

Post



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# The king's daily crown - July 26, 2024

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## ***SUMMARY***

Port of call is Trondheim. Our excursion takes us on a combined bus/walking tour of the city. We really like what we see - our previous stops, for the most part, were places that had either been bombed flat when the Nazis came in or burned to the ground when the Nazis left. Thus, they were newish construction and not terribly pretty. (Although, as mentioned, the scenery was spectacular!) Anyhoo, we decided not to go back to the ship or to this evening's planned concert in favor of more time in town, since the weather was so nice. We wandered, had drinks at an outdoor café and dinner at a very good dinner at a charming (surprise) French

restaurant. The weather had turned so we walked "home" in the rain. - Karen

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### ***DETAIL***

Today's a big day: the summer Olympic Games start in Paris. Here we're still at sea, motoring along, as it'll be 1:30 pm before we get into Trondheim. Looking at the horizon, I realize we're seeing more "other ships" on the water than we did further north. In either part of Norway we haven't noticed aircraft flying overhead, even way up high. I guess we're just in an 'out of the way' location.

I check the sunrise/sunset times here versus further north in Norway versus Austin, Texas. Huge difference.

Nordkapp/Tromsø will have 90 minutes of night today. Here in Trondheim, we will have 5 1/2 hours. Back home they'll have 9 1/2 hours of night.

We have Trondheim today and then one last stop in Norway before we do our final disembark in Copenhagen, Denmark. We have two big events today: our excursion and the "Azamazing® Evening" (an off-the-ship orchestral concert, just for us, in a special venue).

While we're in town we're thinking also to do our shopping. We want some cloudberry jam and canned 'fiskeboller' (fish balls) if the can's small enough. Sister Barbara was interested in trying the brown sweet cheese. We don't think that would stay good for the whole trip home. Brother Aldo was intrigued at the thought of the "tube of caviar", so we'll watch for that.

We have lunch at "The Patio" restaurant, by the pool, where they're having a mini BBQ. It's windy which is causing the boat to list markedly. Thankfully it's not rocky (nor has it been the whole trip, knock wood).

Off the boat and onto our tour bus we meet Maëlle, our tour guide. She's from south of Strasbourg, France but is living here now. We drive from the bus the short distance into Trondheim which we learn was founded by "Olaf Fair Hair". Back in the day he had a bit of a stubborn streak. He said he refused to cut (or wash?) his hair until he was the king of Norway. It took 10 years. This was back in 997.

Skipping ahead, the city was occupied by the Germans from 1940 until the end of the war. There were two submarine bases here, each capable of handling 16 subs. Quite the operation. These days Trondheim is the (self-proclaimed) capital of "new tech" and the gastronomy capital of the country. Maybe other cities would argue that? The city is the undisputed third most populous municipality in Norway and the fourth largest, in terms of area.

We pass the central train station, which is getting a big expansion. There's train service with Oslo, Tromsø, and Sweden (which is a short two hours away). If you're not traveling by train it's likely you're in an EV. In 2014 Norway had 1/3 of all EVs in Europe. These days 90% of the cars sold are electric.

Trondheim is an old city with a lot of old buildings. Thankfully at one point they moved many of them over to a nearby outdoor museum, so they weren't lost, but they also didn't clog the downtown. There are still some old buildings in the downtown. There's a summer residence for the royal family. It's big but somewhat unassuming. It's wood in a big U shape.

In the courtyard of the palace here is a pretty garden with roses. We're told that the king likes to tend his roses (here and in Oslo) and so you may be visiting and see an old man out deadheading the plants. That might well be the king. If he's walking down the street there will only be one security person with him and he may well tip his hat and bid you 'Good day'. It's a different world. There is a statue of the king, tipping his hat, beyond the courtyard of the palace. Seagulls light regularly and give him the only crown he normally wears.

We visit "the old bridge". It's said that if you kiss under its arch you'll have eternal love, which we do, just to be safe. The houses "outside the city" (on the far side of the bridge, now part of the city) are a row of obviously very old houses. These were the residence of the city's fishermen. Each house is a different color, and back in the day the fisherman's boat would be painted to match the house. Why? If the boat were to ever wash up on shore empty whoever found it would know where to go to deliver the sad news.

We stand in front of the cathedral of Saint Olaf. One of the saints revered there reportedly brought Christianity to Norway. His M.O.? "Convert or I chop off your hand!" Not surprisingly his offer had a very high acceptance rate. The cathedral took 100s of years to get "done". Word on the street was that if it ever did get finished the whole thing would collapse. As such, inside is a sculpture of the builder about to put in the final stone. The church is still standing, so it must be true.

On the top of the cathedral, way up high, is a statue of a single angel. In the politically charged times of the late 1960s a bad storm blew off the angel's head. The sculptor, going up to do the repair, was requested to model the face of the angel's replacement head after Bob Dylan. Supposedly it is. The times they are, indeed, a changing.

In the end we chose to skip the symphony concert. At home we get go to those often enough and we can't visit Trondheim every day. We inform our guide and the Azamara chaperon who freaks out. At first he tells us we must return to the ship, but in the end he just takes a picture of us and has us write our names and cabin number on a piece of paper. It's a bit comical.

Free at last, we find a grocery and buy our cloudberry jam. For dinner we toss a coin between French and Mexican food. French wins and we make a reservation at "Le Bistro" for later. On a tree-lined walking street we find a pub for wine and a beer. Sitting outside we find that most of the chairs are draped with a big fur. Some patrons are using the fur as a cushion, but many others have it on as a blanket. It's almost August!

Post beer/wine we do a long walk around the center of downtown. It's Friday evening at 6 o'clock and the roads are understandably quite... empty. No. We actually can't understand that. This is the third largest city in the country.

French dinner is delicious, a nice change from the ship's grub. Back outside there's a light, cool rain coming down. We walk back to the ship and watch the other passengers arrive back from their Azamazing® Evening. They board to the melodious strains of our ship's activity director singing beautiful opera arias, the strains echoing between the ship and the tall silo grains ashore.

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## Photos



A P&O ship took the "good" parking spot in town, so we're a 20 minute walk away, with a 'less than pretty' view.



On our excursion, from a higher viewpoint, Trondheim is very attractive. The city-center is surrounded by water.



The royal palace in town, made of wood.  
The prince stays here but the king stays at  
the more modern/comforable five-star  
hotel nearby.



By the royal court yard is a statue of the  
king, a gift of the sculptor (from  
Portugal?). Sea gulls add the only crown  
the king wears on any regular basis.



The bridge that used to take you from the city to 'beyond', though now it's all the city. If you kiss under the arch you're guaranteed to stay in love for the duration. We took advantage of the offer.



Fishermen's houses from the days of yore. Boat and house colors always matched. The matching color was handy on those rare/sad days when a boat washed ashore empty.



The bike escalator. Put your right foot on it, hit the button, and you (and your bike) will be slowly pushed to the top of the long/steep hill (if you have the coordination). Not brave enough to try? There's a heated sideway next to it that stays snow and ice-free year round.



The Thomas Angell house. Somehow his name is how we got the terms "Anglo" and "English". I'm not sure I'm buying that story. (Note to self: Google it).



The Olaf Cathedral. The angel on the top purposely has the face of Bob Dylan and a statue of a builder, inside, purposely hasn't yet quite put in the final stone.

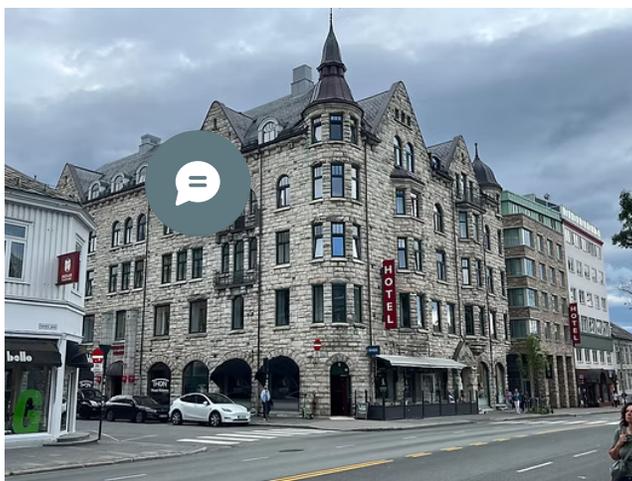


28 ounces. That's a bit too heavy for our

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So many pretty buildings and fun pedestrian streets.



Some fun architecture, too, but also a lot of so-so modern buildings. Wonderful city, though.



We did really take a shine to this cute place on our walk home.

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