

dig for a time then shore up the walls of the narrow hole for a feeble protection against cave-in.

They had worked so long and dug down so far that when they stopped that Saturday night they were almost discouraged enough to give up, fill the deep hole and try somewhere else. Grandfather Van Lund refused to work on Sunday or permit others to do so, and that peaceful Sunday morning as he walked by the hole, the sun cast a narrow beam down into the deep excavation and by its light he saw the sparkle of precious water. The well was filling and their work had been well done.

This deep well was the first and only well in the whole community. Now settlers from miles around could come and help themselves from an inexhaustible supply, and they were always welcome at this hospitable home. Grandma, in true Swedish tradition, would put the coffee pot on at the sound of a wagon wheel.

Heartbreak was to come. Gus Borg, Mrs. Van Lund's brother, was building a new house on his claim. The closest place to buy lumber was North Loup, and Mr. Borg and Mr. Van Lund left home very early in the morning to make the trip.

Both men had purchased work horses, and Mr. Borg's team was young and high-spirited, a source of worry to Mr. Van Lund. It was far into the cold night when the heavily loaded teams neared the home vicinity. Half way up the long hill south of the Midvale school site, Mr. Van Lund stopped to allow his tired team to rest a bit. He listened but could not hear the sounds of Mr. Borg's wagon. He called, but received no answer. Thinking immediately of the young, high-strung team, he left his own more dependable horses and started back down the hill in the dark night. A few yards down the hill he came upon the team, standing with their heads hanging. He called Gus's name and met only silence. Groping his way around the wagon he finally came upon the body of Mr. Borg. Evidently he had been struck down by a heart attack while walking beside his wagon. His hands still grasped the lines, and through some miracle the horses had stopped.

One can imagine the turmoil in Mr. Van Lund's mind as he was forced to lift the body to the wagon, tie it on, and lead the team to his own wagon and tie the horses to his own load and go on home. There he must tell Johanna that her 31-year-old brother was dead.

The daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Van Lund, for a second daughter, Ellen Marie, had joined the family; remember that Mr. Van Lund made a casket from some of the boards that the men had hauled from North Loup; that their mother lined it with a quilt. Mr. Borg is buried in the little cemetery west of the old site of West Side school.

All was not hardship and tragedy for this family. Mr. Van Lund was a skilled blacksmith and carpenter and made many things to make the home more comfortable. He also planted many trees and an orchard which was destroyed in the drought of 1934.

Mrs. Van Lund, a very quiet and unassuming woman, was an expert cook. She was also very determined to adopt American customs as rapidly as possible.

One day she had baked the old-fashioned Swedish flat bread, the kind that must be dried on a broomstick before it is fit to be dunked in the coffee that is a necessary part of every Swede's diet. A young man just passing by was invited in for coffee and saw the long stick threaded with the flat-bread, and he laughed. Never again would this type of bread be made in this Swedish home! She would not have any part of any custom which might furnish amusement to one who was not Swedish!

August Borg  
Nov 15  
b. 1859  
March 12  
d. 1890