

The coming week was to be spent far away from lecture halls and city streets; in the international student centre at Hald, and so on Monday morning, the last minute packing completed, we left the hotel by coach at 9.30. The day was fine and sunny as we sped through the lake district, stopping first to look round a ruined monastery, and again at Sky Mountain where we ate lunch. This "mountain" is only five hundred feet high; for though there are many beautiful lakes in Denmark, there are no mountains between them, and the top of this hill is the highest natural point in the country, although the tip of the television transmitter is even taller. The view from this hill was really magnificent and after lunch we walked down through the woods to the lake, picking bilberries as we went. At the landing

This large country house was owned by a Dane, who during the war collaborated with the Germans; so in 1945 the house was taken from him to be used as a centre for students from all over the world. Here we were to live for a few days with students from some fifteen different nations - Dutch, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and many others. One student had been wounded during the Korean war fighting for the South Korean army.

After each meal there was an appeal for volunteers to wash up, lay the tables, or peel potatoes, and this usually meant each person doing one task at some time during the day. Apart from this the time was our own to read or row on the lake, to cycle, (these could be borrowed for one shilling a half day), or play table tennis, or just wander around the countryside. At night various activities were arranged, such as piano concerts, talks, or country dancing. On Wednesday, a visit to the Red Cross Sanatorium had been arranged for the members of our course, and we also took some of the other students along who were interested. A tour round the extensive hospital was conducted by the superintendent. The highlight of the tour was a demonstration of a large model electric railway, on which some half dozen trains were directed through model stations in tiny villages, past the old mill wheel slowly turning, then into a long tunnel and out again into fields in which cattle were grazing. Here we stayed for nearly twenty minutes, probably much more enthralled with this exciting model, than the young patients for whom it was intended. We met a few English physiotherapists and later had a marvellous time trying out the various machines designed to increase muscle power after operations. One particular machine was in the form of a horse saddle on a short bench which bucked and rolled when it was switched on. Towards the end of our tour one or two members of the party "volunteered" to undergo electrical treatment in which static electricity was passed through them making their hair stand on end, and short sparks dart

from their finger nails, though they felt perfectly normal the whole time. This machine is normally used for patients with persistent head aches who cannot be cured in other ways. After thanking the superintendent for his hospitality we had some light refreshment before walking back to Hald for dinner. Later that evening a folk dancing instructor led a class in Danish country dancing; some of the Danes being in national costume. Altogether it was very enjoyable and extremely popular.

The next day I visited the neighbouring town of Viborg and looked round the cathedral. As I did not arrive back at Hald until late afternoon I was too late to see a team of fellow British students beaten 3-2 at soccer by a team made up of students from European countries. That night the IMCC gave a dinner for all the people who had helped to make the visit a success, at which we observed the Danish custom of making speeches between courses instead of at the end of dinner. Afterwards a dance was held which went on until the early hours of Friday morning.

My friend from Liverpool worked with a Danish nurse at a T.B. Hospital in Cheshire during the first part of the vacation, and her home was in the town of Skive over in West Jutland. On learning that he was to visit Denmark she had invited him to call on her, as by that time she would be home again; so on Friday we borrowed cycles and rode to Skive. The town is about twenty four miles from Hald over gently undulating country which made very easy going. The nurse and her family were very pleased to see us and took us to visit the local sanatorium. This is a large white stone building surrounded by lawns set high up overlooking the sea. The matron showed us round and told us that from time to time patients are sent there from England to be treated.

As there were no lights on the cycles we wished to set off early to get back to Hald before dark, but Greta's mother insisted we stay until eight o'clock, to meet her son, who was studying English, and would be very disappointed if he should miss us. So, finally setting off at eight thirty, we cycled back in the dark. The journey seemed endless and fortunately for us we were able to use the cycle tracks round the towns where there was likely to be much traffic, although on the main road we went for miles without passing a single vehicle. Eventually we arrived at the centre at 10.40pm and the next day returned to Hobbies.