



The Danish Soldiers Club

March 2018

www.danishsoldiersclub.com

NEWSLETTER FOR THE DANISH SOLDIERS CLUB OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, INC. POST OFFICE BOX 41, PETALUMA CA. 94953
MEMBER OF DANSKE SOLDATERFORENINGERS LANDSRÅD. PROTECTOR HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARGRETHE II OF DENMARK

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Greetings,

Now and then the weather is against us. Indeed this was the case during the March meeting. Intermittent rain, chills and wind.

Consequently we had a smaller crowd than usual.

But the meeting turned out a success. We celebrated Vibeke's birthday and not to forget Margrethe's coming birthday with Princess cake.

Everyone enjoyed the get together and we had a great day. I quietly suggested that we in the future omit February and March meetings in light of the weather risk. But this suggestion was received by the membership with a cold stare. I will not mention this again!

Clearly we have a hard core among our membership and we met some of them in March. No wonder our club is a success.

See you all in April.

Poul



-Do you think, I want to stand here all day!
-No—but then run around in the room a for a while.

The Danish Soldiers Club

Post Office Box 41
Petaluma, CA 94953



-Everything must be revolutionized!
-Absolutely—we must go back to the old fashion way.

Address Correction Requested



-It is strange, in hundred years these terrible times becomes the good old days

The Governing Board for 2018

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Lilian Rasmussen Membership Coordinator	Roseville (916) 771-4961 mormor@surewest.net 4397 Coach Whip Way Roseville, CA 95747-8623

Thanks to all the donors for the raffle:

Poul Poulsen, Per Madsen, Vagn Nielsen, Ken Fultz, Tove, Margrethe & Birthe Bækgaard, Rick & Lisa Santarini, Finn, Paul Bach, Kirsten Pedersen, Lilian Rasmussen. Also thanks to Vibeke Jensen for a princess cake to celebrate March birthdays and Birthe Bækgaard for a Tuscan cake.

In spite of the weather 40 members and guests attended the March 3 meeting. One of the subjects for the March member meeting is always: How many have paid their dues... a boring subject but unfortunately necessary. This year the number is around 60. If anyone who reads this and hasn't paid please do so before the next meeting. You can pay with check to :
Margrethe Bækgaard
1740 Brandee Lane
Santa Rosa, CA 95403-8676

Or use PayPal on the website:
www.danishsoldiersclub.com

By April we hope, we do not have to bring this issue up anymore.

I have to bring one more issue to your attention: The 2018 payment of \$10 for receiving the printed version of the newsletter. Now, this is a voluntarily donation, and hopefully as many people as last year will donate again. Thank you very much. The mailing list for the printed newsletter is now down to 45 after the latest revision.

We are now looking forward to a great 2018 season. The rest of the meetings will without any doubt have great picnic weather and temperatures. Remember the first BBQ is coming up in May just two month from now.

It looks like PayPal is getting more popular for payment of membership, lunch and special events. According to the latest statistics 50% of the members are using PayPal. This is a development we welcome very much as it makes bookkeeping much more streamlined.



Order form for Smørrebrød at \$18.00 each

Yes, I wish to order lunch for Kastania Fælled. My check is enclosed

Four pieces of Smørrebrød of which one is **SALMON**
Total plates with **Salmon**

Four pieces of Smørrebrød of which one is **SHRIMP**
Total plates with **Shrimp**

Four pieces of Smørrebrød of which one is **HERRING**
Total plates with **Herring**

Four pieces of "non-seafood" Smørrebrød **REGULAR**
Total plates **Regular**

Email or mail this order no later than Tuesday prior to the lunch to:
ricksantarini@danishsoldiersclub.com

Or:
Rick Santarini
325 La Crosse Avenue
Santa Rosa, Ca 95409

Drink Tickets are 3 for \$12.00, or 6 for \$20.00. Please specify quantity _____
1 ticket for any mixed drink, wine or beer. Soft drinks 1/2 ticket. Bottled water free.

Name: _____ Check amount _____

WEIRD THOUGHTS – I'm sure you'll agree

By Peter Steiness

An unfortunate man was hit by a very large truck; at least eighteen wheels. For those of you who have not been hit by a large truck lately, it is not a good experience. He is lying in the middle of the street, surrounded by a generous quantity of blood; a select group of bones are poking through the skin in strange places and he is screaming like crazy – wouldn't you? As onlookers, we are utterly shocked, stunned and horrifically horrified. But for the most part, we react as the good humanitarians we all are, by initially acknowledge the utter luck that it's not me out there. So after we finish throwing up, we jump into immediate action by running over to see what we can do to help him.

By this time he is twisting in gruesome pain and agony; we are now kneeling by his side. And this is where we ask the weirdest thing: '**Are you okay?**' And the even weirder thing is that we all know how utterly stupid that sounds. The poor man is obviously not '**okay**' to any extent whatsoever; but we still ask this dumb and totally ignorant question. Instead, why don't we ask him: '**Wow, does that hurt?**' or '**we have to stop meeting like this**' or my all-time favorite: '**Are you an organ donor?**' So why do we do the '**are you okay?**' thing whenever somebody is obviously not okay? I find that very weird (sigh). By the way, he only spent a few weeks in the hospital and is doing well; he's actually doing beyond well and way beyond '**okay**'... Thanks for asking.

The meal we eat between breakfast and lunch, we call **brunch**; I can swing with that. So when we

eat a meal between lunch and dinner, shouldn't we call it **lunner**? Or is that term not very appetizing?

On TV they announce that the program was recorded in front of a '**live**'- audience. Please enlighten me, but what would the alternative be? '**Live operators are standing by**'. So I assume that '**dead operators are lying by**'? Just asking...

By intensive research, I learned that **RIP** means **Rest in Peace**. And then I thought that some of the people in some of those graves had perhaps not been so popular in life. So shouldn't we switch the abbreviation to **Remain in Place**? I came up with that conclusion at an early age, as I assumed the huge stones on top of those graves, was placed there, to make sure that any escape attempt would be nearly impossible.

I have noticed that when ordering food in a restaurant, some guests answer the question from the server: '**and what would you like?**' with '**could I please have the...**' So is that the opening for the server to answer with a '**yes**' or a '**no**'? '**Could I please have the T-Bone...?**' '**NO, you can't...**' Looking forward to hear that sometime; aren't you?

Next time somebody asks you if you know what time it is, try responding with: '**Sorry, I don't know - I'm not from around here.**' Make darn sure to pay attention to their facial expressions – simply priceless. Another thing about how we ask for '**time**'. We have a tendency to ask: '**Do you know what time it is, please?**' For the most part I simply answer with a '**yes**', because the person didn't ask me to tell her/him what the actual time is/was. Yeah, I know, a bit picky. We live with the assumption that: '**Do you know what time it is?**' also means that if we do know, could we actually tell them what time it really is.

I know, life is rich (sigh) and ‘yes’ I don’t have many friends... Any volunteers?

It’s weird they when they have the audacity calling it **Happy Hour** when they charge \$12 for a beer. To me (on Social Security), that would more so be **Crappy Hour**... Don’t you agree?

Weird but sound advice: never buy a boomerang – because you can’t return it.

We have a proverbial longing for weekends. It’s time to relax and do other things than work, for most people. Not me, I’m happily retired so every day is pretty much Saturday. The weird thing is that what we call **weekend** is not what it really means. The weekend, as far as we are aware, consist of a Saturday and a Sunday. But the weird thing is that Saturday is actually the last day of the week, and Sunday is the first day of the week. Most calendars in this country clearly show this set-up (fraud?) starting with Sunday as the first day. But it doesn’t make sense, as most of us consider Monday the starting day and we ‘**operate & organize**’ life accordingly. Weird... But shouldn’t they change it? Honk, if you agree...

Can we assume that women are allowed in no-mans-land?

And here are a few other things I consider slightly weird:

Did you know that the Gettysburg Address does not have a zip code?

Since **nuts** are healthy, it seems logical that **do-nuts** should be healthy too – if not, they should be; don’t you think?

Tchaikovsky initially called his famous holiday ballet ‘**The Ball Buster**’. His agent (Ivan Jones) didn’t think it was an appropriate name, so he suggested ‘**The Nutcracker**’. With a smirk on his face, Tchaikovsky was totally okay with

that... (notch notch. Or should that be notchsky notchsky?)

Weird little boy: ‘When I grow up I want a moustache – just like grandma’s...’

I know this sounds strange, but medical research has established that if you eat way too much candy, you could slip into ‘sugar-mortis’; true story.

Weird, but also true: A church in the south hired a new guard on the spot. He was the only applicant with a Bible-Belt in karate. Look it up, my friends...

Smart but weird move: When it rains in Denmark, they bring the houses inside.

‘You look familiar?’

‘Yeah,

I hear that a lot – especially from my wife...’

I thought we were such a terrific match: I was a Gemini and she was a nymphomaniac...

The weirdest thing happened the other day. A young woman was frantically searching the backseat of her car. As the older and relatively innocent person that I am, I offered to help.

‘What are looking for?’ I asked.

‘My virginity – I lost it last night...’

As a child, I didn’t know what I wanted to be when I grew up, so I decided not to grow up – it has obviously worked very well (as you would know from just reading all of the above – (sigh)).