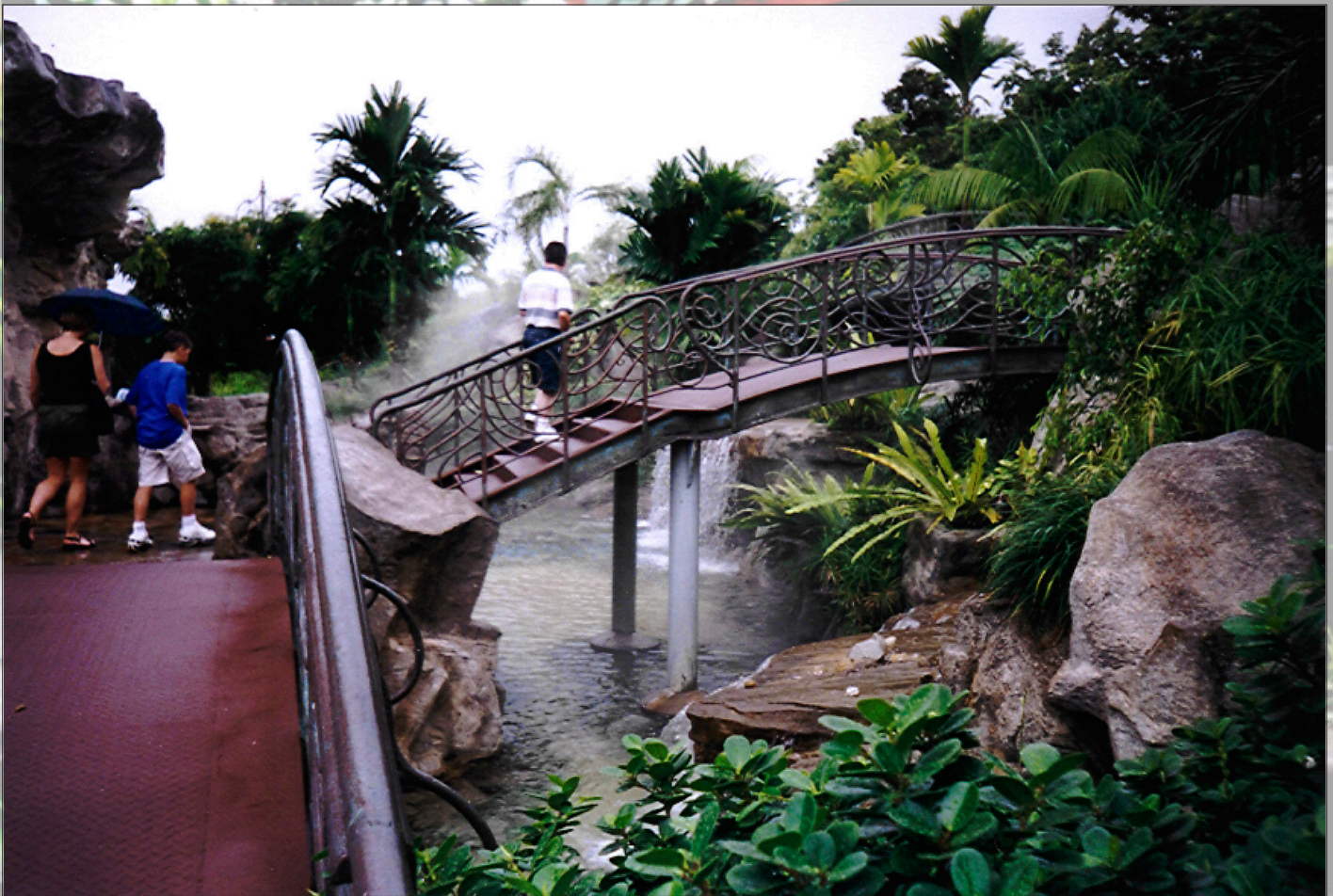


1999 • 18th - 29th October

Singapore



Diary

I booked the trip through Viborg Travel Agency. Directly from the street I went to them to ask how I got to Singapore and home again. Half an hour after my entrance, I left the store with this piece of paper in hand: See the itinerary itself under the photo gallery. It must be said that the superb service Viborg Rejsebureau provided then and probably also does so to this day.

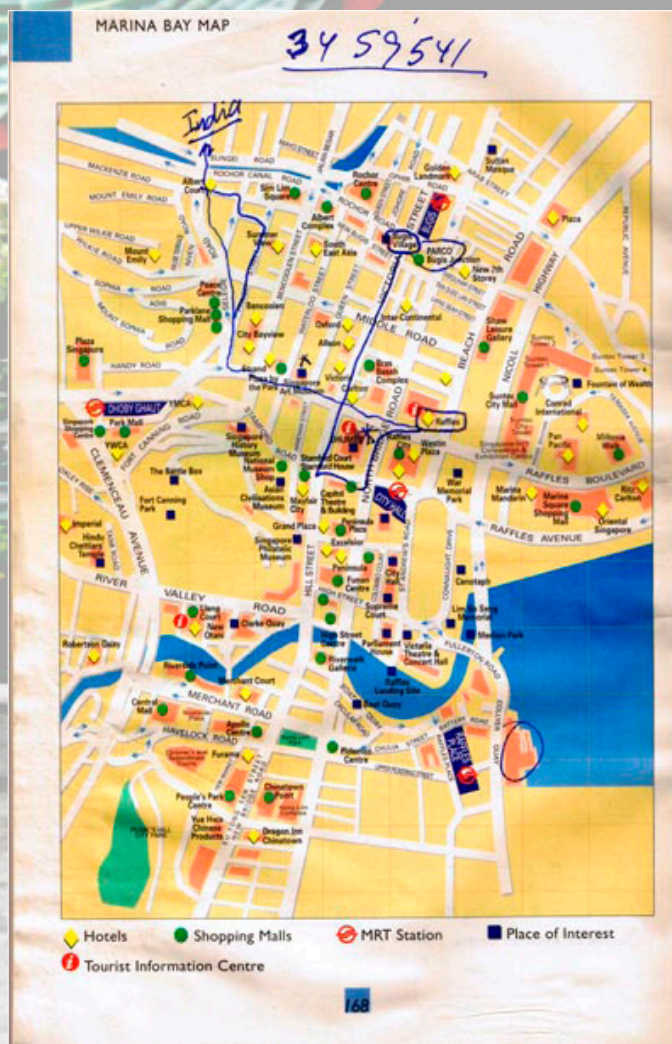
As October 18 approached, I came to think about how to get 13 hours by plane to go! I did not smoke, which was no problem.

The departure

The first trip from Billund to Paris went well enough. There was a nice approach just north of Paris, where we, among other things, could see the Eiffel Tower. On the trip to Paris, I came to sit next to a Vietnamese. As a child, he had been adopted by a Danish family and now had to return to Vietnam for the first time at the age of 23 to visit his mother, who lived an hour's drive outside Saigon. But then there was just a 5 hour wait at Charles de Gaulle airport.

The Charles de Gaulle airport was somewhat larger than I had expected. Firstly, one could not and must not go from one terminal to the other, it took place in airport buses. The airport police kept pushing me forward. They preferred me to move over to the overseas ter-

minal. So I had to do that, sit there and wait for almost 3 hours for departure at 19.15 against Singapore. At long last we were called out to the plane and received a nice reception by the



Air France staff.

We had not more than just gotten into the air and were well on our way east before the staff at 22.30 served some really good food that was washed down with a ½ bottle of red wine. Then the style was laid. It turned out I had a place next to a Swede. I have never been able to sleep on travel, whether we had traveled by train or bus. This also applied to aircraft. The Swede could not sleep either, so we took turns calling for whiskey. Eventually the staff got a little tired of us and delivered 3 mini bottles to each of us and so good night.

When I woke up, I must have slept, for we flew past Phuket - it was a beautiful sight down past the coast at Phuket. There was now a lack of approx. 2 hours flight before we were to land in Singapore.



When Sonja had been to Singapore earlier this year, she lost her suitcase on the way out. It turned out later the suitcase was a trip around Spain before landing in Singapore again without her jewelry and red wine. So I was a little bit excited about whether my suitcase had come with me all the way. It was good enough, but it was also the last on the tape. The suitcase was very important, as it contained rye bread mixes, cheese and not least red wine. A bottle of red wine of Brugsen's best quality - Napoleon - which in Denmark cost DKK 14.85, cost in Singapore DKK 90.

The arrival

Through customs, which went reasonably painlessly because I kept my mouth shut and only answered when asked by the customs officer. By the way, the welcome greeting was at the counter at the customs office - a candy while I waited for papers and entry was approved!



Well through the whole airport and out of the fence, the Madsen Family stood waiting for me. When I left Billund and Denmark it was -5 degrees. I could feel it was just like the heat had been turned up a bit here in Singapore. The sweat drifted off me, but I also continued to wear my thick hunting shirt - yet, but it did not last long. The temperature did not decrease when I got outside the terminal. It turned out that the temperature did not drop much from day to night - it remained at 28-30 degrees constant.

Usually I can eat a lot of heat. I have tried it in Italy and South of France, but I had no idea with the heat and especially humidity they had in Singapore, how I would receive it, but after 24 hours I was ready to settle in Singapore.

I had a very clear plan for my stay with the Madsen Family, they should not be dependent on me. I wanted to go out and look at the city myself. The first trips until Singapore out of Meyor Road, were as an accompanying exit! It was ok too.

On the second day, we took the bus to the Little India district. I should have some shorts if I was not to completely sweat away in the heat. I never learned to take the bus back to Meyor Road after the rides until the city. Return was always by taxi from Little India. A bus ticket cost from Meyor Road to the city center 90 cents (3 kr.). A taxi cost from inside Little India and out to Meyor Road the formidable price of \$ 4. The most expensive bus ticket I bought



cost \$ 1.20 and then I could actually drive to the terminus.

Bugis Village and Raffels Hotel / Long Bar

At one of my many unaccompanied exits, I took the bus to Bugis Village, where I got off. Bugis Village was a great market. Everything could be bought here.

I was equipped with a card book and Madsen's mobile number if it went completely



wrong with finding my way home. Jan was a little nervous about my sense of place. After Bugis Village, I wanted to drop by the Raffles Hotel to visit and see the Long Bar. And as you can see on the map, it turned into something of a hike before I found Long Bar. Long Bar is known from an English author who had the bar as his "tribal bar", his name was Somerset Morgan. The hike that day was nothing to count on what I exposed myself to later. After Long Bar, it went quietly towards my gathering place, Little India. In Little India, I found a small eatery. Actually, I would not eat only have something to drink. But the menu card the restaurant had hanging on the facade at the entrance, lured in more than liquid for the dehydration. It was an Indonesian restaurant I had stopped at. There was only me in the restaurant



and saw the 4 proprietors. From the menu I chose the bottom menu, consisting of 5 different small dishes - I thought. I started by consuming some moisture in the form of a Tiger Beer.

After some time came the first dish, which turned out to consist of 3 small dishes and a whole palm leaf with rice, which has probably been 2 kg. It must be included I got rid of eating with chopsticks. They took pity on me and equipped me with a knife, spoon and fork. After 2 dishes, another Tiger Beer, it tasted damn good out in the heat. As dining progressed, I became more and more amazed at what one could get for the money in a side street in Little India. Together, the 5 small dishes consisted of, I think, 20 small dishes. It's some of the best oriental food I've ever had. The price for the whole menu, excl. drinks were \$ 16.50. The two Tiger Beers cost well over \$ 12! I got to say nice thanks for the food for the whole family. I had a feeling that not many Europeans came to them and ate.





It was getting late in the afternoon, so it was time to catch a taxi and back to Meyer Road before the Madsen family became restless.

Sentosa

On my last day in Singapore and of course also the last unaccompanied exit from Meyer Road, I had put a note to the Madsen Family if I had been taken by bus into the City, which was also true.

I took the bus again towards Bugis Village, but a little further in around the Grand Plaza, where I got off and went the last stretch of road to Chinatown, which was the first plan that day. In Chinatown, I moved around and looked at the life the little people came to. Should I make a comparison between Little India and Chinatown, as I experienced the neighborhoods, it must be Chinatown was cleaner and seemed more well-to-do, whereas Little India seemed less well-to-do and dirty, but was considerably more pleasant to move around in.

After a few hours of walking around China-

town, the body required some lunch and wetness. In Singapore at that time there was a sea of small eateries in the form of "Foodcorners". These Foodcorners were usually located at the bottom of the high-rise buildings. There was an entrance directly off the street and a Foodcorners could consist of 10-20 small stalls that more or less have their own small specialties in the form of food. It was simple and straightforward. You found a vacant table, on the table was a plate with a no. Then you went around to the stalls and found the food you wanted and ate, stated table no. and went on to the next booth, where it repeated itself. After a while, they started bringing the food and of course a Tiger! After trying these Foodcorners a few times, one wonders how the hell they could serve a lunch for 1-3 dollars. At least it was ok



food that was served.

I was going on, the day had only just started for me and I was moving out along Niel Road down to the harbor. At one point, I landed down the train station at Keppel Road and trotted on towards my destination Mount Faber. I continued walking with the harbor on my left and could now see Mount Faber on my right hand. In order not to get completely lost, I asked a road worker about the road up to Mount Faber. I just had to keep going, he told 2 more exits and then to the right. As said so done, I turned right and up Pender Road to this hit Mount Faber Loop, which I followed to the Cable Car lane that was to take me over to the island of Sentosa. On the way up Pender Road and just before turning towards the cable car, you pass the Danish sailors' church. On another occasion I had visited the sailor church. Stepping in here was like moving back to the beginning of the year 1900, when English colonial rule was at its height. The only thing missing were the English actors. It was beautiful. There are a few photos in the photo archive from the sailor church.

Just before I reached Sømanskirken, the day's shower came in the form of a rain shower that just wanted something. I got drenched in a split second. Fortunately, this shower lasted no more than 10-15 minutes. After 5 minutes I was dry again.

I bought a ticket for the cable car. From Mount Faber you hover over the harbor and towards



REJSEPLAN

VIBORG REJSEBUREAU APS

HR PEER FABECH HOLM

DERES RESERVATIONS NR.: YP38FV

SIDE 1

 DATO TID FLY NR. CL

18OCT 1200 AFG. BILLUND
 OK
 INDENRIGS CHECK-IN 10 MIN FOER AFGANG
 UDENRIGS CHECK-IN 45 MIN FOER AFGANG
 DM 233 BEFLYVES AF: DM
 1335 ANK. PARIS - CHARLES DE GAULLE
 BUSFORBINDELSER TIL/FRA ORLY OG CENTRU
 TOG TIL/FRA TIL PARIS GARE DU NORD.

18OCT 1915 AFG. PARIS - CHARLES DE GAULLE
 OK
 CHECK-IN TID SENEST KLOKKEN: 1830
 AFGANG FRA TERMINAL 2F
 IKKE RYGER 28A OK
 BUSFORBINDELSER TIL/FRA ORLY OG CENTRU
 TOG TIL/FRA TIL PARIS GARE DU NORD.
 19OCT 1405 ANK. SINGAPORE

27OCT 2300 AFG. SINGAPORE
 OK
 CHECK-IN TID SENEST KLOKKEN: 2225
 AFGANG FRA TERMINAL 2
 IKKE RYGER 28L OK
 28OCT 0620 ANK. PARIS - CHARLES DE GAULLE

28OCT 1000 AFG. PARIS - CHARLES DE GAULLE
 OK
 AFGANG FRA TERMINAL 2B
 DM 232 BEFLYVES AF: DM
 1140 ANK. BILLUND

VENLIGST GENBEKRAEFT RUTER UDENFOR
 EUROPA SENEST 72 TIMER FOER AFGANG

GOD REJSE . VI SER FREM TIL IGEN AT
 BETJENE DEM. MED VENLIG HILSEN

VIBORG REJSEBUREAU APS

 FLYSELSKABER

AF : AIR FRANCE

DM : MAERSK AIR

KLASSEKODER

V : TURIST KLASSE

 OVENNAEVTTE OPLYSNINGER ER OPGIVET MED FORBEHOLD FOR AENDRINGER.
 KONTROLLER DERFOR ALTID DERES VIDERE REJSE.ALLE TIDER ER LOKALE.
 CHECK-IN SKAL VAERE TILLENDEBRAGT INDEN DEN OPGIVNE CHECK-IN TID.



Sentosa, where you land near the lion's head.
Singapore must be experienced live, it gives
the best narrative about the city.

