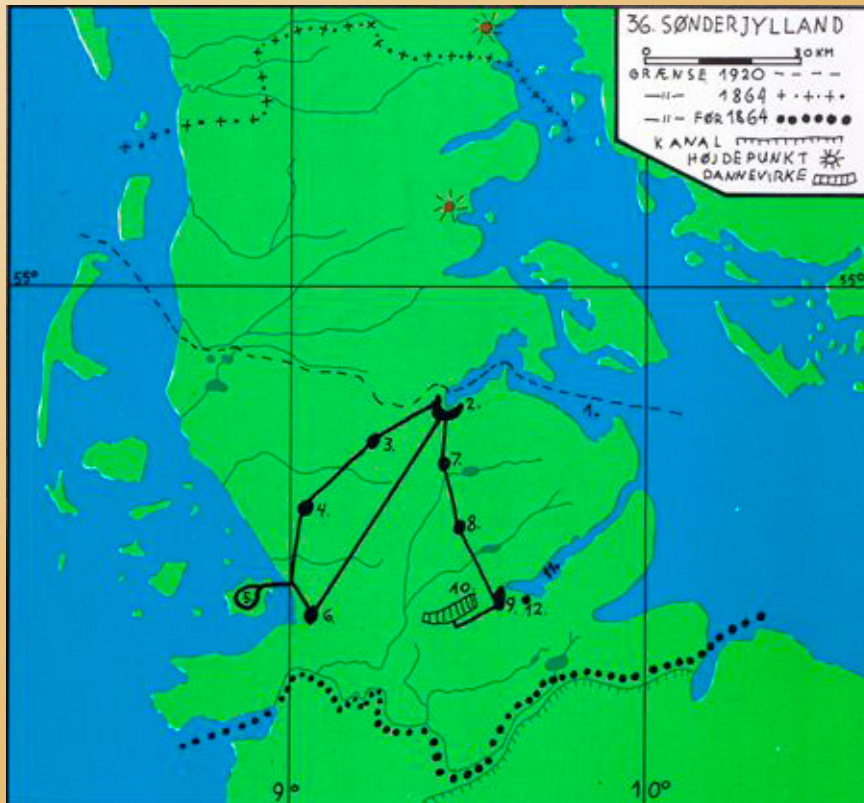


1962

A school trip to South Schleswig



Introduction

In 1962 we were almost all in Grenaa Vestre School 8th graders just turned 14 years. We were now so old and had only one year left to go to school, we were going out on a major tour by contemporary standards. So at this point in our schooling was all school excursions otherwise gone to Gerrild Forest on Norddjursland. The very first outing with the school to Gerrild Forest, I remember going with "Gerrild-Pig," as it was called - Grenaa-Gerrild Rail, which is otherwise full length called Ryomgaard-Grenaa-Gerrild railroad.

In 1962, there were no highway from Aarhus to Padborg, as today. All good 240 km took place from Grenaa via Highway A 15 to Århus. From here through Aarhus city and out towards Skanderborg along Highway A 10 and down through Jutland, through all the cities that lay on the road. At that time traffic was not as hectic as today.

After returning from "The trip to South Schleswig" should be written an essay about the trip and the experiences it had given us. We got off a full day of school, I remember, to take on the library and find material about what we had seen and experienced.

We had fun on the trip, but otherwise we did not go up so much in what we were welcomed by our teachers. It was also why we were thrown into the basement, the other night at the

shelter for Mürwich.

It was the first time I made acquaintance with the lack of German humor "ordnung muss sein". Actually, it was only a simple of my schoolmates who could not control himself and thus got all the boys sent in the basement to sleep the next night.

This small deltalje may not be part of the style, but Mrs Petersen was so taken by customs with a bottle of spirits!

About Mrs Petersen took the rap for us to be unsaid, but we had nearly all bought one or two of the small bottle of liquor to 1 DM and taken home.

Another small episode from the trip which also had to come up with the

style, was when we went round in Flensburg and one of the forward straight students had bought a pack of cigarettes and waded around with a cigarette in his mouth. Unfortunately, discovered a German officer came and knocked the cigarette out of his mouth. Yes, and so the last memory of the trip that was not contained in the study trip to the old country south of Krusaa. The bus driver, we met on our walk around the interior of Flensburg in Olaf Samson Strasse, in conversation with one of the women of easy virtue. A style was however written and my original style text continues below.



The trip to South Schleswig

In the days 27, 28, 29 August 1962 was 8 a and b from Grenaa Vestre School under the direction of Mrs. Petersen and Mrs. Mikkelsen on a trip to South Schleswig.

Kl. 9 Monday morning we left Grenaa in Rønde great coach.

We first drove to Aarhus and then to Skanderborg, where we passed Ladegård hills, the place where Niels Ebbesen in 1340 was killed in battle against the Germans.

Along Mossø went now to the so-called midtervej that goes down through the Jutland Ridge.

From a hill we could see both the Owner Bavnehøj and Himmelbjerget, both heights easily recognizable on the tower standing on them.

By Ølholm we passed a piece of the old military road, and not long after we passed in Jelling, and here in the old royal city did we stay only for eating, for we were hungry, but not least, to see the famous rune stones and Gorm the Old and Tyra Danebods mounds, both of which are studied by ancient scholars, however, without they have found much.

The two rune stones stand before the church.

The large carrying the first Danish Christ provided, which is surrounded by the heather draw entries.

The little bears runic inscription, which reads:

King Gorm made this Kuml efter Tyra his wife Denmark bod.



On the large stone faced: King Harald erected this stone after Tyra his mother and Gorm his father, the Harald who won it all Denmark and Norway and made the Danes Christians.

It is amusing to note that this stone tells more about the one who put it, than about the two people, it is set over, but it is very typical for our rune stones.

After the break we went on. Through high cliffs and deep gorges winding road to Vejle. It is strange to think that these huge formations of stone, sand, and gravel formed by glacial deposits.

Ad Highway 10 continues the journey through Kolding. We got just a glimpse of Koldinghus castle ruin. The castle burned down in 1814. At that time it was inhabited by an army Spaniards, as Napoleon had sent us

to help against the British. The poor soldiers froze and fired therefore so strong that caught fire in the wood-work, and the castle burned down. Part of it has been restored and now stands as the regional museum.

South of Kolding we could see Skamlingsbanken, which was a gathering place for the Danish people in southern Jutland. Every year here held large mø-der with famous men as speakers, and here was the first champion of the Danish language recognition as a government language in South Jutland. Peter Hjorth Lorentzen was handed a silver drinking horn, which bore the inscription: "He continued to speak Danish 'and it tells us that we are approaching the border from 1864 to 1920.

Before long we passed the memorial site in 1920 and rolled so into herrnhutterbyen Christiansfeld, where we did a new residence. The town was founded 1773 by Herrnhutterne, members of a religious movement whose founder was the Bohemian Count Zinzendorff. The city had particularly about 1800 importance in religious terms, it was in etics moral time. Now it plays no major role in the direction, although there still live some members of the religious community in the city. The town was from its foundation for being able to manufacture and supply its inhabitants with all the necessities of

life. Back at that time is really only gingerbread bakery and sausage-production.

Among the buildings that remain from the early days of the church, or you could rather call it a house of prayer, as there are no altar or pulpit in it.

It serves the so-called love meal consisting of tea and honey bread, a symbol of Holy Thursday meal Jesus ate with his Apostles, where the Eucharist was instituted. In addition, says sister and brothers house back, a kind of home for unmarried and widows.

Most peculiar of all the things we saw was kir-kegården, brought in shape of a cross. At the entrance gate reads: It is sown in corruption over when leaving the cemetery says: It is raised in incorruption. At the cemetery is located graves in straight rows or serial number, men on the left and women on the right.

We could have gone much further in Christiansfeldt, but time was short and after one hour we were crammed into the bus and continued south through Haderslev and on to Aabenraa. Here we saw some bullet holes gen-nem a few betonlysmaster and we were reminded of the fighting April 9, 1940.

As we approached the border at Kruså we passed a few memorials to Folke Bernedotte that had helped thousands of concentration camp

prisoners across the border just before the German Reich collapse in 1945. Although he fell for killer hand some years later, when he was in UN service worked in Israel.

The crossing of the border did not take long, although there were many cars and travelers to be processed, and soon we found ourselves on the southern side of the border and before we got to see us, we were in Flensburg.

Flensburg

We now received instruction on where we had to move and when we would gather at the bus. It was wonderful to be able to stroll a few pieces together up through the main street, called Norderstrasse. We noticed that there were many old houses in this street, and there were commercial premises by mighty warehouses towards the harbor. It recalls that Flensburg also in the past has been a very large and thriving port and business city. At the northern exit we noticed a funny old freestanding port named Nordertor. It turned out to be the old city gate from the time when the city was protected behind walls. All traffic from the north went through this port. Today, the road around it, because there would be traffic jams on it.

Around 18 o'clock we were all together again. Most of us had made purchases in the city of chocolate,

toffee o. P. V.. So we had more luggage than before.

Mürwick

Within 20 minutes, we found the German youth hostel in Mürwick. The hostel was at the top of the ridge that ran along the Flensburg fjord south side, so there was a magnificent view from here.

The hostel was beautiful and modern furnishings, and bunks we were assigned was clean and good, so we had all conditions to sleep well that it tricks in some cases, due to a few of us were more obvious for fun and games than night's sleep.

The result of this turmoil was that all the boys next morning was a game of Herberg guard and the next night to sleep in the basement, where conditions, however, was at least as good. After breakfast, which consisted of coffee, rolls and jam, smeared ourselves an open sandwich package that was put in our luggage and then we went to town with Duburg school that first goal.

Duborg skolen

The school is located in the place where Queen Margrethes proud slot Duburg lay. The school is a large red brick building with three wings. It is Danish, but adapted for South Schleswig conditions.

Its teaching staff is Danish, but everyone must be able to speak German in order to cope with the special train-

ing.

One can take both lower secondary education and matriculation from here, and students can study further bårde by Danish and German universities.

Under the leadership of school cop we were led into the banquet hall where we were to participate in the common morning song. We arrived in good time and took the opportunity to look at the beautiful stained glass windows and all the other images and inscriptions on the walls. All testified that nowhere is Danish culture set so high as here where you

must fight to preserve it.

After a special Duburg anthem, which we did not know, we sang Johs. V. Jensen "Where smiles phages the Danish coast', and then 'The blessed day."

Rector greeted us before he went to work, and we then went out to the long staircase that leads down to the beautiful new Danish library.

We were all fascinated by this beautiful building, which is furnished with a library, reading room, music room and auditorium.

There was time for another small





strøgtur before we drove out to the hostel and ate hot dinner, which consisted of goulash with green peas and potatoes and a chocolate pudding for dessert. Fed and armed with our sandwiches package ran. we against Schleswig.

Sankelmark

Ved Sankelmark gjorde vi et nyt ophold og studerede omhyggeligt det danske og det østrigske mindesmærke for de ved træfningen der den 6. februar 1864 faldne soldater. Historien fortæller, at den danske bagtrop ved tilbagetrækningen fra Dannevirkestillingen blev forfulgt af en østrigsk fortrop, med hvilken de tog kampen op. Denne kamp var både hård og blodig, men den sikrede de danske troppers tilbagetrækning til Dybbøl, før østrigerne optog ikke forfølgelsen af den danske hær.

Isted

Shortly before we reached Schleswig, we drove Isted Moor and within us hummed it:

It was a summer morning,
even before it was day,
when yppedes on the heath
a Holger Danish battle.

It was at Isted heat
and then in Upper Stoltk
for old Denmark's honor,
then fought the Danish people.

Gottorp slot

Arrived in the town of Schleswig, we drove immediately to the Gottorp Castle, where we stopped.

At first we were inside the so-called Nydamshus where we saw the well-preserved ancient ship, which was found by NYDAN. There was also many beautiful things in leather, bronze, iron and silver from the same period of our common history. Most impressed we were by the very beautiful and well-preserved bog body, either in the case of human sacrifice, natural death or death by accident gives us important infor-



mation about the term culture.

In the museum we also saw a few of the oldest preserved pants and some old hudesko in a cut that showed that old knew how to make footwear that ba-de was beautiful and practical.

Our tickets also applied to the Castle itself, where there is a museum of 60 rooms. It was an experience to walk through the many rooms and halls and look at things from different historical periods, but no depth could be no question, there was no time when our trip had also Dan-nevirke as a plank.

After 1½ hour we were again in the bus on the way out towards the Old Ochsenweg and Thyra Violence.

Dannevirke

Only a few km from Schleswig outer district was a small village called Grosse Dannewerke and al-



most built together with it, the village Kleine Dan-newerke, and here broke through the Old Ochsenweg (Military Road) Dannevirke.

In this place stood a board with a map of both the semi-circle of violence at Hedeby, Korwerke, the real old violence that runs south of Dan-

nevirke, as well as the actual Dannevirke, and this board gave information about violence various changes and improvements.

So we climbed the violence, which partly shrouded by grazing geese and sheep and was partly overgrown with scrub.



A few hundred meters ahead we took Valdemar Wall and was impressed that this wall dating from about 1150 and is the first Danish edifice of burnt stones, yet stood so beautiful both in color and stone writings.

Slesvig

Again back to Schleswig, as we soon discovered consisted of a beautiful and funny old center.

We were allowed even to walk around town and look for a place to eat our lunch.

Some of us took the opportunity to see the beautiful cathedral, which we regret, others would rather look at the windows cheap chocolate.

In the middle of the city street lived a Danish merchant who some years ago started business here. When we were inside with him to act; we got a piece of chocolate in addition, even if we did not buy anything, but just oozed.

However, we had returned to our hostel, before it was too late. Our leaders should prepare packed lunches for the following day, and we would ideally to bed in good time to be rested for the next day, which we knew had a great program.

It quickly became quiet everywhere except in the staff room from which strange smells of bread, salami, cheese, pâté needed, and where you

heard the rustle of paper, but 40 lunches by 6 half in each, gotta leave its mark.

The next morning at. 7 were all up and had packed and did so purely in the bedrooms for we at. 7:30 went to dinner and ate breakfast, cleaned the side, helped with the dishes, and finally at. 8 we sat back in the dear bus on the way to new adventures that could not wait for the right time.

Skovlund/Schafflund

The first was called Skovlund (in German Schafflund). Here is a Danish school where the chairman of the South Schleswig Danish party, Karl Otto Meyer's teacher.

The school has only 12 students, we sang morning sang with them and then we sang a Danish patriotic song. Karl Otto Meyer kept then a voice for us it is often very difficult work in a minority school.

Afterwards, we saw the girls work in a small school kitchen decorated in the basement. This team cookery class students were gathered from four schools.

We thanked, because we saw how the cultural work going on here in the borders, where each small school is a cultural center, where you often organize small chapels and baptizing children of Danish-minded parents.

Through the flat low-lying fields we drove to Bredstedt, located in the marsh. Many farms are artificially



constructed embankments of the water should not reach them.

Husum

Between Bredstedt and Husum located further south, almost bordering on the old Ditmarsken, we turned west on a small island called Nordstrand and by a causeway connected with the mainland.

Here we had the opportunity to see how the marshes are formed and indiges, and we saw how thousands of oxen and sheep grazed on the field surrounded by canals. The sheep had been painted green or red

patch on the abdomen or in the neck, so you could see if that was whose.

In Husum, there was a mighty gather shed for marsh country's cattle, which is being shipped south by rail or car.

Husum, fog city, is a thriving town. Additionally allowed time not that we were there for long, as the way to Grenaa were several mil long.

It walked briskly home. Without customs difficulties we escaped across the border. We made a little stay in Vejle to stretch the legs, act we could not when our currency was almost exhausted.

Around. 18:35 we rolled into Grenaa filled with impressions from a nice three-day camp schools in a country that was once part of Denmark, which over time has been a pawn in the political game between nations. Now the German territory, but is greatly influenced by an old Danish culture as it is our duty to support everything we abilities, not to get the country back, but to build an outpost position for our country's culture.

On 10th October 1962.