

Holiday memories from 1968 to 1995

Before I start starting with the holiday memories, I want to think shortly and loud about what is actually vacation. Class trips, educational leave and business trips are no holiday from my view. Here can not be freely planned, so by a self, something. Here comes my first holiday with the whole 5-headed family. It went towards Lake Constance and then see. We wanted to always try an accommodation in the evening. Immediately that was not before. There we have children

And the mom sleeps on a car park in the car and the dad on a lounge outdoor.

Otherwise, we have seen a lot from Lake Constance and the island Mainau.

The Mainau was for my dad fitting like a business trip for his preference of plants and flowers.

From there we are in Switzerland. Here we were at the Rhinefall of Schaffhausen.

When we wanted to leave Switzerland, the border officers had something against it.

The passports of our parents had expired. Then you probably asked by phone and then we could enter Germany again.

I had now seen everything now and just waited for a street sign with the print

“Oberlahnkreis”. Then I knew that it is not far away. This holiday was about 1968 to 1970.

The next holiday had long had to wait and was in the Netherlands in the summer of 1976. Our chairman has a contact with Douwe Jacobs from Zevenaar (PA0DJZ). The Dutch city of Zevenaar has been a partner city of Weilburg since 1962. Now we had a host and already we drove with 6 people for a long weekend in the Netherlands. We had a nice little hotel with the hopeful name "Harmony". When we are for two nights

Accommodation was at both evenings a wedding. On the second evening we wanted to finish the evening with a beer. There was a guest at the counter at Hotel

Harmonie, the cuckoo said. Then we came behind it that his last name was cuckoo.

We also learned that our interlocutor is Didam's city director. And then our guest to drink for coffee the next day in the morning. The next day we wondered if we really want to visit the Lord Cuckoo. Maybe he did not tell his wife that he has invited 6 amazing to coffee. So alien, I do not see it wild. So good, it depends on when you meet us. We also work hardly to always look wild. When we were so superior to the Lord Cuckoo came to us and asked us to follow. I have to say that was a very nice not planned morning at a nice couple. There was coffee and biscuits and great

entertainment. However, we were the most of Douwe and his wife in the garden behind the house.

This short of this will followed one and then you lost your eyes.

The next holiday had something of a service character. We stayed in Privas for 2 weeks in France. Privas has been a partner city of Weilburg since 1958. So the partnership is as old as me. Who is we, that's exactly what our chairman (DK4ZQ), my neighbor (DB5ZZ) and I (DB7FP). We drove the wide path over Switzerland to Chamonix (actually Chamonix Mont-Blanc). We visited the Rhone Glacier before. There stayed and the next day then drove to Privas. Planned were 14 days tent holidays. When the tents stood there was a surface of beer first. The next day that was about so on. There was also culture with local red wine. When my neighbor and I went down the street to the campsite once in the evening, we heard music from a big house clapped down the street. We went a gravel road high from where the music came. Halfway came us about 5 to 6 Young people face and talked French. They surrounded us and we said that we come from Weilburg. Then we should go with them and on the big house was a meadow. Here tables and benches were similar to a beer table set. Then there was a barbecue and drinks. We found a simple solution for the language problem, we talked about English without paying attention to the correct grammar. Here you have experienced unexpectedly what friendship means.

Radio was even without resonance. My neighbor and I went shopping every day mornings. We wanted to feed us as fresh as possible, so fresh as possible from the can. But in the morning, the supermarket was closed. We went back and brought our driver the merry clientele. We looked pretty poorly without red wine and what to eat. Suddenly, the woman from the neighboring tent came to us, and gave us a bottle of red wine and a baguette. The language and the license plate to a French couple. But we returned the next day. The holiday was nice and the weather was also very good. Unfortunately, the 14 days had passed too fast.

In 1978 we have been again in Privas. This time again with our chairman and 3 members of the Amateur radio club Weilburg. This time without a guest license because the French post office 50 France wanted for a 3-month guest license. In the previous year (1977) she was still free. This time we were three with my old light blue Opel Kadett in Marseille. We had heard that there are the best roasted pumpkin seeds in Marseille. We did not find the seeds but lost our car. We stood on a place

on the 4 or 5 streets star-shaped on us. And then there was a gendarm and we sent the best French skills to the gendarm. And the time we knew the road at which we found. Great, car there, journey home to Privas and then back in Privas. It's so easy to have a place really nice. Unfortunately we did not have a camera to make evidence or scene pictures. Also, these 14 days went over like every vacation too fast. We have never been in privas as a radio amateurs.

During my private france in 1986, I made a small detour to privas on the drive from Marseille to Paris. It has not changed a lot.

From then on I was not on vacation until 1983.

In 1983 after the end of the diploma thesis was made with tent (our club tent of the amateur radio) table and folding chairs holiday in the former Yugoslavia. The beginning was hard because I wanted to build an autoradio and a window antenna quickly. And then I wanted to take a cap sleep. Everything went to sleep. So we first drove from Weilburg and Löhnberg to Frankfurt for a little break. Then it went from Frankfurt to Vienna without major breaks. There was a coffee break in Vienna. Then over the Werschitz and the Wurzenpass on Yugoslav side of the map. At a pass, my little Passat had to evaporate as we had reached the summit. At 18:00, we arrived at the campsite. Then the 4-person tent was built and then we both had a beer. Only bad was that our beer was nice warm. In the distress we drink also mulled wine breed. But actually campsites of this size have something ready for cooling. We asked and actually there were cool boxes and we had a key for our box. Now the camping could come. However, the beach was only made of fist-sized stones. Also, the water was not necessarily clean. So we decided after three days to drive a bit more southern. In a larger place we have filled our preferred things as important things like wine and cigarettes.

When we drove on, we reached the nature reserve Plitvice Lakes. Now that we did not want to build a tent anymore, we asked at the tourist info for a double room. The answer was a clear no and that within the radius of fifty kilometers. We still drove to look for a sign "room free". Suddenly a car drove with the license plate LM (the license plate from the district Limburg-Weilburg) in front of us. I acted light horn and horn, then overtook and drove right to the roadside. The car was driven by a woman from Yugoslavia but lives in Offheim and runs a Yugoslavian restaurant with her husband. And now she was on the way to visit her mother. We were also invited to Offheim (we have been there a little later) and have passed us again. We did not

have to drive far and we saw a shield room free. We then asked for a double room, and we already had an overnight accommodation. The room had something Scandinavian about it with lots of light wood. From here we started our tours in the nature reserve. We were also often in the lakes swim. The lakes were also extremely clean and clear. For the evening there was a rest stop with a nice interior. The waiter was amazed that we were able to have up to three cups of coffee in the evening. At the end we had a proper meal. The three-course menu would probably cost almost twice as much in Germany. Next year we wanted to take a short break in the spring. And so the time passed until the next short vacation. At first we had a long-distance relationship from Frankfurt to Darmstadt and back. I was in Frankfurt more often than my girlfriend was in Darmstadt. In the summer we were in Greece by plane. My girlfriend had read that this island is not so overcrowded. So booked a trip and went to the island of Zakynthos in the Ionian Sea. The island was really relatively quiet and there were quite a lot of holidaymakers from Great Britain. The restaurants in close proximity to our hotel are based on British cuisine. When I once wanted to eat moussaka, we had to walk a long way. However, there was another surprise. After about 4 days the sea washed up something, which looked like sea urchins but was of vegetable origin. Now bathing was no longer possible except sunbathing. Now we have a rental car, a 2CV duck in Charlston - borrowed look. We circumnavigated the island in 4 hours. Next was a visit to the mainland (Peloponnese) and a trip to Olympia. Here the fire is always lit with a concave mirror for the Olympics. What else can be seen on the island of Zakynthos are sea turtles that bury their eggs in the beach. Although the beach section is cordoned off, tourists always find a way there and dig up eggs as souvenirs from the island. The holiday was very instructive, however, with little sea water contact. When our vacation was over, a wheel loader came and put this sea urchin thing on a truck for transport. This vacation was a little different than other vacations.

In 1985 we spent a lot of money on our shared apartment. There was the furniture, wallpaper, carpeting and lots of paint for the woodchip wallpaper.

We got the curtains from my girlfriend's employer as a present

Also moved from Frankfurt city center to Frankfurt - Niederrad. So we thought we'd have a staycation vacation this time. We are a lot by bike been on the way. On the one hand there was a kind of ostrich inn between Egelsbach and Darmstadt and the Prinz von Hessengrube between Darmstadt and Dieburg. There is no entrance fee

here and there are no sanitary facilities. Here you can go topless or nudist. I've also done topless. We often went to a program cinema in Darmstadt. We also often went out to eat and stroll in Frankfurt and Darmstadt.

My girlfriend preferred to go for a stroll in Darmstadt to Frankfurt. Everything in Frankfurt is just too big for her. You can also make yourself comfortable at home, but then you have to spend some money.

In 1986 we took a short vacation over a long weekend. We wanted to go to Husum and camp. We didn't have a plan B because of sleeping in a tent. We were on Heligoland in one day and walked around the island. Suddenly my friend saw a construction container with her employer's company logo on a sand dune. The container was photographed immediately and work could continue. Translating from the ship to the island and back again was very adventurous. We were still in Sankt Peter Ording and looked at the area.

On the last evening it rained properly and then the storm. I had to go to the bathroom at around 2am. I first put on a hooded jacket and took a flashlight with me. It was about 50 m to the toilets.

That evening I thought to myself that I would never again camp by the sea at this time of year. Next time we'll take a vacation rental. So that was our first short break in the spring.

In the summer we wanted to spend 14 days camping in France. You may be wondering why my girlfriend is also interested in camping. Well, my girlfriend was in the Boy Scouts, and if they don't camp, who does?

And so it went on vacation to the Atlantic coast in France with subsequent camping. A sunset looking west is a beautiful sight. Then we continued south near Biarritz. The city offers the viewer beautiful insights into building culture and joie de vivre.

After three days we continued to Marseille because of the temperature. According to a well-known German tabloid newspaper, it should be 22 degrees in Marseille and only 18-19 degrees in Biarritz.

We drove along the Pyrenees to near Marseille. According to our camping guide, there should be a good campsite here and it was there, but closed. And so we drove to the next one without knowing whether it was closed. And lucky for you, it was open. When we saw where we had set up our tent the next day, we had an aha experience. We had built very close to the sea. The wind added to the low temperatures. The pouring of coffee from a thermos became a problem. The wind

Holiday memories from 1968 to 1995

blew the coffee off the cup. You had to show a little skill to get the cup full. That was fun times three.

We then decided to go to Paris very quickly, also because of love. We hoped that the city would be so kind to us that it would be warmer and dry. We wanted to look for a nice cozy campsite in one of the suburbs.

And before I knew it I was driving past the sign for Paris. So now we were right in the middle. Now our attention was on the sign for a campsite. And indeed there was such a sign. And that still had a lot of little sibling signs. When we found the spot and pitched our tent, it started to rain lightly. The sky above Paris opens its doors to a few drops of joy. We almost cried, that's how we felt. The next few days we were in Paris. We should have waited about 3 hours to visit the Eiffel Tower. We did a few sights and wanted to eat properly. Unfortunately we only found menus in French. What did you think, for example in Thai or Serbo-Croatian. You can just eat what you don't know what it's filled with or where the flavors come from.

Otherwise play the big bloke and then pinch the food. We finally found a restaurant with a German menu at the entrance. Only when we had ordered did we realize that we were in a Wienerwald restaurant. When the time was up we were looking forward to going home again.

On the way back, I realized that we didn't have any gifts with us for the relatives. I stopped at the next gas station and we looked around.

For me it should be something meaningful, something that I can use myself. Then my eye fell on a gold-colored bottle opener with a likeness

by Napoleon. It has to be him now, I called to my girlfriend. We used to give each other pet names. My friend was the mouse girl and I was the mouse man.

Sometimes we just use first names. That was the end of my vacation in France.

During the next vacation in 1987, my girlfriend wanted to fly to Israel.

The search for a suitable holiday took a little longer. Then we had found our vacation. A week for a biblical tour of the Holy Land and a week's beach holiday in Netanya on the Mediterranean.

We should be at Frankfurt Airport 2 hours earlier on the day of departure. The airline was called Arkia (never heard of). When we saw everything examined it was also clear with the 2 hours. For example, the suitcase was opened and examined by security personnel. In the process, the toothpaste tube

easily squeezed out and tried on the toothpaste. Something similar was also done with the deodorant spray in order to detect any trace of TNT. When everyone had been treated, we boarded the plane, a Boeing 707 (1987). flown we are on a Saturday, a day of rest in Israel. However, I think that certain professions such as doctors, emergency services or radio and television employees as well as air traffic controllers are allowed to do their jobs. After landing in Tel Aviv and all the immigration formalities, we got something to eat at 9:00 p.m. But there was only cold food because cooking or frying is not allowed on Shabbat. On this occasion, our tour guide was also introduced to us. The next day we started at 8:00 a.m. The round trip was very interesting but also very exhausting. When we went to the Dead Sea and wanted to visit Masada, we got up at 6:00 am. We have also been to the Western Wall 6 times, the Dome of the Rock on the Temple Mount and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Via Dolorosa was also hiked three times. We were also on (in the excursion boat) on (on a lawn) and in (swimming) the Sea of Galilee. There was also nothing biblical like the Knesset and Yad Vashem to see. Since the 1-week beach holiday was almost boring. I want to do something on vacation and not just lie on the beach and get a tan. And in Israel you can experience a lot.

The short vacation in 1988 had to be cancelled. I was in the hospital in Langen for a week and had an operation on a fistula. My friend had flown to the UK with her sister and wanted to visit London in particular.

The summer vacation in 1988 took us back to Yugoslavia to the area around the Plitvice Lakes nature reserve. This time we drove at a time. when the students in Germany had summer holidays. You could tell by the occupancy of the campsites. At best we would have found a place to camp at a nudist campsite. That was a bit too naked for both of us.

So we went back home after 4 days and spent the rest of the time on balconies and at local lakes. Incidentally, I prefer to go swimming at lakes because there is more space than in a swimming pool.

The next vacation was a long time coming. When I had a girlfriend again at the end of 1994, we flew to the Dominican Republic together. My girlfriend knew a German who emigrated there and lived near Sosua in the north of the island. So, as always, I left the vacation planning to my girlfriend. We were supposed to be at Frankfurt Airport at 6:00 am in mid-January 1995. However, the departure was delayed until 2:00 p.m. We also went to Venezuela where we stayed for about 2 hours in the

Holiday memories from 1968 to 1995

transit area of the airport. When we landed in Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, it was already 10:00 p.m. local time. On the way to our holiday apartment in Cabarete, which is about 40 km away, my suitcase also got lost. When I was in our room, my girlfriend was already asleep.

On the first day of vacation we fetched drinking water in 5 liter canisters and bought a portion of provisions for the next few days. Then it was off to the beach and into the water. We didn't go to the beach that often though, so we romped around the area. We also had contact with locals, some of whom even spoke German. We also visited her friend's nightclub three times. It was actually more of a variety show with artistic performances in Sosua. I then spent an afternoon with a friend of the German emigrant at his pool with a view of the sea. The holiday was something completely different. I was really impressed by the joie de vivre of the people in this part of the world. Unfortunately we missed visiting the Amber Museum in Puerto Plata during our vacation. I also remember the delicious white cabbage salad at a stall on Cabarete's main street. We also witnessed some power outages.

Those were my vacation memories up until 1995. After that I didn't actually go on vacation anymore.