

REPORTING BACK ON AUSTRALIANSUOMALAISET

In the last edition of *Finnam Historical Quarterly* I wrote about the 30,000 Finns who had immigrated to Australia during the Great Migration in the early 1900's. As I was about to visit Australia, I wanted to see if I could find any of those people with Finnish ancestry or even one or two of the 7,500 Finnish expats living there now. I was on a mission.

In years past it was easy to comb through the local phone book to find Finnish names; that's not so easy these days. No phone books anywhere. So I had to resort to asking locals if they had any friends who were Finnish. I was not so successful with that approach either. Then one day I was with a family of locals sightseeing our way around the state of South Australia when we stopped at a beach to officially dip our toes into the Southern Ocean when I came across a group of Viking reenactment folks. It was a long shot, since Finns weren't exactly Vikings, but I took the chance and asked. Once again, to my chagrin, none of the reenactment folks were even remotely decedents of Vikings, Scandinavians or Finns! They simply loved all things Vikings. Right down to their encampment for the weekend.



I did come close on another occasion. In my hotel dining room sat a table of nice looking tourists with a sign *Albatross Tours* displayed on their table. I did recognize the name of the tour company as one that my friend in Turku uses, so I had to ask if they were from Finland? Yes! They were on holiday from Finland visiting Australia. They also had heard that many Finns immigrated to Australia but they hadn't run across any fellow "countrymen" either. So there you have it. I was in South Australia and the Finns undoubtedly must live in the Northern parts of Australia! That's my theory and I'm sticking to it.

-Andrea Tolonen

**The “It Can’t Get Any Better Than This”
Column...It’s So Exciting to Have...**

NEW MEMBERS!

Tervetuloa:

**MAARIT PULLI
AARON MOSHER
MILENA, ALINA &
ASTRID MOSHER**

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*Some lose their health  
to make money,  
Then lose their money  
to regain their health.*

*—Old Finnish Proverb*  
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President’s Message

Dear Members of Finlandia Foundation
Columbia-Pacific Chapter,

Hyvää uutta vuotta 2024! Happy New Year
2024!

It amazes me every year how the Christmas season seems to go by faster and faster. Possibly because November and December are full of events and commitments. I miss the *Jouluaika*, Christmas time in Finland. Here is how my family used to celebrate it when I was growing up. It started with *Joulurauhan Julistus*, Christmas Peace Declaration on Christmas Eve at noon. All stores closed, and traffic and buzz in the city quieted down. We ate *riisipuuroa ja hedelmasoppaa*, rice pudding and fruit soup after watching the declaration. *Äiti* got busy in the kitchen finishing food prep for the big *joulutateria*, Christmas meal while dad brought the *joulukuusi*, Christmas tree in. My sister and I got to decorate the tree. Then it was time to sit down to enjoy

the multiple course *joulutateria*, Christmas meal. First course was always *sillia ja silakkaa*, herring and Baltic herring in several different ways with boiled potatoes, pickles, and other condiments. Then we had some cold deli meats with *rosolli*, beet salad. Then came the casseroles and ham: *lanttulaatikko*, *porkkanalaatikko*, *perunalaatikko*, ja *maksalaatikko* and *kinkku*, rutabaga, carrot, potato, and liver casseroles and ham. Desserts a little later in our family were coffee, Jaffa soda, coffee cakes, and *joulutorttu*, prune tarts. After dishes were done, the doorbell rang, and *joulupukki*, Santa Claus came with presents. *Joulupäivä*, Christmas Day started with an early 7am *joulukirkko*, Christmas Service. The rest of the day we ate more of the same foods and played with our toys or read our new books. *Tapaninpäivä*, Boxing Day was always the day to visit grandparents and family close to town. The stores were open for a few hours for those who needed some more milk and such. So Christmas in Finland used to be, and still is, three days long, even though nowadays the stores are open later on Christmas Eve and open again on Boxing Day. Times and ways to celebrate *joulu* in Finland surely have changed.

Our chapter had a busy holiday season. It started in November with two successful *Kahvitunti*, Coffee Hours where we served Finnish coffee cakes, cookies, and *pulla*.

Itsenäisyyspäivä, the Independence Day falls in the darkest time in Finland on December 6th. We held the event at Nordic Northwest, starting with laying the wreath by the Independence Monument raised during the 100-year-celebrations in 2017. We continued the event inside with a speech by our Honorary Consul Veikko Valli, a solo concert performance by the FFN’s Performer of the Year, Ida Metzberg, and a choir performance by Nordic Choir. This was organized by the Messiah Lutheran Church and FFPC.

The next big event was Nordic Northwest’s ScanFair at Portland Convention Center. This is one of our major fundraisers, and we were happy to see that

so many people and families got their Christmas picture taken with our own *Joulupukki*. We had the most successful ScanFair fundraiser yet, so thank you to all volunteers and visitors for making it happen. It takes a village to do this! We also had an info booth where we shared maps and materials of Finland, sold out on Finnish candy, and most importantly shared information about our chapter. We did get a lot of interest and some new members.

We are always recruiting new members and volunteers. So, on behalf of our board, I send a warm welcome to our new members. We look forward to seeing you soon at our events and meetings this year.

We had one more event before we settled down to spend the holiday with family and friends. *Joulujuhla*, Christmas Party together with the Portland Finnish School and MLC church. After the *joulukirkko*, Christmas Church Service with Lucia Court visiting, we ate *riisipuuroa ja luumusoppaa*, rice porridge and prune soup, and had a potluck of different coffee cakes, cookies, and more. The Great Hall at Nordic Northwest was filled with happy families and kids, who actually got a visit from *Joulupukki*. The excitement in the kids' eyes was so much fun to watch.

Finland will hold Presidential Elections in January and early February. The two-tiered system is due to having multiple candidates eyeing the position, so the two who get the most votes, will go to a second round. It is important for those of us who are expatriates and Finnish citizens to vote. We will have a polling place at Nordia House on January 19-20 and again February 2-3. Hope to see you there.

The board has started planning for the 2024 events. We are excited to have Nordic Northwest 'Sauna is Life' exhibition in Nordia House from January through April. This exhibition is made possible and sponsored by the Nordic Northwest, Finlandia Foundation National, Broder South, Finlandia Sauna, FinnWare, and our FFPC chapter. We are planning several

events around this exhibition and the FFN's 3rd Annual Sauna Week, so stay tuned and check our FB page, website, or updates for more info.

Our Annual Meeting date had to be changed to February 18th. We did not want to compete with Fastelavn, and more so, with the Super Bowl, so we postponed the meeting by a week. Save the date and stay tuned for more info.

The Kalevala event will be held March 3rd from 11-2 at Nordia House together with Messiah Lutheran Church and Portland Finnish School. The plans include folksong sing along church, Kansanlaulukirkko, followed by traditional lunch of Finnish *hernekeitto jauunipannukakku*, pea soup and oven pancakes. We will then have a program of music, a presentation about Kalevala, and possibly Suomi-koulu kids 'skit and improvised audience participation' of a Kalevala scene. Signups coming later to ensure we prepare enough food.

Our turn to host the Nordia House Coffee Hours are on February 27th and March 12th. Join us for some coffee and goodies between 10 and 11.30am. Bring a friend with whom you have not met for coffee for a long time, and/or who is interested in Finnish culture and our programs, too.

The rest of the spring and summer programs and events are still under planning stages, so we will let you know more later.

If you ever have any questions, ideas, or would like to be contacted by any of our board members, please email us at FinlandiaFoundationCPC@gmail.com

I wish you all a happy, healthy, and prosperous 2024! Thank you for your continued support and membership in the Finlandia Foundation Columbia-Pacific Chapter!

Terveisin,
Heli Hatanpaa-Wetzel
President of FFPC

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# Cook's Column

By Katariina Lehtonen



## Finnish Cabbage Casserole

### Ingredients:

- 1 medium size cabbage, shredded
- ½ cup round rice (porridge rice)
- 2 ½ cups beef broth
- 1 big onion
- 1 lb. lean ground beef
- ½ tsp black pepper
- 2 tsp ground marjoram
- 1 tsp basil
- 3 tbsp. syrup or molasses
- ½ - 1 tsp salt

### Directions:

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees F. In a large pot, simmer the rice. Add the shredded cabbage and onion. Simmer slowly and stir occasionally until the cabbage is soft and the broth has absorbed into the rice. (about 15 minutes). Stir in the minced meat in small cubes and simmer for a moment. The ground beef can be browned and seasoned separately if so desired. Season the mixture. Add salt if needed. Pour the mixture into a greased casserole dish. Bake in the oven

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Those Bird Brains

For years the townsfolk of Gävle, Sweden have built a giant Jul Bok (Christmas Goat) for Christmas. This tradition began in 1966. It's the pride of the town. However, there are others in the town that take it as a challenge to see if they can burn it down before Christmas! To date, it has been destroyed 38 out of 57 times. To avoid such outrage, there have been fences built around the Jul Bok, security guards take their turns at protecting the straw goat, it even has 24-hour live stream. Still, somehow, it gets torched time and time again. One year it was lit on fire by a flaming arrow. People in the town wager on will this be a year that it burns or a year that it stays up.

Welcome 2023. A whole new episode in the history of the fate of the Jul Bok. The giant goat was eaten by hungry birds! Evidently, Sweden had a bad harvest this Fall so the goat has many more seeds in it than normal thus the local birds took advantage, eating it down to the framing. There's one for the record books in Gävle.



Gävla's 2023 Christmas Julbok in all its glory



The 2023 Julbok once those hungry birds got a hold of it!

OUR LINDGREN CABIN

By Greg Jacob

Thanks to a generous grant from Finlandia Foundation National, the historic Lindgren Cabin built in the 1920s by Eric Lindgren got some much needed attention. The ax hewn five room log cabin is located eight miles north of Seaside. The FFN grant money allowed us to do major work on repairing the roof. Spruce and hemlock saplings were growing, thus setting roots into and under the roof system. Many hemlock needles, cones, moss, windblown dust and sand were accumulating, which created creating a bed of organic matter for additional vegetation to take hold. The cedar roof was scrubbed, brushed, swept, air blown, and rinsed of organic matter. Borate solution was applied to continue elimination of residual organic matter inside the pores and crevices of the roof material.

Volunteers rebuilt the stairs to the main cabin and to the outhouse, cleaned the exterior wall surfaces, placed new drop cloths over the items inside the cabin, and added signage to

the five rooms. Gutters were scrubbed clean, and the bottom course of logs and joinery were treated with borate products. Borate was applied to the sauna building to buy it more time. Volunteers also re-graded the buildings, removed vegetation from around buildings, and pruned blackberry bushes and excess growth from bushes and overhanging trees. FFCPC deeply appreciates the grant money we received from FFN.



Lindgren Cabin
Roof Conservation 2

The Boarding House Finns

FINNISH BOARDING HOUSES AS INCUBATOR OF FINNICANS

By *Walter Mattila*

Continued from October 2023

Late in the Depression, the CIO's John L. Lewis stirred him even more and diverted him from blasting crooked bankers. Jack McCawley backed the CIO's organizing in the timber industry even though Crown Zellerbach had brought in a friendly AFL pulp and paper makers union into the Lewis and Clark strictly logging operation where he fell trees. But it wasn't easy to ascertain from is old Wobbly jargon which side, CIO or AFL, he upheld. His strange anger words didn't come from the newspapers which he no more than glanced at.

There was no question, however, that his heart was for the CIO. His welter of battling Wobbly terms without proper meaning made it impossible for clever AFL

agitators to outtalk Jack McCawley—his CIO-ism bristled in all directions like the quills of a debating porcupine. As soon as he got through his say in behalf of the CIO, often in the form of a stormy soliloquy, Jack McCawley relaxed in good humor.

He amused another Toikka worthy who spoke of his own great moments no more than did the great logger. This second unheralded boarding house celebrity was known on the Astoria waterfront by the unpretentious nickname of Seventy-Four. According to his Swedish friends, he was actually a true Roast Pig from a prominent district near Stockholm whose prosperous citizens were Roast Pigs throughout their native land out of respect for their wellbeing and their smorgasbords. The good life stood out in sturdy Seventy Four in the form of middle class social graces which were judged by both Astoria Americans and emigrants, including peasant Swedes, to be the outcrop of an affable spirit. He was a genteel worker.

This Eric Erickson's Old Country family for generations reared sea captains until it found a rebel on its hands. Big and strong and middle class refined Eric ran away to sea early and jumped ship in America where is soon joined in 1897 the US Navy and shortly found himself in Admiral Dewey's fleet waiting to enter Manila Bay. In the lull, the Roast Pig shined in a much publicized preliminary American victory in which a shore party of arrogant German sailors, who flaunted their anti-American hostility, were soundly beaten in a fair brawl by a Yankee party whose leaders included, as Erickson in the Toikka quoted the Navy's own investigation report of the international incident, "one Eric," For his invaluable services in that victory which greatly boosted American morale on the eve of the second battle, the Roast Pig received a reprimand which proved is undoing in the wake of a bold exploit after Dewey's victory. While his ship was anchored off a lovely island waiting to return home with the bacon, the Roast Pig in that late spring slipped away swimming to visit native girls in the dusk after bribing the guard on watch. On his return, the victorious lover

was arrested by an unbribed guard who had been substituted. Never one to fuss over red tape, the gallant Roast Pig acquiesced to accepting a dishonorable discharge as his reward for Viking heroism in three victories.

This one Eric had undoubtedly received at least a common school education in the course of his sea captain bringing up. But he hadn't subsequently bothered to learn how to read English as almost every Viking emigrant did. Nor was he seen to read Swedish in the Toikka or show any particular interest in anything Scandinavian. His English was fluent but never lost Roast Pig savor.

After the Navy released that victorious Viking, he took up longshoring in Portland without losing his Navy friends of whom some became known in Oregon business and society. They got Eric a job which was in keeping with his Roast Pig fancy, that of caretaker of the Portland Duck Club whose members were Oregon's top gentry. They recognized good breeding in Eric Erickson and were taken by his European sportsman's politeness. He went duck hunting with the Merchant Princes and other business lords until his Roast Pig gentility got him through out of their club.

One of the most influential members, by virtue of his owning stock in the prestigious Morning Oregonian, brought in duck decoys for storage which were peppered with birdshot. The Roast Pig rebuked that his shot Leadbetter for shooting sitting ducks, a despicable crime among Roast Pigs. All the sportsmen at the club apologized the next day to the sportsman caretaker that he must quit because those who shot sitting ducks weren't gentlemen.

Eric resumed longshoring in an aristocratic crew in Portland which received extra pay for stowing wheat in the big sacks in which coffee was brought from Brazil. Full of wheat, they averaged almost 400 pounds. Later Eric moved to Astoria and in time settled for good in the Toikka, continuing to work as a longshoreman. His Portland friends took him on duck hunting trips to their private island in the Columbia estuary. Appreciating their good whiskey,

the Roast Pig is not believed to have ever left their hunting shacks for ducks at his celebrating with gentlemen. He put on no superior social airs although he did have an aristocratic habit of riding to the Toikka from speakeasies and later from taverns in a taxicab. However, he took no pride in such classy transportation even in the Depression. He rode in style simply to escape being picked up by the police for drunkenness.

He invariably developed a slightly mischievous tone to his sociability shortly before calling a cab. He then considered it appropriate to announce to every one approaching him for whatever reason, "I am seventy four years of age," with mock solemnity. Perhaps he had been a sly rebel in his youth and injected sly rebel in that stock comment. It gave rise to his nickname which no one, however, dared to use in his hearing.

Three years after World War II, his Icelandic doctor warned the old Viking in an Astoria hospital bed that he wasn't go drink any more. Those words were addressed to a man who purchased Gulf Stream whiskey by the gallon. He responded with a delightful chuckle to the unsolicited advice.

Back at the Toikka a week later, he filled two water glasses full of whiskey on the arrival of a friend and held his own up in a Viking toasting salute and dropped dead.

There was also among the Toikka gentry an ingrained reel of extraordinary abilities from a middle class family in the vicinity of Oulu, a cosmopolitan port and trading center in northwest Finland. He was a quick witted, easily amused and a socially polished fellow of small build with black, kinky hair, and black, merrily exploring eyes. Well-read and traveled, he was an old Socialist liberal but his strong playboy bent diverted him from organized party activity. In his childhood, his non-Finnish features, which were Lappish, had been picked on by towheaded young critics.

His name, Henry Jakkula, was lost sight of soon after his 1947 death in poverty after long hospitalization. But unlike that of the American boarding house knight, Major

Hoople, the name of that readily laughing little Finn appears on records. His signature as acting U.S. Agent is on some Alaska mining claims and as acting U.S. Magistrate on the proceedings of an Alaska mining camp trail of a miner convicted by a jury of his peers of raping a native girl and receiving a two word death sentence in the Yukon winter—LEAVE CAMP. Jakkula then was with miners who were isolated in winter from the American government and left to enforce laws themselves.

That foreign name also appears in other Alaska judicial documents. Jakkula was one of several miners indicted for and acquitted of murdering an American Express driver who was killed at transporting Hindu strikebreakers for Alaska mine operators. His horses bolted and trampled him when the unionized miners' goon squad closed in to send the wagonload of scabs back to their ship. Jakkula's name is also buried in files of the Alaska Fishermen's Union for talking against what he suspected was bribery of fish price negotiators. And the same name showed up in the society section of the Anchorage, Alaska newspaper in 1946 as that of the father of the local fishermen's ball which was well attended by the many fishing migrants from the states before their departure for home at the end of the season. His name doesn't appear on the Longview Bridge but he was one of the steelworkers who put it together. And, he was employed in installing and operating the first high speed hoists in Butte, Montana mines before their introduction for construction of the Empire State Building and other skyscrapers. No record may be made of his serving as bartender for the Astoria Country Club's New Year's parties on several occasions to give them extra class.

Throughout his life in American, that Toikka boarder shifted from one livelihood to another and did not pass up opportunities to make money outside the law in what he considered a common American practice. His independence reflected a contempt for plodding Finns who couldn't do all that he did. His early Socialism and later New Dealism didn't

induce him to be upliftish toward the proletariat but he did believe the economic machine needed doctoring. Like Finnish Socialists, he looked upon Finnish churches as political fronts for conservatives.

Soon after the turn of the century, his name first appeared in Astoria city directories as a bartender in the employ of the big Finnish entertainment entrepreneur, Charles Niemi, who had taken over the Finnish founded vice palace, The Louvre. Since that superbly Americanized emigrant-owned establishment had long provided glamorous Victorian diversions to upper-class Americans, the new emigrant bartender had to be extraordinarily qualified to serve its patrons. Originally, The Louvre had been too high priced and elegant for emigrant fishermen. But American trade had declined and Niemi, the new proprietor, hired Finnish and other foreign help to get local fish money. Of all the bartenders who ever appeared behind the magnificent Louvre bar, Henry Jakkula was remembered as the classiest, his poise Napoleonic with bar towel on his arm. Like the Louvre's other bartenders, he played in a band and was a bar wit. Soon a crony of Niemi's Jakkula operated one saloon and then another on his own but only for a short time.

Bartending was not an honored calling among Finntowners. Most of them belonged to the local Suomi Temperance Society. Other strong local temperance supporting groups were the Finnish Brotherhood and the Socialist branch of the Finnish Workers Federation. Jakkula was also an outsider for not fishing and for not acquiring Americanization in boarding house Finnish. He went to a night school for a time which got him started on lifelong self-education from reading and associating with Americans in industry and business. He delighted in stimulating company. Despite his liberal fancies, he didn't care for learned propagandizing in the Astoria Finnish Socialist Club. Nor did he ever participate, despite his obvious acting talent in dramatic activities of the Socialist

hall which had the best theater in America's Finntown temples.

He relished shows of his own, however, and staged them grandly. After returning in the fall from Alaska fishing, which he took up after mining there, Jakkula for several years registered at a Seaside resort hotel for a week as Dr. Waldemar Henri of Vienna with a Finntown literary miss as his American wife. Both these rebels liked the grand life of vacationing in a smart American place in the grandest style where Americans were enchanted by the aristocrats from fabulous Vienna whose medical school was world renowned.

A fine actor, Jakkula gave up playing Dr. Henri after his sensitive vanity was jolted. He was treated, to be sure, with respect by the bribed bellhops and the impressed guests. But on what became the last night of his show, the proud emigrant gong out late in a drunken condition to a restaurant as it was closing made such a lordly scene because he wasn't served that Seaside's only night officer jailed him for disorderly conduct.

For a daring and imaginative showman and rebel, Jakkula had a great dread of his act being exposed as a fraud. That vain drunk was sobered by the certainty of being investigated and charged further with impersonating a doctor under an assumed name. The American newspapers would like his foreign playboy performance and the Finnish newspapers would copy it enthusiastically and comment in sneering editorials on a Finn fake.

Locked in the small town jail, Jakkula studied the rusty lock on the cell door after the lone policeman left. His brilliant mechanical insight revealed that the massive device was all show. A little prying and Dr. Henri of Vienna found himself in a new role, a fugitive from justice in evening dress. He slipped out into the night and sneaked back into the hotel to pay for playing Dr. Henri and bid his literary darling adieu. He did not return to Seaside for many years.

Yet he risked more serious penalties in moonlighting sidelines. After becoming

acquainted in Alaska during his mining, he carried illegal poison bait from Astoria to Alaska trappers on his annual summer fishing in Bristol Bay. And when Oregon went dry in 1916, he transported champagne from California to Charles Niemi in Astoria. Jakkula was also the technical adviser for sabotage of salmon seines that the Columbia River Fishermen's Protective Union carried on undercover. One of the saboteurs received serious knife wounds and Dr. Henri sought medical aid. He decided that Astoria's Finnish doctor, Toivo Forstrom, could be intimidated from informing the police of a mishap in criminal business. In later life, Jakkula enjoyed relating that the emigrant physician, who had done graduate work at the University of Vienna medical school, didn't wait to hear the end of the ineffective threats before grabbing him by the pants and neck and tossing him down the stairs. The Finnish principals in this extemporaneous show were about the same size, the practicing doctor slightly stockier, but Dr. Henri couldn't imagine that he would resort to violence in a professional matter.

After World War II, the Toikka had a young Finn rebel of no petty rebel past. He was an Astoria war veteran, former Private Ed Long. In the course of being shifted from one station to another, he had managed to evade completing basic training for two years until he encountered a strict first regiment in Damascus, Syria who put the Astorian through basic training from beginning to end in the hot desert on the premises which was as basic for discipline in the boarding house as getting through basic training was in the army. Repeated offender Long apologized repeatedly so touchingly and voiced such high hopes for improvement so angelically that the kindly Toikkas couldn't get harsh with him.

Their decision was right. Elderly Toikka a dedicated teetotaler, was advised by his physician to take a teaspoonful of whiskey every three hours during the day. husband, John William. He had purchased two years earlier and remodeled into a boarding house the large home of Frank Dixon a founder of the Union Fishermen's

That good man appointed Long as his whiskey procurer and dispenser. In one voice, the other boarders warned that the medicine purse and the bottle would always be empty.

But Long was hugely pleased to be trusted with employment for which he had basic training. He and his patient were so pleased with themselves for the happy state of affairs that the Toikka coffee kitchen was crowded all day with friends dropping in to see the venerable teetotaler treated by the notorious non-teetotaler. In the best of humor, Henry Toikka died shortly and the Toikka regime ended in one of the last Astoria boarding houses.

Mrs. Toikka sold her business for less than \$40,000. This modest sum calls attention to something inherent in Finnish boarding house values—that they included golden assets which couldn't be sold: the good will from the landlady's hard work and long hours.

At one time in pioneer Finntowns when Socialism and Co-operativism courted each other, spirited efforts were made to replace "capitalistic" boarding houses by those owned and operated by the boarders themselves. Except for a few lingering ones, they didn't last long because no woman would work as hard for them as for her own business.

The importance of the landlady came out in the almost invariable chance of the name of a boarding house upon its sale to that of its new boss and cook—no futile attempt to exploit the establishment's old good will. In fact no one ventured into that big Finntown business without some claim to a good reputation. That is to be seen in the several name changes in the early west Astoria boarding house which was started in 1902 by Kaisa Tukkonen and her

Cooperative Packing Company and a top leader in the local Suomi Temperance Society and the Finnish Brotherhood. Dixon was a relative of John Gerttula, the



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Brownsmead sawmill operator and boat builder, and was among the first to power his gillnet boat with a gasoline engine.

One of the boarders in that early “poordin haus” was Daniel Hannula who married a Finnish girl whose heart was set on running a boarding house. In 1904, they got started in the biggest ever to be built in Astoria’s Finntown. Their Hannula boarding house was too big for the highly competitive trade until the shipbuilding boom in West Astoria during World War I.

After Takkunen died, his widow sold the Takkunen boarding house which then carried on as the Ponkalo boarding house. Later, after Mrs. Takkunen became Mrs. Eskelin, she acquired that boarding house and it became the Eskelin boarding house. Subsequently, it was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. John Lopakka and was the Lopakka boarding house until it went up in flames and didn’t rise from the ashes.

Across the street, much the same name evolution occurred: the (Toivo) Moisio boarding house changed with owners to the (John E.) Erickson boarding house; and then to the (Herman) Henttu boarding house of Emanta Henttu, Penikka Henttu and one more Henttu); and then to widely known Karhuvaara Boarding House and finally to today’s Bridge Rooms.

THIS IS THE END OF *The Boarding House Finns* PUBLISHED BY FINNISH AMERICAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF THE WEST IN AUGUST 1972. HOPE YOU HAVE ENJOYED THE STORY

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*Time is the element  
that prevents everything from  
happening at once*

*-Old Finnish Proverb*

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