

Visit To Switzerland, Sweden Described by Moberg

Editor's note: Mr. Moberg, development engineer, and John T. MacIsaac manager of the Mechanical Development Dept. recently visited textile mills and textile machinery manufacturers in several European countries. Mr. Moberg was asked to write an account of the trip for a Swedish publication. He gave permission for the story to be carried serially in the Mill Whistle. In today's installment he writes of Switzerland and Sweden.

By IVOR O. MOBERG

In Switzerland, as in Germany, we ran into the pre-Lenten festival. All hours during the night we could hear bands and drummers parading through the city. The people were dressed up in all kinds of fancy costumes, singing, dancing, playing and laughing in the street. On Sunday we witnessed one of the finest parades we have ever seen. We saw intricate floats, fancy bicycle riding, unicycle riding, comical floats, giant men, grotesque figures and an invasion of our planet by Martians. An enormously big tank,



almost as high as the houses, manned by queer looking Martians with built in antenna on their cranium fired ray machine guns in all directions.

It really gave us an inkling about what might happen some time in the future when the planet Mars tries to invade our earth. The next day, Monday, was a holiday terminating the festival.

The day we were to leave for Sweden we were picked up by a representative of Sulzer Loom Works and taken to their large plants in Winterthur. We inspected the ingenious Sulzer shutterless looms in action. After spending all possible time at Sulzer we were taken out for lunch by them.

At 4:15 p.m. we left Zurich airport on a SAS DC-6 plane with Sweden as goal. The flight took us across Germany over part of Baltic Sea and into Denmark. We stopped at Kastrup Airport near Copenhagen to change planes for Stockholm, Sweden. Leaving Copenhagen at 6:50 p.m. we flew diagonally across southern Sweden and landed at Bromma Airport near Stockholm at 9:00 p.m. We passed the Swedish custom inspection which was the toughest yet. Strangely enough, the Swedish custom inspectors did not give a hoot about what we had in our bags but they were very much concerned with the amount of Swedish money we had with us. They handed us a long questionnaire in duplicate that we had to fill out. How much Swedish money in cash, how much in travelers checks, how much in letters of credit, etc. were the things they wanted to know. The amount of American money we had with us was not in question. Finally we had filled the questionnaire out and our bags passed without interrogation.

We went to Grand Hotel in Stockholm where we had rooms reserved. It was a magnificent hotel located right across the Norrstrom from the Swedish Royal Palace. Having registered, the desk clerk gave us a key for our room and directed us how to find it. We inquired about our luggage. "It is already in your room," replied the clerk. We went to the elevator and pressed the button. In Sweden you run your own elevator. They have special elevators for the luggage, and when we entered our rooms our luggage was there. There was no waiting for elevator service.

It was late when we went down to the dining room for dinner. It was a very large and beautiful dining room in horseshoe shape around the orchestra and the sunken dance floor. We were seated at a table by a very polite head waiter. By now we had acquired the French, German, and Swiss customs to have wine with the meals. We ordered a bottle which was imported from France. Swedes do not make wine so there was no bragging about it.

Next morning we got up early to go to Norrkoping, fam-

ous Swedish textile center. Before we left Grand Hotel we looked across the Norrstrom toward the Royal Palace. We were amazed by the thousands of water fowls on the Norrstrom which is a canal-like body of water. There were all kinds of wild ducks, geese, swans, water hens, etc. Never before have we seen so many birds in one place.

We arrived at Norrkoping where we were to inspect the Maxbo shutterless high speed looms. We were met at the station by a Mr. Holmgren and proceeded at once to the Maxbo Loom Works. Here we met Mr. Paabo, the inventor of the loom. We saw these looms in action. The looms are vertical in contrast to conventionally horizontal. The filling is blown across the loom by air jet at delivery end and picked up by vacuum at the receiving end. The speed was 350 P.P.M. which is an extremely high speed for a loom.

That evening we were taken out to Geta Turist Hotel at Braviken. It was a very beautiful country, even in the winter when we were there. Braviken, the deep inland bay from the Baltic Sea, with the enormously large Kolmarden Forest bordering it has been called the Riviera of Sweden. Here is also located the Marble Works, where the famous Kolmarden marble is broken.

Next morning we got up early to take the train back to Norrkoping. We were met at the station by Mr. Paabo who took us on a sightseeing tour through the city. In the afternoon we took the train back to Stockholm and Grand Hotel. There we remained another day in which we had a chance to see part of Stockholm.

Next day we were ready for the 458 kilometer trip to Gothenburg on the Swedish west coast. We had plane tickets to Gothenburg but so many had told us not to miss a trip on the Swedish railroads, the finest in Europe. Hence, we changed our plane ticket to that of a train. A little after noon we boarded the "London Arrow" for Gothenburg where plane or boat connections to London could be had by people going there. Punctually on time, the "London Arrow" pulled out of the station and under gleaming electrodes overhead, sped the train in the early setting "midnight sun" toward Sweden's west coast where we had not been for 30 years.

The Swedish trains were all that had been said about them. Electrically powered, they were conspicuously clean, comfortable, quietly running and speedy. We rode in 2nd



class for very few of the Swedish trains carry 1st class. A steward from the dining car passed through the trains at intervals announcing that meals are served. We requested a place in the dining car and the steward gave us tickets stating the time we could occupy the seat. Thus, there was no waiting in the dining car for seats.

A uniformed hostess came through the train emptying the ash trays and dusting off the tables and window sills. We could detect no dust so the dusting seemed to us superfluous. The Swedish trains are essentially electrically driven since Sweden has neither coal nor oil, but an abundance of water power. An electric power line of 380,000 volts, highest voltage in the world, runs from Harspranget Power Station in northern Sweden to south of Sweden under the water of Kattegot Sound, and into Denmark. The mighty rivers of northern Sweden provide electric power all over the country.

(Continued next issue)

FIELDCREST MILL WHISTLE