

# THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF LEN

---

**An account of the places seen, people met, history encountered, and the general adventures of Leonard Oliver Nasman during his journey to Sweden and Finland in July of the year 1998.**

---

## Introduction

---

This is a journal of the travels of Len Nasman in Sweden and Finland in July of 1998. The foundation for this trip was put in place in the summer of 1997 when Len and Diana Nasman visited Tvååker, Halland County Sweden, the birthplace of Len's maternal grandmother and grandfather. At the time of that visit, Len knew of no living relatives in the area.



Len had, however, made contact by way of the internet with a college student from Tvååker who introduced him to Inge Svensson.

While Len and Diana were visiting Inge Svensson during their 1997 trip, they met Anders Andersson who had a genealogy chart with Sven Gabrielsson at the top of the page, and Sven's children and offspring shown in columns on the chart. One column, headed by Gust Svensson, indicated that Gust had emigrated to the United States, and that nothing more was known about Gust. Gust Svensson (or Swanson in the US) was Len's grandfather.

Anders Andersson reported that his branch of the family had been having reunions alternating between Sweden and the US, and that the next reunion was planned for the summer of 1998 in the Varberg area.

The scheduled date for the family reunion conflicted with Diana's teaching responsibilities, but Len decided to make his second trip to Sweden and attend the reunion. This is what lead up to the following travel report.





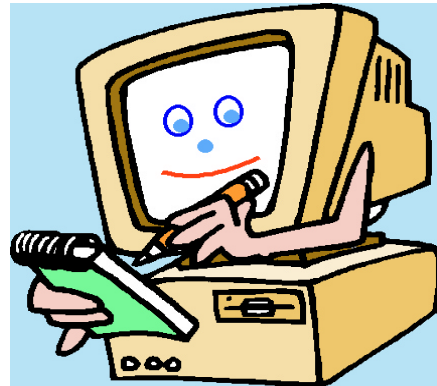
### Planning the Trip

---

The purpose of the initial part of the trip was to attend the family reunion. The reunion was to be held in the Varberg area along the West coast of Sweden in the county of Halland. Each American attending the reunion would stay with a Swedish family. At the conclusion of the reunion, a group of Swedes and Americans would take a guided bus tour of central Sweden, ending in Stockholm. Some of the Americans decided to combine the reunion with a tour of various parts of Europe. Len decided to spend an additional week in Sweden after the group tour and add in a brief visit to Finland.

Planning for the reunion portion of the trip was simply a matter of getting to the appointed place at the suggested time. The reunion planners did most of the work. Planning the final week of the trip involved e-mail conversations with Len's increasing number of international internet friends. One such friend was Bengt Bjorklund from Hainge (near Stockholm). Bengt was a user of CADKEY, the mechanical design software for which Len creates instructional materials. He arranged for Len to conduct a CADKEY seminar while in the Stockholm area.

Another electronic contact was Rustan Gandvik. Rustan had provided Len with a lot of genealogical information including passenger lists showing when various Nasmans had emigrated to the United States. Rustan (who also lives in Hainge) offered to guide Len around Stockholm to see some of the many sights missed in the 1997 trip.



Yet another e-mail friend was Marita Näsman from Helsinki, Finland. She had contacted Len while searching for other Nasmans around the world. Although it was determined that Marita and Len were not related, it was discovered that some of their ancestors came from the same area in what is now Finland, but was part of Sweden in the 1500's.

After deciding to include a quick trip to Finland, a plan was made to take a ferry from Stockholm to Finland, and after spending a couple of days in Helsinki, to take the train north to Wasa, Finland, and cross over to Umeå Sweden by ferry. Then a rental car would be used to drive down the High Coast of northern Sweden and visit friends and relatives in the Sundsvall area before returning home by way of the Stockholm Airport.



## Tisdag, 7 juli 1998, Getting There

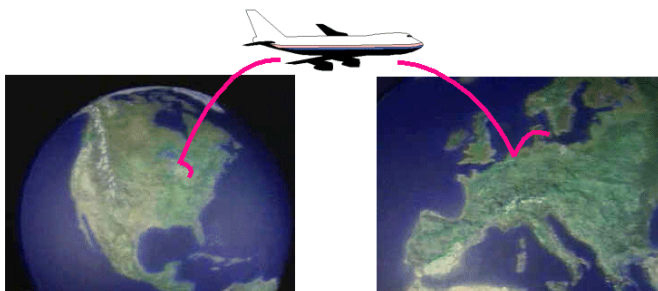
---

So, with this ambitious schedule in place, tickets were purchased, contacts were made, meeting times and places arranged, and the 1998 trip to Sweden was soon underway.

### Tisdag, 7 juli 1998, Getting There

---

The travel schedule called for traveling via Northwest/KLM airlines from Columbus, to Detroit, to Amsterdam, and then to Copenhagen. All of the American cousins attending the family reunion were scheduled to meet Anders



Andersson in Copenhagen where he would lead the group to their respective host families. The flight schedule was such that I would be the last to arrive in Copenhagen around 11AM on July 8th. Being a little conservative, I arrived at the Columbus with plenty of time to spare. It turns out that there was an earlier flight to Detroit, so to get there with plenty of time, I took it.

When I got to Detroit, I found out that my plane, which was supposed to leave at 7 PM, would be delayed. At 9:30 PM we boarded the big KLM Boeing 747. Then it was announced that there would be an additional delay since they could not refuel the plane until the thunder storm that was pouring rain and flashing lightning all around had left the area. We finally left at 12, five hours after the scheduled time.

This of course meant that I missed my connection in Amsterdam. There they scheduled me on the next plane to Copenhagen. It was delayed a half an hour. In the meantime, I tried to contact the cousins waiting in Copenhagen to tell them to go ahead without me, but they did not get my message. When I finally got my luggage and passed through customs in Copenhagen, I found Anders Andersson, my cousin Darlene Lindquist and her husband Ron from Houston, Texas, and Lillian Smith from Oregon all patiently waiting for me.





We took the bus to the Copenhagen harbor, and then boarded the ferry for Malmö, Sweden. The ferry we took leaves from the old Copenhagen harbor. It's too bad that we did not have time to explore the area since it looks quite interesting. The ferry makes the crossing in about 45 minutes. Along the way we saw where they are working on a new bridge that will connect Sweden and Denmark. The ferry docks very close to the Malmö central railroad station. This is where it was planned that I would get the train to Alvesta where I would be met by my hosts, Ingvar and Gunilla Kärndahl.



But, because of the delay in getting there, the next scheduled train would leave at 2AM. So, an alternate plan was put into action. Anders managed to get all of us and our luggage into his Volvo station wagon, and we set off for Halmstad, about 120 kilometers north of Malmö. There, we met Ingvar and Gunilla waiting at a EuroStop parking lot. After moving luggage around, Ingvar, Gunilla, and I headed for their home in Bor (about 100 kilometers away) and the others went on to their host family locations near Varberg.

Well, after starting from Columbus, Ohio around 2 PM on July 7th I had arrived at my destination in Bor, Sweden. We had a nice dinner and visit and finally headed for bed around midnight on July 8th (don't forget the 6 hour time difference between Sweden and eastern United States). Since I do not very often sleep while traveling, I had been up for around 36 hours straight. But, the excitement kept me going.

### Torsdag 9 juli 1998, Tvååker 8

The village of Tvååker lies in the county of Halland on the west coast of Sweden. If you head due west across the body of water known as the Kattegat, you will arrive in Denmark somewhere between Århus and Ålborg. (If you have ever heard or sung the song 'Wonderful, Wonderful Copenhagen' you have heard about sailing up the Kattegat.) At one time, this area of Sweden was part of Denmark. But in the 1600's the kings of the two countries got together (after being at war on and off for a couple of hundred years or so) and agreed that the area would become part of Sweden. Of course no one bothered to ask the people which country they wanted to belong to.



The small villages and rural areas in this part of Sweden were divided into farms many hundreds of years ago. And people in rural areas do not move around as often as city folks. So, in the Tvååker area, it is still possible to find a book that lists all of the farms in the area, and shows the owner and workers on each farm from the 1600's until the present. Each farm has a name. One of the farms near the village is called Tvååker 8. It was at this farm that Sven Gabrielsson, one of my great grandfathers on my mother's side of the family tree, once worked. The farm is currently owned by Gert Erik Bengtsson who is one of the cousins connected to the family reunion group. The morning of July 9th, a number of the cousins met at Tvååker 8 for a tour of the farm.

After the farm tour, we drove closer to the coast where we visited a small museum, Hembygds-gård, that includes several preserved buildings. A guide provided a nice explanation of the different objects found in the museum.



One interesting feature was the alcoves containing the beds (behind the curtains on the left side of the picture). This was like a large box with an opening on one side that could be covered with a curtain. The length of the bed seemed much too short for a normal person to stretch out without bumping both head and feet. The reason for the short beds was not that people were shorter back then; it was simply that they preferred sleeping in a sitting position.







From Hembygdsgård we traveled to the coast and had a nice lunch and visit at the summer home of Gert Erik Bengtsson. It was there that I was very happy to meet his grandson Andreas, with whom I had been exchanging e-mail for some time before the trip. Andreas is 15 years old and is very good at surfing the internet with his computer.



Another highlight of the visit was being presented with a special handmade wooden butter knife. When the new E 6 highway was being built, it passed right through Tvååker 8. An old oak tree was discovered there under 15 feet of dirt and mud. It had been there so long that chemicals had soaked into the wood turning it a dark black color. This very rare wood is called black oak.



A piece of the tree was taken to Lund University for analysis and it was determined that it was about 7,000 years old. Mr. Bengtsson had made several of the traditional wooden butter knives from this wood. I am now the proud possessor of a butter knife made from 7,000 year old wood taken from the farm where one of my ancestors worked many years ago.



## Fredag, 10 juli 1998, Halland County

---

After a nice visit at the summer house, meeting cousins and reviewing family tree files and old photographs, we drove through the countryside to a place called Heagård. This is a big old barn that has been remodeled into a combination art gallery and restaurant. The Swedes had arranged for the first gathering of the clan to be held there. We were divided into teams



and played a series of 'getting to know each other' games like spitting gum drops for distance, building a pile of cobblestones, and filling bottles with water from buckets. Then we all enjoyed dinner and good conversation. I sat across from Andreas and his older brother, discussed the American and Swedish education systems, sports, and national customs, and learned about an interesting soft drink called Musk.

Because it was a 100 kilometer drive back to Bor, and because we had a group bus tour of Halland scheduled for the next day, Ingvar, Gunilla, and I stayed at the Bengtsson's apartment in Varberg.

## Fredag, 10 juli 1998, Halland County

---

The next morning we met the bus at Falkenberg for our tour of Halland. The bus driver navigated the narrow country roads both to provide us with the scenic tour, and to pick up various groups of cousins along the way.





The people of Halland county claim to live longer and to take less sick leave than anywhere else in Sweden. And that is saying something since Sweden boasts the longest life expectancy of any industrialized country. Halland is only about 160 kilometers (100 miles) north to south and 80 kilometers east to west (about the size of New Jersey), but it has a tremendous variety packed into the landscape. Every time we went over a rolling hill or around a bend in the road the landscape changed dramatically. Halland has a seashore with both rocky and sandy beaches, coastal plains full of a wide variety of crops, rolling hills of waving grain, and steep forested slopes, all packed nicely into the county. The buildings show the same extensive variety. From ancient castles to modern skyscrapers, and from old isolated farm houses to modern apartment complexes.



And, we had a special guide for our tour. A retired agronomist who had spent quite a bit of time in the United States took the special bus microphone and provided a running commentary as we rode through the ever changing landscape. Our first major stop was at the Grimeton Radio station. This was built in the 1920's as the first wireless link between Sweden and North America. It was a major means of communication between Europe and America during the second world war. It is now operated as a museum by Telia, the Swedish phone company.



While the group was watching a video history of the station, a reporter from Hallands Nyheter, the local newspaper, came by to interview members of the group. The next day there was a nice article in the paper about the family reunion. The reporter mentioned that a man in Columbus, Ohio, one day entered Tvååker into a search engine on the internet and thereby discovered the existence of the group of Swedish and American cousins that had been having family reunions. That man was, of course, me. So, I guess that I have now had my five minutes of fame. The above picture, taken in front of the Grimeton radio station, shows the group that toured Halland. It was taken by the newspaper photographer, and appeared in the 11 juli edition of the Hallands Nyheter.





From the radio station, we traveled to Varberg and visited the fortress that dates back to the 1300's. There, a special guided tour had been arranged for us. We visited a dungeon cell where prisoners were once kept and experienced absolute darkness when the lights were turned off. We walked down a long dark spiral ramp to the cannon room, and saw where the gunpowder and cannon balls were



stored. There was not really enough time to see everything in the fortress. There is a complete village inside of the walls, and some of the houses are still being used.

From the fortress at Varberg we headed to Motel Björkäng, a large restaurant-motel complex, for our 'Dagens Lunch'. There we gathered in a special reserved room and had köttbuller och Öl (swedish meatballs and beer). Then, on to Äskhultsbys.

Äskhultsbys is a small village on a scenic hillside that is preserved as a museum. Village might be misleading, since it included only four farms. In the old days, the farms tended to evolve into small narrow strips of land as each generation divided the farm into smaller and smaller parcels. After a couple of attempts at land reform by the government, the folks at Äskhultsbys finally



accepted an arrangement where the cluster of four farm houses became the center of four parcels of land extending in four directions from the buildings. It was interesting to see how the farm families of the times lived and worked. At one time all of the large oak trees were claimed by the king, and a farmer could not cut them for use in buildings. Instead, they had to be sent to the coast where they were used in ship building. When old ships were dismantled, however, those timbers could be reused. So at Äskhultsbys, you can see buildings where the timbers have holes in them that were originally made when the wood was a part of a sailing ship.



## Lördag 11 juli 1998, Familj Festen

---

After a snack break at Äskhultsby, we were off to see another quite different example of Swedish architecture. In the late 1800's, a rich owner of a Göteborg department store decided to build a modern manor house. The result was Tjolöholm slott.



This magnificent structure contained all of the most modern conveniences of the day. The sad story is that shortly after moving in, the owner cut his finger while opening a bottle of wine. As a quick band aid, he used the wrapper from the top of the wine bottle. It contained lead, and he died soon after from lead poisoning.

From Tjolöholm, the bus traveled back south through Halland, and everyone was dropped back at the spot where they had started the day-long trip. But, the day was not yet over for me. The Swedes had arranged for me to have an evening meal with our good friends Inge Svensson and Henrick Larsson. Henrick is the college student that I made e-mail contact with a couple of years ago. He introduced me to Inge, who in turn introduced me to Anders Andersson, and that was how I learned about the family reunion. I have since determined (from genealogy information researched by Inge) that Inge and I are 6th cousins. It was good to visit with Henrick, Inge, and his wife. I am sorry that there was not more time to spend with these delightful folks.

## Lördag 11 juli 1998, Familj Festen

---

After the evening at Inge's, it was a long drive back to Bor. So, everyone slept rather late. Soon Ingvars' children started to arrive and to get ready for the big family reunion party. The three children (Christopher, Camilla, and Jessica) are grown, have their own careers, and live in different areas. The whole family gathered for the trip to the big party.





The Släktfest was held at the Gällareds Bygdegård, which is a nicely appointed community building.

This was the main event. All of the American cousins and a large group of Swedes gathered for a banquet, conversation, group photo, speeches, singing, and dancing.







**Söndag 12 juli 1998, Smoland**

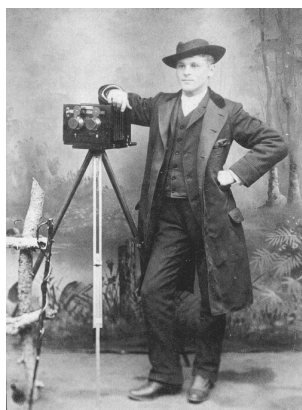
---

One of the interesting speeches was given by Claes Håkan Jacobson (shown here with a photograph by John Anderson). Although not related to the group, he was directly responsible for starting the reunion. In 1984 he engaged in a research project to study the work of the Swedish-American photographer John Anderson. Anderson had a trading post near the Rosebud Sioux reservation in the 1800's. He became very friendly with the Indians, and received many gifts from them. He also traded for things. His collection finally became large enough to open a



museum. The museum contents were eventually bought by the Government and are available for viewing today in South Dakota. Anderson also produced one of the most important collections of Indian photographs in the country.

Claes has published a book (in Swedish) that contains a large collection of the photographs along with the history of the life of John Anderson. (I managed to obtain a copy of the book while in Stockholm.) While doing his research, Claes discovered that there were living descendants of John Anderson, in particular Arthur and Elisabeth Culver in the USA and Anders Andersson in Sweden. He contacted them, provided information about their interesting ancestor, and encouraged them to get together for a reunion.



The 1998 meeting is the fourth reunion; two have been held in the US and two in Sweden. The next reunion is planned for the USA in the year 2001.

A wonderful time was had by all at the reunion party. A Swedish tradition is that the dancing has to last until dawn. And, indeed it did. Actually, dawn comes about 2 AM in this area at this time of year. After the long drive back to Bor, we got to bed around 4 AM.

**Söndag 12 juli 1998, Smoland**

---

The next day was scheduled to be a day with the host family. After getting to bed so late after the party, the day started late. Ingvar and Gunilla asked if there was anything in particular that I wanted to see. There was, but this requires a brief explanation.

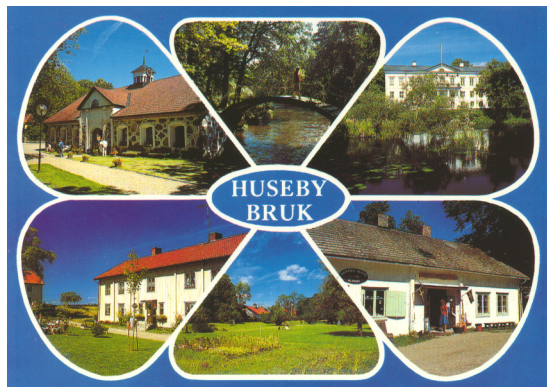




Some time after I started doing genealogy by way of the internet, I had discovered the distant family connection (on my father's side of the family) to Bishop Johannes Rudbeckius. Johannes had a large family and one of his sons was Olaf Rudbeck who was the most important medical researcher, scientist, and engineer of his day. One of his works was the four volume book *Atlantica*. In this book (no longer taken seriously by many Swedes) Olof makes the case that the ancient Nordic people had a strong influence on the early Greeks and Romans, and that the fabled Atlantis had actually been located in Sweden. (By the way, did you ever wonder why so many of the days of the week are named for old Swedish gods?) Every now and then, when I have an idle moment with my computer, I search the internet for new information about Rudbeckius and Rudbeck.

Shortly before leaving on this trip, I stumbled on an article by a history scholar from Växjö University. This article was about a manuscript written by a Petter Rudebeck who was a grandson of Johannes Rudbeckius. While Olof placed the center of the ancient world in Sweden, Petter placed the center of ancient Sweden in Smoland. The article was actually written in Swedish, but through e-mail correspondence with the author, I was provided the general outline. The author also mentioned that there was a museum at Huseby Bruk, where Petter had once lived. Huseby is in Smoland, the same county as Bor (the hometown of Ingvar and Gunilla). After explaining my interest in Huseby, Ingvar and Gunilla graciously agreed to take me to see it.

Huseby is a village that grew up around an old iron works. In 1615 it was put under the control of Karl Gyllenhiem who was an illegitimate son of the king, and who therefore could not become the next king. Some time after Karl, management of Huseby was given to Petter and his brother Paul Rudebeck. The area is now preserved as a large museum containing more than two dozen buildings.





Built near a good supply of water, many of the buildings contain water wheels that were used to power various machines. The iron works here provided many of the cannons and cannon balls required for the various wars fought in the 1600's. It also was the source for domestic products such as cast iron stoves. The iron works was active into the early 1900's.



Just as Olof published his book near the end of his career, Petter wrote his history of ancient Smoland near the end of his. The museum contains many interesting and informative displays, and it is always thought provoking to know that some distant cousin was actively involved in such a place.



*Petter Rindbeck*



### Måndag, 13 juli 1998, The Tour Begins

---

At 8:30 Monday morning, a small group, made up of seven Americans and five Swedes, began a four-day tour from Falkenberg on the west coast to Stockholm on the east coast. Everyone in Sweden complained that this summer was much colder and wetter than normal and our tour began with overcast skies and a light drizzle. The wet weather could not



dampen the spirits of the group making the tour, however. There was too much wonderful scenery to see, and too much good company to keep to make the tour anything but enjoyable.

The organization (mostly by Gunilla, I believe) was excellent, and the tour was very smooth from start to finish. One of the first items on the agenda was to get a look at the textile industry in the area. We stopped at a factory shop in Horred where everyone shopped for linens. Diana had been tipped off about this part of the tour before I left, and had provided me with a list of sizes of materials to get. So, my shopping job was fairly easy.

We proceeded on to the town of Rydal where an English language guided tour of a spinning factory museum had been arranged for us.





Just across the street from the factory/museum is a manor house that has been turned into a fine Wårdshuset (restaurant). Gunilla had arranged for us to have a special meal there. While we were getting ready to leave, I was admiring the paintings displayed, and noticed that a man in an apron standing nearby looked similar to a caricature of the artist. I asked him if the paintings were his, and he willingly admitted that they were. I soon discovered that this man (Mats Wojdkow) was also the proprietor of the place and was known as the singing chef. With only a little encouragement, he led us into an adjacent room, sat down at a grand piano, and played and sang some Frantz Lehar songs. An altogether pleasant experience.



Back on tour we proceeded to Lidköping where we toured the famous Rörstrand china factory. There again we had a special English guide who provided us with the history of the factory and an education in fine china.

We then proceeded to Örebro, and checked in at the Grand Hotel there. After a short break, we strolled a few blocks to the Örebro Slott (castle) where we had a most unusual dinner. We were lead to a cavernous room and were served in the medieval style. The utensils consisted of only one knife for each person. A long narrow piece of cloth served as a napkin for every four people. Large platters of chicken and ribs and a few mystery vegetables were brought out along with bottles of beer and mead for some. It didn't take long for most of us to dig in using our fingers to get at the food.







### Tisdag, 14 juli 1998, Bergslagen

---

The area of Bergslagen is also known as the iron country. At the time of the wars between Sweden and Denmark in the 1500's, this was an area that was coveted by all sides involved in the battles. In the same general area are the famous copper mines of Falun and the very popular folk district of Dalarna.

We had a special tour of the Englesberg iron works. We were met by an English speaking guide (arranged for by Gunilla), who provided us with the history of the area and details of the iron making process.

The tour of the iron works reminded me of Selma Lagerloff's stories of Gösta Berling and the folks who made iron in the old days.

Here we saw an old-time factory complex where water wheels powered everything: the ore crushing machine, blacksmith hammers, and even a three cylinder air compressor that provided the air for the blast furnace.





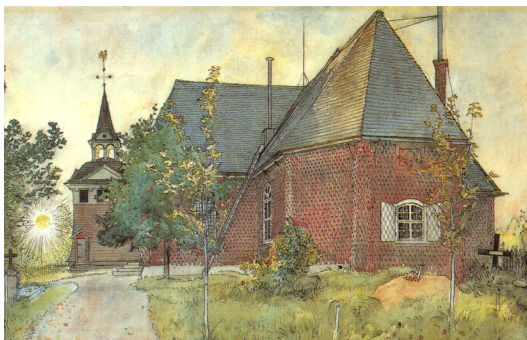
Once again a special meal had been arranged for us. A lady who was once a volunteer guide at the place observed that many of the tourists wanted more than just a quick snack. So she bought one of the museum village houses and turned it into quite a nice dining area.



After our lunch, we gathered on the porch for dessert. We could have spent a lot more time relaxing here, but there were more places to go and things to see. So, after a quick tack så mycket to our hostess, we returned to the bus and were on our way.



On to Falun, famous for its big historic copper mine. But it was not copper we came to see. Instead, I began receiving my education about famous Swedish artists. Here we visited the home and museum of Carl Larsson. The museum, next door to this church (painted of course by Larsson), contains a number of portraits. Because of the ability of the artist to capture a particular look in the eyes, observing the portraits makes you feel that you actually know these people.



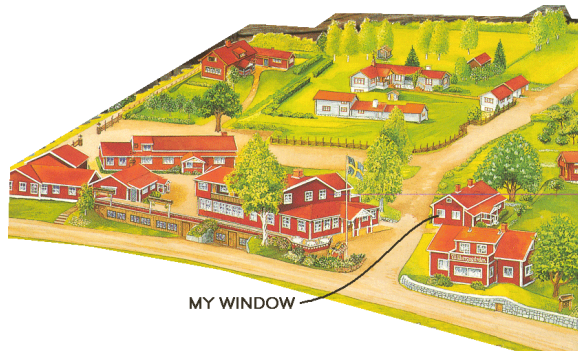


Carl Larsson is much beloved in Sweden, and it is hard not to like his wonderful paintings. Although he painted many rural Swedish scenes, and portraits of important people, he very often used his wife and family of seven children as subjects. Although I would not try to make too much of a comparison, some of his work is similar to the American Norman Rockwell because of its nice portrayal of family life.



It seemed that every surface of the interior of the house had been painted. Bedroom doors contained portraits of the children. The panels surrounding the guest bed had the names of various guests painted there. Among the guests was cousin Selma Lagerloff.

It had been a long day. We checked in at the Hotel Tällbergsgården overlooking Lake Siljan. This is in the heart of the folk district of Sweden. Outside of Stockholm, this is probably the most popular tourist place in the country. The view from our rooms was spectacular.



The different buildings were carefully arranged so that each room had a window that took advantage of the view of the lake. Here is the view from my window. The picture was taken around 10:30 PM. You can see that at this time of year in this part of the world the sun sets very late.







Onsdag, 15 juli 1998, Dalarna

That day happened to be the birthday of Ron Lindquist, so we all gathered in one of the common rooms, sang happy birthday, engaged in pleasant conversation, and enjoyed watching the evening sky.



Onsdag, 15 juli 1998, Dalarna

The next morning, we rode the bus up a very narrow road to Vidablick for a wonderful view of the lake. There we all had to take pictures to help preserve this spot in our memory.

Then, we headed for Mora. This is the town where in the 1500's Gust Ericksson tried to rally the people to fight against the Danish King

Christian after that King had massacred most of the Swedish nobility in what is known as the 'bloodbath of Stockholm'. The townsfolk at first did not believe Gust, so he strapped on his skis and headed for Norway. After some local business men returned from Stock-







holm with news confirming what Gust had said, they rounded up their fastest skiers to 'head him off at the pass'. The skiers were successful, Gust returned, eventually chased the Danes out of Sweden, and Gust Ericksson became Gustav Vasa, the first king to unite Sweden as the country we know today. The famous vasalöppet cross country ski race is held here every winter to commemorate this event. As many as 30,000 people participate in the big race.

Mora is also the location of the home and museum of Anders Zorn, another famous Swedish artist. He liked naked ladies (he also liked to paint them). The fountain statue in front of his house is his idea of the ideal woman.



Unlike many artists, Zorn became famous and successful while he was quite young. His friend Carl Larsson, on the other hand, did not do as well financially. Larsson also had seven children to feed. On occasion, when he knew the Larsson children were a little hungry, Zorn would conspire with one of his friends to buy Larssons work. Zorn had a reputation of being a little eccentric and there is a story behind this painting of his wife.



On a walk through the woods one day she caught her dress on a thorn bush. Zorn liked the scene so much that she had to spend the next three days posing while he completed the painting. To keep her company, a friend (the small figure in the upper left) sat and read to her while she posed.



Onsdag, 15 juli 1998, Dalarna

As I mentioned, Lake Siljan is situated in Dalarna county, known as the folk district of Sweden. There they preserve many of the traditional arts and crafts. One of these crafts is the famous Dalarna horse, produced in the village of Nusnäs. These are hand carved and decorated in a style unique to the area.



Here we were provided with a lecture on the history of the horses, and a tour of the factory where they are made. The next major stop was to be in Uppsala, which is more than 200 kilometers (130 miles) from Nusnäs. So, it was back to the bus for the long ride.

After checking into the Hotel Linne in Uppsala, we had a little time to rest up before dinner. The hotel is adjacent to the botanical garden where Carl Von Linne, the father of modern botany, did much of his work. As a matter of fact, I could get a partial view of the garden from my window. Linne lived during the time of Olof Rudbeck's son





Olof junior, also a professor at Uppsala. As a matter of fact, it was Olof senior, while a professor of medicine at Uppsala University, who started the first botanical garden in Sweden. This was the very same garden that Linne adopted and improved, and that now carries his name. In the evening, our group walked a few blocks to a nearby restaurant for dinner.

### Torsdag, 16 juli 1998, Uppsala

The morning was set aside for everyone to see Uppsala on their own. I first paid a visit to the big, historical, and beautiful domkyrka (cathedral) at Uppsala. This massive structure rises up from the Upplands plain and can be seen from many kilometers away.



This place has been the location for many important Swedish historical events. Many kings, queens, and important people have their tombs in this sanctuary. It is the kind of place to which no explanation or pictures can do justice. It has to be experienced.





I had spent a little time in Uppsala the summer before, and had some idea of the area. Through the e-mail contact with the Vaxjö history professor mentioned earlier, I had learned that a scholar from Uppsala had written a book about Olof Rudbeck's book *Atlantica*, and that it was available in English.

So, after viewing an exhibit at the Uppsala University Library that included the priceless Silver Bible from 600 AD, part of Queen Christina's book collection, and an original copy of *Atlantica*, I headed for a local book store. There I found a copy of *The Atlantic Vision* by Gunnar Ericksson. This book has a very interesting discussion of Olof Rudbeck and his writing, in the context of the scientific atmosphere of the 1600's. The illustration here, taken from the frontispiece of *Atlantica*, shows a group of famous philosophers looking on as Olof dissects the earth (just as he had dissected animals when he discovered the lymphatic system) to discover that the source of civilization was Sweden.



At noon the tour group reassembled to continue the trip. We went a short distance north of the city to pay a quick (and damp) visit to Gamla Uppsala. This place includes an ancient church and even older mounds from some of the earliest people in Sweden. The ancient Svea tribe once made this area a worship and trading center (before 1000AD) and it is from the word Svea that Sweden takes its name.







The plan was to travel next to Skokloster castle. But, when we got close we found ourselves in a long long line of cars and buses. It seems that there was a special fair going on this day, with jousting and the sort of thing that attracts large numbers of people. It was clear that it would be a long wait to get in, and that the crowds would make it hard to get to see anything. So, after a quick discussion, it was decided to change destinations and go to nearby Sigtuna. Sigtuna is a village on one of the many arms of Lake Mälaren. It boasts one of the oldest continuously used streets in Sweden, and dates back to around the year 1000AD. We strolled around the village, visited some shops, ate a little ice cream, and got back on the bus. Next stop Stockholm.

We arrived in Stockholm in late afternoon and checked in at the Stockholm Plaza Hotel. After getting settled in our rooms, Darlene, Ron, and I decided to take a walking tour of the area before the scheduled dinner. Although this was their first visit to Stockholm, I remembered quite a bit from the trip last year. So, I pretended to be a tour guide.



Stockholm, the capitol of Sweden, has around 1.5 million people in the area (about 16% of the population of the country), and is built on 14 islands. Here, one arm of lake Mälaren is connected to the Baltic Sea. So, it is pretty easy to find a nearby body of water. It was about five or six blocks from our hotel to the nearest dock. We walked past Berzeli Park where there is an amusing bronze sculpture of a worker emerging from under a man hole cover (complete with the typical construction barricades). From there we went a couple of blocks farther to the Kungsträdgården. We then headed back in the general direction of the hotel and managed to find it after discovering that the city is not really flat, and there are a lot of steps to ascend or descend if you don't plan ahead.

The bus then took the group to Gamla Stan (Old Town) for dinner at an underground restaurant. The arched brick ceilings are probably several hundred years old. But the nicely decorated restaurant provided us all with a good meal.



## Fredag, 17 juli 1998, Stockholm.

---

In the morning we were joined on the bus by a local sight-seeing guide. After a general tour around the area, we stopped at Gamla Stan. The guide kept us all together by poking her big yellow umbrella high in the air while navigating through the crowds of tourists and stopping frequently to point out some of the more interesting sights. One point of interest was a bronze sculpture of Evert Taube, the best known Swedish folk singer and composer. He used to visit his favorite restaurant near here, and was frequently seen strolling down the street with his newspaper under his arm. He probably does not often meet folks who were born in Kane, PA.



Then we went over to Djurgården island to visit the Vasa Museum. The Vasa was a warship commissioned by King Gustavus Adolphus (Gustaf II Adolf). It was launched with great ceremony in 1628, only to sink 30 minutes later. It rested undisturbed in the cold water for more than 300 years. It has been carefully restored and represents the best example of a ship from the 1600's anywhere. It is the kind of thing that cannot be adequately described or shown in photos. You have to see it to appreciate it. The remarkable wood carvings that cover nearly every surface, and the thousands of details, can occupy the interested observer for a long time.



The Vasa Museum is on an island shared by a number of other must-see sights. Skansen is the oldest open air museum anywhere. Started in the 1800's it includes houses typical of all areas of Sweden that have been assembled here. They have costumed people demonstrating the way of life of times gone by. Skansen also includes the Djurgården, a small zoo. The Nordiska Museum, and Prince Eugens palace are also on this island. After lunch at Rosendals, a garden spot on the island, we received a personal guided tour of the Folk Art Museum.



The wife of Claes Håkan Jacobson, who was responsible for starting the family reunion, is involved in a project to preserve the traditional Swedish folk arts and crafts (she is in the white blouse in the picture). She provided us with an overview of the project and a nice tour of the Folk Art Museum. This interesting Museum is located near the Vasa.



Of course everyone had the opportunity to pick up a few things at the museum store.



The next scheduled activity was a ferry ride through the archipelago to an isolated island where we had our last dinner together. The area east of Stockholm contains somewhere around 24,000 islands. Some of these are large enough to contain good sized towns, and some are only large enough to hold a single stuga (small vacation cottage).

The ferry that we took in the evening was packed full of what seemed to be a combination of commuters and weekend island hoppers. After an hour and a half ride, and a few stops along the way, the ferry slowed just enough for us to jump off. The primary means of hauling things on this island seemed to be small three-wheeled motor bikes with flat platforms on the front. But we were on foot, and walked about a half mile to the restaurant.







**Lordag, 18 juli 1998**

We had a nice meal, and a nice visit, but I believe that everyone was secretly thinking about the fact that this was our last evening together, and wishing that it could go on a little longer. By now we had become a nice extended family group, and it is hard to think of leaving such good friends.



After dinner we headed back to the ferry landing and settled in for the ride back to Stockholm. The nearly empty ferry allowed us all to get seats together right up front.

### **Lordag, 18 juli 1998**

In the morning, everyone gathered in front of the hotel to say good-bye. The Swedes were getting on the bus to head back to Halland, and the Americans were making arrangements for their flights back to the USA. The bus driver had the job of taking group pictures with everyone's camera. Then, after many difficult good byes, everyone headed off in different directions.

Except for me. My trip was about half over. Now a completely different trip would start. The next part of the trip involved a variety of e-mail connections that I had made on the internet.







The first of these connections was with Rustan Gandvik. He has a strong interest in doing research on emigrants and their families. His grandfather and great grandfather had worked for the White Star shipping lines that provided transportation for many Swedish emigrants to the USA. You may have heard of White Star through the connection with the Titanic. As a matter of fact, his grandfather sold many of the tickets to the Swedes who mostly were third class passengers on the infamous voyage.

By prior agreement, Rustan and his friend Brigitte met me in the lobby of the Plaza Hotel. After a brief visit and planning session, we were off. Rustan had read my report of the 1997 trip and had an idea of what I had already seen around the Stockholm area. They had thoughtfully obtained a Stockholm Card for me. If you are going to be in any European city for a time, you should look into such a card. It provides entrance to most museums and attractions, and also provides for using any of the many public transportation options. In Stockholm, this includes buses, subway, trains, and most of the many ferry boats.



They had prepared an ambitious program for me and I am not sure that I have not forgotten some of the many interesting sights. I continued my education about Swedish artists when we visited Prince Eugene's palace and museum. The Prince was a friend and patron of Zorn and Larsson, and was himself a respectable artist. Like many artists who are not appreciated in their own times, he is now beginning to be recognized for his talent.



Along the path to Prince Eugene's (that is on the same island as Skansen and the Vasa) I had to pose beside this fence. If you are just the right height, you can be crowned King for a few minutes.



Lordag, 18 juli 1998

We saw the Hallwyl museum which had once been a private residence whose owner created a significant collection of art and other objects from the turn of the century. The collection of paintings alone rivals many large art museums.



Then we went to the Kungl. bibliotek (the Royal Library) where Rustan had arranged a special treat for me. The Royal Library is similar to the American Library of Congress in that it is the most important archives of the country. Rustan knew of my distant connection to the Swedish author Selma Lagerloff, and how



the book The Wonderful Adventures of Nils had inspired my 1997 trip. He had put on reserve for me to view copies of the book that had been translated into Chinese and Hebrew. And, what is really remarkable, he then brought out a box from a special collections area that contained the original draft copy of the book from Selma's own hand. I bet that the average tourist to Sweden doesn't get to see things like that.

After reclaiming my luggage from the hotel, we were off to Rustan's apartment in Hanige, a town about 30 kilometers (20 miles) south of downtown Stockholm. The trip involved taking a bus to the train station, a train to a bus station, and another bus that let us off right across the street from the apartment house where Rustan lives on the sixth floor.



Rustan works for Telia, the Swedish telephone company, and so it is probably no accident that he has collected a few antique phones. As a matter of fact, we had seen a phone in a museum earlier in the day that was very similar to one in his collection. He also has collected a wealth of research material and books relating to Swedish emigrants.



### Söndag, 19 juli 1998

Sunday was spent again exploring sights in and around Stockholm. By coincidence, this was the day that tall masted sailing ships from all over were organized to parade into the harbor. We could have spent the whole day just watching the ships, but there were more attractions pulling on our interest. I won't bore you with all of the interesting (to me anyway) details. But here are some highlights. We saw the Christina Cathedral shown here. It had burned in a tragic fire a few years ago, but has now been mostly restored.



We paid a visit to the City Hall, famous in part because this is where the Nobel prizes are awarded. We saw the Royal Armory and the Royal Carriage House. Both of these are housed in the Royal Palace in Gamla Stan. Here you can see the horse that Gustaf II Adolph was riding when he was shot during a battle in the 30 years war. Well, actually the horse is stuffed. You can also see the chair he was placed on and the clothes he was wearing that still show the blood stains after more than 300 years.



There are many coats of armor, clothes, portraits, weapons, toys, carriages, sleds, and other artifacts of the Royal Family from the last several hundred years.

We saw the Gold Room, a display at the Museum of National Antiquities where coins, jewelry, and other treasures dating back to the times of the Vikings are shown.



It was a day full of interesting sights, but, after two trips and several days in Stockholm on each trip, I have only begun to see this remarkable city.



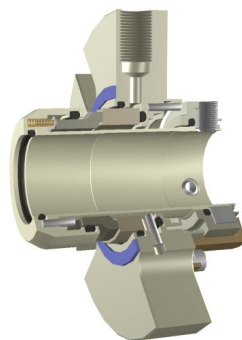
## Måndag, 20 juli 1998, CADKEY

---

Last night, I moved from Rustan's apartment to the house of Bengt Bjorklund. Bengt is an e-mail friend I had discovered by following the CADKEY WEB Forum. For those of you that do not know this part of the story, CADKEY is a Computer Aided Design program that I write books to teach people how to use. A WEB Forum is a place where people with a particular interest (in this case CADKEY) can exchange notes or

questions. I discovered Bengt there one day, and we started exchanging notes. After he discovered that I would be traveling to Sweden, he arranged for me to conduct a seminar on CADKEY at a local company. It turns out that by a strange coincidence, Bengt and Rustan live just a couple of miles from each other in Hanige.

Bengt drove me to Roplan AB, the company that wanted the seminar. Roplan makes seals for high speed hydraulic pumps. Here is an illustration of one of their products that I created from a drawing file Bengt sent to me on the internet. The day was spent demonstrating the 3D design capabilities of CADKEY. The presentation was well received.







In the evening, Bengt took me for a walk in the woods behind his house. Only a 20 minute ride from downtown Stockholm is found a lovely well preserved forest. And, in the middle of it all we came upon this peaceful lake.



### Tisdag, 21 juli 1998, Dalarö

The morning was spent fooling around a bit with CADKEY in Bengt's office, which is in a little cottage on his property.



Then, we traveled in Bengt's hobby car, a 1989 Lincoln Continental Mark V, to the small historic harbor town of Dalarö. Located on the coast southeast of Stockholm, it was an important point of departure for folks heading for Europe in the old days. As a matter of fact, I have read an account of Olof Rudbeck leaving from here on his way to study in Europe after receiving a grant from Queen Christina. We had a nice lunch here and visited an interesting museum featuring the history of the Swedish Customs offices.





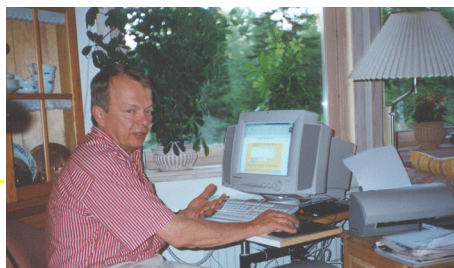
**Onsdag, 22 juli 1998, Finland**

---

Each summer there is a special day at Skansen when people are invited to come wearing the folk costumes from different areas of Sweden. Bengt's wife Christina is from northern Sweden, and is shown here modeling the dress that she will wear to the festival.



While visiting Bengt, I was able to receive a couple of e-mail messages from home by way of Bengt's computer.



**Onsdag, 22 juli 1998, Finland**

---

Early Wednesday morning Bengt gave me a ride to the Silja terminal where I boarded the ferry for a ten hour ride to Finland. These boats are big. The one I was on had twelve decks. They could drive a large number of cars, trucks and busses into the lower decks, and there were several decks set aside for cabins.



Many people, like myself, did not pay the extra pengär for a cabin, but there is plenty of room to explore and occupy time. They have a casino area, many eating places, a dance lounge, and it seems that their real money maker is the duty free store. Imagine a store on a ship that is so large and popular that they have shopping carts. Beer is so much a bargain there that a lot of people brought empty two-wheeled luggage carriers along and loaded them with four or five cases of beer.



The Finns are great fans of dancing to a special Finnish version of the sambo, and here you can see that the dance floor was rarely empty during the time the lounge was open.



I had two choices for the trip to Helsinki. One was a twelve hour ride directly to Helsinki, the other was a ten hour ride to Turku with a brief stop at Mariehamn. I chose the Turku route even though it required a train ride on to Helsinki. This route is more scenic and passes by many of the tens of thousands of islands that are in this area.



As a matter of fact, we were never out of sight of islands the whole way across, and sometimes the ship has to navigate in very narrow channels. There was a brief stop at Mariehamn, a city on the large island of Åland named after the wife of a Russian Czar. The ownership of these islands has changed hands between Sweden and other countries many times during the last 500 years. The island is now part of Finland. I was surprised at how they could manipulate these big ships in the narrow harbor channel.



At the Turku harbor, I did not have too much trouble locating the proper train to Helsinki even though the time I had to catch the train was rather short. Too short to explore this town founded in the 1200's. I must confess, however, that this side trip was a last minute decision and I did not do my homework and learn a few phrases in Finnish before leaving. The Finnish language is far removed from English, Swedish, or most any other language. In Finland, I knew I was in a different country.





I did not see any place to buy a train ticket, and I did not have time to get any Finnish money. So, after the train was on the way, and when the conductor came to take or sell tickets, I had no Finnish money to use. The conductor said he would deal with me later.

By accident, I sat on the train next to a fellow from England, who had been working for four years in Sweden, and who was off to visit his girl friend in Finland. He gave me an interesting overview of the differences between Finland and other European countries. After he left the train, a young Finnish fellow, who had overheard us speaking in English, asked if I would mind talking with him since he liked to practice speaking English. His tongue was fairly loose after consuming what I guessed was his third large bottle of strong Finnish beer. He provided me with additional insight into Finnish life, and gave me advice on how to behave while there. For example, he suggested that I not try to speak Swedish to the Finns since many Finns do not like Swedes.

Actually, especially along the coastal areas, there are a lot of Swedish speaking Finns. In Helsinki, the street signs are in both Finnish and Swedish. Most parts of Finland were part of Sweden until the Swedes and Russians signed a treaty around 1800. As a matter of fact, Helsinki was actually started by Gustaf Vasa. Finland was not an independent country until the early 1900's.

The train ride to Helsinki took about an hour, and before it was over the conductor came back to decide what to do about my ticket. After a bit of negotiating, and with some animated discussion in Finnish with my new friend, he agreed to take some Swedish kroner for the fare.

The primary motivation for this trip to Finland was an invitation from Marita Näsman from Helsinki. She had been doing some genealogical research a couple of years ago, and discovered me on the internet. Although we soon discovered that we are not related, it turns out that some of our early ancestors came from the same part of Finland. So, when she invited me to come over and see the place where some of my ancestors had come from, I couldn't resist.

You might wonder how two people who have never met could locate each other at the Helsinki train station, largest in the country. The answer, of course, is the internet. We had exchanged pictures by attaching them to e-mail messages, so we had no trouble recognizing each other.





### Torsdag, 23 juli 1998, Helsinki

Marita had to work during the day, so she provided me with instructions on how to take the bus from her apartment to downtown Helsinki. Equipped with a map, I made my way from the bus station to the main tourist information office.



Along the way, I discovered that Helsinki attracts a lot of street entertainers. This group, with the exaggerated Elvis costumes, was doing a great job of playing 'Blue Suede Shoes' and other music.

At the tourist office, I bought a two day Helsinki Card, and then got on a bus for a guided tour of the area. Helsinki is quite a dynamic city, and when I was there seemed to be under construction everywhere. It turns out that they will be the European Cultural City of the year 2000, so they are fixing the place up a bit. The bus tour provided a good overview, and even made a few brief stops. One such stop was at the popular 'Church in the Rock'. In the middle of town, they excavated into the granite and created a magnificent church. The interior walls were simply the solid granite rock, and the acoustics were quite amazing. A man was singing and playing hymns on a grand piano when I was there.





**Torsdag, 23 juli 1998, Helsinki**

The bus tour also stopped at a monument to the famous Finnish composer Sibelius, and drove by the ship yards. Helsinki is one of the largest ship builders in the world and we saw a new Carnival Cruise ship under construction that was about 90 percent complete.



The bus tour started and ended across the street from the Helsinki market, right at the harbor. The marketplace has a combination of outdoor booths, an indoor area, and a few boats that sell fish and vegetables right from the boat. Although a great place for tourists, the market also serves as a major shopping area for local residents.



Near the market is the esplanade, a very wide street with a long park in the middle. It attracts many street performers. I saw jugglers, and singers, and folks playing classical music on flutes and violins.



A woman who one day was juggling several little girls on her feet, was seen the next day directing the girls with a couple of trained house cats that jumped through hoops and did other tricks.







Torsdag, 23 juli 1998, Helsinki



Pernå, Finland

That evening, Marita and I drove to the Pernå area about 50 kilometers east of Helsinki. This is the part of Finland where some of my ancestors came from. Actually, in the days when my ancestors were here, this was part of Sweden. The large house shown above was built on the site of the home of Mårten Tiet, a ninth great grandfather. But it was built in the 1800's, a couple of hundred years after he was gone. The smaller house is on the site of another ancestor, and you can see the rolling landscape of the area where some of my ancestors lived in the 1400's and 1500's. This was as far east as I got. At this point I was only about 100 kilometers (60 miles) from the Russian border.



### Fredag, juli 24 1988, Helsinki

On Friday, I once again used my Helsinki Card to explore the city. I started by taking a sight-seeing boat ride. The trip started in the fog, but before long the sun broke through and we could see the summer homes and residences on the many islands in the area. They say that there are around 1.3 million saunas in Finland. Many of the island homes had a sauna house right on the edge of the water so that after steaming for a while and whisking themselves with fresh cut birch branches (for sale at the market place) they can jump right into the cold water to close those open pores.



Our tour boat passed by ice breakers, freighters, and this ferry that was being scrubbed by a couple of guys hanging on a rigging. Boy, those ships are big. I'm glad that I don't have the job of keeping them clean.



I rode a trolley in a big figure eight loop around Helsinki and got yet another perspective of the city.

Later in the day, Marita and I met at the railroad station, and we visited a few more interesting places. One was the National Archives of Finland. Here we discovered a book that had a lot of historical information about Johannes Rudbeckius and his sons. Marita is a professional translator and has no trouble reading Swedish (as well as Finnish and English).





### Lördag, juli 25, Helsinki to Umeå

---

Saturday morning Marita dropped me off at the train station where I continued my trip by traveling north to Wasa, Finland and then by Ferry to Umeå, Sweden. The day was grey and rainy, but the scenery was interesting. Most travelers were local residents and the train stopped at a few stations such as this one to drop folks off.



Around Helsinki there are forest covered hills. As the train got farther north along the west coast, the countryside opened into a flat plain with many large farms.



You might have noticed that Vasa is sometimes spelled Wasa. Don't ask me why. The city of Wasa, like the city of Sundsvall and Helsinki, and quite a few others were established by Gustaf Vasa.

The ferry ride from Wasa to Umeå was four hours, much shorter than the crossing from Stockholm. This time we were out of sight of land for much of the voyage. The ferry was also much smaller, but it did include the typical slot machines and duty free store.

My arrival in Umeå was made easier through the help of another e-mail connection. While surfing the net one day I discovered a Pelle Näsman who is a timber specialist. The economy of northern Sweden depends a great deal on the timber business. Pelle's ancestors are from northern Finland, so we are not related. But, he was very helpful in making reservations for me at a local hotel, and made arrangements for a rental car to be delivered to my door the next morning. Unfortunately I was not able to meet him because he and his family were on holiday at the time.





### Sondag, juli 26 1998, The High Coast

---

Umeå is a city of about 100,000 with about 25,000 students attending Umeå University. This is as far north as I have been in Sweden to this point. It is located at about 64 degrees north latitude, which places it about 300 kilometers (200 miles) south of the Arctic Circle. Umeå is only two thirds of the way up along the east coast of Sweden, but 90 percent of the Swedes live south of here. It is about 1,000 kilometers (600 miles) from here to Malmö at the southern tip of the country. It is, surprisingly, about the same distance from Malmö to Umeå as it is from Malmö to Milan, Italy.

My hotel (one of the best I experienced in Sweden) was a block from the downtown pedestrian mall typical of many Swedish cities.



A block in another direction was the large Umeälven River. Although I wished that I could have spent more time exploring the area, I had to move on. Time was running short, and I wanted to see a little of the Högakusten before meeting with some folks in the Sundsvall area.





The weather for once cooperated, and the drive down the coast was spectacular. The Gulf of Bothnia, which is the northern extension of the Baltic Sea, provides a backdrop for beautiful mountains cut by inlets from the sea and surrounding pretty green farming valleys.



This area includes the counties of Ångermanland and Medelpad, and because of the spectacular scenery is a popular destination for Swedish vacationers.

Those interested in trying their hand (and foot) at mountain climbing should check out Skulberget mountain (shown here with my rental car in the foreground). There you can rent equipment and sign up for climbing classes. After looking at the small dots that were people climbing the rock cliff face, I decided to get an ice cream cone, sit at a picnic table and just watch. For those who like exercise, but are a little more sane, there is a National Park here that provides a choice of many hiking trails for those with the time to explore them.





A little further south, I stopped to admire the new High Coast bridge. The towers for this suspension bridge are the highest structures in Scandinavia. I had been following the construction of this bridge by occasionally checking out a page on the internet that showed pictures from cameras mounted at several places. The bridge officially opened this spring.



There is a hotel and restaurant here that is located to provide a nice view of the bridge. From the parking lot I followed a small trail marked with occasional blue dots painted on trees and rocks to a higher vantage point.







**Sondag, juli 26 1998, The High Coast**

---

Near the top of the hill was one of the many large windmills that provide electric power in Sweden.



It would be easy to spend an entire vacation exploring this beautiful area.

Because of my schedule, however, I had to be content with snapping a few pictures while cruising down the E 4 highway.





Traveling on to the south, I stopped for the night at the Siftsgården at Söråker. I had seen this place advertised on the internet, and knew that it was a combination conference center and hotel. There were no conferences the day I arrived, and it seemed that I had the place pretty much to myself. As a matter of fact, it was almost spooky to walk up and down long halls, and explore the nice library and sitting rooms, but with absolutely no one else around.



Söråker is near the city of Sundsvall, and is right next to Tynderö, the village where my father's father came from. Through a series of complicated e-mail friends and messages, I had the name of some people who had known my grandfather. After a couple of phone calls, I was picked up by the son of a man whose uncle had been friends with my grandfather, and we drove to a neighbors house for a visit.

There I had a delightful meeting with Dagny Thunfors, her daughter, and Gustav Öden.





Gustav produced a post card that had been sent from my grandfather Peter to Gustav's uncle in 1905 (about 2 years before Peter married my grandmother). He also had a family picture of my Grandfather, Grandmother, Father, and Aunts and Uncles that was probably taken in the 1930's. Gustav had an old farm book from the 1800's that provided a little more information about when the family name Näsman was in use. It turns out that my great great grandfather, who is listed in the church Family Register Book as Olof Jonas Jonsson, was listed in the farm book as Olof Näsman. His brother Isak also went by the name Näsman. It is not known why they changed from Jonsson to Näsman, but I now believe that this was the first use of the name in our family.

Although by this time it was quite late, Gustav's son drove around and pointed out some of the places where these ancestors had lived. For example, this barn is near the spot where my great grandfather Anders Näsman and his wife Kasja Dufvenberg had lived.







### Måndag, 27 juli 1998, Sundsvall - Härnösand

---

The next day I made contact with my eighth cousin Annika Lindqvist from Alnö, just outside of Sundsvall. Last summer Diana and I had spent a pleasant day on an outing with Annika and her family. She invited me for lunch, and we talked about genealogy, which is a strong interest of hers. Especially tracing the descendents of Johannes Rudbeckius. She mentioned that she had met a man named Tord Bylund at a genealogical conference, and had mentioned me to him.

Now I have to digress again with another internet story. Some of the people I had discovered on the internet were from this part of Sweden, and many generations back, share a few ancestors with me. Some of them have posted their list of ancestors on the internet. In some cases, they provided the source of information about particularly early individuals. The source most often mentioned is Tord Bylund, who works at the National Archives located in Härnösand, and who is one of the most respected Swedish genealogical researchers. Härnösand is about 40 kilometers (25 miles) from Sundsvall.

The reason that Annika had mentioned me to Tord is that she knew the story of my father discovering, during his 1967 trip to Sweden, that he had a half brother (who had already died by that time). The half brother took the name Maldor Bylund since his mother was named Bylund. Bylund is a fairly common name in Sweden, so the chances are small that there could be a connection between Maldor and Tord. Anyway, Annika offered to give Tord a call if I would like to talk to him. After a brief conversation, it was decided that I would make a drive to Härnösand to meet him.

I spent a very interesting afternoon at the Härnösand Archives with Tord. After a quick review of the information that I had about Maldor Bylund's mother, Tord determined that she was related to him, therefore making us some kind of half cousins. His expertise was such, and his memory so good, that I could point to a name in my list of ancestors (carried in a convenient 3-ring binder with all of the important information for my trip), and Tord could immediately run down a hall to a room full of books, pull a volume from the shelf, and locate information about that person.





## Tisdag, 28 juli 1998, Sundsvall to Märsta

---

He has an amazing computer data base that contains about 80,000 names. At one point he showed me a possible connection between one of my distant ancestors and another individual. There is some question as to whether the connection is true (about a 50 percent probability), but if it is true, ancestors can be traced back to the year 450. This was all great fun.

## Tisdag, 28 juli 1998, Sundsvall to Märsta

---

The time was getting close for my return trip home. I made a relaxed 380 kilometer (250 mile) drive from Sundsvall to Märsta, stopping occasionally along the way to do a little sight-seeing and shopping. Once again the skies turned grey, and a light rain fell occasionally. Märsta is just north of Stockholm near the airport. I checked in for the night at the EuroStop hotel. Here you see the rainy view from my ninth floor window.



And also the view from the window in the shower stall.

The EuroStop was quite familiar to me because this is where Diana and I parked our husbil the previous summer. It includes a hotel, restaurants, shopping mall, and a service station with a 24 hour convenience store. If you get really homesick for America, there is a Mac Donalds just across the parking lot. Last summer, we found that this was a good base of operations near where we could park and take the train into Stockholm rather than driving the husbil into the city.



After a relaxing evening, I was ready for the long flight home.

## Onsdag, 29 juli 1998, Stockholm to Columbus

---

I did not experience as big a delay on the trip home as I had on the way to Sweden. The first leg from Stockholm to Amsterdam was fine. From Amsterdam to Detroit was OK, but I do not think that there was an empty seat on the big 747. The flight was booked for KLM/Northwest, and the east bound 747 had a big KLM painted on the side. Going west, however, the plane was labeled Northwest, and the service was not as good as KLM.



Whoever said getting there is half the fun hasn't been flying lately. On arrival in Detroit there was not much time between planes. I cleared customs (easier than JFK the year before), took a shuttle bus to the main terminal, and hurried to the gate noted on my ticket. But, it was quiet there, too quiet. After finally finding someone to ask, I discovered that they had changed gates. It was no longer C8, but B22. I ran as fast as I could to the new gate only to discover that the plane would be delayed a couple of hours. The regular plane had brake problems and they were waiting for another plane to arrive. The replacement plane was smaller than the original (which was already over-booked). After they managed to talk a few volunteers into taking a later flight (the next day), we made the short flight to Columbus. There I saw the smiling face of Diana, and was very happy to find her patiently waiting. Vacations are fun, but there is no place like home.

However, as I look back on all of the good times I had, the beautiful places I saw, and mostly the wonderful people that helped me have a great trip, I have to say that it was all worth the travel trouble. And, it probably wouldn't take too much encouragement for me to do it all again.

*Len Nasman,*

Summer, 1998



# THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF LEN

An account of the places seen, people met,  
history encountered, and the general  
adventures of Leonard Oliver Nasman during  
his journey to Sweden and Finland in July of  
the year 1998.

This is a journal of the travels of Len Nasman in Sweden and Finland  
in July of 1998. The foundation for this trip was put in place in the  
summer of 1997 when Len and Diana Nasman visited Tvååker, Hal-  
land County Sweden, the birthplace of Len's maternal grandmother  
and grandfather. At the time of that visit, Len knew of no living rela-  
tives in the area.

Len had, however, made contact by way of the internet with a college  
student from Tvååker who introduced him to Inge Svensson. While  
Len and Diana were visiting Inge Svensson during their 1997 trip, they  
met Anders Andersson who had a genealogy chart with Sven Gabriels-  
son at the top of the page, and Sven's children and offspring shown in  
columns on the chart.

One column, headed by Gust Svensson, indicated that Gust had emi-  
grated to the United States, and that nothing more was known about  
Gust. Gust Svensson (or Swanson in the US) was Len's grandfather.  
Anders Andersson reported that his branch of the family had been  
having reunions alternating between Sweden and the US, and that the  
next reunion was planned for the summer of 1998 in the Varberg area.