



Greetings Fellow Danes:

Fall is fast approaching after a wonderful spring and summer. Club members enjoyed a wonderful KroPlatter event on May 31 thanks to Annemari and a wonderful group of ladies who did a fantastic job organizing and preparing for the event. Mange tak! On Sunday August 11 at the Frederiksen residence, 48 people enjoyed a great BBQ. Special thanks to Tom for cooking the hamburgers and wieners and to all those who brought wonderful salads, desserts and appetizers! The weather was perfect. A wonderful evening!

Last Saturday, September 7th, the Norwegians, Swedes and Danes got together for a fantastic potluck dinner. The evening was full of merriment and good humour and a large variety of food was shared. Gerda was the winner of the 50-50 draw and several attendees won door prizes such as plants, wine, chocolates and rye bread. Thanks to all, especially Tom and Grethe for liaising with the other clubs to make everything happen. The Norwegians have agreed to sponsor next year. We are now looking forward to a special evening in October, a men's night in November and best of all, our annual Store Julebord.

On a personal note, our family is thankful for all your prayers and support for our granddaughter Lily who is now in the middle of her 5th chemo treatment and remaining strong (mostly).

We are all sad to learn of Bodil Sim's passing and also the struggle Ingelise is going through. Cancer is an ugly and terrible disease.

Wishing you all a great fall and på gensyn.

Hans Frederiksen,  
On behalf of the Board of Directors  
Danish Club of Victoria



Hans Frederiksen  
President

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## >>> 2019 Events Calendar <<<

October 18 Kro-Platter  
November 8 Men's Dinner, prepared for the ladies by the men  
December 13 Christmas Dinner



# BBQ at Frederiksen



Dear Hans & Rosemary;  
Million thanks for making your beautiful backyard into the very best place to be on Sunday afternoon on August 11th, to enjoy a collection of food fit for Kings & Queens. Chef Tom working in the heat to provide that special Summer BBQ Hamburgers & Hot Dogs. The desert table, the ice cream pale a fitting end to such a wonderful event. I am already looking forward to next year. There will be one right? jeh



Thanks also to everyone that brought the delicious food. It is absolutely the most Hygge event of the year.



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## News and a bit of history from Danmark

<http://cphpost.dk/>

### Trump cancellation a huge cost to Denmark



Denmark is today picking up the pieces, and the tax-payer the bill, following US President Donald Trump's cancellation of his state visit to Denmark due to Danish PM Mette Frederiksen turning down his offer to buy Greenland. With most of the world's media concurring that the cancellation just 12 days before the visit is a curveball that left the ball park, Denmark has bigger concerns: namely the significant amount of time and resources dedicated to preparing for the visit, which have all gone to waste.

### Danish PM open to increased US military presence in Greenland



Now that the whole debacle about Donald Trump's interest in purchasing Greenland has been put to rest, more realistic matters pertaining to the Arctic have surfaced ahead of the US president's scheduled visit to Denmark next month.

It's no secret that the Arctic is poised to become a key element in geopolitical strategising in the near future – with particularly the US, Russia, Canada, China, the UK and the Scandinavian nations taking a keen interest in developments there.

### Denmark still top in EU for eHealth

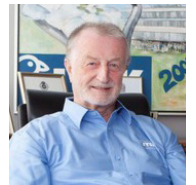


Denmark still leads the way in the EU when it comes to eHealth, according to a recently-published report, 'Benchmarking Deployment of eHealth among General Practitioners (2018)'.

The report, which documented that electronic-based health treatment has increased among general practitioners across Europe since 2013, ranked Denmark first, followed by Spain, Finland and the UK.

### Business Round-Up: Jysk founder dies aged 71

Lars Larsen, the founder of the retail chain Jysk, passed away today at his Silkeborg home. Larsen, who was 71 years old, had been ill for some time with advanced stage liver cancer.



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## >>Tales of a Copenhagen Street Urchin<< Part 2

Not so short story by Finn Sander

### Continued from last Nyheder;

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 Slangerbane Station in Noerrebro and 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 (attached photo). 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.

### Start of next chapter;

Incidentally, there were some extreme-



ly harsh winters in Denmark following the war, so motorcycle races on studied, spiked, or chained tires (can't recall which) on frozen lakes became quite popular. During such events, cars were often parked on the ice close to shore. This was an open invitation for irascible little Copenhagen street urchins like me to mount the roof tops of said cars for a more "elevated" view of the races. There we all sat

on the roofs with our legs dangling over windshields and feet resting on the hoods. And so it was on one such occasion, while firmly ensconced on this elevated seating on a car during a race, that I heard a very loud, crackling noise below me, and, within a few seconds, an entire group of cars parked closely together on the ice suddenly all plunged below this thin, protective veneer. The water quickly covered the car hoods and most of the windshields. So, if you had your wits about you, you pulled up your legs in a real hurry and escaped getting your feet wet. Slow pokes like me got a good soaking almost to our knees. Much screaming and yelling ensued. And then began the concerted task of extricating all us stranded, little people. Did I mention how freezing cold the water was? VERY cold. The cars' turn came much later. I have no recollection of that, but it couldn't have been easy. And the motors all got a good soaking, so the local towing company must have made hay on the occasion.

**But daily life mostly** revolved around school six days a week. That's right, for Saturday was also a school day. But school life wasn't much different to what I encountered when my family emigrated to Montreal five years later – except for the much harsher corporal punishment handed out in my school in Bagsvaerd, compared to what I later encountered in Canada. In my school in Montreal, corporal punishment, confined to the boys only, was rarely handed out, and if so it was with a leather strap on the open hand, administered by the

Principal in the privacy of his office. Big deal! Sure, it hurt, but most of us considered a swollen, red hand a badge of courage to show off and demonstrate how tough we were. In my school in Denmark, punishment included both pain AND shame as it was administered on the spot in the classroom. Pain, because it really hurt when a teacher slapped our faces hard with his open hand or with his clenched knuckles on top of our heads. Or yanked our ears. Shame, because it was also administered in front of the girls in our mixed classes. The shame factor was especially brutal when the teacher had us bending over in front of the class, and then beating the heck out of our backsides with a bamboo stick. Try that in front of your girlfriend two feet away in the front row. The shame definitely hurt more than the physical pain on such occasions. So fear of punishment was real. And if you went home that evening and complained to your father about it, he either ignored your complaints or gave you a slap on the face for good measure. If you're a young Canadian reader in this age of "correctness", you'll probably question the veracity of this last statement, but not if you are a fellow, old Dane of my generation.

My greatest fear of punishment occurred in the gym one winter day while a snow storm was raging outside. It involved the gym teacher, "Mr. Meanie", let's call him, a nasty piece of work who liked to torment us with all manner of physical punishment to urge us through his harsh, physical exercise regime. If we didn't perform to his satisfaction, he took great delight in "boxing us on the ears" (a misnomer), resulting in occasional nosebleeds, or making us all take cold showers – ice cold in the winter. Not only was he mean, but he also looked very menacing to us, given his dark hair, a small scar on his upper lip, swarthy features, and piercing, dark eyes, magnified by his Coke bottle-thick glasses. (Still better looking than I ever was at his age.) Ironically, it all happened just before Christmas, when we were excused from the usual robust regime



of push-ups, climbing ropes, etc. Instead, we were allowed to play handball (slightly smaller than a soccer ball), a popular European game rarely played in North America. And so it transpired that I possessed the ball and was in the act of throwing it with all my might against the net of the opposing goal, when it accidentally slipped off my hand and landed smack in the face of a surprised "Mr. Meanie" – with the result that his glasses popped off, fell to the floor, and broke into pieces. This, predictably, made his blood boil, and he let off an enormously loud howl, which sent a cold chill down my spine.

**I was frozen** to the spot – but not for long. Half blind with rage, and for lack of his thick glasses, he charged wildly at me with his hands reaching out for me. Even a village idiot could deduce that this was no time for reasoning, and, accordingly, I took off with great alacrity and Mr. Meanie breathing down my neck. And so we tore around the gym for half a minute or so as I used the other students to great advantage for a while. As such, my enemy kept crashing into them, thus deterring his progress. But, shortly, all the other boys gravitated against the walls, and then there were just he and I facing each other. That's when I decided to cut my losses and get the hell out of there. Accordingly, I soon found myself negotiating steps and hallways with the teacher in close pursuit. Next, I was in the school yard, and a quick glance over my shoulder confirmed that the devil was still trying to take the hindmost, so I decided to depart the premises altogether. I was soon heading down the main street, clad only in shorts (we never wore shoes or shirts in the gym) on a snowy, winter day. Huffing and puffing, mean "Mr. Meanie" followed me a short distance down the street, then probably realized how inappropriate this scene played out in front of local folks and returned to the school. I never stopped, and when I barged through the front door at home, I gave my mother a real fright, which soon changed to outrage when she got the full story. Later, when he heard about the incident, my father was equally upset, and the next day accompanied me to the Principal's office and lodged a complaint demanding an apology from Mr. Meanie. An apology was duly received from the latter, but my father still had to buy him a new pair of

glasses..... !#\$\*! It's safe to say that it would have ended differently these days.

**Still,** childhood in a working class family in Copenhagen in the late 40s/early 50s could be very pleasant, not least when school was out during summers, for it was then that many students descended on camps and farms in the countryside to escape asphalt jungles in the inner city, especially. This was facilitated by the Greater Copenhagen School Board, and the parents were charged affordable fees according to their incomes. It thus transpired that I spent parts of four summers in various camps, all ideally located around the country. I could have chosen to go to a farm, but my mother had experienced the worst summer of her life on a farm in Jutland as a young school girl and had been worked to the bone. So, for her 7-year-old son, a camp it was in the summer of 1947. This first camp I was sent to was ideally located near Lemvig on a stretch of isolated, pristine beach on Limfjorden, a salt water fjord cutting straight through northern Jutland, thus connecting the Kattegat Sea with the North Sea. The camp, three wooden barracks, including a kitchen, dining hall for circa 100 boys, and three (take note) "non-flush" out-houses, was surrounded by undulating hills covered in wild heather. The only downside to all this bliss was that this stretch of heath harboured a multitude of snakes – a non-poisonous, black and white "Sno" and a motley brown, highly poisonous, potentially lethal "Hugorm" (I was told), the scourge of picnickers and naturalist in Denmark. But my brush with death was with neither of these two beasts. It was with being immersed in a heap of slimy, stinky cod fish.



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**And here's how that happened.** It started off being my lucky day, for I was chosen with two other boys to go on a fishing trip on a small North Sea fishing cutter with an open wheel house and operated by a captain and his one-man crew. It was also a bright sunny day, and all indications were that it was going to be a real hoot for us three city slickers. We thus steamed out of Lemvig harbour, and soon were on the high seas catching loads of codfish. And how high the waves were, but we were assured that this was normal for the North Sea – if not for us. A piece of cake – until two hours later huge ominous clouds filled the horizon, and soon we were engulfed in a driving rain storm. Visibility diminished in a matter of minutes, and quickly the coast line disappeared from view. Coincident with these conditions, the waves swelled to mountainous proportions, and the boat quickly responded to the turbulence by rising and dropping precipitously with each wave. Three frightened campers were thus dispatched to the only place in the boat where we were not likely to be swept overboard as monster waves broke over the bow and drenched the entire deck.



*To be continued.*

## 100 Years of DKU and Danes Worldwide recounted in the 2019 Heritage Book

### 100 Years of DKU and Danes Worldwide

The Danish Church Abroad (now DSUK) can celebrate its centennial this year, as can Danes Worldwide.

It is not surprising that the Danish Church Abroad and Danes Worldwide were formed in the Spring of 1919, less than six months after the end of the First World War. During the War Denmark was neutral. It was a difficult balancing act to remain neutral and at the same time export food supplies to both Germany and Britain. What made it even more difficult was the fact that Denmark was isolated, exposed and completely without allies. At the time Denmark had a very modest diplomatic service and no intelligence service to speak of. Denmark was alone.

After the War Denmark joined the League of Nations, but continued to follow a policy of neutrality. Denmark was a very reluctant member of the League and refused

to take part in sanctions against the Soviet Union and Germany. Yet, there were people in Denmark who felt it was in the country's interest to engage more actively with the outside world, particularly with Danes living abroad. Moreover, the Danes abroad could often act as ambassadors and open doors.

In Copenhagen in March 1919 the Danish Church Abroad was formed and it soon established contact with Danish congregations in Germany, Sweden, Canada and other countries.

A month later, in April 1919, Dansk Samvirke, as Danes Worldwide was known until 1998, was founded. The idea was to establish a network of Danes across the globe. Soon there would be representatives around the world, a high-quality magazine and later an annual first-class meeting at Kronborg Castle.

The stories of DKU and Danes Worldwide, including their activities in Canada over the past century, are recounted in the 2019 Heritage Book, published by the Danish Federation. DKU, now DSUK, has provided a stream of committed pastors to Canada, and Danes Worldwide played an important role in the Danish government allowing Dual Citizenship. The Heritage Book is available from most Danish organizations in Canada, including the Danish Federation.

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**SIM, Bodil Amalie** Bodil put up a brave fight but lost the battle to Cancer on September 5, 2019 in Victoria, BC. She was born on August 18, 1947 in Bjerringbro, Denmark, she was also a Canadian Citizen. Bodil is survived by her husband, Edward Clayton Sim, whom she met in 1991 in Zimbabwe and married in 1996.

She is also survived by her sister, Sonja Poulsen. Bodil was a diplomat for the Danish Embassy for many years until retirement.



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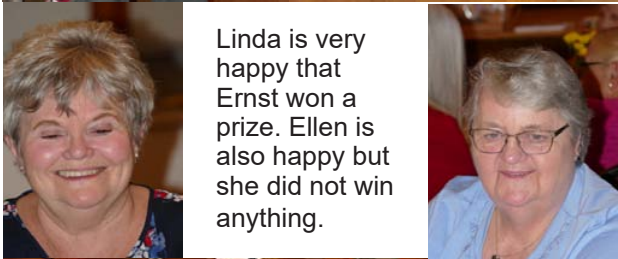


# Kro Platte Aften

## Friday May 31, 2019



Another successful Kro Platte Aften. So many thanks to Annemari and all the girls in the kitchen plus all the directors and members that helped setting up and taking down and cleaning up. Must not forget Jette & Gene for all their excellent bar service. 50/50 Draw always provide joy to selected few, because they win very nice prizes provided by generous donors. The next Kro Platte Aften, October 18, will be very special and very different. Looking forward to seeing you. jeh



Linda is very happy that Ernst won a prize. Ellen is also happy but she did not win anything.



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## *Jens Munk: An expedition ahead of its time - Part 2*

### **“Every word found herein is altogether truthful”**

One of the things that sets Munk's expedition apart from others of the time is how much we know about it today thanks to the captain's handwritten diary. Munk left a detailed record of the journey, the setbacks and the harsh winter spent near the mouth of the Churchill River. His descriptions of the geography they encountered, the mistakes they made and the provisions and clothing they should have had to survive the winter would provide a valuable roadmap for those that followed.

On the day the expedition was to depart, a worship service was held in Christian IV's newly built church, the Holmens Kirke in Copenhagen, to bless the 63-member crew, Captain Munk and their families. There were some colourful, even odd characters amongst the crew, including chaplain Rasmus Jensen, described as a “sorry figure, unwashed, with a week's growth of stubble on his chin, running eyes, and a wheezing voice.” The chaplain was on board to care for the crew, but was also likely part of the King's plan to establish a settlement in newly discovered lands. In one of the perhaps unintended legacies of the Munk expedition, Rasmus Jensen became the first Lutheran pastor to set foot on Canadian soil and the first of any faith to hold a worship service in Western Canada.

The ships left Copenhagen on May 9, 1619; one year later, Munk and a handful of remaining men were trapped by ice in Hudson Bay, having endured a winter of darkness, hunger and hopelessness.

After leaving Denmark in May, Munk was in position to see the western shore of Davis Strait in early July. However, ice and fog prevented him from approaching land. When the weather cleared, he sailed into Frobisher Bay, thinking it was the Hudson Strait. He followed the shore of the strait between ice and land, and at a place he called ‘Rinsund,’ according to his journal, he anchored and went ashore to talk to the natives and to shoot reindeer. After leaving Rinsund, Munk was caught in the ice for six days before getting to a small cove he called ‘Haresund,’ the modern location of which is not precisely known. By mid-August, he was sailing again towards Hudson Bay. Unfortunately, the English pilots on the ship miscalculated the route, which meant the expedition didn't get to the ‘Big Sea’ (Hudson Bay) until September of 1619. By that time, the approaching winter made further progress impossible. It was also too late to make a return voyage to Denmark, so Munk and his crew were forced to overwinter in the Unicorn along the frozen shores of the bay.

Munk's account of the bay is the first to treat the inland sea as a whole, and his map is the first on which the whole of the bay is depicted. While wintering at what is now the town of Churchill, Man., Munk recorded a number of scientific observations and opinions. He wrote about the migrations of birds and an eclipse of the moon, and described the icebergs he had seen in the straits he had navigated.

But the Danes were totally unprepared for the full, unmitigated fury of an Arctic winter. Their clothes were insufficient for the cold, their food supply ran short, and malnutrition and illness ravaged their bodies. Munk's diary became a litany of the dead and dying as man after man succumbed to scurvy, trichinosis (from eating tainted meat) and exposure.

By mid-February, only seven men remained healthy enough to fetch wood and water and complete everyday shipboard tasks.

“When Laurids Bergen, one of the seamen died on 5 February, I sent an urgent message to the surgeon requesting in God's name that he assist us with whatever medicine or good advice he might have to offer. Because he himself was very ill and weak at the time, I suggested that he might like to tell me what medicine or remedy would be used for the benefit of the crew. And again he replied, as he had earlier, that without the assistance of God he was helpless.”

Passages such as the one above are interspersed with more hopeful notes about catching ptarmigan and the occasional hare to eat, but even these are tempered by Munk's dismay that most of the surviving men “could not eat the meat because their mouths were so swollen and inflamed with scurvy.”

**On June 4, 1620**, believing himself to be the only expedition member still living, Munk, in a weakened, malnourished state and demoralized from the deaths of his crew, wrote something of a last will and testament:

“In as much as I no longer have any hope of living in this world I request for the sake of God if any Christian people should happen to come upon this place that they bury my poor body in the ground, along with the others who may be found here, receiving their reward from God in Heaven. And further that this my journal may be forwarded to my gracious Lord King (every word found herein is altogether truthful) in order that my poor wife and children may obtain some benefit from my great distress and miserable death. Herewith farewell to all the world and my soul into the hands of the Almighty.”

Imagine Munk's surprise when, four days later, he opened his eyes, realized he was still alive, ventured outside into the spring sunshine, and found he was not alone. “To my astonishment, I saw two men who were still on shore. I thought they too had died long ago.”

*Return to Denmark - to be continued.*