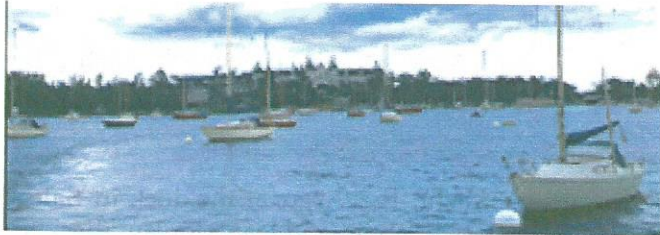


wife, looked after Dad and found him a seat next to the captain, in the pilothouse.

We returned to Saltsjobaden about 2:30 am, on the 14th. The captain had a hard time finding a dock to tie up to because they were having a sailboat race the next morning, and the harbor was full.



This view of the harbor, with the hotel in the background was taken before we left for dinner.

We couldn't tie up alongside a dock so several of us had to help lift Dad over the prow of the boat and onto the dock.

Next morning we continued our meeting, while Dad located the electric railroad station and found his way to downtown Stockholm all by himself. He returned to the hotel before our meeting adjourned at about 14:30 hours.

Sunday morning we concluded our Planning Council meeting while Dad wrote some post cards. Stig and Karl put on a Swedish Smorgasbord for Sunday lunch. There was so much to eat of so many things that Dad said he wished he could have had Doctors Wiswell and Rogers sitting at the table with their hands tied behind their backs as he slowly passed all the goodies before their eyes. Apparently they had him on a diet at some point during his recovery from the accident.



Our tour group viewing the city hall

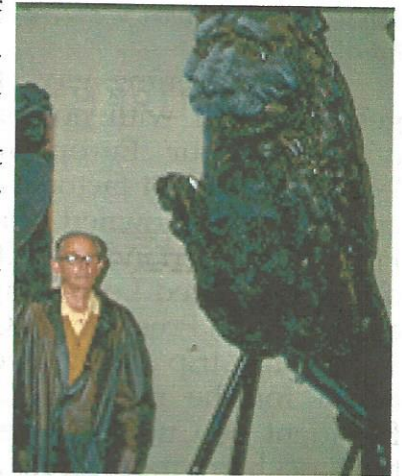
After lunch, Stig and Karl had arranged for a sightseeing trip through Stockholm. We did quite a bit of walking, but Dad kept up with the rest of our group.



The king on horseback in Opera House Square.

After that tour Dad showed me how to get downtown on the electric train. From there we took a short Ferry Boat to a museum which houses a 300 hundred year old battleship. It had sunk twenty minutes after being launched on it's Maiden voyage.

They were in the process of raising this ship, the Waxa, eleven years before, during my first visit to Stockholm in 1960. The museum had been built around the ship and now they were restoring the ship to like-new condition.



Dad and Bowsprit of the 300 year old battleship.

Dinner was unnecessary, after the Smorgasbord, so our only task for the evening was to pack for the next leg of our journey. Dad had met sixteen members of the Culligan European family, He said Karl Ekwall reminded him so much of Ray Hallen, a Swedish Northbrook neighbor. Stig Tjerner became a friend of everyone who had the opportunity to meet him. I often said he was one of the two best friends I made in Europe.