

## NEW NEIGHBORS

Across the road from our property was a farm; no one had lived there for a couple of years. I believe it was in 1938, a family moved into the place. We could see smoke rising from the chimney but rarely did we see anyone; our house was further east.

Then one day in early winter a tall young man walked into our yard; I noticed his arms were unusually long. He found my dad near our barn and they had a conversation. That evening at dinner my dad shared what he had learned from the stranger.

He was from Norway; his name was Ludvig and he was a bachelor. He was the only one of the family who spoke any English. There were four of them; mom, dad, one sister and himself. They knew little about farming here in America and they were very poor.

So, my dad took him under his wing and taught him how to plant the fields and how to raise cattle. He loaned him some machinery so he could get a start and he answered as many questions as possible to help the family. Their farm was smaller in acreage than our farm, but Ludvig still needed all the help he could get.

After a few years, it was obvious that the Norwegian family was becoming more prosperous. Buildings on the property were being repaired and painted, the young bachelor was sporting some new clothes and they purchased a broken down vehicle (I believe it was a Model T), which Ludvig was learning to drive. In those days I've been told you could buy a driver's license for fifty cents and it was not necessary to take a driving test, so soon Ludvig was able to drive from their farm to ours!

Such independence gave Ludvig a great deal of confidence. His English was still broken and a bit difficult to understand, but he was much happier than when we first saw him walk into the yard.

That Norwegian family continued to prosper and we saw less of Ludvig as he became more independent. In 1944, my mom moved us to town after the untimely death of my dad. We never heard what happened to Ludvig or to his family after that, but I often wondered.

Respectfully submitted,

Laura W. Berglund  
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