



Castellorizo is the last outpost of the Dodecanese...just 9 sq.km., within touching distance of Turkey yet proudly Greek. It has a perfect natural harbour, the waterfront lined with charming tiny restaurants and hotels. Sleepy and slow and breathtaking. Many houses are being restored – they are striking in vivid colours. (We overheard a prospective buyer complaining that the small local runway wasn't large enough to land his Lear Jet...!) Once a proud and bustling seaport and sponge diving centre, it lives today on fishing and tourism. In 1920 it was occupied by the Italians. In 1943 the whole population was evacuated to Eygpt to protect them from German air raids. Most emigrated to Australia afterwards. Today just over 200 remain of the former 15,000 inhabitants. Guide books say that if the population falls to under 200, the island will revert to Turkey and that emigrants were enticed to the island with the gift of a sewing machine and washing machine for every family. Others say that the population were all former prisoners. All a myth according to the charming German owner of the lovely gift shop and Olive Garden Restaurant.

We spent a lovely day climbing to the Caste Roso (Red castle) for the superb views and enjoyed a lovely Greek lunch. Rushing to get the tour boat back to Kas, I regretted not buying a small painting. No problem...a phone call and it was all arranged....it arrived by boat the next day! (That's Greece!)















