

NYHEDER

April, May & June, 2019

DANISH SOCIAL CLUB OF VICTORIA



Hans Frederiksen
President

Greetings to club members! In a few days we will be enjoying a wonderful kroplatter organized by our "head chef", Annemari, and her busy crew of helpers. The menu consists of such wonderful sandwiches as herring, roast pork, smoked salmon, shrimp and eggs as well as cheese.

As you know, 2019 started out with an appreciation lunch on January 18th, followed by Fastelavn on February 16th which was enjoyed by young and

old. March 23rd the club members enjoyed a smørrebørd lunch and on April 12th the club held its Annual General meeting. During this well attended meeting, members voted very generously to donate \$1000 to our daughter Meredith Lecinana so she, and her husband José, can stay in Vancouver to support our granddaughter, Lily, who was diagnosed April 7th with cancer and flown over to Children's Hospital. Lily's ongoing treatment during the last six weeks has been extremely difficult for the family and even more so for Lily. The chemo treatment has shrunk the cancerous masses but left her with heart issues, fever, tremors, staph infections, C. Difficile infection as well as fungal and viral infections. With prayers and positive thoughts the family has hope that Lily will survive this terrible disease and the even more terrible cure.

While our family has been fighting a life threatening disease, other club members have also been fighting ill health. Unfortunately they did not win that fight. We have lost three members; Nils Jensen, Hanne Karjaluto, and Karen Saunders. Aere vaere deres minde.

As mentioned at the beginning, we hope you are looking forward to the wonderful kroplatte evening on May 31, prepared by Annemari and her volunteers. In addition, we hope you will be looking forward to our annual BBQ this summer. Rosemary and I will be announcing a date and sending out invitations soon.

On a last note, we wish Ingelise, Annemari's sister a swift recovery from her surgery and look forward to her coming to Victoria soon.

Rosemary and I feel that we are so lucky to have an extended family in the Danish Club and are very thankful for your good thoughts and prayers. Thank you so much! We look forward to seeing you all soon.

Hans Frederiksen,
On behalf of the Board of Directors

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>>> 2019 Events Calendar <<<

May 31 Kro-Platter, Please Note Change of Date
September 7 Scandinavian PotLuck, Danish Club organizes
October 18 Kro-Platter
November 8 Men's Dinner, prepared for the ladies by the men
December 13 Christmas Dinner

Fastelavn 2019 - February 17/18



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You have to admit that Fastelavn is truly one of the best events we have. Kids are excited, parents are excited, the room is filled with tradition of Fastelavn. The beautiful barrel built by Jens Lorentzen in collaboration with Willy Klausen. Bent Andersen for making sure the kids were safe and orderly. 16 Fastelavn participant enjoyed bashing the very solid keg. It could not withhold the pressure from excited candy hopefuls.

The picture top right is for, **Best Costume; Ripley Miller and Maxwell Holmes.** Bottom right picture, **Queen & King; Sierra Wright and Brenan Carlow.**





News and a bit of history from Denmark

<http://cphpost.dk/>

First Dane in 37 years selected in NFL draft



In 1982 Morten Andersen became the first Dane to be drafted to the NFL. He later went on to be one of the most prolific kickers in league history, racking up a number of records and eventually being inducted into the NFL Hall of Fame. Tonight, 37 years later, Hjalte Froholdt became just the second Dane ever drafted to the NFL as he was selected by the reigning Super Bowl champs New England Patriots in the fourth round as the 118th overall pick.

Election Round-Up: Enhedslisten close to being most popular party in Copenhagen.



According to a new Megafon survey for TV2 News, left-wing outfit Enhedslisten is tantalisingly close to becoming the most popular party in Copenhagen.

The survey revealed the party is poised to get 19.2 percent of the votes in the upcoming General Election, just a tad behind leaders Socialdemokratiet's 19.8 percent.

Mayors seek UNESCO listing for Viking ring forts;



Getting an historical site or area onto the UNESCO World Heritage Site listing can be a surefire way to attract tourists, as well as helping to preserve a unique landmark or area. The Jellinge mounds, Kronborg Castle and Roskilde Cathedral are already on the list, and five Danish mayors have now made a joint pledge to add the Viking ring forts in their municipalities if they can



Despite a court ruling in November, a Chinese company called Lepin has been continuing to produce copies of Lego products that are almost indistinguishable from the real thing. Chinese police have now lost patience with the firm and, in a raid on the company's workshop, have arrested four people suspected of being behind a massive Lego counterfeiting operation, reports the BBC.

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>>Tales of a Copenhagen Street Urchin<<

Part 1

Not so short story by Finn Sander

I came into this world on January 3, 1940, at the St. Joseph Hospital in Noerrebro, a working class, tenement area of Copenhagen. I arrived heavily jaundiced, and my mother, too, was in very poor shape to the extent that we were both kept in the hospital for over two months before being discharged. My mother subsequently bore another boy and two girls, all of whom died within a few days after birth. My mother, too, was sufficiently ill each time of birth, that for my second sister's birth in 1946, my mother required a blood transfusion - upon which she promptly contracted double pneumonia and related serious complications. In fact, so bad was her state of health that her doctor informed her that she could expect to die. Naturally, my mother, grasping at straws, inquired whether there was anything or anyone who might save her life. There is, the good doctor replied, but it requires the direct intervention of Christian X, King of Denmark. Happily, being a kind old chap, His Royal Highness stepped in and saved my mother's life.



For the record, these problems arose from the fact that my mother had Rh negative blood and my father Rh positive blood AND that my siblings all had Rh positive blood causing incompatibilities in the womb and their eventual deaths shortly after birth. (Happily, this incompatibility can now be treated with immunoglobulin injections during pregnancy.) I was the lucky one, inasmuch as I was Rh negative like my mother, so didn't die. And the reason my mother became so desperately sick after giving birth in 1946 was that she

was given a transfusion of Rh positive blood by mistake. It was then that her doctor informed her that to have any chance of surviving this ordeal would require an injection of penicillin, a scarce antibiotic at the time. Sadly, he revealed, at that particular time the only available penicillin in all of Denmark, that he was aware of, was assigned to the King to keep him alive during a serious illness. He knew that for a fact, he told her, as he happened to be the King's personal physician. My mother then implored him to appeal to the King's sense of generosity by asking him to take pity on her dire predicament and share his supply of this life-saving drug with her. Furthermore, he should also inform His Majesty the King that, as an accomplished teenage ballerina in the 1930s, she had performed in the Royal Theatre for the King and his family. The doctor appealed to the king on my mother's behalf, and the kind old soul shared his supply of penicillin with her, AND she consequently survived the ordeal - albeit with a stiff leg. Sadly, the King died a few months later in 1947. Hopefully, he didn't die as a consequence of sharing his medicine with my mother.

Incidentally, you might be interested to know that my mother's birthday was May 4, and that it was on that day in 1945 that my mother, my maternal grandmother, and I celebrated the event by going to see a movie at Nora Bio on Noerrebrogade just around the corner from our tenement building. My father, as was often the case then, was out preparing to blow up some a railway line or factory deemed beneficial to the German war effort. I don't remember anything about the movie, but I do remember that, suddenly, during the showing, the lights came on and people screamed and rushed en masse towards the exit doors. As my mother since told me, she was part of a mass hysteria triggered by the belief that the building was on fire. Instead, when we all broke out the door

onto Noerrebrogade, we saw in front of us a stalled streetcar on top of which were a dozen Danes waving Dannebro flags while exuberantly screaming "Danmark er fri! Danmark er fri!" - which needs no translation. It was my mother's best birthday present ever. I should also mention that while we were at the movie, a downed American pilot, Julius Latimer from Kentucky, had been in hiding from the Nazis in our small apartment for two weeks. Suffice to say that were he discovered, my parents both would have been arrested and shot in Ryparken. No quarters were given by the Gestapo for hiding allied airmen during the war. Previous to that, my brave parents hid an anti-Nazi German Wehrmacht sergeant in our flat for a week. I applaud their bravery, and I'm pleased to inform that the latter was subsequently safely shipped across to Sweden. Incidentally, it was at that same Nora Bio theatre a year later that I was allowed to go to an American cowboy movie by myself for the first time. When I returned home my mother inquired about the title of the movie. "The End", I said, spelling it out and offering that I had remembered to take note of that title at the end of the movie since I expected her to ask me that question. My mother laughed.



Get it? I won't dwell on my father's heroics as an active member of the Danish resistance during the war. Suffice to say that he wasn't just one of the many so-called "frihedskæmper" (freedomfighters) who suddenly emerged after the Germans capitulated, donned belted trenchcoats and

helmets (sometimes even German ones), and tried to act heroic by hoarding known Danish traitors and German-friendly prostitutes around. By contrast, some of the genuine, hard-core underground members, such as my father, were issued proper uniforms and weaponry (my dad front row, second from left in attached photo) to help deal with armed Danish traitors such as the Schallburg Korps along with the hard-core Hipo Korps created to police the country after the majority of the Danish police were arrested in 1944 and dispatched to the Buchenwald and Neuengamme concentration camps. But enough already! This account is supposed to be mildly amusing.



In 1946, my father managed to rent a gas station and automotive shop in Bagsvaerd, a pleasant outer suburb in the lake district north of the city. For convoluted reasons, my parents decided to yank me out of grade 1 in my old neighbourhood school (in which I was in the very same class as fellow Club member Henny Andersen's husband, John – what's the chance of that?) half way through the school year and enrolled me in a school in Bagsvaerd for the duration of the year – six months prior to moving there the following spring. This change required that I, barely turned seven, every day got on a streetcar (Linie 16), supposedly paid my fare, dismounted in Soeborg, an inner suburb, then boarded a red bus, paid another fare, and dismounted in Bagsvaerd near my new school. I only mention this to paint a picture of another world, where allowing a seven-year-old to do so was shrugged off as reasonable and safe. Compare that to how kids today are coddled and protected even in their own neighbourhoods. It was a different world, indeed. Sadly, in some measure, it tore me away from my life in my familiar, old neighbourhood. But all was not lost, for it also offered me an opportunity to “snare my fare” on daily streetcar rides.

It worked like this: In the streetcar, typically packed tightly every morning, a

conductor roamed around collecting fares from all riders. However, since I was a little person keeping my head low, I frequently succeeded in

staying out of his sight, allowing me to keep the streetcar monies my mother gave me every

day. Happily, I was never caught in the act. Of course, this didn't work on the bus where the driver himself collected the fares as riders entered the vehicle. Incidentally, there must be a God, for at the very spot I dismounted the streetcar on Noerrebrogade on my way home, there was a newly built American-style ice cream parlour. And it was here where I always spent my surplus fares before going home to the apartment. That way, my mother could never accidentally come across my illegal earnings in my coat pocket or school bag. Incidentally, if you imagine how cute I must have looked at that age, I can dispel that notion I'm the ugly duckling in the middle. My uncle Bjarne is on the right, and his best friend Bent is on the left. Who would have guessed that the latter grew up to be a very accomplished dental surgeon?



Did I mention that my father had a long career racing motorcycles, which largely determined most of my family's Sunday activities during summer months? Instead of going to church on the Holy Day, we would join other members of Copenhagen's Motorcycle Club gathering next to Slangstrupbane Station in Noerrebro and

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venture out onto the hilly countryside where my father competed in “dirt trial” races on his robust Ariel bike. Other times, he would compete on Gentofte Stadion's cinder track on his lightweight “Jap” motorcycle. He won many races during his career, but he also had some very nasty spills. Consequently, in 1949, my mother put down her foot and forced him to retire. So it was as a civilian spectator that my father drove his Ariel bike to the annual Danish national dirt bike championship that summer. But then fate reared its ugly head, for it transpired that his best mate, who was scheduled to compete in the event, had a nasty spill during warm ups, and had to withdraw from the race. Now, for the really bad part: He also persuaded my father to borrow his helmet and take his place in the race on his own dependable Ariel. My father's hormones beat out his common sense, and he accepted the offer and



competed in the race. Now for the good part: He won the race and was crowned national champion. Back to the bad part: My mother saw his smiley face in the morning newspaper the next day – and there was hell to pay for my old man.

To be continued.



This is Lilly, Annemari & I visited her May 9th. Left bottom picture is what Lilly was hooked up to. Hans took this picture week an a half later of this amazing young lady. Godspeed Lilly, we are all pulling for you.



Ære være deres minde!

Hanne Brockner KARJALUOTO (December 28, 1943 - March 28, 2019) Hanne Brockner Karjaluoto passed away peacefully on Thursday, March 28th in hospice. Memorial service was held for her on April 14th at the Howard Johnson Hotel on Elk Lake Drive at 2 pm.



Former Oak Bay mayor Nils Jensen has died at 69 after a battle with cancer.

Jensen, who served 15 years on Oak Bay council before winning back-to-back mayoral races in 2011 and 2014, was remembered for his positive outlook on life, commitment to public service and dedication to his community.

“Nils was an eternal optimist who embodied the word citizenship in all of the right ways,” McEvoy said.

“He came to Canada in 1957 as an eight-year-old without being able to speak a word of English. He came from Denmark and he just embraced his country of Canada with a passion, and he embraced his local community.”



Karen was born January 6, 1938, Jonassen in Copenhagen. Shortly after the war the family moved to Ontario. Karen graduated in nursing from Kingston General Hospital in 1960.

Karen passed April 24, 2019.



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Jens Munk: An expedition ahead of its time

By Wendy Christensen-Grosfield

April 3, 2019

Jens Munk is not a prominent name in Canadian history books. In fact, most Canadians have likely never heard of the Danish explorer who in 1619 undertook an expedition in search of the Northwest Passage and ended up overwintering near what is now Churchill, Man. Yet remarkably, some 200 years before the famous Franklin expeditions got underway in 1825, and three centuries before Norwegian Roald Amundsen succeeded in traversing the Northwest Passage, Jens Munk broke through the icy Davis Strait, found Frobisher Bay and spent a brutal winter on the shores of Hudson Bay.

In the early 1600s, European countries anxious to share in the vast riches that were being generated by trade with the Orient were on a quest for a northwestern sea route to China and India. Just nine years after Henry Hudson's failed Arctic expedition on behalf of the Dutch East India Company, King Christian IV of Denmark-Norway commissioned a Danish expedition. King Christian not only wanted to establish a new trade route to the Orient to expand Danish industry and trade, but he also hoped to establish a Danish colony in North America.

Christian chose Jens Munk, one of the best seamen in the Danish kingdom, to captain the frigate *Enhiörningen* (the Unicorn), and the *Lamprenen* (the Lamprey), a smaller vessel called a sloop. These two ships, the frigate with a crew of 48 and the sloop with a crew of 16, were among the best of the King's exploring ships. By the spring of 1619, both were stocked with Danish trade goods in preparation for a dangerous journey across the North Atlantic.

Munk was the obvious choice to lead the expedition; he had previously sailed the ice-filled Barents Sea on an unsuccessful mission to find a northeast passage, ending up at Kildin, a small outpost near what is today Murmansk, Russia. Munk also spoke Portuguese, English, Dutch and had knowledge of other languages, including an ability to write Latin. The King knew Munk had the respect of the men who had sailed with him in the past. But who was this daring Dane?



Born to explore

Jens Munk was born on June 3, 1579 on his father's estate near the modern town of Arendal in southern Norway. Munk's family had something of a checkered past. His grandfather Niels, once considered nobility, had been stripped of his noble rank for having an improper relationship with a bondswoman. Jens himself was born out of wedlock to his father Erik and the daughter of a barber from Elsinore. In 1585, Erik was convicted of fraud and using royal property for his own gain. His lands were seized, and he was sent to prison in Dragsholm Castle, near Kalundborg, Denmark.

Now an outcast in her community, with no way of supporting her small family, Jens' mother Ann sent her son to Aalborg, Denmark, where he lived with his father's sister and her husband. At 12 years of age, Jens returned to Norway and

signed on as a crew member on a skipper for a voyage to England and Portugal. In 1592, when he was still only 13 years old, he worked his passage to Brazil as cabin-boy on a trading vessel. Jens lived in Brazil until 1598; when he returned to Denmark, he learned his father had committed suicide while in prison.

In 1611, Munk joined the Danish navy and served as a naval officer for more than five years before entering the whaling industry in 1616. When it came time to choose a leader for the Danish Arctic expedition, Munk's complicated family history was clearly not held against him by King Christian. As historian W.A. Kenyon writes, "Munk was chosen, in all probability, because he was the most highly qualified man in the Danish navy. He was brave, experienced in Arctic navigation, versatile, and trustworthy – fine qualities in any leader – and an excellent choice for the task that lay ahead."

(To be continued)

