

#### GODT NYTAAR MEMBERS OF VICTORIA DANISH CLUB:

Happy New Year to you all! 2020 got off to a good start with our Appreciation Night dinner and bingo to acknowledge our current and paid up club members, Friday, January the 10th. 58 members attended. Kirsten Lorensen and Ernst Nielsen won the ducks (frozen!) that night.

2019 finished off with the Store Julebord on December 13th, attended by 86 members and much hygge thanks to Annemari and her many volunteers. A beautifully decorated table covered in fabulous platters. Thanks to Mark, the guitarist,



Hans Frederiksen President

lovely background music was enjoyed and Christmas songs were sung in both English and Danish. As usual, Norway Hall was well decorated in the Scandinavian Christmas tradition. Many super prizes were won in the 50-50 draw and a free alcoholic drink (or non-alcoholic drink of their choice) was enjoyed by all who attended.

Not to be forgotten in November of 2019 was the wonderful meal organized and put on by the male members of our club under the direction of Finn Conradsen. The men were dressed "like penguins" in black slacks, white shirts and bow-ties!! Some items served that evening were frikadeller, red cabbage, and potatoes. All who attended agreed that there should be a repeat of this event and so we look forward to this same event again in November 2020!

Last year was a year of much tribulation as we lost five members and some members and their families dealt with serious illnesses. We look forward, however, to a positive and healthy 2020 with friends, family and club members.

Fastelavn on February 22nd looks to be a fun event and your club executive looks forward to seeing you all then.

Tak og venlig Hilsen Hans Frederiksen, Director Danish Club of Victoria

### >>> 2020 Event Calendar <<<

February 22 Fastelavn

March 20 Smørrebrød Lunch

April 17 Annual General Meeting

May 22 Kro-Platter
October 16 Smørrebrød
November 20 Mens Dinner

December 11 Christmas Dinner

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## Kro-Platter October 18/19

Annemari introduced the "Danish Club Sandwich", a fabulous combination that everyone appeared to enjoy, how great is that. It will in all likelyhood be presented again in 2020.





### News and a bit of history from Danmark

http://cphpost.dk/

## Local Round-Up: Copenhagen among best cities for families



According to a new report from the German moving company Movinga, Copenhagen is one of the world's most family-friendly cities. Scoring 150 cities across a host of parameters within the scope of liveability, family legislation and parent surveys, Copenhagen came fifth behind leaders Helsinki, Quebec, Oslo and Munich.



### Danish PM: terror case extremely serious

Mette Frederiksen and the government keeping close tabs on situation Mette Frederiksen is gravely concerned (photo: Regeringen.dk) December 12th, 2019 9:35 am| by Christian W.

PM Mette Frederiksen is gravely concerned following revelations yesterday evening that the police had foiled a significant terror plot on Danish soil.

## Denmark rated best country in the world to raise kids

Generous paternal leave system makes it tough to beat.



How many Danes have you met while living abroad who return home when it's time to raise a family? Well, there might be a pretty good reason for that. According to the latest 'Best countries report', Denmark finishes top of the pile when it comes to raising children.

The report highlighted generous paternal leave system, including mothers being able to take off four weeks of maternity leave before the expected due date.

"Denmark finishes as the No 1 country in this ranking. Europa, the official website of the European Union, calls the Danish parental leave system 'among the most generous and flexible in the EU'," the report found.

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# >>Tales of a Copenhagen Street Urchin<< Part 3 Story by Fine Sender

### Story by Finn Sander

### Continued from last Nyheder;

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.

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Our "safe" haven turned out to be the hold, capped with a heavy lid, where the daily catch of slimy cod fish was usually stored – and it was half full already. It thus wreaked with the stench of fish, and diesel fumes had permeated the confined space from the belching engine in the adjoining compartment. Quickly, we were overcome with acute seasickness and released our collective breakfasts to our immediate surroundings. For an hour or two, we were trapped in this hell hole where we were in total darkness, where we could hold on to nothing fixed, and thus were propelled about on top of the slimy load of cod and fresh puke against the walls - and each other - thereby collecting a host of painful bruises. Did I mention that we all cried so much we almost drowned in our own tears. Just kidding, but we certainly did cry. It was undeniably the worst experience to that point in my young life, and I swore off all boats and oceans forever - at least until I grew up and became an oceanography professor. And, indeed, the gravity of the situation was confirmed to us by our camp leader, who was later told by the captain of the potentially calamitous outcome of the trip. Fishing boats going down during unexpected stormy seas on the North Sea was not exceptional, as many historical accounts confirm.

As ridiculous as it may sound, one other event that summer that caused me great grief had to do with the enforced rationing of toilet paper in the camp. You laugh, but my transgression gave me a real pain in the butt - literally. So here goes: Because paper was a somewhat precious commodity in post-war Denmark (it was apparently made from wood imported from Finland), we were instructed by the camp leader to use only THREE pieces of segmented paper of a toilet roll per trip to an outhouse to do our business. And he meant it. For the record, I never mastered this feat of frugality, but I was secure in the knowledge that I had plenty of company in my futile attempts. Nevertheless, I became the first victim of this bizarre rule. It happened one fine day when I exited one of the outhouses after doing a no. 2 job. So far so good. Unfortunately, it so happened that the next person in the line-up to follow me was the Camp director's young daughter. You guessed it: this sharp-eyed little tattletale duly noted (upon close scrutiny, I expect) that I had surpassed the allowed limit of 3 pieces of toilet paper and promptly informed her father. He, in turn, just as promptly administered appropriate punishment by giving me a number (I didn't count) of wacks to my backside with the traditional bamboo stick. I was only seven, so I cried loudly. I also decided that I was going to complain to my parents about it by writing them a letter voicing my grief. That is until I remembered that the three self-addressed envelopes supplied by my mother, each with a stamp attached and containing a blank piece of paper, were all gone - out in the post my second day in camp. On each piece of paper, I had written not one word to my parents.

Instead, many years.) I still doodle with German soldiers (attached photo). Guess

you could call me a product of I had drawn pictures of Danish and German soldiers shooting at each other. (They kept those drawings for the war. Incidentally, my greatest pleasure amongst all the



activities in camp were wrestling lessons. I was fairly good at it. So much so that when I returned to the asphalt jungle in Noerrebro, I was no longer intimidated by some of the bullies on my street who owned me before camp.

The following year, I experienced yet another outhouse-related incident. This time, my camp was located near Roervig in northern Zealand next to another lovely beach. However, it also had a great soccer field where I spent many hours kicking a ball around. It was during an organized game, when the ball got kicked into the bushes near the outhouses, that I volunteered to retrieve the ball and barged through the scant undergrowth. But wait! Suddenly, the ground under me gave way, and I disappeared into a deep pit – full of human excrement retrieved from the outhouses nearby. The cesspool was lightly covered with boards, most of which were half rotten and covered with dirt, so readily gave way when I stepped on them. Ugh! It was a dreadful experience, and my woeful cries quickly alerted my mates, a few of whom reluctantly lent me a hand getting out of the stinky hole. After that, it was a quick race to the sea for rejuvenation of my dignity. Why the pit was dug so close to a soccer field, so lightly covered, and without a warning

sign defy logic.

If only that were my last unpleasant encounter with human waste! But it wasn't to be, for two years later at yet another lovely school camp on the island of Mors in Limfjorden, I experienced one more "stinky" affair. This time, it concerned the fact that, unbelievably, someone had urinated in a large tub of peeled potatoes - the result of the laborious effort of four or five "volunteers" assigned daily to the task of peeling spuds meant

to be part of the supper menu each evening (rice or spaghetti was never an option). It boggles the mind to think anyone could perpetrate such a dastardly act, but the famil-



iar toilet bowl yellow and faint smell of urine were undeniable, and there was hell to pay. But who was/were the despicable perpetrator(s)? To find that out, the camp leader lined up all of us 100 or so boys on the "parade" ground in front of the camp and demanded that the guilty party step forward. Yeah, right! This was never going to happen, and no-one stepped forward in the next couple of hours. After that, we skipped supper and were confined to the barracks until the end of the next day, when it finally dawned on the leader that no-one was going to own up to the crime. It probably also occurred to him that two hundred irate parents were sure to make his life miserable once word got out that their little darlings were suffering collective punishment for an act committed by probably only one or two boys. And then we all got out of jail, and the matter was forgotten. So to speak.

The fourth camp I attended near Vejle in Jutland went swimmingly – no serious cuts, bruises, or foul attacks to my body or dignity. And I even learned a neat song. It started like this: "Og saa kommer linie et. Saa bruger man naeverne, og ogsaa kaeverne, og dem der staar i vejen, de faar paa taeverne. Der er en mand som graeder hoejt for han er ked, at vaere anbragt med hovedet nedaf etc." So, there you have it. Growing up in Denmark in those days could be fun – or, sometimes, not so much fun.

## Years later, in senior high school

and as a university student, I worked summers at a YMCA camp (Otoreke) for young adults on an island in the Laurentian Mountains north of Montreal. I was "outdoorman" in charge of the



tennis courts, rowboats, and canoes, and giving paddling lessons. Regrettably, I was also responsible for emptying the toilet cesspools (attached photo). A real stinker! But I had to admit that with my dubious experience in such "matters", I was well qualified for the job. Regrettably, the next three summers all ended rather badly for me on Labour Day weekends, the end of the seasons. On the first, I got run over in the dark by a hit-and-run truck, lost consciousness, and woke up the next morning in hospital heavily bandaged with multiple



broken ribs and bruised organs. Subsequently, I lost 20 pounds. The next Labour Day weekend, I performed a perfect swan dive in front of some pretty girls on the camp wharf, forgetting that the water was only 3 feet deep in front of me - hormones, ach! I woke up in the same hospital as above with a fractured skull, severe concussion, 43 stitches, broken teeth, bouts of fainting for the next couple of weeks – and a shaven head. But I lost only 10 pounds. The third labour Day weekend, I broke my left leg playing football and hobbled around for a month with a cast on it. My leg must have lost 5 pounds, at least. Enough already!

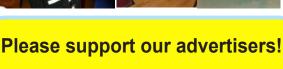
Actually, not enough, for I neglected to mention that it was on the fourth Labour Day weekend in camp, that I met a 17-year-old camper, crowned "Miss Camp Otoreke 1960".

Her name was Gloria, and she was glorious. AND the lucky girl eventually became my dear wife. All's well that ends well, eh?

Fascinating story from beginning to end. Many thanks Finn. jeh

## Men<sup>7</sup>s Dinner - November 2019







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**Next to Cordova Bay Golf Course** 

Ladies Night, now we know how hard the ladies work. The evening was a success. Many thanks to Finn Conradsen, the organizer. His friend helped in the kitchen.

The ultimate greeter Peter Saunders, presented the ladies with a Carnation. Thanks also to Grethe & Ilse who looked after the cash. It took 15 fellows to make sure the ladies had the very best service. Thanks to all who brought the food and helped making the Ladies Dinner, very special.





VISIT OUR NEW WEBSITE - danishclubvictoria.bc.ca

## Pot Luck Supper

September 7, 2019





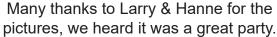


















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## JULEBORD DECEMBER 13, 2019



I would like to dedicate this page to all Directors and Members that helped putting the Julebord together. Heartfelt thanks to you all, it could not be done without your help. jeh