

ES & THE Newsletter

News from the English Speaking Community Club
Founded 1979

Late Summer 2019

Upcoming Events



The Club is inviting you to our anniversary cruise.
We will set sail on September 8th.

More information on this inside this issue and on our newly reworked website.

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Welcome aboard The
ESCC's 40th Anniversary
Celebration Cruise with
Silja Line to Helsinki!

We set sail from Värta-
hamnen on Sunday Sep-

tember 8th at 5:00pm ...
and return to Stockholm at
9:30am on Tuesday Sep-
tember 10th 2019.

This special event includes
2 buffet breakfasts and 2

buffet dinners.

Celebrating the ESCC's
40th Anniversary, the
Club is offering this Cru-
ise at some 40% discount.

Dear Members! Please contact a member of the Board with any information/ideas about future activities and events. The next issue of The Newsletter will come out early November, so we will continue to keep our membership informed of activities by e-mail and thru our website in the interim.

About the ESCC

The English Speaking Community Club (ESCC) was founded in Stockholm in 1979. It is a non-profit organization oriented toward the educational, cultural, and social needs of Sweden's English-speaking community. The majority of members are from English-speaking countries, namely the U.S.A. and British Commonwealth, but the Club welcomes anyone with an interest in the English language. For complete membership details please contact our membership secretary, Peter Dulley.

About the Newsletter

The ESCC Newsletter is published throughout the year. Contributions should be e-mailed to the editor. Please include "ESCC" in the subject line. Small, non-business advertisements are free of charge to members when space is available.

The opinions expressed in the Newsletter do not necessarily reflect the views held by the ESCC, and the Club takes no responsibility for any goods or services advertised in the Newsletter.

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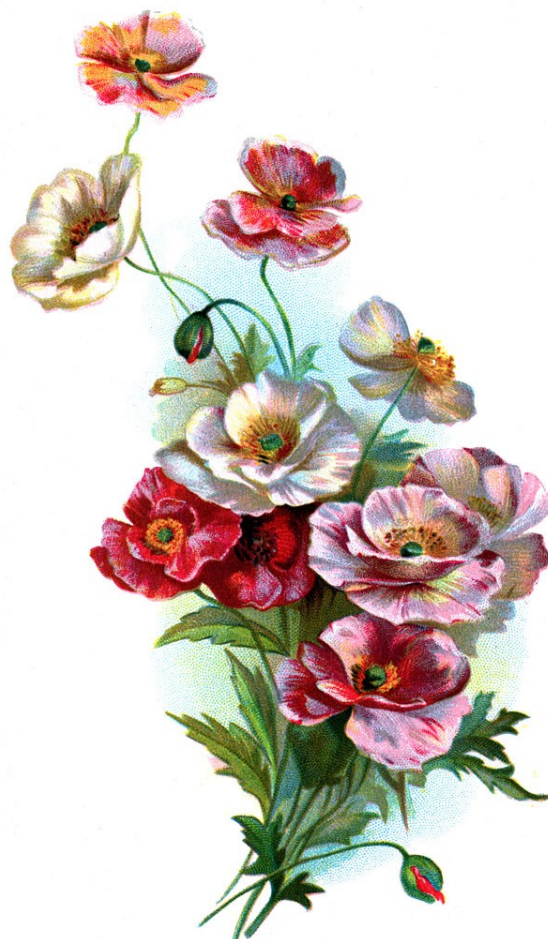
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Welcome, New Members!

Don't see your friends names here? Please invite them to join the Club.



Featured Event

40th Anniversary Celebration Cruise

Welcome aboard The ESCC's 40th Anniversary Celebration Cruise with Silja Line to Helsinki!

We set sail from Värtahamnen on Sunday, September 8th at 4:45 pm... and return to Stockholm at 9:30 am on Tuesday, September 10th 2019.

This special event includes 2 buffet breakfasts and 2 buffet dinners.

Celebrating the ESCC's 40th Anniversary, the Club is offering this Cruise at some 40% discount: SEK 1.150 for single occupancy ... or SEK 895 for double occupancy of an "A-cabin"or alternatively SEK1.090 / SEK 860 for a "Promenade cabin".

The first 25 paid-up members to register before Wednesday, August 7th was guaranteed a place. If still available, more places can be booked between the 7th and 30th of August.

Please register by paying the respective amount per person to our ESCC PG account, 123045-7, on or before the 30th of August. Silja Line requires the name, birthdate (DDMMYY) and nationality of each passenger. If you have a Club One Membership number, please provide that to get credit.

A-cabins have sea views, and Promenade cabins have views of the seven-deck high promenade, most of the 200-meter length of the Ship. All the cabins are 11m², with two single beds that can be moved together, TV, radio, shower, and hairdryer.

If you have any questions or want to register after the 7th of August please contact William Farlow at 073-310 3595 or william.farlow@esc.se.



***Bring your sea
legs and have a
merry time***

The Inter-Coastal Waterway Taxi

Today, Fort Lauderdale, Florida, is practically just around the corner. Direct flights from Arlanda and other major cities in Scandinavia land in Fort Lauderdale Airport every single day. Norwegian Air and SAS compete for your patronage with rebated prices, low-fare days and early booking discounts.

I know, everyone wants to see Miami Beach, Key West and the Everglades – all not far away and easy to get to by rental cars with probably the cheapest rental fees in the USA. This story is not about a car trip but a boat trip. The only reason you might need a car is to get you to the dock – parking no problem. Many of you who have visited Florida's east coast know that there is a geographical entity known as the Inter Coastal Waterway. It comprises a string of islands stretching up along the U.S. east coast that can be sailed for 1100 miles (1800 km) from Miami to Norfolk, Virginia, just south of Washington, D.C., without having to face the waves and winds of the open Atlantic.

The Waterway has been tied to the mainland with so many bridges that many visitors never know that it exists. It follows the iconic Route 1 or the more modern Route 95 right up to the northern border of Florida and beyond. This article is only about the stretch passing Fort Lauderdale.

As we walked across the SE 17th Street Bridge in the mornings, we could see the bright yellow-painted boats stopping and passing below. It was our hotel concierge who informed us that the yellow boats were like the hop-on-hop-off buses you see in most larger cities. These water taxis plied north and south of Fort Lauderdale. When we drove down to the taxi dock next to the 15th Street Fisheries Restaurant – a marvelous eatery that you'd never find unless you owned a boat – we were informed that it cost \$22 (180 kr) up-bound (north) and \$16 (131 kr) down-bound (south) per person. The tickets were good for 24 hours in either direction.

We had been in Fort Lauderdale many times earlier, but from the water we saw it with new eyes.

The street tells you little of the Waterway coastline. Much of the seaview is blocked either by large hotels or wealthy gated communities that you don't get into unless invited by a guest or resident. From the water taxi, the skipper or first mate, who also act as guides inform you about the passing parade of Fort Lauderdale wonders. We leisurely peered into the small private canals and into the windows of the waterfront mansions. At the docks of these plush winter vacation houses huge power yachts were moored. We passed under numerous bridges, waterfront bars and restaurants – stopped at many of these where passengers got on and off. The boat made a small detour into one of the tributaries of the Everglade River. Suddenly we were in the middle of central Fort Lauderdale with tall office buildings towering above us. We got off the boat and landed on the charming River Walk at the *Las Olas Riverfront* where at Esplanade Park families were sitting on the grass or, on park benches enjoying picnics. Vendors were selling hamburgers, tacos, soft drinks or beer by the bottle or cupful and a Mexican mariachi band was played on a small bandstand.

Back on the next boat going north we powered all the way up to Oakland Park Blvd. which is in North Lauderdale, stopping at two renowned waterfront bistros lying side by side almost on the same dock, the lively *Shooters Waterfront* otherwise known as the "Flip Flops Dockside Eatery" (with their Sunday all-you-can-eat dinner for \$7) and the more elegant *Bokampers Bar & Grill*. This was the last stop and the boat turned around.

The following morning, we took the \$16 tour south. This is, perhaps, a bit less picturesque but very impressive since our taxi boat passed the Port Everglades Cruise Terminal where the enormous cruise ships awaiting their passengers towered above us. The Waterway passed through a low-lying state park with vegetation growing to the water's edge. The First Mate told us that this was how Florida looked when the Seminoles lived there. He pointed out that there were no palm trees here. Like much

else, the famous Florida palms had been imported. All that the first settlers found in Florida besides swamps and malaria were brush-like trees, and more of the same.

To our surprise, at its first stop, after leaving Fort Lauderdale, the large fancy double deck water taxi came to its last stop. Joining all the other passengers, we had to get off. To continue our voyage we were transferred to a small, but not uncomfortable, 30-foot open taxi boat painted in traditional yellow with a canvas Bimini top, plastic benches around the insides and a large engine cover sitting in the middle. We were the only two passengers onboard. At the controls was a young man of college-age, and at his side, older man with the four stripe captain markings on his epaulets, both dressed in white shirts and khaki slacks. As we later found out, this was the youngster's virgin voyage. The older man was an experienced captain overseeing the younger man's boat-handling.

All went well until the last stop in Hallendale, a Hollywood, suburb (yes, there is also a Hollywood in Florida). The older captain was not satisfied with the way the younger man was docking the boat. Luckily, the boat had huge steel and rubber bumpers mounted on the bow. Unluckily for us, he made at least a dozen attempts slamming into the wrong part of the dock each time – and I mean *slamming* into the dock – each failed attempt was getting more and more desperate. It was almost a teeth-shattering experience. I still don't understand why they did this exercise with us – paying passengers – aboard. The older captain later apologized explaining that there was a 5-mph current flowing just there and the younger man had to learn how make a proper mooring despite the current pulling him downstream. Anyhow, we survived the rest of the voyage, enjoyed the remainder of our waterway tour all the way back to where we started and celebrated over an excellent lunch at the Fisheries.

David Kushner

See the images 

*'enormous cruise
ships awaiting
their passengers
towered above
us'*

Events in the ESCC Pipeline

We are busy planning interesting and fun events for our members. Keep an eye on the website for information about these events:

We will have a book reading from American author Florence Wetzel in October

Anita Coté-Irestrand is planning the Halloween and Thanksgiving event.

**UPCOMING
EVENTS**

Valerie is organizing a 40th Anniversary Dinner.

On Wednesday September 25 at 18:00 there will be a mingle and dinner at Hotell Tapto. Paid up ESCC members will pay 40 sek of the 175 sek price for dinner; the Club will subsidize the remaining 135 sek per person. More info soon on our brand new website: www.escc.se



THE GARDEN ISLE

By Mandy Tricket

It's the middle of the night when we arrive on the Hawaiian island of Kauai, our senses overcome by the sticky darkness of a tropical night. Leaving the airport, we plunge into blackness with just our headlights and a tiny flashlight for map reading. We know that one of Kauai's nicknames is "the Dark Isle" with very few lights at night, and boy, is that appropriate. It's a shame not to see our surroundings during our half-hour drive and, as we fumble with condo keys and lug suitcases from the car in the wee small hours, we put our curiosity on hold. A few hours later, our first day on "the Garden Isle" (another of Kauai's nicknames) starts with a raucous dawn chorus. "There'll be no sleeping in for us on this vacation", I grumble, pulling the sheet over my head and mentally groping to remember that Kauai has yet another nickname, "the Chicken Isle", because of the huge numbers of feral fowl ... more of them, in fact, than resident humans. Apparently the forebears of today's birds were domestic escapees during the devastating hurricane Iniki in 1992, and now, it's we humans who have the ruffled feathers. Do you know how to cook a rooster asks a lady who runs a jewelry booth near Poipu Beach, an area that has so many chickens, the birds lay eggs inside store booths. You put it in a pot with a lava stone. When the rock gets soft, you still have two more hours to go. So, if you can't eat 'em, I guess there's just no getting around that distinctive wake-up call. Don't get me wrong: Kauai is gorgeous. No wonder so many movies have been filmed on Kauai, at least in part: South Pacific, Fantasy Island, Gilligan's Island, Pirates of the Caribbean, King Kong. The whole place is a riot of white frangipani, fruiting banana trees, palm trees rattling in the wind, yellow and blue strelitzia, flamboyant hibiscus, pale pink oleander and trees draped with dendrobi-



um orchids. Lush, verdant, luxuriant. The weather gives us three seasons in a day. Officially, there are seven microclimates on Kauai, but we just know that if it's raining in one place, there are warm breezes and sunny skies not too far away. And to appreciate the vegetation of a tropical rain forest, there has to be rain, right? Apparently, Kauai's Wai'ale'ale is one of the wettest place on earth with more than 400 inches of rain annually, and up at the island's signature Waimea Canyon ... the Grand Canyon of the Tropics ... the wind has a chill edge to it, bringing out the sweat-tops. We're up at about 3,500 feet, after all. Up there in the mountains, we are gobsmacked by our two favourite spots ... the main Waimea Canyon viewpoint, full of folks with selfie sticks, big smiles and wind-spiked hair, and the dramatic Kalalau Lookout. From here, we have the perfect view of the Kalalau Valley, aka the Kalalau Cathedrals: great knife-edge buttresses (too jagged for any roads) sweeping down directly into the sea. They dwarf the helicopters that give tourists an up-

close and personal look at terrain featured in the Jurassic Park movies. Quintessential Kauai. But the Hawaiian Islands are also about exquisite beaches. Kauai has 43 of them, where bikini belles are eye candy for muscular surfer dudes, children run in and out of the waves shrieking with delight, and families cluster round coolers and picnic lunches. Even here, those ubiquitous roosters forage right down to the sand, hoping for scraps. Our favourite beach is Ha'ena Beach Park, a lovely stretch of soft, hot-between-your-toes sand found after traversing at least seven single-lane bridges, at a point where the shoestring of a road expires. There's also Lydgate Beach, or Kealia Beach with its lovely coastal cycle path, and ever-popular, crescent-shaped Hanalei Beach.

We pop into quaint little Hanalei town, with its beach boutiques, surf shops and funky eateries with offbeat names like Kalypso with a 'k'. We browse Kapa with its brightly coloured, lowrise shop-fronts touting T-shirts, sarongs, and seashells. These towns have a laid-back, hippie feel to them, with little old cabins painted turquoise, forest green and ochre; deep shaded verandahs stuffed with surf boards and snorkel gear, festooned with beach towels and muumuus. They're full of Shave Ice, Bubba Burgers, Tiki Man Pizza and Tropical Tacos, an eclectic mix of funky and



fine. We eat at coconut stalls, the lime green Shrimp Station restaurant, and pig out on giant local prawns, lomi-lomi salmon and poke (pronounced pok-eh), which reminds us of sushi without the rice or rolling. And who can forget those oh-so-sweet pineapples? The diet will return once we're back home. There is such diversity of natural beauty here on Kauai that we are spoiled for choice. We "ooh" and "aah" at waterfalls and at the Spouting Horn, where the ocean leaps 50 feet into the air at every 7th wave. We drive through the Tunnel of Trees, an avenue of gracefully overarching eucalyptus trees originally planted back in Kauai's early sugar plantation days. We stroll ancient heiau cultural sites once used for sacrifice rituals or to celebrate the dawn or as places of refuge. We immerse ourselves in lush vegetation at the Allerton / McBride National Botanical Gardens, exploring Hawaiian Life Canoe Plants, Native Plant Gardens, the Spice of Life trail, the Reading Palm trail and the Biodiversity trail until our feet complain stridently and we must stop our meanderings. And we enjoy exotic birds like the signature Hawaiian néné geese, red-footed boobies, the kolea (Pacific Golden Plover) and even a visiting frigate bird riding the thermals above the Kilauea Lighthouse. Even in our condo gardens, mynah



birds strut, Java sparrows and cardinals are bright spots of colour, egrets scout for insects.

Our time on the island rushes by far too quickly. We get used to those feral fowl and to having sand in all the wrong crevices. We appreciate the laid-back tempo of life here. For some,

the familiarity of being in a North American environment (good roads, health care, recognizable food) is welcome. Others have a bolder sense of adventure, seeking out hikes, scuba diving, ocean rafting or zip-lining. Yet others want to pursue cultural aims, exploring museums, ancient temples and reminders of history.

But for every taste, the Garden Isle is truly an island of discovery, catering to all these activities and then some. I'm willing to bet my last sip of mai-tai that a leisurely stay on Kauai can give you the best of all worlds.





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Community Club

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Friend us on
Facebook!

The Back Side

A not so elderly (65) lady said something to her son about driving a jalopy. He looked at her quizzically and asked, "What the heck is a jalopy?" OMG (new phrase), he had never heard of the word jalopy.

So they went to the computer and pulled up a picture from the movie, "The Grapes of Wrath". Now that was a jalopy!

About a month ago, I illuminated some old expressions that have become obsolete because of the inexorable march of technology. These phrases included "Don't touch that dial", "Carbon copy", "You sound like a broken record" and "Hung out to dry." A bevy of readers have asked me to shine light on more faded words and expressions, and I am happy to oblige.

Back in the olden days we had a lot of moxie. We'd put on our best bib and tucker and straighten up and fly right. Hubba-hubba! We'd cut a rug in some juke joint and then go necking and petting, smooching and spooning, billing and cooing and pitching woo in hot rods and jalopies in some passion pit or lovers' lane. Heavens to Betsy! Gee whillikers! Jumping Jehoshaphat! Holy moley! We were in like Flynn and living the life of Riley, and even a regular guy couldn't accuse us of being a knucklehead, a nincompoop or a pill. Not for all the tea in China!

Back in the olden days, life used to be swell, but when's the last time anything was swell? Swell has gone the way of beehives, pageboys and the D.A., of spats, knickers, fedoras, poodle skirts, saddle shoes and pedal pushers. Oh, my aching back. Kilroy was here, but he isn't anymore.

Like Washington Irving's Rip Van Winkle and Kurt Vonnegut's Billy Pilgrim, we have become unstuck in time. We wake up from what surely has been just a short nap, and before we can say, "I'll be a monkey's uncle" or "This is a fine kettle of fish", we discover that the words we grew up with, the words that seemed as omnipresent as oxygen, have vanished with scarcely a notice from our tongues, our pens and our keyboards.

Poof, poof, poof go the words of our youth, the words we've left behind. We blink, and they're gone, evanesced from the landscape and wordscape of our perception, like Mickey Mouse wristwatches, hula hoops, skate keys, candy cigarettes, little wax bottles of colored sugar water and an organ grinder's monkey.

Where have all those phrases gone? Long time passing. Where have all those phrases gone? Long time ago. Pshaw. The milkman did it. Think about the starving Armenians. Bigger than a bread box. Banned in Boston. The very idea! It's your nickel. Don't forget to pull the chain. Knee high to a grasshopper. Turn-of-the-century. Iron curtain. Domino theory. Fail safe. Civil defense. Fiddlesticks! You look like the wreck of the Hesperus. Cooties. Going like sixty. I'll see you in the funny papers. Don't take any wooden nickels. Heavens to Murgatroyd! And awa-a-ay we go! Oh, my stars and garters!

It turns out there are more of these lost words and expressions than Carter had liver pills. This can be disturbing stuff, this winking out of the words of our youth, these words that lodge in our heart's deep core. But just as one never steps into the same river twice, one cannot step into the same language twice. Even as one enters, words are swept downstream into the past, forever making a different river.

We of a certain age have been blessed to live in changeful times. For a child each new word is like a shiny toy, a toy that has no age. We at the other end of the chronological arc have the advantage of remembering there are words that once did not exist but there are also words that once strutted their stuff upon the earthly stage and now are heard no more, except in our collective memory. It's one of the greatest advantages of aging. We can have archaic and eat it, too.

Submitted by Mandy
not written by her.

Please do remember to check out our new website www.escc.se.

And when you do that, please make sure we have your correct e-mail.

You can use the "contact us" form on our website to send in your updated e-mail, and when you do that, please do leave me (the editor LEE) any comments or suggestions that you might have that will help us build a better information platform for you and all our members.

www.escc.se