



The Danish Soldiers Club

June 2018

<https://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,

The June meeting was a pleasant event with just the right weather and good cheer.

As our meetings are quite often attended by youngsters, we realize that we should go beyond just having a sand box. So with the assistance of Vagn and his daughter, we now have installed a basketball hoop and even a tether ball set up.

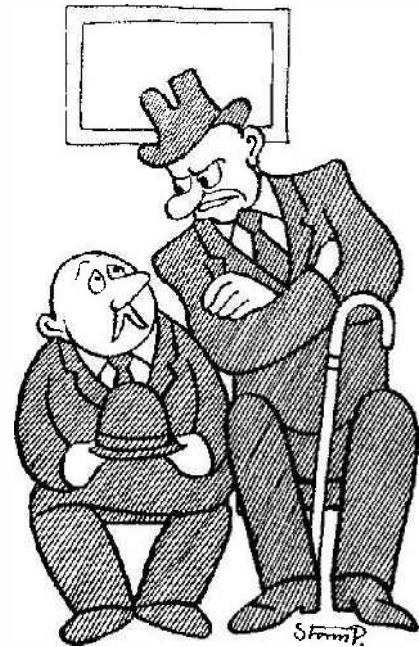
It will be interesting to see whether some from the older crowd will show their sports skills. Perhaps we can have a real competition one day?

Please note that ordering lunch for the July meeting will have to be done a little different, as Rick is off to Denmark for a few weeks.

And also please note that the cost per plate has been increased slightly due to Catering increases.

Hope to see you all in July.

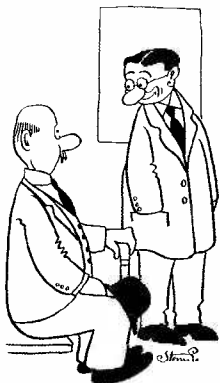
Poul



-Excuse me—Are you also waiting for the owner?
-No—He is waiting for me!

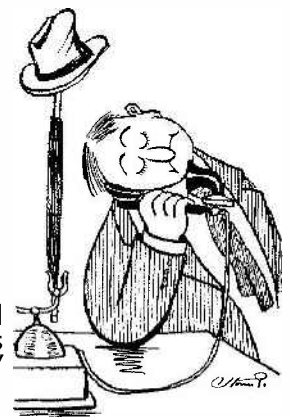
The Danish Soldiers Club

Post Office Box 41
Petaluma, CA 94953



-I have waited since 10 AM—and now it is Noon!
It's getting closer, the Doctor comes at 3 PM

Address Correction Requested



-It's the sixth time I have waited twenty minutes, after she says "just a minute"

The Governing Board for 2018

Poul Poulsen President to 2018	San Rafael (415) 459-7727 pouls poulsen@gmail.com
Per Madsen Vice Pres. to 2018	San Francisco (415) 928-4509 permads@danishsoldiersclub.com
Margrethe Bækgaard Treasurer to 2020	Santa Rosa (707) 293-7972 margrethebaekgaard@danishsoldiersclub.com
Rick Santarini Secretary to 2019	Santa Rosa (707) 481-8251 ricksantaini@danishsoldiersclub.com
John Johansen Newsletter-Web Director to 2019	Modesto (209) 545-8992 admin@danishsoldiersclub.com
Ken Fultz Director to 2020	American Canyon (415) 362-7509 KFCVA41@comcast.net
Leo Pedersen Director to 2018	Danville (925) 820-2150 Leo.pedersen@gmail.com
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Vagn Nielsen Kasernemester	Sonoma (707) 996-9950 vknielsen@comcast.net
Lilian Rasmussen Membership Coordinator	Roseville (916) 771-4961 mormor@surewest.net 4397 Coach Whip Way Roseville, CA 95747-8623

Please note that the lunch ordering is different this month. The order form listed below has to be mailed to Margrethe Bækgaard. Email ordering also goes to Margrethe Bækgaard. PayPal ordering from the web site is as usual.

We have made an important upgrade of the Soldiers Club web site. It is now a secure site with a SSL certificate. SSL means *Secure Socket Layer*.

The SSL certificate validate our website's identity, and encrypt the information visitors send to or receive from our site. This keeps thieves/hackers from spying on any exchange between yourself and the Soldiers Club web site.

To get to the web site you still write: www.danishsoldiersclub.com or you use your usual favorite button. When you get to the web site it now looks like this at the toolbar:

 <https://www.danishsoldiersclub.com/>

The lock and the **s** in http simply tell user's this is a secure site

This should be the end of web problems for all of us on the Soldiers Club web site.

Thanks to the donors for the raffle:
Tudy Kapellas, Vibeke Jensen, Judy Larsen, Finn Jacobsen, Leo Pedersen, Erik Larsen, Mogens Bach, Ken Fultz, Poul Poulsen. Birthe Bækgaard brought her famous Tuscan cake for desert.

The next gathering will be Saturday July 7. It is 3 days after Independence Day, so we hope to see a big crowd and many children. This time there will be more entertainment at the park. Any ideas for entertainment that will bring more people and youngsters to the Park are welcome.



Email or mail this order no later than Tuesday prior to the lunch to:

margrethebaekgaard@danishsoldiersclub.com

Or:
Margrethe Bækgaard
1740 Brandee Lane
Santa Rosa, CA 95403

Order form for Smørrebrød at \$20.00 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 _____

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 _____

ON THE WRONG END OF A GUN

By Peter Steiness

I want to tell you this true and very real story. With all the talk about stricter rules concerning gun ownership here in the USA, I thought it very appropriate. In one sense, as in retrospect, it's funny - in a morbid kind of scary way; but as I went through it, nah, it was not very funny at all.

Many years ago, I worked as fleet-manager at a car-dealership in San Francisco. A fun friend, JC, was the business-manager; my boss. As it probably still is today, it was a game of selling as many units as possible, making as much money imaginable, so a mix of greed and pushiness dominated; you know, high powered sales attitude. Not that I see anything wrong in that, as long as buyer be educated and beware.

So we jumped eagerly into any situation to make a sale; the lore of the mighty dollar. My sales attitude was always in favor of the customer; that was the way I was taught selling, working in Europe. It had worked well there, and it was working really well for me here in the USA. Sure I got caught up in the greediness within the car-business, as we also ran into lean times once in a while; so we worked hard, sold hard and pushed even harder.

This prospective customer, about 35, walked in; I was helping out on the showroom floor, so I greeted him in that charming, self-assured and lovely way of mine. He told me that he wanted to buy a fast and powerful car - and immediately I knew precisely what I wanted to sell him. It was one of last year's models, which had a hefty bonus pay-out to the one selling it. I asked him to wait while I brought the car around for a test drive.

He looked rather bland the way he sat and drove the car; overweight and seemingly boring. He had the steering-wheel very close to his chest - a very weird driving position. He told me that he needed a car as he had not been around for about five years; later on I found out the significance of that statement. But at that very moment I was all: "I'm going to sell him this car and get a big bag full of money;" (the greed part, remember?)

We drove around San Francisco for about 15 minutes and I was wondering why he didn't want to

get on the freeway to test the speed and power - but no. Finally we were going south on Van Ness Avenue towards the dealership; and that was when he told me that something was poking into his lower back. He reached behind him with his left hand and slowly pulled out a handgun that he immediately stuck into my stomach. Now, has that ever happened to you? I hope not. It created one of those few situations in my life where I felt I had to be rather careful about what I was going to say next; something I have always had a slight (read: enormous) problem controlling.

He stopped by the curb, still with what now felt like a huge cannon pressed into my guts. For some profound reason (duh) he had stopped right in front of the Holy Trinity Cathedral; I thought a mortuary would probably have been more practical and convenient.

"I'm sorry, but I have to borrow your car..." he said in a calm and controlled voice. My first idiotic thought was to respond like: "Does that mean you are not gonna to buy it?" as I saw a vast commission and enormous bonus disappearing. But instead I decided to get the hell out of there and wisely negate being sarcastically funny - but much more into staying alive; I considered that a good choice, not only in retrospect. I do trust the gun had a lot to do with my quick decision making that very moment. Though another fleeting thought I had was: "Is that thing loaded - ha-ha?" Or the last gasp before I met my Maker: "Need a tenner for gas?" But I wisely left all the humorous stuff on the floor.

So I quickly hauled my butt out of the car, noted the church and ran as furiously fast as I could. The dealership was about 6 blocks away - and I ran and ran and ran, getting rather sweaty... (Yuk).

Finally I stood in front of JC in his office. He calmly looked up as I screamed: "I got a cannon stuck into my stomach and he stole the car and I'm scared and pretty pissed". JC looked at me and in a calm voice said: "Was it one of last year's models?" I couldn't believe that he had asked that, as: "OMG, are you okay?" seemed more appropriate - but that was JC, and in retrospect I loved him for it; just such a calm and funny dude, really.

I was brought downtown (doesn't that sound cool?) by two detectives and gave my report. I spent some hours going through mug-shots; some very scary images. But he wasn't there. Oh my...

And life continued. For some reason I was okay with all this, and didn't even think about what could have happened. People around me seemed more upset about it than I was. About once weekly the next couple of months the detectives came by my office and showed me more pictures – but I did not recognize him in any of them. One of the guys told me that after this gun-slinging dude had asked me to get out of the car, he had driven across the Golden Gate Bridge and robbed a bank in Marin; at gun-point.

Then one day, my new detective pals returned; both grinning from ear to ear. They showed me a line-up of six photos, all nasty looking mug-shots (Yuk) – and there he was. I recognized him at once, though his head was puffy, bruised and beaten up, it looked like. The detectives told me that he had tried to steal a Mercedes from a dealership in Beverly Hills, but while being chased by the police, he had crashed into a tree, was knocked out and arrested. They told me that he had recently spent five years in jail for all kinds of nasty stuff. And of course I remembered that he told me he had not been around for five years – the irony; don't you agree?

They asked me if I was willing to go to Dallas (Texas) to testify if needed. I said yes, of course – like free trip and excitement, huh? And then they told me that he had been transported back to Dallas – on murder charges... All of a sudden I felt I had indeed been very lucky; and life continued.

A few weeks later JC showed up in my office. He had a big smile on his face and a check in his hand. "Can you do that again? We still have some of last year's models in stock and we really need to get rid of them". He handed me the check and told me the insurance had paid up and it was my commission plus a rather large bonus. The car was considered sold, though in a rather scary way. JC was happy that another one of "last year's" units was off the floor – and still giggling as he walked out.

Being on the wrong end of a gun is not fun – and I know, because I have been there... But luckily, no BANG BANG...

Important footnote:

Gun control is a complicated matter, but for starters, there are types of weapons that have absolutely no place in any society. Accessibility to weapons here in the USA is pretty much wide open, where it needs to be narrowed down by much tighter restrictions and much stricter laws. And by the way, did you know that a huge percentage of fatalities caused by guns, are from suicides – makes you really think, huh?