



Korteniemen Suku

December 2007

Dear reader, dear member of the Korteniemi family association,

Here's the very first paper of the Korteniemi family association. The idea of publishing a paper came up the day before the last family reunion. We ran out of time to make a publication of the reunion itself, but the idea remained in our minds.

Why a paper? Our family association has published two genealogies. In these books there are wide family registers collected by Ossi and Tuomo Korteniemi. The history of Korteniemi family is narrated very vividly in the books.

In its general assembly in 2006 the Korteniemi family association decided to put together a third genealogy by the year 2010. At the moment it looks like this project is going to be postponed. Hopefully at some point in the future we'll find someone in Korteniemi family who has the will and the skills to do this demanding job of putting together a genealogy.

In spite of all, we want to update and gather information for the register. That way, when the time comes, all the information will be available for all members of our family association. All the new (or old) information can be emailed to minna.tarkka@pp.inet.fi

Yes, so why a paper? Well, there are people in this family who just write for their own pleasure; they have been writing about the family history. I want to thank everyone who has made it possible to publish these articles, so: Thank you!

We know that there are good writers in Korteniemi family. It has been a joy to receive all these articles. I believe that this paper encourages people in our family to write down their experiences from the past and the present times - for their own pleasure, maybe even for others as well. Everyone's welcome to send their writings to me to be published. There are no plans concerning another paper, but articles will be published on our website.

Some of the articles are both in Finnish and Swedish in the paper. Some articles had to be shortened so that as many as possible could be published. On our website, www.korteniemi.com, the unshortened versions can be found, translated also to Swedish. In the course of the winter there will be articles in English on the website as well.

Hopefully, along with this paper project we will also get a more extensive address register. New address information can be emailed to the address above. The first edition of the paper is 500 copies,

address information can be emailed to the address above. The first edition of the paper is 500 copies, and there are about 200 addresses in the register. We will send papers to the new addresses around the world during the winter.

Editing the paper was not that simple. There were many problems along the way, for instance, the number of the pages had to be reduced in order to keep the expenses tolerable. But I think this paper is our "feat of strength" and the result looks good, even though it is made by amateurs. I want to thank everyone who participated in collecting ads!

I also want to thank the advertisers. Without the financial support we wouldn't have printed this paper at all. Hopefully the ads will reach the readers. The purpose of this paper is not to make profit.

I wish you all the best!

Minna Tarkka

Memories of sauna bath, fishing and hunting with my grandfather Anton

from time before 1939 (when I was between six and nine years old and my grandfather was between 66 and 69 years old)

Each one of the Korteniemi yards in Pello had and still has its own name.

Thus they were called "Vanhapuoli" ("Pekka's), "Uusipuoli" (Anton's), "Ketola"

(Anton's son Eino), and "Paavola" (Anton's son Paavo)

The sauna

The houses were situated close to the village road. The sauna was built on the opposite side of the road. The sauna was a smoke sauna. It had no chimney, only small holes in the walls. These holes were opened when heating the sauna. It often happened that the saunabuilding caught fire. For that reason they were often built 30 - 40 metres away from the dwelling-houses.

Sauna bath with the Ketola family

Almost every Saturday they took a sauna bath. They started early in the morning by heating the sauna. The volume of the stonemagazine was big and therefore about half a cubic meter firewood (=1000 kWh) was needed for heating.

When the stones were hot enough they removed the charcoal that wasn't burnt out and shut the openings in the walls after that the smoke had disappeared out through the holes.

The warmth in the sauna was "soft" and there was a delightful scent.

Before they were ready to enter the sauna, the Ketola brothers carried several buckets of hot water from the stew-pan in the cowhouse kitchen. The cold water was brought from the well. When beginning each family had its own custom. Our mother handed out clean underwear and each one of us "ironed" them by sitting on them !!

Our father and we six sons were in the sauna together. The "Uusipuoli" men had perhaps already been in the sauna together with Paavo. When we had finished, it was time for the women.

The sauna wasn't heated every Saturday during winter. You had to save energy even in those days !!

The sauna bath at Christmas time was really full of feelings.

Grandfather wanted to have Christmas atmosphere even in the sauna. For that reason he spread straw on the floor in the sauna chamber, the way it was in Jesus' crib

There was a fire of tarfirewood in the open fireplace. Tarfirewood doesn't cause

any sparks when burning and that minimized the risk for the straw to catch fire.

The burning tarfirewood lit up the sauna chamber and made it warm



When sitting on the bench in the sauna we were silent and enjoyed the warmth and taps with birch branches with leaves. After that we had a wash in the same room. Then we went out into the sauna chamber and after getting dry we put on clean underwear. After 70 years I still remember the atmosphere of the Christmas-sauna.

Fishing.

We were in the habit of fishing to get salt fish to eat during the hay-making time. Even at this time we did not get salmon enough from the river so we had to go to lakes such as Peuralompolo and Repojärvi.

The week after Midsummer uncle Samppu brought us by horse to the Kõnkänen Rapids on the way to Konttajärvi, a distance of 15 kilometres. After that we walked to Peuralompolo where there was a wind shield where we could stay during the fishing period.

We put out the fishing-nets, designed for bream, close to land but outside the reeds. The bream we got could be as heavy as 2.2 to 6.6 pounds.

In the opening of the wind shield a fire was lit all night through. We prepared our meals - e.g. dried meat soup over that fire and the coffee kettle over the fire was always full so that we could have a cup of coffee whenever we wanted. In the shelter we slept on a bed of spruce twigs. I was disturbed by the mosquitoes but my grandfather however slept all night through - perhaps he was immune to them.

When the sun rose over the mountains we went out to search and empty the nets. We did not do it in vain because the nets were full and vibrating of bream. We took the

draught with us in the boat and went back to the shelter where we gut the fish and grandfather sprinkled it with salt and put it in a small cask. After that we cleaned the nets and spread them out to get dry. When they were clean and dry we put them out again. In that way the procedure was repeated till we had got enough. Before we returned home grandfather placed the nets on tree-branches so that it would be easier to bring them home when they went there to fetch hay from the outlying fields near Konttajoki. This winter however some stranger had borrowed them without returning them so there were no nets to fetch.

The copious draught and the amount of mosquitoes has ingraved itself on my memory.

Hunting

I was allowed to accompany my grandfather when he went hunting in the immediate surroundings on Kittisvaara and Aittamaa. What I remember from the squirrel hunting is grandfather's way to aim and shoot. The squirrel had to be shot in its head so that we could get a high price for its skin. When I was watching grandfather aim I noticed that the gun trembled a little so I got afraid that he would not get the squirrel. He however reassured me that he would not fire until he had the head of the squirrel in sight. Grandfather was clever at aiming. He had passed the three-year training to become a soldier and had learnt shooting. Snares and traps were used for catching birds. We sat the snares on paths where birds went looking for pebbles for their craws. The very best place was close to an ant-hill by the path.

To make a trap we had to be skilled. We used material that we could find in the forest. With help of an axe we chopped some poles that had a suitable thickness. Then we cut them into lengths of one to two metres. The poles were fastened together with branches and willow that had been twisted by hand and adjusted with a knife. I found it very thrilling to search and empty the snares and traps. We could get great wood grouse and black grouse.

After the second world war it has been forbidden to use snares and traps but my memories are still alive.

Antti Korteniemi
(Translation Ewa-Marie Oja)

And the cowbells could be heard as far away as from Kittisvaara.

Still in the 50's in the Lapland "county" and in Norrbotten they used to let the cows out to graze in the forest and on the swamps. It was perhaps therefore that they had a summer cow-house as well as a winter one. They didn't want the cattle to ruin the courtyards during the summer. For that reason the summer cow-houses were built further away towards the forest often several kilometres away. These places were called "kenttä" in Finnish or "mountain pasture".

When the cows were away the winter cow-house was scrubbed so clean that the people living on the farm could move in and stay there during the summer. This way of living existed at least right up to the evacuation and even later they slept in hay-barns and store-houses as they lived in overcrowded conditions..

Where the church of today's Pello is situated there were four summer cow-houses to be found in the mid-fourties. They belonged to Pekka Korteniemi, Anton Korteniemi, Iisak Rötökönen and Frans Koski. The Korteniemi cow-houses were gray and unpainted but those belonging to Rötökönen and Koski were painted with "Falu red". The oldest one was perhaps the one belonging to Pekka Heikinpoika (Anton's and Pekka's father) in the 19th century.

The four cow-houses were built together and surrounded by a fence so when the cows came out they were in the same enclosure.

The cows were brought to the forest and to the swamps around June 12th but if the wind came from the north that day (Eskil's day) they waited some days. It was important to have some hay in readiness because of those winds. When birches and willow had come into leaves it was easier to find material to feed on for them.

The cows went together and generally we went along with them. It is to be noticed that we followed them and that we didn't lead the way. The cows were keen on finding the best pasture-land and these were outside the municipality.



I belong to the generation that had the job to take the cows to the pasture-land. Of course the dairymaids had milked them before. While milking them they sang hymns and folk-songs to give pleasure to themselves and to the cows. We who followed the cows out into the forest got a glass of warm milk fresh from the cow so that we should be capable of walking the six kilometres to and fro. Normally the cows returned spontaneously to their summer cow-house at about seven o'clock in the evening. When the dairymaid opened the door the cows went into their own crib and of course into their own cow-house.

When autumn drew near and there was less to feed on they returned later and later. They now could look for fungi that tempted them to remain and the dairymaids had to wait to be able to milk them. At last they could hear the cowbells that the leader-cows had round their necks and they could start their preparations for the evening milking. The young generation of today is perhaps asking themselves what could the cows find to feed on in the forest at the beginning of June?-. Almost everything that could be found could also be good enough to eat e.g. sedge, horse-tail and leaves from bushes and shrubs as well as grass from dry moorland. During the autumn they were feasting on fungi such as milk cup (Lactarius), bolete (Boletus), and Russula. They avoided the poisonous fly agaric.

I think cows are cleverer than many of us. It is known that the cows can go many kilometres looking for fungi. On those occasions they didn't return home voluntarily but lay down to rest in some sheltering grove. Early next morning we

thus had to go out looking for them. After having been walking for several kilometres and shouting we could hear them mooing and we could also hear the cow-bells. Now they started their way home and they were in a hurry. They felt that they hadn't been milked the evening before and now wanted to get rid of the milk in their udders.

Towards autumn when the grass had grown higher again the cows could feed on grass in the meadows and there were no more walking-tours to the forest. Step by step the cows were foddered with hay from the moors and the meadows in the winter cow-house. The hay was stored in barns. As a complement they got feed stuff consisting of straw, husks and leaves that had been mixed together with water in a big tub. A little amount of salt could also be added to make it tastier. On the Swedish side of the Torneå river they also added molasses, that is a waste-product when you make sugar out of sugar-beets.

We know that the four cow-houses on today's church green in Pello were removed as far back as 60 years, but I think that many people in Pello remember the past when walking up to the church. For my part I can still see the four cow-houses that gave shelter to the Northfinnish white cows.

Pauli Korteniemi
Translation Ewa-Marie Oja

**KORTENIEMI FAMILY NEWS
FROM VANCOUVER, WA USA
NOVEMBER 3, 2007**

**Greetings: From Stanley and
Norma Nelson family.
Want to wish everyone a Merry
Christmas and a Happy New Year.**

**I want to thank the Korteniemi
Family for hosting Sister Mary
Ann and I for the 5-year reunion
in 2006.**

**This time I wanted to impress
Juhanni and Oivi with my Finish
language vocabulary when visiting
and staying in their home.**

**Therefore, in January of 2006, I
began to listen to Finish Language
for travelers on my portable
cassette player while walking
home every night for 6 months.**

**My walk, 2 miles (3.2 km), home
from work place lasts about 45
minutes. I would listen to tape
then repeat out loud after each
word.**

**I was able to develop many words
to be able to communicate one
word at a time. Was not able to
learn sentences
And remember them.**

**Was able to count to 1,000,
therefore, was able to tell folks
how old I was. I noticed there
were shortcuts to numbers and
fractions of numbers.**

**Was nice to be able to ask where
bathroom was in airport, hello,
goodbye, excuse me, food, how
much is that, and other words to
get what I wanted.**

**All of our families are fine and
well here in USA.**



L-R: Jim Benville, Denise (Nelson) Benville, Ethan Benville, Stan Nelson, Norma Nelson, Julia Benville, Michele Nelson, Raymond Nelson.



*Norma's 50th High School Reunion
2007, Elgin, North Dakota.*

*Norma in pink cap and blue shirt
in middle of photo.*

*Norma got to ride on a float in a
parade for the first time. Felt like
a princess.*



*Yellowstone National Park. Old
Faithful Geyser. Stan and Norma*

My evacuation journey 1944-45

Juhani Kortenieniemi, the former headmaster of Pello school describes his experiences from 1944-45 when he and his family were evacuated to Bollnäs, Sweden. The Finnish Lapland was totally destroyed and burned down in the war between Germans and Finns. Here's a summary of Juhani's story.

My evacuation journey

I was on the second grade in the autumn of 1944. Our whole family was standing in the field next to the road as we witnessed the series of German columns passing by on their way to North.

They started evacuating Lapland because of the approaching war. Some people were taken to the southern Finland by train, away from the war. Most of the people were still moved to Sweden. Also our family had to leave our precious Kortenieniemi house.

The last hours at home have remained in the memory of the 8 years old boy. Mother and her sister Helvi had taken the most lightweight furniture to the Swedish side of the Torne River by boat, and stocked them in a barn at grandmother's birthplace. My mother wanted to clean up the whole house before we left so that it would be nicer to come back home. Then suddenly we had to go. A German soldier said to us in bad Finnish: "Good home, beautiful home, must leave it and go to Sweden. Tomorrow you must go."

We were listed as "evacuees" in Sweden. We could stay with our relatives on the other side of the river, at Eelin Kalla's place. We were twelve people in that little farmhouse living room and in that little bedroom. In the middle of our first night in Eelin Kalla's house we could hear an explosion from Finland. The earth was quaking. The fireworks started as the Germans were shooting flares to the sky in order to light up the whole riverside. We were all wondering: has the war started now? Later we learned that some Finnish soldiers had tried to blow up the bridge in order to stop the Germans from fleeing.

To Mäntymaa and Ekfors

We slept only two or three nights at Eelin Kalla's place. After that the Swedish soldiers moved us to Ekfors and



Hammarströms.

Mäntymaa. The barracks in the military camp became our accommodation. I guess Sweden was going to disband us after the war. We were travelling in trucks, gasoline trucks. That was something new to me, because in Finland I had only seen wood-gas generators being used. The smell of gasoline and all the dust from the gravelled roads made me sick and I started throwing up. I was feeling sick the whole way there. No one else on the truck was bothered by the gasoline smell. We arrived to Mäntymaa in the evening. We got some kind of sauna passports, so that the soldiers could control that everybody got washed. The sauna was a tent sauna, and the idea was to kill all the lice they thought we had brought with us.

Now we had to get used to the evacuation camp. I only remember the sauna, the health check and moving in to the barracks. The barracks were so far away that we got a horse ride there. Finally we arrived to the long barracks. There were bunk beds side by side. There were a lot of men, women, and children, there were big and small families and old people. There were about thirty beds, and about thirty evacuees.

We got a surprise in the middle of the first night: a Swedish soldier came to the door. He was checking that everyone was there by shouting out names. These roll calls took place every night. They were taking very good care of us. Of course, we were always eager to hear the names of the ones going to Matarinki (Övertorneå) at 5 o'clock in the next morning. From Matarinki they would be transferred by train to the southern Sweden.

One day I got a high fever and I was moved to the hospital in one of the barracks. I think I was the only child among all the men. The hospital was full of wounded Finnish soldiers. We heard that whole Pello was in flames. Along with those news vanished our hope of returning home, and mom told me that we might get transferred somewhere.

In Övertorneå we got in the train, the coaches were filled one by one. The train started moving. The fever had taken all my strength. I've been told that I was very pale and tired. Mom lifted me up to the baggage rack with the help from the other passengers. I slept well, all the way to Lottefors near Bollnäs.

To Landafors

I was supposed to move to this teacher couple to Landafors. The teacher family came to get me; Mrs. Hammarström and the three children. Mr. Hammarström was a soldier, so he was in the Torne Valley organizing the evacuation. I was supposed to call them "aunt" and "uncle". Both of them worked as teachers in the elementary school of Dahlbacka. The school building had two floors, and Hammarströms lived on the second floor. The two classrooms were on the first floor.

I really didn't understand what the situation was. Hammarströms were very nice to me, and they took good care of me. I had everything I needed, more than I had had before. Still I missed my mom and our home in Pello. The big problem was that I couldn't speak Swedish; nobody understood what I was saying and I didn't understand what the others were saying. I

really had to start learning Swedish. I started school, and the youngest child in the family, Anders, became my best friend. Anders sat next to me at school and helped me with everything.

My mother didn't dare to come and see me, even though she was only about 20 km away in Bollnäs. She worked as a midwife over there helping evacuees who were having babies. Mom knew that if she had come to see me, I would have followed her back to Bollnäs. I guess she was right.

I was homesick and I really missed my mother. Besides, I was a very timid child. Especially I was afraid of the dark nights. I slept alone in a big room. I was sweating out of fear, and my pillow was all wet from the tears I was crying. I couldn't cry during the days, because I was supposed to be a man. And in the daylight I forgot my homesickness.

The time with the Hammarströms taught me the language and the customs of Sweden. Day by day everything got better. The most memorable times for me were the celebrations in the midsummer and Christmas. Especially Christmas because of all the presents.

I learned how to speak Swedish, and it was easier to spend time with my Swedish friends. Because I didn't hear or speak any

Finnish, I forgot my mother tongue. That I noticed when we came back to Pello; I understood everything, but I had forgotten all the words.

Back to Pello, back home

The next fall they started to take the Finnish children back to Finland. I was also going, and the atmosphere in the railway station was sad. Some of the children had stayed with Swedish families a year, some of them even longer. The families and the Finnish children had become very close to each other. Although, I had difficulties in understanding why we should have cried; we were going home! I remember that the railway station was full of people saying goodbyes. The Hammarströms and some of my new friends were there as well. They gave me presents and food for the journey. There was one person I really missed and I didn't see her there; my mother.

Around our neck we got signs telling our name, birthday and address in Finland. The train left. I don't remember much of the journey, but I remember not sleeping very well. We got to a buss and there was a Finnish speaking woman helping us. The buss stopped by our house. At home they had gotten a message about me coming back. Helvi was there to meet me.

The woman in the buss made sure that Helvi was really waiting for me and that I was in the right place.

The yard was deserted and empty. Even the ruins of our house had been levelled off. It was a horrible sight. At the place where the sauna used to stand there was a little house, only about 15 square metres. That building was going to be my home for the next two years, until the fall of 1947. The only familiar things in the yard were some big stones. Before my evacuation trip I had many times jumped from stone to stone without touching the grass, and that way I made my way from the main building to the cow house. I could still do it even though the buildings were gone.

As the evening came it was time to go to sleep. I have to say that going to sleep was some kind of a culture shock. There wasn't enough room for everyone to sleep inside. I got to sleep in the attic. I slept on sawdust and I had a blanket as a quilt. I didn't have any sheets anymore, and that was kind of strange at first.

But I got used to it. Helvi took care of me. Mother was still in Sweden, and she came home after they closed the hospital for evacuees in Bollnäs.

The evacuation journey was something I will remember for the rest of my life. At the age of eight I had to leave my home and go to a place that was totally unfamiliar for me. As I came back home I started getting used to the same familiar surroundings again. I had kind of lost two years of my life. I didn't have a proper language anymore; I couldn't speak either Finnish or Swedish properly. I got the feeling that everyone was laughing at me when I tried to tell them something. I felt awful. I felt like the others were mocking me.

The only one who said good things about me was John Grabe who lived in the Swedish side of the Torne River. He said that my Swedish was so good that it would be a big waste if I forgot it. He wanted my mother to put me to school in Sweden, but it didn't work out; I was about two or three years behind the others. In 1946 I started third grade in Finland.

Time is a great healer. I learned my mother tongue acceptably. I finished my school. I have only good memories from my evacuation journey.

Juhani Korteniemi
Translation Annukka Ylitalo



Svante, Anders, Barbro and Juhani.