

THE 11-HOUR JOURNEY FROM HAMBURG TO SALZBURG

Due to the inconvenience of flying from Hamburg, Germany, to Salzburg, Austria, **TARGET** determined to be driven to Hotel Sacher, Salzburg, in a Mercedes Benz van, outfitted to resemble the seating arrangement of the first-class compartment of a commercial aeroplane.

It was a wise choice because, by allowing a professional driver to take the responsibility for **TARGET**'s safety, it permitted his charges to view the German landscape and to eat at a typical Bavarian Gastätte at Bamberg.

The historic centre of Bamberg was designated as a UNESCO (United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organisation) World Heritage Site in 1993. It has a human population of about 69,800.

In this 11th Century town, at a price of €57.10, this was that which this medium ate at a quaint, Bavarian pub:

Potato soup
Liver soup
Saurbraten
Roast pork shoulder
Bratwurst with boiled potatoes and sauerkraut
Two glasses of a local red wine

The food was simple fare, but very good.

The gastätte was more than 700 years old; it looked its age, too.

Then, off again, onto the autobahn for the continued trip to Salzburg.

TARGET made a number of pee breaks along the way, one at a Burger King restaurant where a cup of coffee was drunk; it was, surprisingly, quite good.

The arrival at Hotel Sacher, Salzburg, was at about 6 p.m., but the driver had trouble in finding the hotel even though it was on the main road.

The problem was that there was no doorman, standing in front of the hotel, and no sign on the front door, large enough in the fading light, to indicate that it was the famous Hotel Sacher.

Within a period of about 15 minutes, however, having located Management, this medium's duo was sitting in Suite 408-409, named, The Cosi Van Tutte Suite.

The suit comprised a living room, a bedroom, and a bathroom, the aggregate square footage, being about 800 square feet.

It was sufficient, but considerably smaller than the Maria Callas Suite at Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.

The following morning, Sunday, December 28, 2008, the exploration of part of Salzburg began.

One's immediate impression was that this was a simply charming city, being completely ruined by the hordes of tourists, invading it, regularly.

It, too, is a UNESCO World Heritage site, with a resident population of about 550,000 people.

Its tourist population, however, exceeds its resident population by the ratio of about 3:One.

One horde of tourists after another can be seen, cluttering up the narrow, cobble-stoned lanes in the old part of the city, making it impossible for residents to enjoy a brisk walk in the sunshine of the morning.

Making the situation even worse was that the leaders of the tourist hordes make stentorian, unholy monologues about this and that, while the assembled tourists block lanes as they pose for numerous photographs of themselves in order to prove to the folks back home that they, actually, had been to Salzburg.

Luckily for **TARGET**, members of the hordes did not stop to take a cup of hot chocolate at one of the lanes where this medium found a charming little cafe, probably because, at €3 per cup, it may have been a little too pricy for some of these (unwanted by the locals?) members of the hordes.

At the coffee shop that this medium patronised, the breakfast of the day was Kaiserschmarr'n with a cherry sauce.

This is a dessert, actually, made in a similar fashion to a thin pancake to which raisins are added in the cooking process and the resultant pancake is sprinkled with powdered sugar. It is, usually, served with a fruit compote.

It looked delicious ... and it was delicious.

It is, also, very fattening: 1,000 calories per sniff!

Luncheon at Hotel Sacher is generally good, but not exceptional.

Actually, the food at the world-famous hotel was, often, a bit of a let-down – with the exception of the desserts.

Some of the memorable dishes, sampled by this medium, included:

Leichte Erdäpfelsuppe mit Gemüse, Speck, Pilze under Wintertrüffel
(Light cream soup of potatoes with vegetables, bacon, mushrooms on winter truffles)
€11.30

Waldviertler Karpen gebacken mit geschmortem Paprika, Sauce Tatar under Erdäpfel – Volgersalat
(Austrian carp, breaded and pan fried, with braised bell pepper, Sauce Tatar and potato – Lamb's lettuce salad)
€21.20

Bauerngansl knusprig aus dem Rohr, mit glacierten Honigmaroni, zweierlei Kraut und gebratenen Serviettenknödel
(Farmer's goose, crisp roasted in the oven with glazed honey-chestnuts, two kinds of cabbage and fried breaded dumplings)
€25.70

On the Sunday that **TARGET** ate the above, 2 glasses of a local red wine were drunk – which went down very smoothly.

The luncheon lasted about 2 hours, followed by a nap of about the same length of time: Touring a new city,

even in 5-star luxury, is a tough life.

One aspect that became only too clear, during **TARGET**'s stay in Hotel Sacher, Salzburg, was the quality of the guests.

Without this medium, giving the appearance to Subscribers of being a snob, it is very apparent that the quality of the guests at Hotel Sacher, Salzburg, is very different from the quality of the guests at Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten, Hamburg, or Hotel Adlon, Berlin.

At Hotel Sacher, Salzburg, the range of the guests is diverse, from the nouveau riche, to middle-aged, successful business people, to Americans from the boondocks of Tennessee or some other southern state, whom one cannot help but notice due to their mannerisms and the distinct differences in their manners from their European counterparts, and, of course, in only too many cases, their lack of any polite manners, at all.

TARGET noted, on one occasion, an Italian family, comprising 3, teenaged children, a mother and her husband and a relative, sitting at a breakfast table, all of whom were wearing heavy outdoor clothing, all of the time that they were in the restaurant, with the children, from time to time, dropping food from the buffet table ... and, then, recovering the fallen food from the floor and replacing it in its former position on dishes and in the food warmer.

Then, on filling their collective stomachs, the father took a bread roll from the buffet table and walked out of the restaurant, chewing into the bread as he went – leaving a trail of breadcrumbs in his wake.

Ah, well! The ignorant come in all shapes and sizes and from many parts of the world.

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