



## MEMORIES OF CRETE

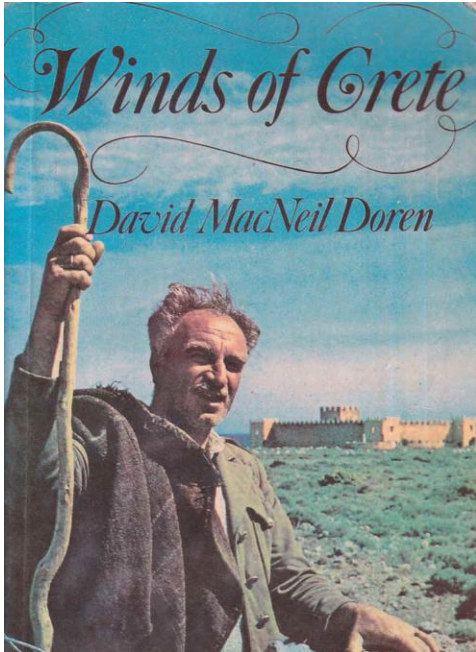
You spend half your life working hard, raising children, buying that "new" house and driving a decent car (or riding a nice motorbike) only to throw it all away for a once in a lifetime adventure -- to live in quite primitive conditions on a relatively isolated island in the Mediterranean, working on the most dangerous and back braking building sites imaginable -- I, together with my wife Fiona did just that, and I am sure we are not alone, indeed I know there are many couples who have done just that - some successful and of course to some, a disaster. Fortunately for us it was the former and the experience gave us the confidence to move to Holland where we spent the next 13 years.

I hope on this site to recall many of our stories so that our children and grandchildren can be proud of what we did (at the time, I am sure the family were more than concerned) and it may be an inspiration to anyone who is contemplating such a move.

Firstly, let me introduce myself, my name is Dennis Watt and was born in 1948 in Carlisle, England. I was educated at Carlisle Grammar School and after five years of what was called "classical " education left in 1964 with a minimum (ok only 2) of diploma's to take up a series of dead end jobs finally becoming a long distance lorry driver (sounds silly today but the term HGV driver had not been coined then).

In 1976, I met Fiona, she was singing in our local pub, to cut a long story short, six weeks later we had eloped and I was responsible for a "common law wife", and three children. After a year and a half living in the north of Scotland we moved back to Carlisle where I became a truck salesman. For the next seven years life was good - company car, expense account and being able to buy a new house. At this time I was also playing my guitar in the pubs and clubs of the north of England and the south of Scotland, indeed I joined a band (Country Breeze) who, at the time were recording their third album, later making a fourth.

In 1984 together with a friend, Colin, we opened a motorbike shop (a Honda dealership), and although Colin sold his share to another friend Neil, I had four years of running my own business with all the stress that involves.



This will not be the first time I mention the word 'stress' -- things were not so bad - the shop was doing ok, the music was ok, but Fiona, who at that time was a nurse at the Cumberland Infirmary, took angina and a heart condition was diagnosed, and was told to "take her medication" and relax.

In 1987 together with friends Norman and Marie we took a holiday to the island Crete -- this was a revelation, we had for the first time encountered a different lifestyle with different values and most important --- NO STRESS.

It was during this holiday we read the book "Winds of Crete" by David MacNeil Doren - this was to change our life. David together with his wife Inga, who also suffered from a heart condition decided to "drop out of society" and live the idyllic no stress lifestyle offered by the Cretan way of life, we now knew where our future lay!

By 1988, the last of the 'children' had left home, and we made the decision to sell the house, leave the business and for Fiona to give up her job -- friends and family alike thought we had gone crazy, but we went through with it, purchasing tickets to Crete and on arrival tore up the return half -- THERE WAS NO GOING BACK.

Just like David and Inga we began our stay in Agios Nikolaos, we arrived late one afternoon and decided to take a drink at a cafe bar in the town square, it was now that the excitement of the weeks running up to departure evaporated and reality strikes, we had no friends and more importantly nowhere to stay. During our holiday we met Georgos the carpenter, maybe he could help -- he could not be found but we did find Georgos the ironmonger who had a friend Georgos the piano shop owner from Heraklion, who by chance had some apartments to rent in Agios Nikolaos!

I once read a book about a man travelling in Africa who was once stranded in the desert with no water and calmly sat waiting for help not concerned at all, he said travelling gives you that feeling that no matter how bad things get SOMETHING WILL ALWAYS TURN UP and his case of course it did, and yes for us too, after a short phone conversation with Georgos (the piano shop owner) we were trusted to move into one of his apartment's -- he did not turn up to discuss the rent until three days later, this is business Cretan style.

We settled in and were happy to discover that in the apartment next door were three girls (two Irish, one English) who were contracted to local schools to teach English so at least we were not totally without English conversation and indeed over the next few weeks were to meet other English speaking people, most of them characters!!

We managed to acquire an ex rental motorbike, so now we were mobile, and in the next few weeks we travelled around most of eastern Crete visiting the villages from the book enjoying the hospitality in the "kafenieons". At this point I would like to quote from David's book ---

"There was surprisingly little drunkenness in these cafes, although the men certainly drank a lot by most standards The food they consumed with the drinks, the activities of dancing and moving about, and the purity of alcoholic beverages distilled naturally without additives -- all combined to make drinking a more healthful activity than it usually is in other countries, and less fraught with danger of a hangover".

We especially enjoyed our visits to Kalo Horio, I have mentioned earlier we had already met Georgos the carpenter and this was his home village, he introduced



us to Dimitris and his son Manoli, and pictured above Maria, it was said, they opened their kafenion in 1928 It was here we first experienced the food and "raki" scenario, Georgos invited us with some of his friends to eat and drink -- the drink was of course raki and the food was a tin of SPAM liberally coated in a green oil that closely resembled "Duckhams" motor oil - we later learned that the green virgin olive oil is almost priceless in the western world, still it was a wonderful night, the only problem, I was unable to ride the motorbike back to Agios Nikolaos -- NO PROBLEM -- says Georgos ( this is another expression often used in Greece ) you will sleep at my house. Little did we know that "his house" was actually a block room built on top of his mothers home accessible by only a wooden ladder and even worse, his toilet was a corrugated iron closet also on the roof with no wall protecting you from the drop !! and don't forget we had been drinking raki all night.



Below is a picture of the view from the roof of Georgos mother's house looking over the villages of Kalo Horio (the toilet just visible bottom right)



Our visits to Kalo Horio were memorable, but we also made regular trips to Kritsa and Exo Lakonia. Below is a picture of Kritsa and in the mountains above is the cave in which, during the second world war, Major Patrick Leigh-Fermor planned his abduction of General Heinrich Kreipe the German commandant with the help of the Cretan resistance the "Andarte". The successful kidnapping was made into the film "Ill Met By Moonlight" starring Dirk Bogard. A footnote to that story, when the party arrived at the evacuation beach and the Royal Navy launch signalled to them expecting the coded reply "SK" on a signal lamp -- Paddy turned to Bill



(Captain Willam Moss) his second in command and said "send the signal", he replied "I don't know morse" and Paddy turned and said "neither do I" the Navy boat fearing a trap departed. At the eleventh hour Dennis arrived Major Dennis Ciclitira, they quickly asked him do you do morse code, "yes" he replied. They handed him the signal lamp and the operation was saved. This conversation really did happen.

Exo Lakonia suffered terribly in the war, with the success of the British SOE operations and the Andarte attacks on the occupying German forces, reprisals were inflicted on the villages of the area with many burned to the ground and the inhabitants executed. On one occasion I walked into a kafenion there for a beer and the locals mistook me for a German, it was a very cold reception indeed. An old man prodded me with his finger exclaiming "You German" "NO", I replied – "British". Their attitude changed immediately and much handshaking and back slapping ensued and of course producing the customary Meze (small plates of food) to accompany the beer. After the war many young Germans came to Crete to help atone for the atrocities and would build some kind of village amenity, in the case of Exo Lakonia, an outdoor amphitheatre.



The amphitheatre was never used and the Olives were allowed to grow through the rows of seats

Something happened in late 1988 that we and indeed the world will never forget - Lockerbie. At this time in Agios Nikolaos the only public phones were in the local telephone exchange, you had to queue for one of the three phone booths later paying an attendant. On the day of the bombing of the Pan Am 747 my brother together with my mother had travelled to Lockerbie, my mother's family home town to attend the funeral of my aunt Nessie, my mother's sister. After our evening meal I switched on my little short wave radio set, I had missed the news



only getting the final sentence which informed us of the many hundreds of deaths in Lockerbie -- we were stunned not knowing how the deaths had occurred or indeed the time of the disaster. We hurriedly ran to the telephone exchange only to find it closed and having to return to the apartment to wait for the next news bulletin -- for the first time we felt really isolated, we later learned that the funeral had taken place uneventfully in the afternoon and the disaster was in fact in the early evening.

As the winter of 1988/89 took hold - and yes it can snow - we spent the winter evenings with the local families, usually down by the harbour waiting in the "bar" for the fishing boats to return in the late evening, bringing with them all sorts of fish, these wooden boats were from the post war Marshall Plan, usually crewed by Egyptian fishermen who soon after docking would arrive in the bar with bags of fish etc. for the owner to cook and distribute free to everyone. This reminds me of another expression -- YOU WILL NEVER GO HUNGARY ON CRETE.



In Crete there is no such a thing as birthdays, every man is named after a saint and they celebrate their "saints day" and so of course did the town of Agios Nikolaos ( St Nicholas ). The day began with a visit to the small church of St Nicholas, as the whole town turned out the tiny church was packed with most of the people having to be content with the crackling loudspeaker out in the church yard. At one point I commented that it must be difficult to understand what the Bishops were saying (as it was a big occasion I believe there was more than one Bishop) It's not a problem was the reply, as they speak in ancient Greek no one understands them anyway! After the blessing of the water by the Bishops we were taken to a nearby village for the party. One cannot judge a culture by one or two isolated acts but what happened next was a little shocking, the men in our



company had collected their guns and proceeded to shoot the Blackbirds in the gardens around the kafenion for what was to be the "feast" and I had to eat first being the guest. I gingerly removed a tiny leg and tried to extract what little meat there was only to be told that one eats everything -- bones and all, I watched the chap opposite doing just so, finally spitting out the beak !!! No I didn't.

While still on the subject of parties, in the winter, the Cretan's are preoccupied with two things, one, having a great time, and two, playing dice. The latter although illegal was played constantly and the venue was near our apartment. I never played but was fascinated by the fact that these guys worked hard all summer to blow the lot on a game of dice and have no regrets at all. We knew a chap who was a waiter, married well, spent the dowry on a restaurant and worked hard to open another one and lost the lot in the winter with the dice. In spite of the fact his wife left him he was quite unconcerned, shrugged his shoulders and said "no problem" I still have a job as a waiter. In the same kafineon we witnessed another event – an explosion of happiness – let me explain, the Cretan's temperament is Greek but more intense, like Zorba he is only concerned about being happy and any opportunity to express that in drinking, singing and dancing cannot be ignored. Occasionally things get out of hand and plates get smashed along with glasses, tables and even windows,



Fiona is expressing her happiness.



By Christmas, and as we were thinking of friends and family back home we decided to have our own party with all things English, Scottish and of course Irish, Fiona did us proud with the food, the music was Cretan and the dancing was Greek.



Christmas was followed by New Year, now to complicate things; Santa Claus comes with his presents on New Years Day in Crete. We all gathered with the rest of the town down by the harbour and there was the "Old" Santa dressed in a brown coat boarding a boat with the banner 1988 which promptly sailed out of the harbour. Moments later another fishing boat arrived with the "New" Santa and the 1989 banner, dressed in his traditional bright red coat and carrying the presents for the children -- the usual party ensued.



A quick mention of another festival early in January is where the townsfolk gather at the harbour, an important Bishop blesses the fishing boats etc. and promptly throws a gold cross into the water; assembled local youths dive in to retrieve it, the one to do so being a "local hero". On the occasion we were there they all failed to do so, the situation was only rescued when a fully clothed middle aged man dove in, surfacing with the cross to a hero's applause. I understand in some towns, they tie a piece of rope to the cross "just in case".





As well as the 'teachers' next door we had become friends with Linda and Sheila who had lived with their Cretan boyfriends for some years and through them other friends. One Englishman in particular is worth a mention - John or Jannis as he insisted on being called. Jannis who always walked around with his bag of papers detailing his latest business plan always thought of himself as Greek, he had one dear wish and that was to have a Greek passport. In his early fifties he finally gained his wish and for some weeks proudly showed off his new passport, that is until he received a letter informing him that as he was now "Greek" he had to do his national service and was duly called up into the army. At that time the age limit was 55 years old but fortunately after a few days he was allowed out on 'health' grounds.

At this point I would like to say that it really does snow in the winter in Crete, I know our nearest neighbour to the south is Libya but the cold north wind that blows down the Aegean Sea comes from The Balkans and with it rain and snow. Spring does however come early and with it two problems for us, one is work and the other somewhere to live. We had been living in what was a tourist apartment and with spring approaching we had to find a "proper" home. In the end this was easy, Georgos (the piano shop owner) found us a small apartment not far from the town square and I found work no problem working like all the other locals, "on the buildings". In the beginning I was working with a chap called Nicos who as it happened lived in the apartments next door, we had a morning ritual - meet - have a cigarette - have a coffee with Nico's friend Manolis who had a taverna down by the harbour - all without speaking a word, it was only after the sacred coffee did we exchange morning pleasantries.

One morning during coffee Manolis who was fishing, caught an enormous Seagull -- let me explain, the Cretans have two main methods of fishing, one involves Dynamite but I will go into that one later, the other is to tie 20 or so hooks on to a line and wrap the hooked line around a piece of stale bread about the size of your fist, cast it in the sea and drink a coffee. On this occasion this large seagull got there before the fish and made off with the bread, line and almost the rod, as Manolis frantically tried to reel in the bird from the sky Nicos calmly uttered his first words of the morning "Denni please help Manolis" naturally as he had not yet had his morning coffee he was still semi paralysed !! Eventually with Manolis on the rod end and me on the bird end I proudly stood with the Seagull, wings neatly folded and secured in captivity -- or so I thought, as I carefully looked to see where the hook was embedded the bird lunged at my face with the upper beak just missing my eye and tearing a hole down my cheek and the lower one making a hole in my nose. I flinched, the hook fell out by itself, the bird flew off leaving me bleeding and shocked "don't worry Denni said Nicos, birds beaks will not cause infection -- it's the salt water you know" this was not a comfort, still they liberally coated my face with a bright red Iodine and I was to spend several days frightening the local children -- the scars eventually healed.



Fiona too found work, she cleaned the house of a wonderful old man "Georgos the fisherman" as the name suggests a retired fisherman and easily recognised by the absence of several fingers and one eye --- the Dynamite! She also cleaned the surgery of the local Dentist, coming home with horrific stories of sweeping the floor whilst the dentist extracted teeth, Oh, not forgetting there was NO hot water at all on the premises either!

We had by now settled in and were quite Cretan, we ate bread from the local bakery ( still with a wood burning oven ), ate the local fruit vegetables and of course beans ( the staple diet ). We enjoyed the fresh chickens ( still alive when purchased ) and seafood -- hope you like the photo of Fiona with that evenings meal.

One day while I was working on the buildings in the village of Kritsa with Nicos I went outside in the street to mix some concrete when I was approached by a very old lady who had mistaken me for a tourist. She was carrying a small tray with some dried nuts wrapped in small bags and was hoping to make a sale, this was probably her only source of income as she was obviously very poor. As I was working I had no money with me and in order to convince her I had nothing I pointed to my empty pockets and she disappeared back into her darkened room. Five minutes later she reappeared holding the same tray, but this time it had a small meal of fruit and biscuits for me -- as poor as she was, she was prepared to share it with someone who had less -- I was humbled and impressed, remember what I said earlier - you will never go hungry on Crete. Some years later I was on holiday and visited Kretsa with a friend and after relating this story -- there she was, still selling her bags of nuts, this time I did have some money.



One last story whilst working with Nicos, we were building a base for a water tank near the village of Kroustas using stones from an old wall. I was struggling with a particularly heavy stone when Nicos called out "Denni, beware of the animals" "what animals" I replied, Nicos hesitated and I was becoming impatient, "sorry



Denni, my English is not so good" then with his finger pointing at a large black Scorpion beside my thumb "That Animal" he said, I dropped the stone and ran !

Other people we met at that time included Raymond the German, who it was reported had escaped from jail and was living as a fugitive, this of course was doubtful but he was definitely a character. One day he borrowed a caique (a small fishing boat) from his boss and on our return from Spinalonga ( the leper island ) managed to fall off and into the sea, it took me some time to take control of the boat and as we were then close to the jetty the owner threw a line to me. I said I must go back for Raymond "Oh! he can swim" said his boss -- he survived.

It was at this time that a couple of friends came to us with a business proposition, Dimitris was the manager in the local Olympic Airways office and together with his Irish wife Pauline asked if we would be partners with them in a bar.



The bar was called "Quartier Bar" and was in Elounda the next town up the coast and famous for the BBC drama series "Who Pays the Ferryman", indeed the bar was just opposite the church which was featured in the series. We fell in love with it and because Dimitris was Greek we had minimal legal difficulties and a month later we opened "shop" with a very successful 'ëngenia', this is an opening night party where the locals and friends alike come and buy drinks offering large denomination notes and refusing change. At this point I must state that among the local English speaking community the bar was known as "Oddballs" explained by the fact that Fiona was small and Pauline was somewhat bigger, Dimitris had a bad leg due to childhood polio, and I didn't - get the picture. Unfortunately the partnership only lasted a month, Dimitris (who loved being in the bar) could not combine the bar with his day time obligations at the office and offered us their share - they went on to fulfil another ambition and managed to start a family.

By necessity we had to move house and move to Elounda. A suitable apartment was found at the edge of town in the olive groves.



We occupied the bottom floor with the top storey let occasionally in the summer. Can I say the utilities then are not what they are now. Yes, we had electricity but we suffered frequent “black outs” and the water was supplied by a pumping station in the mountains which, more often than not, was broken for days or weeks on end. The rooftop tank had to be supplemented by water collected in the winter from the roof and stored in the void below the apartments. When the tank ran empty we simply pumped water from the “void” to the roof tank. Now the unsavoury bit, there were no mains sewers and effluent was merely stored, yes you’ve guessed it, in another part of the void under the apartment next to the stored water!! When it was full the “Shit Tanker” was ordered, yes, that is what it was called and it would pump the contents out and take it away and dispose of it in the mountains, hopefully, nowhere near the water pumping station.

One day the roof tank was empty and Fiona switched on the pump to refill it, retired to the balcony for a spot of sunbathing, and forgot to switch it off. The tank overflowed and flooded not only the roof but the old Cretan house at the rear of the apartments (just visible in the photo) – the occupants were less than pleased. On another occasion an American professor holidaying in the apartment above knocked on the door to say there was no water, no problem said I, we can refill the tank from water stored below in the winter – I will switch on the pump. He smiled and thanked me but quickly retraced his steps and asked “where is the shit tank” “well” I hesitated, also below – he begged me not to bother.



Enter Travis, he arrived one evening in the bar and became a fixture, indeed it is no exaggeration to say he became a tourist attraction. He was large and bore a striking resemblance to Santa Clause, and entertained everyone with his stories of his travels. He had indeed travelled from his native California through Mexico to South America then to Israel ultimately to Athens.



Mike Lazoratis owned a Harley Davidson custom parts shop in Athens and was feeling sorry for Travis because he was having difficulty getting work (he was always being overlooked for younger men) placed a collection tin on the counter of his shop labelled "For a Brother in Need". The bikers and indeed Travis himself contributed until one day when Travis was feeling low Mike said "Travis you are the brother in need" and gave him the contents of the tin. Travis used the money to travel to Crete where he met another Mike from the bar next to ours (The Ferryman's Bar) helping him renovate his yacht which he had bravely "single handily" brought over from England. Travis then worked in a hotel in the village of Plaka, but as I said spent most of his free time with us, we became firm friends. One evening as a passenger in a car he received what could have been fatal injuries in an accident, his throat was cut in the crash and was taken to the hospital in Agios Nikolaos. At this point can I say it is an understatement to say the hospitals at that time were not up to western standards, indeed because of the minimal facilities he was taken to the hospital in the capital Heraklion for treatment. His treatment was nothing more than stitching a hole in his neck which was through to the inside of his mouth, with no anaesthesia and no antibiotic's, needless to say blood poison set in and without the nursing care of Fiona and medicine from the local doctor in Elounda he would most certainly have died.

Another unhappy event happened at this time, over the hill from Elounda is the old provincial capital Neapoli with its infamous jail. The previous evening during a prison break out a guard was shot and killed, it transpired that the murderer was an Englishman and the guard was from Elounda. The whole town was deeply shocked and of course the funeral was in the church opposite the bar. We were a little apprehensive but never the less went to the bar, the atmosphere was charged and more that one mourner fainted, however the local people were appreciative of Fiona who handed out bottled water from the bar and there was no animosity toward us at all.

As the season drew to a close we were becoming exhausted with the constant seven day week, the only respite were our afternoons off, which we spent at Driros Beach. This private beach and taverna was owner by Travis's employer's family, we were made so welcome especially by Dinos who ran the watersports.

Fiona would lie on the beach whilst I had a beer or two with Travis occasionally getting up to mischief with Dinos. One day we went fishing for Octopus and on our return Dinos placed a live one on Fiona's back -- the resulting commotion attracted camera wielding tourists from all along the beach.

As summer faded and the cold north wind returned we looked back with a sense of achievement, we had many good nights in the bar, we were accepted in the community (the chief of police would even call in for a drink, like most Greeks he loved his Whisky) and above all made many new friends, too many to mention and too many stories to tell. We took a break and returned to England to visit our family and for Fiona to visit her heart specialist. He told her that her condition was almost gone, indeed he said "I intend to recommend my heart patients to go to Crete !! We returned after New Year to Elounda and for me it was "the buildings" once more.

One project I was involved in was building an illegal jetty on an island nature reserve. As all tourists know, the beach barbeque is an integral part of the holiday, but in Crete sandy beaches are rare, and the only available one had been washed away in the winter storms. One enterprising boat owner, knowing that there was a beach on the nature reserve decided to build his "illegal" jetty. The work could only be done on a Sunday as the Port Police don't work Sundays and the workforce could not consist of any locals as they would surely give the game away. The plan was hatched and wives and girlfriends would accompany us to give the pretence of a "day out on a boat". They would enjoy barbeque and wine whilst the men would toil. I do mean toil, the jetty is made by finding suitable rocks, carrying them to the sea and placing them on the seabed. The cunning gentleman even designed it so that only his shallow draft boat could use the jetty



The workforce – that's me third from the left





In Crete to build a hotel you start with a mountain and a lot of Dynamite, after blasting some flat shelves in the mountain much concrete is used for the main building and the rubble and rocks are broken up to make the gardens, paths and building fronts, most of this work is done by hand !

I spent many weeks helping to build "Elounda Residence" and even today some of my handiwork survives. The picture shows a wall and swimming pool I help to build.

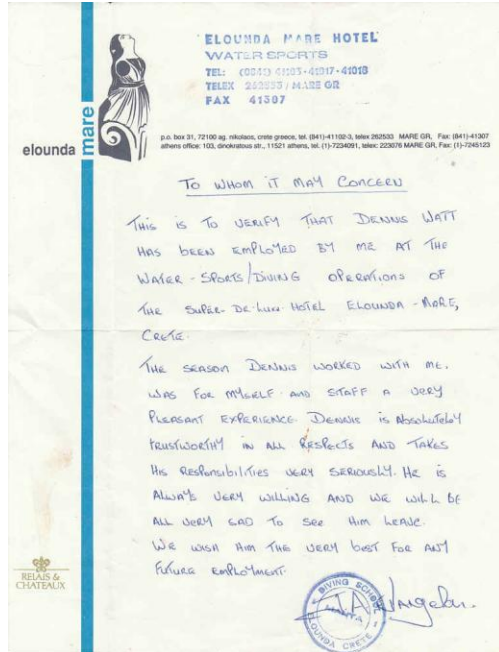
I was quite happy helping build the "new hotel on the hill" but I knew that I, along with most of the local workforce would soon be back in the tourist industry.

Out of the blue came two offers, the first to buy the bar the second, employment working in watersports at the 5 star Elounda Mare Hotel -- I had a dramatic change of direction. Fiona who loves to cook also had a change of direction, she was offered the job as cook in "Blinkers Bar" which is now the wonderful "Cypriana Restaurant" the twist being, she had to cook "English" for the tourists after two years of learning Cretan cooking it was back to "egg & chips".

I began work at the hotel, the activities offered to the often very rich clients included water skiing, scuba diving, yachting and the usual peddle boats and canoes. The visitors to the hotel that summer included the presidents of Paraguay and Greece -- what a contrast to working on "the buildings" in the villages in the mountains.

As part of my job I had to travel to a sister hotel 14 miles down the coast for a few weeks early in the season where I had 2 peddle boats, 2 wind surfers and a couple of canoes for rent. One morning an Englishman asked to rent a wind surfer, I was apprehensive as the sea was very rough, but he assured me he was very experienced and promised not to go outside of the bay so I suggested a half hour rent. This was to be the longest half hour in my life, no sooner had he gone into the water he was out to sea and heading for Turkey. I attempted rescue on a peddle boat and a German tourist with a canoe followed, I soon realised we would all soon be in trouble so I asked the German guy to go back and alert my boss. I carried on out to sea eventually getting the terrified "customer" on the peddle boat but quickly realised with a strong offshore wind our only chance of rescue would be my boss and his speedboat, based 14 miles up the coast. Happily we were found and all was well but for the rest of the season I had to endure the name Pedelo Pete.

As the season drew to a close, I was one day removing the safety jackets from the store room situated under the terrace restaurant in order to wash them for the winter, when I discovered a bag. At this point let me say, I have never seen Dynamite before, but as I peered into the bag I knew instinctively what it was. I did not know how long it had been there or what condition it was in and I was terrified -- a loud voice echoed through the store room "Oh don't worry about that, it's for the fishing in the winter" I put it down very carefully.



This document is my reference from The Manta Diving School at Elounda Mare Hotel. I am very proud of it if only for the reason that when I started the job I could hardly swim.

As the first rains of the winter came we made the decision to leave Crete and with our new found confidence in the knowledge that SOMETHING WILL ALWAYS TURN UP. We continued our travels the following spring and on our old Honda CB 750 we would head for Holland and a new adventure.

That adventure continued for another 13 years.

We did return to Elounda a couple of years later, I dearly wanted to ride to Crete on my newly purchased Harley Davidson but it broke down in Italy and was left there, but that is another story. On arriving the we found our bar had become a souvenir shop, the chap to whom we sold it fell foul of the police chief and was closed down. He had been charged with working behind the bar without wearing a white shirt !! In contrast in Agios Nikolaos a new bar was open "The First German Bar in Crete" yes, it was Raymond He had inherited his grandmothers money and returned to fulfil his ambition and open a bar. Two weeks after we returned to Holland we had the sad news that Raymond had been arrested and died in police custody and as far as I could tell his only crime was being German.

Sadly, Travis in 2000 also died, he had a short spell in Hospital before his heart failed. In my last web site the short mention of Travis evoked more e-mails and reaction than any other aspect and I therefore dedicate this one to him and would like to end with a poem that Fiona wrote for him when we were happily together in Elounda.



Who sat and told us funny tales  
of "Angels" and "Disciples"  
About his clubs, his times in jail  
and wheelies on his cycles ?  
He's not so small in fact he's large  
with a beard down to his chest  
And to cover up his vast tattoos  
he wore his "Angel" vest  
He broke his rocks in daytime and  
roamed the beach at night  
The girls all loved his body  
It was a pretty sight !  
So who was this fine man you ask  
who told you facts and haverses ?  
He was my friends,-- the one and only,  
Cuddly Bear,-- MY TRAVIS Love and God Bless, Fiona



