

My mom and Jess Thygesen

My parents and I was together with Jess Thygesen and his family. Jess Thygesen was director for the World Bank for many years. We generally went from Copenhagen to Bolzano by train. We had each our rest area and sleep area. We got good service and could sit at the food wagon and drink at the saloon wagon.

It was in 1965 to 1969 each year, as far as I remember.

We took a bus to our ski place, a small town of ca. 10,000. We stayed in a wooden hotel, more less in the town. Roadsigns was both written German and Italian. Northern Italy was former German. Christmas evening the Italian women and children went to church and the men went to the bar. Thygesen and our family went to the church, solely.

A few years later I was driving with my friends in Europe for a couple of month. I decided that I needed to go back to school and took the steam train from Thessaloniki to Copenhagen. I was 1 hour too late in Thessaloniki, but the steam train was 3 hours late. Sometimes the coal fumes was passing the wagons, a little smelly. Not like oil driven steam locomotives at the Copenhagen to Helsingør line. When we came to Idomeni Railway 5 hours late, it was difficult for the steam locomotive gliding from the rain, big mountains and a week headlight.

We came to the Idomeni Railway pass. Two Italian customs officers would see all the passports. He studied mine very much. He told me to leave the train. I left the train on the platform. I could speak English and German but, it never helped me, these people only spoke Italian.

Finally there came an English speaking man. He told me there were no other option than to take the train to Athens. I had nearly offered all my money on the ticket to Copenhagen. I had enough money for the train to Athens. It was midnight when I came to Athens.

I searched for and open hotel and asked a young man. I followed him to a bar where he introduced me to a lady. I told her I had no money and left the bar. Later I came in talk with a pair from America. They pointed me to a hotel and came up with 10 dragmar. I refrained.

I went into the first class hotel and went to sleep.

Next day I phoned my mom in Taarbæk north of Copenhagen. I explained my situation, that the customs officer believed that I had sold the Volvo, whereas I was only driving for the owner. I asked for money.

Mom was super. She spoke all over the place and stumbled over a previous neighbor who had a sister married to a teacher in English and German by the airplane pilots in Athens.

It is still the day I spoke to my mom. I went down the hotel bar and sat down with a coffee and mentioned that I had ordered some money from Denmark. One hour later the portiere came and said to me that money had arrived from Denmark.

My mom asked Jess Thygesen to send me some money. It must have been fast. I guess the moment he lifted the phone, the money was in a post office in Athens.

Later the next day I was speaking to the American friend, who told me that he was waiting for over a to see his money from Bank Of America.

Later that day I met with the teacher. During the next 14 days we went all over Athens and spoke to customs officers, police officers, Greek radio, etc.

In the end we spoke to the minister's secretary. He was sitting in a very big hall behind a desk, with 4 chairs of it. It was the only furniture in an otherwise beautiful hall. My teacher spoke for me. Our visit was nearly half an hour. We left and my teacher explained, while running.

I had two hours to leave country.

I packed my stuff at the hotel and drive with a TAXI and my teacher to the Airport.

The short ticket I could get was a ticket to Zurich. I did not have money enough. My teacher drove to the nearest bank and returned afterwards. I managed to get out in the transit hall, while the officers looked the other way.