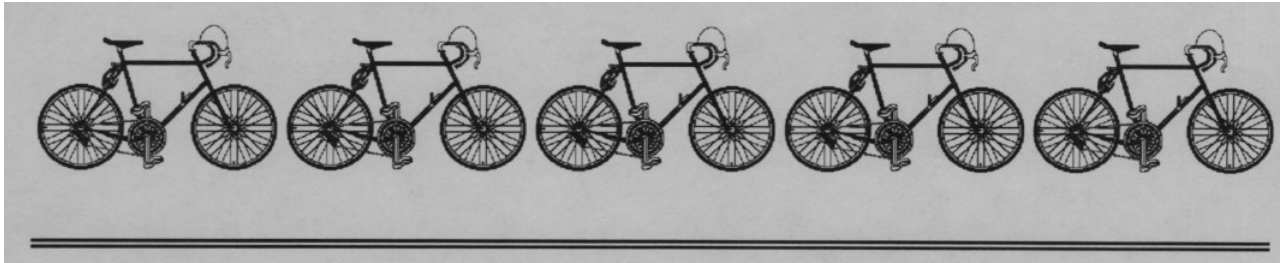


1988 Denmark Journal



Mon, Jun 27

KOBENHAVN TO ROSKILDE

TWA FLT 816 was an hour late leaving JFK. Landed at Copenhagen at 11:00 instead of 9:50. Got bike boxes about noon. Changed into cycling clothes. Exchanged some money and headed for Roskilde.

With late start, original plan to follow coast proved ambitious. A 2" nail in my rear tire made two holes in tube that took some time to fix. Also, route not easy to follow without having acquired detailed maps. We rerouted through Glostrup, Tastrup (where we purchased good maps that were at 1:200,000 scale).

Arrived Roskilde Tourist Info at 16:55, 5 mm. before closing. Booked rooms at Frida and Kiut Hermansen's. Kiut Hermansen was a veterinarian who worked as a meat inspector. Dinner at Club 42. I had spare ribs and red cabbage with beer. Jane had asparagus soup, white wine.

Tue, Jun 28

ROSKILDE TO NIESTVED

Breakfast was excellent, our landlords were gracious.

Saw Viking Ship Museum. Rode down Rte 6 to Køge, then down Rte 151 to Rønnede, then took Rte 54 to Nstved--all in nice weather.

Very cute girl in Tourist Info Office got us a room with Johanne and Hanne Rasmussen at Hasselvej 15 which turned out to be about 3 blocks from Georg Brandes Vej 15 where Henrik Ludvigsen lives.

(Henrik is the traffic engineer with the Danish road directorate who visited me in August. He had invited us all to dinner at his house when we visited Nstved.)

We went to Henrik's house at 19:00 and met his wife Lotte, his son Steen about 10, and daughter Lesebeth about 16. Johannesbug Riesling and appetizers in garden. Dinner started with shrimp cocktail and white Bordeaux followed by roast pork, tiny potatoes, salad and excellent red Bordeaux; then strawberry shortcake.

In talking about channel between Denmark and Sweden--the Oresund--I learned that Henrik was interested in the cat and mouse business between the U.S and Russia in listening for each others submarines. I will send him the book *Hunt for Red October* when I get home.

Wed. Jun 29

NIESTVED TO NYKØBING

Breakfast with Rasmussens was delightful. Mr. Rasmussen was an engineer. Jane and Irene thought he was much younger than his wife. They sat at breakfast with us and talked.

I left at 08:00 and went to Vejdirectoratet to see Henriks office. Marsh, Irene, and Jane to follow and meet me at 0900.

When they didn't show up by 09:30, Henrik said we should take his car and look for them in case they took a wrong turn somewhere. We drove to the Rasmussen home without seeing them, so then we went south and met them coming back into town--they had gone past the turnoff to the Vejdirectoratet which was not very obvious.

Ride south to Vordingbørd was into wind. Lunch across street from Goose Tower. Ride from Vordingbørd to Nykøbing was also into wind.

Tourist Office found us a room across Guldberg Sund in Sundby on island of Lolland with Carina Christiansen who served us beer and wine when we arrived.

After we had showered and changed, there was a very wet thunderstorm that kept us from going out to eat. I went to a nearby fast-food stand on my bike; got Ribben sandwiches and Pommes Frites for every body. Carina gave us coffee and macaroons.

Thu, Jun 30

NYKØBING TO NAKSKOV

Rain and thunder continued through the night but stopped in the

morning as we were getting ready to leave.

Corina's daughter and granddaughter were at her house in the morning.

Carina put a huge spread out on the table in the solarium--bowls of marmalade and jam, meats, pate, cheeses (one very ripe), several different kinds of bread, and very good coffee.

Ladies wanted a short day, so we took the direct route from Nykøbing to Naksø through Maribo. Lunch in Maribo at sidewalk cafe where we talked to Dutch couple cycling and camping all over Denmark. Visited cathedral. While taking a photo inside cathedral, the left lens fell out of my glasses. Went out to bike to put on my prescription dark glasses and **THE LEFT LENS FELL OUT OF THEM!**

Found a local optik shop open where a woman replaced lenses in both pairs of glasses.

Between Solsted and Naksø we stopped along the highway to look at an old home with a thatched roof. The owner, Jørgen Hvid, invited us in, showed us the house, and then treated us to a beer at the table in his garden. He told us the house was built in 1750. He also said we would never learn to pronounce his name.

Got to Naksø at 16:30. The Tourist Office had no private rooms left, so they sent us to the Tomsen's Hotel Garni. A young man was taking care of both the hotel and a big old Afghan dog for the owner who was away somewhere. We were given two rooms in a four or five room wing at street level with no one else in that wing, but the hotel was old and smelly.

Fri, Jul 1
NAKSKOV TO SVENDBORG

I got up and went down to port area before breakfast to take a couple of photos of town from across ship basin.

Tomsen's Hotel Garni served a typical breakfast of sliced luncheon meats, cheese, bread, coffee, juice, muselix, corn flakes, but the manager had to go out for a quart of milk.

Rode to Tars to catch ferry to Spodsbjerg. Perfect timing--we paid 52 kroner each (37 per person, 15 per bike) and rode onto ferry which immediately departed.

Weather warm and sunny, Rode south to Illebolle on Langeland--beautiful farms. Ladies visited an elementary school which impressed them.

Ate lunch in Rudkobing. As we were eating lunch in a little fast food shop, it started raining. But as we left for Svendborg, the rain stopped and it was mostly dry.

Crossed a long bridge from Langeland to Tåsinge and a short bridge to Fynn. Got room in a big old house with a Mrs. Jacobsen who spoke no English--she phoned her daughter and used her as an interpreter via phone.

A young Irish couple were staying at Mrs. Jacob sen's--they were also unable to communicate with her. The Irish couple went to dinner with us at a little cafeteria, then we walked around town for a while--not too exciting.

Sat, Jul 2
SVENDBORG TO ODENSE

Mrs. Jacobsen did not provide breakfast. We went to the train station where there was supposed to be a

restaurant that opened early, but it did not open until 09:00.

We rode on to the village of Kvrndrup and had breakfast in an Inn (Kro). The food was good, but the service was agonizingly slow--a trait common to kros, we were to learn. At this inn, one waitress was taking care of a full house--10:30 or 11:00 seemed to be brunch time in Denmark.

The next town, Ringe, was loaded with 30-40,000 people gathered for a music festival--rock and swing we were told. Fields near town were full of tents, parked cars, motorcycles. In the town we saw lots of youngsters and a wedding--the wedding couple left the church in a horse-drawn wagon, the bride puffing on a cigaret.

As we entered Odense, we stopped at Den Fynske Landsby (The Funen Village), a reconstructed old farm community.

The got us a room with Lene Elmer in a big breezy old house with only one bathroom--besides us, she took in a family of five. Lene liked American rock music, and her stereo kept the place jumping for a while. She was drinking wine, and eventually lay down for a good long nap while we were showering and getting ready to go see the town.

We went to the Hans Christian Andersen Museum which we liked, but it was surrounded by a re-creation of an 1850's Danish neighborhood that was sort of touristy.

Dinner in nice restaurant--tourist menu was very good--jaegerschnitzel, peas, pan fried potatoes. Pedestrian areas (gagades) very much like German fussgangers, but not so many people.

Mrs. Elmer gave us breakfasts on trays to take to our rooms. Before breakfast, about 07:00, I went out and

bought some pastry and took a couple of photos.

Sun, Jul 3

ODENSE TO FABORG

Rode from Odense to Norre Lyndelse, Lumby, Freltofte, Gestelev, Herringe, Fj11ebro, Egeskov. Beautiful rural country lanes with no traffic. Had rain for about an hour.

Egeskov Slot was our first Danish castle and it was well worth seeing. None of us regretted going a couple of miles out of the way to see it. Motorcycle, car, and airplane museum in barn was very interesting--seemed to have one model of every Wanderer automobile ever built, old and new war planes, an early ultralight airplane.

Rode on to Fåborg where we got rooms in Strandgade Hotel--very nice, especially compared to first hotel, the Landman's Hotel, that we looked at that had no bathrooms, only toilets and washbasins. Fåborg had lots of old homes and cobbled streets--very picturesque.

We ate at the Landman's Hotel where the restaurant was surprisingly excellent in spite of the hotel's primitive accommodations. Except for Marsh, who had his usual chicken and pommes frites, we had roast pork loin, baked potatoes, mushroom gravy.

Mon, Jul 4

FABORG TO FLENSBURG

Strong winds blew all through the night. Morning was clear and windy with about a 15 knot wind from the SW. Rode to Bøjden where we waited an hour for the ferry to Fynshav (fare with bikes for two was 82 kroner).

From ferry landing at Fynshav we rode to Sonderburg where a young man in a TV shop tried unsuccessfully to repair Marsh's video camera.

Lunch in Burger Queen. Rode along Flensburg Fjord to Krusi. Jane and Irene were tired and did not want to go any further so we looked around Kruså and could not find a town center, but we found an area of strip development south of Kruså on the highway to Flensburg.

Looking for a hotel we came on a Tourist Office where we were told that Flensburg was only twenty minutes away by bicycle and had the only accommodations around. Tourist Office, for a 15 kr charge, got us reservations at Hotel Flensburg.

Family running hotel were warm and friendly--poured me several beers while I visited with them and a couple of traveling salesmen in a little bar/pantry next to the kitchen. Dinner was great starting with a complimentary cocktail containing campari, vodka, and who knows what else--it made us feel very good.

Walking through town at night we came on red-light district where scantily clad "girls" were hanging from windows or posing in windows of rooms that were dimly lit with red light.

Lots of night life. Sidewalk cafes were bustling with activity. Germany seems much more affluent and livelier than Denmark. The next morning the hotel bill was a pleasant surprise--that's when we learned that the beer and the cocktails were on the house. The bill for Jane and me was 580 kr covering room, beer, cocktails, dinner, breakfast--about \$85.

In morning Marsh and Irene went shopping while Jane and I went to city hall (Rathaus) and looked at old records

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of births of Thomsens from 1850 to 1880. We were looking for the record of the birth of Jane's grandfather.

Records were very complete and well organized, but after two hours of searching, we were still not sure we had located the right Martin Thomsen--the girl in attendance in that particular room of records said she would try to research the family and send us her findings. (She was successful and sent Jane a record of the Thomsen family which was already at home waiting for us when we arrived.)

Tue, Jul 5

FLENSBURG TO TONDER

We left Flensburg at 11:00 and rode west along Danish border on lightly traveled back roads. Stopped and talked to a group of German 13-year-olds in scout uniforms, four girls, three boys.

Weather was cool and overcast all morning, and as we approached the border control station it started raining. We had lunch in a fast food stand at the control station and then proceeded north to Tønder with the wind but in the rain.

Girls in were, as usual, very nice; they got us a room in home of a couple named Riviers whose house was named Solvang. They explained that Solvang meant sunny glade. Because we had been riding bikes, Mrs. Riviers brought us a tray with cokes and beer.

Tønder is a pretty little town with old houses, cobbled streets, an old cathedral--it claims to be oldest town in Denmark as do several other towns. Before we left Tourist Office, we signed up and paid (30 kr each) for an evening walking tour of the town and a smorrebrød dinner.

At 17:45 we met the lady who was to conduct the tour--Bep she called herself, and she was very conscientious--no matter how hard it rained she carried on with the tour.

Going inside the cathedral was a welcome relief from the rain--cathedral had a pipe organ built around 1750. Tour ended at a hotel dining room where we had smorrebrød dinner--enough for ladies, but Marsh and I had more to eat in a restaurant afterwards--a restaurant where the cook had already gone home so our order had to be limited to what the waitress could fix.

Wed, Jul 6

TONDER TO RIBE

Breakfast was best yet--both Mr. and Mrs. Riviers had worked on it with considerable effort. There were eggs cooked to perfection and sprinkled with minced fresh chives, meats, cheeses rolls, butter, jam, coffee. Mrs. Riviers offered us paper to wrap food in to take with us. She gave us beer and coke to take along also.

We rode west to Møgeltonder where we found even older houses, cobbled streets, a beautiful old cathedral with ornately painted ceilings. An organist was practicing on the pipe organ. When he took a break, he talked to us about the different pipe organs in Denmark and around the world. He said he had played several in the U.S.

We rode from Møgeltonder to Gallehus and Abild then north on All to Ribe. Beautiful girl--Marianne Smith-- in Tourist Office got us a room with Edith Tobiasen about 2 miles from town center--bike lane almost all the way.

Weather very cooperative today-- nice tail wind all day.

Ribe is a beautiful town. We had an excellent dinner (Dan Menu) in Hotel Dagmar. At 22:00 we joined a group of about fifty to follow the "Watchman" around town. He carried a lantern and a halbred and sang and recited poetry. He stopped at various old houses and told us about them--one was built in 1576 and one in 1636. He also explained the Ribe building code which does not allow changing the character of the buildings when restoring them. He said that except for Copenhagen, Ribe has more preserved old houses than any town in Denmark.

Ribe also claims to be the oldest town in Denmark. Saw our first storks in a nest on top of a building.

Thu, July 7
RIBE TO BILLUND

Edith Tobiasen gave us a nice breakfast and charged us only 160 kr per couple for everything. She was a government office worker in Copenhagen and apparently kept the house in Ribe for holidays.

Rode with a nice tail wind through Hoisted and Hejnsvig directly to Billund--dropping Esbjerg and Varde from the itinerary because the Dutch couple in Maribo told us that there was not an awful lot to see at those places.

This will result in an extra day in Copenhagen. The Billund Tourist Office was at Legoland--they got us a room at Edith Olsen's and collected 220 kr in advance per couple for room and breakfast--the procedure varies from town to town.

Legoiland was a very busy amusement park covering an area

perhaps half that of Great America. The attractions included many miniature European villages all made of Legos; rides through the wild west and through Africa where Indians, buffaloes, elephants, giraffes were all made of Legos; buildings full of doll collections, toy collections, and a huge doll house called Titania's palace where the miniature tables were set with china and crystal.

We ate dinner in the Billund Kro where Dan Menu consisted of sausages, red cabbage, potatoes, coffee, vanilla ice cream.

Fri, Jul 18
BILLUND TO SILKEBORG

Hans and Edith Olsen set a very good breakfast. Hans showed us a videotape recording of Dionne Warwick speaking to a crowd at Rebild's Fourth of July ceremony.

Before leaving Billund we went to a bike shop to see if we could get a toe clip for Marsh--he ended up buying new pedals.

Ride though Give, Thyregod, Norre Snede, Vråds, Asklev, Gjeslø, on lightly traveled back roads was beautiful--passed a couple of little lakes. A couple of steep little climbs that took granny gear. Had rain on and off all day.

The Tourist Office in Silkeborg's town square, where there were groups of young people sitting around drinking beer, got us rooms in the Hotel Prinsen which was across the street from the railway station.

Silkeborg is on the River Langsø, the "long lake", actually a string of lakes that reaches 20 miles or so to the southeast from the town

We ate dinner at another hotel about a block away--steaks and french fries served sizzling on a hot metal platter.

Sat, Jul 9

SILKEBORG TO VIBORG

In morning we went to Silkeborg Museum where we saw the Tollundman mummy, one of the bog people that you can see in various museums in Denmark.

We took a one-hour boat ride on a boat built in 1891. Another boat, the Hjelen (pronounced Hi Yen), was a steam powered side-wheeler built in 1861. The Hjelen still had the original engine and was being used for three hour trips to the *Himmelberg*, a 147-meter high peak (482 ft.), which tourists climb for the view. The *Himmelberg* was said to be the highest point in Jutland. On our boat ride we saw beautiful homes and boats all along the shore, lots of cabin cruisers 30 to 40 feet long. Rain kept us pretty much inside the boat.

Ride to Viborg was through beautiful countryside in pouring rain. Lunch in a nice little restaurant in Kjellerup. Two Danish teen-age girls out cycling came in to the cafe; they showed us their maps and talked to us about the route. I topped my pita sandwich off with a fancy ice cream sundae. Jane had a long conversation with a Danish gentleman in Spanish.

Lakes at Dollerup were beautiful. Saw a fish hatchery. From Dollerup into Viborg the ride was all through park like areas--miles of bike trail entering Viborg.

On bike trail my rear tire split, apparently from being worn through--had to replace it with the folding Turbo

tire I had brought as a spare. Because it was getting late, Marsh and Irene went on ahead to see if they could get us

rooms at Tourist Office. But when we met them there it turned out the office had closed at noon.

We found rooms at the Viborg Hotel just a block or so away. I walked in to the lobby in my dripping rain cape and surprised the attractive woman in acid wash jeans who was running the hotel. We must have looked half drowned--she disappeared and then reappeared with a pot of tea and a pot of coffee for us.

After we had our tea and coffee, she showed us to our rooms. The hotel owned a little restaurant around the corner named the Teator Cafe where we had dinner. My seafood pizza was okay; Jane had roast chicken.

There was an impressive cathedral and a courts building with a statue. Skyline from across bridge was interesting. Nothing in town was open when we walked around.

Sun, Jul 10

VIBORG TO SKORPING

Bright, sunny morning. I went back across bridge to photograph city skyline in morning light.

We rode through Skals and Alestrup. on lightly traveled back roads. Encountered a woman and her two children cleaning the road in front of their house. The children, named Lile and Simon, were about five and two. I tried to photograph them, but they were very shy.

Saw Denmark Cycle Museum in Alestrup. P. Anderson's factory had built the "Jynen" (pronounced You-

nun) bicycles there for years. Museum is in what use to be Anderson's home.

Had lunch in Kro in Alestrup--good shrimp bisque. At Store-Binderup it started raining and continued to rain until we reached Skorping.

Before getting to A3 there was a long down hill which I blasted down. At the bottom I waited for the others. Marsh showed up and said Jane was back at top of hill with a flat, so I had to climb back up the hill. With a steady drizzly rain we couldn't patch the tube, so had to put in a new one. A woman and her two children came out of a farm house to see if they could help.

After A3 there was a steep climb for at least a mile to Rebild. Rebild was the center of a nature area and there were lots of people out walking in spite of the rain.

At Skorping we took first hotel in sight--a rather nice and moderately expensive place called the Rebild Park Hotel. Rooms had honor bars in them--the first I had seen in Denmark. The desk clerk did not know what to make of us when we arrived--he suggested a less expensive place back in Rebild (Irene had seen it and suggested checking it out at the time). By this time, though, we decided it was time to stop riding in the rain. Dinner was more elegant than usual. A few very well dressed folks were eating in the dining room.

Mon, Jul 11

SKORPING TO RANDERS

A gray, drizzly morning. Hotel breakfast was excellent.

We rode southeasterly to Astrup through forest land. At Astrup we turned southwesterly toward Hobro into a strong headwind.

At Hobro we went to a bike shop where I bought a tire, a tube, some patches, and bicycle oil. Then we stopped in the walking street to buy a few things--I needed film.

A man approached us and asked if he could do a feature in the local newspaper about us. I went with Jens Sønderup to his office where I was interviewed by a younger man whose English was better. His name was Søren østergaard, and he had spent some time in U.S. Søren then photographed the four of us in front of the fountain in the town square. He said the article would appear in the Aalborg Stiftstidende, and that he would mail two copies to my home.

We ate lunch in Hobro in Kvikly's (a supermarket chain with cafeterias). As we were leaving town a drizzle suddenly turned into a downpour and it rained all the way to Manager.

Manager was somewhat of a disappointment, perhaps because of the weather, perhaps because it took us out of our way a little and we had to fight that much more wind. It was supposed to have some interesting old houses on cobbled streets with lots of rose bushes.

From Manager to Randers the wind was somewhat from the side. When we got to Randers, the Tourist Office sent us to a Hotel Viking which was a dump. We looked around and found the Sømmandshjem Det Ny Missionshotel where they made up beds in two single rooms so we could use them as doubles--cramped, but we managed.

Dinner in Charles Dickens English Pub was more Danish than English. At next table, two Danish girls were sitting with a group of young people that included three young men from

Germany in town for a handball tournament.

The girls were off-duty waitresses of the Charles Dickens. One was particularly talkative; she tried to learn jokes in English and German. When Marsh took her picture with videocamera, she stuck her tongue out at him. Dinner took from 19:30 to 22:30.

We talked about the itinerary today because we have been spending too much time on the road, what with the rain and the wind. We decided to cut off Greni and Ebeltoft and spend two nights in Arhus. Marsh was somewhat disappointed because he had been told that Ebeltoft was well worth seeing.

Tue, Jul 12

RANDERS TO ARHUS

Rooms in Sømandshjem Hotel were tiny but clean, breakfast was served in a nice room and was quite good.

We rode south out of Randers toward Rosenholm Slot in beautiful warm sunshine. Rode through Arslev, Clausholm (where we looked at a Slot and fixed a tire), Lime, Skørring, Karlby.

Marsh and ladies toured the interior of Rosenholm Slot while I wandered around the grounds taking pictures and drank coffee in the little cafe out front.

From Rosenhoim we rode through Skødstrup to Arhus. Arhus is a big, active town. We walked through the Sondergade (walking street), which was like a carnival with wall-to-wall people, with street musicians, to the City Hall where the Tourist Office was located.

Tourist Office got us rooms with Vera and Arnt Poulsen whose home was located on the city ring road about a mile from downtown. The rooms were

big, nicely furnished, and clean--but the Poulsens had too many roomers for the one bath room.

I went to a market in a shopping center just across the street and bought a nice bottle of Alsace riesling for about \$4. A university professor shopping in the wine department explained some of the differences in French wines.

Later we all went to the same shopping center and had pizza then walked around downtown for a while.

Wed, Jul 13

ARHUS

Arnt Poulsen served our breakfast, but his wife prepared it--rolls, bread, cheese, soft-boiled eggs. Right after breakfast we went to Tourist Office to catch the tour bus. The bus went around town where our guide, Eles, pointed out the sights.

The bus stopped at the Cathedral and we all went in. It stopped at Den Gamle By (the old village) for thirty minutes or so to allow us to walk through the village. It went to Marselisborg Palace where we saw the Queen's flag flying indicating she was in residence. We were told that when she was in residence that the gardens are not open to the public as they usually are.

After the bus tour we ate at McDonalds then went down to the waterfront to see the Queen's yacht. We then took a bus out to Moesgard Pre-historic Museum which records the stone age, the bronze age, and the iron age.

Came back downtown so Marsh could change some money. Sondergade still bustling with activity, but the banks had all closed at 16:00. Marsh changed money at train station.

Had Mexican dinner at Tortilla Flats on Irene's recommendation--the food was great.

Beautiful weather all day.

When we asked Arnt Poulsen how to catch Kalundborg ferry, he proved the expert because he works as its Chief Engineer.

Thur, Jul 14

ARHUS TO HOLBIEK

Woke up early to catch 08:00 ferry to Kalundborg--raining!

Ate breakfast on ferry. Boat was large, clean, comfortable with incredible facilities for children to keep them from getting bored on trip including a great big wooden truck, slides, etc.

Got off ferry in Kalundborg in rain. Rode to Snertinge and could find no place to eat lunch so we went on to Svinninge where we ate in a fast food stand. At that point the distance to Nykøbing ST, the days destination on our original itinerary, was even more than before so we decided to skip the north coast of Zealand and head directly for Holbk.

In the walking street in Holba?k we found a Disney Express train for children as well as the Tourist Office.

We walked around town shopping for a while. Jane found tea cups for her mom and my mom in a nice little shop that was crammed with everything imaginable. Down a couple of doors I bought a Swiss army knife with corkscrew and bottle opener.

The Tourist Office had no private homes close in but they recommended the Strandparken Hotel which was very nice, but not unreasonably priced with the rate the Tourist Office got for us.

The hotel was on the shore of Holbek Fjord with views across the water.

While we were showering and getting ready to go to dinner thunder roared and rain drummed down on roof and churned the surface of the fjord.

Rooms were very nice. Dinner was superb--I had steamed turbot in reduction cream sauce, tiny potatoes, salad, red wine, white wine, coffee, pancakes with ice cream. Jane had curried fish, rice pilaf, salad, white wine.

Fri. Jul 15

HOLBIEK TO HILLERØD

Rode from Holbk to Hillerød in wonderful sunshine with a tailwind through scenic countryside. First few miles were around easterly end of fjord.

Got to Hillerød at noon. Cute blonde girl in Tourist Office cracked up at how funny I looked in my bike riding paraphernalia--helmet and mirror seem to amuse people the most.

The blonde girl got us rooms with Hanne Hansen and suggested that we could take trains from Hillerød to go to Helsingør or to Copenhagen. She learned, though, that bicycles could not be carried on the train between Helsingør and Copenhagen.

We ate lunch in a garden cafe right next to the Tourist Office which overlooked Fredericksborg Slot and then went to our B&B. We no sooner got to Hanne Hansen's than the sky opened up with as fierce a storm as we had seen--thunder, lightening, and drumming rain.

Our rooms were downstairs and very nice--the whole downstairs was just turned over to us. Marsh and Irene had a huge recreation room. The guest book was full of entries written by

Americans praising the Hansens on their hospitality and their excellent breakfasts.

After a couple of hours the storm let up and we walked back downtown. Jane and Marsh and Irene toured castle interior while I once again only looked at outside. Then I went in search of the post office which was a mile away--when I got there I discovered I had left the film I wanted to mail back at room.

There was constant light rain until about 19:00, then the sky turned beautiful with a cloud here and there. We ate in a little cafe where 3 cute teenage girls were serving, carrying everything up a flight of stairs--food was mediocre--I had fish and chips with Carlsberg Elephant beer (great beer!) Marsh ordered his usual *kylling* with *pommes frites*--somehow they lost his order! As Marsh says, 'continuing the rule that never can everyone at the same table eat at the same time.'

Sat, Jul 16

HILLEROD TO KOBENHAVN

In the solarium looking out on a beautiful garden, Hanne Hansen put out the best presented breakfast yet--it turned out that she is a professional caterer.

We rode across the moat and through the archway of Fredericksborg Slot on our way to the train station, a very scenic ride to start the day.

We decided to skip Helsingor and go directly to Kobenhavn today because somebody said that Helsingor was not all that great and was jammed with tourists. As we bought tickets, a Copenhagen train was loading. The girl at the ticket window gave us a group

rate charging us only 140 kroner for all four of us and our bikes.

The ride was 45 minutes into the central Copenhagen station. We talked to a young woman on the train who told us what to see and how to get around in Copenhagen; she suggested we get "Copenhagen Cards" which entitle you to ride transit and enter all the attractions.

We got to Copenhagen Tourist Office which was only a block from train station at about 10:30. The girl there said she had no rooms in private homes. We asked her to get us two nights in a hotel in the center of town and one night near the airport, explaining that we would pedal to our plane on Tuesday morning. She did so--reservations for Saturday and Sunday nights at the Hotel Triton and for Monday night at the Hotel Flyverbo in Kastrup-- and collected the total fee right there, some 1540 kroner.

Marsh had planned to use his credit card for hotels and meals in Copenhagen, but the Tourist Office would not take a credit card. We also bought tickets for a one- and-a-half-hour tour bus ride to leave the Tourist Office at 16:00--tickets were 100 kroner each. (At this point we had decided that the Copenhagen Card was not a good deal for us.)

Marsh had to go back to the train station and exchange some money. Our downtown hotel, the Hotel Triton, had said to wait a while for the rooms to be readied anyway. We finally went to the hotel and changed.

Marsh and Irene went shopping in the walking street--here called "Strøget".

Jane and I went to Nyhavn sight seeing.

At 16:00 we met back at Tourist Office, but no tour bus showed up--we

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were in the wrong place. Learned that the tour busses leave from across the town square from where we were, but our tickets would still be okay on a bus at 10:00 the next morning.

We went to Tivoli Gardens and split up, agreeing to meet at the entrance at 20:30 for dinner. We got together and ate in a little cafeteria then split up again. Jane and I went to Pantomime Ballet to see Harlequin and Pericot.

After show we were listening to band concert when a voice from behind us said, 'Chuck Pivetti, I presume!' We turned around and there was Henrik Ludvigsen and his family! He said, "You are not supposed to be in Copenhagen until tomorrow!" (We had left a copy of our original itinerary with him when we were at his house in Nstved.)

This was pure coincidence--they had been in North Zealand visiting Lotte's parents and were on their way home accompanied by Lotte's sister and her husband when they decided to stop off at Tivoli. Henrik said that it would be impossible to find each other in Tivoli even if you were trying to--there were about 50,000 people crammed in the park.

We talked for a little while enjoying another visit, but their children, Lesebeth and Steen, were anxious to go on rides and do things.

Jane and I waited until it was dark enough to take some pictures of the lights, then we went back to hotel. After we were at hotel, we could hear fireworks going off--but we had been told that there would be no fireworks this night.

Sun, Jul 17 KOBENHAVN

Met Marsh and Irene for breakfast at 08:30. There were several families with children in the dining room (called the Neptun Restaurant).

We did catch the bus at 10:00 for the City Bus Tour which wound around town and went by all the attractions. Stopped at Amalienborg Palace briefly then went to Citadel and the Little Mermaid.

A photographer and model were at both stops. The model was pretty sexy, and she kept dropping her right strap exposing her right boob. This caused a stir of commotion on the bus, and our tour guide, who was very serious, was annoyed that the model was more interesting to his passengers than were the other sights he was trying to point out.

I got some shots of the girl and have to admit I wasn't paying a whole lot of attention to the guide either.

After bus tour at about 13:00 we went to a stand in Kongens Nytorv for hot dogs. Then we all walked down to Christianborg Palace, Nyhavn, Amalienborg Palace and back through Strøget.

Marsh and Irene turned back a little earlier than we did agreeing to meet for dinner at 19:00. Dinner at Copenhagen Corner Restaurant was very good. Jane and I had salmon with spinach souffle--stewed fruit dessert was different.

Mon, Jul 18 KØBENHAVN

Hotel Triton was very Nice, but staff at hotel had cut my bicycle lock so they could get laundry through the window the bike was blocking. I took

the cut lock to the front desk, and the woman there was very apologetic.

She called the head of the service staff who said that no one had any idea what room the owners of the bikes were in so they had no choice but to cut the lock which was locking a cable fastening all the bikes to a downpipe.

She asked him to go out immediately and buy me a new lock. We did not plan to check out until noon, but I wanted to ride my bike around town. I waited for new lock.

Marsh, Irene, and Jane went down the Strøget shopping. After the hotel provided me a new padlock I rode my bike back to Nyhavn, Christianborg Palace, and to area of Amalienborg Palace where I watched provisions being loaded into a motor launch to be taken out to the Queen's yacht which was anchored out in the harbor--the same yacht that was in Aarhus just four days ago when we were there. The Queen's pennant was flying from the mast, so presumably she was aboard.

Met Jane back at hotel at 11:00 We checked out of our room, but put our luggage in lockers and went to the big Magasin department store to see a clock she thought Dad would like. We had the store arrange to mail the clock home.

About 15:00 we all got together for the bike ride down to the Flyverbo Hotel in Kastrup adjacent to the airport. We rode along the strand and looked at a seaside park with a Marina.

The Hotel Flyverbo was a surprise--it was right in the middle of a row of apartment buildings all sharing a common foundation and basement. It wasn't much for 540 kroner. The manager did help us put our bikes in the basement. We found a kro nearby that served a pretty good dinner.

Tue, Jul 19

KOBENHAVN TO CARMICHAEL

The hotel was very close to airport. It took only a very few minutes to get there.

We found a TWA office up on the mezzanine, and a woman there said she would arrange for our bike boxes. By the time we got the bikes into the boxes and the boxes all taped up, it was 09:30, the earliest we could check in for our flight.

As soon as we got checked in, we went up to the duty free stores in the departure area. Jane and I found Danish T-shirts, and we upset the poor lady in the shop by asking her to sell seventeen of them to us in varying sizes.

A young man in front of a toy store conned us into buying for about \$4 each five little fuzzy snakes that he was selling--they appeared to crawl over things and to climb out of wine glasses--all done by pulling them with an invisible nylon thread.

TWA Flight 817 was almost two hours late leaving Copenhagen, which caused us much concern about our connecting flight in NY--especially considering that we would have to collect our luggage and bikes and go through customs before getting on the connecting flight.

As luck turned out, the connecting flight, TWA Flight 803, was more than two hours late, so we and our luggage and bikes all made it with no trouble.

Landed at SFO about 22:00. By the time we got a van to take us to El Rancho and got our cars, it was 23:30 before we started the drive home. I had to stop for coffee in Vallejo--could not keep my eyes open.