

14 days in southern Europe In 1989

Lake Garda & Provence



Lake Garda • Limone



In 1989, the ferry trip went to Italy and Lake Garda, but was completed in the first week of Provence.

As usual - I almost want to write - only me and a girls who took place. Sonja could not stand the heat in Italy. This year it was Louise, who at that time was 9 years old, whose honor it was to accompany his father on this holiday.

From home I had pre-booked hotel room at Hotel Garden in Limone sul Garda for a week with half board for 2 people. So far, when our

holiday had gone to Italy and Lake Garda, it was always in Riva we had taken a stay.

Hotel Garden is located on a southern edge of Limone with incredibly beautiful views over Lake Garda with vue across to Monte Baldo on the opposite lake with the town of Malcesine just below it.

It is always a challenge when we are going on holiday south of the Alps. The girls had difficulty reviewing the trip through West Germany, why many wee breaks were held until





we reached the border at Kruså and bought a little for the trip.

The limit was usually reached in the afternoon.

It was so quiet until we reached Hamburg where we stopped for a rest.

Then there was no rest until we were south of the Kassel hills. Then the backseat was refurbished into a bed for Louise.

After the Kassel hills, it went more or less straight until we landed in Phonten, where we crossed the small roads into Austria and drove towards Imst over Fernpass. From here towards Innsbruck up the Brenner Autobahn into Italy and down to Vipitena, which we had heard was a cheap place to stay! After the stay, we continued the motorway past Bolzano, Trento to the exit towards Mori and Riva.



Shortly before Riva you drive through a tunnel. Outside the tunnel you have the marina on your left. Shortly afterwards we turn left, do not park quite legally, but we have to go and have a game of Italian ice cream overtaken with Amaretto. It was a solid tradition when we landed in Riva from that side.

The last 21 km from Riva down the Lake Garda takes about half an hour, but after 20 hours of traveling with various stays we landed at the Hotel Garden in Limone and immediately took over our room.

It did not take many minutes after arriving at the Hotel Garden before Louise was in the hotel's little waterhole and afterwards she was almost unable to pull up again.

Now that we had moved 1600 km away from







home, we should see something more, but it was a bit of a task. Louise was not able to get away from her beloved lovely puddle, but one of the excursions went to Riva, the largest city on Lake Garda.

By that time, I'd probably been in Riva 3-4 times, but never reached the old town, which faces the mountain side to the west. We got a lot of fun around the town. It also took a walk on the promontory along the Lake Garda. Finishing with a pizza visit!

Back to the hotel and the pool should just be tested again.

We had half board at the hotel - breakfast and 3 course menu in the evening. Louise





accepted the breakfast, but when we reached for dinner she simply stopped. She just knew what she was missing out on!

The staff at Hotel Garden at some point became worried about Louise's well-being. French fries with ketchup or nothing at night. The staff should have just known that when we went downstairs in Limone City, we attacked a pizza and Louise got his Pizza Margarita.

Hotel Gardens Pole drew tremendously this week, but we also had a wonderful lovely weather all week. We were taken to Lake Garda to relax. The drive for the week we





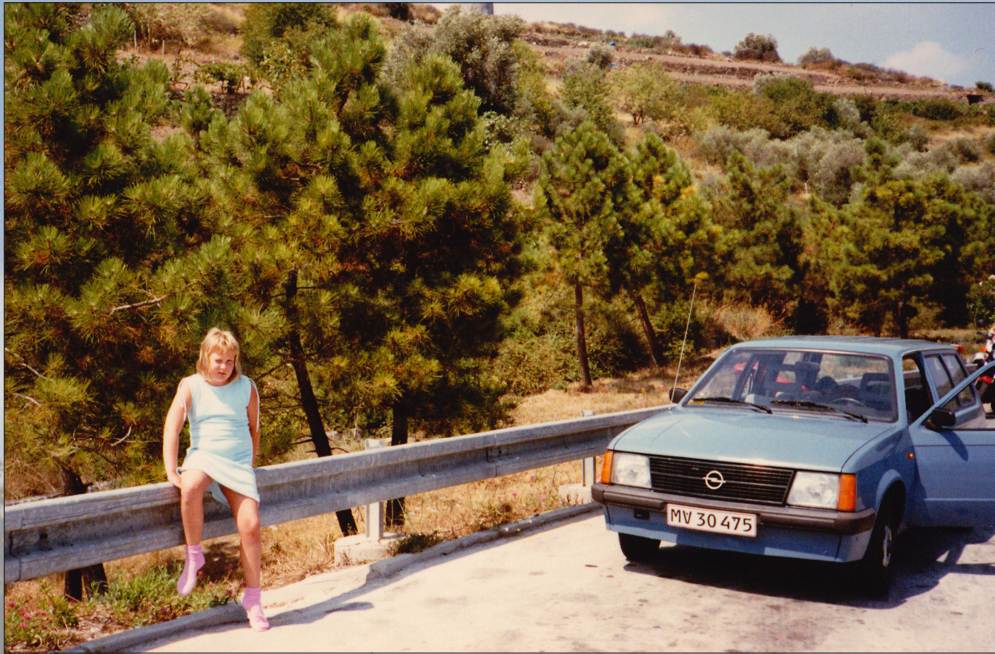


stayed in Limone extended to Riva - less than 50km - in return we got some traffic around Limone.

On Wednesday we took the ferry to Brescia across Lake Garda to Malcesine. We went by car to Monte Baldo. We found the cable car after a little trash back and forth in Malcesine and also came up. The wreck took Louise in a stiff arm. On top of it, unfortunately, it can not be seen from below, there was some sadness / fog. The disen helped and we got a nice trip to the top of Monte Baldo.

Time approached where we were leaving Hotel Garden. Then on the day at Hotel Garden, when it fit into the chef's plans, he wrote down the evening's menu on a blackboard





- in Italian. The menu consisted of 3 dishes, usually a local soup followed by a main course that could be fish or veal and ending with dessert.

The chef and the waitress must have spoken, because Louise should definitely not have any of the menu last night. Instead, they served a spicy French fries with all the ketchup she wanted. There were enough fritters for 8 people. The last night, Louise should at least survive in the opinion of the staff.

I started with the extension to Limone, which was also the case.

On Thursday I asked Louise if we were going down to Provence and visiting her sister







Annette, who, together with her friend and father, was vacationing in Provence. Louise would just chew on it. Concerns went the most

On how far we should drive to get there. A little bit of manipulation in the form of showing on the map, which was not quite long - 600 km - she accepted the Provence route home. We stamped from Hotel Garden with "auf wiedersehen" and drove down the Lake Garda on the west side, where we hit the highway Brescia, and further down Piacenza towards Genoa. Between the Alps and the Mediterranean we drove through the Po Valley with the Po River, where there was not much water left after the hot summer it had been. From Genoa, we continued along the highway along the Mediterranean Sea past





Monaco and Nice and turned off at Cannes and drove in towards Grasse. From here towards Draguignan until we got to the sign that showed off towards Bargemon, which was our end goal. In the late afternoon we drove into Bargemon. After that, we just had to find a place to sleep, because it was not taken into account before we left Lake Garda. At that time there was no mention of Mobilos for ordinary mortals. In effect, Louise would like to go down and visit his sister Annette, but unofficially, it was as much as I myself would like to experience Provence. Annette was in Provence with his father, Steen, who was also my wife's former husband. We parked the car and took the city. On a street corner I discover the city's Catholic priest - which I happen to know was Danish and







came from Kerteminde. Miss, yes, but why not try. I persuade him with a question in Danish if he can help us find a hotel. The priest - as I do not remember what was called - had just an ecclesiastical business that had to be done on the street corner. After this business was over, he was ready. He followed us on a side street to Auberge L'Qustaloun, a nice place to stay. Unfortunately everything was busy this evening, but the following day there would be available rooms again. We joined and stayed for 4 nights. I thanked the priest for the help. So we were missing accommodation for the first day in Provence. But we also succeed. We followed the priest the little piece back to the square in Barge-mon. Then it would be neither worse nor better than at the same street corner as we



had met the priest, Annette and her father were together with other acquaintances. This time is probably one of the few moments in Annette's life that made her mouthy for a long time when I just said, "Hello Annette, are you doing well?" She did not believe her own ear. Anette's father, Steen, participated in a project to set up a larger building consisting of several occasions in Bargemon for sale. We were staying in a room for the night with them and Louise was pleased to see her sister again. The day we landed in Provence and Bargemon, was not an ordinary day, I found out later in the evening. It was 200 years for the Bastille - France National Day - and it was celebrated according to all the rules of the art. What struck me this evening was everybody, young children, young, a little older and old participated. Even at 2 at night there was no one who overturned too much red wine. It was great to experience. The city also slept for a long day. Fortunately for Louise and all other childlike souls there was also a puddle that could be splashed around. In the park / garden there was a swimming pool. One of the days in Bargemon I lured Louise on a not too long drive. A little bit I had read about the area we were in. An hour's drive from Bargemon is Georges du Verdon. A European Grand Canyon! So close, this phenomenon should be experienced. In the gallery there are some pictures from Georges du Verdon. The tour itself was





not much more than 64 km, but I managed to take 128 pictures as well as 3 slideshows. Therefore, the area must be experienced, it can not be described in words, but little pictures can help in curiosity. After 5 experimental days in Bargemon and surrounding area, Louise began to miss her mother. Therefore, we would rather start turning our nose north. From Bargemon we drove out to the highway on the Mediterranean Sea and proceeded past Aix-En-Provence towards Valence, where we more or less drive into the Rhône Valley. There was not much rest up through France, actually, before we drive into West Germany at Mulhouse. Here we took a longer rest before the trip they continued approx. 1,000 km up through West Germany to hit Denmark and Grenaa again after almost 14 days of intense vacation.

