

[Ink note on top of page one “please return to Rex Wailes, Davidge Cottage, Knotty Green, Beaconsfield, Bucks”]

Riddaregården Hotel, Borgholm, Öland, Sweden

Thursday, June 4, 1964.

Had a comfortable drive to London Airport, passing the top of the station slope just as people were coming out of A.Ws train.

The plane was a Comet, fast and quiet, with a very steep angle of climb and a take of 18 seconds after start. It was raining hard at Copenhagen, where one walks about half a mile thro' covered ways to the luggage and customs. No porters, but small barrows are provided for passengers. I got a taxi and at the hotel the taximan told me it was forbidden for taximen to handle luggage beyond the edge of the pavement. In fact I never saw a porter in Copenhagen or on the Swedish railways at all.

The Hotel Kansas was a bed and breakfast place, comfortable but with a wretched continental eiderdown without a top sheet or blanket so one either froze or sweated. Next morning, when the weather cleared, I had time to walk around the block and then got a taxi - through some very old quaint streets to the ferry. This proved to be a very well appointed ship of 1958. Though travelling 2nd class I explored the 1st class and decided that 2nd class was good enough for most people. I had a snack on board and had quite a long haul to the railway station at Malmö - no porters and no taxis - a wait of over an hour and a half. The trains were comfortable - I had to change - and had buffet cars which I used but the countryside, except for the first and last half hour, was very dull, with neglected forest or scrub and only an occasional lake.

Ursula met me at Kalmar and we collected a Volvo car which we took by ferry across to Öland and then up the main road to Borgholm.

This place lies West - just West - of the main road and the hotel is owned by a most pleasant couple, Mr. and Mrs. Rugerup. We are the first guests as it opened only on Monday for the season and the restaurant (dining room) only opens on Saturday. Rooms are comfortable, so we had dinner at the “town hotel” - expensive and not very good - bought postcards and found out who on the Öland mill society.

We saw probably a couple of dozen mills on the drive up from the ferry. Mostly small post mills with boarded sails and four curved quarterbars, but also several small smock mills with ogee caps.

Friday 5th June.

We had a late breakfast 'phoned the Castle Museum at Kalmar and arranged to go there on Thursday next to meet the curator, Miss Dagmar Selling, and went shopping for picnic material, including knife fork and spoon and glazed plates. Then U.W. 'phoned a Dr. Palm, who is the chairman secretary of the mill preservation society and he arranged to come here at 1 p.m. today, but on our return had phoned us to meet him at 1 p.m. at a museum elsewhere.

We got off at about 11.30 and at his suggestion visited Störlinge (pronounced Stairlinger) where there were seven post mills in a group of 5 and 2. We went to an adjacent farm (the farm worker in a dairy was very pleasant) and had our picnic lunch on the open land alongside the road where the 5 mills are set in line. The place is full of wild flowers and birds and, when the sun shone, bright blue and brown butterflies. It must have been a wonderful sight two weeks ago as the two or more acres were literally covered with seed heads of anemone Pulsatilla (Pasqueflower) - as this has buttercups in a field.

It was dull for the most part, but warm, and we picnicked in a hollow sheltered from the warm wind and loved it.

Of the first group of five windmills the last three were derelict but locked. The farm hand said that they had been bought by strangers. Beyond some buildings in the same line were two further mills. One locked but the other open but both derelict. All were post mills with mansard roof, sails set at a constant angle, tapering towards the "tip" and "clothed" with boards, of which the inner set were permanent. No roundhouse and the "quarter-bars" with one exception were curved - No 5 fantastically so - and the posts of oak were reduced at the collar with a step of about 5 ins. width (or by about 10ins dia.) The sides had vertical boarding with the joints covered, and the roofs were either covered or repaired with roofing felt. The ladders were single sided i.e. on one side of the tailpole only with a gap the other side probably for ease of unloading from the platform. But the ladder stringers went right into the mill up to the upper side girts. The tailpoles were set between the sheers right up to the posts.

In front were two supports - one each side - reaching at an angle from the ground and passing into the mill side and up to the brest beam. These supports were wedged with stones from the ground and a number of base stones were set in the ground round the mill at the same radius for that purpose.

Inside on the first floor the crowntrees were deeper at the centre section, being stepped up from below at each side. The meal spout projected in front of the post

and there was usually something to rest or hang a bag below it. The twist peg for the shoe was in the crowntree to the right. The single pair of stones were hand tentered on the left and the brake lever was on the left also small bolters and jog- scrys where found were on the right hand side in the front corner and driven either from the stone spindle or from above.

The runner stones were driven direct from the lantern wallower and the brake wheels either had 4-compass arms or had been converted to clasp arms.

The 7th mill was the largest and had two pairs of stones head and tail but the brake wheel had been smashed up and the stone furnishings removed. The tail runner stone had a date carved on the upper face and in the stone spindle below the bedstone was a very small downturned wooden face gear. The bridge trees and everything else except the tail wheel had been taken out. The quarterbars were straight and doubled and below the main cross trees and free of them, were a second set of two crosstrees with four straight quarterbars mortised into the post between the main quarterbars.

We continued south along the east main road to Lerkaker, where there were four mills in a line and another on its own further south. All had double quarterbars and were locked.

Then to Runsten ("rune stone" and there is one there) where the mill, dated 1796 on a bin, is preserved. The key is held by the late miller's son, himself an old man and a carpenter, and the platform, newly enclosed when the mill was restored in 1956, has a desk and a visitors book.

The mill has a straight pitched roof and for hand tentering a range of stone weights, each carved with the actual weight, to hang on the hand lever. There were two pairs of stones on the ground outside of different materials- sandstone and limestone.

We returned to Fayestasken - the ferry terminal where we had supper at a "bar" - a small restaurant. We had an Öland speciality of three dumplings each, the size of tennis balls, made of potato flour and stiffed with meat and onion. Very solid and not very appetising! In the evening, after exploring the very dull waterfront of Borgholm and a bit of the town we came back here and joined the proprietor and his wife at their "goggle" box. A bad French film was showing and at 10 p.m. I left them at it and went to bed.

Friday 5th June

After a fairly late start we left for Himmelberger [Himmelsberga] Museum where the curator, Dr. Bertil Palm, had invited us for 1 p.m. - not lunch, - they have theirs earlier here.

First we visited Rällinge smock mill, now a house, with a square whitewashed stone base 4 stories high with a wood stage at first floor level. Above three floors ruberoid-covered with a cap, round with an octagonal top, shingled, painted grey and with a tall finial. The tailpole had been removed and the braces cut short. It has magnificent views to the west across the water to the mainland, and a field adjoining was covered with seeded anemone pulsatilla and cowslips. They must look magnificent when out together, purple and yellow.

At Lindby, on the East Coast road we visited a post mill painted red with a notice saying it was owned by the Borgholms Hantverksforening and with a weathercock dated 1937 - the date of repair by the family. It was locked. Ursula made a detailed sketch of the substructure. I waited for the sun which never came and enjoyed the flowers, the birds and the smells and we picnicked there beside it. There were acres of anemones, seeded, and flowers of other kinds everywhere.

As in so many of the mills we have passed the wedges holding one sail stock had fallen out and the two sails and stock had turned through 90° and were jammed against the mill body.

Going south to the Hembygds museet at Himmelsberg we ran out of the cloudy area into the clear sky we had seen. We were welcomed by Dr. Palm, a very pleasant faced man in his thirties, who founded the windmill preservation society of Öland. He gave us coffee and cakes in the open while I asked him questions I had noted down beforehand. He knows all the mills and as a result we now know where to go and what to see.

The museum is a complex of several farms on one side of the road and which form part of a larger complex completed by farms on the other side of the road. There are three windmills, one belonging to the museum, which has been restored and stands in a field to the south and two others, now derelict standing in fields to the North and West.

The farms look inwards, as at Trevarion and have huge thatched buildings now housing sleighs, carts, carriages and agricultural machinery. There is a brew house, bakehouse, laundry, carpenters shop, horse stables, ox stables an outside ox-wheel driving a threshing machine inside a a barn, a turf roofed house; then farmhouse furnished, a dovecot with doves, several old men working at different jobs and a

crippled old lady sitting in the sun and weaving multi coloured tape on a hand loom. She had a sweet face and Ursula talked to her.

The Dr. took us to the mill and then left us to ourselves as a school end-of-term party from the mainland came by bus. They saw the mill and farmhouses and had tea and by the time they went we had seen all we wanted and made our farewells and went to see the other two mills, at one of which Ursula found an old neck bearing, which I photographed and at the other we found much needed “[bouci] discreti” and a meadow full of flowers, including three sorts of orchids, one the beeorchis.

On the way back we stopped and photographed Langtate mill on a mound by the roadside, with a post 33ins. square at the base and side struts hinged to the outside of the mill. In the evening we had dinner at the town hotel and talked till bedtime.

Saturday 6th June.

It rained hard at breakfast time, but by the time Ursula had finished shopping and we had investigated the mill photos at the local photographer's it had cleared, and the rest of the day was clear and sunny. We turned north this time and visited first a derelict smock mill at South Asa near Mörby. This had lost its sails as the poll of the wooden windshaft had rotted through. Otherwise it was complete, if delapidated, Ursula removed a window complete as there was no one at home and we examined the mill thoroughly. She had been very much a flour mill and had three dressing machines, - bolters - and a smutter and three pairs of stones. The stone furnishings were interesting and unusual and Ursula made a sketch of them. One feature noted was the [??- pencil addition] like a skein winder in the cap, just like the hand sack hoist shown in Diderot. The base was of stone 23ft. square outside and there was a wooden stage at first floor level where the stonework ended. Three further floors and a turks-head cap, a dead curb with side blocks for centering and a braced tailpole with a winch on it. She was double boarded and had “ruberoid” on the outside.

Our next port of call was Löt. Dr. Palm had indicated a post mill to visit north of the village of Tarparehorva; but it was of little interest except that the front pair of side struts were fixed and the rear pair hinged. So we turned back to Norlby south of Löt. Here we were refused permission to enter, but found plenty of interest outside in a 1806 weathercock, a fascinating little hinged shutter above the door and a portable wooden winch for the tailpole, though there was no sign of the posts to hitch it to.

The roof was gothic and this type and the straight roofed mills are said by Dr. Palm to be the oldest the second mill here was locked and of no special interest.

We picnicked here, but the area is not rich in wild flowers or so beautiful. But we found a dressed millstone upturned for the first time. It had not been used since dressing and a sickle dress was not used though the grooves were V shaped. A used stone had been worn quite smooth .

Then we went to Arbelunda, where there are two post mills, one of the normal type and the other with a drystone base supporting and covering the substructure and carrying a wooden curb. There was no ladder left but Ursula walked up the tailpole, took notes made sketches and took flash photos. I warded off some much too friendly bullocks , who wanted to eat everything and tried to eat wood from the smashed sails on the ground. The mill is very old and said to be one of three left of this construction.

After this we made for Sandvik, where there is a colossal smock mill of the large Danish type. It is complete and owned by the local builder.

However the base first floor and stage are this season to be used as a restaurant and the lesse, a Mr. [blank space left] still a student, was busy unpacking glass, crockery etc.. He spoke good English, invited us over the mill and showed us a book containing some of its history. It was moved from the mainland in 1856 and was evidently an important flour mill. There were three pairs of engine driven stones, and five pairs of wind driven stones. The whole was beautifully built and beautifully finished, with nice mouldings on the windows and door frames and round the curb. It has a 2 storey stone base, five further floors and a stage to the third. Ogee cap, hand chain winding and double patent sails. I estimate the height between 80 and 90 ft - notthe largest mill in the world as claimed.

We asked the young man where there was a restaurant and he said that his mother ran one in connection with a guest house nearby. So eventually after a wash and brush up in a new outside lav- and bath-room in the garden of the guest house, we were served with the best meal we have had and at the most reasonable price. He stood and talked to us for a while. We had among other things, as a main dish, meat dumplings cut in half. Made, he said from a 150 years old family recipe produced in batches during the winter until by the summer they had six or seven thousand in stock. I forgot to say that the mill had just been clad in galvanised iron, in panels with rolled joints like coppering and was to be painted green. He told us that he was engaging a miller from a modern mill to run this one by wind. A very dangerous enterprise I should say as no one had experience of windmills working. The family

evidently owned quite a bit of property here and he was talking of future developments in the way of a motel. The guest house could sleep over 50 visitors. When we got back here there was a charabanc party having dinner. Middle aged, middle classed, toasts, singing at the table from printed sheets including "Daisy, Daisy give me your answer do" and a very little dancing afterwards, both to an accordian. We sat with the proprietress where we could watch proceeding and had a drink. The whole hotel ground floor except reception, office and kitchen is one large room designed for eating and dancing. There is also a separate restaurant in the next block. They are open for June and July & first half of August only, have 100 joint staff when fully running, as from tomorrow and they stay 10 km away while here. They are a Mr. and Mrs. Rugarup, have four daughters, one of whom is training for ballet and goes to the Royal Ballet School at Richmond on Saturday next. He goes to Spain the same day to see to a restaurant they have between Gib. and Malaga. In the off season they live in Stokholm.

Sunday 7th June

Woken up at 5.30 by two men of the charbanc party who were sharing the next room (N0. 4) talking loudly. The party had had breakfast by the time we had ours at 9.

We turned north again in hot sunny weather and went straight up to Högby, where by the side of the main road is Öland's only complete stone tower mill. The tower is stepped inwards at floor levels, the cap is gabled and shingled and turned by hand chain and the sails are very large. The mill is under repair by the Öland Preservation Society and has had a new wooden windshaft put in, new stocks and sails, and is at the moment half scaffolded. It is 90 years old and stopped in 1928. The old miller, who spoke English, explained things to Ursula and I took photos and measurements and she measured also. He also told her a number of milling terms, a gentle old man.

After this we bought some ices, orange drink and biscuits at the adjoining petrol station we went off the coast - about 2 km - and had lunch and lazed in the sand dunes, Ursula in bathing dress, me in beret and shirt sleeves rolled down. The sand is white and the sea tideless, so shallow that toddlers can paddle in it safely.

Högby was our "farthest north". So we turned and came back to a stone based mill at Hagaby, painted red apart from its stone base round the substructure which has been rebuilt and cemented. There was an interesting breast beam with a natural crotch. This prevented the windshaft, which had no separate neck bearing, from riding up and Ursula made a sketch of this.

Our next visit was to a miniature stone based mill at Kalla stuck out in a wilderness of scrub. We hadn't been there long when a man appeared with a very determined look on his face; but within minutes Ursula had him feeding out of her hand and he went home and fetched his key and did the honours. He is from Stockholm - speaks English - and proposes to move it to his lot and house adjoining the road. It's quite tiny only about 7ft 6 x 5ft in plan and about 15ft 3 to the top of the roof. It has a single pair of 30" stones and is shingled.

Our next port of call was Gilberga. Here were two stone based mills. One hopelessly derelict, in fact falling to bits and inaccessible, the other on a large common. It had been an ordinary mill and had had stones built up round the substructure with no track on top. There was a carved inscription on the first floor and Ursula had just translated while I wrote down when she found that we were both the object of attack by literally a swarm of fleas. She undressed on the grass behind the mill and I in front of it and shook out all our things. We had been widely bitten but the bites are small and not too bad. I thought that I had got rid of them all but some were still on my clothes when I got back to the hotel and changed. I should say the in the mill we saw what was probably a foxes nest. From there we went along a stone quarry "road" to Jördham. We first saw the colapsed remains of a skeleton pumping mill, then a small derelict pumping mill both in front of a quarry which extends along the coast for about 5 km. Finally we found what we were looking for- a tall skeleton stone polishing mill with barked timber for the skeleton tower, a tailpole which was also a ladder, a windshaft with a brake drum at the neck and a lantern pinion at the tail driving a face gear wallower and a twin stone track on the ground with wooden frames, which dragged 12in sq. stone slabs round on top of the stone to be polished. It seemed to be in good working order, with the usual boarded sails - very long.

We also found further on yet another stone base post mill dated 1805 and small - only 8ft 8 x 6ft 6 wide. Ursula got into it and made notes, but it was then 7.45 and too dark for decent photographs.

We got back here expecting a noisy dinner, but this doesn't start until our last night - Saturday and we were spared. Instead, despite the lateness of the hour, we had a very nice and leisurely dinner in the restaurant which was fully functioning for the first time.

Monday 8th June

It rained at first so we made a late start, and by and by the sun was out. We went straight down the west coast road south and the first stop was at Isgärde where there is a post mill with a “gothic” roof. Here the most interesting thing was a small meal hutch to the left of the post and the miller's seat to the left of the door handy for tentering the stones, tending the meal and operating the brake, all from the one place.

The next we visited was Porskarn, there were two mills together. The southmost one had curious pent-roof excrescences at each side looking like large ventilation louvres. The mill was locked but we found a hatch in the floor open, borrowed from a house next door some steps and got in. These excrescences were to accommodate two pairs of stones in the breast, overdrift from a great spur wheel. We were told that the mill belonged to the Kalmar museum and it had had some repairs, still unfinished.

As to our informant, he was a milling engineer from Stokholm who had just had a small house built on a lovely site looking west across to the mainland. Open plan - or almost - downstairs with a double and a single room and a so-called bathroom - with no bath! Upstairs the attic was a self contained flat where their married children could come and bring the grand-children. In the garden a small summer house for the grandchildren & he was engaged on an extension at one end of the house so that more than one family could stay at a time. His wife was a considerable artist and besides oils and water colours had painted flowers on porcelain tiles, which had been fired, and used as table tops. The finest was a lovely composition of lilies. She had also made a square lampshade of hardboard with random lumps of coloured glass from a glassworks scrap heap let into the sides, most effective. We were offered the use of their garden canopied swing seat and a table for our picnic and had a nice & happy time.

Just down the road at Algutsrum was a fine smock mill shingle covered, with an ogee cap, common sails and a weathercock. Unfortunately it was locked and the house closed and the garage car-less, so we shall have to try again. At Bjonhovdakwa is a group of mills well spaced. Most northerly is a post mill with a straight pitched roof which had nothing of particular interest inside. The middle one is a smock mill, shingled, with a 16-sided turks-head cap, common sails and hand chain winding gear. The weather vane was date 1880 and it stopped in 1947. It had a notice up giving grinding charges, foot controlled tentering on the stonefloor, three horizontal hand operated ungeared capstans on the dust floor for raising the stones as well as a hand operated sack hoist and a cap 17ft 4 dia. at the curb, but larger further up and 18ft high inside. Finally at the corner of the road down to the Farjestaden ferry is

the largest post mill I have ever seen. Built originally in 1749 and later rebuilt it is said to be 46ft high. I couldn't measure this but the floor is 21ft x 16ft which is I think larger than the paltrok - post mill - at Rödgen - bie - Delitzch in S. Prussia , nr. Leipzig. It has triple quarterbars and the brake wheel is 10ft 9 in dia. Two pairs of stones, head and tail, and a cross-braced frame at the centre of each side with a support for the crown tree from the intersection of the bracing. It stopped work in 1930 when there was a wholesale closing down of mills (I think actually in 1931/2) & a large scale emigration. The mill belongs to the Preservation Society and we were shown round by the son of the late miller. They also worked the smock mill-the miller and his man, - but could not work both at the same time. The reasons are manifest. No fans, no patent sails, no corn bins, no powered sack hoists, no governors and no bell alarm!

In the evening we went to the "bar" or restaurant operated by the owner of the hotel. We had our meal on the covered verandah. The place closes at 7.0'clock and at 6.58 the door was firmly slammed and locked, so we got no second course. We crossed the road to a pastry-cook-tea shop and had one there instead. In the evening we sat in the hotel with Mr. and Mrs. Rugerup - the owners -until 11.45 listening to some of Ursula's experiences in Algeria.

Tuesday 9th June

The Rugerup's had told us that we were to be mentioned in the local wireless programme at 11.10 a.m. so we got up later did shopping and stayed to hear it. It is a programme of local news and this portion consisted of welcoming, in their own language, visitors from abroad by name and wishing them a happy time.

The day was dull, blowey and with "occasional showers" and we went south along the western road hoping that the smock mill at Algutsrum would be open , but the garage was still open and empty so we did not stop. At Karlevi was a bottle-shaped stone tower mill without sails, locked and, with the adjacent house, all closed; so all we could do was to photograph the exterior and move on. At St (or Great) Vickleby there were a number of post mills in a line with a sloping extension at the rear. We went to the house of the southernmost one where it was incorporated in the garden and were allowed to see inside after the lady of the house had drawn the nail holding the door with a kitchen knife. There was nothing of especial interest and we later learned that these extensions, peculiar to this area, were for additional space only; they enclose the top platform. Further on at Resmö we pulled up at the side of the road by two post mills on the other side and, for the first time so far, had to eat our lunch in the car because of the cold wind. After lunch we walked along to the mills

which stood on a small ridge, and found that to the north of them was a post mill in bits on the ground. I took some detailed photographs of the post, windshaft and tailbeam and measured them up, while Ursula made diagrammatic dimensional sketches.

At Mörbylånga we found a large smock mill and driving into the yard were recognised by the miller, his wife and his son. They produced a copy of the local paper "Barometem" which had a photo of us taken at the open air museum and a paragraph about us which was reasonably accurate. We were shown all over the mill, which has been completely modernised (for the second time) and has a range of buildings attached with dryers, seed dressers, mixers and so on. The mill tower is used for modern sifting and grinding, using the height to take the grain to the top by conveyor and down to machines in succession by gravity. There we were asked indoors given (the usual) coffee and cakes and, as none of them spoke English, Ursula had a busy time taking notes on the history of the mill from a M.S. book and notes from a book of about 1906 describing the working millers and their mills not only in Öland but elsewhere, though I didn't discover the extent of its coverage. We were also shown pictures of the smock mill as it had been. First with common sails and a tailpole and a conical cap, then with patent sails hand chain winding and an ogee cap. It had been moved from Kalmar in 1903 and the present owner's father had bought it when it was to be moved. Apparently all the smock mills on the island had come from Sköne on the mainland. This one was originally built in 1850 and some parts appear to have come from a large post mill. The patent sails were put up in 1922 and removed in 1947. We were made most welcome and just as we were going an English speaking niece came in, a bit too late to help much unfortunately. The weather has now cleared and I got a couple of good exterior shots on the way back. We had our dinner at the "Scalded Cat" as I call the "bar" restaurant owned by the hotel, and spent the evening talking and writing in Ursula's room. but not before we had walked to the station - the railway closed down completely in 1962 - and seen the train. This consists of a tank engine, truck, wagon and passenger coach as well as a signal and a length of track (metre gauge) with points. It is all well preserved and I'm going to photograph it this morning when it is fine.

Wednesday 10th June.

It was a brilliant day from the start. After breakfast I photographed the train and we decided to go down to the south east part of the island which is much more attractive than the south west; both had still to be covered.

Our first port of call was Gärdalösa where two mills stand on a ridge of open ground to the west and alongside the road. Both were open and both had tailwheels for a second pair of stones; but the second mill had a third pair of stones in the front left hand corner of the breast first floor and were driven by belt from the front lantern pinion above down to a pulley on top of a wood-cased quant. Even with this extra weight the mill was very tail-sick. The ground round about was covered with anemone pulsatilla seed heads and thrift in bloom and the view to the south with the church tower rising above the trees and falling ground to the east was most beautiful. We next stopped at Rünsten where the light was just right for a good photograph of the mill, with a little miniature mill in the foreground. Many of the cottages and houses have each model post mills in their gardens, of varying degrees of faithfulness and often varnished to preserve them from the weather. We were greeted by the old carpenter, who seemed very pleased to see us and went south to Alby, where there are 3 storeys of an octagonal tower or base of a smock mill now a house and whitewashed. Further on at Triberga (north mill) we took a flash inside showing the stones without their casings. We missed the turning to Melby or (an island) in Melby itself so turned off the main road Segerstad and went down an excruciating track to the lighthouse. The track was so bad that although it was only about a mile it took us ten minutes in bottom gear. We were followed by a hen-party in a VW and like us, they were bent on picknicking and paddling. There were innumerable birds as there is a kind of reef about 400 yards out and the sea in between is shallow and good for wading birds. There was even a swan. We had our lunch on the shore, Ursula paddled and I lazed and the hen-party visited the lighthouse.

Then we went into Törngård, where the post mill is owned by the Preservation Society. Unfortunately the key-holder was out, but it is a very large mill with common sails, tripled quarterbars and an endless chain sack hoist hanging down at the tail below the first floor. We were told that it has head and tail stones.

About half a mile away is a smock mill, soon to be demolished. It was erected in 1905 and worked until after the war. The old miller had worked in Colorado in the 1930s and his English had a distinctly Irish accent. He had worked in the steelworks alongside Irishmen. It had common sails, tailpole winding and an ogee cap, drove three pairs of stones and had a drive for an oil engine which was belted up to a pulley inside the ground floor. The engine has now gone. At Ossby, where we next stopped, was another large post mill with an extension at the rear, doubled quarterbars and additional crosstrees and quarterbars and common sails. Ursula went in search of the owner, who returned on a moped and was, we thought, a bit dim, but it may have been that he did not understand Ursula, as his dialect was

a bit thick. The mill has two pairs of stones, head and tail and a bolter on the first floor for each pair, one across the head and the other on the right hand side. The mill was moved from Törngård in 1924 and last worked in 1954.

We thought that the road and villages of Enetri and Nasby the prettiest we have seen and at Nasby we found another large post mill with triple quarterbars and common sails. It has evidently been completely restored, but was locked. It was in a meadow off the road, full of flowers and evidently abounding in birds nests, as we were most unpopular with red shanks (I think) and the black and white birds with long red bills. We also found the small yellow orchids.

Coming back and taking our time we photographed in a lovely light Loppenstad Mill and the Gärdslösa mills again, arrived late and had dinner in the hotel. A perfect day!

Thursday 11th June.

We went off in our best and caught the 9.40 ferry to Kalmar to visit the town in general and Dr. Dagmar Selling, the lady director of the Castle Museum, in particular. We had to walk from the ferry and walked through the gardens to the east of the castle. They were perfectly lovely with the river in between the two, and the lilacs in full bloom. Incidentally their lilacs were trees, not bushes, having been pruned to a single stem and then allowed to grow out at the top - a most attractive way if a shrub is not required.

By the time we reached the office in the castle it was 10.35 - five minutes late - a lady caller had got in immediately ahead of us, so we had to cool our heels for 25 minutes. Then Dr. Selling took us around the castle for an hour. It is a 16th century building replacing a Gothic one and is very fine indeed, The most notable features, apart from the architecture, are a fine fountain, not used, in the main courtyard, wonderful carved ceilings, plaster friezes, decorative wall painting and some wonderful wood inlaid work. The chapel, too is very fine, painted light blue, with a plum coloured alter and a baroque organ. It is still used every Sunday and also for weddings. There is a collection of bygones and some natural exhibits, but Dr. Selling's heart is evidently with the castle, its architecture and history and when she left us at 12.00 we went back to look at them and spent some more time going to see what had most attracted us.

Then we walked through the park to the main street and to a type of Woolworth's whose restaurant at the back upstairs Dr. Selling had recommended and it was indeed quite good. Ursula wrote a letter there and afterwards to the Cathedral in

the main square. It isn't much to look at outside, but inside is very fine. Cruciform with a dome in the baroque style, galleries above each transept and a fine organ at the very end. A very good "descent from the Cross" above the altar, a much too elaborate canopy over the pulpit and a perfectly lovely modern font in grey Öland granite in a form to remind one of a blunt nosed ship, with a cover of brass representing 3 sails. The whole of the walls and ceiling matte white and the box pews are grey green. It is in fact a very large church spoilt only by the elaborate monuments on the walls, vulgar in conception and coarse in execution. There was a very restrained side chapel with good modern furnishings. There was also a somewhat coarse looking Swedish woman visitor eating an apple as she walked around.

After we walked around to the governor's palace seeing the end of the shipyard from a bridge and some very pleasant playing fields, thence to the enormous G.P.O. and on to the railway station. Here Ursula found that she would have to get the 8.20 a.m. on Sunday, so we shall have to leave here at 7 a.m., and I shall have a 3 hour wait in Kalmar for my train. We just caught the 4.20 ferry back – because it left late - picked up the car and en route managed to find a lady in at the Algustrum mill house and arranged to see the mill next day. I had also bought a copy of Öland's Voderkvarnar - a booklet on the Öland Windmills - at the castle museum and found a picture of a fine large post mill at Borgehage close to Borgeholm, so we have still half a dozen mills to see. We had a good dinner in the hotel.

Friday 11th June.

We started off for Borgehage to see the mill on page 25 of "Öland's Voderkvarnar". We certainly found a large post mill of that type, but it is wrongly titled in the book and should be called Solliden. The one we found had "generously" been given to the Preservation Society by the owner, who described himself as a maker of antiques, because he said, he couldn't afford to keep it in repair ; and he also said that it was now worse than when he gave it to them. One sail was left on and his statement was obviously only too true. Instead of going back to the main road and back towards Borgeholm to get to Stetn we tried a country lane. This ended after two kilometres of low gear in a track, closed by a chained gate. So we gave it up and went on to Algatsrum smock mill. Here the good lady had it open. The two lower floors are let to visitors. The upper floor has to be reached by a ladder through a trap door and has the remains of parts of the mill including a 3-armed rynd, quants and nuts and other bits and pieces.

We called at Mörbylänga to see if the miller could explain the small holes (usually 4) drilled in the back faces of the stones at Börgehage at about 9ins radius from the centre but we were unlucky both then and afterwards.

Just south of Mörbylänga are two post mills east of the road on a low ridge. We took the car across the ridge and picnicked in a hayfield in the shade of a hedge. There was a nice breeze but it was very hot in the sun so we lazed for some time before going on to Kästlösa further south. There is a smock mill with patent sails and hand chain winding worked until 1955 by wind. Now it is full of modern electrically driven machinery and has a large power mill behind it. Many pieces from older mills are incorporated including the windshaft from an older (post) mill. The old pensioned windmiller was sent for and took us round, but his dialect and accent were difficult. We did however find out that a limestone mill stone on a pedestal in the garten had come from the quarries N of Sandvik.

At South Möcklyby smock mill we were shown around by the owner. It had some electrically driven modern machinery installed; but we got the impression that there was little trade. The owner said that the mill was built by his father in 1891, but it is possible that it came from elsewhere as quite a lot of material had been used for other purposes. A second smock mill further south, and east of the road had been gutted and turned into a house.

Further south again and down a lane west of the main road we found a most curious mill, with a "two storey" round base, which I think, had been a horse mill, and a "two storey" octagonal wood tower above. It had the drive inside from a down turned crown wheel at the bottom of the upright shaft to two bevel driving cranks. These in turn had driven two lantern pinions, which drove an obvious [huse?] gear from which all traces of a final drive had disappeared. There was a large storage tank to the north of the mill. Enquiries at some cottages to the west of the mill elicited the fact that it had been used for pumping to process the alum which had been mined there in the 19th century. Wooden water pipes had been used, but all that was left of the works was a tall 3-stage square stone chimney.

At Ventlinge is the stump of a stone tower mill and also an attractively placed little post mill which we photographed.

Finally at Grönhogan there is a fine smock mill (newly tarred) of which the base has been extended and is now use as a fire station. The local garage man worked the mill until she stopped in 1945 and showed us over her. She was moved from Halland on the west coast of the mainland but was said to have been brought in bits from Holland. I wonder!! We continued south to Ottenby and then turned north along the lovely east coast road back to Borgholm stopping at the beautiful church

at Gärdslösa, where the royal wedding is to take place next week. It is white with red pantiles outside and inside has a number of wall paintings - a very beautiful place altogether.

Saturday 12th June.

This was a rest day. Ursula shopped and had a hair appointment and I looked over notes in the garden of the hotel, very hot in the sun but pleasant, with a warm breeze, in the shade. I also saw the photographer Neilsen and ordered prints from his collection of windmill negatives, many taken by his father and uncle before the 1914 and the 1945 wars and some by him. We went off in time for a late picnic lunch on the east coast at Kapeludden (Udderschapel), where there is an ugly lighthouse a portion of the east end wall of a gothic chapel, a very lovely small stone cross, salt marshes and marsh gas. It was alright until the wind changed and blew the smell towards us. After that we went to Mörby where we found a very derelict post mill, useful for photographing details but too far gone to be safe to climb up and we enquired its name at the neighbouring farm, which had more files round the cow sheds than I have seen anywhere. Then we went back to Borgholm to see two large post mills at Solliden; but they are in a fenced off area and we were unlucky. After having ices at an open air tea garden we walked round the ruined castle at Borgholm and went back to the hotel to sort and pack.

We went down to a late dinner and saw the first of the hotel dances where the "vulgar plebs" mixed with the remnants of a wedding party. Dinner was excellent, expensive and comfortably protracted, as the two very pleasant young waiters had to serve everyone who wanted food and our waiter served drinks to those who did not.

Mrs. Rugrup was an excellent hostess and he and she had a party in a corner of the main dining room where we sat. Neilsen, the photographer was there with his wife and brought the first installment of the prints, more are to follow. He reminded us a *little* of Ivor Keys, and was obviously very merry but pleasant with it. He has known Kim Borg, the Finnish bass, since 1945 when he was out of work and still sees him and had several good anecdotes about him. For instance Borg got a job in Stockholm in a roller mill. All went well until he forgot to wake up after his lunch hour sleep and was seen sound asleep by a party of Swedish M.P.s on a conducted tour round the (then new) mill. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rugrup came and sat with us for a little and were very kind and pleasant. Ursula had obviously made a hit with them. We also had the editor of the local paper, who interviewed me. He didn't speak good English but wrote it quite fast and understood it. He sat beside me and I saw what he wrote.

Sunday 13th June.

We went to bed at about 1 a.m. and I got up at 5.30 and woke Ursula at 6a.m.. Breakfast had been laid for us with hot coffee in a thermos jug and hot water and tea bags (for me). A red peony beside each plate, and a rose in butter in the centre of the table. Mrs Rugarup must have done this before she went to bed'. We caught the ferry easily and were met by the hire car man at the station. Ursula just about got her train at 8.20 and I have now to wait for mine until 11.40. Luckily it's sunny with a cool breeze and the platform seats are in the sun and out of the wind.

At about 9.00 I retired to the park opposite the station, sat in the shade and started to write up my windmill notes. I got a good seat in the train , but it was terribly hot and everyone sat in their shirtsleeves. At Alveston, where I had to change, a railway man told me that my train had a through carriage to Copenhagen. I got into it but found no seats in 2nd class so switched to 1st and got into what in the U.S. used to be called a parlor car. It cost me 11 kroner, was luxury itself and we went via Helsingborg to Elsinore and through to Copenhagen central. I deposited my luggage at S.A.S. had a meal and wrote up notes until time for the plane. The trip was uneventful, Anthea met me and we drove a Beaconsfield man home to Burkes Road after he'd phoned his wife to say he'd be early. Anthea had everything taped and the cottage like a new pin.