



# NYHEDER

## January, February & March 2019 DANISH SOCIAL CLUB OF VICTORIA



Hans Frederiksen  
President

### PRESIDENTS REPORT FOR THE END OF 2018

*The Danish Social Club of Victoria ended the year with the Store Julebord on Friday, December 14. The tickets were sold out in the first 2 weeks with 106 people coming to this, our most important event of the year. The year 2018 has been very successful with all events being well attended and enjoyed by all.*

*At our Annual General meeting we had the pleasure of presenting a cheque for \$500.00 to Annie Huus for the Lisa Huus Foundation. Again on November 23, 2018 Finn and Gloria Sander attended a ceremony at Camosun College to present, on behalf of our club, 2 bursaries worth \$250 each – one to a female nursing student and one to a male nursing student. The club will also soon donate \$250 to CFAX's Santa Anonymous. We are in very good financial standing and, as agreed to at the Annual General meeting, we are giving to our community to help others.*

*A big thank you (mange tak) goes out to Annemari and her crew of volunteers: Karen, Gloria, Grethe, Finn, Rosemary, Kirsten L., Gerda, Tom and especially Jan our editor and Bread-maker and all the others I may have missed – you know who you are.*

*If you have not renewed your membership for 2019 please do so. Your club executive is looking forward to a Great 2019 and wishes you all a Godt Nytt År.*

*Hans Frederiksen,  
on behalf of the Board of Directors*

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### >>> 2019 Events Calendar <<<

January 18	Membership Appreciation & Bingo Night
February 16	Fastelavn
March 23	Smørrebrød Lunch
April 12	Annual General Meeting
May 24	Kro-Platter
September 7	Scandinavian PotLuck, Danish Club organizes
October 18	Kro-Platter
December 13	Jule Bord



## NEWS FROM YOUR BOARD OF DIRECTORS.



Above photos from the meeting that Rosemary and I attended at the invite of Premier Horgan . Present were Thomas Winkler new ambassador from Denmark and Ann-Britt Everett Honorary Consul along with Premier John Horgan and Hans and Rosemary Frederiksen. When the Ambassador was asked what makes the Danes one of the happiest people, he replied; **"TRUST** amongst the people". Hilsen Hans



Happy Birthday - Cato Larsen who just turned 85. Pictured here at the Glo Restaurant together with his wife Olga and our club President Hans Frederiksen.



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Gloria and I today attended the Camosun College School of Health and Human Resources Awards Celebration at their Inter Urban Highway Campus and, on the occasion, handed



over our Club bursaries to two deserving young students in the Nursing BSc program. Each of them gave me a letter outlining their achievements thus far as well as their future aspirations which, they agreed, we could include in whole or in part in

our Nyheder. I attach an informal photo Gloria took of me with the two award recipients. Later, during the award hand-overs, an official photographer took pictures of each student on the stage with his/her respective donor representative(s). On the occasion, Gloria joined me in the "official" picture in her role as club publicity director. We shall receive copies at a later date. It all took three hours, but, happily, was followed by light refreshments made by campus students.

Finn Sander



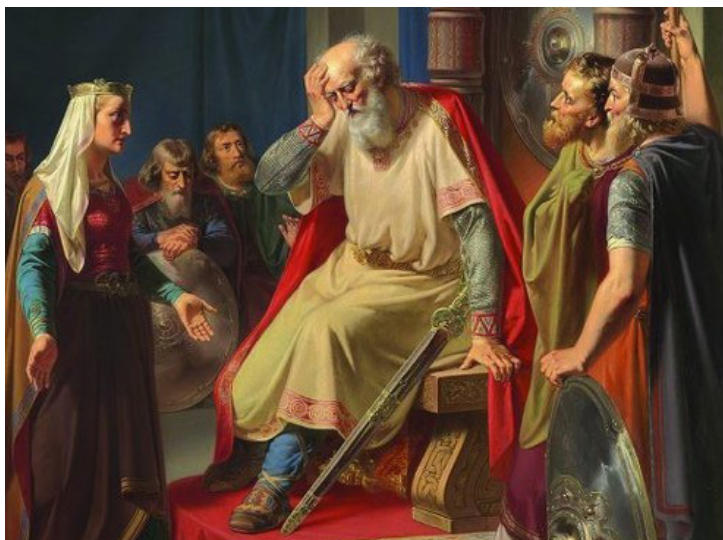
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## The Danish Monarchy – A long, long history

Those who have lived in Denmark for any extended period will know the importance of the Danish Royal Family to the nation. Their main residence, Amalienborg Palace, stands tall and proud in the heart of Copenhagen as a symbol of their legacy, attracting tourists from all over the world. The monarchs themselves set an example for all Danes, both inspiring people to do better and fostering a sense of national unity. Much of the Royal Family's influence is clear when you stroll through the charming streets, but many people may not be aware of the long and sometimes complicated history of the Danish monarchy.

### Where it all began

The roots of the Royal Family date back to the early 10th century when Gorm the Old, considered Denmark's first true monarch, consolidated power from the small town of Jelling between 936 and 958.

We know of him through the great runic stones he erected, now named the Jelling Stones – the first of which was dedicated to his wife Thyra, who is referred to as 'tanmarkar' or 'Denmark's Salvation'. At the time of Gorm's reign, the nation was only loosely unified. Gorm would act as the unifying power that would bring the nation together, eventually leading to the great nation we know today.

After Gorm's death, the crown fell to his son and heir to the Jelling dynasty, Harold Bluetooth, the king best known for introducing Christianity to Denmark, although the latest archaeological evidence has pushed that date back by quite some time. The religion would go on to encompass the nation.

Bluetooth's reign also marked the beginning of the North Sea Empire, a name given to the joint nations of England, Denmark and Norway.

## EU judgment a further headache for Fehmarn tunnel project



*In a judgment handed down yesterday, the European Court has ruled that the European Commission had been too hasty when it approved the Danish plan to finance the fixed link tunnel connection under the Fehmarn Belt.*

*The case was referred to the European Court in 2015 by the ferry company Scandlines, which at present runs ferries on the route between Denmark and Germany.*



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## >> *Going Home* <<

### Part 2

Short story by Finn Sander

Continued from Part 1;

**The gunners** in the latter two turrets welcomed the Messerschmitt with a steady stream of bullets and were firing point blank at the intruder, as Carl closed the distance to 50 yards before peeling off to the side - just as the two Americans both found the mark and pumped volleys of bullets into Carl's tail rudder.

**Story continues;**

Damage was mutual, however, as the bomber's self-seal wing tanks were put to the test after being perforated by a host of Carl's bullets.

**But the ultimate fate of the B-17** quickly became the least of Carl's concerns as the effect on the tail-rudder was immediate, and his Messerschmitt now began to behave erratically and sank below the bomber.

Here, he received yet another round from the gunner in the Sperry-ball turret under the B-17's belly. This last round broke off a piece of Carl's wing, and he made a quick decision to bail out and was able to do so. He immediately pulled his parachute

cord as soon as he was clear of the damaged aircraft and, shortly, was descending

to earth under the broad canopy of his chute. Below him, he could see the coast of Italy, but strong, westerly winds began to pull the chute out to sea as he descended.



Carl hit the sea with sufficient impact that he penetrated the water column to a depth of 7 or 8 feet.

His instinctive reaction was to immediately begin kicking his feet to ascend to the surface, but his bulky fly boots felt like pieces of lead as they instantly filled up with water. And when he reached up with his arms and pulled them back in a swimming motion to propel himself to the surface, he only succeeded in entangling them in the straps of his parachute. This, in turn, served to wrench the silken canopy of the parachute under water, and soon he was enveloped in a silky cocoon unable to extricate himself. He felt a wave of panic sweep over him and sensed the first involuntary pumping of his heart, which soon began to pump in earnest.

Increasing pressure on his ears warned him that he was slowly sinking towards the bottom and a watery grave. In response, Carl stopped struggling and focussed on undoing the buckles fastening him

to the harness of the chute. He managed to do so and was thus able to bend sufficiently to reach his boots and loosen them. He kicked them off

and instantly realized a measure of freedom and was able to commence disengaging himself from the entangling web of the chute. High above him, fading daylight beckoned him to life, and, with a

last desperate effort, he succeeded in freeing himself from the entanglement by slipping down and out of the deadly trap.

By this time, however, he faced a free ascent which would surely challenge all his remaining resources. He thus began to swim towards the surface in a furious quest for air - the fuel of life - for by now his lungs, depleted of oxygen, screamed for replenishment. Instead, involuntary gulps of cold sea water entered Carl's trachea and seared his lungs as if they were of acid. His senses flickered like a candle in the wind; not least his vision, which was marred by alternate shots of fiery stars and frightening darkness.

Suddenly, at the extreme of his endurance, Carl surrendered to a lethal inertia, which rendered his hands and feet dead-weights and left his body stationary in the water. He felt himself enveloped in a soft, warm blanket of lethargy, but his mind was playing cruel tricks on him, for his limbs never ceased to pull and kick, and, finally, he exploded through the surface like a missile from a submarine. Instantly, he coughed and retched uncontrollably, expelling water from his lungs and vomit from his stomach.

Eventually, Carl was able to normalize his breathing and take stock of his predicament. He trod water and oscillated vertically in conjunction with the rising peaks and sinking troughs of the swells, and it was from atop the former that he first spotted the dorsal fin of a



shark cruising by only fifteen feet away. His first instinct was to swim away, but he recalled reading that the splashing of arms and legs might be interpreted by the shark as a sign of distress and might thus encourage it to attack. He felt powerless against this living fossil of the sea. Sharks had survived in their present form for more than a million years, he knew, as they long ago had evolved into the perfect killing machine. What was he to do?

### **The shark now be-**

**gan** to cruise around him in diminishing, concentric circles, and Carl, fully aware that this behaviour would climax in a sudden attack against him, braced himself for the event by folding up his legs and pumping his arms vigorously both to stay afloat and to turn in a tight circle. This way, he was able to maintain himself at the surface and face the potential predator at all times. Soon, the anticipated attack materialized when the cartilaginous, armour-plated beast thrust towards him with one spasmodic undulation of its flexible body. But Carl was prepared and just as quickly extended both his legs in a powerful kick against the shark. His right foot made solid contact with the most sensitive part of its anatomy - the rostrum - then scraped past its right eye and gills before it glanced off one of the two pectoral fins.

The shark reacted to this counterattack with a mighty swipe of its tail that stunned Carl and brought the length of his right leg into contact with the multitude of tiny spines of the placoid scales of the shark's sandpaper-textured skin. This abrasive contact tore his pant leg and lacerated his skin to the point of drawing considerable blood - a sure-bet recipe for a shark feeding frenzy, he knew.

Suddenly, he remembered that he was wearing a small life-vest, and it occurred to him that the shark might be attracted to its bright orange colour. As such, he quickly removed the vest and tossed



it in front of the large fish, which was again cruising near him only ten feet away. In an instant, the predator shot towards the colourful vest while simultaneously making the shark's customary roll to maximize its bite. The powerful, teeth-infested jaws clenched the vest with hundreds of pounds of pressure - with dire consequences for the shark. It punctured the round, soft-metal area at the tip of the small cylinder of compressed air, built into the vest to inflate it. One of the shark's pointed teeth had hit the exact spot of soft lead that a small pin normally pierces, when the cord to inflate a vest is pulled. The resultant powerful burst of air into that part of the vest in the shark's mouth totally rattled the animal, and it sped off with alacrity. It all happened in a swirl of water and bubbles, and Carl never realized the exact nature of the event that caused the shark to depart so suddenly, but he did appreciate the outcome and began to swim towards shore. He soon began to make headway as he entered that part of a coastal vortex moving towards land, and half an hour later he crawled exhausted and chilled onto a beach and threw himself into a hollow between the sand dunes.

When finally Carl had collected himself and was ready to get up, he felt a sharp prod against his chest. He looked up to see a British soldier standing above him in a threatening posture with a rifle resting on his chest. A second soldier stood next to him.

Turning to his comrade-in-arms, the

first soldier began to chuckle and mocked, "I believe we've got ourselves a real, live Kraut here, Nigel."

"Looks that way," the other soldier replied, "and the lucky bastard will be going on a free trans-Atlantic cruise next week. I hear that all German prisoners in the area will soon be rounded up and shipped off to Halifax, Canada. From there, they'll all go on a long train ride west to a POW camp near a place called Medicine Hat."

"Yeah, right! Medicine Hat. And that's where the buffalo roam and the deer and the antelope play, eh? I like your sense of humour," responded his mate.

Carl had listened to the conversation with great interest. He knew all trains from Halifax to Western Canada would have to pass through Montreal, and he visualized his train crossing the St. Lawrence River via the Victoria Bridge and making landfall in Point St. Charles - a neighbourhood immediately next to his beloved Verdun. Tears of joy welled up in his eyes, and a smile emerged on his face. In a barely audible voice, he whispered to himself, **"I'm going home."**

\*\*\*\*

Great story Finn, one cannot help thinking that there is a thread here. Your first story "My First Summer in Canada - on a Danish Farm" took place in and around Montreal and this story "Going Home" is about a train crossing Canada through Montreal.

Now this is just a wish - why don't you tell us what happen to the young man when he came back as a POW but never made Medicine Hat, something must have happened when the train passed Montreal.

Just a thought.

jeh

# Kro - Aften, October 19, 2018



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*Hygge is as Danish as æbleskiver and it goes far in illuminating the Danish soul. In essence, hygge means creating a warm atmosphere and enjoying the good things in life with good people. The warm glow of candlelight is hygge. ... Perhaps hygge explains why the Danes are some of the happiest people in the world.*

*I cannot find a better word to properly describe our Kro-Aften, Smørrebrød, Fastelavn, Andespil and the Christmas Dinner. Thank you for making all these events so very special.*

*Jan-Evert*



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## Jule Bord

Friday December 14, 2018



*There is no word that can describe our Christmas dinner better than "HYGGE".*

*This 2018 Christmas Dinner soared with accolades to all those who made it a very exceptional event. Congratulations to all the winners and my sincere apologies for not naming you all.*

*Thanks to all our members and friends that came and made it such a Hygge Night. Please check our Web Site, full of great information and lots of pictures from all events.*

*Happy, Healthy and Prosperous 2019.*

*jeh*



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## Jens Munk Commemorative Steering Committee

### Members of the Committee living in Edmonton

meeting with Rolf Christensen in Edmonton on October 29, 2018

As Rolf Christensen was scheduled to be in Edmonton on October 29th, he had suggested that Edmonton members of the Jens Munk Commemorative Steering Committee hold an informal meeting to share and discuss progress on the Jens Munk project.

Rolf Christensen, Jens Woller, Barbara Schweger, and Carl Sorensen met at 3 p.m. in Carl's home on Saskatchewan Drive. Carl had laid out an informal agenda to facilitate discussion regarding where the committee stands as it seeks to foster recognition and celebration of the 400th anniversary of Danish sea captain/explorer Jens Munk's and his crew members' overwintering 1619-20 near present day Churchill, Manitoba.

Carl noted that members, especially Helle Wilson, of the Steering Committee have completed digitization (with the permission of the Royal Ontario Museum) of the museum's 1980 publication about the Munk Expedition. Also, he mentioned that Ed Kuhlmann has offered assistance in seeking how the Danish Federation can successfully re-issue the book.

Carl explained that a Jens Munk plaque already exists and that it had been mounted at Fort Prince of Wales (at Churchill). However, the plaque contains an error, has been vandalized, and is no longer mounted on a cairn. Clearly, it needs both to be rehabilitated and re-mounted as the Jens Munk Commemorative Steering Committee is placing a high priority on having the Munk Expedition's overwintering site declared a National Historic Site.

Information to pursue this is already available as research was conducted in 1964 by Danes Thorkild Hansen and Peter Seeberg and reports on their research findings are summarized in reports that were filed.

It was noted that in Churchill Munk is being spelled Munck. The name can be found spelled either way in the "literature".

Some discussion focused on a Jens Munk cairn, now untended, that exists in a park in Denmark, at Strandgaard Dyrehave. It is hidden and hard to find, and not known to the public, and should be rehabilitated and the public's attention drawn to it. Carl has seen it and gathered additional information on its history and Rolf pointed out that Svend Erik Jensen of Copenhagen is in

touch with the local authorities regarding a possible local commemoration.

The previous Lutheran church organization the "Lutheran Council in Canada" in 1967 had a plaque made and mounted on a cairn in Churchill. It was restored in the early 1990s, however by 1995 the Lutheran Council of Canada no longer existed as an organization. This is relevant to the Steering Committee's actions because there is also interest in Churchill in celebrating the 400th anniversary of Jens Munk's expedition to Canada.

There is interest in gathering information and support for further archaeological excavation and research at the overwintering site. While mention was made of the possibility of researchers locating the remains of the 61 members of the Expedition who perished, discussion followed that this is a "touchy subject" and must be handled in a delicate manner if and when the possibility is discussed.

Carl Sorensen has explored having Canada Post issue a commemorative postage stamp. The soonest this could occur is in 2020 as the deadline for submissions for 2019 has already passed.

Carl Sorensen is in discussion with officials of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Canada regarding recognition of Pastor Rasmus Jensen, a member of the Munk Expedition who conducted the first Lutheran worship in North America.

Another factor that will be "celebrated" at the Federation Conference in May is the 800th anniversary of the Danish flag. Discussion turned to how much time at the conference will actually be available for presentation of the Jens Munk commemoration project. Rolf is in contact with the Winnipeg Organizing Committee regarding this.

Rolf mentioned Sejer Andersen, a playwright in Denmark, who has written a play about Vitus Bering, a Danish explorer/cartographer of the Arctic who served in the Russian Navy and was in the Arctic slightly later than was Jens Munk. Andersen has proposed a play about Jens Munk that might be brought to Winnipeg for viewing during the Federation Conference.

Carl reported that he had heard from Steering Committee member Otto Christensen



Ambassador Thomas Winkler and his mother. On November 8, 2018, the Canadian Nordic Society in Ottawa held a Gala Dinner celebrating Iceland's 100th anniversary of independence from Denmark.

that there is a recent model of the ship Unicorn (Enghjorningen) in Denmark that is owned by the Marineforeningen-Ebeltoft and is presently on display on the frigate Jylland in Ebeltoft, Denmark. It possibly could be brought to Canada to be put on display at the Federation Conference in Winnipeg, May 2019, and maybe even be shown at other Canadian locations. This idea was tossed around but it likely would present various problems. e.g., shipping costs and insurance after it was brought to Canada. However, Otto is actively pursuing this possibility with Marineforeningen-Ebeltoft.

Rolf mentioned that six retractable roll-up banners had been produced, and they had been distributed to organizations in Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Dickson and Vancouver, to help them promote Jens Munk. Otto in Gimli had provided the art work and Rolf had acquired the funding.

Conversation flowed with various ideas presented on other researchers and other institutions that might provide additional useful information on the Jens Munk Expedition. Carl and Barbara will meet separately to explore this further.

The timely and constructive meeting by necessity adjourned close to 6 pm as each of the four had to leave for other commitments.

Notes recorded by Barbara Schweger Member, Jens Munk Commemorative Steering Committee