



Leverage from
the EU
2014–2020



HAUSJÄRVI

Main story: Crump of knowledge

Sirja Säisä, daughter of Untamo, was found wandering in the forest after a hunting trip by the Birka people. Soon, the people who had given shelter to the young girl discovered that she used beaver castoreum for medication skilfully. She also knew how to sell castoreum to those who needed it and how to make a nice profit. She paid it forward and helped the modest house to become wealthy.

Sirja grew up, keeping some of her skills only to herself, even when she married the oldest son of the house. She became a renowned seer and healer, helping the house become affluent.

Sirja had skilful hands. Her bread tasted better than anything that the people passing by had ever tasted. She only taught her own daughters how to bake the bread, making them pledge they would only share the secret with their own daughters.

Sirja held a crumb of knowledge that had long-term impact...

The Salpaussekä ridges: Where the Stone Age man once wandered

A long, long time before Sirja, when the ice that had covered the earth began to thaw, the third Salpaussekä Ridge came to be. The ice thawed so slowly that it was impossible to see with human eyes, and every now and then, the thawing stopped for centuries. But by the time the ice was all gone, the Salpaussekä ridges stood there, with their magnificent cliffs on the north side and their high hills. This was when the grounds for the work of Sirja Säisä, daughter of Untamo, was created, too.

As the ice thawed, a thick, nutritious layer of clay remained on the south side of the Salpaussekä ridges. In the future, this would become fertile farming and pasture land.

But before the villages of Häme were built and fields and pastures cleared, these areas were inhabited by the Stone Age people. They, too, made their mark and left traces of their settlements waiting to be discovered. They, too, had stories to tell. After that, the Tavastia people built their villages over the course of centuries, clearing land for their farms, and their story has left many marks that we can still see around us today.

Statue of Alfred Kordelin: A happy man

Alfred Kordelin stood on the side of the field and watched his healthy cattle graze on the green pasture. He felt a flicker of content, a deep satisfaction inside. This had taken time and all his strength, but finally he felt that the steward, the farm workers and milkmaids all had begun to understand him, and his cattle-farming was starting to make a profit.

Agricultural counsellor. An honorary title that had been proposed for him. "Well, why not. He had done a lot of work and he could well be the largest land-owner in all Finland", Kordelin thought to himself.



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Kordelin did not really care for luxury, and he had only acquired the manors so he could properly start his work on the development of cattle farming. However, now he had started thinking that maybe a summer house would be nice, somewhere near the sea. He would like to look at water for a change, not only the waving fields and meadows. The foam-flecked waves of the open sea instead of haycocks.

“It was still a beautiful sight, a field of rye. You need to know so much, so many crumbs of knowledge, for it to grow well and have heavy ears when it is time to start harvesting”, Kordelin says.

The first elementary school in Finland: Pretty old

"Finland's first elementary school was founded in Hausjärvi in 1856. It was founded by General Johan Munck of the Erkylä Manor. Going to school was very different back then", the teacher told her second-year pupils.

"School started at Michaelmas, usually at the end of September, and lasted until the beginning of June. The days were long, from eight in the morning until eight in the evening", the teacher continued.

"And was there a lot of homework?" Matti asked.

"No, all the assignments were done at school."

The teacher went on to explain that meals were served at school, usually soup. Those who had a long way to school lived at the dormitory after it was completed. And you had to know how to read before you started school.

"Such a long school day, 12 hours! Ours is only four!" Matti said.

"Well done, Matti!" the teacher said. Matti's expression suggested that school was really easy for him. On his way home, Matti was thinking that he should try to remember to ask if his grandma had attended the first school in Finland, since she looked pretty old, too.

The main story continues...

"Are there still Sirja's relatives here?" a traveller asked when visiting the old Säisä house in Hausjärvi. "I figure we all have the same ancestress", answered the lady who was sitting in a rocking chair next to the fireplace.

She is a real matron, sitting there, clearly a widow who once used to run the house, the man thought and put his rucksack on the floor. The smell of freshly baked bread was wafting into the room, and big loaves had been covered with tea towels.

"Is it possible to buy something to eat? I am headed to the forest, but there were no shops on the way, so I thought I would ask you".

The matron stood up, grabbed a big loaf of bread and wrapped it inside greaseproof paper.

"A traveller is always given a loaf at this house, that is how we have done it from Sirja's days. You can take water from the well.

Or a bottle of milk from the cowshed."

Outside, the man had seen a big, old cowshed that was built of stone. He said his thanks, filled his bottle at the well and walked into the forest. After climbing up the hill, he turned to look back. But he could no longer see the house he had visited. The bread and the bottle of water were still in his rucksack, though.



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