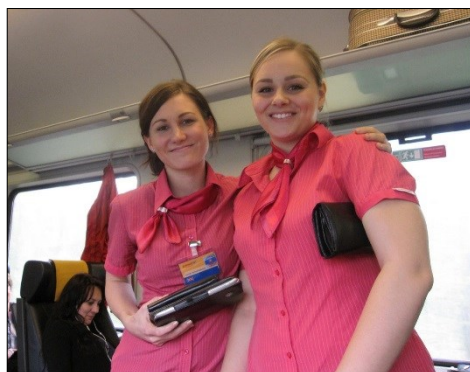


Norway, Greece Czech Republic, Ireland ... *so far.*

Halfway

Our project is now halfway through. We have visited Norway, Greece and the Czech Republic and as I write this we are preparing to go to Ireland. Visits to Poland, France and Wales remain for the later part of the year and early 2014. Great visits all.



For me the memories are indelible, especially the journeys ... Norway I love and I have been there several times, most notably a motorcycle expedition to North Cape. The northern most accessible point in Europe. But seeing a different, industrial side to a most beautiful country was fascinating and I can understand why some people want to preserve some of this decaying industrial landscape. After all we have several such sites in the UK where the brutal unforgiving sites of

heavy industry have been successfully preserved. Ironbridge as the crucible of the industrial revolution is most notable.

I didn't visit Greece due to family business but Carroll and Jo did and had a great time. I include an excerpt from Jo's report ... *"we could see just how devastating the decline of this industry was with all the very large, empty warehouses. This was once a*

very busy port and an important industry for the area. A desolated silence hung in the air.

In contrast, our cultural visit to Olympia felt very different. Again this was once a thriving city with many beautiful buildings. The site was wonderfully preserved with lots of wild flowers growing amongst the ruins. You could sense the importance of the site and feel how exciting this place was. If you closed your eyes as you walked through the arch to the stadium you could hear the shouting and cheering of the crowds as the gladiators entered. The museum was filled with wonderful statues and artefacts showing just how civilised and advanced this ancient nation was."

Our visit the the Cezch Republic was too short, but organizing successful meetings

is a bit like herding kittens—getting them all in the right place at the right time is almost impossible. Our journey from Wales was great and included a long distance train ride across the Cezch Republic, a first for our Grundtvig mobilities. Apart from a few difficulties due to our differing languages the trains were punctual, clean and comfortable ... and the service was fantastic. Well done CZ.

Travelling to Ireland should be easy for us as they are our neighbour ... but flying is tricky due to our location in West Wales, so driving it is. A quick ferry ride to Rosslare and then a six hour drive across some of the most beautiful countryside awaits Jo and me. Lets hope my LandRover makes it!

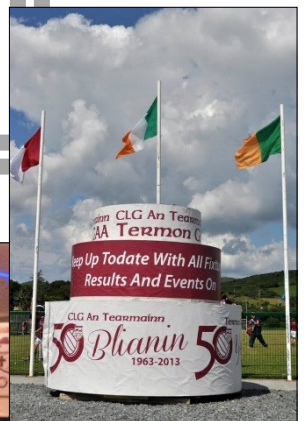
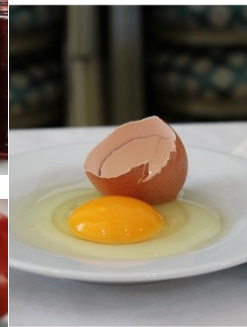
Culturally we also seen some fascinating things, from a tiny community library in Norway, the Litteraturhus in Roldal, the home of the Gods in Olympus, Greece and the depths of the Salt Mines in Wieliczce, Poland. I wonder what else awaits us?

And what of our stories ... they continue to flow, albeit slowly, but we will have a nice collection by the end of the project and some great memories.

Ric - Coordinator

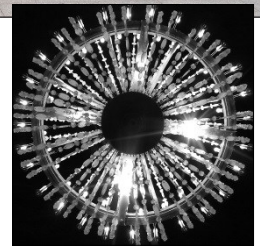
Summer 2013





Mobilities to Greece and the Czech Republic





Some of our Stories

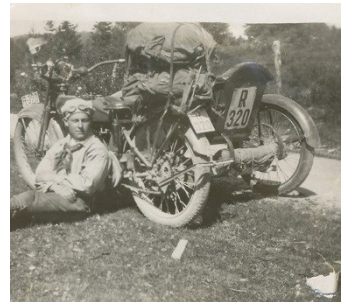


The Curse !

Was there a curse on those who had sold their lands to the industry? People wondered. There was something. They died so suddenly, so young, and all of them were more or less related. Christian Tyssedal lost a son when he fell in the bay on a fishing trip outside Tyssedal and 1917 his daughter Ragnhild died when the steamer “Sunnhordland” and “Tysso” collided outside Tyssedal. She was only

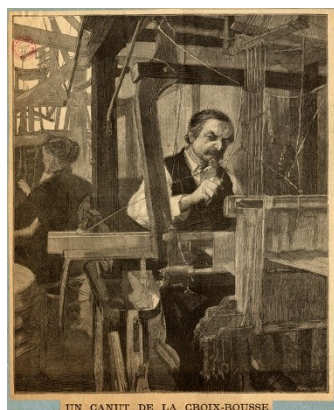
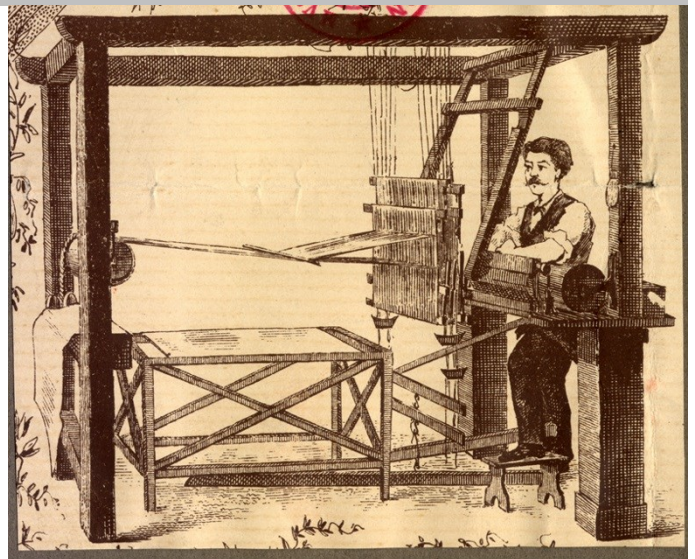
19 years old. Christian had to endure a lot. The period after, first his son Christian drowned, then there was a long period when he thought he had lost his sight. Later on he was close to being cheated by AS Tyssefaldene when he received far too little money for the property he sold to the company. Later he had got his sight back, he took out his fiddle, played as before, went over to Eitrheim and even played

along with Myllarguten. And then this happened. Christian truly had to endure a lot. 1922 he was killed in a motorcycle accident in Seljestadjuvet. There was somehow no end to the pain.



The Silk Weavers of Lyon

Canuts were the silk weavers of Lyon. And they are famous for several work-related things: making beautiful silk cloth, embracing the Jacquard loom—a precursor to computer technology, and organizing the first worker’s revolt of the industrial revolution. In addition, they actually owned the means of production, working and living in lofts with soaring ceilings that accommodated their own Jacquard looms.



The Maison des Canuts tells the Canut story from Croix-Rousse, the hilltop that was populated by the Canuts and their looms. The small museum is spread between two buildings and consists of a boutique where mostly silk scarves are sold, a class-

room where the guided tour stops to learn about the life of the silk worm, and two galleries with fabric samples, memorabilia, and antique equipment, including a working Jacquard loom for demonstrating the weaving process.

The Trade of the Raisin

The cultivation of the raisin started about the middle of the 18th century. This cultivation was extended after the Greek revolution of 1821.

A great number of tradesmen were involved bringing modern machinery. New improved methods were used in the cultivation, as well as in the process of the production and trade.

Vostitsa was the Venetian name of Aeghion. So the black raisin with the trade mark "Vostitsa" was established as a choice quality product. It was one of the main exported products and contributed to the 2/3 in the Greek economy.

The raisin merchants became very wealthy. They built imposing houses and large stone made warehouses by the sea in the area of the port. A lot of seasonal workers, especially women, sorted out and packed the raisins. At that time the port of Aeghion became well known all over Europe.

During the great years 1880-1903 the production was exported to England, Germany, Holland and even to America. By the end of the 19th century the raisin trade started to diminish, because countries as Italy and France had a high production too. England, the main customer, was interested in buying the raisin from these nearer countries. Later the 1st world

war came Gradually until the 2nd world war all this activity and prosperity was over.

A number of these raisin businessmen became politicians and benefactors of Aeghion.

Some of them were Diomidis, Polychroniadis, who had the best manufacture, John Petropoulos who had a branch office in London and Constantinos Arvanitis who



established "Emporonaktiki", the largest company of Greece.

The raisin warehouses and manufactures being big stone made and imposing buildings gave to the port a very special character. We must say also that the railway line passed between the buildings and the sea. Rows of plane trees, as well as some springs of fresh water existed, making the whole scenery unique.

In recent times this scenery has been used in many films. The famous Greek director Theo Angelopoulos filmed many scenes of his works "Thiassos" and "Melissokomos" in this place.

In Aeghion there were also two large industries. First a paper

mill industry and second the soap industry, that stopped between 1970-1980. The paper mill, the greatest in the East had the most modern equipment from Sweden. Experts from Sweden, Norway and Germany worked to install and organize the industry. Later in 1937 it bought more improved equipment from Austria. During its glorious days there were 500 day and night workers and the production was 12.000 tons of

paper in a year. Unfortunately it finally stopped in 1980. The soap industry was smaller but gave work and prosperity to many people. These industries were by the seaside and close to the port of

Aeghion.

There were also some smaller industries as olive mills (which still work), wheat mills, wine industries, even silk manufacturers. About 1930 there was a remarkable tobacco industry. Even a leather industry from Anvers existed in Aeghion until 1920.

In our time there are quite a lot olive mills, wine industries, two well known sweet industries. Only two raisin manufactures exist still in our town today. One of them is private "Kouniniotis" and the other is a cooperative one. The old raisin manufactures along the port are now changed into restaurants or cafeterias.



Great weather in the Czech Republic

From Our Irish Mobility

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*A post from our Irish trip
from our blog
www.storysavers.tumblr.com*

Our last full day before travelling home saw us meet Mary's Uncle Dennis, the local postman. As well as acting as our guide as we explored the site of the Glenveagh clearances, he told us tales of intrigue, murder, adultery and poisoning, as well as many other tales of local interest.

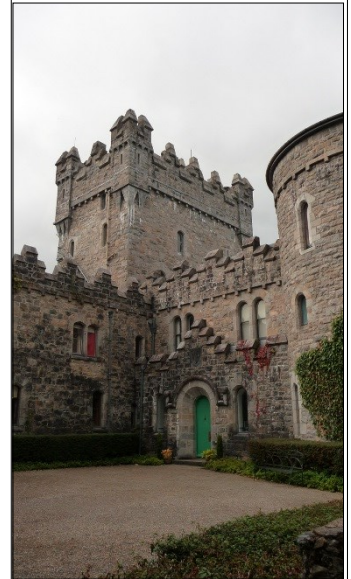
He showed us the site of the clearances and where the owners of the Glenveagh estate cleared the tenant farmers off the land in the spring of 1861, to make room for sheep, hunting, shooting and fishing. Many of the houses are still there,

albeit in need of a little renovation and the whole valley had a sad, poignant feel even today.

Many of the adults were relocated to Australia, but the very young and old ended up in the workhouse. Many families were split up never to see each other again, although one descendant recently returned and reclaimed his ancestral home from the estate. Now that the Irish Government owns the estate they allowed him to build a new house on the site, but he has failed to take up occupancy again.

Ric Foot

Chicago Tribune



Glenveagh Castle

An article on the Glenveagh clearances reprinted from the Chicago Tribune, but written by Edward Mace of the London Observer in 1986.

COUNTY DONEGAL, IRELAND — All Donegal is physically impressive, perfect country to withstand remorseless winters and sweet summers of roses. The wild coastline is awesome, wide miles of sands the color of clover honey, beaches as remote as hermits, almost as neglected as the 12 moral virtues. When I was a child, nursery lore had it that if we made our footprints in the sand they would still be there when we returned the next summer.

Splendid as the coast is, the beauty of the Highlands of northwest Donegal beats everything. This is where the Irish have set up the Glenveagh National Park, 40



Chicago Tribune

square miles of it, with Glenveagh Castle dominating the lake.

Some think the castle a Victorian horror, romantics dote on it. Nobody could dispute the splendor of the setting which has the prime qualities of a civilized landscape, surprise and privacy.

This privacy is worth preserving: it cost enough in human misery. Glenveagh was the battleground for one of the last, certainly the most beastly, of the Irish Clearances. In 1861 2,000 tenants and their families were evicted and their crofts destroyed. Most emigrated to Australia.

The poignancy is that, where as tenants in Scotland were evicted because sheep were more profitable than peasants, the man who created Glenveagh in the middle 1800s, John George Adair, simply wanted the place for himself.

In the 1930s the estate was bought by an immensely rich American, a native of Philadelphia, Henry McIlhenny, who until a few years before he died spent his summers at the castle. His money came from gas meters.

Henry was an engaging character, and, according to one expert in this field, the only very rich man who was ever really happy.

Life at Glenveagh was the epitome of privilege. Peat fires scented every bedroom; the servants were happy and kind and the food exquisite. Excursions were planned with opulent precision and presents chosen for guests with delicious disregard for cost.



He left the castle to the Irish nation, a legacy to last and grow, especially the gardens which are superb. Better still is the natural beauty and sweetness. If you walk up the glen, past where the lake ends in a ruffle of reeds and shallow water, there ahead lies a sequestered valley. The high hills are inhabited by herds of wild deer.

Ciaran O'Keefe, the young park superintendent, hopes to lure back the golden eagle. They flourished at Glenveagh as late as the 1920s. One, a male, which has been sighted, seemed to be investigating. O'Keefe thinks he would be from Scotland and prays he'll return with a mate.

All the news out of Ireland seems awful. The reality is quite different. There it was below us, green fields and greener rivers, peaceful and bewitching, a fair land.



*Natural Flower Arranging
At Glenveagh Castle*

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