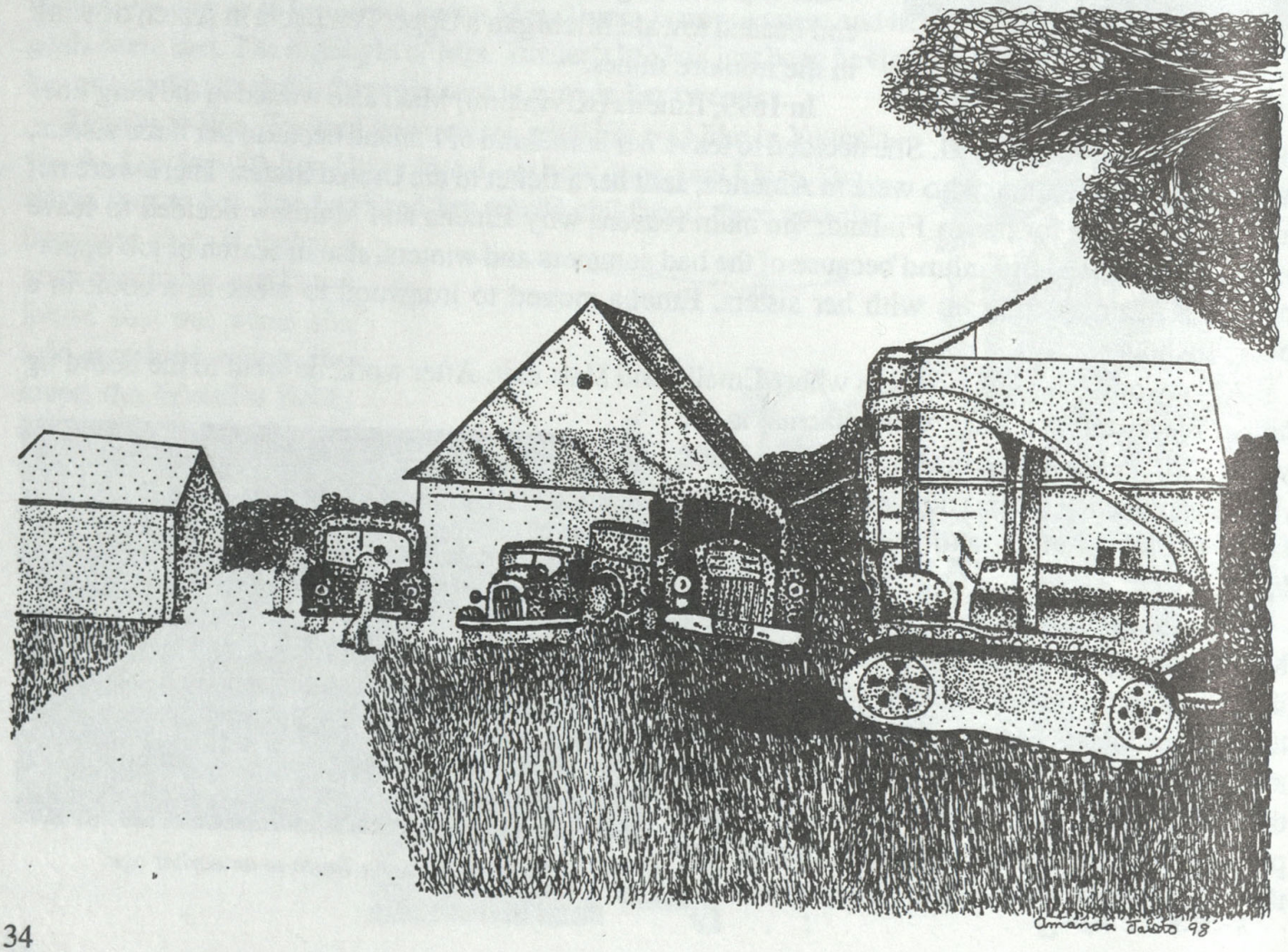
vegetables and picked berries.

Viola also mentioned that her family had no problems talking to neighbors and people living nearby because nobody spoke English; they all spoke Finnish. She said her parents did learn English but they never had to use that language.

In the fall of 1938 Viola met a Finnish immigrant named Reino Taisto in Summit, Michigan. He had emigrated from Finland and arrived in New York in the year 1936 when he went to live with his father in Rock. In 1937, Reino moved to Herman, Michigan and worked for a logger. In 1938 Viola met him and they were married on October 8, 1939. They had two sons Eero and John Taisto and they both had families and live in Baraga County.

Unfortunately, Matthew died in the year 1938, Emelia died in the year 1960, and Viola's husband Reino died in the year 1997. As I concluded my interview I will always remember the look Hilma gave me as I left. As if I was the only person in the world she told her parent's and husband's life stories to.

-Amanda Taisto



THE ARRIVAL OF THE FINEST

"As I walked into this country I knew that I would never leave," proclaimed Tanya Stanaway a forty-seven year old Finnish immigrant. As I stepped into Mrs. Stanaway's home, I knew I would be taking a step toward understanding the Finnish heritage.

As she started describing what her house was like in Kokkola, Finland, I realized that life was not as pleasant in other countries as I expected. She informed me that the housing there is usually a one bedroom apartment usually not very big. "We were lucky though, electricity was plentiful because Finland has a lot of rivers and streams," she recalled. Even though she described her home as quite small, she still had a lot of chores around the house. Mrs. Stanaway recalled that she had to wash the laundry, sweep the floors and clean the windows. "Life wasn't as rosy as the picture was painted," she proclaimed. Her mom worked as a window washer and her father gained employment as a cement mixer.

However, life was not always chores and hard work, there was also school and frolicking. As a child her fun time was spent practicing the piano or singing. Mrs. Stanaway left her country of Finland, in the year of 1971. She left all by herself, for her parents stayed in Finland. The airplane ticket was a gift from her mother's great aunt who lived in Princeton, Michigan. "When I graduated from school in Finland, she gave me an airplane ticket to see the big world so I took her up on that," she stated. The airplane was a 747 that flew from Finland to Green Bay with Marquette as a final destination. " I came to this country for FREEDOM!" she exclaimed. "If someone wants to do something in this country they can just go and do it," were some words of advice from Mrs. Stanaway. "I have to say, that this is the country I plan to stay in," she announced merrily.

Tanya Stanaway as a toddler

Mrs. Stanaway had few problems adjusting to her new country America because it looks just like Finland. She informed me that the scenery in Finland is very similar to the Upper Peninsula. With all the lakes and wildlife here, the similarities are striking. She informed me that the people here in the Upper Peninsula were really nice to her. She was astonished at how many Finnish people live in the Upper Peninsula. Even though she loves it here, she has been to Finland three times since her departure from Finland to visit her friends and family.

She brought to my attention that in order to become an American citizen she had to past a test. If an immigrant wants to vote in America, the person has to become a citizen. So she applied for the citizenship which does involve a lot of work and studying. In the process, the person comes in front of a judge, and he will ask different questions from the books they had to study, and if they answered them correctly they were sworn in. They become citizens which gave them the right to vote. She told me that she has exercised her privileges of voting ever since she received them.

Although Mrs. Stanaway has no complaints about America, she does miss her coffee from Fin-

land very much. She told me that you can not find hot dog soup around here. Food was not her favorite subject, though, learning English was.

Education was also important in her life. When she graduated from her school in Finland, which equals two years of college in the United States, she was offered a job right away. Her first job was at a Finnish store in Marquette, which was called Finn Craft. She enrolled at Northern Michigan University to learn to speak better English. She also wanted to read more of the literature of America. Mrs. Stanaway already knew four other languages: Finnish, Swedish, German, and Latin, and she wanted to add English. But the interesting thing is she is the only one in her family who lived in Finland that speaks English. As you can see Mrs. Stanaway is an amazing lady.

Tanya Stanaway's graduation picture

Language was not her only talent, singing and playing the piano are also. Mrs. Stanaway is a professional singer and has recorded her fourth cassette. She goes to nursing homes and other facilities for elderly people and sings Finnish songs. Her love for music inspired me; she sings and plays the piano so gracefully.

There is an interesting story about teddy bears, which you might think would involve her son. The first thing I noticed when I walked into her house was that I had many teddy bear eyes staring down at me. Mrs. Stanaway has a huge collection of teddy bears that are displayed all over the house. Everywhere I looked, I saw a teddy bear. She told me that the way to find her house was to look for the brown bear that lights up.

Mrs. Stanaway informed me that she got married and had a son named Charles. She enlightened me that she raised him the Finnish way. " At bedtime, when he was young I would read to him," she said happily recalling her son as an infant. Her son is now twenty-three years old.

Mrs. Stanaway has shown me that life was not always easy but I find joy in it. After taking piano lessons from her, I have much more confidence in myself. Every time I mess up and frown, she tells me that it is normal. Mrs. Stanaway made a tremendous impact in my life; she has taught me to be strong and to have confidence in myself. I should have courage when I need it. I will always remember her as a women who has confidence in herself to pursue her dreams and goals in life.

- Stacey Ekdahl

"BASICALLY, IT'S A VERY BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY"

"Basically, it's a very beautiful country." Mrs. E. Tuulikki [Rautanen] Sayring stated when I asked about her native country of Finland. From the moment I arrived at her home, I knew that I would enjoy the time I spent speaking with her.

Mrs. E. Tuulikki Sayring was born on June 2, 1943, in Helsinki, Finland. Toivo and Helena, Tuulikki's parents also had one son, Raimo, who still currently resides in Finland. Helsinki is the capital of Finland and at the time of her birth about four hundred thousand people lived there; its population has now ballooned to over half a million residents. Her family's home was like those in America; "It was a regular two-story house . . . with a couple of bedrooms and a basement and sauna, of course," she declared. She also attended elementary and high school in Helsinki.

A dinner party at Tuulikki's family home. Shown in the picture is Tuulikki's parents, Toivo and Helena

Mrs. Sayring attended school an all girl school. "Well, it was like . . . high school here. It was much more strict you know more educational things," she explained. There was not as much emphasis put on sports or other extracurricular activities as there is in schools in America. She does not, however, remember the names of any of the teachers that taught at the school. She also later attended the community schools in the United States to maximize her education and earn her high school diploma. Mrs. Sayring has also has taken various classes at Northern Michigan University since she arrived in America.

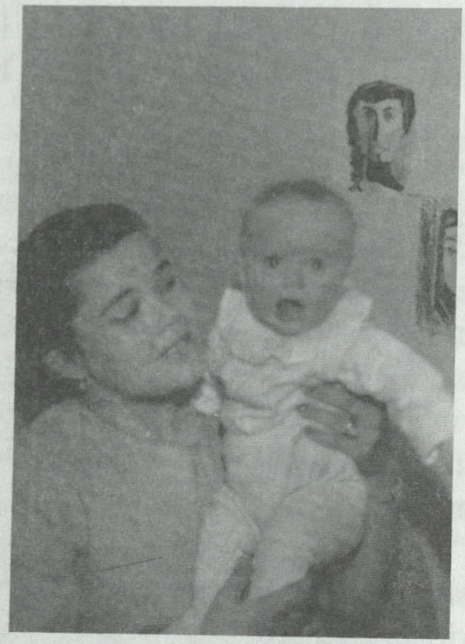
When Mrs. Sayring was young, she often thought about going to America because of the major American influences in Finland. "At the time you also buy in Finland all these magazines like . . . the movie magazines," she mentioned. To this day there are many American influences in Finland especially in computers. "A lot of the words, especially in computers, are American, but they are some how pronounced the Finnish way." she acknowledged. For example, the word Internet has no Finnish translation; it is said as in America. In 1966, her thoughts of coming to America came true.

At the age of twenty-three, accompanied by her husband at the time, and her daughter, Ann-Christine, she left Finland to come to America. After arriving on a plane in New York City, they took a bus to Ishpeming, Michigan. "America itself was a big city, New York, Marquette and Ishpeming, I thought I had come to the end of the world," she joked. She and her husband decided to come to the Upper Peninsula because of relatives that were living in Ishpeming at the time.

When Mrs. Sayring arrived, she knew a small amount of English. When she needed help with learning the language, she visited a neighbor. "I would go and visit a neighbor and anytime I needed some help with the language she would help me," she explained.

Because of Mrs. Sayring's strong interest in the American government and voting, she took the test for her American citizenship. She says the test mostly pertained to history and partly about the government.

Mrs. Sayring has worked at several jobs since she arrived in America, including a job as a teacher's aide at the Ishpeming, Negaunee, NICE Community schools. Currently, she works at the D&N bank where she has worked for twenty-two years. She is currently a personal banking officer, but she was not always at that position. "I've gone through, more or less, been promoted. At one time I was a customer service teller and loan clerk," she acknowledged. As a personal banking officer she sees customers about their deposit accounts, mortgages, and loans.



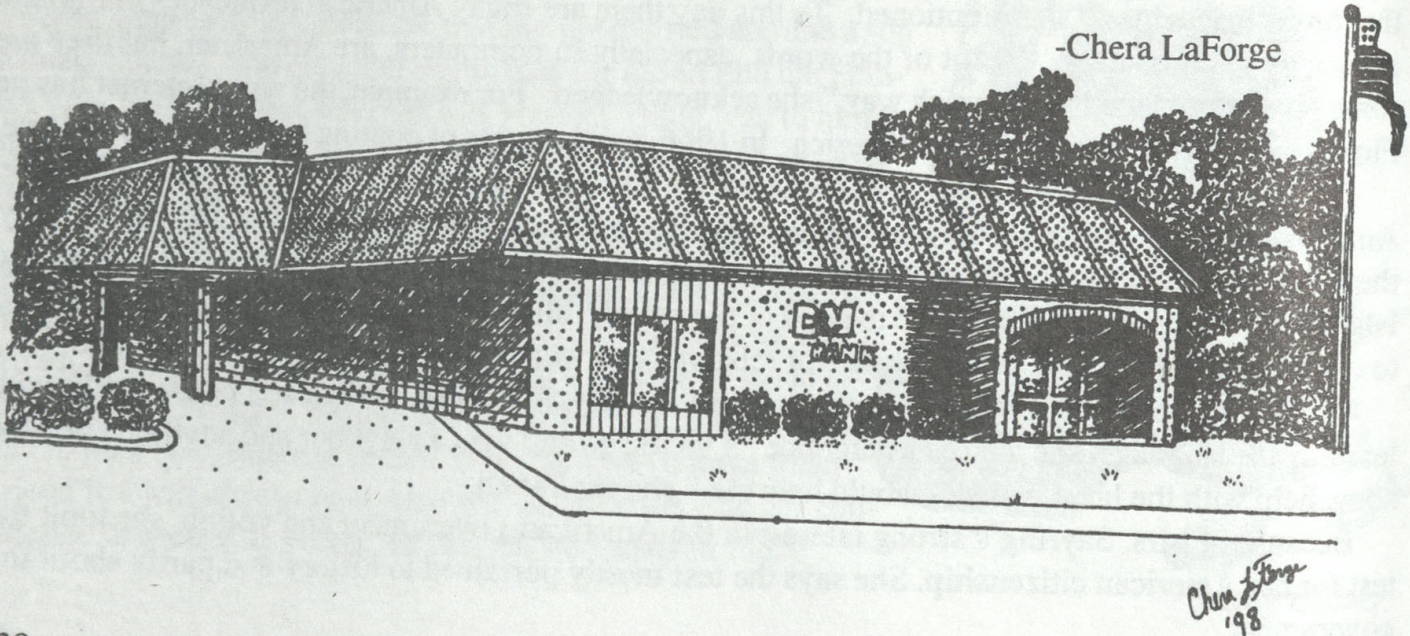
Tuulikki with her daughter, Ann-Christine

Mrs. Sayring has returned to Finland four times, the last time coming in 1990. She will be returning this June for a few weeks. Nevertheless, she still misses some things about Finland. "I miss some things, one of the amazing things is that I still miss some of the foods," she admitted. She misses a lot of the breads because they do not have as many artificial ingredients in them. The major differences between Finland and America come in the field of politics. "Finland is supposed to be independent but it's so close to Russia so that there are certain things that Finland can not do," she explained. For example, if a war starts Finland must remain neutral because the economy of Finland depends heavily on Russia. Crime also is not as noticeable in Finland because of the smaller population.

Mrs. Sayring married Peter Sayring in 1981. She has two children, John, a member of the Air Force stationed in Germany, and a daughter, Ann-Christine, a pediatrician in Colorado. She also has three grandchildren, Jonathan, Joshua, and Jacob.

When asked if she is proud of the accomplishments that she has made, she said "Yes, I am," and she has every right to. From the time I spent at her home, I found that she was a very kind and enjoyable person, and I would like to thank her for taking the time to tell me about her life.

-Chera LaForge



"TURNING BACK IN TIME"

When our Red Dust class was first told that we had the opportunity to do an interview, I got really nervous. I became even more nervous as the day of the interview drew closer. As the day arrived and my parents dropped me off, I was shaking. I rang the doorbell, and it was not long before my interviewee, Ulla Carlson, came to the door and greeted me. She was a tall and slender woman with short hair and a friendly face. My immediate reaction was of relief, and that this was going to be a good experience!

Ulla Carlson pictured center

Ulla Carlson was born in Sweden in 1947, the younger of two children. She grew up in a rather small town on the grounds of the hospital with her older sister Siv, her mother Inga, and her father Karl Gustaf and their pet fish. The town of Mariestad is situated in the central southern part of Sweden. She describes Sweden as having an environment similar to Upper Peninsula. The capital, Stockholm, "is a beautiful city" which is situated on an island and has many attractions such as palaces and buildings. In Sweden they speak Swedish which is a Germanic language. Swedes eat a lot of fish even pickled herring for breakfast, and they also eat a lot of rice and potatoes too. They also eat foods of other ethnic origins such as Italian food.

Ulla describes herself saying, "I was a little bit tomboy wanting to do adventurous things". As a child, Ulla liked sports such as swimming, running, skating and skiing, which she did a lot of in the winter. " I was always eager to try new things that's probably why I ended up in a foreign country," she stated. When Ulla was older, she traveled and has seen much of Africa and most of Europe.

Thinking about her years of being a teenager Ulla stated, "I was little bit of a problem liking to stay out late and not very compliant with the rules." During the summer she worked different jobs. She worked at a restaurant starting out doing the dishes and clearing tables. The second year she worked and became a waitress, and the third year she was cooking a little bit. She also worked in the hospital pushing a little cart selling newspapers and candies.

The first time her family got a TV was in 1961 to watch the Olympics in Rome. She remembers watching every single competition telecast. Although she listened to the radio more than watching television, she liked many of Swedish bands and recalls ABBA as one of her favorites.

Ulla on left dressed in native costume

Ulla Carlson (shown right) with her husband Richard

Ulla attended a public school at the age of seven and went the nine years that were mandatory. There was no kindergarten class when Ulla first started school. Next she attended a college for three years. She then went on to a nursing school for two and a half years. After nursing school, she worked as a general nurse for two months; next she took a specialty course and became a nurse-midwife. Her education continued as she returned to the university for another year and a half to become a nursing instructor, which was her job for almost three years before she came to America.

When I asked what her early opinion of America was, Ulla said she had a slightly negative view during the Vietnam War. When she grew up and visited the United States in 1977, "I was impressed with the country," she stated.

Ulla was surprised when she visited here at how big the country was and how the friendly the people were. "In Sweden you just greet a person by hi or goodbye, but you wouldn't say, "oh nice to meet you" unless you got to know this person. When I first came here I thought, "I must be a very important person everybody is so glad to see me,"she reflected.

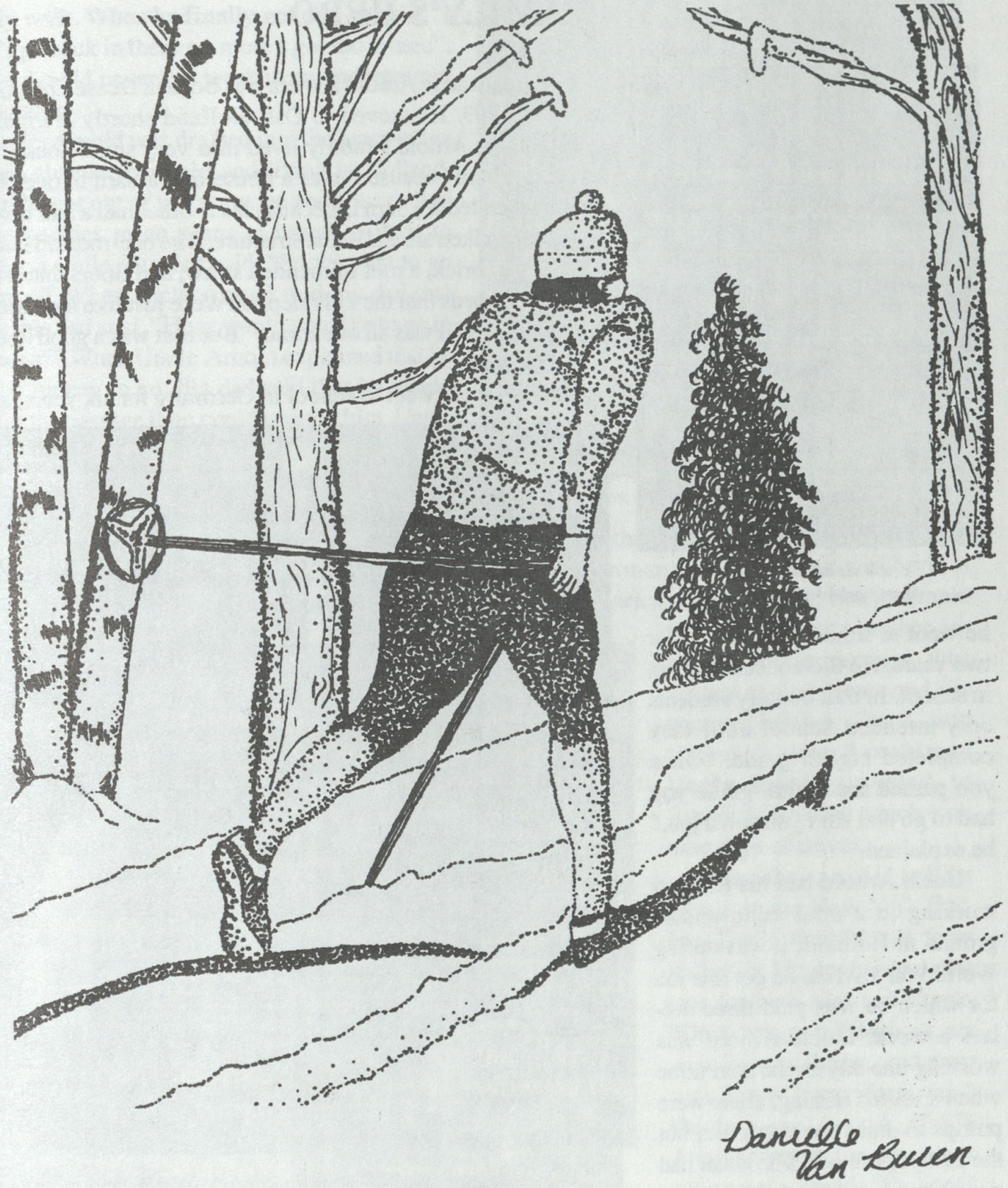
Ulla met her husband Richard in 1977 when she traveled to Wisconsin with her girlfriend. They were married two years later in Sweden on July 21, 1979.

Moving to America was not easy. She had difficulties adjusting to her work place and understanding the language. In her native country she worked as a teacher in a nursing program educating nurse-midwifes. "I use to be very independent and in charge, and all of a sudden I found my self as a nurse's aid here and taking orders from everybody," she stated.

Ulla tries to preserve the traditions and practices from her native land and makes a lot of Swedish dishes. Ulla still tries to visit her native country of Sweden every year, which is where all her family lives; She was just there in December 1997 to celebrate her mother's 80th birthday. Ulla is also teaching a Swedish class in this area to a group of people interested in Sweden and its language. They get together and celebrate some of the holidays, such as Midsummer and Saint Lucia Day. For Christmas they have a special dish called lutefisk which they eat.

Ulla has lived in America now for eighteen years with her husband and son Karl. Though she is not an American citizen, she has a green card, which allows her to work and live in America. She does not know how realistic it would be, but Ulla and her husband have talked about moving back to Sweden when they retire.

-Danielle Van Buren


Danielle
Van Buren

MY FAMILY'S HERO

Uncle Arnold's parents
Marie and Frank Zwiers

My great-uncle Arnold Zwiers was born in Dusseldorf, Germany in 1903. He moved to Oss, Holland shortly after sixth grade. Uncle Arnold's family lived in a very small house. He called it a barn because it was a house and a barn in one. The reason he called it a barn is because his mother had a half dozen goats that walked around in the structure. The one-roomed house had sides of brick, a roof of mended straw, and floors that were all dirt. The beds that the kids slept on were just like indentions in the wall, and it was all one room. "But that was a good house then," he said.

Uncle Arnold went to school in Germany for six years, and he went to school in Holland for two years. He did not continue on in school. In that country students only attended school until they completed eighth grade. "Once you passed the eighth grade you had to go and find your own job," he explained.

Frank and Minnie on their Wedding Day

Uncle Arnold had his first job working in a coal mine underground in Holland. It was during World War 1 when he got this job for which he was paid three dollars a week. Uncle Arnold was working one day in the coal mine when it started raining. There were pumps to drain the water out, but the pumps gave out. The water had risen up to his chin, and the water pressure was so strong he could

barely walk. When he finally got out, he said, "I didn't go back in there no more I got too scared". Uncle Arnold never did work in an underground mine again.

Uncle Arnold was drafted into the army when he was sixteen years old and living in Holland. When he got out of the army, he and four or five of his buddies made plans to travel to Paris to live for a while. His dad said, "So ya want to go to Paris?" When uncle Arnold told his dad that he did his dad said, "How would you like to go to America?" When Uncle Arnold explained that he had no money to go, his dad said that he would pay for the passage if he could go with him. Uncle Arnold agreed.

Anna, Arnold, and his wife Honey

When Uncle Arnold and his dad went to the boarding dock to fill out the necessary documents for their passports, there was a problem. The person filling out the passports could not find Uncle Arnold's father's name because Uncle Arnold was born in Germany and his father was born in Holland. At that time they were not letting Hollanders go to America. Consequently, Uncle Arnold took his younger brother instead. Uncle Arnold was twenty at that time, and his younger brother, Frank, was sixteen. Uncle Arnold and Uncle Frank traveled to America on a boat which took nine days of travel.

Standing left to right: Bonnie Pelto, Gale Maki, Andy Anderson, Gloria Nault, Jim VanderZanden, and Joanne Galski.
Seated left to right: Edward VanderZanden, Clifford Hupp (Anna's husband), Sister Anna Hup, and Mary Jane Tindle.

When they arrived at Ellis Island, in the New York Harbor, Uncle Arnold had forty dollars in his pocket and that was for both him and Frank. "Once we got off the boat, we went in a building, and they took Frank away from me," Uncle Arnold said. Uncle Arnold waited for nine days sitting on a bench. He could not talk to anybody about Frank's separation from him

because he did not know English. Finally Uncle Frank came out and explained that he had to wash dishes for nine days.

When people came from other countries, they needed a sponsor from America; someone to get them started in the new country. Uncle Arnold and Uncle Frank traveled to Kimberly, Wisconsin because that is where their sponsor lived. The mailman gave them a ride to their sponsor's house. Once Uncle Arnold and Uncle Frank got settled in for a few days, they went seeking employment. Uncle Arnold and Uncle Frank found a job working in Republic, Michigan, cutting trees in the middle of winter. Neither of them had warm clothes. They did not have that heavy of clothing in Holland because in that climate they did not need them. After a few weeks they had both suffered frostbite on their legs and had difficulty walking. They went back to their sponsor for about six weeks until the legs healed, and they could walk again.

After that Uncle Arnold and Uncle Frank split up. Uncle Arnold went to work in Niagra, Wisconsin, and Uncle Frank stayed in Kimberly to work. For about four years Uncle Arnold moved around finding jobs and saving his money. When he went to Detroit, he learned to speak English. After working in a factory, finally he saved enough money for his father's passage to America. After working for another year, he had enough money to send for his mother, his brothers: Antone, Morse, Carl, Mike, and his only sister Anna who is my grandmother. He said that, being able to reunite the family in America was the greatest feeling. He was finally going to see his whole family again. When Uncle Arnold's parents, brothers, and his sister arrived in America, they went to Kimberly to pick up Frank. Finally, they met Uncle Arnold in Detroit. The whole family was finally together on American soil thanks to Uncle Arnold's hard work, unselfishness and desire to help his family. When Uncle Arnold saw his only sister Anna get off the train, he brought her to a store and bought her, her first pair of real leather shoes. In Holland my grandmother only wore wooden clogs.

Seventy years later my great-uncle Arnold passed away; he was ninety-five years old. If it was not for all his hard work and coming to America none of our family would be on this earth today. He is my family's hero.

At my Uncle Arnold's funeral the priest said Arnold buying the first pair of shoes for his younger sister was one of his finest memories. My grandmother says that incident is her most memorable about her beloved brother Arnold.

-Joe Maki

FULL SPEED INTO A BETTER LIFE

"I just went on Medicare last month," sixty-five year old Paavo Hilska declared with a laugh. Paavo Helmer Hilska was born November 20, 1922, on a small island called Sarenpaa, located on the Russian borderline. He is the middle child of his family. He has and older brother Buito and a younger sister, Helma.

Living in Finland was not a time that Paavo Hilska remembered as enjoyable, "But I always had a smile on my face. When I was six, Finland became torn by war. We had to leave Sarenpaa because the Russians had invaded the island," Paavo Hilska remarked. He and his family then moved to a small city about one hundred miles from Helsinki. Although he was leading a strenuous life, he still managed to have fun once in a while.

Paavo Hilska recalls that he enjoyed watching the famous Finnish runner Paavo Nurmi. "They called him the Flying Finn," he proclaimed admiringly, referring to the Finnish athlete. Paavo Hilska and his friends had races hoping that one day they could be just as fast and swift as Paavo Nurmi. Paavo Nurmi was the one who inspired Paavo Hilska to start running in many races and marathons. "Running is one of my favorite hobbies," he stated.

Paavo Hilska also admired his mother. "I often wondered how she could take care of three kids all on her own," he announced. His father was not around to often because he was serving in the Finnish army while Paavo Hilska was growing up.

Paavo Hilska did many other things besides running to keep himself entertained. He played with boats quite often because his father was a fisherman, and his father also worked in a boat. "I played with little boats." Paavo Hilska chuckled. He and his friends took their boats down to the harbor and placed them in the water. They then sat and watched them to see whose boat traveled fastest. He had some free time since he did not have many chores assigned.

Although Paavo Hilska was never designated to any certain chore, he still tried to help his father. " I was happy doing almost anything in my younger days," he remarked.

Paavo Hilska was definitely happy when he found out he would be emigrating to the United States. He was excited because Finland, at the time, was a very poor country. His father, who was already considered an American citizen, would be waiting for Paavo at the Customs Office in New York City. Paavo Hilska, fifteen years old at the time, would be considered as an American citizen also. His dad was listed as in the United States Army. There is a story about why his Finnish father was a member of the United States Army.

Paavo Hilska after joining the United States Army

Paavo Hilska's father was a captain of a Finnish ship during World War II. When he reached the area around New York City, a United States ship captured the Finnish ship. Paavo Hilska's father and his men were all brought to Ellis Island, in the New York harbor. The men were told that they

could either stay on Ellis Island or enlist in the United States Army. They all chose to enlist in the army. When the war ended, Paavo Hilska came to the United States to begin his life with his father. His mother and other family members decided to stay back in Finland, their homeland.

It took quite a few days to get to the United States from Finland since Paavo Hilska lived approximately a hundred miles from Helsinki, he had to travel by train. From Helsinki he took a small ship to Oslo, Norway, and from Oslo he traveled on a Swedish passenger ship called *Cuthslam* to the United States. "I always remember, it took twelve long days to come across the Atlantic," he recalled. When he reached New York Harbor, he knew his life would change for the better.

Coming to America was a dream come true for Paavo Hilska. "I had dreamt about the United States for such a long time that I was sure I knew what it looked like. Of course, the first thing you see is the Statue of Liberty when you come into New York Harbor. In the background you could see the Empire States building and a lot of other gigantic buildings," he stated. He instantly grew to love New York and its various backgrounds. His main goal was to learn the English language.

Almost immediately, Paavo Hilska's father enrolled him in Benjamin Franklin High School in New York City. Paavo Hilska had already gone through eight years of regular schooling and two years of high school in Finland. He attended school to learn the English language and America's customs. "The English language was very hard to learn, but the rest came easy," he remarked. He had to learn English on his own, because although his father lived in the United States he did not know how to speak English, and his mother was still in Finland.

Paavo Hilska with his wife Pauline

Nevertheless, school was still quite easy for Paavo Hilska. He had a lot of friends, and he fit in to the crowd of students well; he was just another face in the crowd. In Benjamin Franklin High School there were kids of every type of nationality, and Paavo Hilska's problem of not knowing how to speak English did not adversely hinder him.

While attending school, Paavo Hilska moved into an ethnic neighborhood with people of the same Finnish background. "Finn's were hung together in New York at the time. There was about 10,000 Finn's living in Spanish Harlem in New York. We had our own dance halls, restaurants, you name it," he recalled. The most popular place for the Finn's was the Fifth Avenue Hall, which was a dance hall and a restaurant. "It was right in the smack of Harlem," he laughingly announced.

The Fifth Avenue Hall happened to be the place where Paavo Hilska got his first job working as a bus boy for the Fifth Avenue Hall's restaurants. "It was a good job. I cleaned the tables off and usually the customers left a few cents for the bus boy. So, I made pretty good money in them days," he stated. The work was very enjoyable for him but the opportunity to earn some money was the best part of working. He has some fond memories of the Fifth Avenue Hall, for that is where he met his future wife Pauline.

"One night I met this pretty girl up on the dance floor one day, and her name was Pauline. She happened to be from Ishpeming," he stated. Paavo Hilska and Pauline Forschland dated for a few

months before they decided to marry. Mr. and Mrs. Hilska then chose to come up to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan to get married. After getting married, they settled in Ishpeming, Michigan.

Paavo Hilska still looks back at his life and often wonders about his past. What would have happened if Finland never had gone to war with Russia? Would he still be on that small island called Sarenpaa? What would his life be like today? He still feels that his decision to immigrate to America was beneficial for himself, and he would not change anything if he was to relive his life.

Despite his early memories of Finland, Paavo Hilska is very proud of his Finnish ancestry. He goes to nursing homes and plays Finnish songs on the mandolin. "There are quite a few older Finn's living in the U.P. A lot of them miss being able to participate in any celebrations, so they are really happy when I come to the nursing home and sing Finnish songs with them," Paavo Hilska stated.

Interviewing Paavo Hilska gave me more knowledge of Finland. I am very thankful that I had the opportunity to spend some time with him. He shared the good times and the bad, and how life can drastically change when moving to a new surrounding.

-Mary Morissette

Paavo Hilska with mother and sister shortly before leaving Finland

A KOREAN WOMAN

One October day in Korea, a very intelligent and likable woman was born. Her name is Jenny Smith. When I recently interviewed her on two separate days, she seemed delighted to hear from me.

Jenny has short black hair and brown eyes. Jenny now works in a cafeteria at Aspen Ridge Middle School, as a cook and server. Jenny has two children named Brian and Charles. Some of her close friend's names are Yong and Sunni.

Jenny speaks two different languages, Korean and English. She does not celebrate any holiday or ethnic traditions. Jenny likes to eat rice and vegetables, and on an average day when she has little to do, she likes to go out shopping at the Westwood Mall.

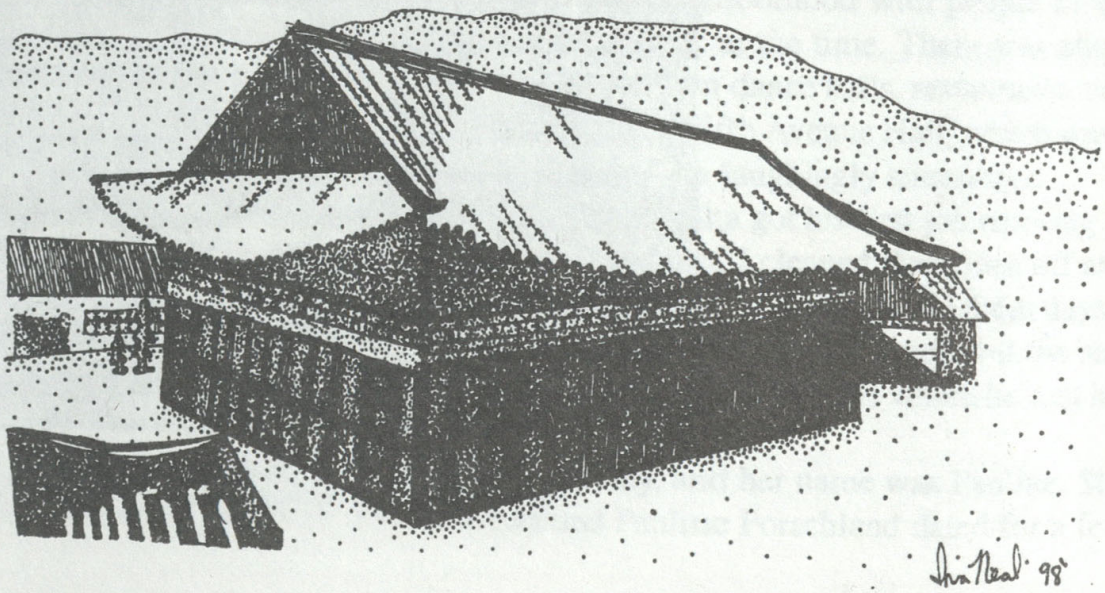
Jenny likes to plant a garden of flowers every year; one of her favorite flowers is a rose. One of Jenny's favorite animals is a horse. Jenny said that she was very sad when she left Korea, but she is happy that she came to America. Jenny came to America on a plane. Jenny has a brother named Kim still in Korea.

As a child Jenny did chores like we do now, cleaning her room and picking up after herself. When she lived in Korea, she liked to go to places like the grocery store to do grocery shopping.

While she lived in Korea there were no hurricanes or tornadoes. Korea has a mild-latitude and monsoonal climate, the shape of the land and the distance from the sea, allow for great diversity. An average rainfall is forty inches during June, July, and August. Korean summers average unto eight hours of sunshine a day. Spring comes with the pink of flowering azaleas on a hillside and yellow flashes of forsythia. Seventy percent of the territory is mountains.

I have learned many things from doing this interview like for instance the Korean culture. I think it was a fun experience. I can also conclude that they are much like we Americans. They are similar but unique in their own ways.

-Iva Neal



LIFE ON THE TUROVAARA FARM

Interviewing my grandmother, Joyce (Turovaara) Lake, was a great way to find out many things about my great-grandparents and the rest of the Turovaara clan. When Joyce's father, Frank, was eighteen, he came over from Gallivare, Sweden with his brothers John age sixteen, and Oscar age twenty. They were three young men looking for work in a country unknown to them.

The Three Tuorvaara Brothers Top: Oscar (20), Frank (18), and John (16))

Upon arrival at Ellis Island a problem of illness came over the youngest of the three, John. "Yes, my Uncle John. He had a cold and he had to stay on the island for a whole week."said Joyce. After a week, the three brothers were on their way to their Uncle Isaac's home in Hancock, Michigan.

But soon Frank had a desire to set out on his own to find work. First Joyce's father, Frank, went to Bessemer, Michigan to seek work in the iron mines. Frank did not have much money, and he did not have a place to stay. After he got a job, he decided to go live in a boarding house, "Real cheap rates a day. Didn't cost that much," Joyce remarked. He then left Bessemer to find work in Ironwood, Michigan. That is where Frank met Ida, his future wife, in a boarding

Frank and Ida's Children (Left to Right: Joyce (13), Frank (1), and Nancy (7))

Oscar (left) and Frank (right) August 1946

Joyce's baby picture

5

Passinnehavarens signalement.

Född den 22 augusti 1905

Längd: 174 cm.

Hår: blont

Ögon: blå

Ansiktsform: oval

Särskilda kännetecken:

†1—23!

Lösen . . . . 2 kr — öre

Översättnings-avgift . . 2 , — ,

Stämpel . . . . 4 , — ,

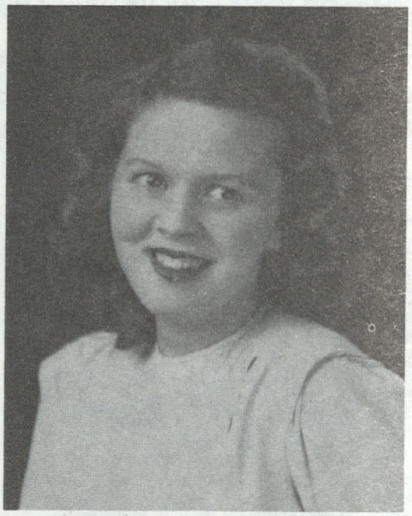
Summa 8 , — ,

Frank Tuorvaara's Passport

house she worked at.

Ida was a cook for the boarding house providing three meals a day for the miners who bunked there. Frank and Ida got to know each other very well and were married on February 20, 1929. Joyce was born to Frank and Ida on September 28, 1929. When Joyce was at least six years old, her baby sister named Nancy was born. In 1937, Frank and his beloved wife Ida decided to buy a farm property. First Frank bought an old mining company house. He moved the house to the property after he built the barn and laid the foundation for the house. The house was a small four-room home with a pitched roof and painted white. Frank started his day with a cup of coffee before going to work at Burns Chevrolet Garage in the town of Ironwood where he was a top foreman and a mechanic. The wages were two dollars a day, but he kept working hard to make a living. Ida had a job too, as a housekeeper, to help feed and clothe her family. Frank had extra money coming in from the

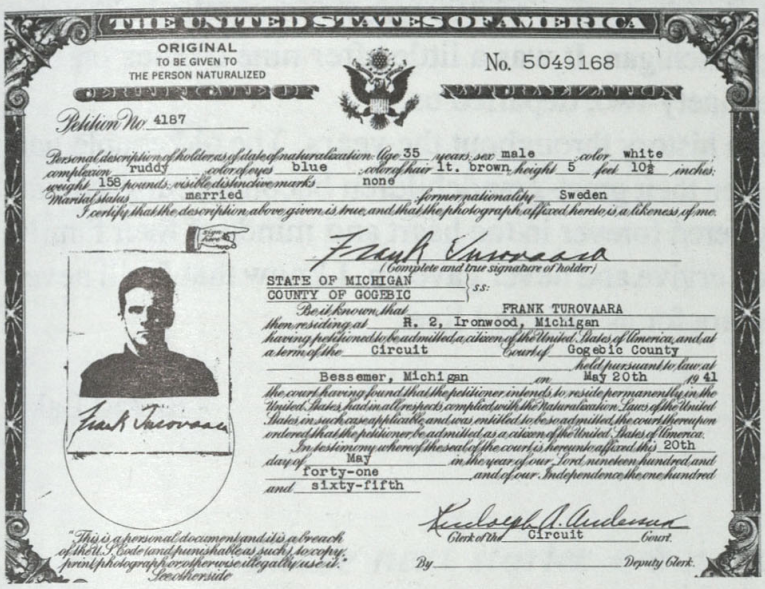
1954 Nancy's Capping Ceremony and Frank and Ida's 25th Anniversary



Joyce's Graduation Picture 1947

Frank and Ida's 55th Annivesary (Back left to right): Joyce, Nancy, Frank, (Front left to right): Ida and Frank

Back left to right: Joyce, Robert; Front left to right: Robert, Frank, Carol, and Ida



THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ORIGINAL
TO BE GIVEN TO
THE PERSON NATURALIZED

No. 5049168

CERTIFICATE OF NATURALIZATION

Petition No. 4187

Personal description of holder as of date of naturalization: Age 35 years; sex male; color white; complexion ruddy; color of eyes blue; color of hair lt. brown; height 5 feet 10½ inches; weight 158 pounds; visible distinctive marks none; Marital status married; former nationality Sweden

I certify that the description above given is true, and that the photograph affixed hereto is a likeness of me.

Frank Tuorvaara
(Complete and true signature of holder)

STATE OF MICHIGAN } ss:
COUNTY OF GOGEBIC }

Be it known, that FRANK TUROVAARA then residing at R. 2, Ironwood, Michigan having petitioned to be admitted a citizen of the United States of America, and at a term of the Circuit Court of Gogebic County held pursuant to law at Bessemer, Michigan on May 20th 1941 the court having found that the petitioner intends to reside permanently in the United States, had in all respects complied with the Naturalization Laws of the United States in such cases applicable, and was entitled to be so admitted, the court thereupon ordered that the petitioner be admitted as a citizen of the United States of America.

In testimony whereof the seal of the court is hereunto affixed this 20th day of May in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and forty-one and of our Independence the one hundred and sixty-fifth

Rudolph A. Anderson
Clerk of the Circuit Court

By _____ Deputy Clerk.

"This is a personal document and it is a breach of the U. S. Code to sell or punishable as such, to copy, print photograph or otherwise illegally use it."
See other side

Frank Tuorvaara's Certificate of Naturalization.

dairy farm. In 1941, another member of the Turovaara family was about to be brought into the world. It was a baby boy whose was named Frank, after his father.

All three Turovaara children were very busy on the farm as kids helping their parents out by milking cows, cultivating and picking potatoes, feeding the animals, sterilizing milk bottles, filling milk bottles, and much more. Walking to 4-H meetings, Sunday school, the bus stop, and anywhere else was a chore of its own. Although they were busy, not every minute was spent working.

In the winter Joyce went ice skating on a pond next to the grade school. "And we had a warming shack, and there was a man who would go and build a little fire," Joyce explained as she described the ice rink. For nighttime skaters there were floodlights all the way around the cleared ice. The ice glistened making it a beautiful scene for winter. In the summer watching baseball games was a fun spectator sport.

Joyce went to a small K-8 township school before going to high school in Ironwood. Joyce attended the L.L. Wright High School graduating in 1947. She went to college to major in a one-year business course at Gogebic Jr. College. After, she was married; she moved to Menomomie, Wisconsin so her husband, John Lake, could finish his schooling. When Joyce left home her father, Frank, started to modernize the dairy farm by milking cows with electric milking machines and using Ford tractors to plow the potatoes.

For fifty-three years Frank and Ida lived on the farm but soon it got to be too much for just the two of them to do all the chores by themselves. So Frank sold the farm and moved into town. It was not too long before their son Frank wanted them to move to Negaunee, Michigan to live near his family. Not long after they moved to Negaunee they became homesick for Ironwood. They moved back to Ironwood and bought a house that was small and cozy for the them. Joyce's mother, Ida, became hard for Frank to manage at his age. So they moved in with their daughter, Joyce.

On December 23,1994, my mother, Willow (Kantola) Lake, went to help Joyce with her parents, Ida and Frank. Willow did not know what to expect, until she went in to the old couple's bedroom with Joyce. The old couple was comfortably asleep. Of the sleeping couple of Frank and Ida only one of them woke up, that was Frank. His beloved wife Ida had passed on.

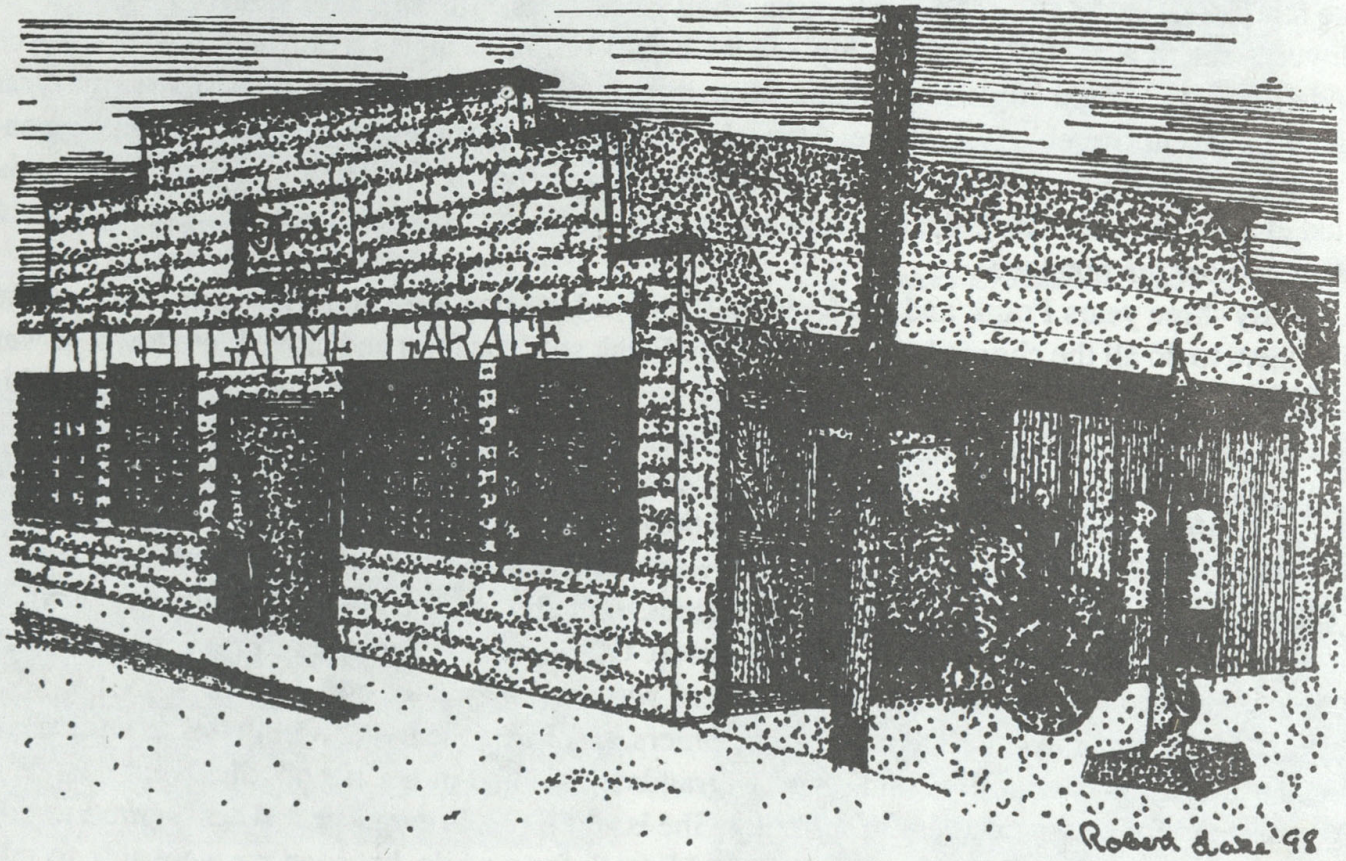
My father, Robert Lake, called my sister, brothers, and I into the living room after my mom got home. That is when my mother said, "Great- grandma Ida died in her sleep." She went on, "Her death was good for her since she was suffering. She is going to a better place." We all started to cry. Later, it was a time of mourning her. No one could speak for a while, but soon we were able to talk to each other about our memories, which eased our grief.

It has been three years now since her death. We did not know how much longer Frank was going

to live, but his family was at his side. At 2 a.m. this December 15,1997, Joyce and John Lake were called to Mather Nursing Home in Ishpeming, Michigan. It was a little after nine o'clock on December 15, 1997, when Frank Turrovaara, age ninety-two, departed us.

As the years went by, Frank and Ida had seen history throughout the years. The old couple had seen their family grow up to have children and seen their great-grandchildren become young woman and young men. Frank and Ida are to be remembered forever in the heart and minds of their family for every courageous, devoted thing they did to survive and never gave up. I know that I will never forget great-grandpa and great-grandma Turovaara for as long as I live.

- Robert Lake



The first Michigamee Garage - Similar to the one Frank worked in.

These next stories are mostly from relatives and friends who are not immigrants. They recount the unique history of area citizens. These stories range from the endeavors of an age-old family business to the fabulous wood carvings done by one man, and also include tales from a close family friend, and relate the special memories from the oldest member of a community church. One story is able to describe the lives of kindred throughout three generations. These accounts truly bind the importance of family history to the strength of our community.

-Amber Arseneau

DETAILED MEMORIES

Helen at 99 years of age

"I had an interesting life!" stated Mrs. Helen (Patron) Simons when my father and I visited her. Helen was easy to talk to and had many wonderful stories to tell. As I questioned Helen, I was delighted to find her mind as sharp as ever, despite the fact that she is ninety-nine years old. Helen answered our questions about her earlier life easily and effortlessly.

Helen was born to Peter and Hilma Marie Patron on November 23, 1898, in Beacon, Michigan. She had three brothers, Samfred, Theodore, and John Rudolf, and two sisters, Dagmar and Jean. Helen sadly stated, "All my sisters, my mother, dad, they're all gone."

Helen lived in a house that was connected to the hospital in Beacon, Michigan, which is adjacent to Champion, where her parents were caretakers. She told us that there were eight to ten beds, and that there were usually one to two mining accidents per day. She remembered that her father helped the doctors set legs, and hold men down for pulling teeth. Helen stated, "We'd open the door and listen...kids, you know...and we'd be sitting there and there'd be yelling and screaming. We'd close the door so fast!" Helen told us about the spare bedroom, which was kept for the travelling minister that came, because they did not have a permanent minister or church at Beacon. Helen also talked about the church she attends now, which also happens to be the church my family attends.

Helen is a member of the Hope Free Evangelical Lutheran Church. She is one of the first members of the church and also the oldest.

Turning back to her childhood, Helen also remembers that her father and the rest of the family went down in the basement and popped corn, and her mother made fudge and taffy. But her early life was not always full of fun and games.

"We had to keep our rooms clean, everything in our own home, because our mother was always busy," she informed us. Helen's mother was always busy helping the patients, changing sheets and making beds, cooking the meals for every patient, and doing laundry. There was only a pump in the hospital, and they had to pump the water instead of just turning on a faucet. She also explained that because there were quite a few wells, they never ran out of water. Also they had steam heat, because the hospital needed to be kept warm for the patients. Helen informed us about the icehouse that was in the hospital, and how it was used to keep the food cool. The block of ice in the icebox was easily chipped, and the small pieces could be made into ice cream. Helen also told us that besides cleaning their rooms, they also did one other chore on Saturdays. Helen told us, "My mother would have a great big bushel basket of carpet rags. They come in strips, and we'd sew them together to make carpets. We'd probably get a nickel for it, and we'd run downtown and buy...a little chocolate bar for a nickel." Helen also remembers that the girls took turns doing the dishes. "One had to do the breakfast dishes before she went to school. One had to do the lunch dishes. And the other had to do the supper dishes," she said. Helen also talked about her parents a great deal.

Helen's parents were from the Swedish side of Finland, and spoke Finnish fluently. Helen speaks Finnish also quite well, and laughs as she tries to remember some of the words. "You forget, at ninety-nine," she laughingly admitted. She recalls that her father did many types of work when she was younger. Helen's father, Peter Patron, at different points in his life, was a shoemaker, hospital caretaker, and a dairy farmer. Helen recalls when she watched her father at work repairing and making shoes. "We'd take his lunch there. We'd watch my father...and they used to hold the tacks in their mouths, and then he'd pound..." Helen also recalls when her father had dairy cows and sold milk to neighbors.

"In later years, they kept cows. My father and mother kept such a clean place that everyone wanted Patron's milk. It wasn't pasteurized, it was cooled...and when the bottles would stand, there'd be that much cream in the bottle," said Helen, holding her fingers about one to two inches apart. Helen referred to her father as "A man of all trades, a master of everything."

Helen answered our questions with enthusiasm, and we found out many things about life at home in the early 1900s that we had never realized. Helen painted a picture of words of Beacon and Champion by remembering when there were board sidewalks, gravel roads, and when a person who owned a car was important. "A superintendent named Mr. Thompson...he had a car. When you took the top off it, it had big...cord or something to hold it down. He'd ask, 'You girls want a ride?' Sure we want a ride. We thought it was great!" She laughingly remembered.

I later learned that Helen was one of the first woman in Ishpeming to receive her driver's license. Helen recalls all the cars she had in her lifetime. "The first car we had was an Overland, and it was the cutest little car. Harold did have a car. We traded that in and it seems to me we got a Nash." Besides those cars, Helen also had Chevrolets, Fords, Franklins, Cadillacs, Oldsmobiles, and even a car named Moon. However, Helen did not always have a car.

When I asked Helen if her family had a horse when she was growing up, she exclaimed, "We sure did! We had a surrey with a fringe on top! My father had a horse, it was called Blackie. We had a two-seater surrey. Every Sunday after Sunday school, and we had our dinner; we'd go for a ride." Helen remembers other family animals also. "We had a barn. We had chickens. We had a horse. We had everything you could think of...my youngest brother used to bring home animals. Sometimes it'd be a pretty dog; we had a pretty dog named Bobby!" She often shared with us that she wished she had pictures of Blackie and the surrey. "We had pictures of it, but I haven't got any pictures. I was a young kid and I never thought of it," she sadly lamented. Helen stated that she never had a picture taken of her when she was a child.

"I gave the picture of my dad and mother to my nephew, Ronald. I was supposed to be in that picture. My mother said I cried so hard they had to take me out of it," she told us. Helen also told us about an old suitcase full of patients' pictures that were given to her mother. "Every time there'd be a patient, they'd give it to my mother. My mother, sister and I, we went up into the attic. We had an old-fashioned suitcase and it was full of those pictures! We didn't know who they were...some of them with beards, and we couldn't tell who they were. There was nothing written on the back," she informed us. Besides telling about pictures of the unknown hospital patients, she told us about a few things she had done during her school years.

"I could remember when I was going to school and the school was so close. In the winter they had

these wire pipes across, and we had to go in between them to get to the school yard; I put my tongue on one of those pipes, in the winter time, and couldn't get it off. I can't remember what they did, but oh, I had a sore tongue!" she laughingly recalled. Helen also told us about her friends, while she showed us the many Christmas cards she had received from them. "I got 62 birthday cards. Of course, I don't have any older friends anymore. They're all gone away-all passed away," she stated. She remembers one very good friend named Maybelle Marchand. "She was a very good friend of mine. We used to go to each other's parties." Helen also remembers that Maybelle's mother made the best doughnuts.

"I haven't tasted doughnuts like that. My mother was a good baker too. She made good cinnamon rolls. I have met people. They'd say, 'Your mother made the best cinnamon rolls.' And I'd say, 'Yes she did.'"

As we talked more about types of food, Helen remembered her favorite dishes as a child. "My favorites were pea soup, pancakes, and pork 'n beans. My mother made everything," she recalled. Helen also remembers that her mother never had anything stored in their house unless it was something they used a lot, like bread. She also told us about how a man raised rabbits to sell to people for food, and how her mother cooked it so no one could tell it was rabbit. Helen also talked about how, as kids, they cooked their cereal, and how the kids at their house always came home for lunch.

Helen as a young adult

"My mother always had a good lunch; we always had to sit at the table. We couldn't eat anywhere else," she said. Helen remembers that supper was usually a very big meal. "There'd be meat and potatoes, and pork 'n beans; we loved them!" she told us. Helen also remembered when they picked berries, "We used to go picking berries; strawberries...and we'd take the train...ride to Humboldt and pick blueberries. We thought it was great, you know; we got to ride a train! And oh! The blueberries were so plentiful!" Helen also talked about the family's garden, which had potatoes, beets, carrots and beans.

While we were on the subject of food, Helen also told us about some of the food they had from the store. "We'd have a big barrel of apples in our basement. We'd buy bunches of bananas, and we'd hang them down in the basement so we'd have fruit," she recalled. Helen also told us about a store that she laughingly remembered.

"There was that M.C. store. Mr. Quinn from Negaunee kept it. M.C. Quinn. We used use to call him 'Miser Cheater Quinn.' He sold everything. He had a butcher shop; if you wanted a pair of kid gloves, you could get them. He sold everything in that store that you could think of," she told us.

When Helen also mentioned that Mr. Quinn drove to Champion, the conversation abruptly changed to the roads. Helen informed us that there were gravel roads and board sidewalks, which she remembers roller-skating on. Helen also told us about all the winter activities that she and her friends did. "In the winter we had bob-sleighs, we'd start right from the hospital that would go right downtown, 'cause it was a hill, an incline. Oh, we'd have lots of fun. We'd ski-ride; I could snowshoe. We'd make snowmen; we had to make our fun." Helen told us that there were no movie theatres in Beacon, but every once in a while someone came up from Ishpeming and showed a movie or some other type of entertainment. However, their father never let them go, because he was a layman in the

Helen (left) and Ethel Butler (right) skiing

church. Helen also talked a little about a musical instrument they had. Helen told us that it was like a harp, only smaller, but that she did not remember what it was called. Besides that, Helen remembered that her father played the mouth organ. Helen also talked a little about some of the epidemics that were around when she was young.

"...There was the measles or scarlet fever or something. We were confined to bed, and we had to sleep in a dark room. No one was allowed to come in," she informed us. Helen also remembers that there was a flu epidemic, but their family was lucky enough not to get it. "My mother gave us sulfur. It tasted horrible!" Helen remembers. Mrs. Simons explained about the time she moved to Ishpeming with the rest of her family, in about 1906.

"When we left, my youngest brother was in the first grade, when we moved...he cried! See, Dr. Van Riper's boy (Cully) was the same age. They both cried; they were so lonesome for one another, because they were like twins," she told us. Helen told us that Cully wrote some books, and that her family was included in them. She informed us that when he wrote the books, some of the names for things in his books were changed. She explained that Cully Van Riper calls her mother Hilda, and her name is actually Hilma. She showed us two of the books, and we figured out that one of the buildings in the pictures was the hospital, and on one side of the hospital we saw her family's house. Helen also told us about her school days, we learned she had completed the eighth grade, which was the usual number of years at that time.

When asked what kind of subjects she studied, she replied, "Algebra, history...it was almost like 8th grade when you go to the high school in Champion." Helen talked about the types of clothes they had when she was growing up.

"We wore knit petticoats. My mother would make woolen stockings that she knit. And every Christmas she made us one dress especially for Christmas-and then after Christmas it would be our everyday dress. We would have to take it off when we came home from school. Helen told us about a job that she had when she finished her schooling.

Helen and her husband Harold

Helen worked at the Style Shop in Ishpeming. She told us a Jewish man and his wife, whose last name was Raphael, who came from Ironwood, ran it. She also told us that since there were a lot of people who spoke Finnish. Since she spoke Finnish, she was somewhat important for the business of the shop. Helen also informed us that she worked there until she got married.

Miss Helen Patron became Mrs. Harold Simons on September 15, 1920. Helen talked a lot about her husband's businesses and successes. Helen told us that the Simons were very prominent people in Ishpeming at that time. Harold's family and relatives kept a saloon, but during prohibition, they changed to the wholesale of tobacco, candies and other miscellaneous items.

Helen also told us about the business Harold's father got him and his two brothers, Clayton and Glen, to go into with an uncle, and when Harold bought a lot and set up a business called Simon Brothers, which sold beer and wine.

Helen also told us that after quitting her job at the Style Shop, she worked again for a year, because after Harold sold the business, things were a little tough. Helen told us about the price of things when she was married.

"Oh, everything was so cheap...where eggs, and butter and canned fruit, and things were so reasonable! 50 and 20 cents, 10 cents. And Harold had that store," Helen had told us earlier that he was taking care of a grocery store for his father, "and he took care of the store and the prices were like that, when we were first married." Helen also gave us details about the big snowstorm that took place in the 1930's.

"I was living in one of Harold's dad's houses...and you know, the snow was so deep, in the back of the house. You couldn't even see the door where you were going in. It was that deep...we were invited somewhere...and we could hardly walk and get there."

Helen did not notice much of a difference at home during the Depression. However she thought the businesses were suffering, but since Harold did not discuss the business with her; she did not really know. In World War I and World War II, she also said she did not notice much of a difference. She remembers that there was a shortage of gas and meat during one of the wars. Helen also informed us that they lived with her parents for a time, but after a while, they did not know what they wanted to do.

"I said to Harold, 'I don't know if I want to live here anymore. Let's buy a house somewhere else in Ishpeming.' So he said, "How about buying the house from your mother, and we'll remodel it." So we remodeled it, and made it a one family home." Helen showed us pictures of her living room and kitchen. The feature that stood out the most to me was the wrought-iron spiral staircase in the living room going to the upstairs. "It's pretty, because everyone that came never saw one like that around here, in Ishpeming, anyway." Helen also told us about when they remodeled it.

"It was awful hard to get stuff, it was right after the war. We had a contractor make it. Every once in a while he'd go out on a binge and his help would go out on a binge. I don't know how many times I went up...they'd be in the attic sleeping. I think with what we spent on that I could have had a mansion," she laughed. Helen also showed us pictures of the outside of her house. It was a lovely two-story home, with eight rooms, a three-car garage, and a large lawn.

After her husband died, the large house she lived in was being heated for just one person. She

Staircase in Helen's old home

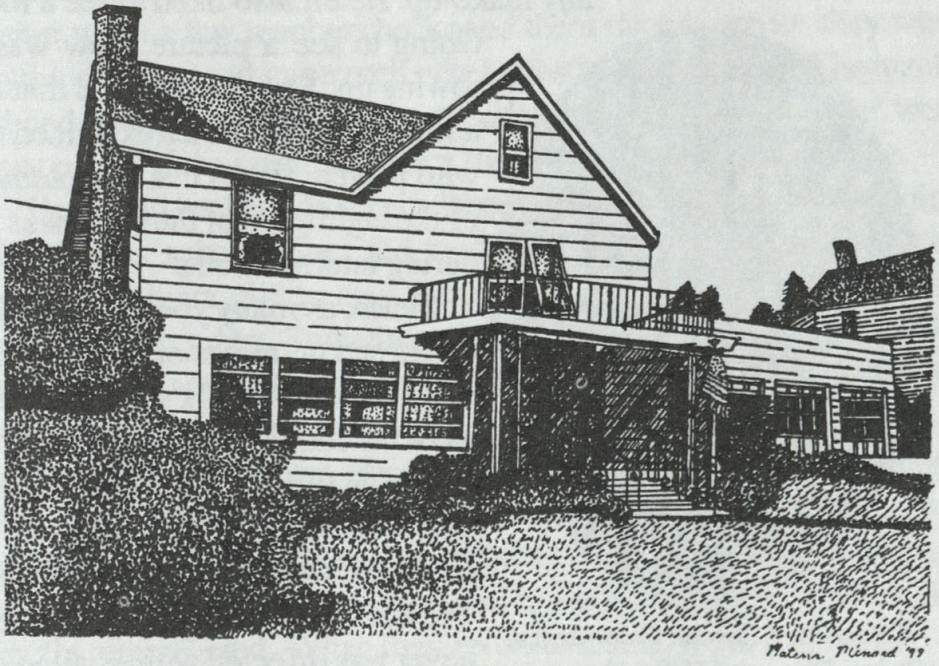
Ronald as a young child

related, "My husband told me, 'The minute I'm gone you're going to sell this house.' I said, 'Harold, I'm going to keep this house for a while.' And I kept it for 13 years."

Helen told us that the person who bought her house was Dr. Heidelberger, who is a dentist over at the West Ishpeming Dental Center. She also told that there were many people who came to see her house, but that very few were actually thinking of buying it. However, though Helen loved the house, she had no regrets about selling it. "It's the old home. It was hard to leave it, but I made up my mind and I was never sorry. Never," she insisted. Helen also said that when Mr. and Mrs. Heidelberger came to view the house, Mrs. Heidelberger (Karen) fell in love with it. Helen also revealed the Heidelberger's remodeled the kitchen and a few other rooms to their specifications. They held a big party with many couples. After she told all about what her house looked like, when she had it, she wanted to go over and see it. Helen now resides at the Pioneer Bluff Apartments in Ishpeming. Helen also talked about Ronny, whom she and Harold had helped raise ever since Ronald was two and a half years old. "We taught him to be an obedient child, and we put him through Northern...for four years of music. And I took him to get music lessons when he was only three years old," she informed us.

Helen, my dad and I talked a little more on various subjects, but all too soon it was time to leave. My dad and I thanked her, promised to return to visit, and then slowly made our way to our car, thinking of all the wonderful stories Helen had shared with us.

-Matena Minard



Mrs. Simons old home, 161 Davis St., Ishpeming, presently owned by Joe and Karen Heidlberger

IMPRESSIONS OF A RELATIVE

"When my husband would be at work, I would be in the potato field picking off the potato bugs," said my great-grandma Helen (Nyman) Hoiem explaining about her experiences during the Great Depression. Luckily, she and her husband, Harold, had it better than most people did in those years.

Helen was born on September 18, 1909, in Ishpeming, Michigan. "There were nine of us, five boys and four girls," she stated. Her parents had emigrated from Finland about ten years before her birth. She told me that she wished she had asked her parents about what the immigration had been like, but she had never thought to inquire about it.

Helen clarified that her family was very religious. She added that they were a close-knit family. Helen believes that an important value in her life is honesty. Her parents stressed the value of honesty while she was growing up. She said that sometimes she and her siblings thought their parents were strict, but now realize it was the best thing they could have done.

Helen was a shy, quiet little girl. When asked about her relationships with her parents she replied, "Well, I never had a spanking." She added that one night they had company and were having strawberry shortcake. While the children were supposed to be asleep, "I sneaked down and sat on a little stool behind the coal stove." Her mother noticed her and allowed Helen to have some strawberry shortcake and then sent her to bed. "[My brothers and sisters] didn't dare to come down, I don't know why I dared," she chuckled.

One of Helen's favorite things to do on rainy days as a child was putting on shows in the barn for neighborhood kids. "No one seemed to have any money so, believe it or not...we'd ask for so many safety pins. You'd have to bring so many to come to the show," she mentioned. She added that the children made up their faces without cosmetics; they used soot, because their mothers did not use any make-up. Helen also liked to see a movie at the theater.

Center-Mrs. Nyman Front-Lempi, Waino, Eino, and Helen Nyman Left rear cousin Martha Mattson Right rear-Aunt Impi Latvala

Going to see a picture show was a real treat for Helen as she was growing up. She remembered that one of the first movies she saw was a silent western. Helen explained that there was a pianist in the theater who played pieces that complemented the scenes of the movie. One of the highlights of the show was when the Sunshine Kids performed during intermissions.

Helen, as many young children do, looked up to some of the movie actors and actresses of the time. She remembered Mary Pickford, an actress and Tom Mix who was a cowboy. Other influences on her life were her family and friends.

Helen told me her family once had to move from one of her apartments because the people living below them had smallpox. Getting smallpox was a terrifying possibility that was avoided at all costs. They moved to a house which had more room and a large yard. Helen never was infected with smallpox, but she has had some other, not so startling events happen to her.

Walking across a bridge was the most horrifying thing Helen remembered doing as a child. It was between Ishpeming and Negaunee, Michigan. There was water underneath, and as she looked down she got dizzy. Three of her friends were with her, and they had crossed the bridge before she did. "I was so afraid and they said, "Come on, you're half way'" she recalled. It was not very high, but being so little is seemed really high to her. Fortunately, she has had many fond memories to look back upon.

Helen's graduation photo, 1927

One of Helen's favorite childhood memories was of an outing with her family up to Cedar Lake. She was awed when her father swam across the lake, "It was a very big lake," she interjected. It had been a nice day for a picnic, and everyone enjoyed the day. That certain outing was a special time for her whole family to spend the day together.

Another family event was the Christmas season. Helen described a special Christmas she had when she was younger. Her father dressed up like Santa Claus and rang sleigh bells outside. All the children received an orange, apple, and some nuts in their stockings. Helen received a little tin dish set with a painted design on it.

Helen told me that she had never had a favorite sibling when she was growing up. They were all friends. She had to wash the dishes at home, but when the neighborhood kids wanted to play, her older sister stepped in and finished the job. Helen did not always get to play; she also had to go to school.

One of Helen's first school experiences involved her sister and two dresses. The dresses were homemade; Helen's was brown checked, and her sister's blue checked. Each girl had matching hair ribbons. They were walking together when a few teachers beckoned them over to where they were sitting. The girls had not done anything wrong and gave each other questioning glances. The teachers told them both to turn around and said, "You look very nice today." Helen and her sister were very proud of the comment since their dresses were homemade.

Present day photo of Helen

Helen and her friends spent a large portion of time at an Ishpeming library after school. They did most of their reading and completed homework there. Since they were not allowed to talk, they passed notes to each other. Sometimes Helen and her friends went to the store to buy sodas. Occasionally they had only enough money for one soda so they shared it.

One beautiful, warm day, one of Helen's friends suggested skipping a day of school since it was so nice. Helen and some of her friends walked around the Cleveland woods for the day. "We didn't have much fun 'cause we were worried we'd get caught," Helen distinctly remembered. When they returned home, a car had hit one of the girl's sisters. She was all right, but the children thought that this was their punishment for skipping school. Helen's parents never found out about the incident.

Helen wanted to have a musical career while growing up. "I would take a cushion off one of the chairs and sit on it and thump my fingers on the table, like playing the piano..." she divulged. She also added that her family had never owned a piano. Helen also liked to sing songs for her brothers and sisters.

Helen babysat for her neighbors to earn money in high school. She babysat for someone several times before she earned a dime. One neighbor lady that she babysat for invited Helen over for pasty or chocolate cake instead of paying her. Helen also washed the woman's dishes and dusted for her. "It seemed like fun because it was somewhere else..." she explained to me.

Helen met Harold Hoiem when she was a sophomore in high school. They dated throughout her sophomore, junior, and senior years. A year after Helen's graduation in 1927, she and Harold married.

Harold and Helen were living in L'Anse during the time of the Great Depression. "Everybody was in the same boat I'd say. My husband worked maybe a couple days down at the Ford plant. Ford gave us seeds to plant, and we had a large potato field out in Ford's farm," she told me. They grew many vegetables and exchanged them at the grocery store for meat and other items. Even though there were hard times that many families faced, Helen recalled that they had very amusing, memorable years. They went to "Hard Time Dances" where people would dance dressed up in funny clothes. They also worked jigsaw puzzles and played cards as past times.

When Harold was working, Helen was in the potato field picking off potato bugs. She picked up the bugs with a stick and put them in a can. One time her husband came home and said, "What's happened to you?" She had not realized that she was terribly sunburned from being out in the sun so much that day, and her eyes were little slits because noseums had been biting her. "They had been biting me, and I would just brush them off." Helen described. She chuckled, "I was ashamed to go in [the store] 'cause my face was so swollen from bug bites!"

Helen thinks that the Depression has made America stronger. "The people that grew up in there, they really learned." she explained. "We're a group that...don't throw things away...we're thought of as the saving group," she explained. She also thinks that President Roosevelt did an excellent job fighting the Depression. Some of her brothers worked in a CCC camp, which gave many people jobs. She believes that there will never be another Depression like the one in the thirties. The United States now has many more modern technicalities to overcome another disaster like the Depression.

Helen Hoiem has led a very interesting life. I thank her for sharing things with me that have been special to her. I never used to picture her as a little girl growing up, or a newlywed living through the Depression, I always knew her as the white-haired, relative "Gramma Hoi." I am grateful enough to have spent time with her and speak to her about some of her memories. Our interview will be a treasured heirloom to our family.

-Nicole Abendroth

Helen at about 12 years

A MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE

"She would beat the daylights out of us!" Jack laughed at how his neighbor slapped him with the handle of an umbrella. Jack and I recently shared this and many memories of his past.

Jack Thompson was born on March 27, 1920, in Marquette, Michigan. His mother, Sophie, was from Canada and his dad, John, from Scotland. His dad was a stone mason who laid stones at the Catholic Church in Marquette. Jack is different from his parents because they had to worry about making money and Jack did not. " Money was an afterthought to me. We had it and we spent it as though it was out of style," Jack explained. Jack has two brothers: Max and Austin, and four sisters: Nita, Nola, Evelyn, and Peg. He spent his childhood in Marquette. Jack grew up in a religious family. He attended and still goes to the Presbyterian Church. As a child Jack wore knickerbockers and high boots. His heroes were cowboys, Roy Rogers, Tom Nicks, and Hop Along Cassidy.

Jack went to school in Marquette. "I didn't like school at all," Jack said. He liked to get outside and go fishing and hunting instead of being in school all day. He had many friends when he was in school, but he did not have a girlfriend. "I did not have time for a girlfriend; heck I was swimming all the time!" Jack responded. Jack and his friends played spin the bottle, hide and go seek, kick the can, hopscotch, skip rope, baseball, and football. His parents helped him through school. They bought him clothes, books, and whatever he needed." It wasn't free to go to school, we were taxed to pay the teachers," Jack commented. He did not get a diploma or certificate because he graduated out of the eighth grade and went right on to the working world.

When Jack was twelve years old he pedaled milk. "I used to get a quart of milk a day for pedaling," Jack pointed out. He got up at three o' clock in the morning and pedaled until six thirty for Joe Roll's HillCrest Dairy. "I used to take care of my family that way. I did the kind of work I liked to do and I guess that's about it," Jack explained as he talked about how he enjoyed working. During the Great Depression he was living at home. Jack said," You couldn't buy yourself a job." He lived like most other people. "We took care of everybody else and everybody took care of us," Jack explained. His mom baked bread and sold it, and his dad went out and laid chimneys and fireplaces just so they could get money. He did not just work for other people; he also worked for his parents.

"I had to spade the garden, cut wood, take care of the cows and the chicken. I had to try to keep my own bedroom clean," Jack told me about the hard kind of chores that he had to do. As the years progressed, his life changed. Over the years Jack became prosperous. He worked for

The Hoist Dam being built in 1918 or 1919 - Negaunee, Michigan

everything he had, like his first radio, car, and TV.

Jack got his first radio back in 1931 or 1932; it was a Majestic. He listened to Amos and Andy and WLS radio hour. There were only about two or three radio stations in the whole country. "They had good music players up in Canada. Fiddle players, they were good!" Jack insisted. His first car was a, "Pile of junk," Jack said laughingly. It was a 1930 Chevrolet, which he bought it in 1938. It was pretty well worn out. Jack walked almost everywhere he went because he never went long on trips. " We got our first TV from up at the Soo. It was an RCA and that was in 1953 or 1954," Jack explained. It had eighteen channels. Jack's favorite TV shows were out of Traverse City. There was Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Eddie Canter, and Al Jolson. Jack also went to the movies instead of just watching TV at home. The last time Jack went to see a movie was in 1954. In the middle of it he got up and walked out because there was too much nudity. " Woman weren't covered up good enough for me," Jack insisted.

Jack was also working on the Houghton-Hancock and Duluth Bridges for a while until he met his wife. Jack met his wife, Florence, in 1938. " We were at a tourist park, swimming in the river when I met her," Jack reminds himself. They got married in 1940 on Arch Street in Marquette, Michigan. Together they had two children. A boy named Jackie and a girl named Pamela.

In 1941, he also was living on Arch Street when Pearl Harbor was attacked. It was nine in the morning when Jack heard the news. "I didn't even know where Pearl Harbor was... I had to figure it out on the map where the Hawaiian Islands were," Jack added. At the time he was working as a telegraph man for the telegraph crews. Jack went into the service in 1942 during World War II.

The most exciting thing that happened to him was not just having their kids and falling in the love with his wife, but almost falling through the Mackinaw Bridge with a crane.

Jack worked on the Mackinaw Bridge when it was being built. He ran a mobile crane. " We were up there with nothing tied together. We were backing down, and we ran over a four by four and it kicked out some of the grading underneath us. When it came up, we started going down," Jack related. During the building of the bridge five people were killed but others were hurt. They may have had a few fingers cut off, a cable might have squeezed some, or maybe a rock would come down and struck them. The only kind of safety equipment they had was a rope tied around their abdomen. " We had to watch everything we did," Jack said. Jack got paid one dollar and ninety-five an hour which it was good money for that time. Finally, after four years the Mackinaw Bridge was finished. After the Mackinaw Bridge was finished he went back home to his house on the Dead River Basin.

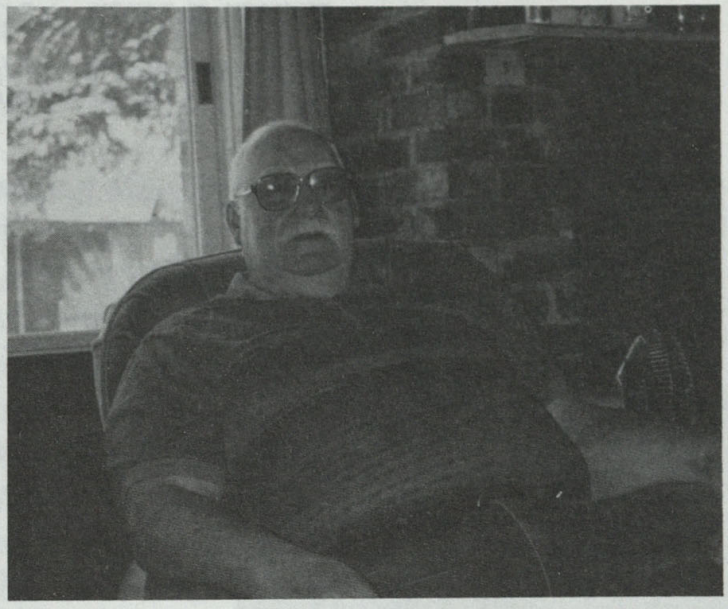
"She was full of logs... you could walk across it almost any place there was logs," Jack chuckled as he told me about the earlier years on the Dead River Basin. He has lived on the Dead River Basin for thirty- six years. In the spring there have been many logs that were floating in the water because the water has been so high. The Hoist Dam was built in 1918 or 1919 years or so before Jack was born. The Dead River Basin is an Indian name. It got its name from Chief Kawbagum in Marquette, Michigan. The name is dead because it ran so slow. Jack has not lived on the Basin for all of his life. He has also moved to New York and Copper Harbor.

Jack's favorite foods are rabbit, porcupine, spaghetti, scalloped potatoes, ham, hamburgers, meat loaf, and baked potatoes. Today he is active in the Masons, and the Legion. Jack has been retired

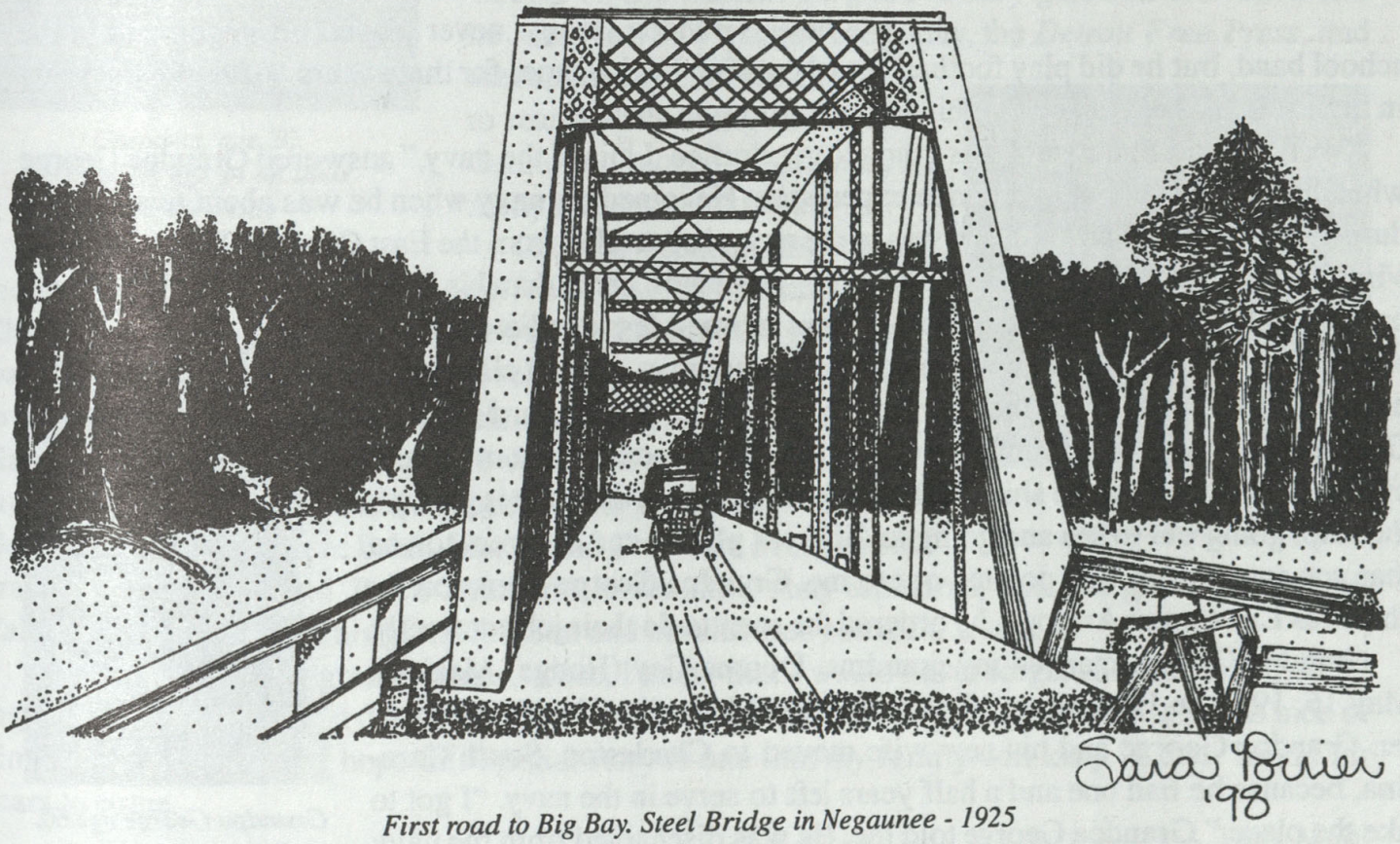
since 1980. Jack does not like living by himself on the Dead River Basin. When his wife died, almost eight years ago, the hardest thing he had to do was, " Bury my wife. I had a hard time leaving her," Jack said sadly.

As I got done with Jack's interview, my dad came and picked me up. On the way home I was thinking about all the interesting facts he told me that I never knew about. I know that now and time to come I will not forget this memorable experience.

-By Sara Poirier



Jack Thompson at his house on the Dead River Basin 1998



First road to Big Bay. Steel Bridge in Negaunee - 1925

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GEORGE MAKI

Grandpa George in the Navy at about the age of 22

On a warm day in December 1997, I went to my grandparents' house in North Lake and had a chat with my grandpa, George Arne Maki, about his life. He told me interesting facts about him that I never knew before.

Grandpa George was born on January 19, 1929, in Mohawk, Michigan, to Arne and Jennie Maki. He has one brother, Kenneth, and one sister, Barbara. He recalled one special friend, Melvin Ahonen, who he played with almost every day. Grandpa George had only a couple of chores that he had to do: get kindling for the fire, and shovel the driveway and path during the wintertime. School also was a big part in his life.

For the first seven grades of Grandpa George's life he went to school in Mohawk, Michigan. When he moved from Mohawk to Ishpeming, he attended grade school in West Ishpeming; he went to high school at Ishpeming High School. Grandpa George remembered one special teacher, John Lawry, who was his eighth grade teacher at the West Ishpeming School. Grandpa George never played an instrument in the school band, but he did play football for Ishpeming High School for three years. After the fun years in high school, he realized that his life was going to change.

"Well, when I found out I was going to get drafted, I joined the navy," answered Grandpa George when I asked him about his service experience. He joined the navy when he was about twenty-two, during the Korean War. While he was in the navy, he traveled from the East Coast to Texas, Norfolk, Virginia, and visited Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. Other than his office duties, Grandpa George had to stand watch in the radio room, "I was more or less a radio operator," he told me. Grandpa George was also a personnel man, second class which meant he took care of all the service records of the men aboard the ship. Grandpa George had roommates from all around the country; he made a lot of new friends aboard the ship. "What I like most about the navy is going in the ship, going out to sea and going to different places, and different towns, that was interesting," he pointed out to me. Grandpa George's boss on the ship was Lieutenant Ashlock, he ordered the men to do their jobs correctly.

Grandpa George age 60, in his prison guard uniform

Grandpa George married my grandma, Dorene Gay (Hodge) Maki, on May 16, 1953, in Ishpeming, Michigan, at the Methodist Church. Soon after, Grandpa George and his new wife moved to Charleston, South Carolina, because he had one and a half years left to serve in the navy. "I got to like the place," Grandpa George told me. He was discharged from the navy

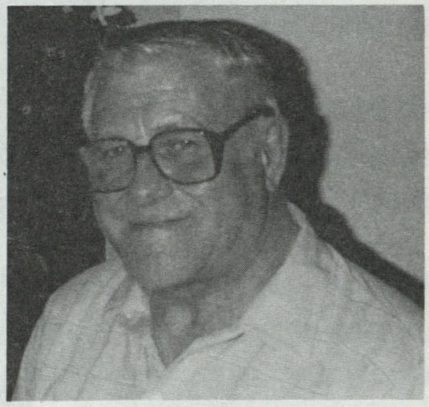
on November 4, 1954, two months early. Soon, he would go back to his hometown of Ishpeming.

After Grandpa George got out of the navy, he went back to working at the Mather A. Mine in Ishpeming. He was mostly a motor man which is a person who directs the hauling of iron ore from inside the mine to the outside of the mineshaft.

During Grandpa George's lifetime, he has worked in several places. The jobs that came to his mind were the couple that he had working at Cleveland Cliffs Iron Co. and the one that he had when he worked at the Marquette Branch Prison as a corrections officer, which was the last job he has ever had. Grandpa George enjoys his retirement at home with Grandma where he has time to relax and enjoy himself.

Grandma, age 20, Grandpa, age 24 on their Wedding Day

Every day during the winter, Grandpa George walks with his friends, Neil Chapman, and Clyde (Buck) Carlson, and Ron St. Andre joins them in the summer. When Grandpa George gets home from his walk in the morning, he goes to the grocery store for Grandma. He gets the items that she needs for the day. Grandpa George is even involved in organized teams; he meets with them about once a week. Grandpa George has many hobbies that he enjoys doing quite often. Every Monday night, he bowls in a league for the team Joseph's Super Value, and on every Thursday, he plays cribbage for the Junction Club in Ishpeming. Grandpa George enjoys watching a good hockey game on television and he reads two newspapers every day, the *Detroit Free Press*, and the *Mining Journal*. He also likes to read *Reader's Digest* stories. Grandpa George also enjoys many holidays and foods.

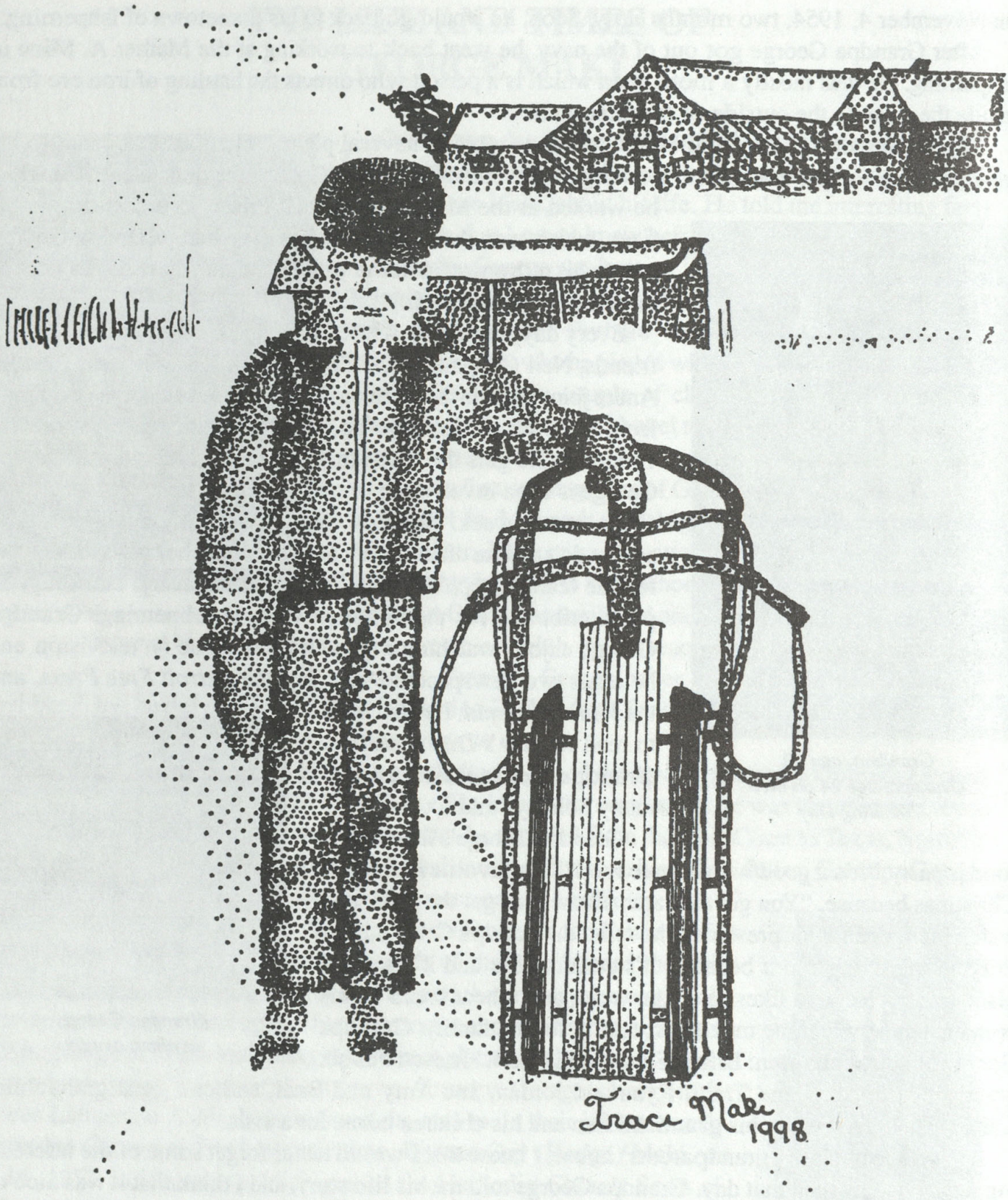


Grandpa George at about age 65

Grandpa George's first choice food is pasty. "It's a good wholesome food." His favorite holiday is Christmas because, "You get to watch all the kids get the gifts, and watch them open their presents," he related. Grandpa George likes to be in the living room because it's comfortable and it's a good place to rest. He also likes to make white and wheat bread in his bread machine which he makes especially for his family. Grandpa George has three children: Brian, Sandy, and Cheri. He even has six grandchildren, Sheri and Traci, Ryan and Jordan, and Amy and Brad, and one great grandchild, Caitlin. He likes it when his grandchildren and his children come for a visit.

As I was leaving my grandparents' house, I knew that I would never forget some of the interesting facts I had learned that day. Grandpa George told me his life story, and I think that it was nice of him to share it with us. I hope this special story is one that my family will keep in their hearts for years to come.

- Traci Maki



Grandpa George in Mohawk, Michigan, as a young boy

"LIFE WAS ALMOST ALL WORK"

Ellen as a nurse in 1956

When I asked Mrs. Ellen Covell if I could interview her on her parents' immigration from Finland, her face lit up with delight and astonishment. As I started to conduct the interview, I knew that I had a very interesting day planned for me.

Her parents, Anna (Jurva) Ekdahl and Henry Ekdahl came to America because it held a promise of prosperity and a better life to immigrants. Anna, her mother, came first on September 22, 1911, from Finland and then Henry, her father, came a year later on July 5, 1912. They came by boat and were processed through immigration at Ellis Island in New York.

Mrs. Ellen Anna (Ekdahl) Covell was born to Henry and Anna (Jurva) Ekdahl on February 17, 1931 in Keweenaw Bay, Michigan. Ellen is the oldest girl of the twelve children in her family. She had nine older brothers: Walfred, Edwin, Arthur, Fred, John, Edward, Carl, Paul, and Eino, and two younger sisters: Elsie and Martha. Living in the time period that she lived was certainly challenging because it was during the Depression. "We were poor and had to work on a farm; life was almost all work," she explained.

When Ellen was a child her mother made a Finnish cardamon (a spice) sweetbread called, "Nisu" or "Pulla." The dish that she makes for her family now, that is everyone's favorite is called "Pannu Kakku," that is made with milk, sugar, eggs, and flour, and is baked in the oven. It is similar to baked custard in some ways.

When I asked Ellen what her brothers and sisters were like she responded, "We all worked so hard-that is my first memory that comes to mind. There was always was so much work to be done on the farm." As a child Ellen always wanted to be forty years old, because she thought that she would be so wise and she would know everything.

When she and the rest of her family did have a little free time, the boys enjoyed fishing and hunting and the girls enjoyed reading and playing games with each other. Since they lived on a farm, Ellen didn't have any pets because the farm animals were either a source of food, or they did farm work.

Ellen stated, "My parents were very, very religious, serious and hard working. They made almost everything themselves." Anna, was a homemaker and Henry was a farmer. "I was close to my mother and father, but it was very formal in some ways because my parents were very strict and religious. When I was a child, I don't remember getting into trouble with my parents, I would never disobey my father because he was so strict," she stated.

"For my mother and father, Christmas and Easter were strictly religious holidays, but I do remember a Finnish New Year's Eve tradition. My father would melt lead and pour it into a bucket of snow, and then look at the shape to read your future for the New Year," she explained.

When Ellen was young the first movie she ever saw was Walt Disney's *Snow White*. It was when she was seventeen years old, because of her father's strict religious background, "He did not believe in television or the movies," she proclaimed.

"I went to a little school that had the first four grades in one room and the next four in another room," she said. When Ellen first started school she did not know much English, because her Finnish parents felt it was better to be raised speaking Finnish and then learn English after the child started school, that way children knew both languages. Ellen graduated from Baraga High School in 1949 and then went on to win a scholarship to St. Joseph's School of Nursing in Hancock, Michigan.

Ekdahl brothers
Back row (L to R) - Edwin, Walfred, Arthur; Middle row (L to R) - Carl, John, Edward, Fred; Front row (L to R) - Eino, Paul

Ellen worked as a polio nurse, industrial nurse in Muskegon, VA Hospital in Iron Mountain, Newberry State Hospital, and Nursing Home Administrator in Sault Ste. Marie, Health Care Administrator, and the Kinross Correctional Facility in Kinross, Michigan.

Ellen enjoyed her job as a nurse for many years and still today she gives everyone, mainly her family, much needed medical advice.

At the age of twenty-five years old, Ellen Ekdahl married Alvin Covell, in North Muskegon, Michigan. They have been happily married for forty-two years.

They have two children, Karen and Kevin. When Karen was in high school, she was an exchange student in Finland her junior year. When their children were little, Ellen and Al took their kids to places such as, Washington D.C., Wisconsin, Minnesota and Jacksonville, Florida. They often chose educational places like Washington D.C.

Right now Ellen and Al are living in Tucson, Arizona for the winter and in the summer they come back to Michigan and stay in their cottage on Lake Superior in Arnheim, Michigan.

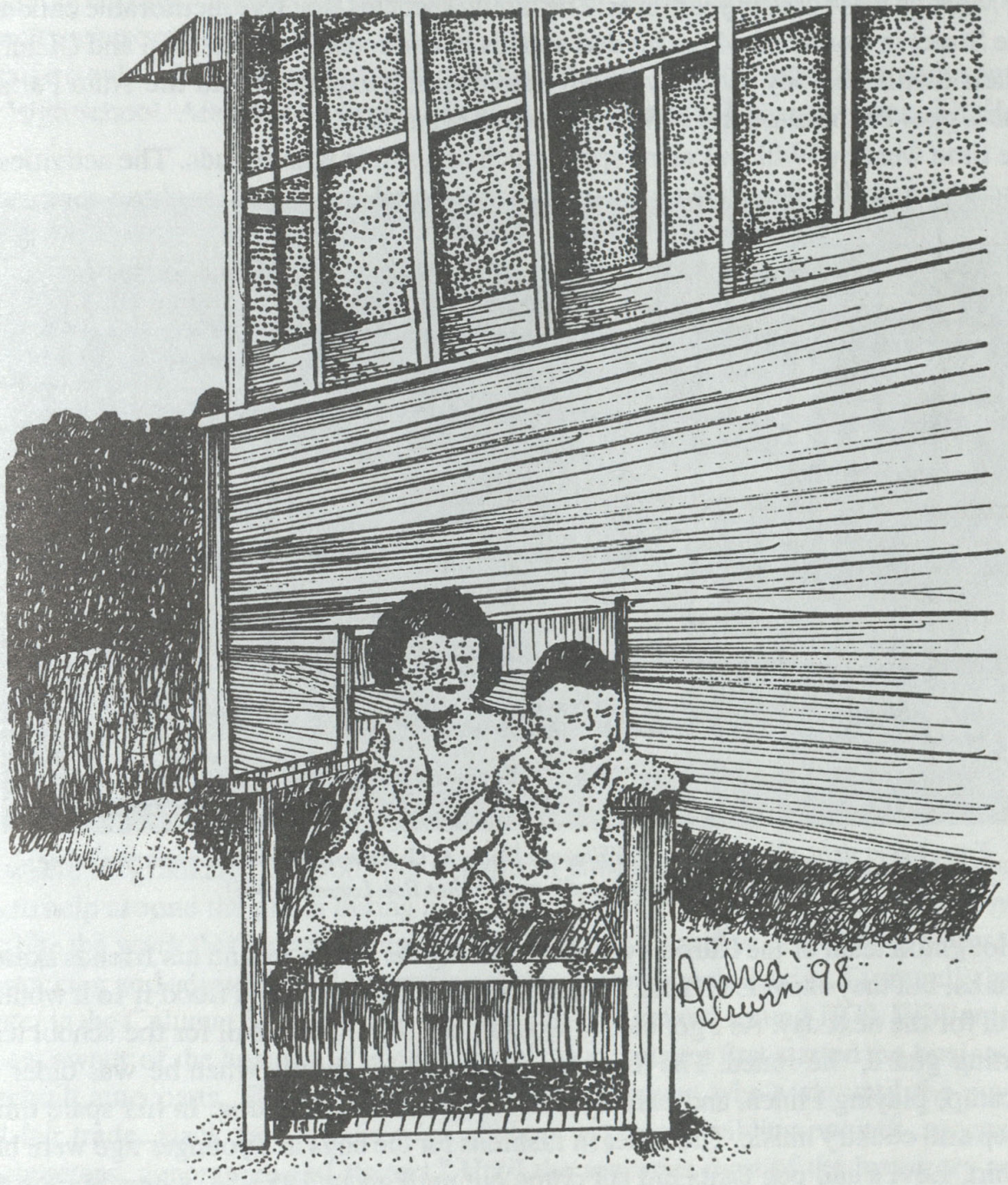
"When I was little the most important things

that I learned were honesty and integrity," stated Ellen.

Ellen also stated, "My parents taught me many values such as telling the truth, pay your debts, and to work hard." "These values are a part of my whole outlook on life."

I would like to thank my Aunt Ellen for letting me interview her. I learned many new things about parts of my family. Thanks again, Aunt Ellen, for making this interview so fulfilling and enjoyable.

-Andrea Irwin



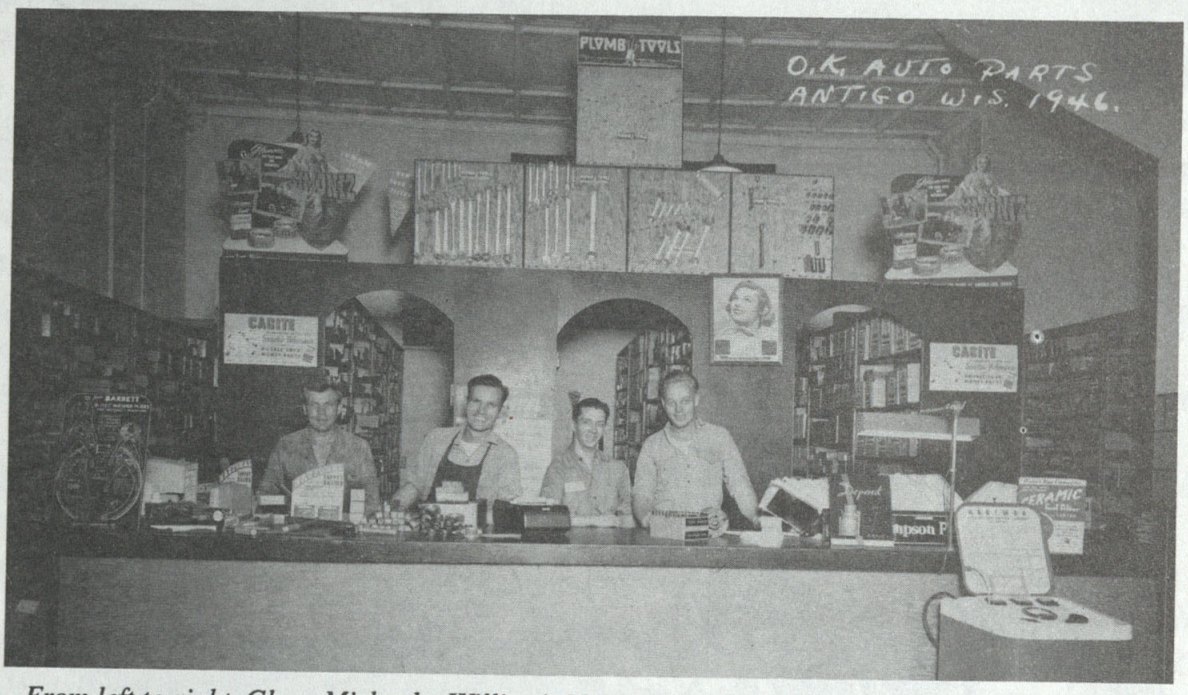
Aunt Ellen and her sister Elsie c-1934

MY GRANDPA'S STORY

As our family was driving south to Chicago, my grandpa and I decided that it was a good time for our interview. I knew he really wanted to share his life with me because he seemed eager to get started.

William Beckwith Larson was born on February 6 1937, to Hilding and Esther Larson at Grandview Hospital in Ironwood, Michigan. He had a brother, John, who was born about a year before him, and his sister Marilyn was born six years later. The family spent his first five memorable childhood years on Norrie Street in Ironwood where his dad and his two friends, Chet Peterson and Glenn Michaels started their own auto body shop. Eventually the business expanded into the Auto Parts business across the Upper Peninsula, parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

As the time went by William Larson spent much of his time with friends. The activities included playing scrub baseball where kids on his team from Central and West Houghton competed against



From left to right, Glenn Michaels, William's Uncle Al Carlson, a short time employee name unknown, William's dad's stepbrother Bob Larson (1946)

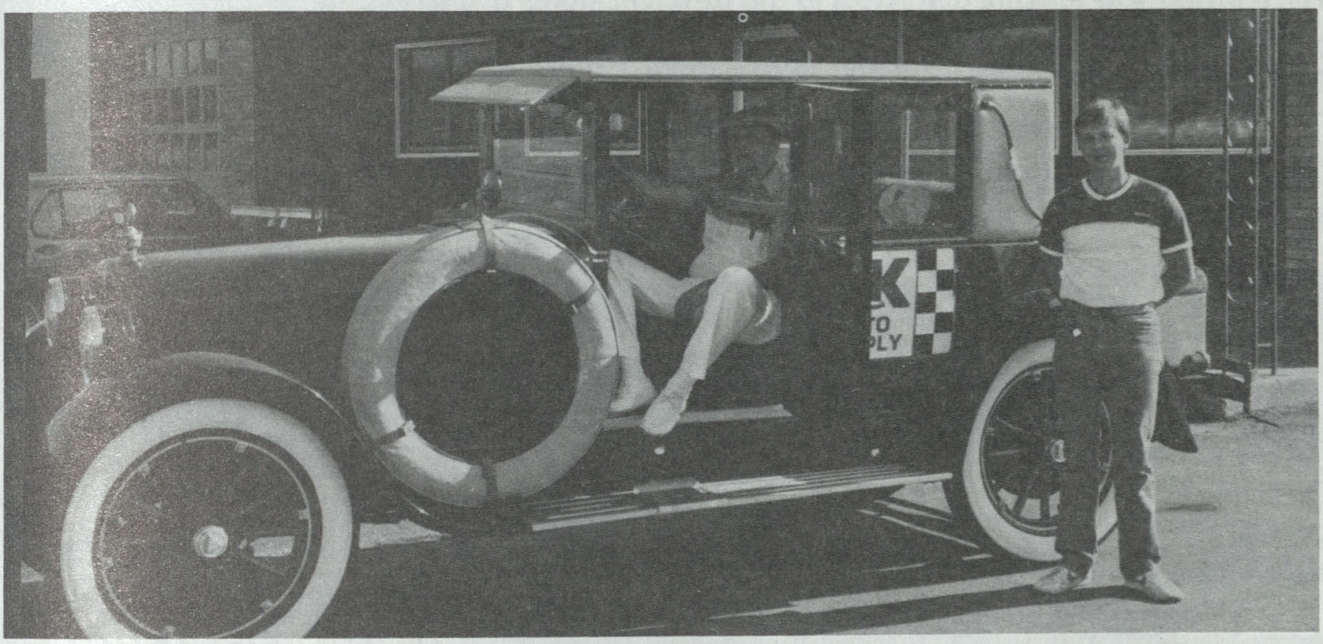
the East Houghton team or the Hurontown team. During the winter he and his friends skated on the local ice rinks, but they shoveled it first. "When we were done we would flood it so it would be nice and smooth for the next day. As I got older I would play "J V" basketball for the school team and I was a starting guard," he stated. The times he spent with his family when he was older included going to camp, playing Flinch, and playing with Trigger, the family dog. In his spare time he listened to pop and country music. The styles in fashions for the boys at a younger age were blue jeans and a T-shirt. Levi's and peg pants did not come out until about 1953-54, when Marlon Brando's movie influenced fashion. "Kids would wear sweatshirts and jackets with the team colors," he stated.

"My first car was a forty-one Chevy coupe, actually it was mine and my brothers. Its rocker

panels were all rusted up. So dad spent the long hours in the winter fixing that up, and we rebuilt the motor," he explained.

The time during WWII William recalled caricature drawings of Tojo and Hitler that were often drawn and painted on dirty windows. Buying saving stamps with his dimes in school and accumulating them for a savings bond was also very common. "Tokens were used as money for buses so we didn't see too much of it. Although we saw tokens for meat since copper coins were being replaced with zinc, because they needed the metal for the war. I recall a parade in Ironwood after the war was over and there were tanks thundering down the main street. I was a little boy at the time so I thought that was pretty awesome," he recalled.

William Larson's education progressed, and he obtained his high school diploma in 1955 at Houghton High School. After that he went to Michigan Technological University located in Houghton,



Bill Larson (left) with son Brian Larson (right)
Circa 1986

Michigan where he graduated in 1960 with a major in Business Administration. However, his dad asked him to help around the office during high school because they were short of employees, and he grew to like the work that he was doing. He spent his first couple years cleaning floors, washing windows, stocking and adjusting shelves, cutting glass, and making deliveries. Eventually he worked at the counter in the Calumet Store in 1960, and when his dad retired around 1979. William and John were the new owner of the business. "My dad and his two partners first started the business selling used and rebuilt auto parts. They were almost a hundred percent wholesale until the government eliminated fair trade. Back then we did a lot of shop work and building engines, magnetos, fuel pumps, carburetors, generators, and starters." Until the seventies most of the inventory and bookkeeping was all done manually until their first computer, which was a Mylee. It had fifteen megabits of disk storage. Their accounts receivable computer had five megabits so they had a total of two

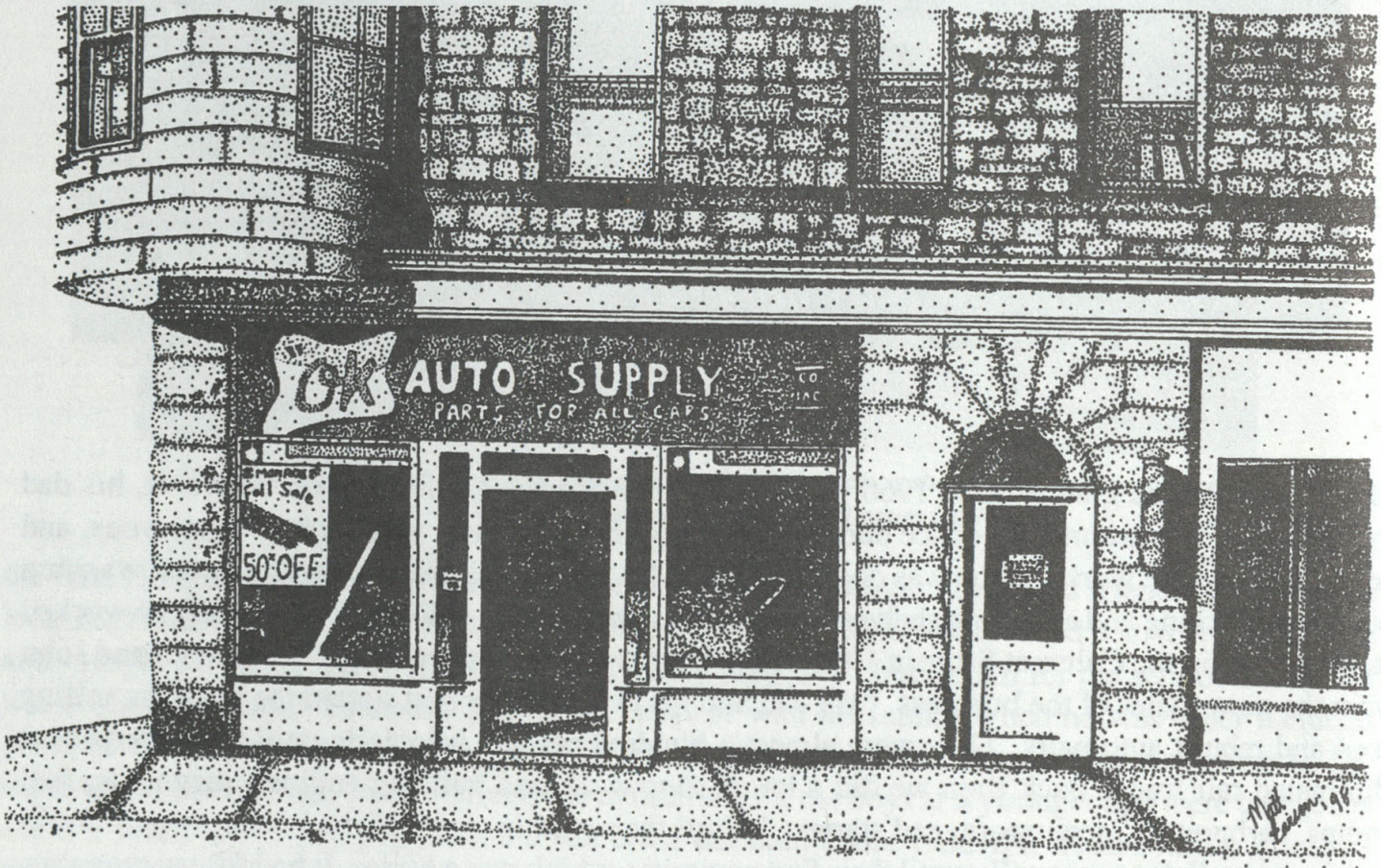
computers and twenty megabits of memory to handle fourteen stores of inventory to 40,000 part numbers and about 4,000 accounts receivable. After that they went to a General Automation which they had to sign off so they could not sell it to Russia or any other communist country. It had sixteen megabits of ram and about 120 megabits of drive. At that time they put on about 70,000 part numbers and we had seventeen locations. One of the worst moments for his dad Hilding was when the union came.

It was very hard for William to keep O.K. Auto Supply and Parts Central Inc. and warehouse going because he had to put so much time and effort into it. It was a constant challenge with employee turnover and implementing good policies through trial and error. Their business became a leading business through the decades of the 30's through the 80's. Eventually he sold the business to Auto Value, and his son opened up a new company called O.K. Industrial which is located in Ishpeming, Michigan.

As William was making deliveries to the different stores that his father owned, he met a young lady named Annette Larson. They married in 1956, and they had three children Debbie, Brian, and Melanie listed from oldest to youngest.

The time I spent listening and talking to William Larson. I found out about some wonderful facts about his work and life that I have never known before. Now he is sharing his past with all the other people that read this story.

- Matt Larson



The Calumet Store
Circa 1960

THE SIGNALMAN'S LIFE

50th Anniversary

"My Name is Darrell Ostwald. I was born on October 16, 1924 in, Okabena Minnesota." This was the reply from my grandpa for the first question I asked him. My grandpa was not too sure about this interview, but when I told him it was my assignment in school he agreed to do it.

Grandpa was born into a family with seven children. He had a brother named Meryl who died on September 25, 1997, and a brother Jerome who died on October 31, 1996, and a brother Winfield. He also has three sisters Odetta, Elizabeth, and Alberta.

My grandpa was raised on a farm where he had all kinds of chores, for example: feeding livestock, milking cows, and working in the fields. He went to Okabena High School in Okabena, Minnesota where he played the tuba and the saxophone in the band. After his junior year in high school he was drafted into the navy.

My grandpa was a signalman in World War II. He never actually saw action, but he was a very important person. He had to know how to use blinker lights, semaphore signals, and flags. " We used to hoist up the flags on the ships for different kinds of signals late in the afternoon," he explained.

When I asked my grandpa how many ports he visited during the war, his answer astounded me, "I was in nineteen foreign countries and an island," he told me, "I was in Greenland Iceland and made three trips to England." When I asked grandpa what it was like in England he replied, "England was like the United States except you could tell it was much older the buildings were older the cities looked older everything was just older."

I also asked grandpa, " Did you find it a weird experience to not see land for many days?" Grandpa replied, "Yes, the first trip that we made to Iceland there were twenty-one days on the ocean that we didn't see a soul until we landed in Iceland. They spoke the Danish language so we couldn't even talk to them. They didn't care much for Americans anyway they were more or less pure Nazi. There were many days out on the Pacific that we didn't see land at all."

My grandpa was a very lucky man, for he never got sick. Also he was never on a ship that was shot at. When I asked my grandpa if the ships had any doctors on it his reply was, "We didn't have a doctor, or nurses or anything. If you got sick you got sick, and if you got hurt you got hurt. No kind of protection or anything." Grandpa went into the navy as an apprentice seaman and he worked his way up to a second class petty officer.

Grandma and Grandpa Ostwald on their wedding day, February 25, 1946

I asked my grandpa how he met my grandmother. He replied,

"Through correspondence, she started writing to me because I was in the navy with a cousin of hers. He gave her my navy address and she wrote to me in October 1942, when I was going to signal school. We didn't get to meet until November 1944 when I was on leave. I came back in December 1945 and it was then that we decided to get married. I was discharged on January 31, 1945 and we got married on February 25, 1946. Before getting married we only spent two weeks together, and now we have been married for fifty-two years."

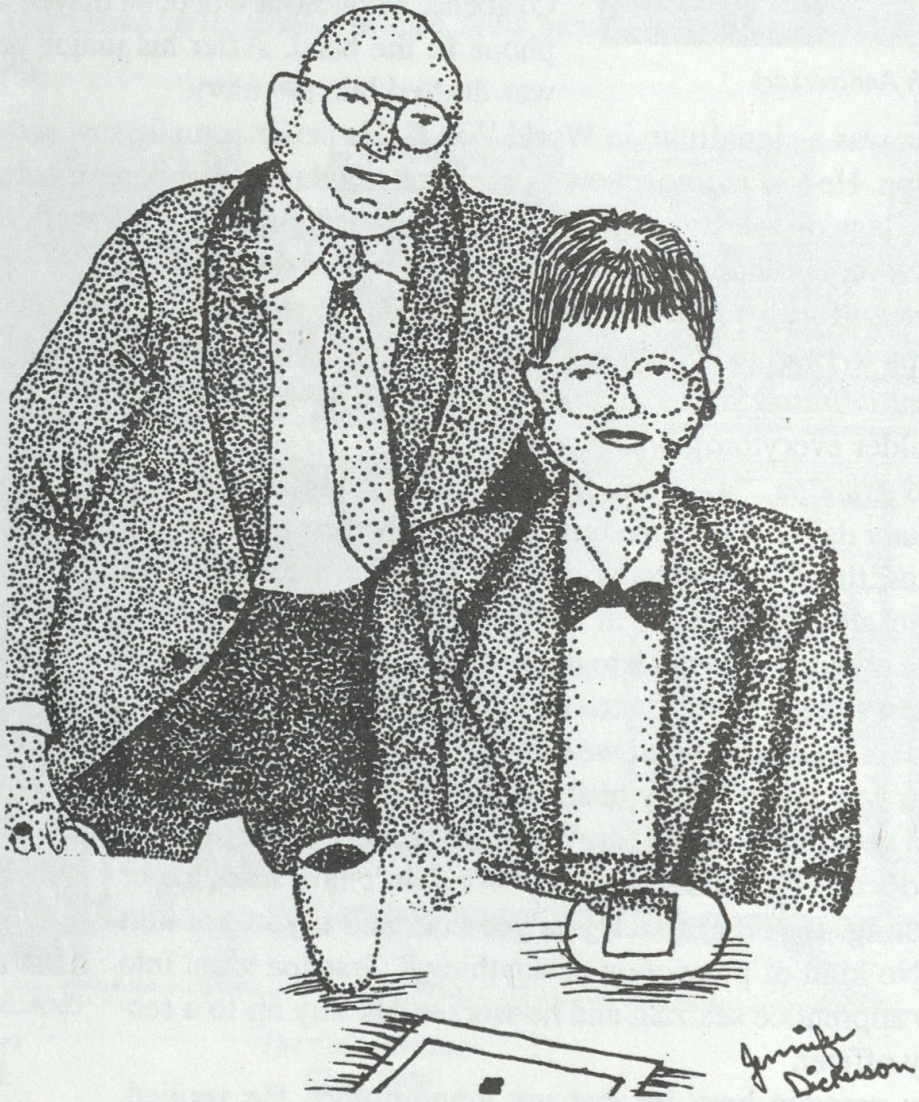
After my grandparents got married grandpa started looking for a job. He ended up working at the railroad depot in Ishpeming, Michigan.

After being married for seven years, they adopted two children a girl Cindy and a boy Bradley. They also had two children Brian and Cathleen.

After working for many different railroads for at least forty years grandpa retired from the railroad on November 1, 1985.

Now grandpa goes down to the Elks in Negaunee and hangs around with his buddies. He also likes to spend time with his family.

- Jennifer Dickerson



A GRANDMOTHER'S PAST

As I stepped into the neat and cozy two-room house, my great-grandmother met me with a comforting smile. As I looked into her soft blue eyes, that had seen so much, I wondered what past events we would share.

Tyne (Worlin) Hamari's life began March 31, 1910, in Republic, Michigan. She was born the seventh of ten children to Matt and Edla Maria (Laakso) Worlin, who were Finnish immigrants from Jalasjarvi, Finland.

Grandma Hamari, as I call her, started school in Republic, and went through the sixth grade. She recalls, "We (her siblings and herself) had to walk three miles to school... from the farm."

Picture of Grandma Hamari at her birthday party

Once Grandma Hamari and her siblings returned home there were chores awaiting them. "We lived on the farm and that is what I did all the (time)... and helped with all the home-work there," she stated. Grandma Hamari told of the milking of the cows, and how her mother "...sheared wool off the sheep and then she made the yarn...." Besides the cows and sheep there were also pigs and horses to be cared for. The animals were just one task on the Worlin farm. The cooking and cleaning, the hauling in of wood, and the baking of bread also had to be done.

Grandma Hamari explained to me the importance of religion. When I asked what she thought was the most important thing passed on from the Finnish ancestry, she replied, "Religion." It played such a big role in her life that church services are the only thing she remembers listening to as a child. Grandma Hamari is a firm believer when it comes to religion. Religion is very important because, unlike things in life, it is one of the few things a person can turn to when life gets hard and look for hope. She has taught all her children to be faithful. Just as she was taught by her parents. Religion did and still does play a very important role in the Finnish lifestyle.

Grandma Hamari has mixed feelings about how life has changed during the past years. One of the greatest changes she sees is that of employment. Grandma Hamari thinks it is too hard for people to find jobs. Another change is the rate of divorce. When asked if people divorced in past days, she quietly replied, "Simply, we didn't divorce."

Grandma Hamari knows about married life. She was married to my great-grandfather for sixty-five years. Matt Hamari and Tyne (Worlin) Hamari met in Ishpeming, Michigan one day in 1926. They were married May 8, 1927.

Grandpa Hamari, as I call him, and Grandma Hamari had six children. Their names are Donald, Darlene, Nancy, Eleanor, Ruth, and Ronald.

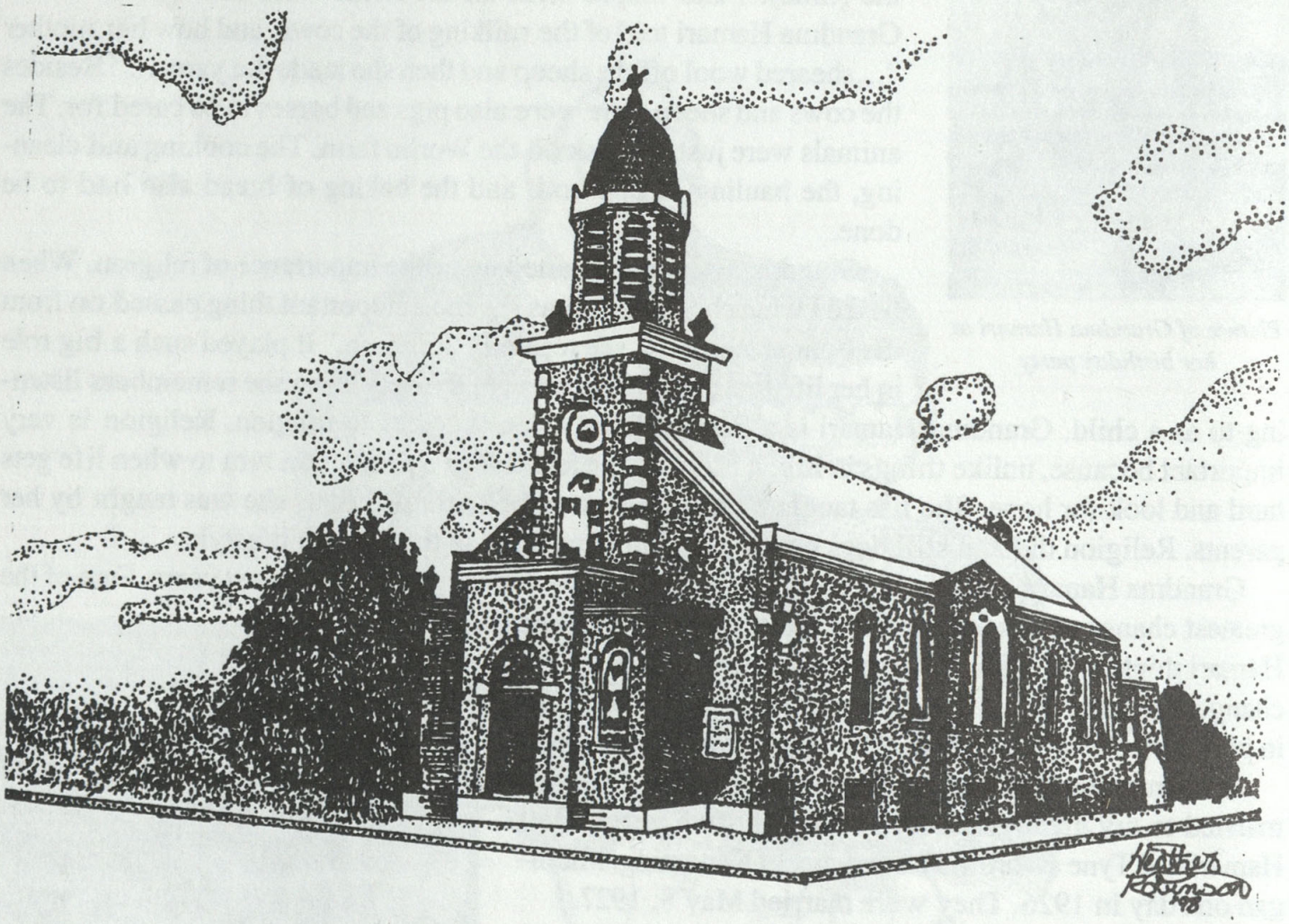
Grandma and Grandpa Hamari at Grandpa's 90th Birthday

Grandpa Hamari was born February 9, 1902, in Yvas Kyla, Finland. He made the crossing to America with some members of his family. When his sister got sick, the family had to stay at Ellis Island for three weeks before they could enter the United States of America. After they were processed and gained legal entrance into America, Grandpa Hamari went to work with his father, Matt Hamari, in the Minnesota woods. While working, he sent money to Finland to buy passage for the rest of the family to come to America. Besides an occupation as a logger, my grandfather also worked in a number of jobs, such as, painting, mining, and farming.

Grandpa Hamari's life was taken in a car accident, on February 23, 1993. He lived a long and prosperous life.

Grandma Hamari still resides in her home on U.S. 41 living happily and peacefully with love from her family, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She still passes on the importance of Finnish life and teaches those who want to learn where they came from.

-Heather Robinson



Bethel Lutheran Church, Ishpeming, attended by the Hamari Family

AN UNFORGOTTEN MEMORY

Gene Foster - Mill in Michigamme
Circa 1947

Growing up, Gene Foster spent most of his childhood in Colby, Wisconsin. He was born on August 6, 1923, into a family of strict Catholic values. His parents Theresa and Alvin Foster were very poor and raised their sixteen children on a farm in this small community of one thousand.

Through all of the tragedies on the farm, Mr. Foster remembers one quite well. When he was in the first grade, he and his brother received their first sleigh purchased from a store for Christmas. In January of 1929, their house burned down. All he wanted was the sleigh from off of the porch, so it would not burn up. With sixteen children to feed, money was scarce for the Foster family. "We had very little luxuries. I mean it was always the main food, potatoes and meat. It was very seldom if we had cake and pies," stated Mr. Foster. When he pointed this out, I realized how hard it was to live then. Mr. Foster added that the only time the family went to the store was to buy sugar, staples, or coffee. Otherwise, they went to town and sold a load of potatoes for twenty-five cents a bushel.

The family never had sandwiches with butter or meat on their bread, it was always lard and salt n' pepper. "We would take them and set them in the wintertime on top of the furnace to keep them warm so that the lard would be a little melted when we ate it." chuckled Mr. Foster. I was stunned that people ate lard sandwiches.

Mr. Foster stated, "There was one thing about having a large family; we never had any real arguments or fights. We were a very strict Catholic family." He also said they always went to church on Sundays, but it was a challenge to get there in one car. In the wintertime one of his older brothers took them to one service, because Mr. Foster's dad transported the rest of the family to another service, since they could not fit all sixteen of them in one car. Since snowplows were not available, the snowdrifts sometimes prevented them from using the car to get to church. In that case, the family hooked up the sleigh to some horses and traveled two and one-half miles to church. Not only was religion important to the Foster family but going to school was too.

Mr. Foster's first school years were spent in a little one-room schoolhouse that housed all eight grades, no kindergarten, and only one teacher. In the fifth or sixth grade Mr. Foster and his brothers and sisters attended a Catholic school in Colby, Wisconsin. The teachers that Mr. Foster remembered quite vividly, were Mrs. Kissinger, and his history teacher Mrs. Flynn. In 1936, they moved off of the farm and Mr. Foster went to high school in Park Falls, Wisconsin.

In 1935, in the midst of the Depression, Mr. Foster got his first job working on a farm for seven and one-half dollars a month. When he was paid, the money went home to his dad, and he got fifty-cents to a dollar to keep for spending money. His second job was at age fifteen in 1938, for which he was paid fifteen dollars a month. When Mr. Foster was working in Minnesota, he had his brother

Barney with him. Then Barney had to go into the service for President Roosevelt, since he drafted men from ages eighteen to twenty-five to go in for a year's training. Mr. Foster stayed in Minnesota; he entered the service in January of 1944.

While Mr. Foster was in the service, he met Andy Presley. He could never remember his name so he called him Gizmo. He called him this because when he needed a tool, he could never remember the name of it. Andy would say, "Well, go get that Gizmo over there." Andy even came back to the states with Mr. Foster; he stayed in his company.

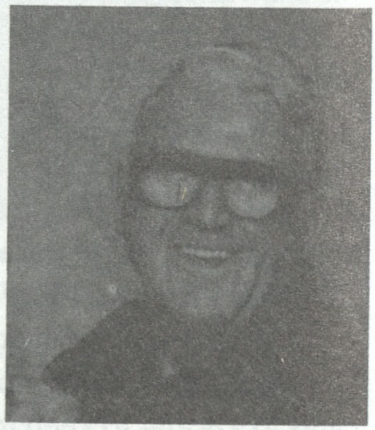
In the service there were some important tasks people did. Every time Mr. Foster and the rest of the men went to a new island, they had to clear it out, since most of it was swampland. They also dug up a crystallized rock, known as coral from the bottom of the ocean to make rows so they could make landings to put up their tents. Outside of important tasks there was some interesting things that happened in the service and to Mr. Foster.

Gene Foster - In the Navy
Circa 1945

When Mr. Foster first went overseas he was on guard duty. "They told us that there was Japanese around in the area." stated Mr. Foster. When Mr. Foster was walking around, he saw trees with long leaves, which are called banana trees. Once he was walking he stepped on one of these large leaves on the ground, and was scared because the Japanese tied themselves to trees. "I turned the other way and ran. It was just a lizard under the leaf I stepped on, but it scared the willies out of me." laughed Mr. Foster. Sometimes, when Mr. Foster was at the air base he saw an airplane come in with part of the wing or tail blown off. In 1946, Mr. Foster was discharged from the service and went back to Colby, Wisconsin.

In addition to the coconuts that he brought home from the islands, he brought home some other souvenirs from the service. Mr. Foster has a Japanese helmet from a Japanese soldier, and a small lantern that was made in Germany. He also has some pictures of when he was in the service; he has pictures of some of the natives that were on the islands, and a few pictures of them at their camps. After Mr. Foster got out of the service, he met his wife Janet.

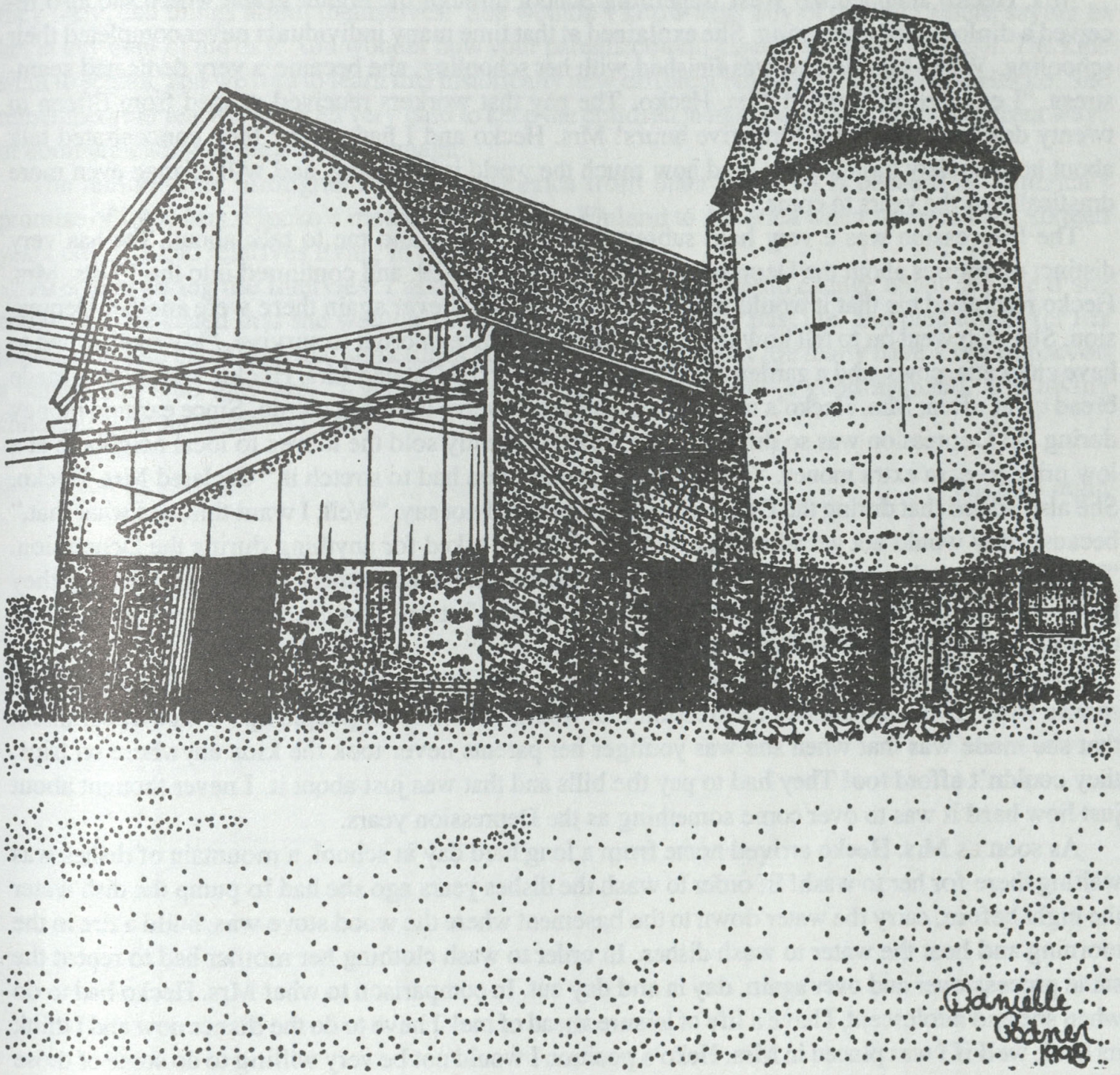
Mr. Foster lived in Colby, Wisconsin when he came back from the service. He met his wife Janet in Michagamme, when his brother Vernon asked him to come up to Michigan to visit since his wife went to Arizona. Mr. Foster met her in a grocery store that she worked at. One day, he went there when it was closed to get some lard to fry french fries and the door was locked. Janet came along on her bicycle and unlocked the door for Mr. Foster, and they talked and got to know each other better; a year later they married. Since they have been married, they have had seven children, Tom, Roger, Carol, Mary, Betty, Cindy, and Stuart. They also have twenty-one grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren. This summer they hope they all come home for their fiftieth anniversary.



Gene Foster - 1995

I'm thankful that Mr. Foster took the time for me to interview him. I found interviewing Mr. Foster to be a good learning experience of what it was like to live back in those days, compared to how we live today.

-Danielle Podner



The Foster Farm in Colby, Wisconsin
Circa 1934

UNSPOKEN MEMORIES

As I reached the door of Ann Hecko's home, I could smell the aroma of freshly baked bread. Mrs. Hecko was born December 17, 1919, in Ishpeming Michigan at the Bell Memorial Hospital located in downtown Ishpeming. She has five brothers and five sisters, but two out of the five sisters died as infants.

Mrs. Hecko attended the West Ishpeming School through the eighth grade where she also received a diploma for graduating. She explained at that time many individuals never completed their schooling. When Mrs. Hecko was finished with her schooling, she became a very dedicated seamstress. "I enjoyed it," replied Mrs. Hecko. The pay that workers received ranged from fifteen to twenty dollars a week, for forty-five hours! Mrs. Hecko and I had a very long concentrated talk about how society has changed, and how much the world is changing, and will change even more drastically in the years to come.

The Depression was a very hard subject for Mrs. Hecko and me to talk about. She has very distinct memories about the Depression, which started in 1929, and continued into the 1940s. Mrs. Hecko reminded me that it would wake a lot of people up if ever again there were another Depression. She also went on to tell how the family had to sacrifice in order to survive. "My mother had to have chickens, cows, and a garden. That's where we worked," stated Mrs. Hecko. Her mother made bread quiet often; Mrs. Hecko's mother had her knead twelve loaves at a time. Since earning money during the Depression was so difficult, Mrs. Hecko's family sold the loaves to local neighbors at a low price to earn extra money. "There was no money, you had to stretch it," declared Mrs. Hecko. She also added that during the Depression children could not say, "Well, I want this, or I want that," because they would not get what they wanted. Nobody asked for anything during the Depression. "It was a time when people never spoke their minds, and asked others for things, because they probably didn't have what you where looking for anyway," stated Mrs. Hecko. "I never want to live through that again," proclaimed Mrs. Hecko.

I asked Mrs. Hecko what kind of changes she thinks America will face in the future? Her response was, "If we had another Depression that would wake a lot of people up!" Another comment that she made was that when she was younger her parents never took the kids anywhere on trips, they couldn't afford too! They had to pay the bills and that was just about it. I never thought about just how hard it was to over come something as the Depression years.

As soon as Mrs. Hecko arrived home from a long hard day at school, a mountain of dishes was waiting there for her to wash! In order to wash the dishes years ago she had to pump the dish water the night before, carry the water down to the basement where the wood stove was, build a fire in the morning and heat the water to wash dishes. In order to wash clothing her mother had to repeat the same process over and over again, day in and day out. In comparison to what Mrs. Hecko had to do when she and adolescent, I have a life of leisure ahead of me! I have to do the dishes now and I think its hard, well if I was placed in Mrs. Heko's position I would not be very willing to do some of those things.

"My mother never spoke a word of English. My dad used to try, but my mother never did." said

Mrs. Hecko as she explained how difficult school was for her. Her parents never spoke any English, only Finnish! When Mrs. Hecko was just five years old, she attended the West Ishpeming School not knowing a word of English. The teacher had to teach all of the fifteen children in the class how to speak English before any reading or writing instruction could begin. Mrs. Hecko remembers how hard her teacher worked to try and teach the children to speak English! If you've ever tried to speak to a person of different nationalities, you know it is hard it is to pronounce what they are saying to you. "Now I know that teacher had to have a hard time trying to talk to all those children about who they were, and things about themselves. She wouldn't know what any of the kids where saying to her at any hour of the day. You wonder how your parents couldn't speak a word of English. The kids went to school, and we had to learn this historically new different language, "stated Mrs. Hecko. She remembers her teacher worked very hard to keep the children in line, because of there different ways of communicating in their own language.

The reason some immigrants move to America from other countries is because of America's promise of jobs. Mrs. Hecko's mother moved from Finland to America when she was only sixteen years old. She had relatives living in the Copper Country.

At a time during the interview I asked Mrs. Hecko what she would change about her life if she could, and she stated that she wouldn't change anything about her past life, and plan ahead for her future. She also explained that sometimes just the little things about life really have a big impact on a person and who they are. "I guess it was all right for me I have a good husband, and loving children, what more could I want?"

-Nicole Gugin

"PENNY CANDY"

As I sat with my nana, Florence Bowman, and talked about her childhood from good times to bad, I wanted to hear more about her life, so I continued to ask her questions.

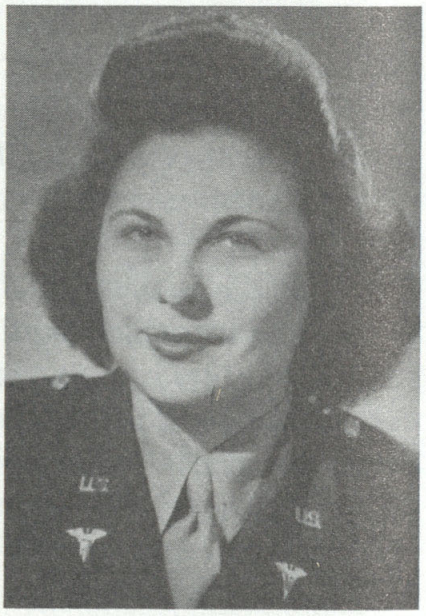
Nana was born on the eastern coast of Pennsylvania between Reading and Alantown just about four hours away from New York. Longsdale, is a little town with just a railroad station and a post office. "We did have cement paved two lane roads," Nana said. A cement paved two lane-road was very unusual at the time.

August 29, 1919, is the date of Flo Bowman's birth. Nana was born on a farm; she was the eighth of nine children. They would have been a family of ten but one child was stillborn. Nana's mom had children about every two years. Nana's mother was German, but she came from Holland. All the family members spoke Pennsylvania Dutch before English. When she went to school at Longsdales Little School, she learned English. She had to learn how to speak English because it was a rule in the German oriented area.

For fun the family had a potato-picking day for which her sisters and brother were allowed to stay home from school. It was a big day for her. The big day happened after school started later in the year. Nana and her family transported her to school when there was no clearing of the snow. As Nana laughed and said, " this was in the country." Since there were no houses for about three-fourth of a mile, they waited for the kids next door, it was scary to walk by themselves. "But there was some cars," Nana explained.

Her mother canned their food to preserve it. She also sun dried some food products. She used a window screen, which she placed on the roof of the porch. She covered it with a blouse so the flies did not get to the food.

Nana's nationality definitely affected the food the family ate. Nana and her younger brother Billy baked their own bread two times a week along with the older girls. They never could afford to buy store bought bread. Nana had animals on the farm. She had two horses, one of, which was very old but beautiful. They had cows that they got their own milk from. They had rabbits, which she and her brother cared for; they raised them to eat. They had scrabble, which used all the parts of the cow. Every fall Nana's dad killed a young cow and then butchered it for beef. They had a big fireplace outside. In a kettle they made sausages and, smoked them. Nana had chickens; she got her eggs that way. They had bins in the basement where they put potatoes and apples that lasted the whole winter. Every spring she picked strawberries and they would make strawberry jam, and ice cream. Pineapple ice cream was Nana's favorite although they did not get it very often. On Saturday nights her mom and dad bought bread, cake, and hot dogs. ("But we still get penny candy"), Nana said. They did not go to the store for all that good stuff so they were very grateful for their food.



Florence Jarrett
England 1943

Nana did not have electricity until she was about twelve or thirteen

years old but she really did not miss it much. Nana and all the children in the neighborhood had to learn how to swim. Many dams around had a clear color to them. The depth of many of the dams was about ninety feet deep. Consequently, all children in the area learned to swim. She could never go swimming alone.

The schoolhouse teacher was Nana and all her friend's favorite teacher, "Mrs. Mayberry had a little cabin that she and her family spent the summers in. Mrs. Mayberry had a dam by the cabin she had all the kids come over and, she made sure that all the kids could swim.

When Nana got older, her sister, Arleen became a nurse. Arleen paid for Nana's tuition and books. Nana lived at the hospital about twenty miles from her house. In the nurse's training Nana got five dollars a month from the hospital. " The dollar wasn't the same as today but, you could still get penny candy," Nana said laughing. Arleen gave Nana five hundred dollars spending money for three years. Nana had a personal rule that if she got money, she took one third of the money to pay back what was borrowed. All the money Nana got from her first job went to paying back Arleen.

Nana graduated from nursing school in 1940. She had twelve-hour shifts a night, with a half-hour lunch for which she got paid sixty dollars a month. She worked as a staff nurse. Nana was talking to one of the other nurses that she roomed with about a Red Cross article titled "Join the Red Cross and See the World." Nana and her friends joined the Red Cross. Nana went to Texas, then to Louisiana. In December, World War II broke out; Nana was automatically made an officer in the army working immediately with only three days off a month. Nana lived on the army base just as the solders did. The army did not have any nurse's aides and had soldiers nursing other soldiers. On Saturday nights, all the nurses were allowed to go to the dances. Nana double dated with her friends, and she had a good time. When Nana went to Camp Hope she worked in the General Hospital. When Nana got back from Camp Hope the army had all the nurses go though training, Nana had to crawl under a wire while the soldiers shot blank bullets. Sometimes, they shot a real bullet.

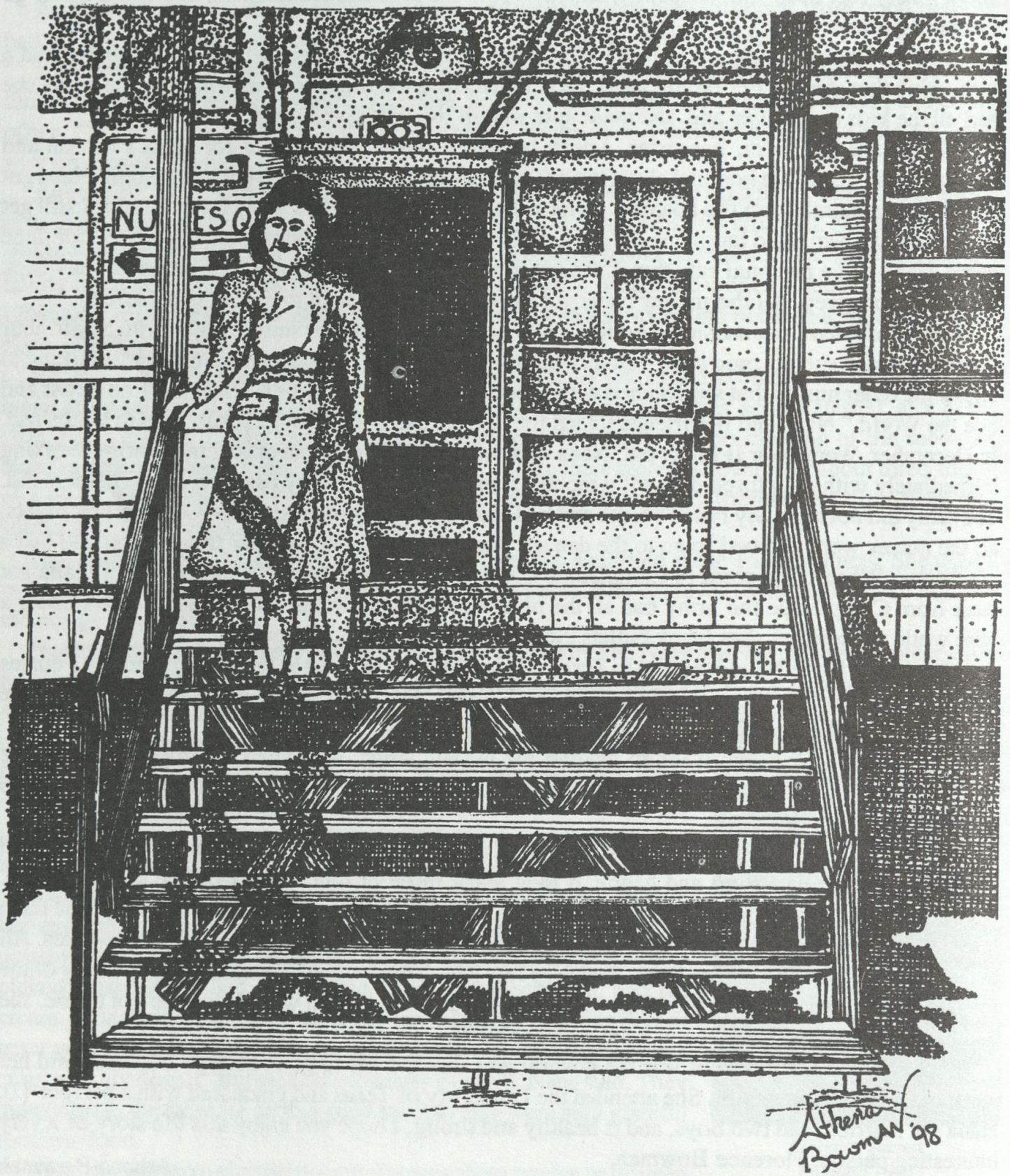
After Camp Hope Nana was sent to Texas. Nana lived in a tent just as the soldiers did. The nurses had outside showers; " It was cold sometimes," Nana said. Nana was shipped to England on the *Queen Elizabeth*. Nana was on the ship for at least five days.

The soldiers and nurses were all waiting for D-Day, which was when the troops crossed, the English Channel to France. Nana visited people from different units. Nana used her free days off to go visiting.

When the war was over Nana and all the nurses and soldiers piled in to great big trucks. Nana and everybody were celebrating and happy. It took about three or four months before she got home. Nana came home on a great big ship. The ship took the sick people over first. Nana got three hundred dollars, which she thought it was a lot of money because they never received bonuses. All the soldiers, who were coming home, had very few jobs. The civilian women had taken many of the jobs while the men in the service. Her mom and dad died during the war. When she got home, she had no parents to live with so she lived with her sister.

Since she was a Veteran of war the government allowed her to go to college free and paid her seventy five dollars a month. She attended the University of Texas and graduated with a perfect 4.0. Nana got married, had two boys, and is healthy and strong. I hope you enjoy this life story of a very interesting person, Florence Bowman.

-Athena Bowman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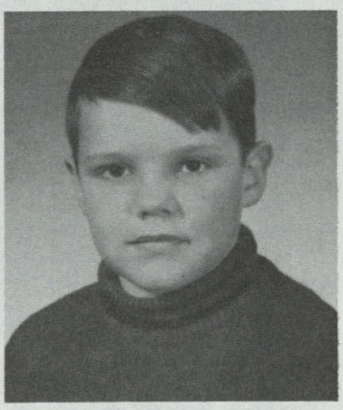
"IT'S GOTTA BE TEN YEARS AGO"

When recently interviewing my father, Mathew Lloyd Schroderus, I learned some entertaining things about his childhood and later years. My father was the youngest of four children who was born on November 6, 1960, to Hazel and Robert Schroderus. As a child my father grew up in Ishpeming, Michigan, with his sisters, Jean Marie, Ellyn Jane, and one brother, Joseph Robert. When I asked him what kinds of things he did when he was little, he simply replied like many other little boys would, "Catch snakes, go fishing, go hunting, play hide and seek, kick the can, stuff like that." But besides doing fun things my father also had chores. Chores like taking out the garbage and mowing the lawn mixed in with some of the games and fun he had. A good part of his time was also spent in school.

My father first attended North Lake School. Mrs. Parvinen, my father's kindergarten teacher, was more like a grandma to him. In school my father favored art and science classes. One of his favorite things to do was to mold and shape pots in art class. He also read lots of science books. Growing up, my father went to three different schools: North Lake, Champion, and Westwood High School. When school was out for the summer he rode bicycles and fished at Rock Lake. His family rarely went on vacations and when they did, it was mainly in the local area.

At Westwood High School my father dressed like the other students, wore his hair long, and he did not play in any sports. Listening to, " All kinds of music. Rock music mostly," he confirmed. Now he listens to country and classical. He was seventeen when he got his first car. "1966 brownish tan Chevrolet BelAir," recalled my father, describing it as if it were yesterday. At sixteen my father worked at a restaurant called the Venice Supper Club, washing dishes. His hours ranged, "Sometimes till two in the morning," stated my father. At the age of twenty he was married to Stephanie Lynn Carne. To be more exact, " The day after I turned twenty, in Marquette, Michigan, by the Justice of the Peace," he clearly stated.

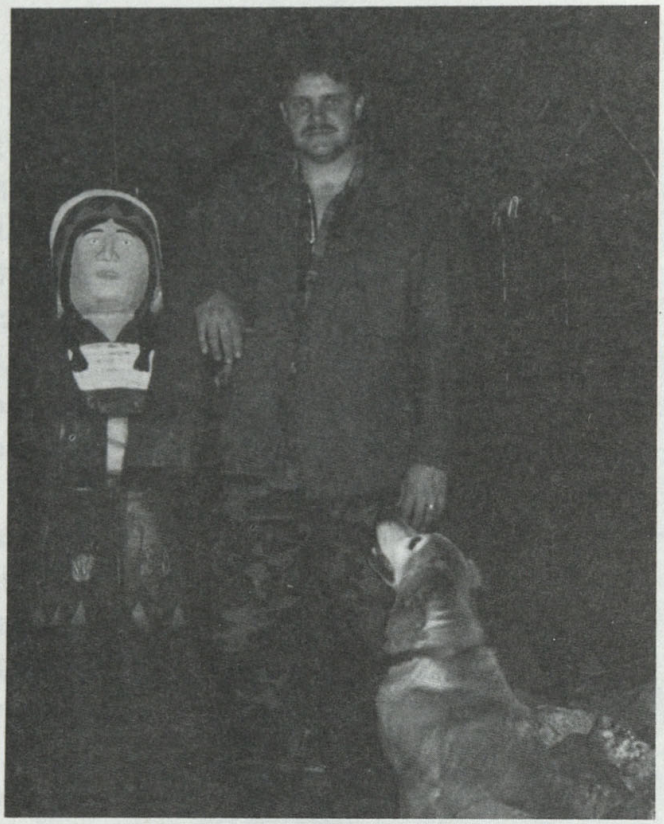


Mathew Schroderus as a child

Growing up my father had one main hobby. " I liked to go fishing," he indicated. Today he still likes to go fishing but now he has a new hobby. Carving animals, statues, and people. In our yard stands a bear as tall or taller than my father. The carved bear is almost all black with a brown muzzle and he is standing on his hind legs. My mom, dad and I named him Humphrey after a cartoon figure. By the barn stands an Indian figure a little shorter than father. He wears a headdress and other Indian attire. Other animals loom around the yard, also.

"With a chainsaw, it's got to be about ten years ago," replied my father when I asked when he first started carving. In school he took a wood working class but he did not work with a chainsaw. Besides working with a chainsaw, my father also works with smaller tools, like a chisel. Some of his work has been sold in stores like Da Yoopers Tourist Trap. Also, people who owned a construction business from Texas went back with some of his work. For a big piece of work it usually takes, "Twenty hours," he explained. A smaller piece takes about two hours of work.

My father mostly uses pinewood and basswood for his carvings. First he starts off with blocking



Mathew Schroderus recently standing next to his Indian Carving

in the basic shape of the animal. Then he uses a chainsaw and makes the basic form of the animal. With a chisel and a cutting knife set he works in the smaller areas. When it is finally the way he likes it, it is painted and sometimes a protective coat or sealer is applied to prevent rain or sun damage.

My father very much enjoys working on carvings and has lots of fun. His favorite animal to do is the bear, and his favorite person to do is the Indian. Next or in the near future my father would like to do a sitting gargoyle for the woodshed. These kinds of woodcarvings that my father does have been around for a while.

"They have been around for millions of years, the Egyptians made them...Indians did a lot with totem poles," commented father. My father has started on one totem pole, but has not yet finished. On the top of his totem pole he wants to put a Raven, somewhere in the middle sections a beaver and turtle and on the very bottom a large bear; which will support the whole totem pole. Now that it is winter out his carving slows down, although right now he has made a small bear and has been chiseling at it. When summer is here again, I guarantee he will be outside working away at a carving.

I have very much enjoyed talking with my father about his life and carvings. I learned new and engaging facts about his childhood and later years. How school and after school activities have changed over a period of time. And in the difference in what my father did in his spare time and what I do in mine. Things have changed drastically between the time when my father was little and, now. From doing this interview I know I have benefited in many ways.

After learning how much my father enjoyed making carvings I did some research to find out more about how and where carvings originated. To help me find information about carvings and where they originated from I used the books, *Sculpture The Shades of Belief* and *The Art of the North American Indian*, from our library here at the Aspen Ridge Middle School.

The American Indians of the Pacific Northwest have been carving for quite a long time. By using the trunks of large cedar trees they carved the magical animal origin of their tribe. Each animal represented a different animal spirit. These animals were

Humphrey and Bigfoot, two of my father's carvings

regarded as family members since the Indians thought of them as blood relations. Legends were told about how the animals had helped the Supreme Creator. The names of these animals were also used as names for their people.

A Raven was thought of one who brought light to the Northwest. A Thunderbird made thunder when he flapped his wings and lightning when he flashed his eyes. His folded wings meant peace. The Bear, Salmon, Wolf, and Whale were also put on a pole in front of the houses, which was meant to inspire respect for the spirits of the past.

The artist of the totem pole was considered a very important member of the tribe. The great-great-grandfathers and great-grandfathers of this tribe were believed to be fish, birds, and other animals besides men. The totem pole expressed the story of the ancestor.

Around 1850 was the time of the totem poles. White traders introduced a steel-carving tool, which Indians used for their totem poles. After the traders had left missionaries came in hope of converting the Indians to Christianity; they told the Indians of horrible stories and convinced them to destroy all of the poles. Fortunately some of the totem poles had already been brought to museums.

I found this all very fascinating. I am very grateful that my father shared with me his story. If it were not for him I would have never researched totem poles and never would have found these interesting facts, nor would I have been able to share them with others.

-Rachel Schroderus

Mathew Schroderus standing next to his bear carving

THE EXPERIENCES OF RICHARD BERGMAN

Richard Bergman and his Grandfather

As I walked into, my grandpa Richard Bergman's cozy, blue house, he was patiently awaiting for my arrival in his blue Lazy Boy. As I went into the kitchen, I could not help notice how clean and neat the house was, for the floor was shining, and the windows were clear. I could hear the crinkle of a plastic as he opened a bag of chips. As we sat at the kitchen table and started chatting, his mind opened to the past, and he described the exciting, joyful, and sad times.

"I was born on October 8, 1925, in Ishpeming, Michigan, to Glady and Richard Bergman," stated Richard. He has three siblings. Two living brothers and one sister who passed away at an early age. Growing up in a cold house with an old stove for heat and an outside toilet was difficult for a child. No child even thought of having his or her own room.

At his house he did chores for his mother, such as shovel the snow, which he said was a job that just about every kid in his neighborhood had to do. He remembers the storm of 1938 when the sidewalks could not be shoveled so they had to shovel tunnels. He also ran to Johnson's Grocery Store for his mother. Sometimes he purchased the families groceries for her. He also ran little errands downtown for his parents. The little errands that he had to do for his parents were mailing out letters, postcards, or packages. He stated that most young boys did these kinds of tasks.

Richard also went to school before doing all his chores. "School was very strict," he declared. No smoking on school property, no pregnant girls in school, no jeans, and girls had to wear dresses. A student's punishment ranged from being kicked off the basketball team to staying after school and writing. He attended Ridge Street School, Grammar School, and Ishpeming High School. The subject that Richard remembers the best was Manual Arts courses, which included woodwork and machine shop. He was an athletic boy who loved gym class the most. He played on the Ishpeming High School basketball team.

Besides team sports at school, Richard participated in many sports with his friends. "We played ball," he added. Ball included softball, basketball, and football. He sarcastically stated that he was the best shortstop until his son Roger came along. His dream was to have his own basketball court in the barn in his backyard. Basketball was clearly his favorite sport as he chatted on about it. His friends and family, sports, and school were basically the most important things in life.

Just like many other kids, Richard grew up with joyful holidays and celebrations. He went to his Grandpa's farm for Thanksgiving to cook dinner. Memorial Day had a large parade with a King and Queen. The Queen was crowned and rode in a fancy car explained Richard. In the winter on Main Street, there were Dog Sled Races. They also often went ice-skating. There were dances called Balls for the older students to go to.

Richard also spent time with his friends on the weekend, "Hanging around," as he put it. On Sunday morning he attended church. "Slightly," he said as I questioned him about the importance of

religion in his family. He was raised a Protestant at the Mission Covenant Church. He was expected to attend his confirmation classes, but he did not always show up. He did not get confirmed until he got married and went to church with his wife. He now attends Wesley United Methodist Church in Ishpeming.

Richard in Navy Uniform

Richard remembers the Great Depression being a difficult time period in his life. He was a young lad when it started, but as he grew older he understood that his family definitely was not rich. His father worked the WPA, which was government sponsored, to help people get work and money during the Great Depression. President Roosevelt designed the WPA.

Richards first job was delivering papers, including the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, which he had to do everyday in the morning before school, and the *Grit* which only had to be delivered once a week. When he was sixteen years old, he worked at Johnson's Grocery Store with the owner's son who later became President of CCI. They made potato sausage in the basement of the store. They also delivered the groceries to the elderly that could not get to the store. They also delivered to richer people of Strawberry Hill that just did not want to get their own groceries. They delivered the groceries in a small truck with a cap on the back of it.

As Richard became older, service to the United States started to affect his life. He had a brother in the Army, and he joined the Navy. He was in Ishpeming, Michigan and it was a Sunday afternoon when the news broke out that Pearl Harbor was attacked and war had started. He remembers President Roosevelt coming on the radio and saying, "It was a day of infamy!" He decided to quit! High school students were not drafted.

In 1943 when he was about eighteen years old, he was on the navy's ship heading for Panama, they came across a hurricane, which lasted for five terrible days. There were two ships in the area of the hurricane. Richard was on the first ship. He had a good friend on the second ship that was washed away into the sea. Two other people were also washed away off their boat and their bodies were never found.

Richard was gun captain on LST in the service for two and a half years. He also lost a close friend in battle during the three invasions in the Philippines. Perspective service men had to take some tests while they were in rest during the war for education. "Eventually," he said, "I got my diploma after the war and graduated the same year as my wife. "I am very proud of my diploma!" declared Richard.

When he came home, he met my grandmother. After coming home from the navy, he was at a bus station. My grandmother was catching the bus out to Deer Lake where she lived and Richard and his buddy started talking to her. Audrey (Boase) Bergman, my grandmother, had a girlfriend with her at the time. After meeting at the bus station Richard and Audrey dated and their two friends dated. Richard and Audrey were married on September 11, 1948. They had a small formal wedding at Wesley United Methodist Church. Afterwards they had a reception in the basement of Goldies Store. They had set up a small bar in the furnace room. "It was really hot during the whole reception,"

described Richard. They did not have enough money to have a decent place for a party. Richard had such great friends that they chipped in money and bought some refreshments. Everyone there had a great time except for the heat. That was a memory that Richard and his wife, Audrey, will never forget.

Eventually Grandma and Grandpa had four boys. Then they had a girl, my mother, and they were very happy. After four boys it was kind of a relief to have a girl in the family. Another boy and one more girl were added to the family. Richard and Audrey had a total of seven children: Richard, Randy, Ronny, Roger, Rob, Bonnie, and Bobbi Jo. The children were their pride and joy, but there was never a dull or quiet moment. The kids had to call "Saved" in order to keep their chair when they had to get up or go to the bathroom, while they were watching television. They did this procedure to have fun and keep their seat.

Richard and Audrey Bergman

To provide for his wife and family Richard worked hard. His job was as a welder fabricator at the CCI general shop. He enjoyed working with blueprints and steel. He could make just about any thing out of steel. He made little extras for his home when there was scraps left over at the shop. When his children had grown up and were on their own he retired on December 31, 1987.

Richard and his wife are having their fiftieth wedding anniversary this year. I am sure their seven children and grandchildren will help them celebrate. They always have company and always something to do around the house.

As I interviewed Richard, my grandpa, I realized that there was a lot more to his life than I ever knew. He has had a very interesting life that we now know about. I appreciate the time that he gave me to have this interview, and I cherished every moment.

-Jodi Jacobson

Richard as a young boy with his Grandmother

A BUSY LIFE

Viola Langson 6th grade (center) at Champion School

My great-grandma, Viola Langson, was born on Pearl Street in Ishpeming on September 23, 1913, to her parents Wilhelmenia and August Olgren. My great-grandma's name is Nemia Viola Langson. She goes by Viola because it seemed like it was easier for everyone, Nemia was not heard of often as a name. Her doctor, Dr. Barnett, gave her mother the name Nemia when she was born, but she prefers Viola. She had five brothers and two sisters. Their names were Nels, Nea, Eunice, Bill, Benjamin, Nickanor, and Jacob. Her brother Nelo, or Nels and sister Nea or Nellie were born in Finland.

Both of my great-grandma's parents were from Finland. Her father was from Muustasaari, Finland and her mother was from Vasa, Finland. Her mother also worked in Denmark for a while for a royal family. August John Olgren, my great-grandma's father, was a blacksmith. He had a blacksmith shop in Champion, and he worked in Ishpeming at a blacksmith shop on Pearl Street. Her mother worked at home, and she also worked at a nursing home in Republic.

When I asked my great-grandma how she dressed when she was a kid she said, "We dressed in dresses, not like they do now." She said they wore leggings and boots that fastened together with clamps. Not very many of my great-grandma's clothes were purchased from the store. Her older sister fashioned clothes by remaking old pieces. Most of the time their clothes were given to them. She said that her sister and mother knitted clothing and made carpets. They were good seamstresses and made many pieces of clothing. Her sister Eunice even made hats out of plush and velvet.

When I asked my great-grandma what were some things she remembered doing when she was a child, she told me she remembered going every Wednesday and Saturday to Beacon Hill for a sauna. Her family did not have a sauna. When she was little she enjoyed ice skating, toboggan riding, roller-skating, hopscotch, and listening to the radio.

Viola Langson

When my great-grandma Viola was six, she moved to Champion. She went to school in Champion until the seventh grade, then she attended Ishpeming School. She returned to Champion for the eighth grade, and then returned to Ishpeming for the ninth grade. She went to L'anse School all through the tenth grade staying with her sister Eunice who was ill at the time. She traveled back and forth on a train. Then she went back to Champion for the eleventh grade. "I've had quite a mixed up life," she stated. She said she probably would have gone into the twelfth grade that fall, but she met her husband and they got married in Negaunee at the Episcopal Church. She had ten children: Eunice, Billy, Carol, Viola, Florence, Fredrick, Arlene, Corine, Sally, then Lois.

My great-grandma had many jobs. She worked for three months at the Gossard factory in Ishpeming and then worked in a glove factory in Negaunee. In 1966 she went to work for a restaurant in Negaunee, The Main Drift. She worked there for fourteen years. She did just about everything, baked all their bread, between forty and forty-five loaves a day and sold them for fifty cents a loaf. " I started out washing dishes and I ended up doing everything else," she stated.

My great-grandma has about one hundred grandchildren, counting her great grandchildren and her two, great great-grandchildren. She lives at the Lakeview Apartment buildings in Negaunee, where three times a week she plays Bingo downstairs. She is also part of the Home League, a branch of the Salvation Army. They have their meetings every Wednesday. After the winter she will be going back to her Finn class. For seventeen years she has been going to Finn classes with her friend. They have been going since 1980 at the Negaunee High School. My great-grandma, Viola Langson is a very interesting person to visit, and she likes to tell stories. I enjoyed doing this interview, and I learned a lot.

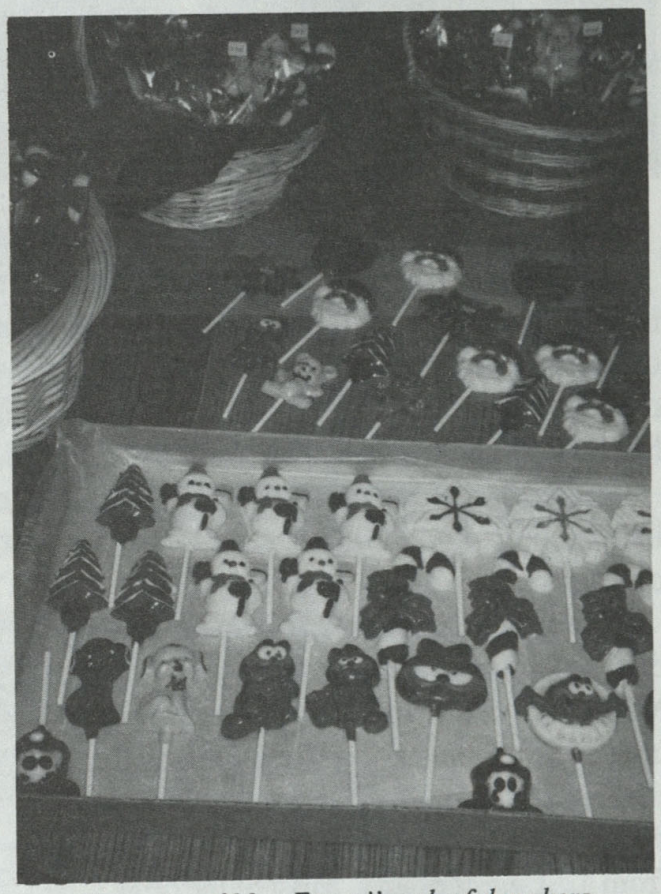
- Tara Byykkonen

A SWEET LIFE

When I arrived at the door of Ms. Elaine Frantti's house in Ishpeming, Michigan in late December 1997, she welcomed me with a warm smile. I knew that it was going to be an interesting time. As I walked in the house, it was very clean. As we walked into the kitchen I could tell that hearing about candy making from this very nice lady was going to be fun!

Elaine Frantti was born June 22, 1931, to Leonard and Alice Frantti "I've lived in the Copper Country for most of my life and the rest in Ishpeming," she stated. She has two brothers and five sisters, and she is the middle child. Her brothers and sisters that are still alive are Gordon, James and Dorothy (Frantti) Oie. Three of her sisters are deceased and their names are Janet Frantti who died before she was married, Mary (Frantti) U'Ren and Helen (Frantti) Daavettila.

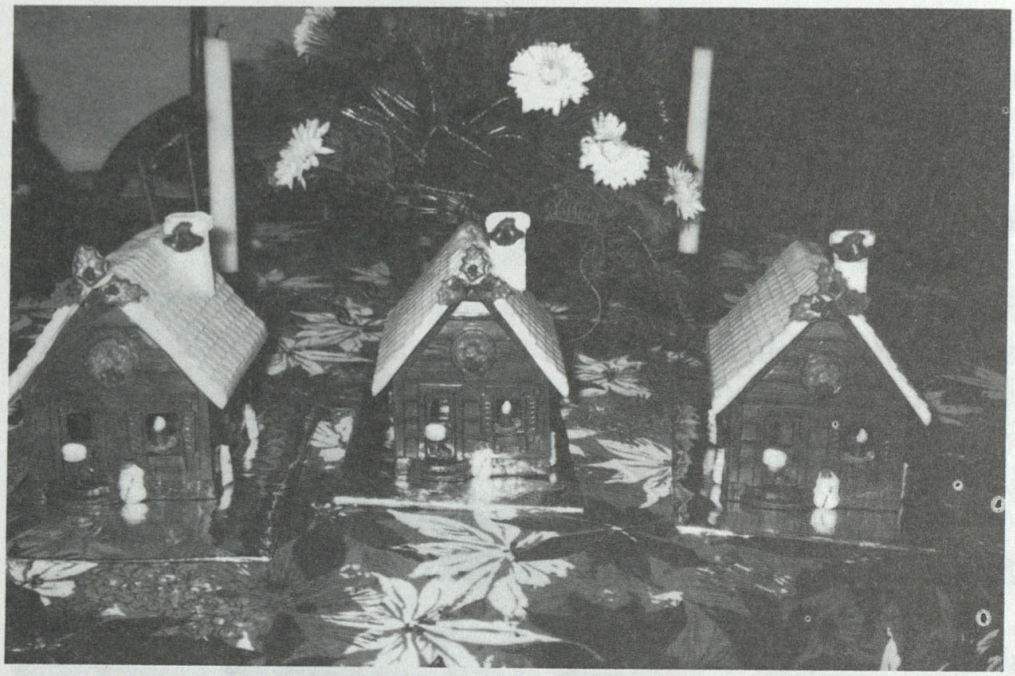
Ms. Frantti first attended school in Calumet, when her family moved to this area, she went to the Diorite School. As she got older, she went to the Grammar School and then to the high school in Ishpeming. She did not participate in activities in school beyond the requirements.



Examples of Mrs. Frantti's colorful suckers

Before Ms. Frantti started making her candy, she worked for the Metropolitan Company for forty-one years. Ms. Frantti started making candy over twenty-five years ago. She got interested and watched and practiced making candy. The candy most people like is the truffle. "It is not that difficult so I usually make extras," she stated. She really does not have any favorites, but she does like a couple like the caramels and the truffles. She has friends that get recipes that she tries. This year she tried three new recipes and some were super. "As I find some that are exceptionally good, then I add that to my list and maybe take something else off." she explained.

Ms. Frantti's mother is living with her now, so she has her try the chocolates to tell her if they are good. Sometimes she will have her nieces or nephews try them; she can usually trust their judgement, she said chuckling. Some candies she has made before but quit making them, but she will go back to them. "I know I make a big variety," she stated. She has never made any hard candies because she bought all the items for chocolates. The first chocolate she made was cherry chocolate molds. "I usually do it during the holidays. I do fill a lot of boxes. I've probably filled one-hundred twenty to one-hundred thirty boxes this year; that's the most I've ever done," she emphasized. She did over 4,000 chocolates this year that is the most she has ever made. Perhaps if she were younger



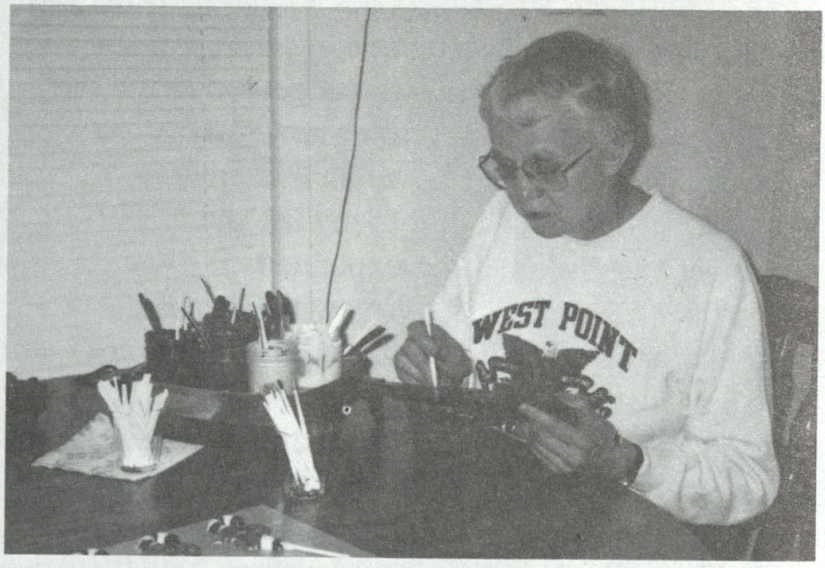
Some candy houses she makes for her nieces and nephews

she would expand her candy making into a business for a profit. She has given her candy for gifts, or she has sold it to friends so that they can use it for a gift for those that find it hard to shop for. "I have done that but this year I have sold more than I've intended to." Her niece asked her how she could do this for so long. She was making candy suckers with her and her arms got so tired. Can you imagine doing this for as long as she does?

Before Ms. Frantti retired she could not spend as much time on her candy as she can now and that is what she told me. "Now I can spend more time on my candy and other things." She does do a lot of baking. She makes bread, pasties, and candy. Since she is retired, she has a lot more time to do her candy making. The most enjoyable thing that happens during her candy making is when people tell her how her candy taste and that they enjoy them.

If she is working on a really big project, she will stay up late working. She wants to clean up all her equipment and wash silverware for the next morning. She does not like to stay up to late working on candy.

She purchases her chocolates from different places. One company in Lower Michigan sells a real good brand of chocolates. In addition to the chocolate she buys many supplies such as candy boxes, candy cups and thing like that from a different place. "Most of the boxes I order are usually one pound or one half pound," she stated. From past experiences she found that for some it is easier to hand dip the candy instead of putting in a regular candy mold. She uses hand brushes she has a supply of paintbrushes, and she paints the design on the chocolate mold. She does have to refrigerate some of the candies until they are set.



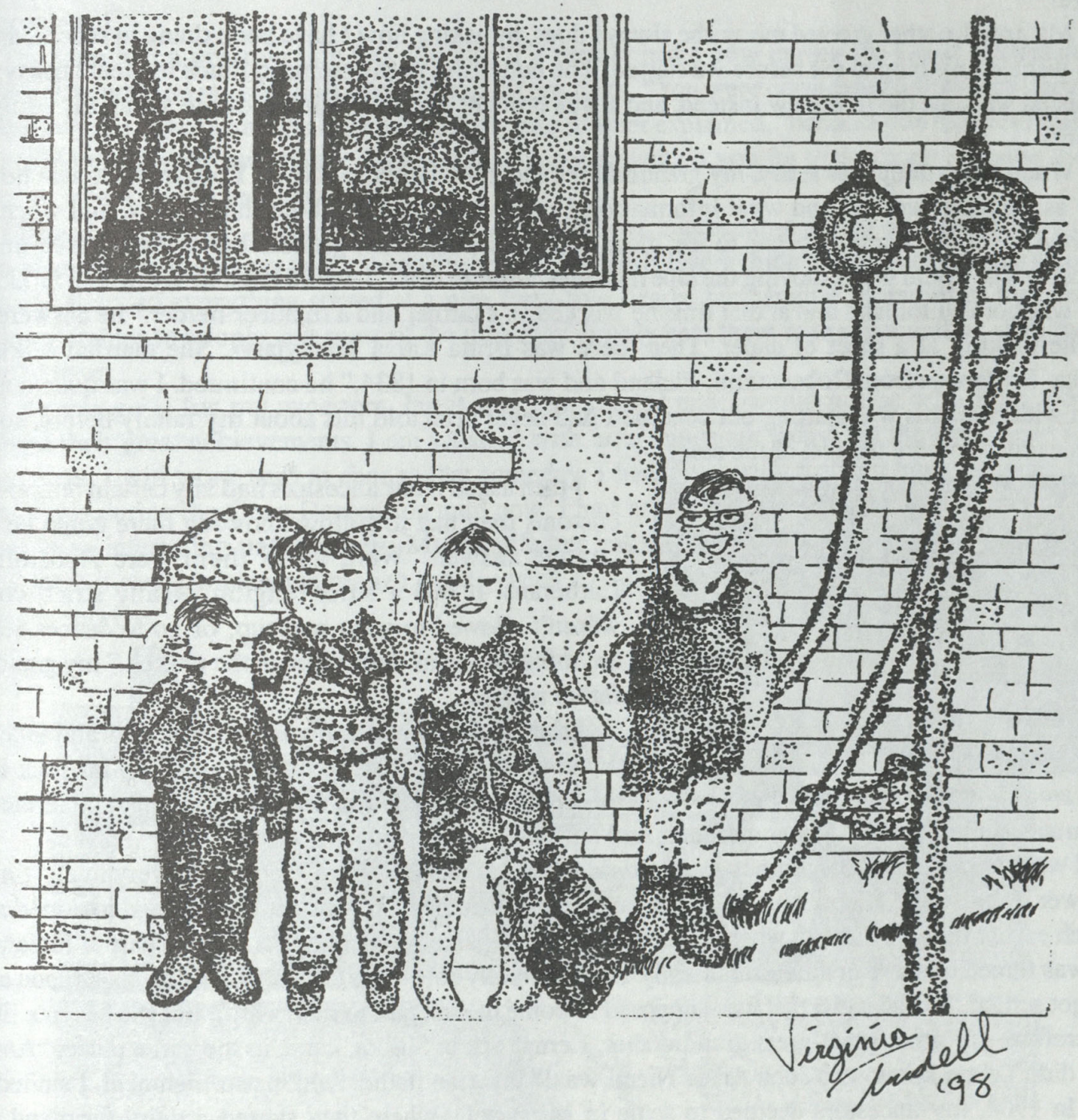
Mrs. Frantti painting her candy

For Christmas she usually makes her nieces and nephews a chocolate house with little decora-

tions on it. By the end of the day they have eaten all the little decorations! The candy houses cost quite a bit of money, and they look like she spends a lot of time working on them for the perfect gift.

Every year before she is done making her candy for a while she will take count on what she has left so she knows what to order for next time. It makes it real simple for her because all she has to do is take out that sheet of paper that she wrote it on and read it and it will have exactly what she needs on it. Right now she does not want this to become a business because she wants it to be a hobby. "All this is time consuming but fun!" she stated.

-Virginia Trudell



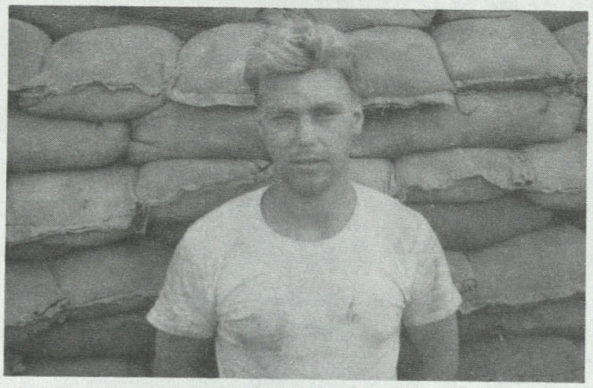
SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Vanilla was the aroma I smelled as I stepped into the car that day, and for a while I actually did not feel nervous. I kept fooling around with the tape recorder because I wanted to distract myself. When I got bored with that, I looked out the window and watched the gray clouds drift in the sky.

When we finally arrived at my grandmother and grandfather's house, I wanted to call the whole thing off. "I'm not good at talking to people, not even relatives!" I thought as I opened the car door, but I felt a little better when I heard my grandparent's dog, Lady, barking loudly as if to say, "She's here!"

My grandmother greeted me as she always does, by asking how I have been doing in school, and if I wanted anything to eat before we started. The butterflies in my stomach made me feel queasy; I insisted we start the interview instead, and I was brought into the dining room to set up my equipment.

When everything was ready, my grandmother and grandfather sat down, I began to explain how the assignment worked and what information I needed. We talked about that briefly, and when I started the tape recorder, I began to feel more confident. I asked my grandfather to name the earliest ancestors he could while moving the tape recorder closer to him. "I would have to say Mikke Sirkka. He was born in Finland and at that time he worked as a farmer and a reindeer herder." he answered while looking at a sheet of paper."Then there was Britta Karsa Mantyjarvi. She married Mikke Sirka. Britta was from Robenammi, Finland and was born in 1834," he continued. I was quite content with how this was starting out because I had never been told this about my family before, so I was excited to here the rest of the story.



My grandfather: Bob Niemi in the Vietnam War

I then asked if our ancestors had any certain religious customs they had to follow knowing there could be a strange answer. "Well, all of them were Apostolic Lutherans. It was a strict religion. Really strict, you weren't allowed to wear makeup, or go to dances and anything done was done through the church." my grandfather replied.

I then looked down at my list of questions and asked what kind of jobs they had back then. "As far back in the 1800s they raised reindeer, did logging, and farmed as much as they could." My grandfather said softly.

I was curious about the journey to America, when I asked about that I received a very interesting answer. John Arvid Niemi was the first to journey to America. He was supposed to go to America much earlier than he did, but when Russia invaded and gained control of the eastern part of Finland he was forced to serve in the Russian army. He was finally able to go to America in 1902. As soon as he got settled, he had a girl that was supposed to come to America to marry him, but she became ill. Therefore, my great-great-great grandmother, Lempi Maria Sirkka, came in the girl's place. "And she didn't even know who John Arvid Niemi was!" my grandfather said in astonishment. I smiled.

In 1904, my ancestors decided to settle in Minnesota, where they started a dairy farm and a

logging company. I was amazed to hear about how large the lumber camps were. "The cooks had huge camps that housed over one-hundred people, and those were very small compared to the camps the lumberjacks had." my grandfather exclaimed. The camps were not the only things that were huge in the logging business; they also had huge Clydesdale horses, which stood about seventeen hands high, used to skid logs out to the railroads.

The farm was used as a way of surviving through the years of the Great Depression I was to find out, and to me it seemed like agony. "If you had a farm at that time you were basically married to your work." my grandfather explained. "You could not take a day off. If something went wrong, it affected the entire farm, and every single day you absolutely had to do work, even if you were sick." he continued.

The farm had a positive side too, because if a person had a cow during the Great Depression people depended on you for milk and other dairy products. "You were considered a very rich person if you owned a cow during the Depression," my grandfather explained, "because you had your milk, you could make your own butter, and everyone is dependent on you for these things because they have no where else to get them from."

There also was a lot of planting to be done on the farm, and because at that time there were no refrigerators, it was no easy task to keep the vegetables fresh. Every thing had to be canned or stored in root cellars so everything stayed at a nice forty-five degree temperature. Sometimes they sold their vegetables to people, but most of the time they simply kept them in the root cellars until they needed them.

Life was good for my ancestors, but it was also rugged and I would not be who I am today without their great achievements. I am satisfied with how things are today, but they still need improvement. I will work hard to change that someday. I had never truly realized how fortunate my family was during the Great Depression until now; I had never even thought that the family history could be so interesting until recently. My grandfather has shown me how unbearable it was to live back then; it really makes me realize exactly what extremes people have to put themselves to in order to survive.

- By Carly Michaud