



June 10, 1982

Not until we were in the air - beyond JF Kennedy Airport - did I REALLY believe it was going to happen! We had left home at 10:00 AM, driven to Detroit Metropolitan Airport, left our car in a nearby parking lot, and were finally assembled at Northwest Orient Airlines for the first lap of our adventure.

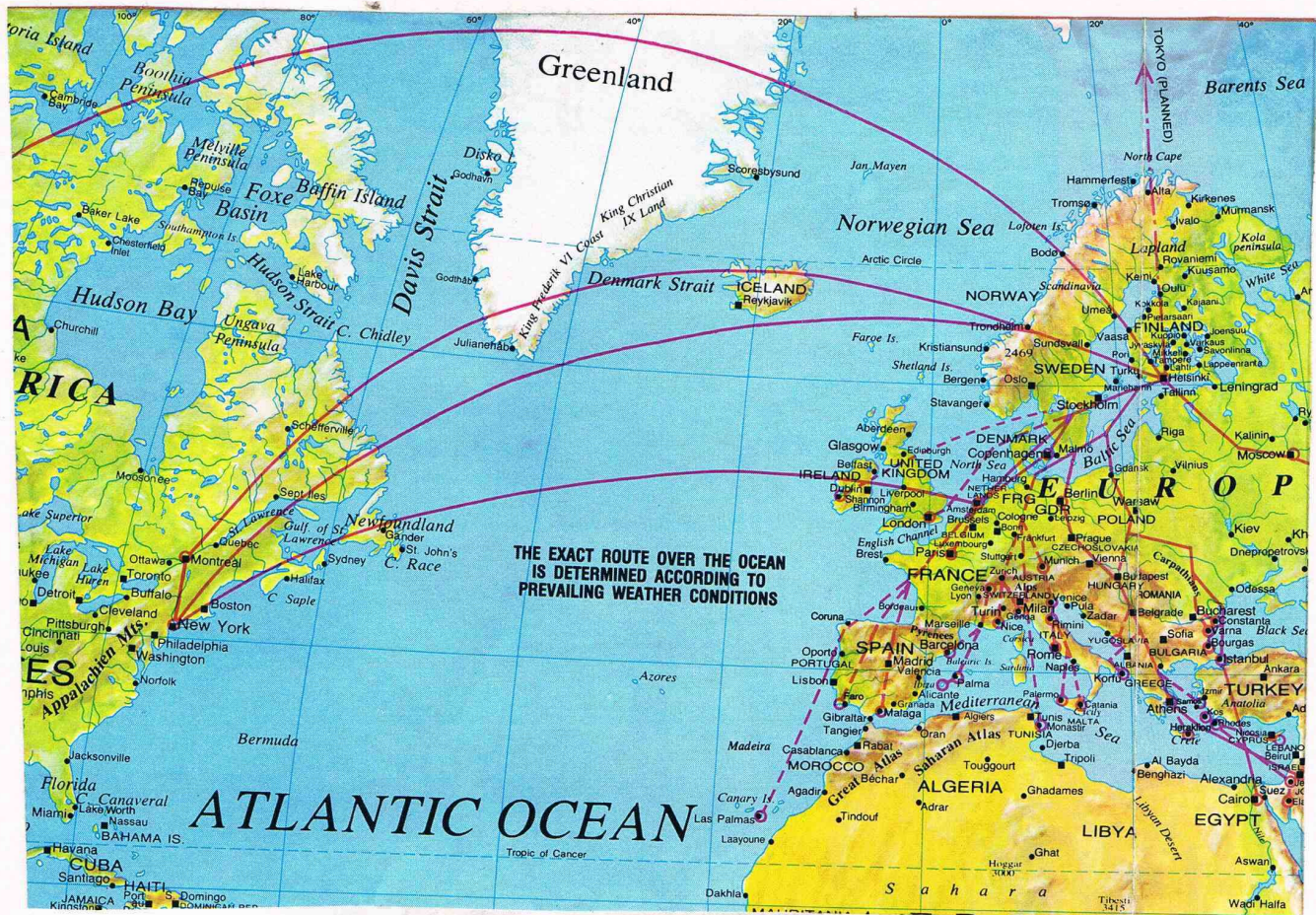
Meeting everyone was the beginning of the excitement. It was so good to see Gail Brunson and her daughter again and renew our acquaintance.

Soon we were battling the almost unbelievable traffic at JFK in New York making the transfer to FINNAIR for the overseas hop. Already our schedule has been changed. The original plan included a stop in Amsterdam and Stockholm; now we learned we would fly non-stop directly to Helsinki. Departure time was rescheduled for 8:30 PM instead of 7:30.

Since there was considerable time before departure everyone took walks and otherwise tried to get some exercise before the long hours of sitting. The temperature was about 78 when we arrived in New York but a cool front moved in and we needed wraps before we left.

The beautiful plane was luxurious but we felt the seats were a bit crowded and too close together. Stanley and Arden both felt that somehow an extra row of seats had been added both directions in each section! It did not seem to be quite full. Not much noise and the vibration was nil. Many people were able to partly recline because of empty seats beside them. A delicious dinner was served about 10:00 (EDT). By then it was quite dark.





After dinner they showed a movie - Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson. I couldn't see over the tops of the seats so missed it (even though I paid for ear phones so I could hear it!). Think I slept about 1½ hours altogether. By 1:30 (EDT) it was beginning to get light and bright sunshine was pouring in the windows by 2:30 or 3:00 AM.

A large group of young people directly in front of us really "came to life" after the movie was over, romping and scampering all about our section.

Between 3:30 and 4:00 AM we were served rolls, butter, Marmalade, tea or coffee and cheese. By the time this "Breakfast Break" was over it was time to begin collecting our things together preparing to land in Helsinki.

I have never traveled abroad before. I simply cannot cease to marvel how such a large group of people can continue with all of these various activities while traveling at such a speed seven or eight miles above the earth!

Stanley had dozed, irregularly, but neither of us felt excessively tired, probably due to the excitement. But wait! We would!

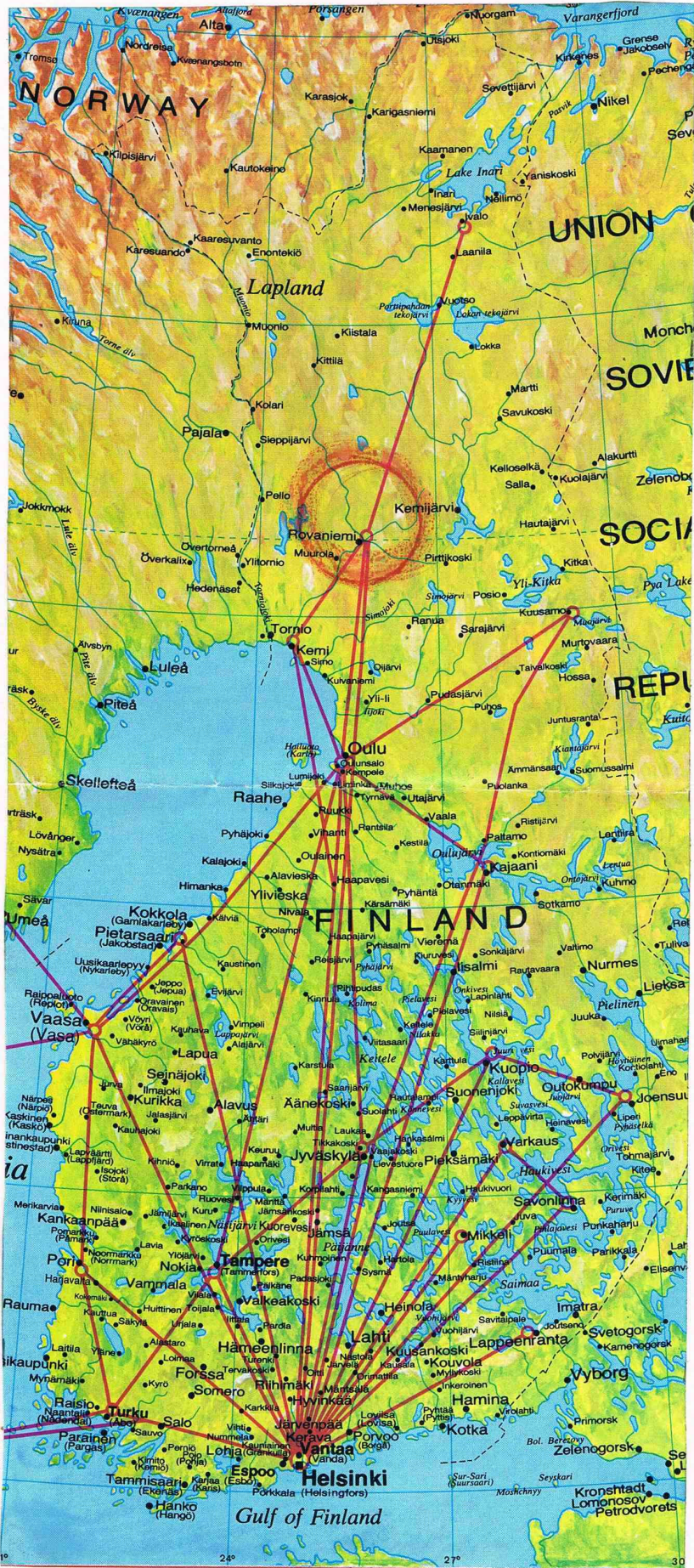
Now all of us re-set our watches and began reckoning time according to the CLOCKS IN FINLAND. THERE IS A DIFFERENCE OF SEVEN HOURS BETWEEN MICHIGAN AND FINLAND. Suddenly it was seven hours later!



### Distance from Helsinki to International Destinations

	<b>Km</b>	<b>Miles</b>
AMMAN	4.215	2.619
AMSTERDAM	1.521	945
ATHENS	2.920	1.815
BAGHDAD	4.840	3.008
BANGKOK	7.943	4.935
BERLIN	1.128	701
BRUSSELS	1.646	1.023
BUDAPEST	1.907	1.184
CAIRO	3.392	2.108
COPENHAGEN	892	554
FRANKFURT	1.537	955
GOTHENBURG	781	485
HAMBURG	1.167	725
ISTANBUL	2.164	1.345
LENINGRAD	300	186
LISBON	3.458	2.149
LONDON	1.847	1.147
LOS ANGELES	9.203	5.718
LUXEMBOURG	1.676	1.041
MADRID	2.945	1.830
MALAGA	3.353	2.083
MILAN	1.948	1.210
MONTREAL	6.159	3.827
MOSCOW	874	543
NEW YORK	6.604	4.103
OSLO	794	494
PARIS	1.897	1.179
PRAGUE	1.319	820
ROME	2.230	1.386
SEATTLE	7.668	4.764
STOCKHOLM	399	248
SUNDSVALL	574	356
UMEÅ	458	284
VIENNA	1.459	907
WARSAW	938	583
ZURICH	1.841	1.143





We landed in Helsinki, Finland shortly before noon. The plane for Rovaneimi was scheduled to leave at 4:00 PM.

The airport was well outside of the city. It proved a little boring to try to kill so much time within the airport.

We found a place where we could get some money exchanged. We received 177 Finnish Marks for two \$20 Traveler's checks. The rate is 4.425 marks per \$.

There is a small Post Office Branch here where we purchased two aerogram forms. As nearly as I recall they were about \$1.65 each.

I sought to buy an American Newspaper; none were available. Found some British ones but when I calculated they would cost the equivalent of \$1.75 I didn't buy. Foolish me! I would soon learn that many purchases on this trip would compare to this near-buy.

A few of us dozed a few minutes. Others walked. Of course a few found a place to get a bite to eat.

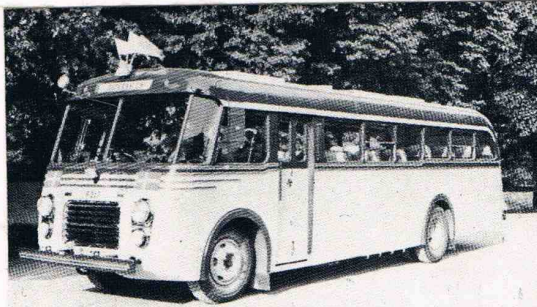
Finally, about 4:20 we lifted off for Rovaniemi. It was definitely cooler by then.

This was a short, smooth flight taking about 1½ hours with one stop.

Rovaneimi is the "capital" and the cultural, commercial and administrative center of Lapland, the northernmost section of Finland.

The city is situated only a few miles south of the Arctic Circle. It is a "sister-city" to Cadillac, Michigan, which is the reason it is included on this tour.





Första bussen



Senaste bussen



Bröderna LINGMERTH



On arrival we found the weather very cool and drizzly, grey and overcast. It is a very tiny airport, several miles outside the city. We all scrambled for coats, jackets and raincoats. Many had brought trenchcoats and for this part of the trip they were ideal. How I wished I had brought mine!

Our bus and driver were waiting for us. We were so delighted with the bus. In contemplating the trip I had wondered whether I could be satisfied "bumping" about the countryside for three weeks in some uncomfortable vehicle. How wrong I was! Instead here was a large, ultra modern sight-seeing model with huge windows, air conditioning, a "comfort room" in the rear, two built-in tables and plenty of overhead shelf space. (Later we would learn there was even a hot water tank for instant coffee or tea en route!)

Our young driver, Michael was pleasant and congenial. After a smooth ride back into the city we were deposited at "Domus Arctica," which we learned is a college Dorm. We had comfortable rooms on the second floor. There is an elevator. The dining room is on the first floor.

By now a few of us were beginning to experience "Jet Lag." After a rest and some freshening up we were served a delicious dinner at 8:00. Cream of Asparagus Soup (which we were to have many times on this trip) Veal cutlets, whipped potatoes, lettuce salad, plus a dessert. There were abundant quantities of everything.

After the meal each of us told somewhat about ourselves and our families. In the midst of all this two gentlemen arrived to greet us. Each was active in the Scandinavian-American Societies over here in Finland. Arden Peterson is president of the Scandinavian-American Society at Cadillac, Michigan. We had good exchange of thought with these personable people. We asked questions which they gladly answered. We learned that the present "cold snap" was very unusual; in fact they said it had not been so cold on this date for 30 years. Later, in Helsinki, we were told that this had been the coldest June on record this century! Just our luck. I did not pack for this kind of weather.



After Dinner Stanley and I donned sweaters and raincoats and tried to take a walk. However there was a light drizzle and we found the streets muddy and sloppy so gave up and returned to our room. By now I was glad I had packed one pants suit!

From the time when we first decided to take this trip I was elated that it came at this time of the year. We arrived in Rovaniemi within ten days of the Summer Solstice. Here it is always referred to as Midsummer's Eve. We learned that the occasion is celebrated all over Scandinavia but nowhere else to the extent it is in Finland.

It was regrettable that none of these celebrations could be included in our tour.

To awaken at 1:00 AM and discover broad daylight is certainly an experience one isn't likely to forget. Heavy black-out type drapes may be drawn to help induce sleep. We spent two nights here.

The second evening a local tour guide took us to the top of a mountain outside the city where, each Midsummer's Eve, a great celebration is held. The mountain seemed to be solid rock and the top was smooth and slightly rounded. A wood platform had been erected for dancing and other merry-making. When we were there it seemed somewhat desolate but the guide said that literally thousands of folk gathered there for what was probably the gayest and most fun festival of the year.

We also learned that the occasion was also celebrated all over Scandinavia with bonfires.

As our tour took us farther south darkness came a bit earlier. Around midnight it would seem dark as we were inside, but if the sky was clear one could examine the horizon and see that it was not completely dark.

I could not keep from remembering that by Christmas time an equal number of days would find darkness around the clock! It would be a blessing to have the Christmas season to celebrate as a sort of recompense for not seeing the sun for so long.

I shall always be thankful for the experience of seeing daylight "round the clock."

The sun is visible 24 hours a day as follows:

Vantage point	From	To
Spitsbergen, Norway	April 20	August 21
North Cape, Norway	May 12	August 1
Hammerfest, Norway	May 14	July 30
Tromsø, Norway	May 19	July 26
Godhavn, Greenland	May 23	July 21
Utsjoki, Finland	May 17	July 27
Ivalo, Finland	May 22	July 21
Sodankylä, Finland	May 31	July 12
Rovaniemi, Finland	June 6	July 7
Harstad, Norway	May 23	July 22
Björkliden, Sweden	May 26	July 19
Svolvær (Lofoten) Norway	May 23	July 22
Abisko, Sweden	May 31	July 14
Kiruna, Sweden	May 31	July 14
Bodø, Norway	June 1	July 13
Gällivare, Sweden	June 2	July 12
Grímsey, Iceland	June 19	June 23



The most common Finnish Midsummer custom nowadays is lighting bonfires. Dozens of different traditional bonfires are lit on Midsummer Eve on Seurasaari island.



June 12 (Rovaneimi)

Each of us experienced a long wakeful period during the night. We eventually drifted off to sleep and overslept. Breakfast had been announced for 8:00 and it was 7:51 when we opened our eyes! It didn't help matters any to look out of the window and see snow flurries!

Believe it or not but we jerked on our clothes and were only one minute late to the table. (Of course the room looked like a disaster area!) It was comforting to see two or three come in later than we.

Breakfast was buffet style (as all were on the entire trip.) We were not sure what to expect but I guess that somehow we had a mental picture of oatmeal (porridge) and coffee! Instead a hearty buffet was spread. Trays of thinly sliced luncheon meats and cheeses, several varieties of breads including rye and "hard tack;" Bowls of marmelade, flake cereal, milk, sliced cucumbers, etc. Plenty of coffee and tea. Everyone was very pleased with this meal.

Evan Hoaglund became ill right after breakfast. Leona explained that he had had open heart surgery last summer and occasionally the pacemaker caused trouble like this. He remained in his room and rested during the forenoon and before long was his usual self again.

Nothing had been planned for the forenoon. We agreed to explore the shops. Mike agreed to drive us downtown and then he turned us loose. I had put on two jackets but it was not enough. I was comfortable while inside the stores but two or three times a sleet storm blew across the city and it was unbearable on the streets. Finally both of us were so cold and nearly paralyzed that we made our way back to the bus where we waited in warmth and comfort until the others returned.

The hand-crafted items for sale here were the Lapland-Eskimo variety. They were beautifully made and of incomparable quality. Of course they seemed expensive. I did not purchase any souvenirs here but later wished I had.

Back to our lodge by 11:30. The scheduled guide didn't show so we had a substitute. First we were taken to a splendid Museum of paintings and artifacts dealing with the Laplanders.

The paintings, which roughly number fifty, reflect a peculiar style bordering on the primitive. The guide said they were gratefully received by the Museum because they significantly portray a way of life no longer practiced by the Laplanders. Folk tales, health practices, family and political life are interestingly and (the Scholars believe) accurately depicted.

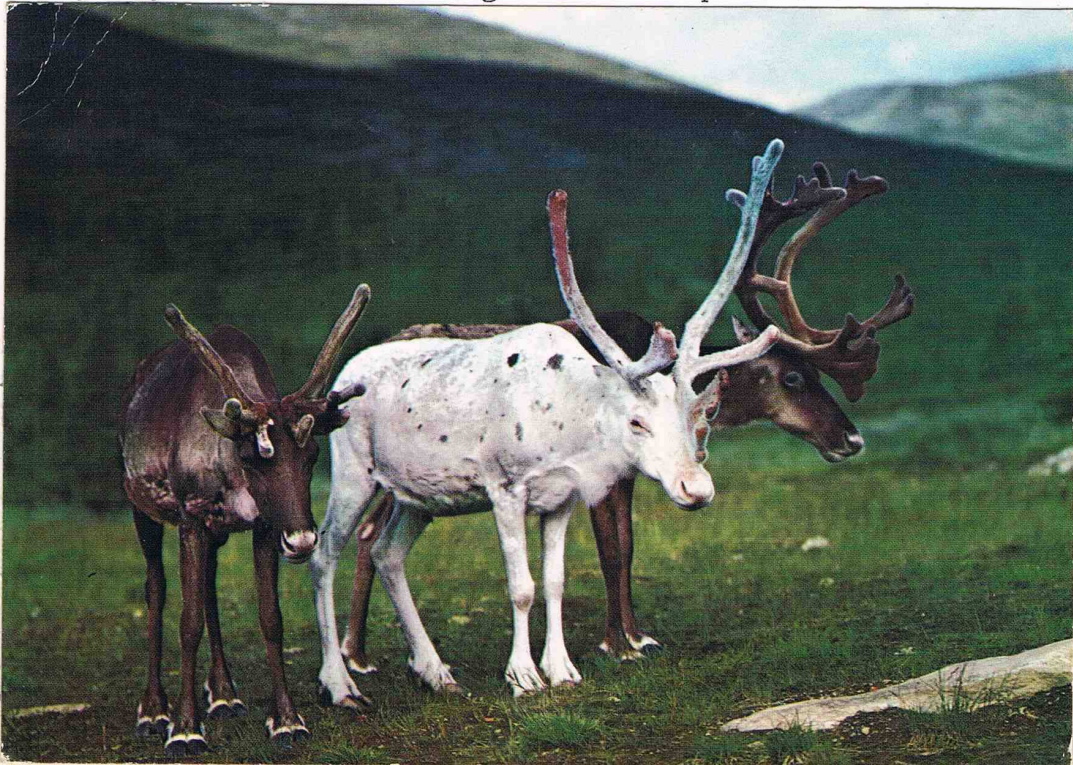
For some reason, later on this artist showed up at the museum. He is an elderly gentleman, a spry 82. We had a splendid interview with him. One of our group, Aina Hermanson, speaks Finnish very fluently and the Artist could speak English fairly well. We learned that the artist had spent quite a few years in USA, having come in 1923. He was then engaged to a girl in Finland but the immigration quotas prevented her coming to America with him, so it was agreed that she would come a year later. However the quota dropped (from 4000 to 400!) and again she could not come. To make a long story short, he married an American Woman and remained here. Most of these years were spent in California where he worked in the movie industry, though not as an actor.





His wife died. When he reached retirement age he decided to return to Finland. He found the first sweetheart had never married. The relationship was renewed, love blossomed again and they have been happily married for twelve years, during which time he turned out these paintings.

Now a new guide escorted us on a short tour to the Arctic Circle just a few miles north of the City of Rovaniemi. Here we were expecting to see a reindeer herd but learned that, due to the cold weather, (2 degrees Celsius) they had retreated to the woods. We saw two! Of course there are souvenir shops and eating spots. One could have cards postmarked from here. I sent some to the Grandchildren. I still did not buy any souvenirs, Things seemed expensive.





Once before we have been somewhat farther north than we were here at this point. In 1974 when we visited Alaska we flew across the Arctic Circle to Point Barrow and then over to Prudhoe Bay to see the Oil Fields. However it was not nearly as cold then as we found it here in Finland in 1982! This Snapshot says "Arctic Circle" in six languages.



Upon returning to Rovaneimi our guide located a restaurant. We all felt the need for a bite to eat but not too much as it was already 3:00 and we knew that in another three or four hours a dinner would be served at our hotel. After we were inside we discovered the restaurant had a little more "atmosphere" than we really needed and it took a little negotiating to persuade them that we only wanted a snack. Service was slow. Waiters in black suits with the traditional white towell over their arm served us as if we were ordering the works!

Finally I had a serving of cream of asparagus soup and Stanley had an open-face sandwich featuring smoked reindeer meat (among other ingredients). The cost was 40 marks, about \$10 in American money. And it was after 4:00 when we left the restaurant!

At 5:00 we all donned our best bib and tucker and assembled for a special meeting with the Mayor and other officials of the city of Rovaneimi. Because this town is a sister-city of Cadillac, Michigan, Arden Peterson presided and did so very capably, as would be expected. He presented several gifts from the citizens of Cadillac:

1. Several maps of the State of Michigan which showed in the Upper Penninsula a non-existent town called "Set-su." This is a Finnish word which cannot exactly be translated into English. It signifies a combination of enthusiasm, perseverance, an unconquerable spirit and determination. The word has no English equivalent. Arden explained that someone in



the map-making department in Lansing (who obviously was of Finnish descent!) inserted this imaginary town in the U. P and several copies of the map came off the press before some proof-reader caught the error.

2. A Banner from the Rotary Club of Cadillac to the Rotary Club of Rovaneimi.
3. A Beautiful engraved plaque memorializing the occasion.
4. A flag of the state of Michigan which had flown over the State Capitol in Lansing and only the previous Tuesday had flown over the city hall in Cadillac.
5. A Gavel made from Michigan Chestnut Wood, a tree which is rapidly becoming extinct.
6. Several Petoskey Stones, one highly polished - with an explanation that these stones have never been discovered in another spot in the world except Michigan.

Speeches, Clever remarks, etc., made the occasion meaningful and so interesting.

In return, the Mayor of Rovaneimi presented gifts to be brought back to Cadillac. It was at this point that Aina Hermanson was a valuable assistant with interpretation when certain city officials who could not speak English desired to communicate with Arden.

They presented:

1. Three large beautiful books about Rovaneimi (in English).
2. Some Tapes of a local Choir.
3. A Beautiful Gavel (made this very day)

There were other items but I did not make a note of them at the time so they do not come to mind.

All of us enjoyed this experience and even though Stanley and I can not find any trace of any Scandinavian Ancestry, occasions such as this were very meaningful.

Our dinner tonight was extra delicious. A stew made primarily of smoked reindeer meat was served on a bed of whipped potatoes. A hearty green salad complimented the entree. As we ate the reindeer meat, I thought to myself, "Why, this tastes just like Venison." Then it dawned on me that it WAS Venison!

A lovely ice cream dessert with a fresh strawberry topping finished off the meal. How could I know, as I so much enjoyed these gastronomical delights, of the woe ahead?

A "plus" for us, a treat not on the schedule at all, was an after-dinner tour, led by the young man who is president of the Finnish-American Society here.





First we were guided to the top of the mountain where the annual mid-summer Eve celebrations are held. I wrote of this previously.

We were then driven about the city to show us the type of housing most of the population lived in. It appeared to me that a large percentage of the people live in multiple housing units of some kind. Rental flats, apartments, etc. Only a very small percentage attempt to own their own homes. However he did say that a type of housing similar to our condominiums is becoming somewhat popular, where individuals buy their own flat.

The guide explained that nearly all of the city is more or less new, as it was very nearly completely destroyed by Hitler's armies during World War II. With grit and determination the citizens rebuilt and it was fairly well completed by 1952.

He had our driver guide our big bus down a narrow country lane to show us his "summer cottage" or "cabin." He explained that practically everyone in town has such a place to which they retreat every weekend. They may rent their principal residence but will somehow do without other things in order to have this cabin. Many will do without a car in order to have it. They are always located nearby so they can be at it in a matter of minutes.

Every home, every apartment, every flat...has a sauna. No matter how small, no matter how humble...there's always a sauna. They are in all of the hotels, of course.

It had been a long and exhausting day with no time for rest. By bedtime I was not feeling very well but chalked it up to jet-lag and fatigue. So I did get to sleep.



June 13

I thought it only happened on trips to Mexico! 3:00 AM to morning..... sick, sick, sick; diarrhea, vomiting, cramps, all of it!

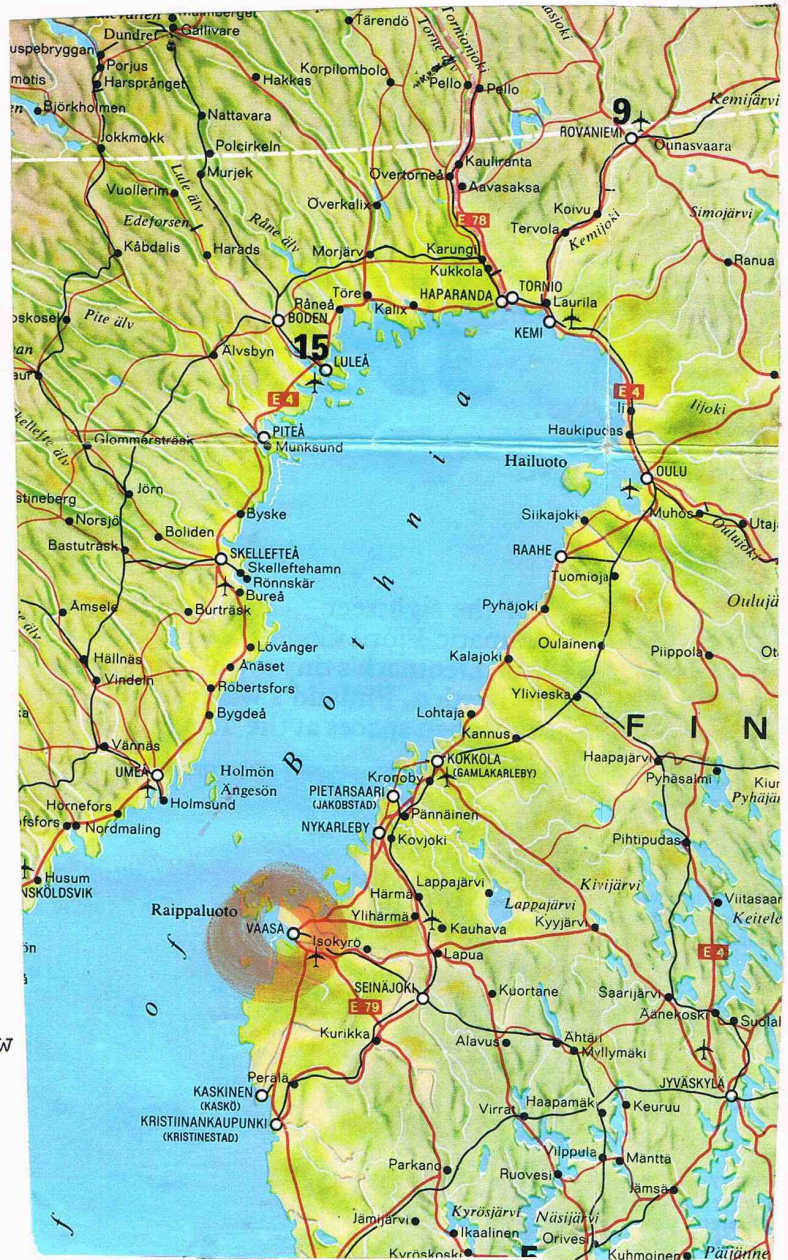
The bus was scheduled to leave at 8:00 and when on a tour one leaves when the bus leaves. Besides, who wants to be stranded on the Arctic Circle?

I really wondered how I could possibly make it. But somehow I managed to dress and get on board.

How thankful I was for a bathroom on the bus! Was able to tilt the seat back a bit and doze.

We arrived in VAASA early in the evening. It was Sunday but did not seem like it. The hotel here was very nice. I hit the bed immediately on arrival and "went out like a light." However I later did go to the dining room and ate a few bites and it stayed put.

The rest of the group met in the pleasant "suite" which Arden and Ruth occupied and Stanley led in a short devotional time. After a good night's sleep I felt world's better the next morning. Reflecting back upon the whole thing I believe it was a combination of delayed jet-lag and intestinal flu. My doctor had suggested before we left that he prepare a "kit" for me for such emergencies and I had laughed at his offer! Stupid me!



June 14

Our bags were on the bus before breakfast. After we ate, a local guide (and a very excellent one) took us on a one-hour tour of this old and fascinating city. It lies right on the sea of Bothnia, the body of water which separates most of Finland and Sweden. The city is as Swedish as it is Finnish. There are separate schools for each nationality. Naturally there are some problems. Not so much rivalry among the younger generation but it is very prevalent among the old. The guide says the land is rising slowly in that part of the world and they have been told that some day the people in Finland and Sweden



will be able to walk back and forth on dry land! We all wished we might have stayed longer and learned more of this delightful city. But our schedule demands that we say goodbye and set our sights toward Helsinki.

I previously mentioned Aina Hermanson, one of our group who speaks the Finnish language fluently. I believe she was born in Finland; if not surely her parents were and the language was spoken in their home as she grew up. Some cousins of her live in a village right along our route. She had previously made arrangements through correspondence to meet them at a bus stop. They were right there waiting and it did us all good to witness their reunion. They had brought her gifts. It was a good rest stop for everyone. We all got some exercise and even had a bite to eat while they visited.

Farming is advanced this much farther south. All farms are crossed with very narrow ditches which Arden Peterson explained are for drainage purposes. (And we had concluded they were for irrigation!) Underground tiling systems are prohibitive in cost.

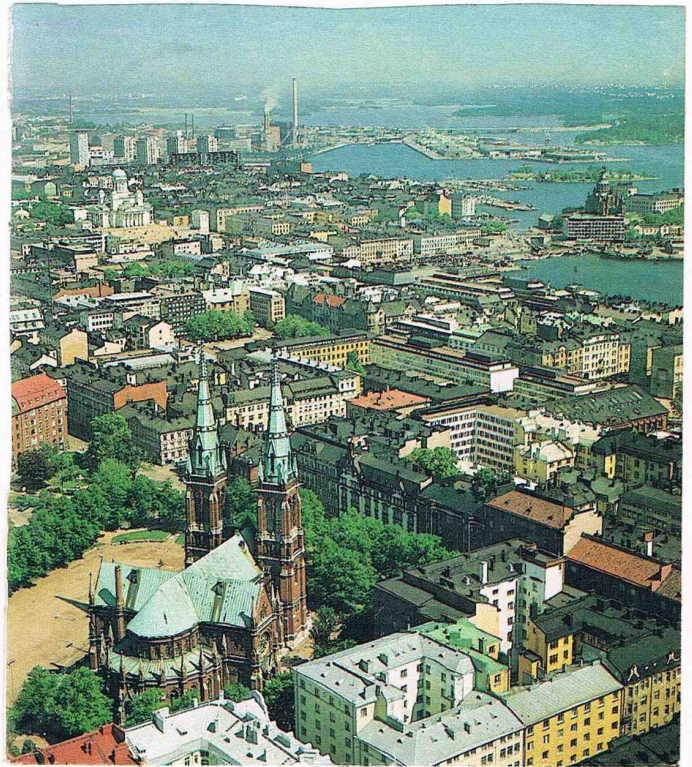
We saw a few old windmills, dutch style more or less, but they are not really used any more, merely left standing for decorative or sentimental reasons.

The flowers, particularly the pansies are large and especially beautiful. And all of the farmsteads, no matter how small, are neat and trim; no junk lying about and every one without exception has lots of flowers in the dooryard.

Our hotel in Helsinki was comfortable and adequate, if not as luxurious as in Vaasa! (In Vaasa we had TV, but how can one enjoy it if one does not know Finnish? ONE program came on in English with captions in Finnish - SOAP!)

To us the tiny elevators have been interesting. So far they have been about 3 x 3 with a maximum capacity of three persons, or two with luggage!

The hotel in Helsinki was in the heart of the city. Before dinner Stanley and I walked about...covering about two miles searching for an English newspaper. With luck we found a British Edition at the railroad station. News had a definite British slant but at least we could read it! (Cost \$1.75)





We bought six medium-sized Golden Delicious apples for \$1.44 per lb.

It is very interesting to observe prices in shop windows on well-known brands of various items. I saw Wrangler Jeans for 199 Marks for girls' sizes (about \$50) and 249 marks (\$62.50) for women's sizes. We strolled through a super-market and saw many familiar names: Kellogg's, Maxwell House, Proctor and Gamble, Uncle Ben's, Hershey's and many more.

Dinner tonight seemed very delicious so apparently my appetite had returned to normal.

After dinner we played cards with the Petersons, Hansens and Hoaglunds in the Hotel Dining Room. No one else was using the room at the time. They taught us a new game called "Shanghi" but I am afraid we played rather poorly. I am the world's worst card player.

Already I felt I had been gone from home a month and it was only five days! Scarcely  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the total time.



June 15

This day dawned very cloudy and overcast. Often a fine mist settled over. Sometimes it was more nearly a fog.

Helsinki, the capital city, is a busy place. Many busses because European people rely more on public transportation than do Americans. However, in all of the large cities we visited I saw many more cars than I had expected to see.

Breakfast was hearty and very delicious - self-serve, of course. Not much is pre-packaged here, except the butter pats. The usual sliced meats and cheeses, marmalades, a variety of bread, some dry cereal, milk, juices,

plenty of coffee and tea, and always sliced cucumbers. A hearty breakfast such as this usually lasted us very well until evening. Occasionally when we traveled all day I would have some tea on our "coffee break" stops but no significant food.

On such a damp, chilly day as this I longed all the more for my trench coat. It was hard to get enough jackets and sweaters on to keep warm and still look half-way presentable! Now I wish I had brought more slacks instead of skirts.

This city is really very near the Russian Border. Helsinki was severely bombed during World War II. As far as I could tell relations between Russia and Finland appear to be OK.





At 9:00 AM a guide led us on a tour of the city. He spoke fair English' was obviously an authority on the History of the city and continually "pelted" us with dates, mostly informing us when each building was completed.

First, a huge Cathedral, the name of which I can't remember and I did not write it down. A large cobblestone courtyard covered an entire city square in front of the church. Some of the statues were explained to us. A few of us climbed the dozens of steps to see the inside of the building and were surprised at the beautiful simplicity of it's interior.

Looking down from the top of these steps you will see Arden Peterson about to begin the ascent.

Whenever we would stop and leave the bus our guide would get very jittery; no doubt he could see the time schedule getting behind each minute.

We were here but a few minutes but before we left the square was very crowded with tourists.

This was the worst possible weather for the camera fan. So dark; as can be seen it was impossible to get a bright picture. I do not recall that it rained on us at this place but we expected that it would any time.





It is impossible to remember all of the famous and beautiful buildings and sights which were pointed out to us.

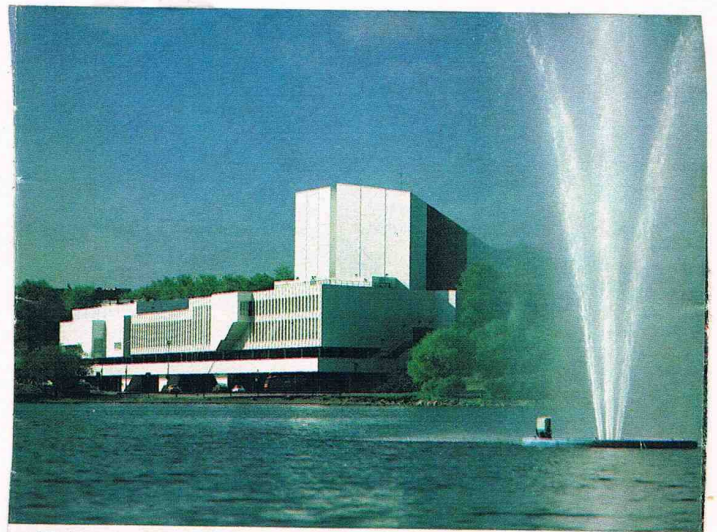
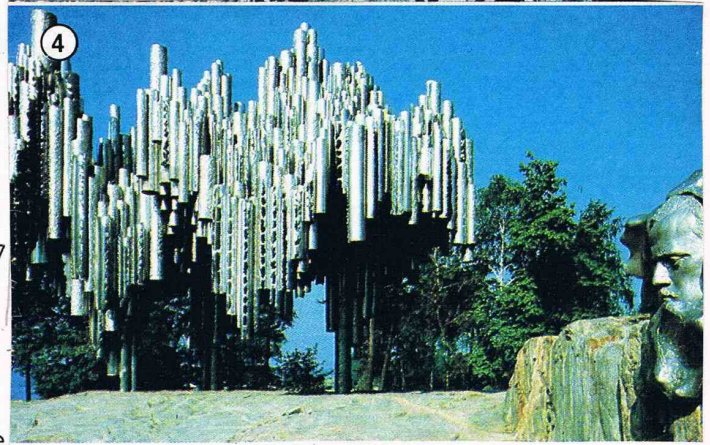
SIBELIUS PARK: Dedicated in 1967 to Finland's revered composer, Jean Sibelius. The monument is a giant sculpture of tubular steel pipes - somewhat resembled a tree. Local folk refer to them as the "wind Pipes," we were told! The sculptress, Eila Hiltunen also molded a head of the composer. They say it is effectively lighted at night; it must be a gripping sight to see. Nearby is Sibelius Music Hall.

Much of the modern statuary pointed out to us here and there about Helsinki did not impress me too highly.

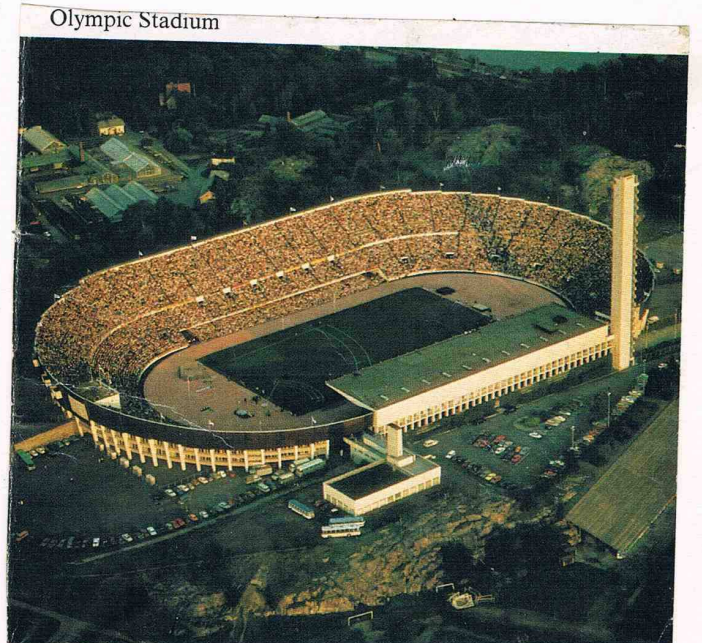
The guide took us through a very impressive residential section. The homes were lovely indeed but somewhat crowded.

He was careful to point out the American Embassy and other Embassies and Consulates.

He also showed us the President's home.

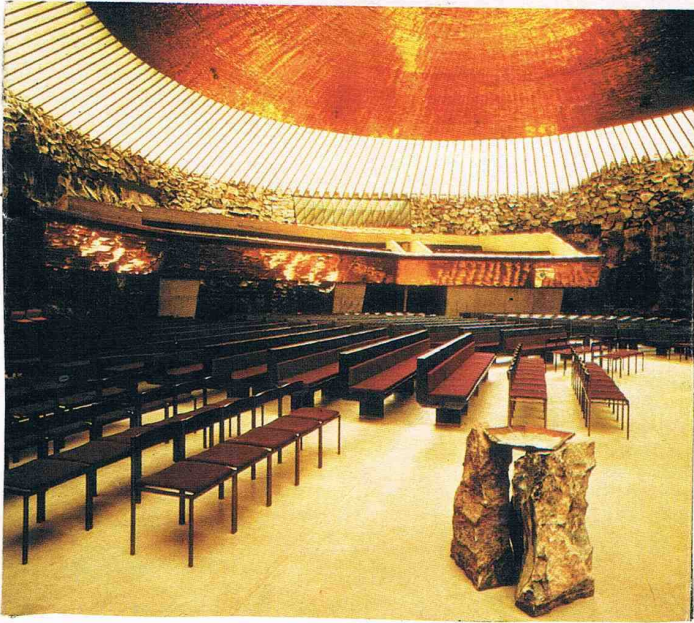


Finlandia Hall





Tempeliaukio Church



Without a doubt, the most impressive stop on the entire tour was at the "Rock Church," a very unique house of worship. All Helsinki appears to have been built on solid pink granite. In many spots in the heart of the city massive rock formations protrude. It was told us that no construction could take place here would would destroy the rock. Two brothers, architects, designed the church.

It is carved out of solid granite and topped with a copper dome that spans 70 feet. The dome is only a few feet above ground level when viewed from the outside.

The interior is pink and gray granite with vertical glass strips cut into the ceiling allowing light to enter in dramatic shafts. The whole interior is breathtakingly beautiful in it's simplicity.

Many tourists were on the scene but everyone was quiet and reverent. A young man was singing to the accompaniment of his own guitar, in a soft and pleasant way. Arden Peterson asked him if he would sing something in English and he responded with "Amazing Grace." None of us will ever forget the experience.

At the very end of the tour we stopped for a mere few minutes at a very large shopping center. There was time only for a hasty walk about so about all we got out of this stop was the exercise.

We were determined not to complain but still we were sorry that it remained so chilly and wet all day. There are many excellent attractions within walking distance of our hotel.

We returned to our hotel room about noon, wrote a heap of post cards, ate a couple of apples and then put on all of the warm clothes and rain garb we could get together and set out on foot.

First to the Post Office to buy stamps and mail our cards.

Then to the National Museum. Unquestionably, I enjoyed this more than any other museum I ever recall visiting. There are 19,000 items from the Stone, Bronze and Iron ages in Scandinavia. 80,000 historical items include Finnish interiors, costumes, textiles, metals and coins. Ethnic collections include 15,000 items on hunting, textiles, folk art and furniture.

I enjoyed the large collection of ancient church icons, carvings, religious statuary (wood), panels and screens.

The collection of old porcelain stoves was tremendous. So was the clock section.

Of course when one cannot read the captions it does not take as long to view the displays! All too soon they were turning off the lights and inviting us to leave...it was 4:30.



It was still raining and we became lost trying to find out way back to our hotel! The street names are long and confusing, streets are angling, crooked and short. We discovered we were going around in a circle! Finally we espied another large, new hotel which we recognized so we made a bee line for it and then got re-oriented. From there we were back to our own hotel in a few minutes. Dead tired and hungry.

After a nice nap we were starved and most ready for dinner at 7:00. The meal was excellent as usual. Tonight one of our couples visited someone in the city for dinner. Two of Aina's relatives ate with us in their place.

As I said the meal was delicious. A few things are worthy of comment. We have observed that cucumbers seem to find their way to the table for every meal, in some form or other, including breakfast. Also, frequently no bread is offered with our dinner in the evening. They do not seem to automatically put salt and pepper on the table here in Finland. Sometimes we asked for it.

In Scandinavia coffee is never offered until the meal is over and the table is cleared, no matter if there isn't any dessert. Everyone says the coffee is outrageously strong. Nearly everyone in our group weakens it. The tea was always delicious.

Such remarks are in no way meant to be critical nor complaining in nature but merely observations of customs in other parts of the world.

No evening activity was planned. But we did have a very special treat anyway.

One of Aina's relatives, who lives in Helsinki, invited us to her apartment for coffee and cakes. It is out somewhat beyond the edge of the city. The persons who had eaten dinner with us guided us to the place.

While it is a small apartment (living room, bedroom, kitchen with eating area, small entry way, bathroom and of course a sauna) it is tastefully but simply furnished and she is so hospitable. She seemed no older than in her 40's but has been a widow for a year. She had some vacation time coming and was leaving the next day for a four-day holiday in Moscow! We had a very good time there in her home. She could not speak any English but Aina interpreted. Everyone was so thankful for the splendid opportunity to see how ordinary people in Finland lived.

After returning to our hotel I washed and rolled up my hair. Then I went to bed wondering if I could possibly sleep on those rollers. Guess what? I could and did!

Tomorrow we must bid this city goodbye.

Tonight I wrote my Mother a letter on one of the Aerograms, mailing it on June 16. It arrived here several days after our return....around July 6 Post Cards went through in less than a week but this poor little old letter really got hung up somewhere along the way!



June 16 (From Helsinki to Tuurku)

I did sleep SOME but was awake before the 6:00 alarm beeped. It was still raining and a cold wind was blowing.

Stanley and I were first in the dining room this morning, soon joined by Gail Brunson. At breakfast we learned that the previously announced departure time of 9:00 had been changed to 11:00.

Last night it was agreed that our driver would take us to the open-air market, which is so famous, if the weather permitted. Obviously the weather didn't permit so we were left with a couple of hours to kill.

We got our bags all ready to go and then donned raincoats and walked about a block to a large department store to browse. It was not a very fancy store, perhaps I can best describe it as comparing it to a K-Mart back home. It was fun to browse the four floors, comparing merchandise and products to those in Grand Rapids.

We learned Bob Babb was ill, possibly with the same curse which had struck me a few days earlier.

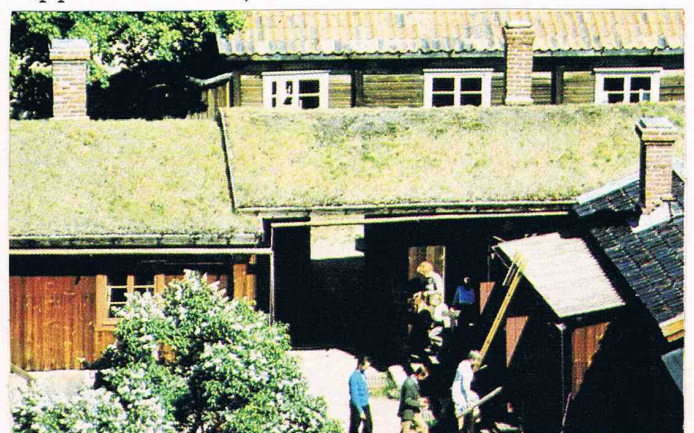
The weather seemed to improve somewhat once we were aboard the bus and on our way. How we would like to return to Helsinki some day when it was bright, warm sunny weather for we all felt we had not seen more than a small percentage of the interesting attractions.

The road from Helsinki to Tuurku is indeed beautiful. All of the countryside is so lush and green just now. Crops growing - some only a few inches high. There is a profusion of lilacs here in Finland and they are at their peak of beauty.

It is a short distance to Tuurku but we made one stop for lunch. Found a little cafeteria in a rather small town where Stanley and I ordered a ham and cheese sandwich and split it! We then walked about an open vegetable, fruit, flower and fish market for a while. We saw small boxes of strawberries (some containing only 6 or 8 berries) smaller than a pint, for 10 marks (about \$2.50). Rome Beauty apples were \$2.75 for about 2 lb.

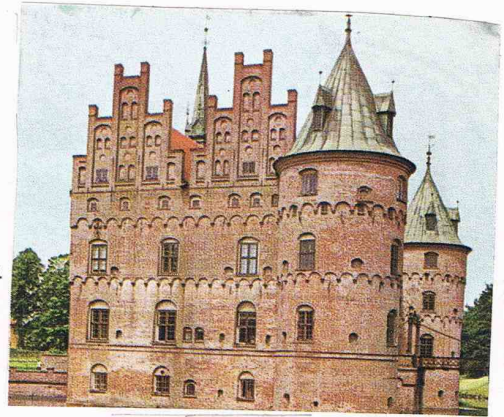
Upon arriving in Tuurku, we learned that it claims to be Finland's oldest town, founded over 750 years ago. We visited a very old cathedral construction on which was begun in 1229. It has always been the See of the Archbishop of the Finnish Lutheran Church. There is a museum inside the building containing a wealth of very valuable church things, which includes much gold and silver altar appointments, etc.

"Handicraft Museum" is a group of perhaps 40 wooden houses that survived the big 1827 fire. This place is also called "Craft Village." As one wanders among them trained personnel ply the ancient trades, much as they did so long ago.

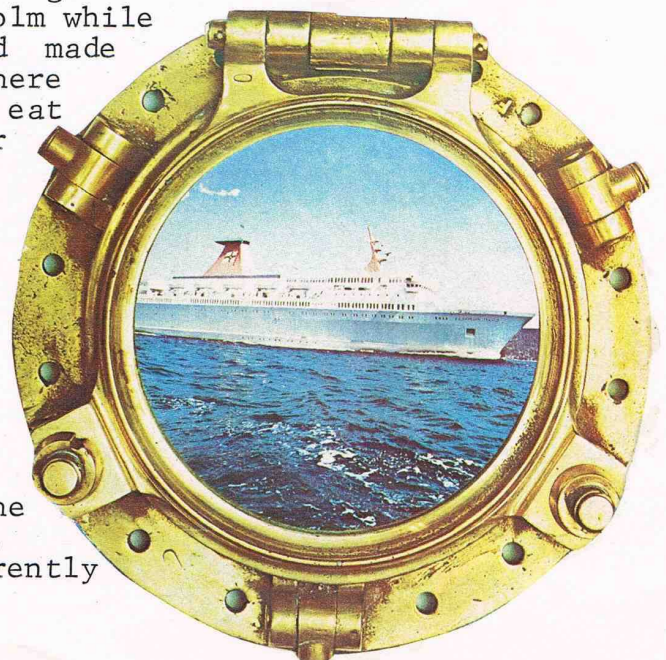




There was time to see but one more attraction in this city before boarding the Ferry. TUURKU CASTLE, a massive fortification which dates partly from the thirteenth century. Much money and labor has gone into the reconstruction and restoration and the result is a fabulous tourist attraction. It was fun to wander the labyrinth of passageways and there is an unusual museum within the structure. Lots of climbing and walking here left us exhausted.



Now it was time to arrange for boarding the Ferry which would take us to Stockholm while we slept. Our bus driver, Mike, had made most of the arrangements for us. There was time to snatch a little bite to eat for we had already heard that dinner on the ship would not be served until 9:30. Once on board we very quickly found our cabin. A tiny cubicle about 4 x 6 right in the middle of the ship (no porthole - we were traveling "Economy Class!" The rest of the ship looked quite large and comfortable. Obviously gambling must not be legal in Finland for when we were a short piece out the slot machines became very active. There is also a store on the ship which deals mainly in perfumes, liquors and tobacco products. Apparently it was duty-free or something.





We were served a fabulous Smorgasbord Dinner. All of the food was so attractively displayed that it resembled pictures one had seen in recipe books. The dining room was beautifully decorated in pink, red and white. We were fortunate to obtain seats by the window so as to watch the sea as we ate. I am sure I will never behold so many delicious fish dishes. This time I managed to take more than I could eat!

After dinner as we were walking about the ship Stanley thought he was beginning to be affected by the roll of the ship and decided to take some dramamine right away. This made him drosy so he hurried to the cabin and into the bunk. I went with the Petersons, Hoaglunds, Hansens and Nell to the Lounge where we had some soft drinks and coffee and wac-hed the people dance. The music was very good.

We all changed our watches, having moved into another time zone.

As we glide through the water the Baltic Sea is on our left and the gulf of Bothnia is on our right.

Tomorrow we will be in Sweden. What did I think of Finland? It would be unfair to say after having been there only 36 hours. The country is beautiful. The people seemed friendly and hospitable. Perhaps an old prejudice has me in its grips but somehow I felt I was too close to Russia. I know I would certainly like to return some day.

I slept very little..partly because I overate at the Smorgasbord! But I was also possessed of a horrible feeling of claustrophobia in that tiny cabin! The roll of the ship did not bother me; on the contrary I thought it was somewhat soothing. I took a Dalmane (sleeping pill) but it did no good whatever. Stanley appeared to be sleeping soundly. I was never so glad to see morning come!







Mediaeval housefronts at Stortorget in Stockholm's "Old Town".

Here, in Stockholm, as in other large cities in Scandinavia, we saw real Chimney Cleaners. Just like we used to read of! It seems that now, since so many people are resorting to wood and other such fuels the chimneys really need them. As a rule we saw them bicycling through the streets, often being chased by an authgraph collector!

June 17 (Stockholm)

Breakfast on the ship was as hearty and elegant as was the dinner the previous evening. Every imaginable delicacy common to breakfasts. We landed soon after. We were surprised to learn there was nothing to customs. They did not even stamp our passports.

We were immediately met by our tour guide who was scheduled to lead us on a three-hour tour of Stockholm. How nice it was to see the sunshine!

The guide spoke excellent English and was very witty. She first took us to that section of Stockholm known as "Old Town." None of us will ever forget walking the narrowest street in the world...that is what they say and I believe it for it was only three feet wide in places!

She showed us a huge old Church dating back to about 1200. It was so immense, I couldn't help wondering what it would cost to build such a structure today!

It is impossible to remember all of the buildings and other points of interest we saw.

Possibly the most memorable stop was to see a huge old ship which had sunk over 400 years ago, but had recently been raised and is being slowly restored. The procedure and progress is almost unbelievable. It is like nothing we had ever imagined.





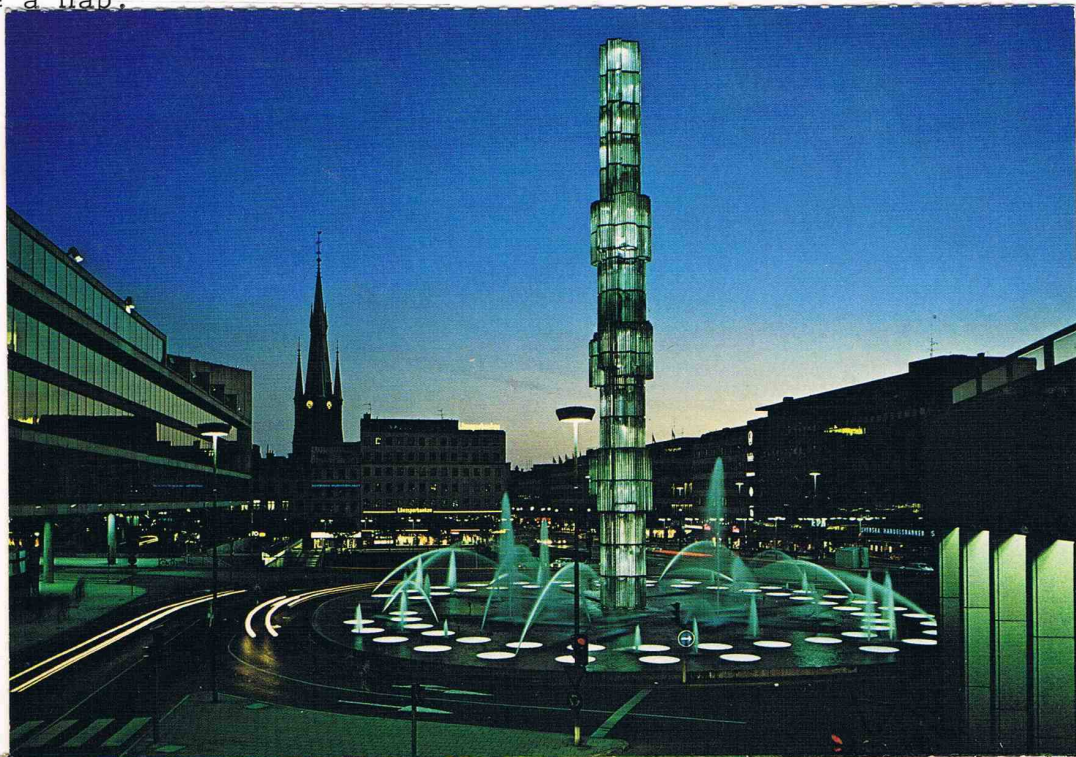
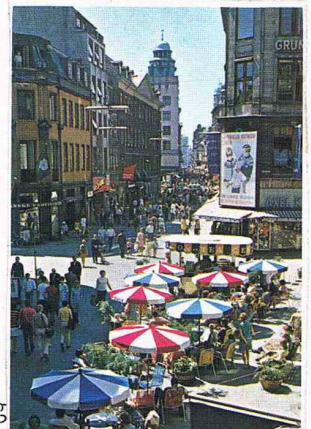
At the close of the tour our driver let us off the bus downtown at a large department store where we could get lunch. Of course we ate hurriedly so as to have some time to stroll about and see the downtown area. On each stop someone always would need to find a bank for money exchange. The downtown area is very beautiful and seemed very clean.

There are many sidewalk cafes and traffic-free shopping piazzas. The sunshine was bright and yet the temperature was not too hot. Again I sensed how many more cars there were than I had expected to see. Traffic was quite congested.

A beautiful fountain dominated the scene almost directly in front of the department store. We did not get a picture of it during the day but I have a post-card left which I will include, showing it lighted at night.

Our driver was back promptly at 2:00 to pick us up and take us to our hotel. It is somewhat outside of town; is a "Best Western" and is quite adequate. The very name of the hotel reminded us of home.

The remainder of the afternoon was free. Many of our group went sightseeing, but since I had slept so poorly on the Ferry the night before I grabbed the chance to take a nap.





Several of our group had heard about "Skansen," dubbed the "world's largest open-air museum with 150 buildings that bring alive Sweden's past." So after dinner half a dozen of us decided to coax our bus driver into taking us there.

He deposited us at the gate with instructions from us to return for us in two hours. He left. When we got to the gate to buy tickets we learned that all of the buildings (150 of them) closed at 5:00! We were allowed to stroll about the grounds and grieve over what we were missing. The lovely old buildings were brought here from all parts of Sweden and nicely restored. In summer craftsmen demonstrate glass-blowing, weaving and other traditional skills. It is a beautiful hilltop setting.

The air turned very chilly while we were there; we were actually becoming uncomfortable when Mike came for us.

June 18 (All Day in Stockholm)

Earlier our bus driver had arranged to visit his sister here in Stockholm today. Several of the women had expressed a desire to shop in this city. So it seemed convenient for Mike to drive us downtown, spend several hours with his sister, returning for us late afternoon.

Stanley did not feel well today. I feared that he might be coming down with the same ailment I had had several days earlier. He was not interested in shopping (even if he had felt well!) so insisted that I go ahead with the others and shop and he would find something else to do if he began feeling better.

Gail Brunson teamed up with me and we shopped until we were nearly ready to drop. I bought quite a few gifts. It was really a wonderful day. The language was no problem here. In every shop there's always someone around who can speak at least a little English.

When we assembled to return to the hotel Stanley was there. Had improved enough to take public transportation to MILLESGARDEN to view the bigger-than-life sculptures of the late Carl Milles. They are displayed in the terraced garden of his former home on fashionable Lidingo Island overlooking Central Stockholm. I certainly was sorry that I had missed seeing this attraction with him. He has a booklet showing many of these famous works of art. The one which I have included here is entitled "THE HAND OF GOD."

Dinner was at 6:00 this evening. Nothing special was planned. Since everyone was tired from tramping the streets it proved to be fun to while the evening away doing nothing.





June 19 (From Stockholm to Vaxjo)

All of us agreed that it would have been nice to have had another day for sightseeing about Stockholm. The brochures describe so many interesting places, but if we are to cover the designated schedule we must move on. It certainly whets one's desire to return to most of these places again sometime. If only they were not so far from home!

It almost seemed one could sense being in another country as soon as we arrived in Sweden. I do not know if this feeling is imaginary or if there is actually such a difference or not. Of course there is a difference in language as well as in the monetary system. These immediate changes add to the feeling of having entered another country.

I always remember that back home here one can cross the St. Clair River from Detroit into Windsor, Ontario and immediately have a feeling of being in another country.

The territory we drove through this day was distinctively Swedish. It is surprising (and very difficult to describe) the difference between this landscape and that of Finland.

More land appears to be under cultivation here. In Finland we saw more wooded areas. We will always remember the cleanliness, neatness of EVERY homestead. I believe there is more dairy industry for we saw more cattle and there's lots of pasture land.

Stone fences (so picturesque) abound and it is easy to see why. Even today countless huge boulders protrude all over the green grassy areas where the cattle graze. All the books which I have read about the old days refer to the constant battles of the farmers with the rocks.

Arden Peterson remarked that it was easy to see why the old emigrants left Sweden just by looking at the miles of stone fences. These fences which are built of boulders are as high as six feet and equally thick in places!

All of the houses appear to have been freshly painted. Many are a dark brownish-red (more of a maroon color) with white trim. Some are all white. Most roofs are tile. We were surprised not to see stone houses. The lawns are usually small but ALWAYS tidy; there are always flowers and modest sized vegetables gardens. We saw a lot of potatoes growing all over Scandinavia.

Stanley and I both felt that the long daylight hours, combined with moderate temperatures help bring about the beauty of the vegetation. The pansies we see here are immense. Many begonias, impatiens, and the rhododens are at their peak of beauty. I had forgotten that these beauties flourish here.

We saw a few rose gardens but they are scarcely in bud yet.





We changed drivers today. Mike is beginning his vacation. We had three different drivers for the entire trip. They were all eager to be helpful and did many nice things for us over and beyond the usual tasks expected of a driver. Before he left, we presented him with a money gift equivalent to one American dollar per day per person. Dorothy Johnson wrote an appropriate little poem and made the presentation.

Unbelievably, our new driver is also named Mike. He is a relative of the owners of the Bus Company. He is 23 years old, pleasant, friendly and always smiling and congenial.

As we rode along we had observed that cars in Sweden drove with their headlights on. Our driver explained that is now the law there. He says statistics show that the number of accidents has been significantly reduced since this law was enacted. It is also required in this country that seat belts be fastened.

One is always fascinated by the different gadgets found in other countries. We discovered that nearly all cars here have automatic "headlight wipers." In fact it is a requirement on new cars. Sure sounds practical...we can remember many times when we have been forced to stop and clean the headlights in snowy or muddy weather.

Mike speaks English fairly well and points out interesting things along the way. However there were a few struggles with his w's and v's. For instance he constantly referred to the small towns and hamlets as "willages." In the Swedish language a "v" is pronounced as we use a "w."

We checked into a Best Western Motel at Vaxjo. It is fairly nice with a pool. Arden and Ruth and Stanley and I took a dip before dinner.



The water seemed extremely cold on first contact but was tolerable after the first plunge was made.

As a rule, each evening we women "dressed" for dinner. Nothing formal for we didn't bring anything formal. But at least we usually freshened up after the day's activities and least put on a dress and changed shoes. Made us feel like a "lady."

Our tour guide for this city met and dined with us tonight. Actually he was not due until the next morning. He is a very unusual person and seemed anxious to be helpful.







I will include this interesting story about his life which he related to us. He has three uncles living in South Dakota. Several years ago he was hospitalized for several months following a very bad airplane accident. His uncles were so supportive during this difficult time, writing to him every week, sending gifts and telephoning often, plus many other thoughtful things. Ever since then he has made special efforts to do extra things for American Tourists. He said he wanted to be especially helpful because we represent Scandinavian Americans.

He gave us an added bonus of a tour of the city of Vaxjo after dinner. This unscheduled treat was just great. The man is very witty and charming - I believe he said he is a teacher. As he showed us the historic sights about town he remembered dates and important events which Americans might be interested in. He says he loves to give these guided tours; has been associated with the travel agency for many years.

He showed us the brick ruins of the old, burned out city. It seems that every city we visited has at some point in history been burned out

As a climax to the evening he took us to the edge of the city where we left the bus and walked a short distance up a short rise to a huge water tower. But this was no ordinary water tower! We walked beneath it to a point exactly in the center. Here we could hear every slight whisper and swish, amplified a hundredfold and echoed back to us over and over. The architecture was such that the under side of the tank was "concave", that is, rounded to a perfect half hollow "ball" thus trapping every slight sound and sending it back to us. I believe he told us there is none other like it in the world. None of us will ever forget the "echoing water tower!"



Sunday, June 20

Our day with the same guide as last night, began under cool, cloudy skies. Only occasionally during the day did the sun peep through. The bus headed eastward, toward the Island of "Oland."

It did not seem at all like Sunday, but we were in for a real experience of worship, even if we hadn't planned it that way.

As soon as we were well on the way our guide suggested that he play some tapes of sacred songs which he had recorded of special choirs. The words were understandable, at least part of the time so I believe they were Swedish singers, singing in English.

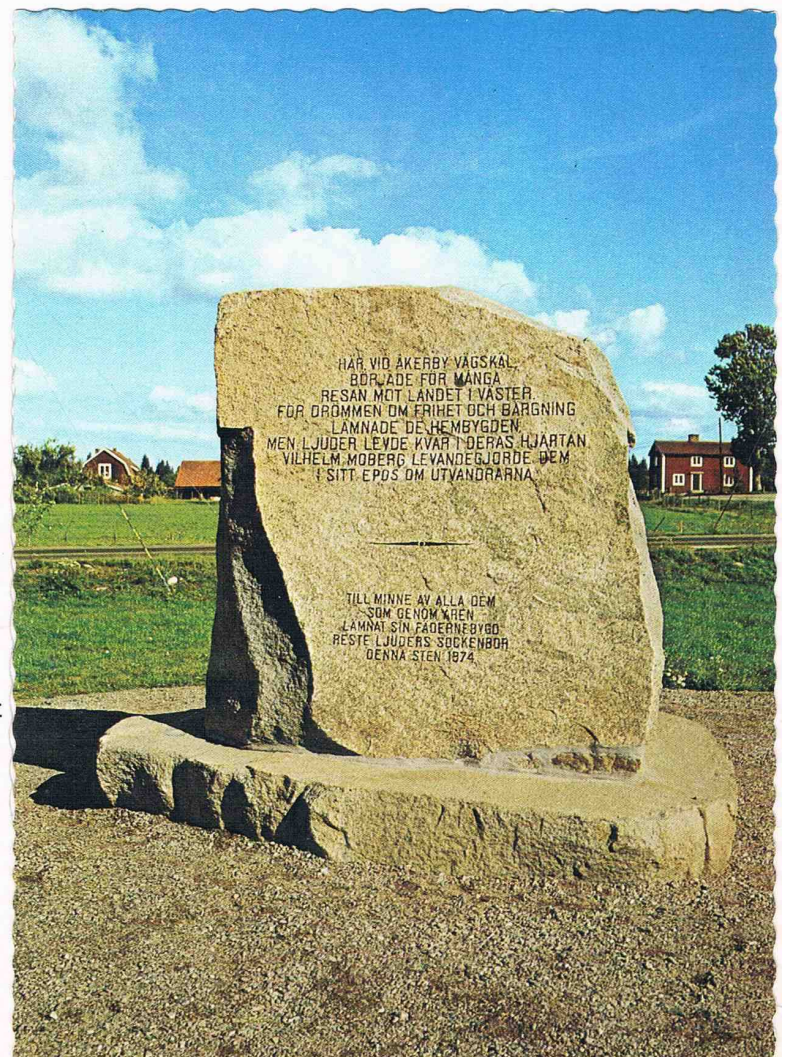
The countryside was green and beautiful, much of it wooded. The music was rich and majestic. Here was another unforgettable experience. To toll through the lush forests and past the green farms and listen to the strains of "How Great Thou Art" created a feeling and mood which will remain with all of us for a long time. Occasionally we "Sang along" but mostly we worshipped in the beauty and quietness of the bus ride and the music that Sunday Morning.

For me, the highest experience of the day, however, was the stop at a "Memory Stone." These are to be found in many spots about Sweden. This area, through which we traveled that day, happened to be that territory where more emigrants for America came than any other part of Sweden. On these stones were usually inscribed the names of the people from the immediate community who had emigrated to America back there early in the 19th century.

On this particular stone, mention is made of Vilhelm Moberg, famous Swedish Author of so many books which deal with this great movement. It was very surprising that I, one of only 3 or 4 in the entire group who had no known Swedish ancestry, had read three or four of his books. No one else had read any of them. This spot was especially meaningful to me.

Our guide informed us that later in the day we will visit the "Emigrant Museum in Vaxjo where there is a great deal of memorabilia on this fascinating subject.

At the site of this Stone there was a container of post cards and a receptacle to put the money in. What trust they put in the tourists!





Dinner reservations had been made for us at a charming small Inn. We were ushered to a private dining room with lovely decor. In Sweden the linen napkins are always folded in some eye-catching design. Today our places were set with wooden plates! First we were served a salad.

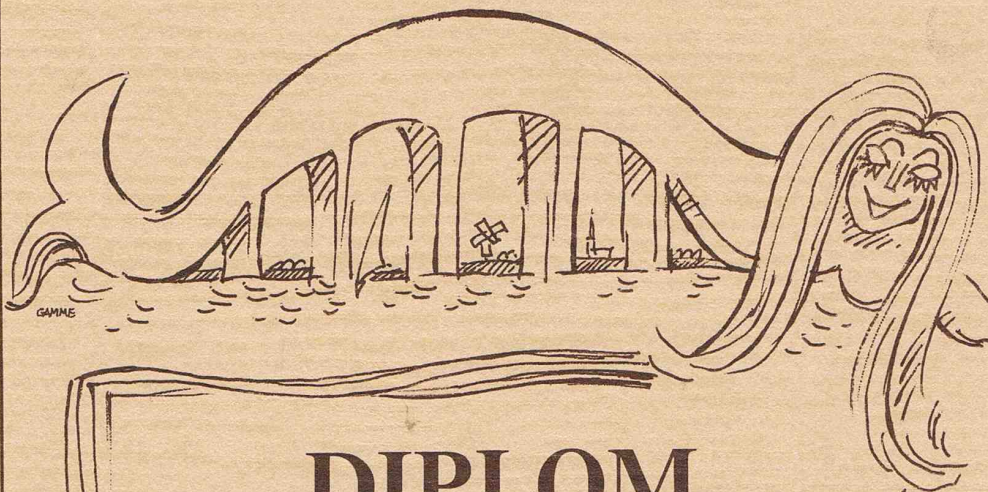
For the entree warmed china plates were placed over the wood plates. A very different fish dish was served. We learned that it was finely flaked, then formed into serving portions with delicate seasonings, etc., and served with a savory sauce. It seemed very rich. There was no dessert offered - nor did we need one!

Continuing toward the Island we crossed the longest bridge in Europe - that's what they said! It is 6,072 meters long (I think that is about 3.75 miles) and the tour guide presented each person with a "Diplom" declaring we had traversed the bridge!

# Kalmar Län mit Öland Schweden







# DIPLOM

## ”ÖLANDSBRORESENÄR”

Du har passerat en SKÖNHET – grå och mjukt formad i betong. Det är Europas största skönhets, som redan när hon föddes den 30 september 1972 vägde 350 000 ton, var 6 072 meter lång och 41,6 meter hög.

Tilldelat:

*Mrs Forkner*

Utfärdat:

*82 06 20*

Kalmar Läns Turistnämnd

Box 86, Stortorget 36

S.-391..21..Kalmar

Tel 0480-28270

*Alvaredson*



The Island is long, narrow, rich in history and they say it is well inhabited.

The only attraction which we saw on this Island was Borgholm's Castle. It is fairly certain that part of this huge castle dates back to the 12th Century. It was in some process of construction over the next five or six centuries. It was not always owned by Sweden. It figured prominently in many wars and in the 18th century much of it was destroyed by fire. It was often used as a residence for Royalty but more often it was a fortress, a means of defense along the coastline. Extensive exploration and restoration has been going on for ten years or more. Because we do not have structures in our country anywhere nearly this old it made us pause and think about the passage of time.

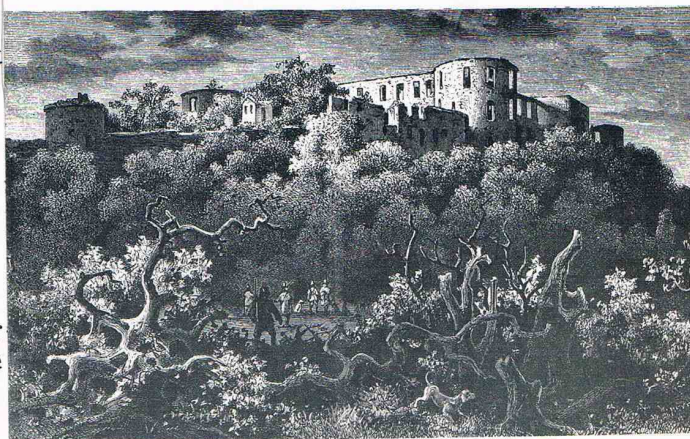
It would have been great to have had time to explore the Island but we were already behind in the daily schedule.

Returning via the "Long Bridge" we stopped at one of the many glass factories which dot this part of Sweden.

Being Sunday, the Blowers were not at work.

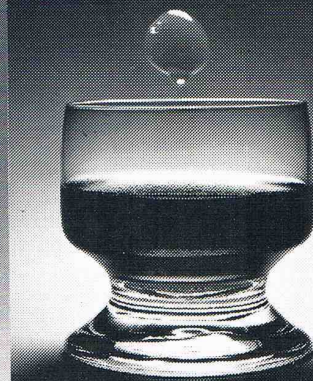
The retail store was open so we took a swing through it. It was tempting to do "impulse buying" for it was a "serve-yourself" place. Many of our group bought Christmas gifts but I only purchased a tiny crystal vase for pansies or other small flowers. I am glad to have something to remember this area by.

## Borgholm's Castle

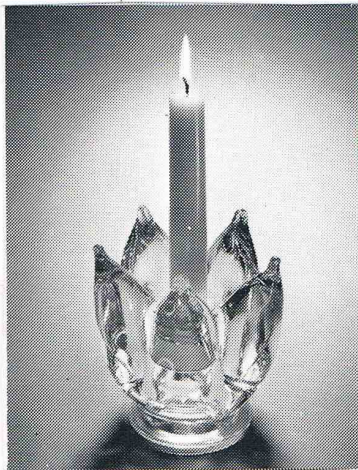


Welcome to the bargain shops  
in the Land of Glass.

KOSTA BODA



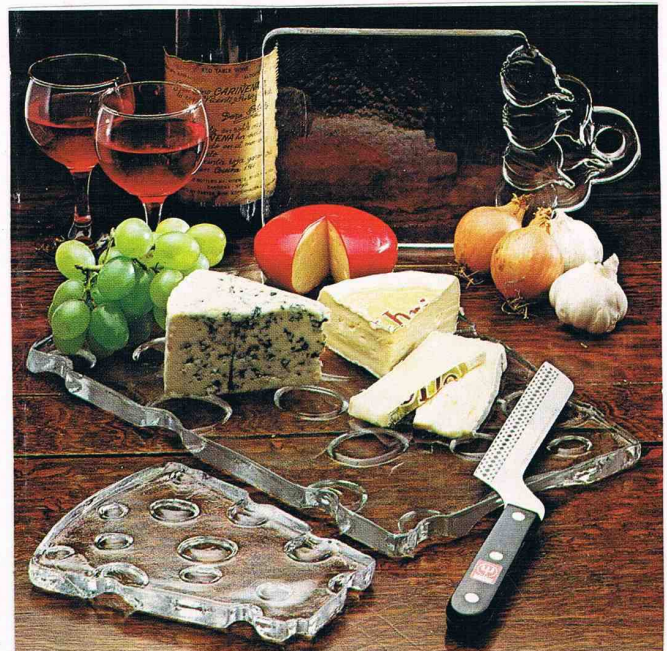
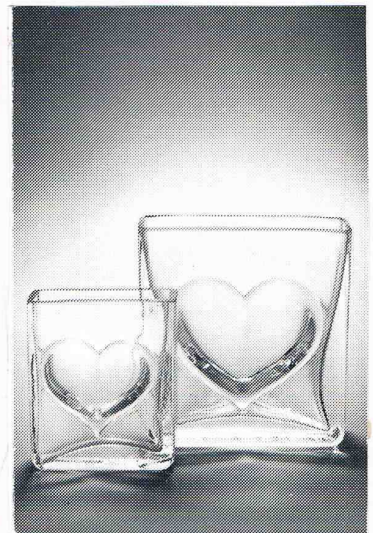




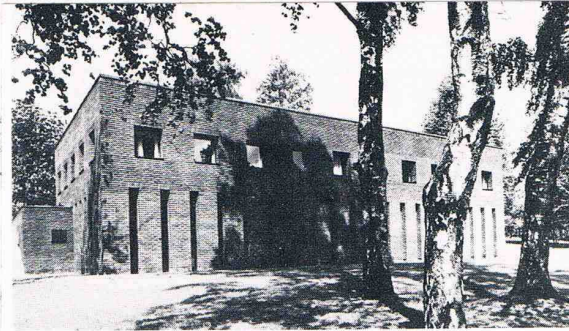
A "Glass Museum" was open to visitors. None of us had ever seen a place like this.

One section dealt with the history of glass-making.

But we were more interested in the unbelievable products displayed. The few pictures which I clipped from travel brochures does not in any small way do this exhibition justice. This stop, too, was all too short!







The House of Emigrants in Växjö

At the close of the afternoon, as we returned to the city of Vaxjo, we spent 45 minutes at the "Emmigrant Center." Here is a rich collection of memorabilia dealing with the early history of the Mass Emmigration to America. The displays were fascinating and dealt with the question, "Why did these Swedes crave to go so far from home, and why were they willing to risk such hazards to doso?" There are many recordings which one may listen to which helps explain some of the impelling forces in Sweden at that time that may have helped those who left for America make such a decision more readily.

A whole room here is dedicated to a display of Vilhelm Moberg's notes and other mementoes of his many books. I repeat that this was more interesting to me because I had read several of his works. Not all of them have been translated into English.

A large statue of Karl Oscar Nillson and Kristina hero and heroine of Vilhelm Moberg's book, "The Emmigrants," stands in the hall.

This is another place where one might easily spend a day. We regretted so much that we had but a few minutes here but closing time came at 5:00 and we had no choice but to go.

It should also be said that one may come here and search the archives for family ancestry information if your forefathers emmigrated from this section of Sweden.

We had but a few minutes to frehen up before dinner. It seems eating times came close together today.





After dinner we enjoyed another special treat. At 7:30 our driver escorted all of us to the home of our local tour guide where we were entertained for the evening. It is indeed a lovely home. We met his charming wife and also a friend who was assisting her with the food. It had rained and the air was cool and damp enough that our host had laid a small fire in the fireplace. They have restored and refinished some lovely old antiques and are utilizing them.

They served us rice pudding (that is what they called it, but to us it seemed more like cheese cake) topped with sweetened fresh strawberries and whipped cream. And coffee, of course. We didn't exactly need any more food but it was delicious anyway. We shall never forget their warm hospitality. Our host appeared to be quite moved and emotional as we said goodbye.

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Today one couple of our group had a splendid experience. Bob and Isabel Babb rented a car and drove about 50 miles northward and visited some Swedish relatives whom Isabel had never met. Arrangements had been made earlier and, as might be expected, there was quite a "gathering of the clan." They knew a little English and so everyone could communicate quite well. They had lots of delicious Swedish food and Isabel felt it was such a rewarding experience that now they are talking of coming to Sweden again soon. One relative insists she is going to visit Isabel and Bob in Florida before long.

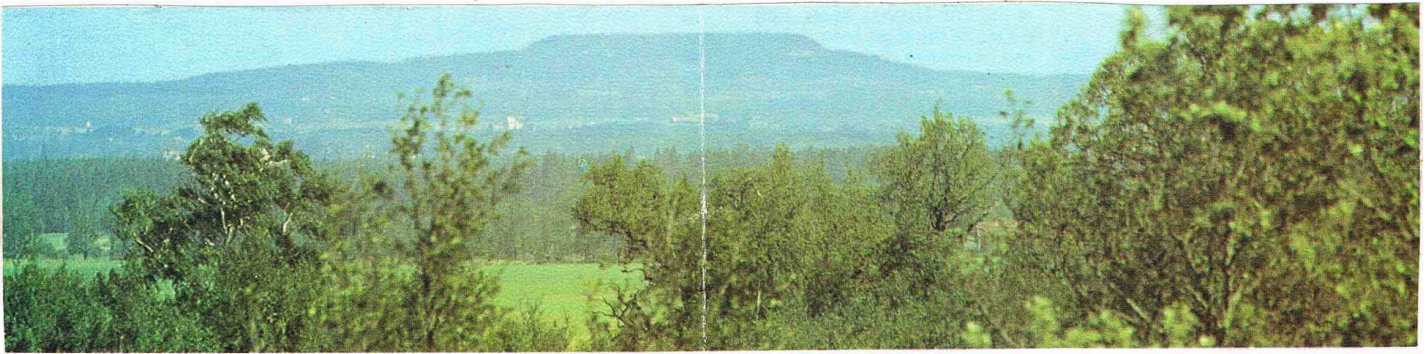
Earlier, in Finland, we had enjoyed seeing Aina Hermanson renew old friendships and family ties.

I heard several say they felt this was the best day of the trip so far.

I want to mention the special window treatment I observed in many Swedish Homes. Most windows are wide and are one single pane rather than being divided into little squares. They usually hang a sort of wide valance across the window; it varies in shape and design as well as in fabric and color. The most common style reaches about two-thirds of the way down the window at each side but only about one-third in the center. Some may reach straight across; these are not so "deep" and most are either scalloped or multi-pointed.

Some are of 100% crochet and these are the ones I most admired. Others are fabric with a wide lace edge, most likely hand crocheted. Usually they are white, although some attractive ones were pastels. A few went quite "modern" with geometric designs, some with flowers, but the white crocheted ones are the ones I shall always remember most.





Monday, June 21

Today we boarded our bus at 9:00 and headed toward Gothenburg. Of course Sweden is divided into sections, just as our country is divided into states. The area toward which we were heading is called - Vastergotland.

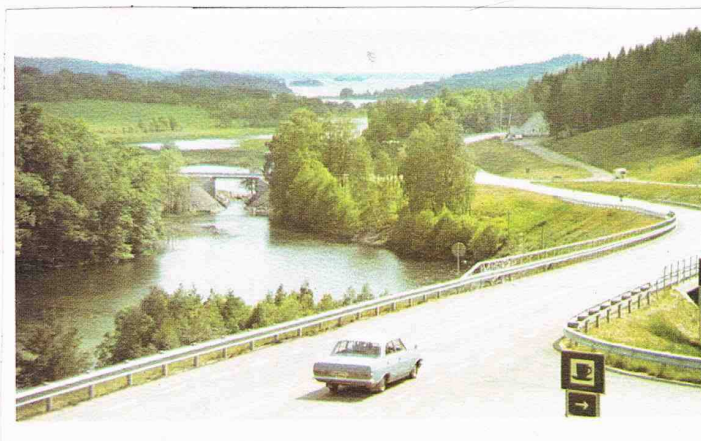
Arden Peterson, our tour host is 100% Swedish. Both his parents and his wife's parents are Swedish. He had arranged by mail for us to stop in the town of Boras for a brief visit with a cousin and wife whom he (Arden) had never met.

One custom on this tour, which our seasoned travelers tell us is most unusual is this: If anyone wants to stop along the way to snap a picture, that person merely has to call out to the driver and we stop! Just like that!

For several days as we rode through the countryside we had observed some unusual haystacks. This day when someone espied some a loud call went up to Mike and we stopped. Several got out, walked back the road a piece, crossing the road to get a better picture.

The farmer left his tractor and came over to the fence. He was smiling and was most hospitable, shaking hands with everyone and invited everyone on the bus to come to his house for coffee! Of course it was impossible. Arden invited them to come to our country for a visit.

Then tragedy struck! As arden was returning to the bus he jumped a ditch, fell and injured his hip. Others managed to carry him back and get him on the bus. He suffered excruciating pain for the next 1½ hours until we reached Boras where we drove directly to a hospital Emergency Room As we watched his agony as we rode along and while he was being transferred from the bus to the hospital we were certain he had broken his hip!





Leaving Arden and Ruth at the Hospital we went directly to the United Methodist Church where we were greeted by Arden's friend, a lively, mature lady who spoke excellent English. She was in a beautiful Swedish Costume. With her was Arden's Cousin and wife whom he had not yet met.

We learned that the friend's husband had been pastor of the church and when he died she continued to serve as pastor. Now she has retired but she introduced to us the young man and wife who are co-pastors now. She is ordained and they preach on alternate Sundays.

They had arranged a short devotional service especially for us. The entire group sang two songs (?) in Swedish! The Lady Pastor sang (in Swedish) "My Jesus I Love Thee." The Pastor then read from Revelation 21, which was followed by a brief meditation and prayer. The Pastor also is the pianist.

We were then guided to the apartment of Arden's friend where we were served a very sumptuous lunch. It was a "layered sandwich" with coffee, tea, tarts and a "Summer Torte." The beautiful foods looked like pictures in cookbooks!

She is a collector of antiques and her home is tastefully decorated.

Of course they were all most disturbed to hear of Arden's accident (as we all were). Before we left Ruth and our Bus Driver returned from the hospital but did not yet have any report as to what the X-rays told.



Kom och se  
vad Gud har gjort!  
Underbara är hans  
gärningar mot  
människors barn -  
Halleluja!

# WESLEYKYRKAN

JUNI 1982  
Nr 5  
Årg 35

Församlingsblad för Borås Metodistförsamling  
Hörnet Yxhammarsgatan - Sturegatan





We boarded the bus, minus Arden and Ruth and continued toward Gothenburg, about an hour's drive. We were only 10 minutes late. A guide was awaiting us and we were escorted on a two-hour tour of the city. This old city was a sea and shipping center a thousand years ago! But today's city dates to 1621. It is now the principal port of Scandinavia. The Volvo is manufactured here. It is also a leading shipbuilding center. It is as an art and cultural center as well. It is second in size only to Stockholm.

Our guide was excellent. However when describing a noted restaurant she kept telling us it was shaped like a "vale." When we remembered their problems with the "V" and "W" we knew she meant "whale!"

Soon after arriving at our hotel, a call came from Ruth Peterson that Arden did not have any broken bone. He would join us soon. Everyone thanked God it was no worse. When he arrived later with hand crutches he looked mighty happy to be back with the group.

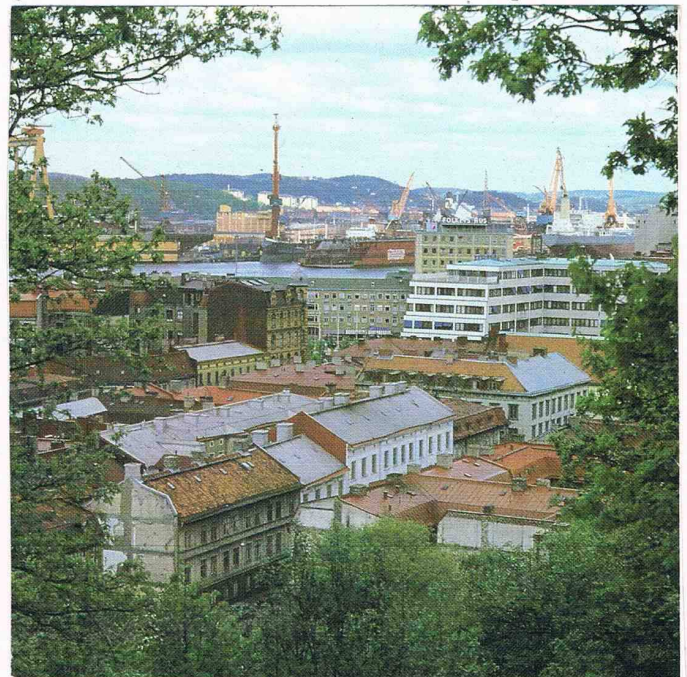
After dinner, Alver and Ada Hansen, Evan and Leona Hoaglund and Stanley and I found our way about on the city bus system and went to a big amusement park called "LISEBERG."

The flowers in the park, particularly the rhododendrons, were spectacular and the lights in the area were most attractive. The evening air turned very cold. All

of us women were chilled to the marrow even with our sweaters. To add to the misery my back began to ache so that by the time we did reach our Motel I was miserable.

A Tylenol 3 brought enough relief to get to sleep.

**Liseberg**  
Göteborg

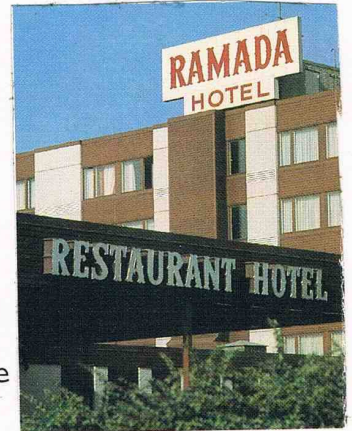




Tuesday, June 13

We did not need to rise as early as usual today. While still lying in bed I mentally calculated the days we had been gone and discovered that it is already day 13! Seems impossible.

The lobby of this Motel, a Ramada Inn, is very charming. A big, flat-topped cart filled with large apples for sale dominates one section. Two Kroner each. It sounded expensive, but when one remembers that a Kroner is about 16½¢ it is just about the same price as back home where nice large apples were selling for 3 for a dollar at Meijer's.



Eye-catching bouquets of Queen Ann's lace and Red clover are all about the lobby. More evidence of their "way with flowers."

Breakfast was a new adventure. Last night we had wondered about a large boat in the center of the dining room. This morning a sumptuous breakfast buffet was arranged on it! The vast array and variety of foods out in the mornings is mind-boggling. Today I was not too hungry. I have been having an ounce of bran in my room each morning.



At 10:00 today our bus deposited us in the downtown shopping center. Gail brunson joined us and the three of us traipsed about for an hour or so. Then Stanley went his way and Gail and I shopped to our heart's content. Found several things, had a nice lunch. Weather lovely with temperature 68 - 70.

After a delicious dinner we played cards with the Hoaglunds and Hansens.

Still twilight at 12:30 PM!





June 23

Everyone liked Gothenberg. We were sorry we could not spend more time in this old and historic spot.

This Ramada Inn has reminded us of the differences between Scandinavian Motels and American ones. In no way do we imply that the accommodations were inferior...rather, most of us felt that this was part of the fun of travel...observing and enjoying the customs and practices of other lands.

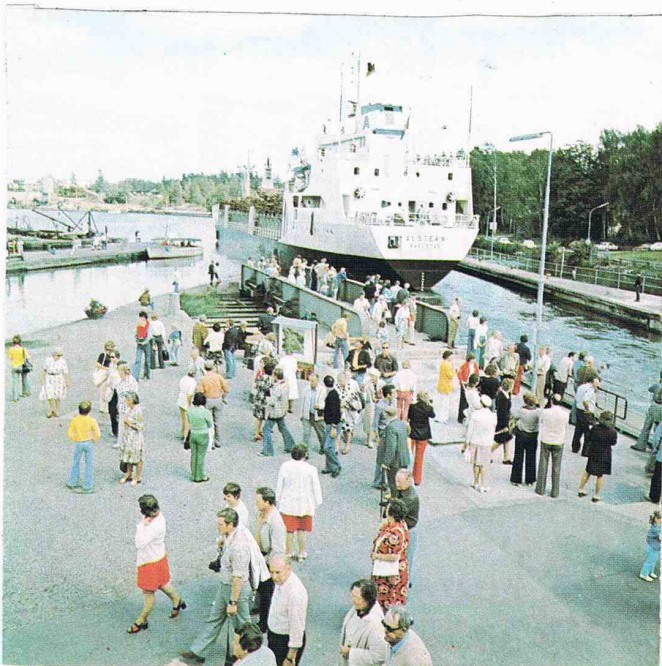
Each room here at Ramada has two double beds. In some other motels on our trip we found a single bed plus a sofa in the room - usually the sofa was somewhat uncomfortable. Another added bonus here were Wash cloths! And all towells were terry. The elevators were more roomy but still not as large as most of them in USA. All bath rooms here at Ramada have tubs, also bath mats.

It was interesting to note that in many public rest rooms, particularly in Sweden, there will be a tiny lavatory in the same stall with the toilet. Also the stall walls reach to the floor and have a sturdy lock. From "rest-room" stories which I had heard about Europe I had not expected this much privacy.

The weather today was just right. Not too hot, not too cool but bright and sunny. As we rode along our driver, Mike pointed out interesting things and insisted that he would stop for snapshots anytime anyone called out to him. (They did and he did!)

Part of the time we followed the route of a canal which crosses the entire Penninsula from Stockholm to Gothenberg. Many lakes are utilized for the canal follows the route of the Gota river much of the time.

There are many locks the length of the canal. We stopped for half an hour at one. There were many very interesting things to see. On to a rest stop and a bite to eat for all those who were hungry.



The scenery continues to be intensely beautiful. Everywhere along the roadside we see gorgeous patches of lupines. They are tall, nearly as tall as delphiniums, mostly purple, but also some are lavender, and some pink or white. Truly spectacular!

The broad, blazing yellow fields of rap were an unforgettable sight. They closely resemble yellow mustard blooms. I have since learned that it is indeed a member of the mustard family. It is a forage and cover crop; the seed is valuable for its oil which is used in food preparation. Seeds also are marketed for bird food.

THE RAMADA GÖTEBORG  
Gamla Tingstadsgatan 1  
402 76 Göteborg  
Tel.: 031/22 24 20 - Telex: 21690

**RAMADA**<sup>®</sup>  
HOTELS INTERNATIONAL



Arden Peterson thought that the countryside through which we traveled resembled some of the area around Tustin, Michigan where he lives. The highway system in Sweden is quite as modern as ours and apparently very well maintained. One sees practically no litter. Of course there is more in the cities, but compared to ours, it seemed not much.

We arrived at Karlstadt about 4:00 PM. It is not a very large town. It sits on a fairly large, lovely inland lake. Our motel is well outside the city. Another "OK" hotel. We learned from our driver that "OK" means "Oil Konsomer" or something like that. At any rate it seems to be owned or controlled by an oil company (I think!) It is nice and quite comfortable.





Upon arrival most of the group left immediately for the Emmigrant Institute (which was the real reason for arranging this stop-over at Karlstadt) for it is here that one can search the archives for information concerning one's roots. Since neither Stanley nor I know of any ancestry whatever from Scandinavia, we skipped this trip.

Stanley has been sniffing all day and showed signs of nasal congestion. Someone of our group gave him some cold capsules. It did help some. A couple of others had a similar complaint. He rested while I took a walk. I bought a jar of "Vinberry Gel." I have since discovered that over here Vinberries are currants to us so what I really bought was a glass of currant jelly.

Dinner tonight was another pleasant experience. I wonder if we received special attention. Always the cloth napkins are folded in unique ways. The waiters or waitresses seem anxious to please. No smorgasbord tonight. They do not, however, ever serve a plate already filled. The potatoes and salad is always placed on the table "family style." Usually warmed plates are brought to us and the waiter would serve the main course directly to our plate. Usually we were not served a dessert. Coffee or tea was never served with the meal, only after the table was completely cleared. Sometimes bread was offered but not always.

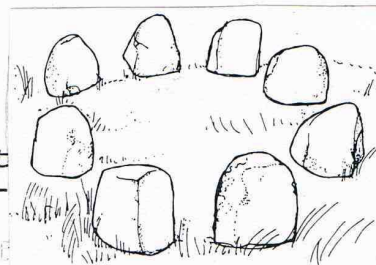
Because this was only an over-night stop no guide was hired to take us on a tour. However, after dinner our own driver took us on a tour and we learned things by consulting our brochures and asking questions. It was surprising how enjoyable it was.

The most fascinating area here is "Hammaro," a historical settlement. They claim the first settlers can be traced back to the Bronze age, about 1000 BC. We left the bus and walked back into a wooded area where there is an arrangement of boulders where it is believed that decision-making councils were held in antiquity. There were also remains of "cairns," or burial spots from the bronze age.

Hammaro is actually an island, separated from the city by a narrow strait. We paused at the Hammaro Church, at least partly built in the 13th century. It was too late in the evening to get inside the church but the reading in our brochures made us wish we could.

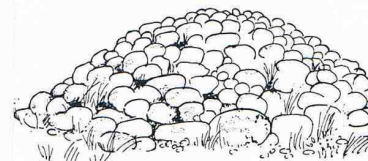
Here, about this church we explored our first grave-yard. Each family plot is separated from the others by a narrow, well-trimmed hedge. Nearly every plot had fresh flowers or plants, no matter how old the grave.

Later we explored other cemeteries. We always marveled at the splendid upkeep, but we had to remember that, since it is a state church, these burying grounds are state-owned and cared for. It is so difficult for us to think



**Judges' Rings**  
Burial place, also from the Iron Age, containing burned remains. In some places these judges rings were afterwards used as places of assembly for the local "ting" (council). Example: At the Håstevadet ford, between Halleberg and Hunneberg.

1,500 - 500 BC



**Cairns**  
Bronze Age burial places. Example: "Store Rör", near Odensåker.





in terms of a State Church.

A tall rune stone stood in front of the church. It was interesting even though the weather-eroded surface no longer showed the original lines.

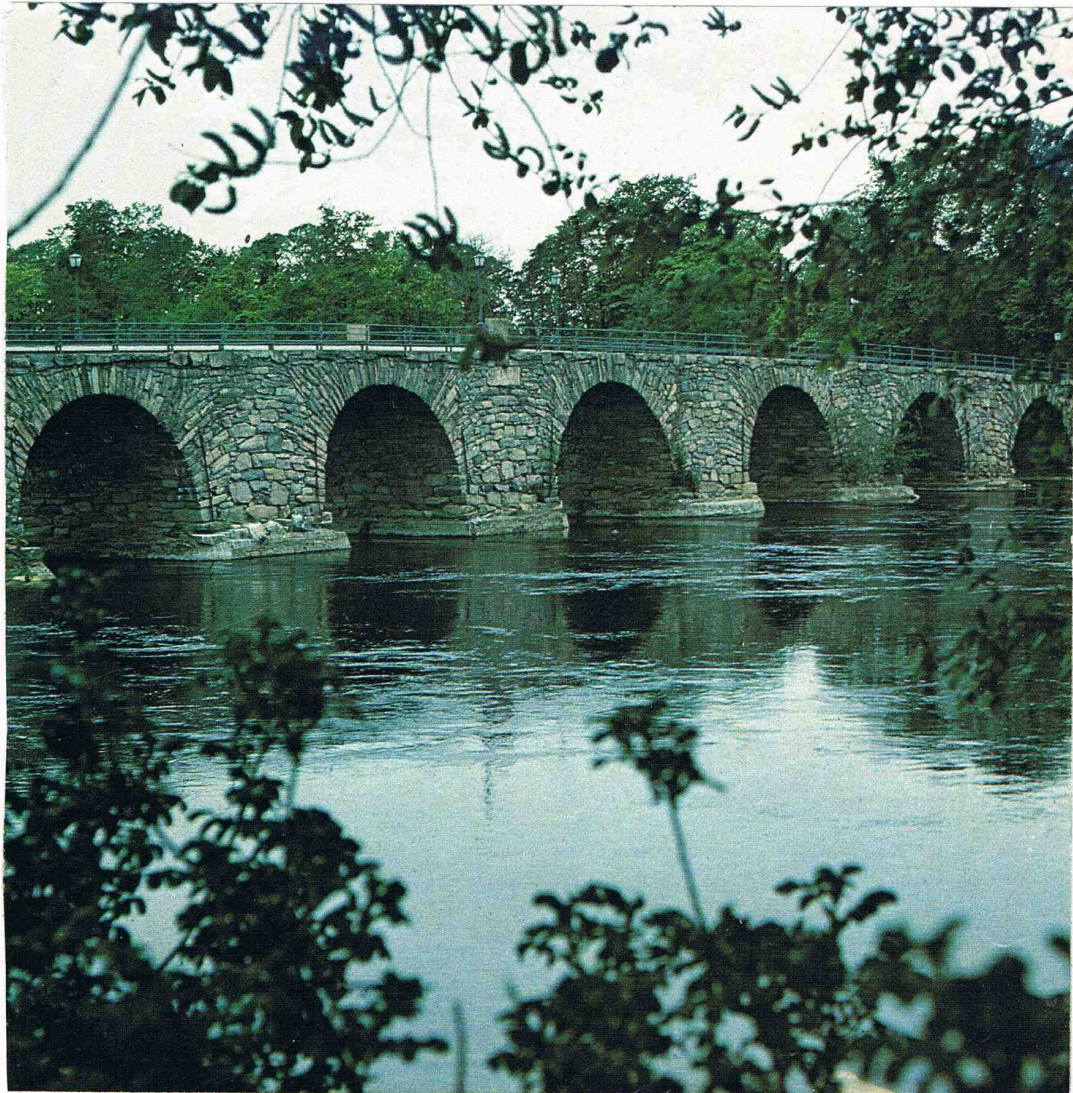
On the way back to the Hotel we stopped for a little while at a picturesque Stone bridge called simply, "East Bridge." It was a most pleasant spot to stroll about but too late in the evening to expect snapshots to turn out well.

We drove almost directly north today so at 11:30 it was still a somewhat bright twilight.

We changed drivers again today. Dorothy again made a money presentation and read an original verse for the occasion. Our new driver is named Lars Lingmerth and is the son of one of the owners of the bus company. He will remain with us the remainder of the trip.



Hammarö Church





June 24 ..... Karlstadt to Oslo

It has been two weeks today since we began this Scandinavian Adventure! In some ways it seems we have been gone much longer. But in other aspects I feel I have been gone only a few days. One week from today we will be arriving in New York.

It was easy to be ready on time this morning. We find our new driver most congenial and friendly. He, too, makes every effort to point out our interesting things along the way.

After we had driven for about 1½ hours we stopped at the homestead (birthplace) of a very famous Swedish author, Selma Lagerlof. She had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. The property is most excellently maintained, including the gardens. This was a choice spot for picturetaking.

A young lady guide led us through the house, pointing out various objects of art which the author had collected, her extensive library and even her desk where she had done most of her writing. The estate is located in a beautiful wooded, rural setting. A little tearoom was located on the grounds. A most worthwhile stop.

About an hour later we stopped for a while at Rottneros to visit an old Manor House which has become a horticultural park. When we entered a well-filled parking lot with many tour busses we concluded that this must be a popular attraction..

It is many acres and various levels of formal gardens and also a great deal of statuary. Apparently many of the statues were famous but I must admit that most of it was lost on me! I did greatly enjoy the gardens.

We were caught in a downpour about the time we got to the back of the estate. By the time we got back to the bus we were thoroughly soaked. I was concerned about Stanley's cold but it didn't seem to do him any harm. The bus was comfortable and we all dried out soon.

The remainder of the route to Oslo was scenic with intermittent rain and sunshine. I was dozing when I was nudged to life by an elbow and a shout....."Let's eat!" And outside it was a solid downpour!

Donning raincoats, we jumped the puddles to the shelter of a store. While the others went to a small cafeteria, Stanley and I roamed the store purchasing some candy fruit and nuts to dispose of our Swedish coins before entering Norway. They tell us it is easy to dispose of the paper money but they do not want to take coins from another country.

Later we ate our snack on the bus. It is often hard to know what one is actually purchasing. We bought some apples, a bag of peanuts and what we thought was a plastic box of hazelnuts, which appeared plentiful on the market in Sweden. When we opened it we learned we had purchased "Hazelnut Butter!" It is made like peanut butter but seems to have been sweetened. The apples were from Argentina, cost about 25¢ each. I had already bought a little bag of cookies in Karlstadt so we ate too much junk food that day.

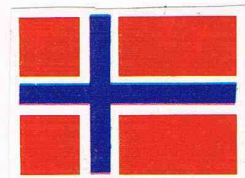
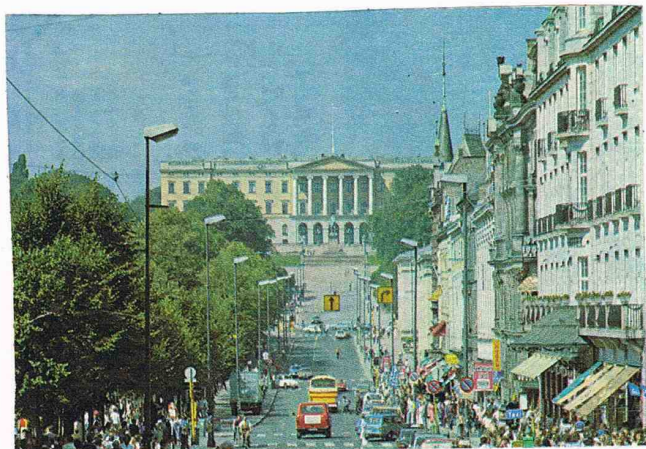
Continuing through the beautiful country, we could not stop any more today lest we be late in arriving at our hotel in Oslo.



Howev\_er, when we crossed the border from Sweden into Norway, Lars took our passports inside and had them stamped. He also paused long enough for us to observe the beautiful statue on the border symbolizing the peaceful relations between the two countries. It is tall and charming.

When we did arrive in Oslo our driver, Lars, apparently had some difficulty either in locating the hotel or in maneuvering the big bus through the narrow, one-way streets to the entrance. He finally made it about 5:45.

This is one of a class of hotels referred to as "Christian Hotels" or "Mission Hotels." We don't have it all figured out yet but Lars says one main difference is that they do not serve any alcoholic beverages, which certainly is a switch! I am sure we were assigned here for economical reasons. All is very neat and clean but the rooms are very plain. No TV, but then who cares, when one cannot understand the language I do miss a large mirror; there is only a very small one in the bathroom as was the case in a few other places and then I had to stand on my tip toes to see myself in it! The regular bed is comfortable but the sofa bed is FIRM!



Stanley and I decided to take a walk before dinner, since we learned we were not scheduled to eat until 7:00. We saw lots of green trees near so decided it must be a park and headed for it. After walking through the park we were surprised to find ourselves within a few feet of the Royal Palace! Guards in black regalia were parading about, while local citizens, apparently on their way home from work, walked right up alongside the Palace. Since it is located in the center of the city there are no lawns or gardens about it. Not even any fences to keep the citizenry away from the building. There is a large brick courtyard or square directly in front of the building probably used for assemblies and celebrations. The flag was not flying over the residence, indicating that they were probably not in residence at the time.

We had a little difficulty finding our way back to the hotel. These old cities have streets running every which way and it is so easy to become completely disoriented.

Tonight the meal was a buffet. Perhaps Smorgasbord is more nearly correct. The custom is to help one'self to the cold dishes first and then return for the hot dishes. I didn't even get to the hot food the salads and other cold dishes were so scrumptious!



We were invited to play cards this evening but Stanley said he would rather take another walk and I am sure it was more healthful.

We went down to the broad Avenue called Johansgate, which extends toward the city from the Royal Palace. It is a very large area with thousands of people milling about. The evening but cool but not uncomfortable. A beautiful fountain and pool dominates the scene.

Dozens of vendors were hawking their wares, mostly jewelry, offered by outlandishly dressed and bearded "hippies." Nowhere on this trip have we seen people who looked this way.

A young woman on a bike seemed either to be preaching or protesting; it was hard to know what she was trying to communicate when one cannot understand the language. She was being heckled and harassed by obnoxious people, and many times a fight seemed inevitable but finally she eluded them and sailed off on her bike.

We bought a british newspaper at a subway station and found our way back to the motel about 9:45 PM.

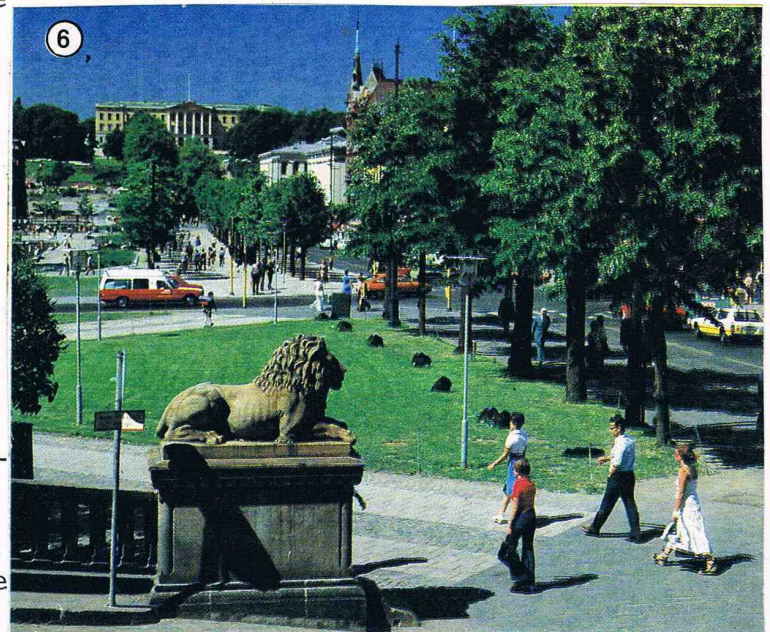
This city of Oslo is a distinct contrast to any other city we have visited so far on this trip. There is lots of litter and graffiti and dirty, unkempt young people lounging about. The city is not clean. Many buildings seem to need maintenance badly.

Tonight at dinner we had good conversation with Lars. He answered many of our questions about church and state and other enquiries about the Lutheran Church. He is so willing to tell us about local customs and traditions.

Today, as he washed the bus windows, I chided him by telling him that it would surely rain. Of course it poured, as I mentioned, while we visited the Manor House Gardens. He had not heard this little joke which we Americans use all of the time.

Lars is very finicky about keeping the bus clean. Part of each evening he spent time servicing the vehicle. It is such a comfortable bus, the more so since we are not at all crowded.

At 11:00 tonight it was not very dark, only "dusky."





In Finland we had blankets for our beds. In Sweden and now in Norway the bed covers became a problem. A "comforter" of feathers is slipped inside a muslin case, just as a pillow goes inside a pillow case. Such a heavy cover might serve for winter but for June...well that is something else. We took the "feather bed" out and slept under the case. Often this was hardly enough, but the comforter was too much. The first night here in Oslo I took the sofa and he the bed, then we exchange the second night to even the score!

The breakfast buffet seemed more lavish than usual here, with the addition of liver pate to the usual variety of sliced meats.

Throughout Scandinavia we observed a popular item was what they call "Crisp Bread." I believe it is a whole-grain product. In appearance it resembles a graham cracker but it quite hard and crisp. I thought it tasted somewhat like unseasoned rykrisp. It was on every buffet table and smorgasbord along the way.

A tour guide met us and directed a three-hour tour of the city, beginning at 9:00 AM. During the first part of the trip she mostly pointed out important buildings and areas and, as most tour guides apparently are trained to do, recited many important dates to us.

First we viewed a mighty and spectacular ski jump which is still under construction. It simply has to be seen to be believed. None of us had any idea what such a thing would look like up close. There is evidence that this one will surpass them all when it is completed. World competition will take place there. I hope I see it on TV Sometime.

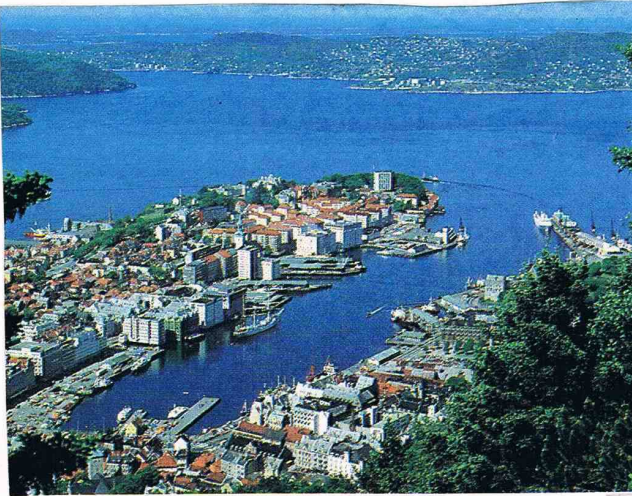
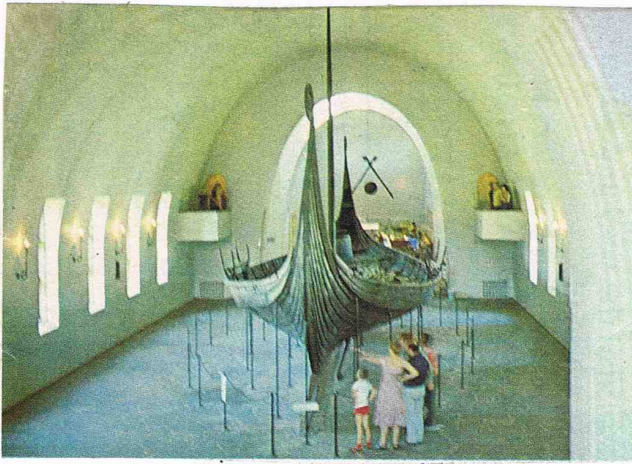
The next stop was at the very beautiful garden-park where the sculpture of Gustav Vigeland is on display. I had not remembered the name but recognized some of the statuary, particularly the obelisk made up of hundreds of human beings of all ages. I was very glad to see these objects of art and it helped a great deal to have our guide explain and interpret many of them. He account of how the collection of statues and sculpture came to be assembled in this place was fascinating.

She had our Lars drive us past the beautiful American Embassy.

We also drove past King Gustav's summer home where he is reportedly staying just now, since the flag was flying this day.







A stop at the Viking Ship Museum was outstanding. The ships which are on display are over 1000 years old. She explained that these old ships, which once actually sailed the open seas, were eventually used as burial containers. The ones we saw were actually excavated and restored to their present condition. Several of these have been discovered. It seems the peat bogs and marshes about Scandinavia helped to preserve them. After returning home I obtained some books from the Library Books and read further on this fascinating subject. We felt our guide did a wonderful job of explaining the history connected with this archeological find.

Before returning to the Hotel the guide directed us to a high point overlooking the city where she pointed out many buildings and other important sights. It was a nice, clear day and there was no smog to mar the view. From here we forgot the untidy streets strewn with litter which we had seen the previous even as we strolled about the broad Avenue, "Johansgate."

Back to the Hotel shortly after the Noon hour. I rested and napped while Stanley went out and cashed some Traveler's Checks.

Together we went to the Museum of Arts and Crafts, arriving there about 3:15 only to learn that closing time was 4:00! There was no admission charge so we took a quick stroll through. I still say it is amazing how quickly one can cover a museum when one cannot read the captions! It would be great to return here some time and spend a day at this place.

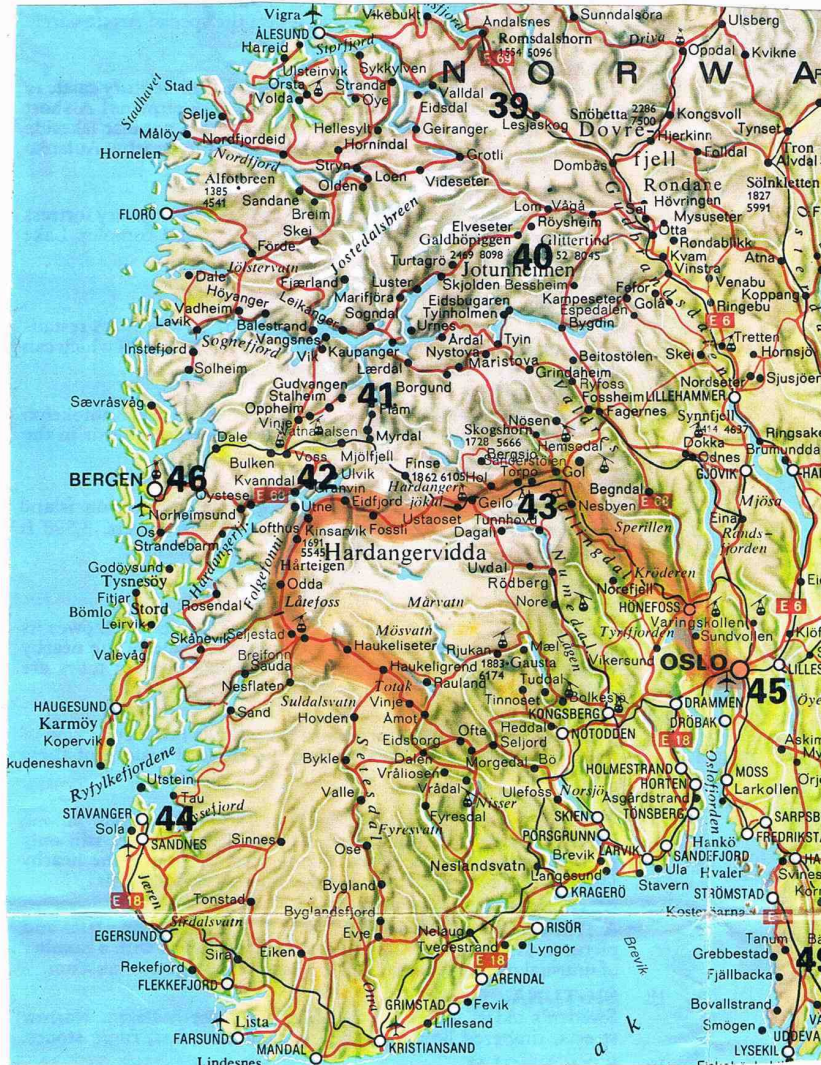
Nothing else was scheduled for the remainder of the day so everyone did "his own thing." Ours was a leisurely walk through the downtown section before dinner. A restful evening of reading followed dinner and I washed and rolled up my hair. We laundered a few articles and went to bed.

Some of our group felt dissatisfied with the hotel accommodations here in Oslo. All felt the sofa beds were impossibly uncomfortable. I must say I would have to agree there. Some complained about the food but I did not feel that way. I thought it was tasty and adequate and managed to overeat with ease!

I have said many times, one cannot expect to stay at the Waldorf for Day's Inn prices. I am sure we got the excellent price on our tour because some of these economy hotels were made use of.

A notice on the table invited breakfast guests to pack a sandwich for lunch. The second morning....did we ever!!!





June 26

OSLO

to

"Vinge"

via

a

FJORD

!

Departure time was scheduled for 8:00 but believe it or not we were all on the bus ready to go at 7:45!

Plans for the day were greatly changed. Some of us had expressed disappointment that we would not get to travel through any of the "Fjord Country" in the western part of Norway, in the area of Bergen. Our driver, Lars, studied his maps and outlined a trip for us for the day which would be approximately 300 miles farther than planned and which would indeed take us to see some of this part of Norway. Each person would pay him \$15 for the added travel. We readily agreed. I will say here that when the day was over and he figured the expenses he found each person owed only \$7. It was certainly more than worth the extra money.

The weather was good but slightly cool. About the last half hour of the day we drove into rain. During the early part of the day's travel Lars played a tape of the music of Edvard Grieg, famous Norwegian composer whose home was at Bergen. It was beautiful music and as always it was a beautiful experience to be riding through this part of the world with this added pleasure.

After about an hour's travel we stopped to see an ancient church building which dated back to the 12th century. This particular type of architecture is called a "Stave Church." Several remain about Scandinavia. Built of wood, the 2 or 3 inch thick planks are tongue and grooved together and placed vertically forming the sidewalls.



FAIR

The old interior fixtures are in fair condition considering their age. Only a few narrow board seats around the wall were for the aged and infirm, everyone else stood. A girl guide who spoke excellent English explained the customs of that day.



Of course it was originally a Catholic Church but after the Reformation it became Protestant. She interpreted the remains of the paintings on the ceiling. The building is no longer used for worship. The chancel area was removed several years ago and used in the newer church building adjacent. The guide said that if we had arrived two hours later we might have been in time to have seen a wedding! Of course a cemetery surrounds the church. It seemed impossible for us to leave any of the cemeteries without reading a few of the grave-stones.

Soon we began climbing to higher elevations and before long saw snow on the mountain tops. At the same time dozens of narrow waterfalls and tiny streamlets which drain the high snow fields appeared on both sides of the road.

Now we could see that we were above the timberline. We saw a cluster of three sod hutson the barren wind-swept tundra - and discovered that one of them was a souvenir shop! A man with a reindeer on a leash really drew out the cameras!

When we finally reached the Fjord it was even more beautiful than we had ever imagined! We had viewed slides taken by friends, also attended travelogues about Norway, but nothing can compare to the "real thing."

Somehow the mountains seem higher when they dip so directly into the sea. We saw two huge ocean-going vessels. I tried to figure from the map and concluded that the Fjord which we saw had to be at least 50 miles long. Our driver pointed out that the current *seemed* to be flowing backward, indicating that the ocean tide was rising, thus forcing the into the fjord for the time being. When the tide ebbs, then this current reverses.



The road through here was 2 lane, ran along the edge of the cliffs, was very curvy and many of the turns were hair-raising. At one point, due to a tight squeeze with a car, our bus struck a low stone along the edge of the road putting adent in the lower part of the front door. Nothing serious but for a moment I did think a lady in the automobile might have a heart attack!

We drove through many tunnels. One, Lars said, Is new and the longest in Norway, about three miles. The old road was very dangerous but the new one has straightened out many hair-pin curves.



We saw lots of "arctic Cotton" along the way. It is the same wild plant we saw so much of along the roadsides in Alaska.

The last few miles seemed the most "twisty." We were due for dinner at our motel but did not arrive until 7:15. Perhaps that evened out our early departure time this morning.

Today we ate our lunch on the bus. Lars turned the heat on to the hot water tank so we could have instant coffee or tea to go with the sandwiches which we had put together at the breakfast table in our hotel back in Oslo. Everything tasted great.

This motel is not the one scheduled on our itinerary. Due to the change in today's route another was substituted. It is tucked away in the mountains and is used in the winter as a ski resort. It would appear to be new or at least recently remodeled. It is clean and bright and smells of new wood. The bathroom floors are heated (almost too warm on one's feet!) Stanley washed his white jacket and it dried nicely overnight.



There is a pretty indoor pool here. Stanley and Arden took a dip. There is also a play room for the children, a TV room, a Sauna for each sex and large lounges.

Here was spread the most beautiful and lavish smorgasbord which we had on the entire trip - the one on the Ferry excepted. The things which they do with fish here you wouldn't believe. We OVERATE.

This motel has not been constructed to be very soundproof. Early after dinner a group of singers on the floor beneath us provided some delightful entertainment. I

guessed they were practicing for some kind of presentation. Their splendid harmony was often interrupted with much gaiety and laughter. Later, after midnight, ordinary footfall noises from the floor above us was not so enjoyable!

The evening was rainy here. Add to this the fact that the lodge was located away from any village, there was little to do to pass the time except to remain in one's room and read. No TV here. I worked cross-words and was bored....wished I had my crochet along!

Somehow it seemed darkness came early, possibly because it rained and also because we were so "buried" in forest.

Arden gave Stanley a pill for his cold. That one little pill really "knocked him out" and he was fast asleep, snoring noisily by 9:30!

It is evident that all of this unusual eating is beginning to take its toll on me. Several of the items of clothing I brought along are much too tight to be comfortable. Also I have eaten some things which are not on my diet at home...things such as strong seasonings and herbs. I am sure that when I get home not all of the "excess" pounds will be in my suitcase!





The beds were made up with the usual Scandinavian linens and covers. I am showing a picture of the way these beds looked when completely made up, ready for the hotel guests to arrive. The long "roll" is actually the cover, which I said resembled a feather tick.

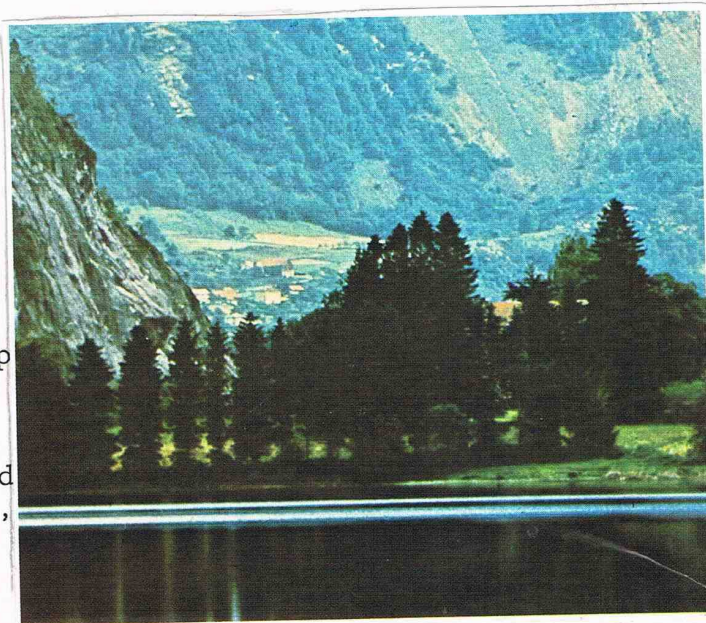
Since our room was so warm I removed the "feather tick" from its muslin case and used the case for a cover. Slept only fair.

Sunday, June 27 (Vinge to Kristiansand)

Departure time was scheduled for 10:00 today so we all slept in a bit. Breakfast was about 8:30. The usual bountiful smorgasbord Breakfast. Since my stomach still felt a bit uncomfortable I ate only tea and toast. Lingered at the table and had a splendid visit with Jim and Dorothy Johnson, also Nell Shellberg.

We were together in the bus, with all luggage loaded a few minutes before the announced time again. I often think about this. Many people have related to us how they have been on tours where certain individuals were habitually late. This caused much frustration among those who were always on time. This was never the case with our small group. Several times Arden expressed amazement (and appreciation) that we were always at the appointed place at the appointed time.

For the first two or three hours today's drive seemed almost to rival yesterday's exciting scenery. We traveled more hairpin curves and climbed to hair-raising heights. We looked down on the most lovely valleys. Some members of our group felt today's scenery at times compared to scenes in Switzerland. High above the farmlands we rode, looking down on miniature barns and livestock, shiny ribbons of rivers, and sometimes even small clouds obscured the scenery from our vision.





We had awakened to rain this morning but later it became much lighter. There was often a fine mist during the forenoon and we traveled under mostly grey skies the remainder of the day.

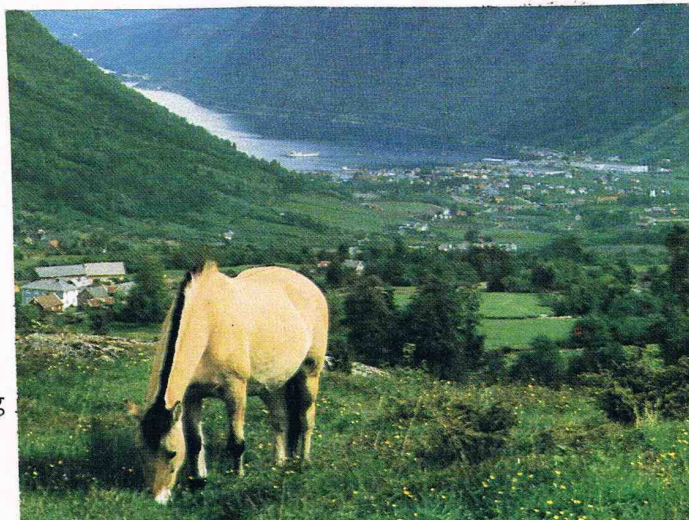
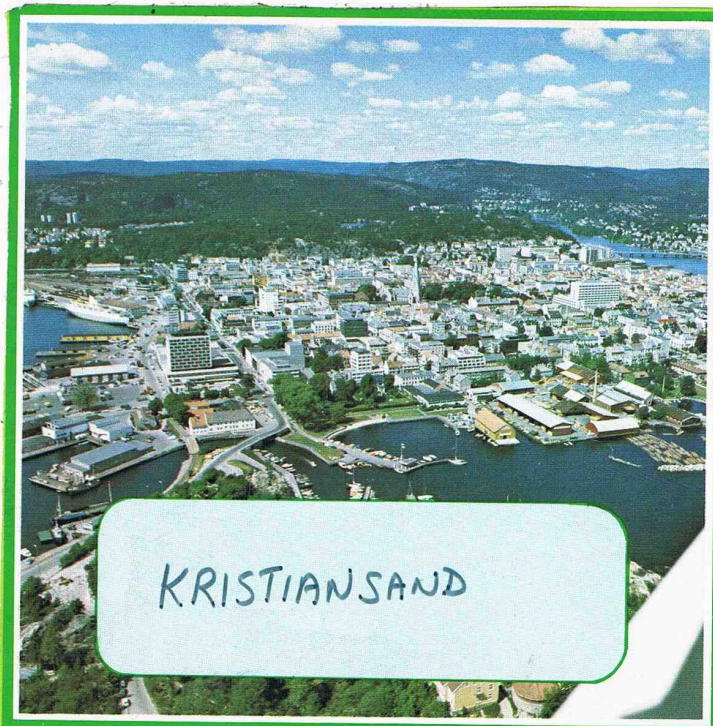
We consider Lars an excellent driver. Apparently he does some "honerwork" each evening. Thus he is able to tell us some interesting detail about each little "willage" we pass through.

Dorothy Johnson has a book about Scandinavia and read several paragraphs to us explaining the importance of this section of Norway during World War II.

We drove alongside another Fjord. As we rode along this morning we listened to a tape made by Lars' Aunt and Uncle. They sang many of our favorite hymns and often we sang along in English. I remember especially "The Old Rugged Cross." They also played handbells. Very memorable.

This fjord was not so large nor quite as beautiful as the one we saw yesterday but was pretty in its own way. We also drove through long stretches of forest land.

We arrived at Kristiansand about 3:00 PM. It was three hours before dinner time. Stanley and I took a walk through the shopping section of town. We met several others of our group doing the same thing. Nell remarked on the pity of it all. In this town our hotel is nearest the shopping center that it has been on the entire trip. Yet not a single store of any variety is open, it being Sunday!



So far this has been so in all of Scandinavia. At approximately 5:00 each afternoon and all day Sunday no business places are open. This is a town of 60,000 (including environs) yet it is practically "dead" on Sundays. I think the good old USA could take a lesson from this. But we couldn't help but wonder how this Sunday "closed-shop" policy has hung on so long in Scandinavia when so many other religious and moral values have changed so much.

We were able to purchase a London (international) newspaper at the Bus Station. Earlier in the day when we had stopped for gas we found a "Mini store" open and I purchased a dwarf size can of hair spray for \$2. They compare with the size I usually pay 69¢ for back home.



As we said, our hotel is located right in the heart of the city. It has been very elegant in its day. Our room has some white provincial furniture; a king size bed, dressing table, bedside tables, small sofa, two side chairs, a TV and even a refrigerator for our drinks! The customary "feather-tick" covers are on our bed, All of the bed linens are always glistening white and so nicely ironed. We are on the third floor here.

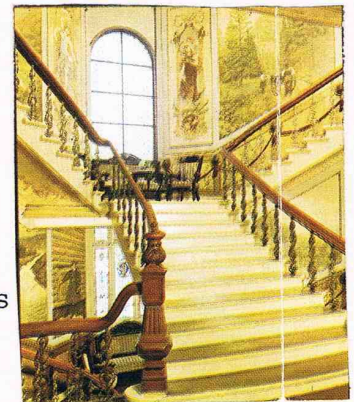


The entire building somehow looks well worn. A huge double staircase dominates the lobby. Lots of Art (paintings) hang everywhere. The place appears to be nearly empty except for us.

We found ourselves along in an enormous dining room at 6:00. During the course of our meal two other persons wandered in. Arden learned from someone that this is ordinarily quite a "night spot," with bands, dancing, etc. But on Sundays..... Nothing.



We also have remarked how we do not understand why we saw so few overweight people in Scandinavia. All of the meals offer rich sauces to go along with most entrees. Of course the smorgasbords are a collection of outrageously rich concoctions. The few fast-food spots we patronized offered much fancy pastry, etc. In Stockholm and also in Oslo the sidewalk eating spots appeared to specialize in fancy ice cream creations.



We asked Lars about this and he smiled as he informed us that most Scandinavians do not eat this way at home. "Mostly," he said, "These things are for the tourists!"

Let the tourists get fat!!!!

However, we all are convinced that most of these folk get far more exercise that we here in the United States. Even the housewife walks or rides her bike on errands. While there are more cars here than I expected to see there are not anywhere nearly as many as here.

Our dinner tonight consisted of a generous portion of roast Pork, done to perfection, peas and carrots, gravy. No salad or bread. a rich ice cream desert with real whipped cream, and finally strong coffee.





Since this was only an overnight stop, there was no arrangement for a guided tour of the city. We persuaded Lars to drive us about the city after dinner and we learned quite a bit of what we were seeing from reading the brochures, etc.

The center of Kristiansand was planned according to a gridded design by King Christian IV, and the streets have the same width as when the town was built in 1641. In the northeast corner of the "grid" can be seen the largest collection of wooden houses designed on this principle in the whole of Northern Europe. These houses have been perfectly preserved and are all occupied. We drove up and down several streets of these interesting old structures. (See picture above)

Lars then drove us to a very interesting point of interest called "Oddernes Church." It was originally built around 1040 but has been added to and more or less brought up to date. They say it's Baroque pulpit is from 1704. Outside the church stands a runestone describing how it came to be built. The stone is so old and illegible that we scarcely knew what we were looking at but it was meaningful anyway.

Once again we strolled between gravestones and marvelled at the fine care given these state-owned cemeteries. Beautiful flowers, recently cut grass, all shrubs pruned and even. Arden was able to interpret many of the phrases on the monuments. Most of the stones are of a beautiful black marble. There are some very, very old graves but also many new ones, several from 1981. We noted one with the funeral flowers still heaped upon it.

After returning to our hotel we were invited to play cards with Ruth and Arden, Leona and ~~Alver~~<sup>EVAN</sup>, Ada and Alver. A table was secured in the lounge and, seeing as how there were hardly any other guests, it was about impossible to disturb anyone!

We are considerably farther south now, so that at midnight it was almost totally dark....but not quite.

Tomorrow we bid goodbye to this lovely land of Norway. It is truly a beautiful place.





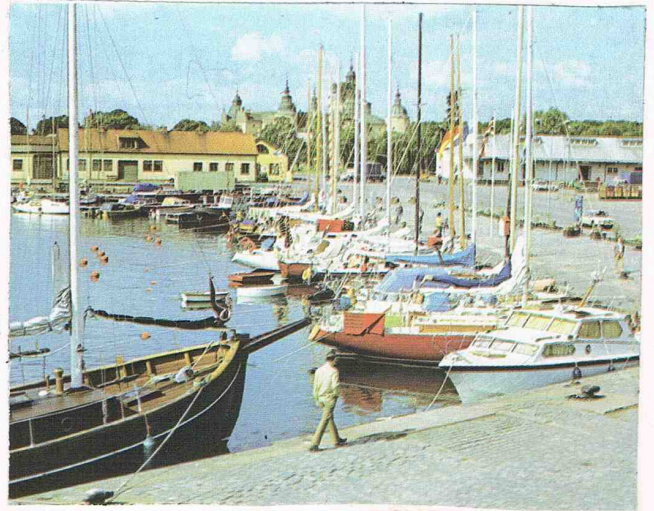
Monday June 28

From Kristiansand to Aarhus

Breakfast was ready by 6:45, a nice buffet. A toaster was at our disposal today, and this pleased several of our group who were yearning for some authentic American Breakfast food. We were the only ones in the dining room today.



We knew the Ferry trip would take until noon. Thus we were all a bit disappointed to have a grey, cloudy, chilly and sometimes misty day. Very soon after we began the trip rain settled in and continued the remainder of the way. So everyone stayed inside.



From the look of the small lineup of cars waiting to board we guessed there was no more than a fourth of a load. As it was not crowded one could sit about where one pleased. It was a smooth and comfortable trip. ~~Some slept.~~ Some slept, some dashed about hilariously. Plenty of slot machines kept a few busy. Ada, Alver and Leona invited me to play a card game with them called "Golf," It was easy to learn and we had a great time. Since then I have taught a few others to play it.



The "tax-free" shop on the Ferry was interesting. Our driver had warned us the day before that their prices were exorbitant so that the items were not really the bargain which they seemed. It was limited to tobacco items, candies and confections and alcoholic beverages. I think everyone bought something. I bought a tin of chocolate covered strawberries which I brought to my Mother. Also a little box of filled candies, mostly to use up the loose change. One can exchange the paper money in another country but not the coins. I think we still have a few coins from each country we visited.

An acceptable cafeteria on the Ferry provided a place to get a bite to tide us over until Dinner time.

We landed at Hirtshals, Denmark very nearly on the dot of Noon. Now we were in yet another country, the last before the end of this adventure.

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Immediately, upon leaving the Ferry and beginning our bus ride, we could observe that things looked "different." One could sense that one was in another country. Lars pointed out that the Danish people were more "outgoing," not so stand-offish.

The architecture took on a story-book character, looking exactly like pictures I had seen of Denmark all my life.

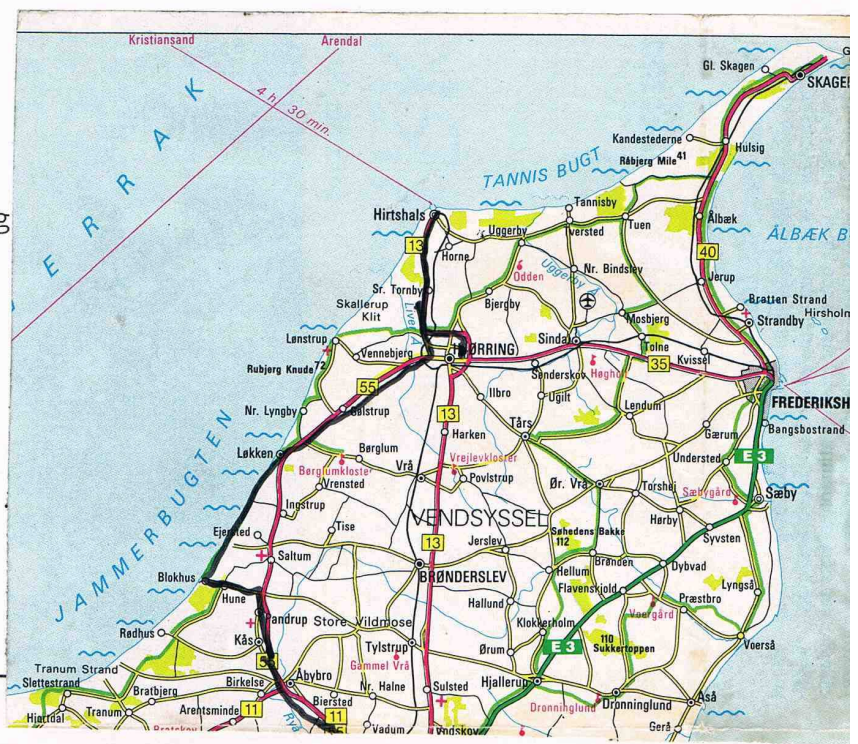


Lars seemed to know of a section of the route where he could travel on open beach for several miles. I believe he inferred there is nothing else like it anywhere else.

We left the highway at Lekken, went through the village until we came to a broad, sandy beach. The sand was slightly damp and solidly packed and as the road ended we simply drove onto the sand and began paralleling the sea some 100 yards from the water. Because of the inclement weather there were few bathers. Hundreds of tiny portable beach houses were lined up in a row farther back from the water. Lars said they are owned by individuals who tow them out in the spring and back home in the Fall.

We continued to drive a mile or more. It seemed strange to be riding along where there was no road!

Suddenly there appeared a gully or wash-out and it had caused a sizeable ditch to form. Some workmen had thrown up a narrow wooden bridge which would undoubtedly take the small European cars but in no way could our big bus cross over it. So Lars had to turn around, head back to the village and the open highway. At least we got the feeling of it and







marveled at their skill with geraniums.

We stopped in Alborg and located a bank where we got Traveler's checks cashed. Roughly, there's 8 Danish Kroner (Crowns) per US dollar. In Norway and Sweden it is about 6. This exchange rate makes price tags really startle one! You have to look at the price, mentally divide by eight to estimate the cost in American dollars. For instance I saw shoes on sale for 200 Kroner. (Regular prices in the windows might be 500 Kroner. Of course at first glance one shudders, but when divided by eight the sale price becomes about \$25 and the regular price about \$63.60. It isn't hard to find shoe prices like this here at home.

We were allowed 45 minutes here which we used mostly by strolling about the shopping area. Sidewalk sales were in progress. We enjoyed window-shopping, especially the cheese shops, meat markets and other food stores.

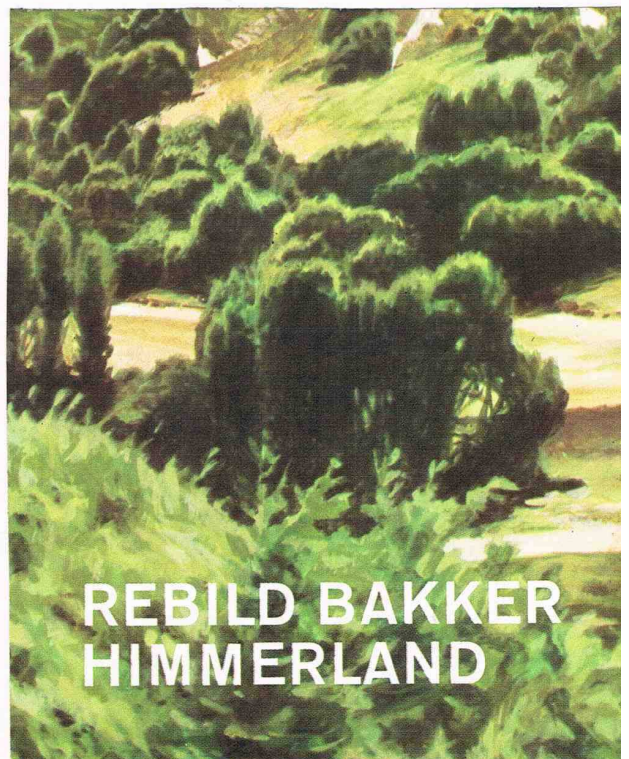
By now the sun had come out and the weather was delightful. Lars knew we were near "Rebild Bakker Himmerland." A wealthy Danish-American brewer named Max Henius had created a National Park by developing a large wooded area into what we would call a "nature Center." There are numerous trails threading through the acreage, streams and cascades. Many points of interest have historical and archeological significance. There are many thatched roof cottages and a large replica of an American Log Cabin (this has something to do with Abe Lincoln) and a large amphitheater called "The Pot." Each year on July 4 a huge festival is held here commemorating the day of independence of the United States and the friendly relationship of our two nations.

If one had a few days in this area this would be a most refreshing place to spend some time

Lars discussed the heavy concentration of people in this small country, compared to the small and more scattered population in Norway, Sweden and Finland.

We saw very little wooded area in Denmark. Mostly agricultural. Lots of dairy cattle. The farms looked well tended and there was little land not under cultivation.

We marveled at the beautiful gardens at every house in the rural areas. As in the rest of Scandinavia flowers abound. They too seem to have a special way with growing things. All of





Our stop-over point this evening was Aarhus, Denmark's second largest city with a population of 250,000. It began to rain about the time we arrived.

This time we again registered at one of the Missionhotels. It proved to be one of the less desirable hotels on the trip. The building was old and rather shabby. First off we discovered the elevator was out of order and we drew the fourth floor! I was irritated and behaved badly.

I must comment on the bathroom in this hotel. It seemed hardly more than 4 x 5 feet. The two usual items of equipment were there, the lavatory and toilet. On the wall hung a portable hand sprayer. For a bath one simply stood in the middle of the room, lathered up and then sprayed off, the water splashing all over the room I would presume. As we had both had baths that morning we did not try out this equipment!

I want to say that the bed was spotless and white as snow. They do not use any of the raggy, no-iron linens found in motels in USA. These have been bleached and ironed and are beautiful. No bedspreads and of course the usual "feather-tick" covers.

Our evening meal was tasty and generous. No buffet this time; we were served individually.

After dinner Lars took us on a tour of the city but because the rain had turned into a downpour none of us ever left the bus. We all felt there was lots to be seen in this city and were sorry it had to be only an over-night stop. But we have a schedule and before long we will have a plane to catch.

This hotel is adjacent to the City Hall and the tower clock bangs away every fifteen minutes night and day!.

This statue of the pigs stands in the City Hall Courtyard and was in full view of our hotel window.





June 29

Aarhus to Copenhagen

Departure time was announced for 8:00 but we were on board a bit before that time. Arden again expressed appreciation for our punctuality.

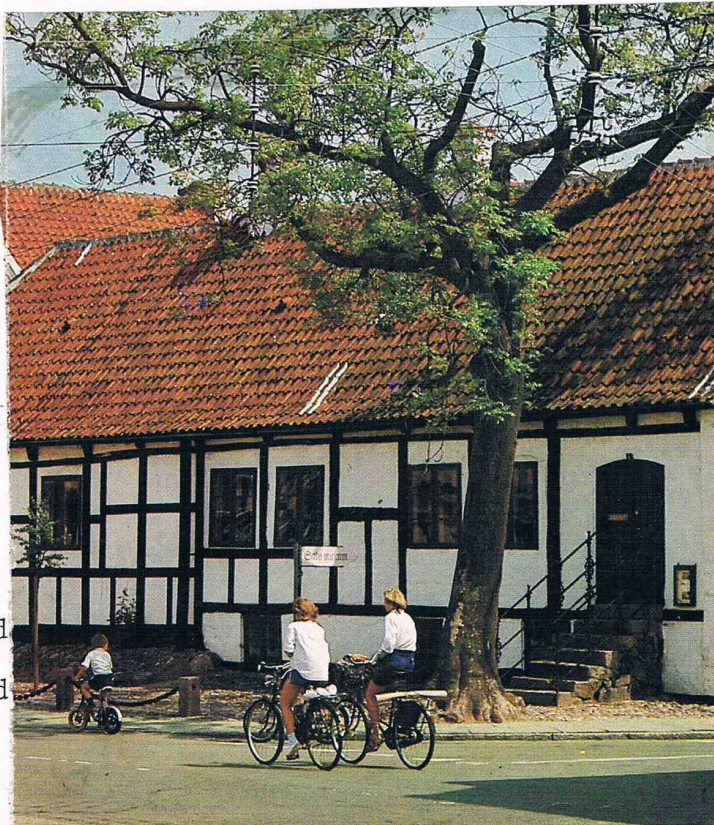
On this trip we have heard many references to a "Swedish Mile." Today Lars explained it to us. It is roughly the equivalent of about six American miles. Of course all is metric here. A mile is 1.6 kilometers. (80 km per hour would correspond to about 50 miles per hour). Most road signs read "90" which would come very near our American speed limit of 55 mph. It would be easy to master this Metric system with no alternative!

The ride today was interesting. The villages are very picturesque and the countryside is especially attractive.

We were due in the city of Odense by 11:00 but arrived about 10:15. We "killed" the time by walking about the streets, window-shopping and comparing prices with those back home.

We always enjoy the food markets. We found the meat department in these stores very small. These people eat a great deal of fish; these are for sale in the fish markets. They also eat a lot of cheese.

At 11:00 we walked to the area where stands the birthplace of the famous writer of children's stories, Hans Christian Anderson. A tour guide was waiting for us. She spoke good English and refreshed our memory on the names of many of the tales written by this author of the previous century. The only stories I could immediately call to mind were, "The Little Match Girl," and "The Ugly Duckling."



The rooms of the old home (called The Museum) were tiny and crowded. It would have been nice to have time to read the notes and examine the memorabilia. The tour lasted an hour, every minute of which was enjoyable. Across the cobblestone plaza was a fascinating little gift shop. Here I bought some little porcelain bells which I later gave to Stanley's sister.



After boarding our bus, a short Ferry trip took us over to "Jutland," the large Island on which the city of Copenhagen is located. The trip took scarcely more than an hour and about all that was accomplished was getting a bit of late lunch. Stanley and I, Arden and Ruth and Ada and Alver got a table together. Prices were outrageous and so was the service.

Whenever we thought about the high restaurant prices we had to remember that the gratuity was automatically included in the price. I think I liked being free of the bothersome need for tipping.

Swiftly finding our way across more scenic countryside, we arrived at Missionshotel in Copenhagen about 4:30 PM. After being assigned to our rooms and getting "settled in" we found there was more than an hour until dinner time so we elected to take a walk about the heart of the city.

Stanley had been to Copenhagen in 1961. He was anxious to see how much he would remember and recognize. He quickly commented on how many more automobiles there were and also could see that there were fewer bicycles. We walked to huge "City Hall Square," and on past the Main Gate of "Tivoli" the famous Amusement Park. We discovered McDonald Hamburgers right across from City Hall Square, as well as Burger King. One of the members of our tour was so elated over this that he patronized them at once! We walked a bit on the well-known "Shopper's Street," and then browsed a little while in a large bookstore where they had a super-abundance of English and American books.





Though the weather was a bit misty the Babbs joined us and we went to Tivoli. Light rain fell off and on all evening but it never got soaking wet. We walked about observing the various concessions and enjoying the unusual and beautiful lights. Of course the flowers and fountains are a real attraction. So different.

Because of the rain we did not go on any of the rides. About 9:00 the Babbs returned to the Hotel. Later we saw some beautiful Ballet but had to stand to watch it. From 10:30 to 11:00 we watched a stage show (gymnastics and a comedian.)

In the gift shop I bought a scarf for Mary Ruth.

There were fireworks after the stage show.

We went home about 11:45 and were in bed by midnight.





June 30 - Last day of our Adventure!

Breakfasts in Denmark have not included any meat. It is a buffet style meal, however. In Aarhus we found on our breakfast buffet a clever little cheese dispensing contraption. A plastic case contained the cheese; we turned a little crank at the side and it delivered a slice. Quite sanitary and kept the slices from drying out.

Usually there is a choice of at least two dry cereals. There were always plenty of breads, Toasted English Muffins, Danish Pastry and, as all over Scandinavia, plenty of orange marmalade, strawberry, raspberry and/or Ligonberry jams. No eggs offered here. Plenty of juices, coffee and tea. The breakfast and Evening meals have been included in the cost of the trip.

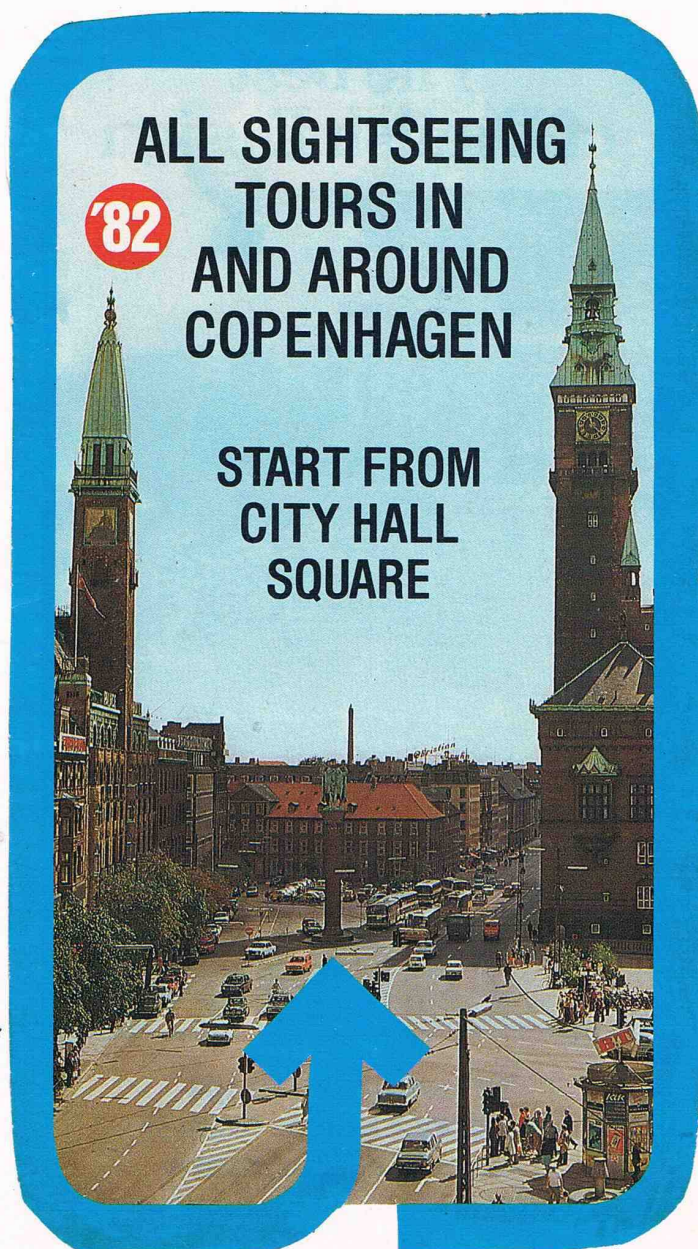
Food has been no problem for me (other than consuming too much of it!) I mean to say that I seldom, if at all, was served anything I didn't like or want. Possibly some items were seasoned too heavily for the good of my ulcer but I can honestly say that I really enjoyed all my meals. Fortunately I love fish. Most of the seafood was prepared into a cold dish of some kind.

A tour guide was on hand at 9:00 to show us Copenhagen. She was fairly articulate with the English but had a tendency to clip along a little too fast. Some said they had difficulty understanding her but I had no problem. She was more "mature" than previous women guides.

For the first time on any tour I got the idea we were being shown the "slums." As I said, she talked fast and I cannot recall too many of the facts which she presented to us.

Denmark has social problems one can hardly believe or comprehend. I remember one problem which she mentioned. Many youths from Greenland come to Denmark, and the majority of them end up in Copenhagen. Now Denmark owns Greenland so these youths are citizens and cannot just be "sent home" or "deported." They do not seem to "fit:" they are usually unemployed and end up on drugs or alcohol. We saw lots of marijuana growing in this area.

This city, as well as others in the country are very crowded. Of course this compounds the social problems. Seems most of the apartment buildings are old and enormous. We saw lots of gov't subsidized housing for the poor, elderly, handicapped, etc...





The tax rate in Denmark is unbelievably high. After returning home I learned that the sales tax is 18%! I believe they do not exactly call it a sales tax. It is always included in the price, not added on as we do here.

The guide said the divorce rate is the highest here of any Scandinavian country, something like 57% of all marriages end in divorce.

She showed us the government buildings and the Royal Residences. They are beautiful. We walked through some beautiful gardens. She

She commented on the large number of Bicycles in the city. Bike stealing is a big problem. She says a bike is stolen every eight minutes. She insisted that there are very few traffic accidents involving bikes. But I would certainly hate to try to drive here!

It seemed that in Denmark we saw many scenes which one imagined had stepped right out of a story book.

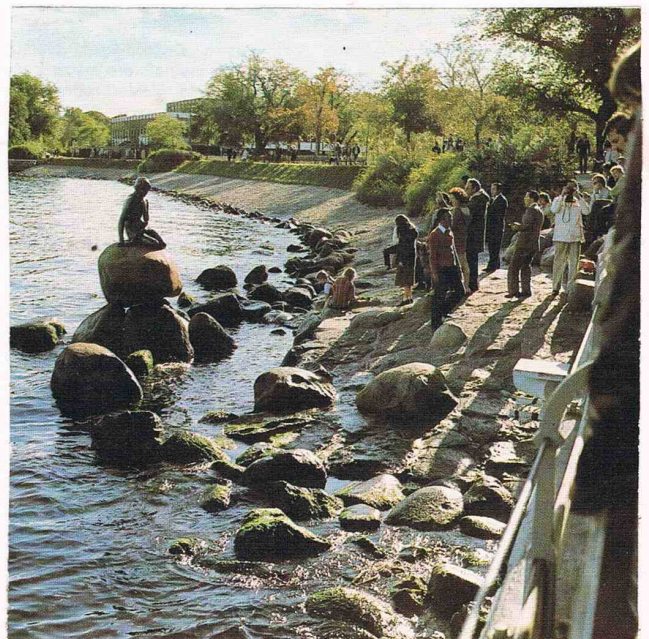
Like the faithful mail man, in his bright red jacket, making his appointed rounds. What a nice and cheerful sight!

Also, in many cities on the trip we saw real, live "Chimney Sweeps." Apparently a lot of people still use fireplaces so there must be a real need for these men. They wore the traditional high black hats and carried all of their equipment on their bicycles. All of them which we saw were young men. (No women!)



Of course no one ever visits Copenhagen without seeing "The Little Mermaid." It is a metal statue on a rock in the water at the edge of the bay. Large crowds of people milled about and I could not help but wonder at the cost of all the film being shot up here! Some say it is the most photographed statue in the world and I believe it.

Finally we stopped at a huge church, the largest I have ever been inside of. We seemed as ants when we entered! Of course it is a state church, begun in 1920 and finished in 1940. We were told that an average attendance would be not more than 75 for two services. This is true in state churches all over Scandinavia.





Returning to the hotel about noon, most of us women decided we wanted to have one last fling at shopping. The men did other things. Gail Brunson and I teamed up and tramped "Stroget" from one end to the other.

Once we were standing on a corner trying to decide where we were and which way to go when I heard a pleasant voice at my elbow: "Now it is good to hear a voice from the dear old midwest again!"

I turned to face a handsome young man of perhaps 25 years of age. I replied that some American English sounded pretty good to us! Gail then said that she was from Detroit and I added that I was from Grand Rapids. (Often I find people who have never heard of Wyoming, Michigan but everyone knows where Grand Rapids is.)

With a big smile he said that he too was from Grand Rapids. "Well, not exactly from Grand Rapids," he said. "I really come from one of the suburbs called Wyoming." How about that! Then I told him I too was from Wyoming. We learned he had been there for two years, having a position with the American Consulate.

I am still sorry that I did not learn his name so that I could have telephoned his family here and told them how fine and friendly he was.

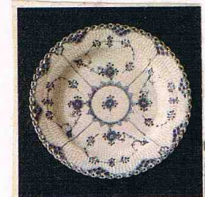
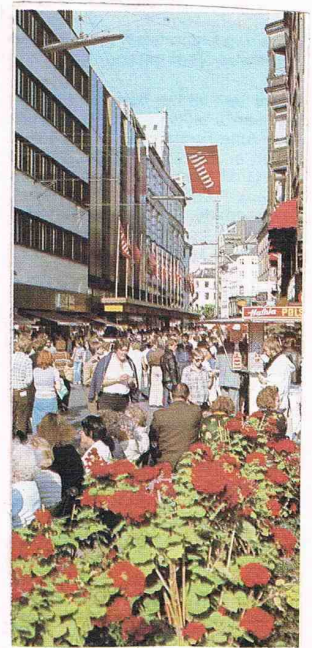
Royal Copenhagen Porcelain is sold here in every store, large or small. It is very expensive. I did not buy any but many of our group did.

It began to rain when Gail and I were at the extreme far end of the shopping area so we had to duck in and out of stores all the way back.

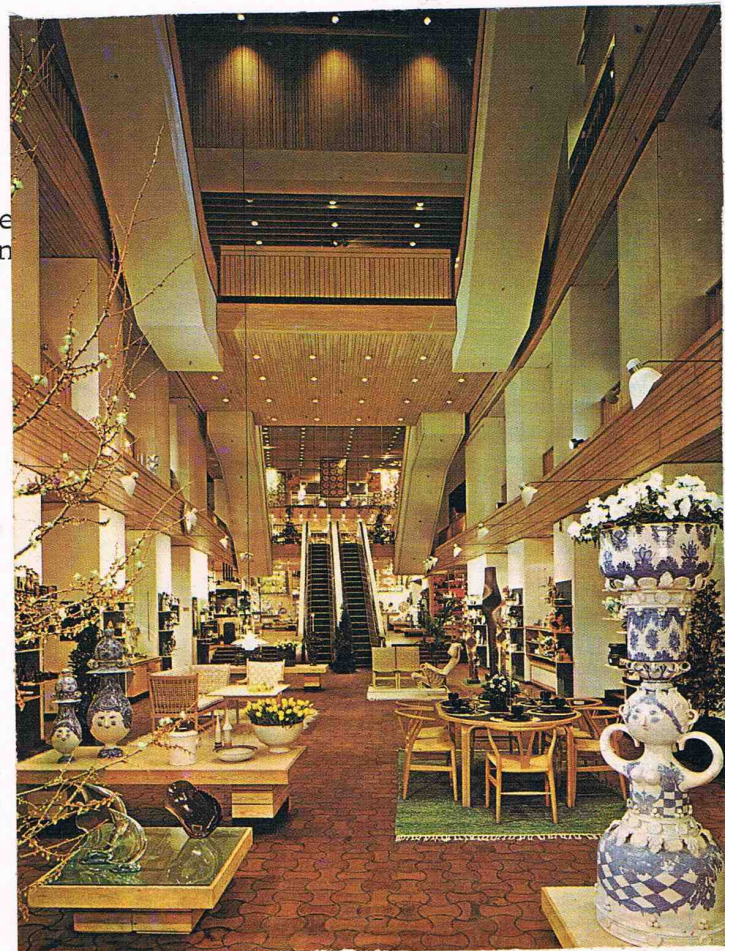
We were extremely tired but all agreed that it had been a real "fun" afternoon and we completed all the shopping we had planned to do, having bought mementoes for everyone on our lists.

All of us knew it would be our last dinner together. It was evident that we all wanted to linger about the tables longer than usual.

After dinner several wanted to go to Tivoli again. The misty, grey atmosphere was discouraging. We went a walked about a bit but came home about 10:30 because we were both so tired.



Blue fluted  
The world's most  
famous dinnerware.





July 1 - Home

This is the day!

Because I had done so much walking yesterday, my legs ached and I slept poorly. To add to the misery I awakened with a headache on this of all days. Was awake at 5:30, got up at 6:00 and took a Tylenol 3 and got dressed. Before long the headache was over.

Everyone was especially reluctant to leave the dining room this morning. We had some wonderful fellowship times as we ate together all along the way.

We assembled on the bus, bag and baggage, about 10:00. After boarding and before pulling away, Dorothy Johnson presented our fine driver, Lars, a gift of \$150 from all of us (American Money) as a token of our appreciation. She told him it was a start on his trip to the United States. Several times we had invited him to come and he had said he would like so much to do so. Everyone agreed that he was unusual in his efforts to make our trip pleasant and memorable. We shall never forget him.

We had plenty of time and processing at the airport at Copenhagen was easy.

Our plane had been made up elsewhere, perhaps in Helsinki.

We had to set down in Amsterdam for re-fueling and everyone had to get off.

After we were in the air again they showed a movie and we were served a meal.

We gained six hours on this flight, arriving in <sup>NEW YORK</sup> ~~Detroit~~ about 4:15 PM. We were due to leave for Detroit at 7:30 PM. The plane was late. We finally boarded about 8:30, then sat and waited for the take-off. Finally they announced some engine troubles caused the flight to be canceled so we all had to get off.

Another plane was readied and we had to wait so that we did not lift off until after 10:00 PM! Arrived in Detroit about midnight. Luggage was slow getting in.

We finally reached our motel room in Farmington and fell into bed about 1:30 AM after having been active for about 25½ hours. We were glad we had the room reserved so that we did not have to drive to Grand Rapids then.

Although we slept a bit late, we headed straight for home after a bite of breakfast.

We arrived home about noon and this, too, was a happy part of the trip.

We thanked God for allowing us to have this Scandinavian Adventure and for all blessings all along the way, especially for safety and health.



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Alver & Ada Hansen  
RFD # 1  
LeRoy, MI 49655

Mrs. Aina Hermanson  
1843 Melrose  
East Lansing, MI 48823

Evan & Leona Hoaglund  
Tustin, MI 49688

James & Dorothy Johnson  
10768 Countryside  
Grand Ledge, MI 48837

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Tustin, MI 49688

Mrs. Nell Shelberg  
820 Maryland  
Lansing, MI 48906



CADILLAC, MICHIGAN GOODWILL TOUR OF SCANDINAVIA

DEPARTING FROM DETROIT, MICHIGAN --- THURSDAY JUNE 10, 1982

- June 10 Depart from Detroit with connection through J.F.K. airport in New York for our transatlantic flight to Helsinki, Finland.
- June 11 Arrival in Helsinki with immediate connection for our continuing flight to Rovaniemi, Finland. Rovaniemi is Cadillac's sister city, and one of the surprise cities of Finland situated right on the Polar Circle. The afternoon and evening will be free or subject to our Finnish hosts arrangements.
- June 12 Today the entire day will be spent according to our local hosts arrangements.
- June 13 We depart from Rovaniemi in our modern European type motor-coach and head south on highway E-4. After a short distance we first view the Gulf of Bothnia. We follow the Gulf through Oulu, Raahе, and Kokola also known as Gamlakarlabу to Vaasa for lodging. The afternoon will give us an opportunity to visit the "Atrium" shopping center of Vaasa.
- June 14 Morning sightseeing will show us this Finnish/Swedish speaking town founded in 1606 by the Swedish king Karl IX. We continue on after sightseeing to Helsinki for an early evening arrival.
- June 15 Helsinki the modern capitol of Finland, where the river Vantas meets the Gulf of Finland. The morning sightseeing tour will show us the highlights of this beautiful city. The afternoon will be free for independent activities.
- June 16 After breakfast this morning we depart from Helsinki on our way to Turku situated at the mouth of the river Aura. Turku developed around an ancient trading post and has one of the oldest cultural traditions in Finland. We will see the city center, and visit the castle founded in the 1280's. In the evening we board an ocean going ferry for our trip to Stockholm. We begin by sailing through the beautiful Åbo archipelago and into open sea, while we sleep the ferry continues the journey arriving in Stockholm in the morning.
- June 17 We continue from the ferry directly on a sightseeing tour of Stockholm. We will see the old town, Fjällgatan for a beautiful view of Stockholm, and on to City Hall where the walls of the Golden Hall are covered with 25 million pieces of gilded mosaic tile. The afternoon and evening are free.
- June 18 Today is free and our driver guide will assist with any special interests.
- June 19 We depart from Stockholm driving southwest on highway E4 and as we drive we pass through the towns of Norrköping and Söderköping. The road we travel will pass over the famous Göta Canal, a canal that crosses Sweden from Gothenburg to Stockholm. We continue on to Växjö for our overnight accomodation. An early evening visit to the House of Emmigrants is planned.
- June 20 This day will be rewarding. We will see the area where many of the early emigrants from Sweden departed from during the 1840's. We will visit a glass factory and continue on to Öland over the longest bridge in Europe. After seeing the island we return via Kalmar to Växjö for overnight accomodation.
- CONTINUED.....



- June 21 We depart from Växjö and travel northwest via Alvesta, Värnamo, and Borås on to Gothenburg. This is Sweden's second largest city and a dominant seaport where many of the Swedish emigrants, headed for a new life in North America, sailed from. Our sightseeing tour will show us the highlights of this beautiful city.
- June 22 Today the day is free in Gothenburg.
- June 23 Our motorcoach heads north today toward Värmland. During this days driving we will pass through Trollhättan, Mellerud, and Säffle before arriving in Karlstad. An afternoon sightseeing tour will show us the area. Overnight accommodations.
- June 24 This morning we depart from Karlstad and head for Mårbacka the birthplace and residence of Selma Lagerlöf. We continue on for a visit at Rottneros a manor house that is now a horticultural park. After these visits we again depart and move westward toward Oslo the capitol of Norway for our overnight accommodations.
- June 25 This morning we sightsee in Oslo including the Bygdøy Peninsula where we visit the Thor Heyerdahl Museum, the Viking Museum, and Raold Amundsen's polar ship "FRAM". Gustaf Wigeland's statuary in Froegner Park is on the schedule before returning to our hotel. The late afternoon and evening are free.
- June 26 Today we travel into the Norwegian mountain country. Some of the world's most beautiful landscapes will be ours to enjoy today. We will spend the night in Arendal.
- June 27 Today we continue our trip to Kristiansand for an early afternoon arrival. The afternoon will be free to enjoy Norwegian hospitality.
- June 28 This morning we board a ferry for our trip to Hirtshalls, Denmark, where we arrive in the early afternoon. We continue our journey to Aarhus the second largest city in Denmark. A very old city and evidence of habitation around the river's mouth dates back to Viking days. We overnight in Aarhus.
- June 29 We continue our journey from Aarhus toward Odense the birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen. We have an opportunity to visit his birthplace before continuing our journey toward Copenhagen where we will arrive in the early evening for overnight accommodations.
- June 30 Copenhagen, capitol of Denmark one of the oldest Kingdoms in the world. This is a warm and cozy city even though it is a metropolis of one and one half million people. We will see the highlights of the city this morning including the "Little Mermaid", "Gefion" and the town hall square. The afternoon is free for shopping and an evening visit to Tivoli.
- July 1 All too soon our Scandinavian adventure is over. It is time to say goodbye and our transfer coach will take us to Kastrup Airport for our return to the United States via Finnair. Upon arrival in New York and after immigration and customs procedures we will continue on to Detroit arriving in the late evening.
- WELCOME HOME.....



CADILLAC GOOD WILL TOUR

TOUR CONDITIONS

**TOUR COST:** The cost for the land portion of the tour is \$1,491.00 per person based on two persons sharing a twin bedded room, and based on 29 persons participating in the tour. Single rooms are available at additional cost, and will be provided upon request. The tour cost is based on rates in effect as of January 20, 1982, and in the event of extreme market fluctuation this cost is subject to change.

Air transportation round trip Detroit, Michigan via Finnair and a domestic carrier is \$976.00 per person, and is based on super advanced purchase excursion fares in effect as of January 20, 1982, and subject to all restrictions applying to this airfare. Arrangements can be made to extend the tour length, full details will be provided upon request. Total tour cost is \$2,467.00 per person based upon the above figures.

**RESPONSIBILITY:** NELSON WORLD TRAVEL, Inc., and Lingmerth's Resetjanst act only as agents for the corporations, firms and individuals providing transportation, lodging, and other services. Therefore we shall not be responsible for any loss, injury, accident, or damage to or in respect of any person or property occurring through the negligence of any person or company performing these services. Reasonable changes in the itinerary may be made where deemed advisable for the comfort and well being of the tourmembers. The right is reserved to refuse to accept or retain anyone as a member of this tour at any time. The participating airlines are not to be held responsible for any act, omission, or event during the time the tour members are not on their plane or conveyance. The passage contract in use by the airlines concerned when issued shall constitute the sole contract between the airlines and the purchaser of this tour and/or the passenger.

**TOUR TRANSPORTATION:** Tour transportation will consist of European type touring coaches on the overland portions of the tour, and by other means of transport as indicated in the itinerary.

**HOTELS:** Hotels will be of first class quality or best available, and are based on two persons sharing a twin bedded room with private facilities.

**MEALS:** Two meals per day based on demi-pension including breakfast and one main meal daily starting from breakfast June 12, and ending with breakfast July 1.

**SIGHTSEEING:** Local sightseeing guides will be provided in areas where our driver guide is not qualified.

**GRATUITIES AND TAXES:** Gratuities and taxes are included with the exception of gratuities to the driver guide, to local sightseeing guides, and gratuities on all personal services.

**NOT INCLUDED:** All items of a personal nature such as beverages not provided with meals, telephone expenses, cleaning and laundry. All miscellaneous charges must be paid in full prior to departure from each hotel.

**RESERVATIONS AND PAYMENTS:** A deposit of \$300.00 per person is payable at the time of booking. Final payment is due 45 days prior to departure. Air tickets issued on the advance purchase excursion rate carry a \$50.00 cancellation fee if cancelled after purchase, unless accompanied by a doctor's certificate. A \$25.00 cancellation fee will apply in cancellations later than 14 days prior to departure on the land portion of the tour.

**INSURANCE:** Full travel insurance is available. Brochure upon request.

**nelson world travel** .....CHICAGO, ILLINOIS