

ARRIVING IN DENMARK

Josy left with the children from Philadelphia airport in mid-September 1957 bound for Idlewood (later to be renamed John F. Kennedy Airport) in New York City. From there, after a couple hours wait they boarded an SAS flight early in the evening for Copenhagen. It was a propeller plane. The flight from New York to Denmark would take eleven hours.

They occupied three seats at the very front of the airplane. On the wall directly in front of them hung a metal contraption. It looked like a kind of basket of the type used in some restrooms as a changing table for infants. This was to have been Marty's "seat", since he was not yet two and paying only ten percent fare. That he was a chubby youngster weighing close to thirty pounds made it impossible for him to fit inside. The eleven-hour ride proved miserable for everybody.

Josy and the children were the only Americans on board. All the other passengers were Danes returning home after a summer in the United States. Josy, not knowing a single word of Danish, found it impossible to communicate with any of them. A physician friend back in Philadelphia who had given them all flu shots just before they left had prescribed a sedative for the children to be given at the start of the trip. It should work well to calm them down on the long flight, he had told her. Malva and Lois reacted well. Sleeping through most of the night. But Marty, instead of calming down, became over-stimulated. All night long he kept pointing to the rotating propellers outside the plane window, calling shrilly over and over again, "Look, Mommy, 'or-plane' outside! Look, Mommy, 'or-plane' outside!" To the repeated admonitions of "She" hissed at her from all directions throughout the entire night, Josy found it impossible to even say, "I'm sorry" in Danish, let alone to calm him down.

She rode with Marty on her lap. The girls slept fitfully, waking at around five in the morning cranky and ill rested. At about six a message from the captain came over the loudspeaker.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "we are now passing over Edinburgh, Scotland."

Excited and thrilled that she was about to catch her very first glimpse of Europe, Josy stood up. And Malva picked that very moment to throw up.

Putting Marty down, Josy turned to attend to Malva. By the time she had cleaned her up, wiped her face, changed her clothing, comforted her, and gotten things settled, all she could see below through the window was mist with an occasional break in the cloud cover. Nothing showed but a vast expanse of ocean. So much for the long first glimpse of Europe she had been looking forward to so eagerly.

They landed in Copenhagen about ten in the morning exhausted, bedraggled, totally spent. The day was gray, overcast and depressing, an early prelude to the Danish winter weather that lay ahead.