



Terry's Travels

TT5-1 Mercie' does it with the EURO 28/05/2002

Just over a week in the UK - quite a social whirl of family and friends with a couple of business meetings thrown in - then a great wrench to leave my grandsons before flying to Almeria Spain. It was very windy on landing and with a long wait for luggage we kept my pal Ken waiting. Back at the Campsite at Los Gallardos Mercie started after 5 months of waiting. A wash and brush up, air in the tyres and down to meet friends at Garrucha market. The plan is for Di and I to tour Europe and catch some motorcycle racing. We stayed in Los Gallardos for a week and watched the LeMans GP on TV - very exciting. By Fax and phone I concluded a deal with a builder and building has started on a house fit for a Gypsy next to Fieldhead - you never know I may even live in it someyear!

The first day of touring was disappointing with heavy traffic and even heavier lorries clogging the Autovia, we made Benidorm where Elton John was to perform, his personal invite seems to have got lost so sod him. His name was emblazoned on what I believe is Europe's tallest building. Benidorm was a building site and Di whinged about everything - filth- crowds- expense, to complete a poor night out I trod in some dog poo.

Day 2 started better but its becoming obvious that Costa Spain is a building site and lorries are on ALL roads. We called to see my old boss (the only one I ever had) in Calpe and luckily hit his 84th birthday - he was well and we headed on. Luckily I pulled off for Benicassim and we had a lovely peaceful evening walk to see all the splendid villas circa 1910 along the esplanade before an excellent Menu del Dia. The wild camping went well close by and an ealy start had us passing Tarragona then onto the mountain road at Llerida. Fabulous scenery took us ever higher with brilliant poppies in the fields between healthy looking crops. A roadside stall sold us some superb cherries and I was doing about 250 metres per well sucked cherry before spitting the stones. I have visions of an avenue of cherry trees for future generations.

Vamping Vilamar in Andorra had space and was the nearest to town. We had been warned about the heavy traffic and were happy to get sited. Then it rained with very low clouds over the mountains, only in clear patches could we see the pathes of snow. We tried a walk between the squally rain storms. What an awful place - they don't charge tax here - it shows with terrible pavements and mucky puddles. Go in a seedy bar and all the locals are puffing their cheap fags - UGH! The place is all motorbike shops and modernistic kitchen and bathroom showrooms. We gave up on the shopping and returned to the campsite restaurant piss wet through for a badly cooked meaty something with old onions. The night was spent with the rain beating hard and Di said it thundered and lightened. Next morning we left in more rain, bought diesel at 0.57 Euros (cheap) and climbed over the Pyrenees. The rain turned to snow and visibility was dreadful - quite an adventurous drive. On through the French customs "Anything to Declare?" - yes, Andorra's an awful place.....down the other side into a wet France but with some visibility the countryside looks great - things are improving.....

Terry - Pisa, ITALY. May 28th 2002



Terry's Travels

TT5-2 Camargue and Provence 08/06/2002

Bonjour

internets are not proving easy to find-

Lovely mountain roads and some expensive travel on the busy motorway before we opted to pull off at Agde. We parked alongside the river in lovely afternoon sunshine making the view through the motorhome window just like a scene from a jigsaw. We walked into the old town to buy some smelly cheese and even smellier pate - yes this is France. Deux bieres (funny swapping from Spanish) and we were into our favourite pastime - people watching in the square. Some of the youngsters on scooters would have passed for eleven or twelve. We later ate in Mercie and wildcamped. Awakening to sunshine in this kind of picturesque setting is one of the highs of motorcaravanning. Some narrow traffic congested roads and we regained the motorway before leaving it again for the Petite Camargue area. This area of wetlands is a haven for birdlife and looked at its best, with brilliant new foliage on the trees and green shoots of rice in the paddy fields. A cable ferry near the coast took us efficiently across the Grand Rhone river to Fos-sur-Mer.

Our first visit to a giant LeClerc supermarket stocked us up - we managed to choose the slowest check out line, the lady in front had a massive concertina of credit cards and insisted on playing it like an accordion for quite a few bars! before one was selected. By now we are realising that the EURO helps you spend more money more quickly in MORE countries. We then did another stretch of very windy motorway. Di took the wheel for the first time having had a little practice on a quiet road. I took over and put in more Km as the traffic built up. We left at Draguignan - BIG MISTAKE, it was now the rush hour and it was a nightmare to get through with the careless parking. We missed the campsite and I drove on to the hills before we got lucky and stopped at Callas village. I was knackered after some quite stressful driving. Callas is a wonderful village and has a water feature where we relaxed to the chuckle of water - so much so that it was 8pm on this lovely evening before we knew it. We walked into the village and found a superb restaurant and decided to have dinner in style. We took 'Mercie' through narrow streets to the quiet central square. The restaurant was a class French act with stylish use of over 100 year old wine presses etc and wooden wheels with gear pegs from a time gone by all set in a building of huge solid stone blocks. Our schooldays French started to return with help from our very proficient waitress. Cotes de Provence (yes we are in Provence) accompanied salad with wonderful dressing, I had fish and Di chose duck, a taste of cheese then a dessert to die for - apple in crepe in caramel sauce. We were stuffed but happy as we left under the bright moon and stars to sleep in the quiet square....

Terry - Perugia, Umbria, ITALY



Terry's Travels

TT5-3 Grasse and somewhere in Italy 11/06/2002

An early start gave us a quiet road for an hour but by the time we reached Grasse it was busy. The place is packed with perfume factories but still smelled of traffic fumes. There were some spectacular views which I could only glimpse at whilst I was busy twirling the wheel around the many roundabouts. The cars cut you up and the scooters buzz you., so once again to the motorway passing Cannes, Nice and Monaco - yes, its the Grand Prix weekend adding to the already heavy traffic. A turn off to Menton and a good road of tight bends soon dropped us to the coastal town. One small error and again we missed a camp site - back to the Mediterranean and turn left and we were driving by the beach and browning boobs. I found space in the Marina just one Km from Italy - we were ready for a drink on this already hot day.

Where else but the bar in the stylish marina? Me being me ordered a 50cl bottle and TWO glasses. The waiter was puzzled - what I had really asked for was a large 'pression' - thats a draught beer. He reluctantly brought it with an extra glass. Di gave me another bollocking for showing her up in this upmarket place. When she realised that one beer was three pounds 50p for less than a pint she quietened. We enjoyed another expensive beer and I left a good tip so he could differentiate me from an English lager lout.

I had only got to third gear when we came to what looked like a deserted customs post went through a scruffy tunnel and saw a few words ending in 'i' so concluded we were in Italy. I had decided to stop at the first campsite. One appeared immediately so we turned in and a lady opened the prison like gates for us.....

Sunday morning and Monaco Grand Prix day, we walked into the town and found it was Ventimiglia. We both immediately liked it. It felt relaxed and less frantic than Menton. We walked along the esplanade and then across a bridge where we could see large fish in the clear water. One fisherman had two plastic chairs in the water and was fishing with his feet up. We spotted a bar with a TV outside - yes we will come back for the GP. Some shops looked to have good clothes and leather goods at good prices. We had to be careful not to step in dog poo, the other danger was budding Valentino Rossis on scooters. There was much tyre squealing and near collisions. Hardly surprising then that we walked round a corner and saw a stretcher with crisp clean linen just parked ready!

Back at the restaurant a group of German bikers were already at a long table by the TV with their parked Harleys decked in Ferrari and Schumacher flags. The proprietor showed Di and I to a table for two in pride of place - we could feel the Krauts eyes on us. A dispute with Italian journalists happily stopped the commentary so to screaming engines we enjoyed David Coulthard of England beating Michael Schumacher of Germany. The Germans left quietly.... meaning they didn't crack up their Harleys either. I was tempted to put their flags at half mast!

Leaving the prison like campsite - why do they require you to unlock a chained off area to empty your loo? - we headed for Genoa in heavy rain. There were so many tunnels we felt like motorhome moles. The enthusiasts were still coming from Monaco, certainly over 100 Porches and dozens of Ferraris but hardly an Alfa to be seen. A biker screamed through one tunnel chasing a Ferrari on song - wonderful. We attempted to drive to Portofino but a height restriction stopped us 6Km away so we never did see Michael Winners favourite restaurant. The terracotta hillside villages looked splendid and typical Italian even under the leaden skies. We saw the incredible sight of the marble mountain at Carrara - if I remember rightly this is where Michaelangelo did his shopping. We dropped down from the motorway to Marina di Carrara and saw many huge blocks of the world's best marble awaiting shipping. We found many campsites and pulled into one that had lots of canvas covered weekend chalets. They all looked zipped up and empty but as people came out realised they were indoors keeping warm. A beach walk and a shop with focaccia bread with spinach and a bar for a rosso and bianchi each - a few words of Italian are adding to a zero start., in fact we are badly prepared for this trip in knowledge or language. The staff came out to eat their own pizzas which looked good and smelled even better

from the wood burning oven.....

Terry - Riccione, Adriatic Coast, ITALY. May 11th 2002



Terry's Travels

TT5-4 Pisa and Pizza 11/06/2002

A violent storm saved me from going for a water ingress test - the Hymer leaks a trickle - sod it. The thunder and lightning were fantastic with the thunder reverberating around the solid marble mountains, Mother Nature finished the show with hailstones. Along the coast was a wide road with marble edging, about the first easy driving there has been so far. Now we are headed to Pisa airport to park up and take a bus into Pisa. We had sunshine and the river and buildings looked great but NOTHING compared to the Tower. It leans FAR more than I expected and is such a beautiful structure, I hope they save it from falling. The other marble buildings here are works of art - even the toilets were worth queuing for. Another randomly chosen campsite called the International at Marina di Pisa had a couple of sit down loos and many more stand up ones. The sit down ones were in greatest demand - even by the Italians. Perhaps they read more these days.

Our second day on the site gave a rest from travelling and we went for a long walk along the fishy smelling Med into the small town. Several classy clothes shops were interesting and we checked the Coop supermarket for later. Walking back the sun was preparing to set as we found a busy (many weren't) restaurant with terraza overlooking the sea for a great salad and the best tasting calamari. Children were served with huge pizzas each and ate a few forkfulls before the excitement of their giant gelatis (icecreams) - not a spoonful remained. They played quietly finding snails in the shrubbery, surprisingly the snails seemed to enjoy it with their heads were looking all around. Walking back the smelly wheely bins overpowered the fishy sea smell quite easily.

As we left the site I felt really excited to be heading for the Mugello GP race circuit near Florence (Firenze). Water tank filled and supermarket visited - we were ready

Terry - Adriatic Coast, ITALY May 11th 2002



Terry's Travels

TT5-5 Mama Mia! - Mega Mugello 12/06/2002

Leaving the A1 Autostrada at the Barberino di Mugello turn off there was already a queue at the toll booth. Horns were blowing, there seemed to be a problem with the ticket machines but then we were through and picked up the signs for the Autodromo just as the internet www.motograndprix.com had said. We followed the paddock signs and were sent to another entrance, it was a bit manic. We bought tickets - only cash was possible at 115 Euros each for the three days. 'Mercie' was searched and we were allowed into the circuit. A windy narrow road dropped us downwards and we saw the track set in a natural bowl in the scenic Tuscany hills. I had seen a meadow from above with just one motorhome in it. I headed there on newly tarred road and then dusty track. We could choose our own site which was level and shaded. Engine off and we could hear the birds and a gentle stream - how fantastic and no camping charges. We knew that we would also spend the Sunday night after the race making four nights of it.

We walked ('Mercie' will soon have a bike on a rack) and saw the setting up of all the really serious bars and fast food places. Looking over the central grandstand pit area I began to see why this is the favourite circuit of the riders and spectators (thanks to Toby of Eurosport for encouraging a visit here). Many enthusiasts were already round the circuit. Hundreds of motorhomes, tents, vans, lorries - you name it. Miles of red and white tape was "booking" space for friends arriving later. Most stylish set up was a lorry with a power arm and platform with a three piece suite that looked better than I have at home. Huge wine casks with pump dispensers and kegs of beer with pub type taps - and this was just the spectators. Barbies and plentiful wood supplies all told the story of the pending party. We got a lovely silent nights sleep.

Surprisingly only a few more had arrived by next morning as we went to the first practice. Returning at lunch break they were starting to pile in. Then a troop of around twenty German bikers arrived with an armoured Jeep (well at least it was in camouflage colours) into "our" meadow. The German flag was raised, a generator that would power a small city and OH DEAR! a sound system only a little smaller than at a Stones concert. The satellite dish was erected and the meter to align it ready for the World Cup Soccer, the rat bike for the burnouts and the barbie with rotating spit. We have ways to make you enjoy.....

Returning from afternoon practice the Germans were drinking to their music now blasting the fast filling meadow. We erected our small gazebo to reserve a bit of space and had dinner outdoors as darkness fell. The night was very different with the Frenzied Fritzes partying all night. I tried ear plugs at 4am and nodded until a Moto-X machine shot by at first light. Breakfast outdoors to Abba (no taste these Germans) until the beat stopped promptly at 8:30am for the soccer. No self respecting fly or wasp would now be seen dead in this meadow. A water tanker doused the now dusty track as we went to watch Qualifying. It was amazing to see the bikes running down the straight at some 300kph before heavy breaking for the second gear corner and blasting uphill. The new four stroke Yamaha looked good and sounded even better with Max Biaggi onboard. Valentino Rossi being the crowds favourite with massive fanclub showing colourful support and even multi coloured rockets to greet their hero. On this hot day many of the pretty Italian ladies are displaying their stylish expensive underwear with their low slung jeans. No builders bum to be seen since they wear their G strings pulled high. Bikes were being revved and popping and even a bike engine was carried in on a pallet to be revved and produce smoke - all wild and noisy fun.

Back on our dusty track scooters, mopeds - all with noisy exhausts were tearing along. Five on one bike was being chased by a three wheeler scooter based van in Rossi colours. Wheelies were pulled and still more people were jamming and jammin in the meadow. In the midst of all this two guys with a colander were collecting fresh herbs to flavour their dinner!! - amazing. Race day dawned and it was the best racing, atmosphere and spectacle I've seen for many years - remember I was around in the TT's day of MV fours and Honda sixes. An Italian winner in each race produced noisy support like you wouldn't believe. Rossi beat Biaggi in the big race and then was "booked" by two motorcycle cops on the slowing down lap - stylish.

The shade of the gazebo was welcome and we relaxed and watched the big exodus before catching some welcome sleep.....

Terry - Rimini, ITALY



Terry's Travels

TT5-6 Hanibal at Tuoro 19/06/2002

Buongiorno (Bonjorno)

Leaving the Mugello circuit at 7am was easy - calling for fresh bread at the village. The A1 South took us to the Florence turnoff and we headed around Florence in heavy traffic before becoming scenically beautiful again to the South passing between the Gucci and Prada complexes and seeing lovely hillside villas. I had seen Lake Trasimeno on the map and by chance took the Tuoro turnoff, a beach a big lake and our first Lido with ferry and pedalös. We walked around the lakeside campsite - and yes its OK. Our ignorance had brought us to this part of Umbria - this was an exceptional place - in fact where St Francis of Asisi commanded the lake to be still - and it did. Even more historic that guy Hannibal had marched his army and elephants from Spain over the Pyrenees and Alps and then defeated the Romans at Tuoro in 217 BC. Hannibal lost most of his elephants to the cold over the Alps but we were having perfect warm weather. Then the heavy rain came for a day or two, but with the World Cup Soccer on the TV in the bar, a great library in Mercie, Scrabble and ping pong and our satellite radio working well, life passed peacefully. The bar snacks were LOUSY, one tasted like pita bread from Hannibals time with tea leaves sprinkled inside - UGH! We left for Perugia and found a massive Saturday market that was great value. We even found an Internet facility at a Western Union office- WOW. Our next place was Asisi. I remember St Francis being taught to me at school but could not remember why. The whole visit to Asisi was so special, the entire town with cobbled streets restored, ancient buildings from Roman origins, but most special was the Basilica built over St Francis which dates from 1230 AD. He renounced his wealth and practiced loving people and creatures no matter what the race or creed. It is considered one of the most religious places in the Christian world - and felt it. The lower Basilica was filled with wonderful sounding organ music and the upper is just so beautiful with walls covered in frescoes. We stayed the full day exploring and returned to the Basilica at night for a youth concert bringing life to this very special plac. Our long walk back to Mercie was lit by fireflies and we slept very well in our quiet carpark.

An early start gave us quiet roads to enjoy this calm peaceful area before dropping back to the busier coast. Ancona is a busy port and we watched wagons driving out of the ferries, many with Greek lettering - thats where the ferry links to. The town did not feel good for wild camping and we pulled into Camping Roccamare just past the airport. It didn't give a good impression, when we walked to the beach and met a drunken transvestite!

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Terry - Innsbruck, AUSTRIA: May 19th 2002.



Terry's Travels

TT5-7 Adriatic Coast - Beware of Pickpockets! 22/06/2002

Buongiorno

We were now driving the coastal strip, nice beaches but nothing special until we pulled into Fano. I found a camping field with no facilities looking over the Adriatic for five Euros - ideal, since it was near to the centre of this medieval town. This shows the strengths that Italy has - a Roman arch from the year 10AD and a walled city of such style with old well restored buildings housing old established independant high quality businesses giving a totally affluent feeling. Some stunning people were walking around - with even more on bicycles some with baby seated in front of mum behind a small windscreen. Volley ball being played on the beach and more people promenading. Even quite old ladiies were riding and talking on their mobiles. The harbour had fishing boats but also boatbuilding. Two Pershing high speed high style power boats were almost ready for their new owners. The Pershing 88 looked to be waiting for James Bond and a Bond bird arriving to take possession.

Dinner was accompanied by wine of the area Metauro, a bit like Chardonnay - ideal with the octopus.

More coastal driving to Riccione, it's wall to wall tourists now. It costs for a lounge on the beach, costs for an umbrella then the street sellers pester you - not our thing. We were at Camping Adria - about the nearest to Rimini but in no way special. We took a bus to Rimini and jumped off part way - watched another soccer game then jumped back on to the centre. The bus became jammed with the market traders with their huge bags. I was aware to be watchful, my wallet was in a deep side pocket of my shorts on a chain. I was watching for Di who was wearing her gold chain, she was very uncomfortable in the crush. Getting off some 15 minutes later I felt again for my wallet - still there. But they had emptied it (except for the zipped up compartment) and got one credit card. Sixty quid gone so it could have been worse. My last time of being pick pocketed was in Tunisian market many years ago. So beware of the down side of Italy. We had a chatty night alongside Mercie with an interesting couple from Doncaster.

San Marino is the smallest and oldest republic in the world just 20km from Rimini. Easy to drive to, the final climb makes you realise how special its location on the rocks some 750m in altitude which makes it a ready made fortress. I drove near the cable car and followed the first car park sign - excellent choice, with plenty of space and over night camping allowed no charge. The cable car soon had us up on the top in the old town. It made for a great day out taking the views down to the Adriatic 10km away. The shopping's good too with some good prices with lots of quality and selection. Italy drew in their soccer game and the whole republic cheered when they scored.

Their current most famous personality is Manuel Poggiali the young 125cc motorcycle world champion. He has his picture on the stamps here and stamps are BIG business in the Republic of just 25'000 people. The Republic (RSM) holds lots of sporting events here and in the nearby areas. The 'Mille Miglia' car tour race comes here, the San Marino WSB round is here soon and the F1 car GP at Imola - they even have a Wartburg and Trabant car (Eastern Block) event here for fun.

A cup of tea as the sun sets over the scenic hills and a quiet nights sleep. Breakfast with birdsong in this idyllic historic place.....

Terry - Marburg, GERMANY. May 21st 2002.



Terry's Travels

TT5-8 Italian Drivers 22/06/2002

Buongiorno

There seems a much greater proportion of small cars than in England, there are lots of tiny Smart cars. The new Mini is very popular (the Italian Job?) as well as lots of convertibles - I have seen the new Audi A4 and the expensive new Mercedes sports. Scooters are really in fashion and bicycles in the flat areas. The drivers have great difficulty driving, with one hand to hold their mobiles, managing with only one to do the essential gesticulating - presumably they steer with their knees. They talk on mobiles when on their scooters and especially on bicycles so listen for a shout rather than a bell when you share the pavement. I noticed when following one scooter that there was a leg with trainer on stuck out at the side, was it his false leg? - I had to overtake to see, no, he was riding cross-legged. I have noticed that the older ladies are much too fashion conscious to wear their spectacles so be warned. Road rage perhaps exists but since all the conversation is so animated I can't really tell. As a pedestrian you need to know that the road markings that in England we know as pedestrian crossings are start and finish lines here!

On motorways they use green for motorway signs (not blue) and you press a red button (not green) to get a ticket for the toll roads. How DID they agree on the EURO? - for now.....

If you come to Italy get your information first, since the info centres, when you find them, if they are open, are not well equipped or well staffed, the USA, OZ and N Zealand put them to shame. The people are generally quite friendly and helpful. You see lots of German registered cars but few UK or even French ones.

Our next driving experience was a small road to Urbino (home of Valentino Rossi) and via Urbania following the Metauro river and through the Alpe di Luna at about 3,500 feet - a fabulous drive until nearly sunset. Then a wildcamp approaching Arrezzo, which apart from a wagon coming for just a 4 hour sleep was peaceful.

With a very sporty weekend coming up and having been travelling for 5 weeks I splashed out on the lovely Hotel Park Chianti in the Chianti area for a couple of nights. England WON, Ireland LOST, the Catalunyan GP was entertaining, Le Mans 24 hours was good to see again and apart from being square eyed I did a lot of lengths in the pool. We have eaten all the pasta we want without being very impressed and had one good pizza but found the salads and breads surprisingly poor but the fruit has been excellent in Italy.

Now the return leg begins properly as we head for Lake Garda. Finding a camp site with an elevated view of the lake just 100 yards away and with a TV we stayed 2 nights - Italy lost which produced much animated discussion. Torri village was close and is where the ferry crosses the lake. If we come back to Italy we would use this as a center to ride the bike into the stunning scenery. Lots of other bikers had the same idea and were normally in shirt sleeves in the heatwave. Reaching the N of the lake the mountains became clearer on this hazy hot day reminding that the Alps are to come. Di drove over the Brenner Pass - the easiest crossing and I could enjoy the snow capped scenes.

I took over and drove to the centre of Innsbruck AUSTRIA, it was quiet on this hot muggy day - Mercie was reading 37 Celsius - phew. The sales were on and I found the world's most expensive Internet €12 per hour. The heat and humidity was getting to us, it was much too hot to even whistle songs from the Sound of Music and we drove to Natters with the aircon blasting away. The campsite was on the lake and all of Innsbruck seemed to be in it! The receptionist had to come to guide us through the jam - just then the thunder and lightning started and I drove slowly onto a cramped site in torrential rain. It quickly cleared the air - and the crowds and the temperature dropped. Di was very at home here at Natters.....

Terry - Marburg, GERMANY - in a good internet with football too.



Terry's Travels

TT5-9 The Tirol 24/06/2002

Guten Tag

The thunderstorm had cleared the air and we left early morning in perfect clear weather. We passed around Innsbruck and headed for the minor road to Oberammergau and the wonderful (now GERMAN) mountains. The mountains were snow capped backgrounds to the fresh pastures with the now chalet style houses that typifies the area. Lots of flowers and window boxes remind that we have now reached mid summer. Oberammergau is famous for the passion plays but is also a charming village with artistically painted buildings. Lots of cake shops for fat frauleins and religious stuff for tourists. We had two coffees at a shocking 7.80 EUROS - perhaps we should have kept the crockery as a memento? The driving is a real pleasure and the plan is to head North on the 17, the 2, and the 25.

We shopped at the supermarket in Dinkelbuhl, and found a brass band playing. The young musicians were dressed in uniform of the 1700's with three cornered black hats, white wigs with black plaits and frock coats. They looked very hot but played well. The campsite was marked on our newly purchased map of Germany and was lakeside again with bugs to prove it. Dinner was al fresco alongside Mercie. The green salad and the herring one was delicious with much better bread too. Huge changes in just a days driving is what European touring is all about.

The route is called Romantische and is a true delight, quiet and passing through wonderful villages that show they are well cared for with flowers and cleanliness. This route follows the river Tauber and many of the hillsides are vineyards.

The longest day dawned and we heard the Brazil England game - OUCH. Then we stopped at Werbach sure that we would find a bar to watch Germany play - amazingly no. We listened as the krauts were lucky to win. Rain came and we took to the Autobahn around Frankfurt which Di drove ever more confidently. There was some heavy traffic and we pulled off to the North at Marburg. (We were close to Wetzlar which reminded me of years ago when I had the Leica camera agency). The campsite is near the centre alongside the river - ideal. We are finding it easy to get campsites with just the map and good roadsigns.

The new Remoska cookpot is proving ideal since it keeps the heat outside of Mercie. My first effort at "Patatas Pobre" thats potatoes, red pepper and onion with olive oil was edible and the Bardolino wine went well - chosen since we passed through Bardolino in Italy on Lake Garda.....

Terry - The library, Assen, HOLLAND May 24th 2002