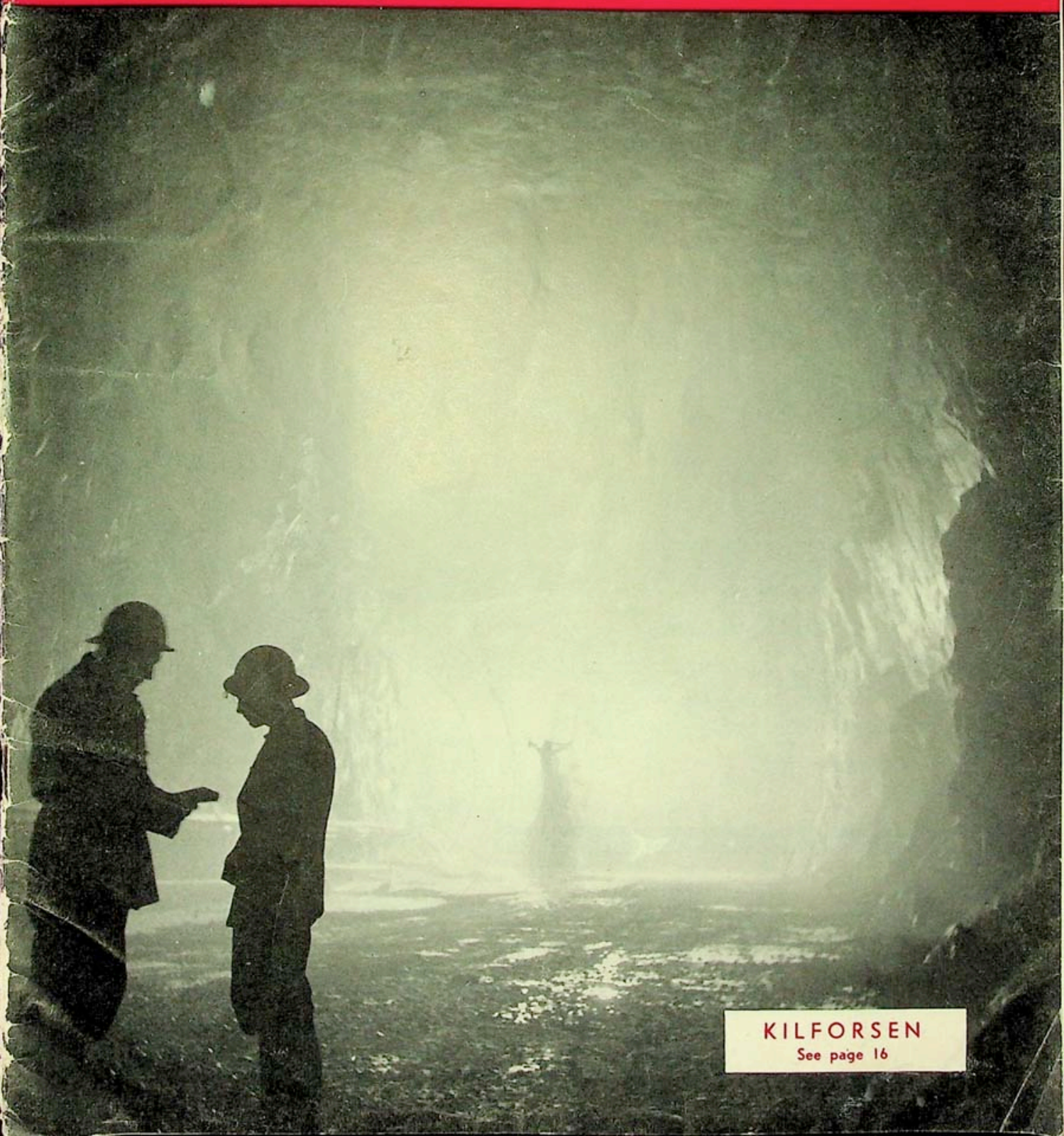
# THE AMERICAN SWEDISH MONTHLY

July 1952, 30 cents



KILFORSEN
See page 16



The Lindbergs do some home work.

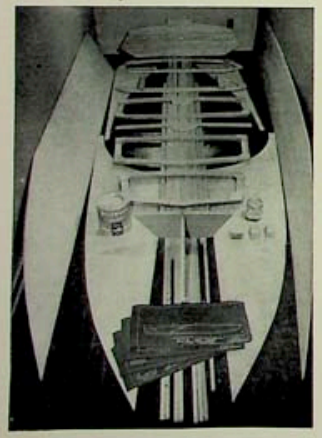
# Hot Rod Speed Boats

**Bob Lindberg designs them, ships 5,000 mail orders a year.**

By Paul Vandervoort II

A family seafaring tradition inherited from a line of Swedish mariners, coupled with the spirit of free enterprise, has enabled Edwin Robert Lindberg to pyramid a $1.50 investment to $30,000 a year, selling pleasure and speed boat plans by mail. His company, Champion Boats, which sells about 5,000 plans for racing boats yearly, was started six years ago with a small classified advertisement in a motor sport magazine. He is 28 years old and president of his company.

Ready-to-build boat kit.



Today, the firm Lindberg established in October, 1948, owns its own office building and factory at 1524 West 15th Street, Long Beach, California, employs four office workers and nine shop craftsmen, and has branched out into custom boat building and the manufacture of ready-to-build boat kits. Though Champion Boats dates only from 1948, the seafaring tradition behind it goes back three generations to Sweden, where Bob Lindberg's paternal great grandparents and maternal grandparents were born.

"All the men in my father's family were connected with boats," he said. "My grandfather, Captain G. Lindberg, who was born in Obo, Finland, was a designer and builder of small pleasure boats. My father, Captain Axel G. Lindberg, also born in Obo, was a captain in the merchant marine until he retired."

On his mother's side, Lindberg received a heritage of civic service. His mother was the daughter of Adolf Frederick Anderson of Stockholm, a senator for eight years and owner and publisher of a newspaper for 30 years. Bob Lindberg was born in Long Beach, and lived the first years of his life on a three-masted lumber schooner in San Pedro harbor.

"I spent all my time around the Wilmington boat works and Fellows and Stewart's boat landings," he recalled. "I guess you could say I was practically raised on the docks."

In 1929, he and his parents went to Sweden for six months. They traveled on the Margaret Johnson of the Swedish Steamship Line, and the trip was the first of many to "just about every country in the world."

Bob really became a world traveler during his more than three years as an aerial engineer and ground crew chief with the United States Air Transport Command. He had entered the service after graduating from Polytechnic High School, Long Beach, in 1940. He ferried planes all over the world, some of his stations including North Africa, Persia, Egypt

(*Continued on page 22*)

Custom-built racers on the assembly line.



# A Naturalist at Large



The author's Indian carriers on an expedition in Ecuador.

Conclusion

**Traveling with snakes and other jungle denizens is a unique and often dangerous means of livelihood.**

By Rolf Blomberg

THERE was one desirable reptile I had been trying hard to catch, but without success. This was the king cobra, the world's largest poisonous snake. A short time before my departure from Java, I visited the zoo at Bandung, which had a good collection of specimens from all the different islands of Indonesia. Among them was a 12-foot-long king cobra. I asked the keeper where this beautiful reptile came from.

"Umar brought us this one," he answered. "We get nearly all our snakes from him. He makes a living catching snakes and selling them to us and to the Pasteur Institute, which uses them for serum. Every night he goes out with a flashlight in one fist and a sack in the other, and toward dawn he comes back with a sackful of cobras and kraits and other poisonous things. Umar is a snake charmer as well, and knows all a snake charmer should know and quite a bit more. You would enjoy meeting him."

I wrote down his address. He lived in a small village near Cheribon in Central Java. I looked him up. He was not exactly a handsome man. He had a wide mouth and nostrils like a horse. But he was exceptionally smart and, although a simple native, had glistening gold fillings in his teeth and an elegant silver wrist watch. So his snake business seemed to be rather profitable. I asked him if he happened to have any king cobras in stock. "Not at the moment," said Umar, "but I have many other snakes if you are interested."

He disappeared under a bamboo shed and came back with some rattan baskets. He took off the cover of one. In it were four black cobras.



Remind you of somebody?

"This one is a big, healthy specimen," he said, putting down his hand among the poisonous creatures and seizing one by the neck.

"Aren't you a bit careless?" I asked.

"Bah! I have been bitten time and time again," he answered, "but that doesn't matter. I make my own medicine, which cures any snake bite."

Umar put the cobra in the basket again. "Look here," he said, and showed his arms which were full of scars. "They are snake bites, all of them. And look at this, and this!" He pointed at his legs, which were as scarred as his arms. "And look here," he continued, not without pride, and thrust out the ugliest tongue I ever saw. It had the same structure as a cauliflower. He had been bitten several times on the tongue.

He could perform an incredibly nauseating stunt, put a whip snake up through his nose and draw it out of his mouth. When he saw that I did not believe him, he did it; and I took a photograph of it.

I bought several snakes from Umar, and he promised to collect more and try his best to get me a king cobra. Just before I left Java, I visited him again to pick up the collection. I had asked him to make strong, safe boxes for the poisonous snakes, so that no unpleasant incidents would happen during their transport. However, what Umar considered strong and safe did not at all agree with my ideas on the matter. But I was in a hurry, a rented car was waiting for me, so Umar and I loaded it with all the boxes, baskets and tins which were full of reptiles. I said goodbye to the snake charmer and started off for Cheribon.

I was sitting in the back, and strewn all around me and lying at my

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Two veterans talk with Kilforsen boss Torsten Göransson.

### KILFORSEN

(*Continued from page 17*)

out of the rock and is being finished with concrete, and the first turbine is being installed. Thus Sweden, a nation of engineers and inventors, forges ahead as one of the world leaders in hydro-electric development.

*H. M.*

### GIRLS

(*Continued from page 8*)

Hasso (as in the case of Garbo, the Swedes affectionately and significantly call her by her last name), incidentally, is now in Italy to make a pilot television film, *Secret Agent*, for an American producer, who plans to show here a series of TV thrillers with her as the lone star and English-speaking Italians as supporting actors.

Among the many show people Ulla and Anna-Lisa met here was Carl Brisson, the celebrated Danish stage and screen star of yesteryear, who is still making the ladies sigh and swoon as a tremendously popular one-man-show supper club entertainer. Brisson is a legendary figure in the Swedish theater world, because it was on the stages of Stockholm and Gothenburg that he scored his first triumphs and started his fabulous career as a charmeur extraordinary. Carl and his wife Cleo invited them to lunch at the New York Athletic Club and wined and dined them at the Colony, where Joseph Kennedy, who is an old friend of the Brissons, joined them for a while and spoke admiringly of Swedish feminine beauty in general and particularly of the great Swedish actresses who have gone to Hollywood and conquered the American film public. Carl and Ulla discovered that they both may appear in the musical *South Pacific* in the fall, although not together. Ulla is cast in the leading feminine role in the Stockholm production of *South Pacific*, and the Danes are eager to have Brisson appear in the Danish version of the musical, which is scheduled to open in October in Copenhagen. Brisson, who at this writing is home in Denmark on a visit which will include Sweden, is tempted to accept the offer, but previous commitments may preclude it.

The girls made a surprise visit to the Swedish Flag Day festivities at the Swedish Seamen's Hotel in Brooklyn on June 6th, and Ulla delighted those present with her rendition of *Ack Värmland du Sköna*. It was the only time Ulla sang in public during her stay in New York, which is to be regretted, because she has a truly magnificent voice, easy to listen to. But the girls were not here professionally.

Outside New York, Washington, D. C. was the only American city they visited, and they found the nation's capital "simply wonderful," although the heat was not to their liking. But New York fascinated them most—its bigness, its tempo, the quick-shifting weather ("when it rains in New York, the raindrops are as big as small potatoes") its traffic, its shopping facilities.

"Ah, those stores on Fifth Avenue —they take your breath away! It's like a dream, walking up and down that street looking at the clothes and finery that make a woman's heart jump with joy. We wanted to buy everything, and only our meager dollar supply prevented us from going on the wildest shopping spree you ever saw. But we did manage to get some dresses, nylon things and shoes. Those shoes, so beautiful and so much cheaper than in Stockholm!" Anna-Lisa said enthusiastically.

"New York gets under your skin after a while, and it is perhaps a good thing that we are heading for home shortly," added Ulla.

Their New York odyssey ended 37 days after their arrival at Idlewild Airport. But they didn't fly back, as originally planned. They chose to go by ship, and booked passage on the Swedish American Line's Stockholm.

"We have flown over the Atlantic. Now we want to know how it feels to cross by boat," declared Anna-Lisa and Ulla, whose private calling cards, by the way, read: Friherrinnan Anna-Lisa von Segebaden and Friherrinnan Ulla von Lampe. *End*

### LIGHTS FOR BIRDS

Floodlighting of a lighthouse has been tried in Sweden as a means of saving the lives of thousands of birds which, attracted by the light of the beacon, have crashed against its walls at night. The first lighthouse to adopt this method is Länge Jan, or Long John, on the southern tip of the island of Öland in the Baltic Sea, a favorite passage for hundreds of thousands of migratory birds. While formerly the staff of Länge Jan used to find daily numerous dead or dying birds in the neighborhood, it is now reported that the migratory birds use the rock of the floodlit tower as a resting place on their way to and from Scandinavia.

### SOME CHICKEN!

American poultry growers are producing upward of a billion chickens this year, a five-fold increase in the last decade. Greatest crop is the little broiler—so many that prices are kept down to pre-war levels. This worries the growers who are confronted by higher costs of production.



# Books

By Holger Lundbergh

**CONTEMPORARY SWEDISH DESIGN.** *A Survey in Pictures. By Arthur Hald and Sven Erik Skawonius. Stockholm, 1951. Nordisk Rotogravyr. 177 pp. 111 full color and 64 black-and-white photographs. In New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy, 41 East 50th Street. $17.50.*

LET it, at the outset, be stated with emphasis that nothing approximating this uncommonly handsome volume has ever appeared to tell Americans, in concise text and by means of a wealth of superb pictures, what contemporary Swedish design really looks like. The collaborators, both experts in this field, have attempted an ambitious, an almost staggering, task. On the whole they have succeeded admirably.

For here is a panorama, as expansive as it is rich, covering every angle of a vast and fascinating subject, with the exception of certain types of furniture and mass-produced textiles, which will be treated in a succeeding volume. Aside from this, however, we find here noble examples of glass and ceramics, silverware, jewelry, metalware, handmade textiles, sculpture and inlay, lighting fixtures, wallpaper, leather goods, toys, book bindings and selected pieces of furniture.

To make the book even more valuable to American readers, it contains lists of designers and manufacturers in alphabetical order, manufacturers and designers according to materials, museums and institutions where Swedish design may be studied, explanation of terms and Swedish denominations used in the text, and a map of Sweden showing places mentioned in the text.

It is easy to understand that Skawonius, noted designer, and Hald, editor of *Form and Kultur*, published by the Swedish Society of Industrial Design, at times must have felt overcome, if not bogged down, by the mass of material at their disposal. In such a situation to winnow judiciously is a terribly difficult job. Anxious not to leave out anything of value, it would seem as if the authors at times tended to become too lavish. The embarrassment of riches with which they were faced is reflected on many of these pages. Although handsome and telling, they give a cluttered impression, which robs them of the effectiveness of a less crowded picture. Technically, however, each plate is a little masterpiece. On the other hand, a more serious criticism must be leveled at those responsible for the proofreading, which leaves quite a bit to be desired.

On the whole, though, as I said at the start, it is a book to be warmly welcomed, and one which deserves every success.

**LEGENDS OF THE NORTH.** *By Olivia E. Coolidge. Illustrated by Edouard Sandoz. Boston, 1951. Houghton Mifflin Company. 260 pp. $2.75.*

THERE is color and vigor, romance and adventure in Mrs. Coolidge's splendid retelling of many of the myths of the ancient North. Perhaps recreating is a better word, for the author has made a deep and thorough study of Norse lore and mythology, and the result is a collection of stories that combine the authoritativeness of the history book with the vivid fantasy of the saga.

The volume is divided into four parts: Tales of the Northern Gods, The Last of the Volsungs, Tales of the Northern Heroes, and Tales from the Sagas. Most of the legends, whether based on the Edda, on Beowulf, or on Njal's Saga, are probably familiar to many Americans, while some may not be. They will make fascinating reading, however, for the student of Norse history as well as for the person who for the first time approaches some of the most dramatic chapters in world literature.

Edouard Sandoz's full-page illustrations possess a virile Viking quality, well geared to the spirit of the text.

**WISPS OF STRAW.** *A Novel of Minnesota. By Ellen Malm O'Brien. Los Angeles, 1951. Wetzel Publishing Company. 215 pp. $3.00.*

LIFE on a Swedish settlement in Minnesota toward the end of the 1870's is here described with warmth and nostalgia by an author who was born in the Middle West of Swedish immigrant parents. A keen memory and an attention to details further enable Mrs. O'Brien to present an arresting picture of what happened on a Swedish homestead.

We are concerned with the Erickson family, and primarily with the two daughters, who grow up and marry as the story progresses. We witness a prairie fire, an invasion of locusts, and a bitter winter blizzard. But we are also invited to Fourth of July outings, church picnics, fishing and hunting excursions, and moonlight rides on the lake. *Wisps of Straw* forms a pleasant record, written without pretentiousness, but not without a professional touch, as agreeable to read as it is valuable because of the topical and historical data with which it abounds.

**THE GOOD SALAD BOOK.** *By Florence Brobeck. New York, 1952. M. Barrows & Company. 189 pp. Indexed. $2.75.*

IDEALLY timed to hot weather eating comes this book, brimming over with greenery of every kind, tossed by a hand that has already proved its skill in the writing of several earlier volumes on food and cooking. Here we are offered almost 400 salad combinations, from the traditional to the unorthodox, of American as well as European origin. In addition to recipes for salads of fruits and vegetables, cheese and egg salads, gelatin and frozen salads, and main dish salads—the last mentioned group being fortified with macaroni, fish, chicken, meat, or potatoes—the book contains helpful sections devoted

(*Continued on page 29*)

### NATURALIST

(*Continued from page 13*)

feet I had my boxes and baskets with their dangerous contents. After driving for about an hour over very bumpy roads, I noticed that the cover of one of the plaited rattan baskets was sliding off. I leaned forward to put it on safely again, but I stopped in the middle of the act. Through the slight chink a black cobra raised its terrifying head and fixed its glittering eyes on mine. The cobra swayed to and fro, never taking its eyes away from me, but it lost its balance and coiled out of the basket, gliding over my feet. Quickly I pulled up my legs in the back seat, and in one bound went over the front seat and tumbled down between the chauffeur and his helpmate.

"Stop!" I yelled. "A black cobra is loose!"

"Cobra? Wheeeeee!" screamed the

(*Continued on next page*)

(*Continued from page 19*)

chauffeur, jamming the foot brake on so that the car stopped with a squeak. The two Javanese jumped out of the car as if shot from a cannon.

With the aid of a stick I gradually maneuvered the black cobra back into the basket again, and the journey went on. But all the way to Cheribon the two natives kept watching the back seat anxiously.

From Cheribon I went to Batavia by train. No decent hotel there wanted to take me in with my snakes, so I had to go to a cheap and not too comfortable Malay hotel. Here my entire menagerie was united—part of it had been boarded with a friend of mine, a tea planter and keen naturalist—and now I had a great number of poisonous and non-poisonous snakes, from tiny little reptiles to fat, 15-foot pythons. I also had different kinds of turtles and tortoises, crocodiles, giant lizards and other beasts, as well as lots of frogs and mice and rats with which to feed my pets.

One day in the hotel, when I took out some snakes and was forcing food into them, because they would not eat voluntarily, five of them sneaked out of their box. A crowd of Javanese and Malayans, who had been interested spectators, ran away in a hurry, and something of a panic broke out in the hotel. But there was one fellow who calmly stayed and helped me catch the snakes. He was a very pleasant, bearded prince from some small island near New Guinea, brought to Batavia by the Dutch authorities. The man had dangerous ideas, I was told, and had to report to the police every day. When he saw my difficulties, he hastened to my rescue. It was indeed a miracle that he wasn't bitten. Like an angry terrier he chased the snakes, grabbed one in completely the wrong way, threw it away just as it was about to bite him, seized it again, getting a steady grip on its neck. With the snake in his hand, he made for another one, and after recklessly juggling with it and trying several deadly grips on it, he succeeded in seizing this one also by the neck. He put the two dangerous snakes in the box but forgot to put the cover on, so that these two and two more, which I had been able to catch, sneaked out for the second time. But quite fearlessly the prince dived for them again, and with the help of hands and feet we succeeded at last in getting all five back into the box. I gave a deep sigh of relief, for the prince had been within a hair's breadth of being bitten at least a dozen times. I told him so.

"Hell no!" he exclaimed, grinning. "Don't you think I can handle those little worms? On my home island we tackle 30-foot pythons!"

From Batavia I had to go to Singapore and wait there for one of the Swedish East Asia ships. When I had bought my ticket, the agent of the shipping company asked me what my baggage contained. I gave him the information, and after that I had to look for another boat. They could not take snakes and crocodiles on board, the agent said. Some months before my visit, a tiger got loose on one of the company's ships and, before jumping overboard to swim ashore to the Malay Peninsula, had killed two passengers. After this tragic occurrence, passengers were not allowed to bring along pets other than dogs, cats and caged birds.

At last, by mere chance, I met the captain of a freighter who was willing to take me and my reptiles to Singapore as long as I promised to tell my fellow passengers that my pets were quite harmless. I did so, and luckily arrived in Singapore without any incident. There I boarded the Swedish ship Tamara, which was renamed "Noah's Ark" by her captain.

During the six-week journey to Sweden, several animals died and others escaped. When we anchored in Colombo, Ceylon, a python disappeared. I thought it had been stolen, for those things of course can happen in countries where there are snake charmers. But one day, three weeks later, when we were sailing through the Mediterranean, I found the lost python. It was coiled up on top of the hold, having a sun bath. It probably had been hiding in the deck cargo. Before this happened, the female passengers especially already had protested strongly against this cargo of reptiles, but now they were completely horrified.

"I am sure," said one of them, "that there are other loose poisonous snakes crawling around here. At night they might sneak in through the porthole!" So they cursed me, no doubt, and slept with the portholes closed every night, gasping for fresh air.

The captain was not exactly happy with the snakes, either. He lost his appetite seeing them, he declared. And it is a fact that after I had shown him an ugly black water snake, he would not even look at the delicious smoked eel of the smörgåsbord. He claimed that he got an association of ideas. When, later on, my water snake disappeared in a mysterious way, the captain ordered the steward: "Out with the smoked eel from the table! One can never trust a cook!"

It was quite a job to keep all my animals alive. First of all was the food question. The lizards, crocodiles and turtles were not difficult. They ate meat and fish which I had stored in the refrigeration room. But the snakes wanted live food. My stock of frogs and mice soon was exhausted, and the snakes had to be fed by force with eggs. This was done in the following way. I had a rubber hose fitted to a glass funnel. I forced the hose into the mouth and down the stomach of the snake; then I poured raw egg into the funnel. In about the same way in which one fills sausage, I had to help the snake swallow by massaging it from the throat down to the stomach. In this way I kept the snakes alive in spite of not having live food.

My second problem was how to keep the temperature high enough for these tropical reptiles when we came up to the chilly Atlantic Ocean and the North Sea. To start with, it was enough if I brought the cages down into the hold for the night. But it soon became too cold even there. Over the biggest cages I then placed the large lamps used to load the ship at night, and those gave out just the right heat. I brought the smaller cages and boxes to my cabin, which soon smelled like a monkey house, because I didn't care to air it too often as I was afraid of letting the good warm air out. The poor cabin steward detested reptiles so much. He got the first shock when he started to open one of the drawers to put some clothes in it. I had emptied the drawer and put two little python snakes inside. In the wash basin fierce leather turtles were swimming, and on the cabin floor crocodiles strolled about.

On his inspection tour the captain looked in one day. "This is the limit!" he growled. "How the devil can anybody sleep in such a mess! One of these days you will wake up dead, with a python around your neck!"



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I was very happy the day we arrived in Gothenburg and I could deliver my reptiles to the Aquarium. But the farewell wasn't altogether hearty on the part of the snakes. A python took the opportunity to give me a good bite in my finger when I was going to show a brother of mine, who had come to meet me, how extremely easy it is to handle snakes. And with that farewell kiss I departed from my pets.

The East had completely captivated me, so in 1940, after an interlude of fighting as volunteer in Finland against the Russians, I started off for Indonesia again, when the war was already raging in Europe. This journey was eventful enough, but from a naturalist's point of view not very profitable. I visited many of the Sunday Islands, among them Komodo where I stayed for six weeks and became acquainted with the prehistoric dragon lizards. But the war then came to the Far East, and for more than three years I experienced in Java what the Japanese occupation was like. When I was free to move around again, I went to Australia, and then returned to Europe.

At the time of writing this, I am back again in my first hunting grounds, South America. If any of my readers should happen to visit the Bronx Zoo in New York, he can look at some of my last catches—a rare hairy mountain tapir from Ecuador's inaccessible highlands, the first specimen secured by any zoo, and three ugly giant toads, the largest caught in the New World, which I recently discovered in the jungles of southwestern Colombia. The scientific (and to me, utterly well-sounding) name given to this giant toad is *Bufo blombergi.*

I am soon off on another trip, to the wild Llanganati Mountains in Ecuador. There are rumors about the existence of a very strange mammal in this region. It might of course be just a legend, but sometimes rumors can lead to exciting discoveries—as was the case with my Colombian toad. Finding a big mammal would be a higher mark for any naturalist. *End*