



# The Danish Soldiers Club

September 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,

A great thank you once again to our impressive barbecue team. The arrangement was first class and we can only be thankful for their exceptional presentation. And the weather was just perfect. All in all a wonderful afternoon.

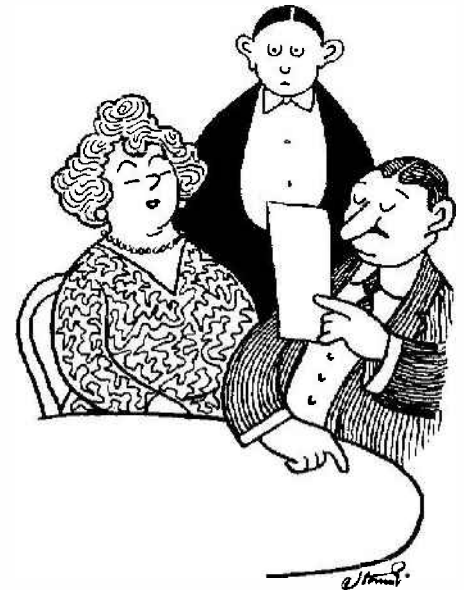
As expected, the long weekend dented the total participation, but we thought it best to maintain a fixed meeting schedule, so interested members can plan their activities.

We will have 4 openings on the board for 2019. As usual, the October meeting is for nominating candidates, and November is election time.

Do not hesitate to come forward and offer your services. All board assignments are obviously voluntary, but fresh ideas and suggestions are always welcome. And remember additional ladies are welcome to join the board.

See you in October.

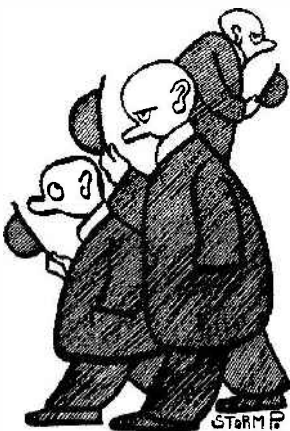
Poul



-What would you like?  
-I'll take what you take!  
-I will also take that!  
-OK, so we will take that.

## The Danish Soldiers Club

Post Office Box 41  
Petaluma, CA 94953



-Why are you greeting him so deeply?  
-I don't like him!

Address Correction Requested



-It is refreshing to come out to the ocean.

## 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
Keith Brians Director to 2020	Petaluma (707) 789-9953 kastaniakeith@gmail.com
Jill Brians Director to 2019	Petaluma (707) 227-8404 jcbrians@yahoo.com
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

Thanks to all the donors for the BBQ raffle: Poul Poulsen, Carsten Johansen, Erik Larsen, Per Madsen, Danish Sisterhood Margrethe 14 lodge, Vibeke Jensen, Gudrun Solomon, Margrethe Bækgaard, Adam Byer and Finn.  
Thanks again to Birthe Bækgaard who brought her famous Tuscan cake.

It was a great BBQ. Great food and more than enough. Per made good of his promise, and Dennis and Justin cooked to perfection.  
In the board meeting we had to take care of the yearly insurance. Unfortunately there is not much we can do about it. We must have the required insurance for Kastania Park, the buildings and people visiting.  
Poul mentioned we have election coming. Three positions are up for reelection. The President, The Vice President and Director Leo Pedersen. Both the President and Vice President have termed out, so we need new people coming in. Fortunately Leo has agreed to one more term.  
The fourth position is your newsletter editor and webmaster. Kirsten & John Johansen are moving back to Denmark by the end of the year. Fortunately Michael Stecher volunteered to do the web site, and Rick Santarini agreed to do the newsletter in Microsoft Publisher and send the file to Michael Stecher for posting on the web site.  
The last piece: printing, folding and mailing to 43 of our members, who either have no computers or pay \$10 extra per year to get a printed newsletter, has not been resolved. We need somebody to step up and help out with this. Please let us know if some of you are willing to take this important piece and help the club out.  
Our Christmas Party is now set for the 3rd Sunday in December, which is December 16. Again this year we are going to the Veterans Hall in Petaluma. It will be a test, if the hall is too big and expensive. During the year we have noticed, the attendance for all arrangements have been dwindling.



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

[ricksantarini@danishsoldiersclub.com](mailto:ricksantarini@danishsoldiersclub.com)  
Or:

**Rick Santarini**  
325 La Crosse Avenue  
Santa rosa, CA 95409

### 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 \_\_\_\_\_

# KNOW THY NEIGHBORS love is optional

By Peter Steiness

How well do you know thy neighbors? Are you on first-name basis? Are you sure they use their real names? When you hold a glass against the wall, do you hear abnormal things going on next door? Are you using your night-vision camcorder when darkness sets in, just in case? Do they grow stuff in the living room that you will not let your children smoke? You see, maybe you really don't know thy neighbors as well as you think you do; a scary thought, huh?

A few years ago, Moses wobbled down from the mountain, hacking away on some new tablets for us to live by – or not. In the process, this whole neighbor relations bit got eternalized, which is for a really long time. (In that deep Moses voice): **thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.** That's what it says, though last I checked, it was not in English.

Translated, Moses wanted us to know that it's a **no-no** to make-out with a neighbor's wife and you could especially not covet, meaning desire, thy neighbor's ass. I sincerely hope he was referring to a certain brand of horse; but even then, that is still an extremely disturbing picture.

Of course Moses thought of all people around us to be our neighbors and I think that is really nice; a tad naïve, but still nice. Though he did make up some basic rules, he still believed that we would all get along and I think overall that we do.

So all us being neighbors, it is utterly peculiar how we in many cases can live in such close proximity of each other, without really connecting and communicating; not getting to know the infamous, thy neighbor.

Sure we go **HI** and **GREAT DAY** and borrow all kinds of tools and equipment that we don't return for years. We also borrow a few eggs here and there, a bit of milk and a few ounces of that stuff they grow in the living room; and we return the favors and all is grand – or is it?

Some neighbor dude who lived across from us, pretty much kept to himself. We never acknowledged each other even in passing, because he didn't respond to some of my initial: **“we-just-moved-in”** greetings those 20 years ago; yes, 20 years of two-way ignoring. I have absolutely no idea what his name was (he moved last year), what he did legally or illegally – I don't have a clue till this day. And that is a sad statement because I'm outgoing and friendly to the point of being utterly annoying (but in such charming way). So instead, I let my imagination run wild. He went from being a secret agent, sex-offender, drug dealer (though he didn't look the part and drove a VW – diesel), to the casual cross-dresser, etc.; all based on assumptions - and then he moved.

We had another neighbor on the west-side of our house; she moved a while back. We always chatted across the fence, so-to-speak and she came over with one of her daughters to dinner at our house, ONCE in 18 years. I had a drink at her house ONCE in 18 years. But we loved each other and still do, and we do have a lot of fun the few times we run into each other. Isn't that weird in a sad kind of good way?

We simply adore our neighbor on the east-side of our house. We have been friends since we moved in. Love her dearly and can always count on her helping out, as she can count on us. We don't overload each other by “stopping by” often, but once in a while its dinner, some bottles of wine, good food and really great times – and then nothing for months; but that's also okay, it really is. In case you are wondering, I do believe she is using her real name. But perhaps I should Google her (instead of keep googling her from behind closed curtains – I really gotta stop doing that).

In the perfect world (there's an idea) we should socialize more with the people on the street where we live, interact with the kids and pets; get together with the other tenants in the apartment complex, etc. I truly believe that is where it all starts, that thing about accepting and respecting diversities and coexist more harmoniously. Many people tell me that's how they do things where they live, that they actually co-mingle with people in the neighborhood - isn't that awesome? And I'm a bit jealous.

And then there are neighbors who had a spat in the past and do not talk, greet or borrow stuff from each other for years on end. When we consider how simple it is to make up (not **make-out**, because Moses will come after you and smack you over the head with one of the tablets), it's sad that we can't act like mature adults, as the fumes of spat add daily stress where no stress is warranted. Don't you agree?

My wife and I are fairly private people. We don't have loads of friends (I have 140 Facebook friends, but I only really know 2 of them?) and our life is full as is and very pleasant, thank you. But I wouldn't mind a Fourth of July get-together of our street's neighbors; just assemble for a few moments, some good BBQ ribs, some cold drinks and lively chat. But I also realize it will never happen, because I'm not doing a thing about it either – and that is kind of sad.

I think we should at least know our neighbors beyond **HI** and **GREAT DAY**. I'm not asking you to **love** thy neighbor, just get to know them if you don't know them already. Some you'll like and some you won't, but that's just the chance we take trying – I think it's certainly worth it. I will try to make an effort – I really will.

There is some good stuff on those tablets Moses brought down from the top of the mountain. But that thing about **thy neighbor's ass** still bothers me. As **ass** is literally etched in stone, I'm sure Moses has been teased a bunch about that one through the years.

Next time he will no doubt be more careful in his choice of words and perhaps check with Webster's Dictionary before he starts hammering away; he'll find that **donkey** or **small horse with long ears**, might work better. But whatever the ass is called, that picture is still very disturbing - don't you agree? Now go be a good neighbor, please? I'll join you... Lived here long?

