

## Chapter 56

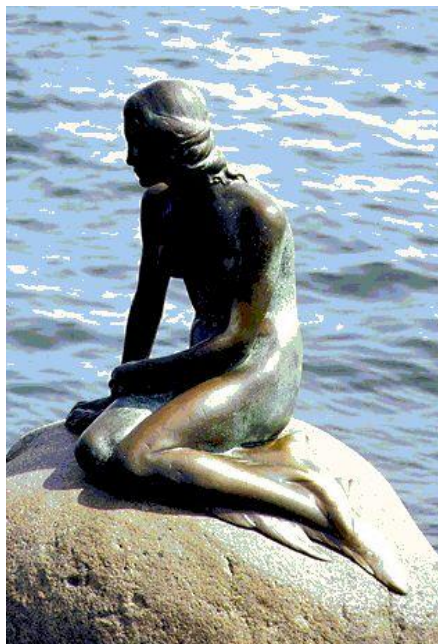
---

1958 – 1961  
Copenhagen – 1960

The previous two days journeying - overland - over sea - overland - over sea - over-land had appeared singularly uneventful for a seasoned continental traveller like myself, but the company of the lads was not only great, but, as expected, with the presence of ‘Eee’ in our midst, it was also hilarious at times. Thank goodness the latter did go to sleep for much of the Hook to Grossenbrode train part of the route, and peace reigned somewhat then. On this segment we shared a spartan compartment with two young folks from the South of England, one Mary from Kent, travelling alone, and a ‘kinda pukka’ big blonde lad with a distinctly Oxford accent whom Mary had befriended on the ferry boat. However, she seemed to take a fancy to me, and as we became better acquainted (!) I acceded to her request that I put on my Henderson tartan kilt for at least part of the journey. Rather than having my nether regions subjected later to the frolics of a ship-board breeze, I donned the tartan for our shared evening picnic dinner time on the train, and she was suitably impressed! We four parted from them when we all disembarked at Denmark’s Gedser harbour, and we never saw hide nor hair of them again.

The hostel in Klampenborg was sensibly equipped. It had a spacious garden, bicycles for the use-of, and, in one direction, it was within a stone’s throw of the lonely maiden on her rock overlooking the shipping harbour,

### The lonely maiden



while in the other direction, the up-town tram-stop was also close by. In addition it was only a few minutes walk away from a large professional soccer stadium and an indoor swimming pool.

The main road away from town in our location also had a cycleway, and, by wheeling one's way along it for about quarter of a mile, Klampenborg Esplanade and a pleasant beach was reached with great ease. This last amenity was a great boon to us as the weather throughout our stay not only remained warm, but was also often quite 'sun-tanningly' hot.

The layout of the accommodation was: Upstairs left facing from the lawn – a male dormitory housing about twenty students in double-decked cots and an area at the top of the stairs with chairs, a piano and reading materials. I assume, having never visited the female quarters, that upstairs right facing from the lawn there were comparable facilities for them. Beneath the male area was the lobby and the administrative offices, while under the ladies' premises was the kitchen and the dining room – the latter leading out through French windows to the lawn.

### **John Laursen Student Hostel, Klampenborg, Copenhagen**



Breakfasts offered the most delicious coffee that I have ever tasted, and this delicious liquid duly washed-down the basic cereal, bread and marmalade on offer. Dinner in the evening usually comprised soup (I have since been reminded that the cauliflower variety was a real wow!), an adequate main course, then fruit ... and more coffee, of course. All in all it was very satisfactory!

Conversation within the cosmopolitan community of mostly English speaking Europeans and North Americans students was stimulating, and friends were made easily. The brightest star in the male area was **George** from the USA .... a great pianist by ear, song-bird and raconteur. He quickly became my pal and remained so for the duration of our stay.



The July weather during our first week was so hot that we delayed daylight sight-seeing for a while to spent most of those parts of each day within the sectioned-off pay-beach area at Klampenborg ... sun-bathing, chatting, girl-watching and dipping in the icy ocean to cool-off!

**Ian Waller, Kenneth Smith and John Henderson at Klampenborg Beach**



**Ian Waller (upright) John Henderson (upside-down) Eric Sanderson (underneath)**

