



Greetings to all club members from the Danish Club Board of Directors! We hope that your Christmas came "early, stayed late" and left behind the gifts of peace, love, joy and good health! For those of you who attended our Christmas dinner, Christmas did come a little early! Our December 17th event was very well attended with 98 guests sitting down to enjoy the food prepared by Annemari, her husband Jan, her sister, Ingelise and the helpers who made red cabbage, frikedeller, roast pork and rice allemande.

Because of the worry about covid and the respiratory virus that was circulating it was a concern that, like the wonderful Men's Dinner held in October, our numbers would be small. Thankfully there was a great interest and we had many new faces in attendance. All who attended had a great time and many won great door prizes (yes, Karen, the pig you won was a cute foot stool which was one of several items donated generously by Anders Jorgensen of Scandesign)!

Getting over our three year hiatus from club events has been both exciting and sometimes tiring (we are now 3 years older!). We are planning a few events for 2023 (see listed below) and hope that you will continue to not only attend but will consider helping out.....the old saying that "many hands makes light work" is true! Our Annual General Meeting is coming up in April, maybe you will consider running for an executive position or possibly a position as a Member at Large. We look forward to seeing you there and at various other events this year.



Hans Frederiksen
President

Wishing you all a Happy & Healthy 2023,
Hans and the Board of Directors

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>>> 2023 Event Calendar <<<

Sunday	February 19	Fastelavn	11am
Thursday	March 23	Smørrebrod	7pm
Wednesday	April 19	AGM	6pm
Friday	May 27	Kro-Aften	7pm
Friday	September 14	Scandinavian Potluck?	TBA
Saturday	October 21	Men's Lunch	11am
Saturday	December 16	Jule Bord	7pm



We missed you!

It has been nearly three years since we last got together to meet and greet you. This luncheon was for all our members, but very special lunch for the ladies.

The men cooked, served, and even washed the dishes.

Fabulous evening and so wonderful to see so many come out and supporting our club.

Many thanks go out to the gentlemen that looked after the kitchen, serving up Forlorenhare and desert and the gentlemen that served and looked after the tables.



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Our Second Honeymoon

by Finn Sander



When my wife, Gloria, and I got married in Montreal in 1964, we were financially challenged, and by way of a honeymoon settled for borrowing my father's old '58 Edsel, driving it down the highway to Cape Cod in one go, and shacking up in a cheap guest house for a week. The highlight was taking the ferry to Nantucket Island and circumnavigating it on a rented tandem bicycle. A subsequent year of hard work and frugal living enabled us to take a three-week, second honeymoon in Europe in 1965. That trip cost us a total of \$452 each for airfare and was arranged through KLM Airlines. You'll agree that that doesn't sound like much, not least when you consider that it covered a Montreal-Amsterdam, trans-Atlantic return flight with KLM as well as connecting trips to Brussels, Copenhagen, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Zurich, Geneva (by train from Zurich paid out of our wallet), and Paris via 8 other airlines – all inclusive in the above price. KLM also arranged for us to travel on their advertised "Europe on \$5/ a day" plan, which included hotel accommodation, continental breakfast, and a tour bus ride in each city we visited. Was that a great deal or what?



But I digress. Our second honeymoon was a wonderful experience, but it didn't go off without a hitch – or two. The first problem arose when we showed up at Tempelhof Airport in West Berlin (where we had arrived a few days before) to catch our flight out to Vienna. Admittedly, I was a trifle curious when I had previously perused our tickets and discovered that we were flying with Malev Airlines – a company I had never heard of – but my curiosity turned to despair when we were informed at Tempelhof that Malev Airlines was the national carrier of Communist Hungary and, therefore, was not permitted landing rights in West Berlin. Instead, its planes all departed from East Berlin – a fact our friendly KLM travel agent in Montreal had neglected to inform us.

Happily, we had allowed plenty of time in Tempelhof before our flight, so we took a chance and grabbed a special taxi in hope of reaching our Malev flight before its departure in East Berlin. The driver, thankfully, was no Sunday driver, but we came to an abrupt stop when we reached the infamous Check Point Charlie in the (in)famous connection between the two Cold War Berlins. There, we were greeted by officious, stern-faced Russian guards, who searched our car from top to bottom for illegal contraband and other spy paraphernalia. They even had long rods with mirrors attached to the tips, with which they probed the under carriage of the vehicle in search of such hidden items – or dwarf spies perhaps.

Once through the Iron Curtain, we meandered through the many ruins of the bygone Third Reich and post-war, Soviet, architectural monstrosities, before we hit the outskirts of the city. When we finally arrived at the right airport, further time was wasted when we were pulled aside and made to pay \$10 each for an entry visa to visit East Berlin – even though we were just leaving it. I guess it was an opportunity to squeeze a few dollars out of a hapless pair of capitalist pigs. However, we were two poor ones, and so it made a nasty dent in our meagre travel funds. Naturally, our weak protests were brushed aside with disdain.

After we reluctantly paid our dues to the uniformed bureaucrats, we were led into the departure lounge of a building which gave an impression of an oversized barn. Here, confusion reigned to the accompaniment of blaring, loud Red Army marching music emanating from loudspeakers in the ceiling. It all seemed like a scene from a second rate B-movie, and we were two-bit actors.

Fortunately, we did manage to check in and go to our designated departure gate, where a large group of Chinese men milled around the exit door. We pulled up behind the group, taking our turn in a civilized manner. Just then, we were approached by a uniformed policeman who was determined to save us some grief, for he told me in German to discreetly muscle our way to the front of the Chinese crowd. The reason, he quietly informed me, was that all Marlev

planes leaving East Germany were not just overbooked - as is apparently the unspoken, but common, practice, then and now, of many airlines around the world - but were greatly over-booked, and that the only way to ensure getting on a flight was to be amongst the first to embark and swiftly claiming a seat, i.e. the modus operandi was "first come, first served". I kindly thanked him for the useful advice, and Gloria and I proceeded slyly to elbow our way through the Chinese Wall, members of which obviously were unaware of the import of our strategic move, for none protested with conviction.

And then the bell went, the exit door opened, and all experienced East European travellers joined Gloria and me in a sprint across the tarmac to a Russian DC-3 look-alike parked some distance away. As intended, we were amongst the first on the plane, but the Chinese travellers were clearly not apprised of the unwritten rules of engagement, with the result that the devil took the hindmost, and, as such, about half the delegation failed to get onto the plane. They complained bitterly, but to no avail, while Gloria and I sat in our seats smugly congratulating ourselves for beating out the Commies.

Fifteen minutes later, however, we wondered if perhaps winning the race might cost us our lives as we were quickly swallowed up in heavy black clouds with the result that the small aircraft began to tumble wildly through the vapours. It was like nothing I had ever experienced before. On other occasions of lesser turbulence, I had always sought comfort in the deceptive notion that modern technology prevails, and the joystick is in the hands of a super-human, highly experienced pilot. As long as one doesn't see what's going on in the cockpit, the inner sanctum of the plane, one can delude oneself that way.

In this case, though, the door in the cockpit was faulty and would not close. Instead, it was swinging in and out making a constant racket and providing ample opportunity to observe the two very human pilots at the helm struggling to keep the plane upright - with only a small measure of success. It didn't help that most members of the Chinese delegation, who managed to get on the aircraft, were expressing their fear in concert through plaintive moans, separated by high-pitched shrieks and whining, in the peaks and valleys of our roller coaster ride.

Actually, I was surprised at their reaction as Gloria had recently informed me that Chinese women at the maternity ward where she worked in Montreal bore stoically the considerable birth pains in silence. Pity, I thought, that the Chinese men in our plane didn't seem to possess their wives' self-control - not least as I found noisy outbursts personally distracting and enhancing the fearful atmosphere in the cabin.

To add to the troubling atmosphere, the plane suddenly took a steep nosedive, "That's it", I said to myself, "the mad Hungarians in the cockpit have finally lost control, and we're all going to bite the dust." My fear was not assuaged when we suddenly broke through the clouds, and the spires of Prague Castle appeared only a few yards below us. Yikes! I was glad the pilot must have made the same observation, for just as suddenly the plane was righted followed by a swift ascent back into the menacing clouds. Our kamikaze pilot, I suspect, was just checking that he was where he was suppose to be - over the capital of Czechoslovakia.

When we finally landed in Vienna, it was with considerable relief on our part. And for good reason, as some years later I read an article in Time Magazine informing that Malev Airlines had by far the worst safety record of all European airlines with a disturbing record of multiple crashes. And to add salt to the wound, when we returned to the Vienna airport three days later we were told that the tickets we submitted to fly to Rome were written from the preceding year's time schedule so were null and void. For the record, though, they managed to put us on a flight north to Frankfurt with Austrian Airlines and then south again on a BOAC (BA) flight to Khartoum in Sudan with a stop-over in Rome - where we arrived at 2am the next morning. Phew! Better late than never. Amazingly, when we got through customs, our names were announced on the loudspeaker system in this cavernous, but largely empty airport, telling us to proceed to Gate something or other in the arrival lounge. Here, an unsolicited chauffeur greeted us by name and then proceeded to put us aboard an empty bus taking us directly to our hotel - while serenading us during the entire trip, with uplifting Italian love songs in a delightful, baritone, operatic voice. I kid you not. Ask Gloria.

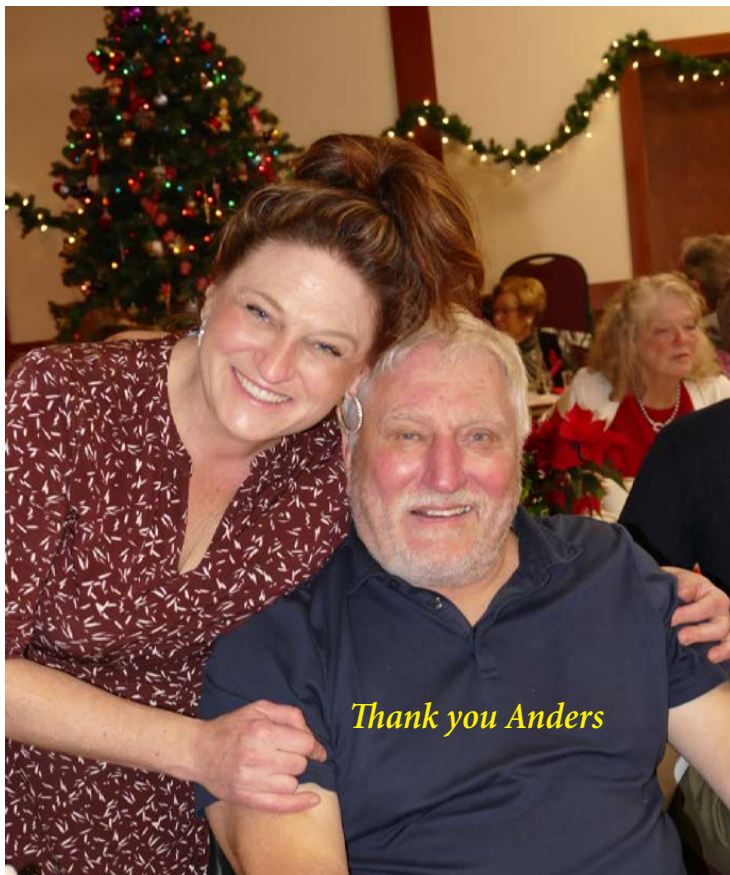
Many thanks Finn, this story should have been done earlier in Nyheders Life. Having it available at this RE-START of Nyheder was very much appreciated.
Jan-Evert (Editor waking up after a lengthy Covid-19 sleep).



Dear Club Members,
 2022 ended up being wonderful year after all. The Men's Luncheon and now the Julebord, both functions are a statement that the Danish Club is alive and well. Several pictures were taken, and the pictures on the right were taken by Thomas Russell, many thanks pictures of true artistry by my wife Annemari with help from Sister Ingelise, Kirsten Lorentzen & Kirsten Christensen. And another potpourri from the event, you all must agree that was a HYGGE Julebord.



"DET STORE JULEBORD 2022"





News and a bit of history from Danmark

<http://cphpost.dk/>

Steaming services mostly aware of who is illegally watching in Denmark, but unlikely to

involve the police in the foreseeable future



The likes of Netflix will favour the carrot over the whip, claims analyst, in a bid to convert all viewers

into paying customers

Is sharing worse than not paying?

The grey area in this matter is who is committing the crime? Is it the person streaming television without an account, or is it the account holder who has shared their details.

According to Rettighedsalliancen head Maria Frendslund, it is the latter, as sharing your account details is a clear breach. Estimates suggest a third of Danish streamers are guilty of doing so.

"There are some user conditions you sign, and you must not forward your account to users you do not live with," she told DR.

Tivoli's murky past: Reckless showmanship and kids in cages.

There has certainly been plenty of weirdness, to go alongside the wonderful events, at the gardens over the course of its nearly 180-year history.

When Tivoli opened for the first time in 1843, Copenhageners were able to leave behind their cramped and smelly city and step into a magical world of entertainment. A look back at Tivoli's history reveals entertainment that seems hard to imagine today: from highly flammable hot air balloon rides to children exhibited in cages.

Its highest ever ride

The mid-1800s was a time of innovation and adventure during which hot air ballooning captured the people's imagination. In Copenhagen, Balloon Captain Lauritz Johansen used the Tivoli Gardens for his thrilling ascents.



Accompanied by music from Tivoli's orchestra, he would hang out of the basket and salute onlookers as the balloon lifted into the air. Sometimes he even attached fireworks to the basket, which he detonated once the balloon was airborne to the delight of the crowds below.

In 1891, Tivoli took the enthusiasm for ballooning one step further and created a breathtaking ride for paying guests. Johansen took over as captain of the enormous hot air balloon 'Montebello'. The balloon was tethered to the ground, but when the ropes were loosened, it would rise high above the city, giving guests a fantastic view.

The height of the balloon's ascent was dependent on the price of the ticket. For one crown you could reach 350 feet, or three times the height of the Round Tower, and for five crowns as high as 1,000 feet. Some 305 metres in the air, that's an incredible four times higher than Tivoli's current tallest ride: the Star Flyer carousel swing ride.

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ON THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE



I don't let my age define me, but the side effects are getting harder to ignore.

My Job Search

1. My first job was working in an Orange Juice factory, but I got canned . Couldn't concentrate .
2. Then I worked in the woods as a Lumberjack, but just couldn't hack it, so they gave me the axe .
3. After that, I tried being a Tailor, but wasn't suited for it, mainly because it was a sew-sew job.
4. Next, I tried working in a Muffler Factory, but that was too exhausting.
5. Then, tried being a Chef - figured it would add a little spice to my life, but just didn't have the thyme.
6. Next, I attempted being a Deli Worker, but any way I sliced it.... I couldn't cut the mustard.
7. My best job was as a Musician, but eventually found I wasn't noteworthy.
8. I studied a long time to become a Doctor, but didn't have any patience
9. Next, was a job in a Shoe Factory. Tried hard but just didn't fit in.
10. I became a Professional Fisherman, but discovered I couldn't live on my net income.
11. Managed to get a good job working for a Pool Maintenance Company, but the work was just too draining.
12. SO, I TRIED RETIREMENT AND I FOUND I'M PERFECT FOR THE JOB!

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