

A story from a dramatic happening in May 1940

My sister had an inflammation in her eyes, and she had to go to the hospital in Bodø. The doctor's office was in Nordfold, and he had to travel by boat to reach out to the people around in the district. I guess it was he who told my parents to take my sister to the hospital. The road to Bodø was not finished, so they had to travel by boat. I think it was probably my father Magnus and his brother Ingvald who took the boat, and the trip on the sea lasted for about 8 hours one way. My sister was immediately hospitalized, and it was chief physician Friis who treated her.

The drama started almost immediately, and my sister who was only 6 years old at the time, remember that she was taken down to the basement when the alarm started, and that happened several times. A part of the hospital was destroyed by bombs, and she also remember a lot of shattered glass. It is kind of difficult to estimate the exact time for this, but I think maybe around May 27, the day Bodø was bombed.

After a few days, the situation around the war was so dangerous, that my parents had to get my sister home to Mørsvikbotn. They did not have a car, and the road was not finished, so you could not drive. My father started walking. First he walked to Bonnåsjøen, and there he got a lift to Røsvik. From Røsvik he got a lift with a truck to Fauske. The situation in Fauske was very dramatic, and a lot of houses were on fire. There was a lot of English soldiers coming from Saltdal heading for Bodø. That is why the Germans were extremely aggressive around Fauske. My father started walking towards Bodø, it was 60 km, and he didn't see any other way to get there.

When he was near a place called Holstad, a man on a motorbike stopped besides him. He asked my father where he was headed, and when he heard he should walk all the way to Bodø, he offered to give him a lift. He lived in Holstad and had not planned going any further, but he felt so sorry for my father that he drove him all the way to the city.

When they arrived Bodø, the situation was very dramatic, and the kind man had to hide himself and the bike in a hill called Rensåsen, nearby the hospital. My father had to go to the center of the town for an errand, and he had to hide several times behind houses, because of the bombs hitting the streets and

houses. He was almost killed one time, because the house he had been hiding behind, got destroyed by a bomb right after he left it.

At last he arrived the hospital, and he took my sister with him.

The trip back was really dangerous. They had to leave the road several times to hide from the Germans. When they arrived Holstad, the kind man offered my father and sister a bed for the night. My sister can still remember that the house was big, and that there where two nice women living there. She also remember that the oldest gave her five Norwegian Kroner. It was a very big amount of money at that time, and that too indicates how kind this family was.

The next day, the man drove them on his bike all the way to Røsvik, and from there my father and my sister took a boat to Bonnåsjøen. It was a 16 km walk back to Mørsvikbotn , and my father had to carry my sister on his back.

A few weeks ago I contacted this family from Holstad, and like my father and sister, I also got a warm welcome when I arrived. They had never heard this story, and the man with the motorbike had passed away a long time ago. For me, it was so good to be able to tell his family about his kindness.

My sister and one of my brothers helped me with this true story. My brother had also heard some from my father when he was still alive. I think the story indicates how dramatic theese days in May 1949 was, and how difficult the life of the Norwegian people got as the Second World War came closer.

May 2018

Jarle

(Translated by his daughter Kate-Marita)