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122nd Edition

The Agiot

Merry Christmas



Bert van Rossum

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Saturday Walks

Saturday, 2 December. STAVROS: Woodland Ways (2 hours ***). Meet at Coyevinas, the junction for Stavros 2 kms after Agii Deka, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Areti's Place, Agii Deka. NOTE: The walks where you think you will meet Oberon and Titania!

Saturday, 9 December. STRINILAS: The Karst Plateau (2 hours ***). Meet at Stamatis Taverna, Strinilas, 10.00 for 10.30 start (short onward car journey). Lunch at Stamatias. NOTE: Easy walking outwards; very rough underfoot return. Gorgeous views.

Saturday, 16 December. PELEKAS: Circuit to Vatos and Kokkini (** NEW!). Meet in Pelekas 'Square', 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch TBA. NOTE: I haven't myself walked this in one go, so don't know how long it will take.

Saturday, 23 December: PALEOKASTRITSA: Ways to Lakones (2 hours ***). Meet at the Alipa Bay road junction, just before the main Paleokastritsa Beach, 10.15 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Elizabeth's, Doukades. NOTE: We can choose a route according to conditions.

Saturday, 30 December. PORTA: The Oak Forest, Mengoulas and the High Tracks (2 hours **). Meet at the Old Schoolhouse, top end of Porta (large old stone building next to church), 10.15 for 10.30 start. Lunch TBA. NOTE: Very atmospheric woodland, stunning views. (This walk was cancelled in November.)

Saturday, 6 January. SINARADES: West Coast Loop (2 hours **). Meet at Arhonoriki Taverna, near Sinarades Square, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Arhonoriki. NOTE: An old favourite with some add-ons.



Taverna Archontariki

Corfu Weather Statistics - November 2017

	Max	Avg	Min
Temperature			
Max Temperature	22°C	18 °C	6°C
Mean Temperature	18 °C	14°C	6°C
Min Temperature	16 °C	10°C	3°C
Heating Degree Days (base 65)	24	8	0
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	0	0	0
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	14	7	0
Dew Point	17°C	11°C	-2°C
Precipitation	70.1 mm	6.3 mm	0.0 mm
Wind			
Wind	50 km/h	11 km/h	0 km/h
Gust Wind	80 km/h	49km/h	37 km/h
Sea Level Pressure	1022 hPa	1015 hPa	1002 hPa

Read more at:

http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statename=NA#PFq1VRYHlbugcTGf.99



*Courtesy of
Clivematange
Donovan*

<

Greek flash floods

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mxC1BEY3CzE&t=0s>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wzJl658gR58>

Corfu Trail : Ocay Properties

Following on from last month's article, shown here are details of just one of the tempting prospects on offer: Balcony House.



Balconies 1 & 2

Balcony House Giannades Village, West Corfu.

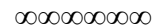
A Very old stone house for major renovation, approximately 90 square metres in size, close to the course of the Corfu Trail.

Quiet location yet near village centre. Reached up a badly maintained but thankfully short alleyway, this stone building is located in the first-settled part of the village and may be hundreds of years old. With its thick stone walls, it certainly gives that impression.

The main feature of the property is a wide covered veranda that stretches across much of the lower floor. This gives access to two separate areas, one a single large room and the other comprising two rooms. The upper floor, accessed by way of an outside staircase at the side of the building, is a single large room. This floor enjoys an excellent uninterrupted view over the Ropa Valley to the Pantokrator mountain range in the far distance.

The building is in need of major renovation, including new roof and floors. It could make a nice home centring on the veranda (which could be closed off with temporary windows in winter), or converted to two or three serviced rental units.

The village square, with its well-stocked shop, taverna and bus terminus, is a short walk away. The Corfu Trail passes through the square, linking the village centre with fabulous walks northwards and southwards along the west coast hills, as well as down into the plain of the Ropa Valley with its network of lanes and tracks alongside the river and through woodlands on its fringes.



A dedicated page for the Corfu Trail is now at:
<http://www.ocaypropertycorfu.com/corfutrailproperties/>

Please visit for full information on these very interesting opportunities, shown in the photos below



Casco Stone Villa 2



Casco Stone Villa



Casco Stone Villa



Cottage in the woods (2)



Cottage in the woods



Kamara Corner House Front 1



Kamara Corner House Front 2



Kamara Corner House Side



Kamara Corner Rear



Keti Front



KetiView

Continued on Page 4

Corfu Trail : Ocaj Properties - Continued from Page 3



Komianata Cottage



Komianata Retreat front view



Liori 1



Liori 2



No1 View



Number One Guesthouse from Corfu Trail



Number One Guesthouse Front



Olympia front view



Olympia Owner's Apartment Kitchen



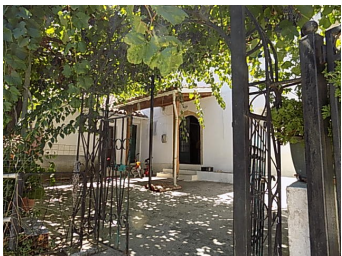
Olympia Owner's apartment



OlympiaStudios1



Pergola House Front 2



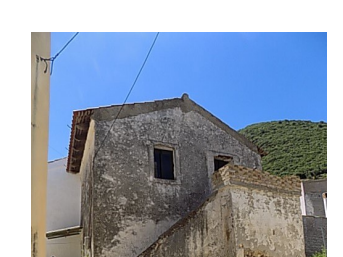
Pergola Yard



Trail Corner Cott 1



Wreck 1



Trail Corner Cott 2



Wreck 2



Letters to the Editor

Message from the Editor:

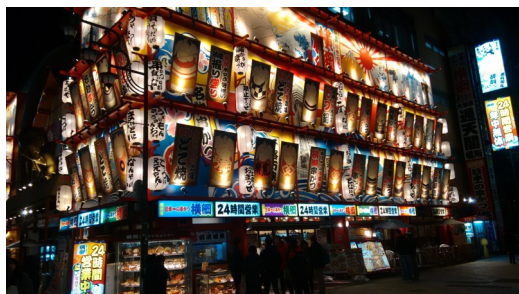
HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

Greetings to you all this Christmas and New Year, from all here in Agios Ioannis!!

This Newsletter is remembering our Dear Lionel, especially in the Christmas month which he so loved. So, it should come as little surprise that we are reliving a much earlier Christmas with the good Doctor, in a faraway place in 1967.

This is a special Yuletide in so many ways for us. On January 1st our leader Kostas will be 90. This will be a day to savour, when the family and a few friends will gather around him to pay respects, and no doubt winkle out of him a tale or two.

Our hearts will also be in Tokyo, where the younger Kostas will be experiencing a very different, but nonetheless enjoyable, Eastern-style Christmas.



Osaka

And we will be raising a glass-or ten-to all our dear friends and readers, wherever they may be across the globe, and beyond.



Doug in Philippines

<

There is more. The 2017 Losers Cup will happen shortly after Kostas's birthday so 2018 may end up with holding this world-famous event twice. Anybody can enter. Disciplines will be posted at least two hours prior to the event to give competitors plenty of time to practice. Kostas Junior has fled to the other side of the planet to avoid defending his title!

There is even more, a tinge of the Lionel again! On Friday, 15th of December Villa Theodora will be alive again at 7.00.p.m. to the sounds of Carols and the munch grinding of mince-pies. Join us for a kick-start to Christmas. Jules will be leading us through the Carols. No doubt Lionel will be looking down and saying, 'Oh God, they're singing between the cracks!!'

On more prosaic affairs, check out the new site in the article on the Corfu Property Trail, which may be of interest to certain readers.

<http://www.ocaypropertycorfu.com/corfutrailproperties/>

So, sit down, have a cup of tea, and enjoy!

From a Humble reader [name and address supplied].
'further to strange unsubscribe issue, maybe my good lady who is not an internet professional may have inadvertently hit a wrong key, not sure if that might have prompted her to do more than she knew? anyway please do not unsub us as we are and always will be if even we no longer have a home there AGIOTS through and through'.

Ed: - Yes, as a general rule, Humble Reader, when considering keyboard pressing, 'if in doubt, leave it out.' For all our readers, BEWARE when you open the Mailchimp link NOT to hit the Unsubscribe button accidentally!

STOP PRESS

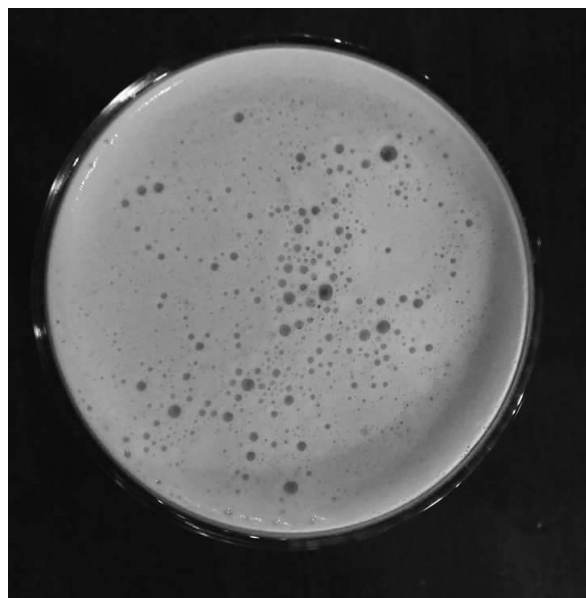
The next edition of
The Agiot will be on
3rd January, 2018

Letters to the Editor - Continued from Page 5

Ed: Simon Baddeley complains [his letter is far too fiery to publish in full here] that we did not print photos in support of his article last month. So, before he sues, here is his 'evidence' for the proposed funicular route.



Paul Fennell, obviously bored, sent us this version of the moon.



With the rain lashing down in Corfu it is hearty to recall the fine, carefree day posted by **Lennart Bjorklund**.

First day at school :



School

Patricia Stach

I heard from Andonis that you had really bad weather last week, but now it's sunny. We have this like on the pic now for months :-)



Rainswept



Ed: Yes, Patricia, see the weather article for more evidence of this wetness!

Sue Alexander mailed

This photo of an English Springer Spaniel with a water bottle was taken at the Agiofest in 2013. He had a wonderful time playing with this 'toy'.

Ed: Yoiks alive Sue! This is Andy, dog-friend of Agiofest, who happens to be sitting at my feet right now! I shall say hello from you. I remember we met at this year's event. Thank you for your love and loyalty!



Andy hamming it up

Christmas 1967

By Dr. Lionel Mann



Lionel at Christmas 2006

For Christmas 1967 I was in Wellington, New Zealand. In theory it is mid-summer there, but in common with the U.K. summer is often late in arriving; in every one of my twelve years there we always celebrated the festival with full traditional menu, seated by a roaring fire.

At St. Mark's Church, which had imported me as their Director of Music, we televised monthly and always the morning service of the greater festivals. My choir was made up of twelve boys, ten trebles, two altos, pupils of the church school, and eight students from the university, two girl altos, three tenors, three basses.

The City Council always arranged rush-hour entertainment at the railway station for the week before Christmas and asked us to contribute on two evenings, so I arranged a number of carols for unaccompanied three-part boys' voices as no instrument was available at the station and not all our "adults" would be available. The boys were divided five firsts, four seconds, three altos for performance. Few British choirs seem to realise that just as women are sopranos, mezzos and altos, men are basses, baritones and tenors, children's singing voices also cover different ranges. In all my other choirs I have had boy trebles and altos, men tenors and basses, an arrangement quite common on the Continent.

This station commitment proved quite fortuitous when we were approached by a producer of N.Z.B.C. television who wanted six boys singing carols for a Christmas Cameo to be shown on Christmas

morning. He came to select his cast, his choice being governed by the need to choose two of each voice including the three principals. The layout of the television set was set out in masking tape on the floor of the church hall so that the actors might practice their movements.

In those days the preparation of such a programme required that the sound should be first recorded and then the vision added with the cast miming to their recorded sound. One day after school the six went to the sound studios and confounded all expectations by recording all twenty minutes music perfectly at the first take; the staff were not used to such professionalism! The boys were accordingly treated to a feast in the canteen followed by an accompanied tour of Broadcasting House.

The following Saturday at the television studios was a longer business, nearly two hours, as the producer tried out various ideas, but all came together and we enjoyed a preview.

At our station performances we were surprised at the numbers who stopped to catch later trains and stood thickly crowded around us. On the first night they had an unrehearsed bonus. My arrangement of "Patapan", an old French carol, started with the three altos repeating "Patapan, patapan, patapan, ..." rapidly on tenor A, a drum-beat. Off they went, "Patapan, patapan, patapan, pataHIC." Ten-year-old Winston emitted the loudest hiccup that I have ever heard. Choir and audience fell around roaring with laughter. The boy blushed a deep red, but yet joined in the merriment. It was a minute or two before we recovered to start again. Thereafter whenever they sang that carol, even in church, the boys always wore broad grins.

Midnight Eucharist on Christmas Eve was typical in that torrential rain was flooding the streets, yet the church was full to standing room only. Some persons even invaded the sound-proofed radio and television producer's eyrie and listened on its speakers. It was not in use at that time. The full choir attended, boys brought by parents.

Continued on Page 8

Christmas 1967
Continued from Page 7

We missed the showing of the Christmas Cameo as it immediately preceded our televised Christmas Morning Mass. By this time all the choir, including the boys, were old-troupers, exchanging banter with the T.V. crews as they prepared and tested for what they jocularly called "The God Commercial", and I always derived much amusement at the flow of New Zealand wit. The necessary N.Z.B.C. cables and connections had been built into the church so that the setting-up was performed quite expeditiously.

Matthew Calder, our priest, was an actor-manqué; his dramatic performance of the 17th-century liturgy ideally suited to television. Moreover he never preached for more than five minutes with a pithy directness that brought a flood of congratulatory letters after every broadcast. We received our share too. If other clergy had possessed Matthew's perception and intellect there would never have been a need for banal "new liturgies" and their attendant trashy music. He good-naturedly shrugged off the jealousy with which others of his profession regarded him.

After the service the boys lined up in the choir-room to receive their Christmas presents from Matthew. They were very well-paid (as also was I) by comparison with most British church musicians. Nevertheless it was considered that a seasonal gift should recognize their exceptional loyalty and expertise. The Anglican Church in New Zealand does not support the top-heavy bureaucracy and hierarchy of its U.K. counterpart and is accordingly able to give all its servants a reasonable reward for their labours.

Because at that time the licensing laws in New Zealand closed all bars at six o'clock every child had to be home by that hour. Between the end of work at five o'clock and closing time most of the male population poured as much liquor down their throats as they could manage. At six o'clock the streets were full of roaring drunks. Therefore the only time that I could hold a full choir practice with boys and adults together was the half hour before every service and an hour after a morning service. All other practices were sectional, boys daily after school, adults in the evening. Christmas Day was no exception; we rehearsed the following Sunday's music before going off to our festivities.

Along with the Churchwardens and their families I was always a guest at the vicarage for the rest of

Christmas Day, passed in eating the delicious fare and drinking the excellent wine for which New Zealand is noted. The days when watching T.V. had put an end to intelligent conversation had not yet arrived; we chatted, exchange anecdotes and enjoyed a great deal of laughter. It was quite late when I went home to my apartment, a short stroll away.

Although we had performed carols elsewhere before Christmas Day we were far more meticulous in observing seasons at church, with no carols before Evensong on Christmas Eve. The following Sunday evening our customary Evensong was replaced by a traditional Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols, again to an overflow congregation, some attracted by what they had seen on television or at the railway station. Christmas was a very exciting time with the prospect of the summer holiday, including our boy choristers' fortnight singing tour of the island, to follow.

The beautiful natural decoration proliferating around the island at that time, the pohutekawa trees with their dark green leaves and crimson flowers, still linger in my memory, although of course the church and every house always had a traditionally decorated Christmas tree, a lingering custom brought from "The Old Country".



Gooners Gags

A teacher decides to let students out early if they can name the origin of a famous quote.

Teacher: "Who said 'Four Score and Seven Years Ago'?"

But before Johnny began to open his mouth, Susie says, "Abraham Lincoln."

Teacher: "That's right Susie, you can go home."

Teacher: "Who said 'I Have a Dream'?"

Again, before Johnny can open his mouth, Mary says, "Martin Luther King."

Teacher: "That's right Mary, you can go."

Teacher: "Who said 'Ask not, what your country can do for you'?"

Before Johnny can open his mouth, Nancy says, "John F. Kennedy."

Teacher: "That's right Nancy, you may also leave."

When the teacher turns her back Johnny says in frustration, "I wish these dumb bitches would keep their fucking mouths shut!"

The teacher turns around and she is livid: "NOW WHO SAID THAT?!?!?"

Johnny: "Harvey Weinstein, and I'll see you on Monday"...

This is serious and I don't know if you or somebody you know may help out. A friend of mine has two tickets for the Formula One final race of the season, the Abu Dhabi Grand Prix, at the Yas Marina circuit on the w/e 26th-28th Nov. They are box seats and include flights, hospitality and hotel accommodation. He didn't realise when he bought them that this was the same day as his wedding. If you are interested and want to go instead of him, it's at St John's Church, Worcester, at 2.15pm on the 26th. Her name is Janet and she'll be the one in the white dress



Which one is the male



A quick-thinking Kiwi.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v3xX2EqBL70>

Continued on Page 10

Gooners Gags -

Continued from Page 8

Wow! - There's no mistaking Vlad's opinion!

NO Wonder Putin was selected by Forbes as the most powerful person in the world.

This is one time our elected leaders should pay attention to the advice of Vladimir Putin.

I would suggest that not only our leaders but every citizen should pay attention to this advice. How scary is that?

It is a sad day when a Communist Leader makes more sense than our LEADERS, but here it is!

Vladimir Putin's speech - SHORTEST SPEECH EVER. As the Russian president, addressed the Duma, (Russian Parliament), and gave a speech about the tensions with minorities in Russia:

"In Russia, live like Russians. Any minority, from anywhere, if it wants to live in Russia, to work and eat in Russia, it should speak Russian, and should respect the Russian laws. If they prefer Sharia Law, and live the life of Muslim's, then we now clearly advise them to go and live in those places where that's the state law.

"Russia does not need Muslim minorities. Minorities need Russia, and we will not grant them special privileges, or try to change our laws to fit their

desires, no matter how loud they yell 'discrimination'. We will not tolerate disrespect of our Russian culture.

*We had better learn from the suicides of so-called democracies - **America, England, Holland, and France**, if we are to survive as a nation. The Muslims are taking over those countries and they will not take over Russia. The Russian customs and traditions are not compatible with the lack of culture or the primitive ways of Sharia Law and Muslims.*

*"When this honorable legislative body thinks of creating new laws, it should have in mind the Russian national interest first, observing that the Muslims Minorities **Are Not** Russians."*

The politicians in the Duma gave Putin a five minute standing ovation

Gooners Gags -*Continued from Page 10***HEADLINES FROM THE YEAR 2030.**

Ozone created by electric cars now killing millions.

White minorities still trying to have English recognized as the UK's third language.

Children from two-parent, married, heterosexual families bullied in schools for being 'different'. Tolerance urged.

Manchester schoolgirl expelled for not wearing a burqa.

Japan announces that they will no longer consume whale meat as whales are now extinct, and the scientific research fleet are unemployed.

UK Government tells the Japanese that grey squirrels taste like whale meat..

Britain now has ten universities of Political Correctness.

Professor Goldman of LSPC says there is still a long way to go in the fight to stop people saying what they think.

Prime Minister Mohammed Yousuf claims increased growth through more immigration is the secret to success.

Baby conceived naturally. Scientists stumped.

Iran still isolated. Physicists estimate at least ten more years before radioactivity decreases to safe levels.

France pleads for global help after being taken over by Islamic Countries. No one responds.

Jose Manuel Rodrigex Bush says he will run for second term as US President in 2032.

Post Office raises price of stamps to £18 and reduces mail delivery to Wednesdays only.

After a ten-year, £75.8 billion study commissioned by the Labour Party, scientists prove diet and exercise is the key to weight loss.

Average weight of a British male drops to 18 stone.

Japanese scientists have created a camera with such a fast shutter speed they can now photograph a woman with her mouth shut.

Supreme Court rules punishment of criminals violates their civil and human rights.

Victims to be held partly responsible for crime.

Average height of professional basketball players is now nine feet seven inches.

New law requires that all nail clippers, screwdrivers, fly swatters and rolled-up newspapers must be registered by January 2035 as lethal weapons.

Inland Revenue sets lowest tax rate in decades at 75 per cent.

Agiotfest 2018

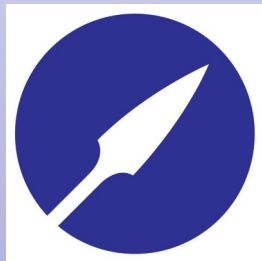
SPEAR TRAVELS

Peter and Libby Cookson of Spear Travels have kept faith with Agiotfest since 2009.

Their generosity, patience and commitment has led to them achieving this top award a few days ago in London.

They have always had *that* feeling for Corfu.

We are so pleased for them and happy too that they remain our generous Sponsors.



Best Independent Travel Agency at the prestigious British Travel Awards in London last night.

We are all so proud and it's thanks to 'you' our valued clients and our friends for voting for us that we won - so for that we would like to thank you all.



Best Independent Travel Agency

Agotfest Newsflash: The Minstrel

An apology for some lateness.

There has been a bottleneck of things to sort for the end of the year. So, apologies are in order to our sponsors, who should have been mailed by now. But it WILL happen in December. On my Accountant's life.

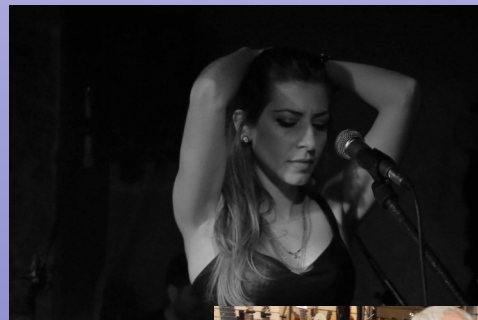
Also, the 2017 Video Highlights will be released in January.

Rest assured that plans are afoot much earlier than in previous years.

We are back to a 2-day format and that means some proper prep is in order.

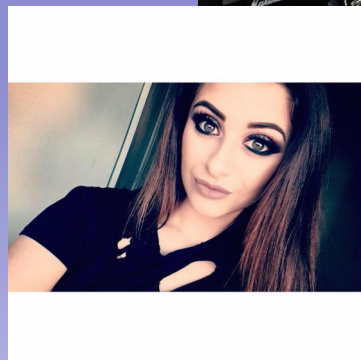
Join us at the New Cactus Hilton, Agios Ioannis for the 31st August and September 1st for the

TEN YEAR AGIOTFEST PARTY



Alexia turned up the heat in 2017
<

Russ Perry at the auditions
>



Zoe from 2016
<

AGIOTFEST SPONSORS

Main Sponsors



Accommodation

to suit all budgets



Green Island



Mousehouse



Sunrise Cars



Spear Travels



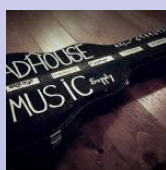
Sally's Bar



Vrionis



Daylong



Roadhouse Music



Corfu Beer



100+ Club



Trevor Whybrow

Including:

- Adrian Ward (<http://realcorfu.com>)
- Anne Hodgson
- Aqualand
- Avis Owen
- Barry & Stella Knight
- Big Bite Restaurant, Benitses
- Bob & Jill Carr
- Bob Bakker
- Chas Clifton
- Compass Café, Kontokali
- David Dickinson
- Derek & Carole Pullen
- Dimitris Krokidis (<http://corfuwall.gr>)
- Gouvia Marina
- Henk Van Der Does
- Hilary Paipeti
- Hotel Telesillas, Kontokali
- In Action gym
- Jo & Mel Sperling
- Ken & Jan Harrop
- La Tabernita Mexicana
- Lennart & Sanna
- Les & Chris Woods
- Lionel Mann
- Lynne Cahill
- Margareta Rodehn
- Maria. Driving School
- Martin & Tracey Stuart
- Michael Spiggos, Firebrand Radio (<http://www.firebrandrr.co.uk/michael-spiggos>)
- Mickey Lowe
- Miri Widdicombe
- Neil Hendriksen
- Nikolas's Taverna, Agni
- NSK
- Pat & Gina Brett
- Paul & Jan Scotter
- Posidonio Restaurant Agios Giordis
- Rob Tinkler
- Robert Bennett
- Sarah Young
- Sephora Shop
- Simon & Lin Baddeley
- Star Bowl
- Steve Young
- Spyros Kaloudis, Dentist
- Sue Done
- Tavola Calda
- Vassilis Pandis

The Way Things Were



Ano Korakiana 1975 - a watercolor by the late Corfiot painter Angelos Kontis, *Άγγελου Κόντη*. The painter depicts the village and surrounding landscape of the Corfu village of Korakiana- Κορακιάνα, Greece. Posted by Thanassis S



Sanna and Sandy sharing mouth accessories in the winter of 15-16

ocay villas

For information on special deals for Summer 2018

Contact us at: info@ocayvillas.com

Or on Tel: (0030) 26610 58177/ Mob: (0030) 6978206077



Villa Theodora



Villa Aphrodite

To view these and other villas available for next summer.

Go to: <http://www.ocayvillascorfu.com/>

Village and Island News

God, Corfu is so beautiful in November. Perhaps it's just me, but I have an especially soft spot for this particular month.

Below is a little gallery which reflects the simple joys of life at this time of year. Yes, it has been devilishly wet, the elements have raged, umbrellas are difficult to control under raging skies with flashing lightning on early-morning patrol with the pack. But I would not trade this square mile on earth for any other.

Akh's small-holding
>



Hotel Nitsa's chickens
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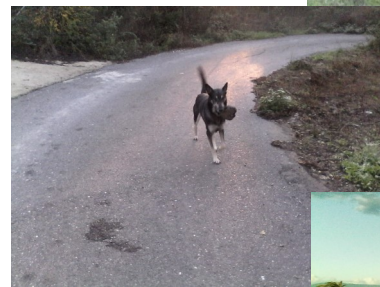
Mandy aquaplaning >



< *Our eternal carer*

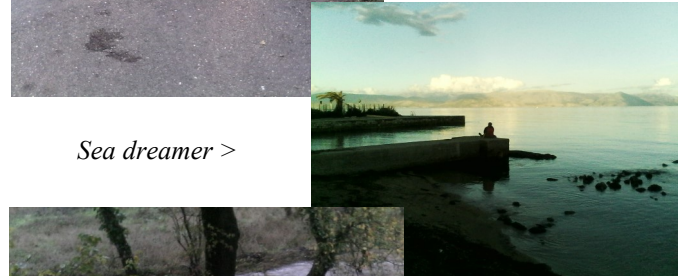


Pastoral Agios >



< *Rock bearer*

Almost in the town
<

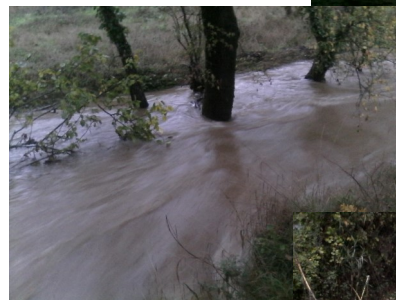


Sea dreamer >

Dancers
>



The Brook in flood
<

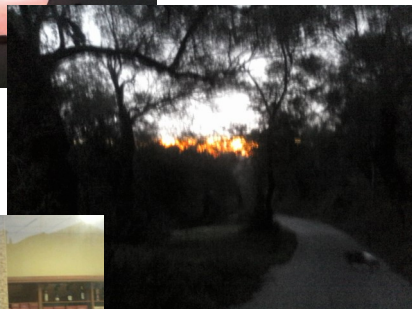


Dawn breaks over Agios
<

This is not the river, it is the road
>



Dawn walks
>



Valley of secrets
<



Dieting is difficult with these around
<



Continued on Page 16

*Village and Island News -
Continued from Page 15*

For those interested in 'The Curious Tale of the Taverna Tables' [TableGate] , this month we are proud to present you with **GateGate**

Unknown persons-or are they-have eloped with Paul Grove's Gate, last seen here below. Paul is offering as a reward a sponsored table in the square for five years for anyone producing information leading to the arrest of the perpetrators of the offence.



*Sniffer dog
brought in
<*

A typical Agios story is written here by Les Woods

"We seek him here, we seek him there"

On a lazy Sunday afternoon, (not uncommon from most afternoons in Agios Ioannis, really) we received a phone call from one of our friends to tell us that he had just been told of a large pig [[And I don't mean Traffic Police!] wandering free in the lane close to our house and had we seen it

"No" I replied but we will go and investigate just in case the animal is injured or scared.

So, Chris, myself and our dog Gip set out on our "Pig Hunt"

Making our way across the fields and on to the lane where the pig had last been reported, we started our search. We made our way down the lane towards the neighbouring village of Afra.

After 15mins searching, in which time we had just reached the outskirts of Afra, there was still no sighting of the mysterious [pig]?

We decided to split up to widen our search, Chris made her way back down the lane (towards where the initial sighting of the pig had been reported) and taking the dog with me, I headed back in the same direction but making my way through the woods which are edged by the lane on one side and a deep stream on the other where I know there are plenty of Oak trees, thinking the pig might have made its way towards a free lunch.

We met back up close to our house with still no sign of the swine!

Chris headed over the fields back towards our house and Gip and myself decided to search a little bit more for our porky friend. So, we headed off down the lane but this time in the general direction of our village

Part way down the lane I spotted trotter prints in the mud in the lane, pointing in the same direction we were travelling. Ah ha, the animal cannot be too far away?

Gip had not picked up any scent yet, so we carried on up to the top of the lane, heading up towards our village.

Suddenly Gip started getting a bit excited and sniffing around a lot more. We came to a junction in the lane and Gip took off to the left at a brisk pace, sniffing more and more, defiantly on the trail of something now?

Skirting the Olive grove below the village church and there was still no sight of the beastie yet.

Then suddenly Gip's pace picked up and he darted up a steep path that led up into the Olive grove below the village houses close to the plateia.

He stopped half way up the path and was inspecting a freshly disturbed patch of soil, it looked like the pig/ something had been foraging quite recently.

With the hairs on the dog's neck standing up now, he cautiously worked his way up among the olive trees with me following close behind him.

Making our way up the olive grove and we were just below the village houses when Gip became very agitated, not just the hairs on his neck but the hairs on the full length of his back were standing up and he was crouching down in a stalking mode and giving off the odd low growl (that I had seen before when he senses cat's about) and staring up into the olive trees above us.



*He comes
<*

Continued on Page 17

Village and Island News -
Continued from Page 16



He wandered towards the church then down the lane to the Spider Bar!

I could see nothing but Gip could sense something. Slowly we worked our way along the lower path, Gip still stalking and growling and me desperately scanning the olive trees above for any sign of what was spooking the dog (hoping it was to be our evasive porcine friend)



My net <



He is big >

Then, suddenly appearing from behind a large olive tree, there it was, a fair sized dark grey pig!

Well done Gip in tracking it down.

Having never been too close to a pig before it was hard for me to judge the size of the beastie.

But it was a certainly bigger than Gip and at this distance it looked to be a fair size and it appeared to be quite happy foraging through the leaves and grass under the olive trees.

So, we picked up our pace and worked our way along the lower track in an attempt to get ahead of the pig, Gip still growling and a bit nervous as he had never encountered a pig before and he did not know what to make of it.

We then made our way up through the olive grove and came out on the higher track that ran just below the village houses, hoping to be ahead of the pig, and there it was, the elusive Porker we had been tracking.

I started working my way back along the path towards the pig, but Gip was having none of it, he was totally spooked by the sight of the pig and would not come anywhere near it.

Keeping his distance and yelping a warning to me as I worked my way towards it.

As I got closer I could clearly see it was a fair size male pig and it did not appear to be too bothered by my presence and not the least bit put out by the dogs yelping, so it appeared to be quite domesticated.

It lifted its head up from grazing and was suddenly aware of my presence; having never had a pig start coming towards me at a brisk pace, I found myself with a bit of an uncomfortable feeling as the closer it got to me, reality kicked in as to just how big this pig was! Oh eck!

I suddenly found myself backed up against a back-garden fence with the animal trotting towards me, help!

Thankfully it stopped directly in front of me, stared at me with its piggy eyes for a couple of seconds and then trotted off towards the dog.

As the pig passed me I noticed that there were the remains of some sort of a rope tether that it had obviously broken free of.

Ah, I had the dogs lead and wondered if I could attach it to the rope tether and secure him to a post till its owner could be traced.

Forget it, for once again, as I got close up to him I realised that there is no way that I was going to be able to slow him, let alone hold him due to his size?



No respecter of nets

Village and Island News -
Continued from Page 17



And he goes

So, all I could do was follow him out of the olive grove, up the church steps that led out of the olive grove and up in to the village square. Ah, there will be someone in the village that might help corner the pig, so we could secure him till the owner could be traced.

Wrong, being a Sunday afternoon there was not a single soul in sight, so the pig took a tour of the village square and headed back the way it had come towards the village church.

It then took a left and picked up speed and started trotting down the road that led out of the village towards the traffic lights by the Spider Bar, but how to stop him getting to the main road?

While wondering what to do with him or how to restrain him, help suddenly appeared in the shape of one of the owners, who arrived in her 4x4 and went to the pig, tethered him and was straight on the phone for support. Feeling that the situation was under control, we left and trudged off back home to report back re Gip's tracking skills and chuckling at just another day in our little corner of paradise.



The Noble Gip

SCOOP

Jude Law in Pentati this summer as reported by The Greek Observer.

Στην Κέρκυρα βρίσκεται για διακοπές μαζί με την οικογένεια του ο διάσημος ηθοποιός Jude Law.

Συγκεκριμένα έχει επιλέξει το Πέντατι, όπου διαμένει σε υπερπολυτελή βίλα Αυστριακού επιχειρηματία. Μάλιστα χθές βράδυ βρέθηκε στην ταβέρνα "Άντζελα" στο χωριό Πέντατι, όπου δοκίμασε τοπικές γεύσεις.

[ΠΗΓΗ : http://corfutvnews.gr](http://corfutvnews.gr)

He is considered one of the best British actress and one of Hollywood's most charming men, who makes women getting mad with every appearance.



*Jude Law in
Pentati*

<

This time, **Jude Law** decided to surprise the female audience of Greece, as one of its holiday stations for 2017 was our country and specifically the island of **Corfu**, as several other famous stars did this year.

However, in his summer vacation he is not alone, as he is accompanied by his 16-year-old daughter, Iris Law, and also a friend of her, whose photos have betrayed their presence in our country, although certainly the famous actor using the means of social networking only for his professional obligations and activities, would like to remain incognito.

[The Greek Observer].

Continued on Page 19

Village and Island News -
Continued from Page 18

Meanwhile, many miles from the Time that Land
Forgot, famous Agiots lead their lives.

Here is a small selection;



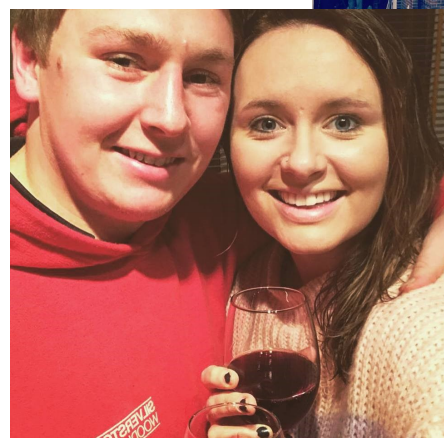
A Cuban cigar in Cumbria
<

Katy Dartford is braver than
the average Agiot
>



Robert and Eilidh
<

Spiti Aoife
>



Will and Aoife
<

CAR TRAGEDY

[Courtesy of Corfu News.gr]

EKTAKTO: Νεκρός από πνιγμό 57χρονος στη Λευκίμμη
Νεκρός ανασύρθηκε πριν από λίγη ώρα ένας 57χρονος από την Λευκίμμη, μέσα από το αυτοκίνητό του το οποίο παρασύρθηκε από ρέμα. Σύμφωνα με ασφαλείς πληροφορίες ο νεκρός Κ.Γ. είχε μαζί του στο αυτοκίνητό του τα δύο του παιδιά και την σύζυγό του οι οποίοι πρόλαβαν, με τη βοήθεια του να βγουν από το αυτοκίνητο που οδηγούσε πριν αυτό παρασυρθεί από τον ορμητικο χείμαρρο. Ο ίδιος όμως δεν τα κατάφερε με αποτέλεσμα να εγκλωβιστεί εντός του οχήματος του και να βρει άδοξο τέλος. Για οτιδήποτε νεότερο θα σας ενημερώσουμε.

EXTREME: A 57-year-old man died in Lefkimmi near Naxos, a 57-year-old from Lefkimmi, with his car drifting from a stream. had with him in his car his two children and his wife who had been taken with the help of getting out of the car that was driving before it was dragged away by the rushing torrent. But he did not manage to get caught in the vehicle and find an endless end. For anything newer we'll let you know.

Very sad news after last nights storm. Translation - The business of the unfortunate 57-year-old, who failed to get out of his car, was suddenly finished, when a stream rushed the vehicle suddenly on the road to his home. His wife and children managed to leave the car while the husband was trapped and lost his life. According to information, the 57-year-old arrived in Corfu on Friday morning for a few days off with his wife and daughter. The unfortunate man lived in England and had a vacation in Santa Barbara - Perivoli Corfu. Read more on Corfu Tv News - <http://corfutvnews.gr>



An Englishman in Italy

Dangerous Times

These days we seem to be preoccupied
 With escapism, self-improvement and
 Defence. Faced with images of whole towns
 Destroyed in Syria and Iraq, and
 One of the most beautiful monuments
 In the Middle East, Palmyra, turned to
 Rubble, collectively we feel dirt, guilt
 And fear. Our Bibles remind us all of
 Sodom and Gomorrah: the Lord threatened
 To destroy all the people who were sunk
 In perversion and sin. Beforehand, Lot
 Was allowed to escape, but Lot's wife looked
 Back and turned into a pillar of salt.
 Recently Hollywood filmed "Gomorrah,"
 Re-expressing our collective guilt, for,
 Despite our differences we are stake
 Holders in human kind. As well as guilt,
 We fear the machinations of our man
 Kim Jong Un, his line of defence threatens
 The whole world; and North Koreans harbour
 A chronic anger from the Korean
 War when I was a child. Above all, we
 Fear threats from carbon emissions, which are
 Making our air hard to breathe; and we fear
 Earthquakes from Mexico to Italy;
 Hear of floods and hurricanes in Texas,
 And all over the Caribbean; which,
 Despite our best efforts, we cannot do
 Much about. So we escape. Last night in
 Rome, we heard an organ recital by
 Kevin Bowyer, outstanding organist
 And longstanding friend, who played Marco lo
 Muscio's themes from "Lord of the Rings!" What a
 Lovely escape! But today, a message
 From a friend described the Serbian Aircraft
 Display. Their military might, remind
 Me of the terrible wars in Bosnia
 And Kosovo. Now their rearming, like
 Germany in 1932, gave
 Me a fright, despite their rationale that
 It's all for defence. I'm taking a leaf
 From Mistress Quickly, Henry IV Part II,
 Who quotes Falstaff as "patching up his soul
 For Heaven!" In these dangerous times I
 Feel tense, do you think that makes any sense?

Nature

Malpolon monspessulanus, commonly known as the *Montpellier snake*, is a species of mildly venomous rear-fanged colubrids.



Malpolon insignitus or *Montpellier snake*
 courtesy of Bert Rossum



Careful with the firewood courtesy of Bert Rossum

If you advertise here it will cost nothing. We have a modest but growing circulation. It is our pleasure for our friends to advertise their wares without charge.

Corfu Golden Paste

A MESSAGE FROM KATRINA GICA.

If you have heard about the benefits of using Turmeric, have discovered that the best way to take it is Golden Paste, yet you haven't got around to making any yet. Then this is for you.

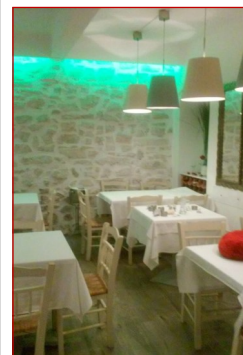
One jar 200g of Fresh - Homemade - Organic- Golden Paste is €6. –
 €5 for 54 Frozen Golden Turmeric Bombs - T-Bombs.
 For Orders please message me, call 26610 58090 or 6948 547 663.
 Or email gicas@otenet.gr .



ED: Ed: I cannot recommend this product highly enough. Some people don't like the taste. Try this once a day. 1 OR 2 TSP OF PASTE, 1 TSP HONEY, HALF A GLASS OF WATER, TOP-UP TO TASTE WITH COCONUT MILK STIR VERY WELL UNTIL MIXED EVENLY ... DELICIOUS!



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Traditional Olive Soap

Throughout modern history soap has been a necessity in developed societies, as the primary means of hygiene and cleanliness. It also found application in medicine and pharmacology for its healing and antiseptic properties. Though things have changed, traditional soap still has the benefit of having passed the test of time: It has offered its services for many successive generations, improving the quality of life while being environmentally friendly throughout production and use. Furthermore pure soap is considered the most thorough skin cleanser since it unblocks the skin's pores by effectively removing dirt, oily substances and dead cells.

The "PATOUNIS Soap Works" with a history of over 150 years, still make handcrafted soap by traditional methods from locally produced olive products. The Corfu plant built in 1891, preserved with its functioning tools and equipment, constitutes a living memory of a splendid old local tradition.

The following soaps are made here:

- **Olive Oil Soap** is made totally of pure virgin olive oil. It has limited lathering capacity but is distinguished for its mild action on sensitive skin.
- **The Green Olive Soap** is made of olive pomace oil which contains the olive chlorophyll, is acclaimed for its disinfecting properties and wide range of applications (also good for hair and scalp, provided you use it with soft water).
- **Olive-Palm Soap** is made of 80% pure virgin olive oil and 20% edible palm kernel oil thus a mild soap with rich smooth lather.

The above soaps are made using only the basic raw material of traditional soap manufacture, i.e. naturally occurring oils, soda, sea salt and water.

LOSERS' CUP

The first week in January heralds the Famous Losers' Cup. [2017 version]., the 14th year we have done this epic extravaganza.

Roll up for this event one crisp day and be prepared to have some fun. A variety of disciplines will be held around the village and environs, involving a certain amount of food and lubrication This event is entirely at your own risk and expense. But oh what chance for gory.

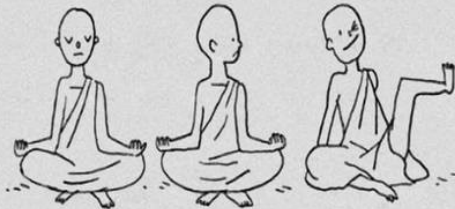
Further information may or may not appear here in the January Edition.



CORFU BEER

Nick The Clock's World (The Comic With A conscience)

fb/the idealist



Never hold your farts in. They travel up your spine, into your brain and that's where shitty ideas come from.

Jesse James once gave a widow who housed him enough money to pay off her debt collector and then robbed the debt collector as the man left the widow's home.



Aavash
@ohmygoshaavash

So I was at Walmart earlier
A lady was looking at frozen turkeys, but she couldn't find one big enough.
She asked the stock boy, "do these turkeys get any bigger?"
He replied with a straight face, "No ma'am, they're dead."
Made my week

One of the shortest wills ever written read:
'Being of sound mind, I spent all my money.'

To conspire or not.
<http://wakingtimesmedia.com/5-recent-conspiracy-theories-no-longer-conspiracy/>

Humbug
<http://wakingtimesmedia.com/exposing-tricks-professional-politicians/>

They came from...
<http://www.thedailysheep.com/report-an-alien-bacteria-has-been-brought-back-to-earth-from-the-space-station-112017>

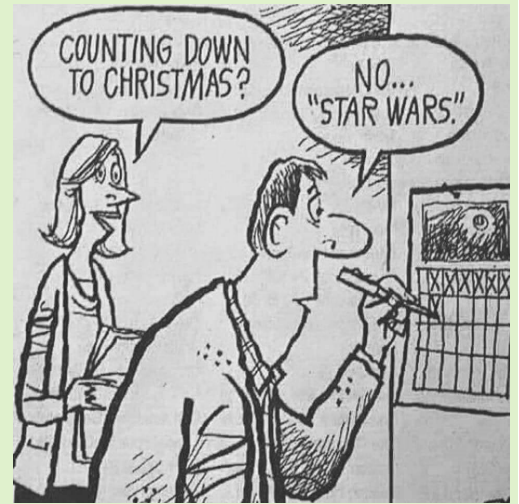
Medical Fascism
<http://workersparty.ie/calls-for-mandatory-scheme-of-vaccinations-for-school-going-children-to-stem-whooping-cough-measles-outbreaks/>



Continued on Page 24

Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 23



If your eyes hurt after you drink coffee, you have to take the spoon out of the cup.



Before you make fun of children for believing in Santa Claus, remember, there are still people who believe the troops fight for freedom.

THE MIND PROJECT



11:35
facebook.com 99%

ARE YOU CONFUSED ABOUT CANCER? HERE'S AN EASY PRIMER:

CANCER IS CAUSED BY A TOXIC ENVIRONMENT - WHICH IS WHERE WE ALL LIVE. **CANCER DRUGS** AND TREATMENTS KILL THE MAJORITY OF CANCER PATIENTS. THE TREATMENTS ARE THE REASON WHY SO MANY PEOPLE DIE OF CANCER AND SO FEW RECOVER.

SOMETHING THAT **HELPS** THIS CONDITION IS THE VARIETY OF PRODUCTS OF THE **HEMP** AND **CANNABIS** PLANTS, WHICH PROVIDE ESSENTIAL FATS, PROTEINS AND CANNABINOIDS TO HELP SOOTHE AND HEAL A DAMAGED SYSTEM.

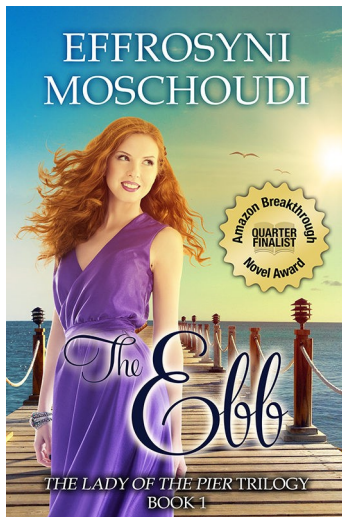
THE OTHER THING THAT HELPS, OF COURSE, IS TO START LOOKING AT **HOW TO HEAL** FROM THESE CONDITIONS, INSTEAD OF JUST THINKING ABOUT HOW TO SUFFER, FAIL AND DIE.

HEALING IS POSSIBLE. YOU MIGHT JUST HAVE TO CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT WHAT YOU'VE BEEN TOLD.

That's' All Folks !

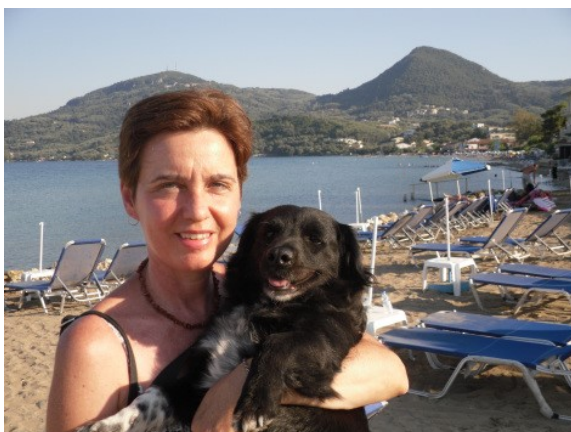
The Ebb

Effrosyni Moschoudi's novel about Corfu by Hilary Paipeti.



I spotted it pinned to the noticeboard at Holy Trinity Church in Corfu Town. An eye-catchingly bright poster showing a girl with long, red hair, with the words 'The Ebb' scrolled beside her, and the name 'Effrosyni Moschoudi' prominently displayed. I moved in for a closer look. The poster, I discovered, advertised a novel, available for free as an e-book. Since it was set in Corfu - I can't resist books set in Corfu even when I

have to pay for them - I downloaded it that evening. Author Effrosyni Moschoudi comes from a long line of Moraitika forebears, though she was born in Athens. She spent idyllic childhood summers in the resort, in the company of grandparents and a host of other relatives, and still makes frequent returns to her 'beloved Corfu'. Accordingly, one of the two story lines of this historical romance is set in Moraitika, and is peopled with fictional versions of friends and family. The action takes place during the late 1980s in the Old Village of Moraitika (renamed Vassilaki in honour of Effrosyni's grandparents' surname) and on the resort beach. Though the book description carries the usual stipulation that it 'is a work of fiction' and that 'any resemblance to locales, events, business establishments or actual persons ... is entirely coincidental', Effrosyni admits in her autobiographical footnotes that she has 'drawn heavily' from her experiences as a youngster on holiday.



Fros in Messonghi

'My late grandparents were almost identical to [the main character's],' she writes. 'I describe them in intricate detail in many ways, their quirks especially. The annual pizza ritual under the August full moon is also true. My grandmother was an excellent cook and made her culinary triumphs in a tiny kitchen that barely fit two people standing in it.' The book moves between the two story lines, the second being set in Brighton in 1937. Since *The Ebb* forms the first part of a trilogy named *The Lady of the Pier*, we don't yet fully comprehend how they are linked, except that the romantic male lead in the Moraitika tale is a tourist who hails from Brighton, and some dreams experienced by the female lead suggest a closer connection. But all will be revealed in the subsequent novels, *The Flow* and *The Storm*. (While the remaining two parts of *The Lady of the Pier* story are available as downloads for a small payment, *The Ebb* can also be enjoyed as a standalone read.) In both timeframes the story cracks along at a great pace, but I particularly enjoyed it because I spent quite a lot of time in Moraitika and Messonghi in the late 80s (though strangely I have never been on Moraitika Beach, where many scenes are set); and also because the social and familial mores that the love story plays out around remind me of Corfiot lifestyle during my first decade as a resident here. If you are fairly new to the island, read it, enjoy the nostalgia and be amazed at the long-gone innocence! But what truly amazes is how a Greek to whom English is a second language, and who has no academic associations with literature, never mind Eng. Lit. (she studied Statistics and Informatics at the University of Athens) is able to write in English as well as, if not better than, many native-language authors. Effrosyni explains: 'When I turned ten I started lessons in a Frontistirio [private language school], just like most Greek children; but I had a wonderful blessing in my life that didn't allow me to forget what I learned there, one that on the contrary helped me learn the language even faster: Every summer my grandparents would host me in their house on the hill in Moraitika, where I'd spend three months helping in the local businesses (room rentals and a souvenir shop). As a result I'd practice my English all day from a very young age, and never stopped learning. At the same time I devoured paperbacks and British magazines and, before I knew it, I spoke like a native speaker, which was a dream come true.' After some time working in Athens, Effrosyni went to live in the UK. 'I'd traveled there many times and loved its beautiful landscapes and its people. I wanted to experience life there, and especially in the Midlands (Kettering, Northamptonshire), where I had a few colleagues at the time. The travel company I worked for in Athens back then (RCI Europe) had its European headquarters in Kettering. When I was offered a job there I was more than happy to relocate. A year later I got another job, this time in Hythe, Kent. I felt more at home by the sea but, somehow, I still didn't feel content. I missed my family and the long Greek summers...

Continued on Page 26

*The Ebb**Continued from Page 25*

The winters in England were much too harsh for my liking too, I can tell you! I used to get up at five in the morning to go to work, and had to scrape ice from the windscreen of my car in a semi-dark lane. I'd hold the scraper in one hand, a torch in the other, curse my luck and wonder what I was doing there and whether I'd gone mad. This stays indelibly on my mind as the epitome of misery, the lowest point ever in my life. That's why, in early 1999, I returned to Athens, having spent just two and a half years in England. I had a British husband in tow, mind you! 'The Ebb is not Effrosyni's first novel; she's been writing since childhood. 'As a child I was always scribbling rhymes, then in my teens I switched to dark poetry. In my 20s I started writing a novel in Greek, but my professional career kept me away from that for many years. I only managed to finish it in 2010 when the economic crisis hit and I lost my last job at Athens airport. I tried to find a publisher in Greece but it proved impossible; so I re-wrote the book from scratch, this time in English. At the same time I delved into the world of Indie Publishing, which empowered me to publish the book on my own via Amazon.' This debut novel was *The Necklace of Goddess Athena*, an 'inspiring fantasy of Greek myths mixed in with sweet romance and a touch of family drama'. In 2014, it

made the shortlist for the '50 Best Self-Published Books Worth Reading' from Indie Author Land. Readers' Favorite declared it 'a stunning masterpiece', and gave it a silver medal in its 2017 International Book Awards. Rewards indeed for someone who says that she has 'found such joy in writing novels; by connecting the dots it all makes sense to me. I've always wanted to write, and I love it that I am able to do so in English. As much as I love my country and its people, only a fraction of the population are readers, unlike the English, Americans and other native English speakers, who now have easy access to my books. Besides, I enjoy writing for nonGreeks. It's a wonderful opportunity to share my passion for my country, and especially my beloved Corfu.' You can download *The Ebb* and other free books from Effrosyni Moschoudi at <http://effrosyniwrites.com/yours-for-free/> The main website also contains excerpts, a guide to Moraitika and South Corfu, a blog, and recipes from Effrosyni's grandmother's kitchen.

*Romance*

Simon's World

Tuesday, 13 November 2007
A richer dust concealed



22 Oct
 1946.
 Photo:
[T A Russell](#)
[D/](#)
[KX100469](#)

I received this e-mail yesterday from Frank Carrick, a veteran of the Royal Navy living in Ayrshire:

[The British Cemetery](#)
 and *The Corfu Channel Incident**

As a regular visitor to Corfu I thought I had seen most of the island and places of interest. However about three years ago one of my Greek friends asked if I had ever paid a visit to the British Cemetery in Corfu Town. To my shame I had never even heard of it! The very next morning I set off for the Town and the Cemetery thinking it would be difficult to find as I had never seen it in all my visits to Corfu, but my fears were unfounded; just crossed

San Rocco Square to the Airport Road, walked about a hundred yards and there it was, the gate to the British Cemetery. As I opened the gate it was like entering another world, it was so quiet, tranquil, and after the traffic noise and the hustle and bustle of the dusty town centre it was like heaven, unbelievably peaceful and quiet. A little bell disturbs the peace for a second as the gate is opened, and almost instantly the figure of the caretaker appears before you. He enquires as to your preferred language, introduces himself and then proceeds to give the visitor the history of the cemetery, locations of certain memorials and a bit of his own life story, and offers a guided tour. The caretaker is called George Psaila and he was born in 1927 in the Cemetery. He was married in the Cemetery and he will show you where he will be buried when his time comes. George took over the duties of caretaker in 1944 on the death of his father, who had looked after the Cemetery since 1924.

*Continued on Page 27*

Simon's World
Continued from Page 26

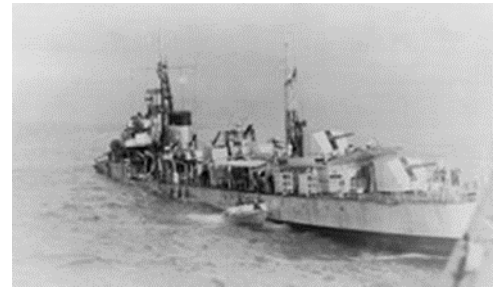
The British Cemetery in Corfu town is also famous worldwide for the orchids that grow in the gardens. Some, so I've been told, grow nowhere else. Visitors from all around the world come to see them bloom in I believe March/April/May. In addition to the supervision of the cemetery, George is also responsible for the orchids and is a bit of an expert. On my first visit George accompanied me around the cemetery gardens pointing out interesting monuments and telling me of some of the people buried there. In the main the cemetery is the last resting place for British soldiers, sailors and members of their families since 1814 when Corfu was under British Protection (1814-1864). However there is a section dedicated to Germans killed during their occupation of the island (1943-44) and even some from the Kaiser's time (his personal boat crew). Most of the German remains have been returned to Germany although the monuments remain. One interesting German grave is of Erich Kerizen (09.10.1944), murdered by his own men after he prevented the destruction of the harbour in Corfu by cutting connections to the explosives as the Germans were leaving at the end of the occupation. The cemetery also contains the remains and memorial to British VC holder John Connors (1830-1857). He was about 24 years old, and a private in the 3rd Regiment, (later The East Kent Regiment - The Buffs), in the British Army during the Crimean War when the following deed took place for which he was awarded the VC.

On 8 September 1855 at Sebastopol in the Crimea, Private Connors showed conspicuous gallantry at the assault on the Redan in personal conflict with the enemy. He rescued an officer of the 30th Regiment who was surrounded by Russians, by shooting one and bayoneting another and then for some time carried on a hand-to-hand encounter against great odds until support arrived.

He survived the war and died in Corfu 29th Jan 1857. There are a few more interesting monuments all around these quiet gardens, with their own captivating tales, but the area I personally found to be most intriguing was the memorial and graves of British sailors killed during what became known as 'The Corfu Incident'. In the far left hand side of the cemetery, deep in the shade stands a large white stone, with the names of 32 Royal Navy personnel from the ships HMS Volage and HMS Saumarez, killed by Albanian mines in 1946, and whose bodies were never recovered. In a neat line leading away from the main memorial lie another 13 smaller white stones. These mark the remains of those 12 sailors recovered from the ships, plus the remains of a young midshipman (18 years old) from HMS Forth who died in Gibraltar in 1951 and was transferred to Corfu. Being ex-RN I became intrigued by these graves and the story surrounding them. I had never heard of the 'Corfu Incident', and yet here lay the remains

of 44 British Seaman killed by mines one year after the war had ended. Why and how? I decided to find out not only for myself, but to keep the story alive in the hope that these sailors would not be forgotten. Here is what I've found out so far. In May of 1946 Albanian shore batteries fired upon two British cruisers, HMS Orion and HMS Superb. As Britain had just won the war and supposedly ruled the seas, they could not ignore this episode had to make the point that the straits between Corfu and Albania could and should be used freely by ships going about their lawful and peaceful business. In a show of force designed to demonstrate who was boss (my opinion), in October 1946, four British ships led by the cruiser HMS Mauritius sailed through the narrow channel, which were at the time recognised International Waters. HMS Saumarez, a destroyer, was in second in line, with the cruiser HMS Leander and destroyer, HMS Volage, following behind. Just off Saranda, HMS Saumarez struck a mine. It was a massive explosion just below her bridge on the starboard side. HMS

Volage was ordered to aid the crippled ship and if possible take her under tow. The Volage managed to



secure a tow rope, (despite the surrounding sea burning with oil) and start the tow. Tragically as she moved off, she herself hit a mine which blew off her bow, the tow and instantly killed eight men. Despite the damage and loss of life to HMS Volage her crew courageously manoeuvred her back to a position where she could recover the tow. She accomplished this but had to tow the Saumarez astern; that is both ships sailing stern first.

What a feat of seamanship and real bravery. It took thirteen hours to travel the sixteen miles to Corfu, it must have been a terrifying experience for all the surviving seamen, living through the horror of the explosion and the loss of their shipmates and friends and for every minute that passed of those long hours at sea, the thought in the back of their own minds must have been are there any more mines? Thirteen hours of expecting another explosion, of 'is this my last moment?' The channel had been swept clear of mines after the war. The straits had also been used recently without incident. so there was no way of knowing if the rest of the passage through the straits would be safe. Terrifying indeed. They must also have been very brave. A total of 44 men were killed. There were also another 50 men who suffered serious injuries.

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Albania denied laying the mines and any knowledge of them. However the Royal Navy swept the Straits and found that, in all, there had been a total of 25 brand new mines in the channel. This proved they were not rogue mines left over from the war. The League of Nations proved that the mines could not have been put in position without the knowledge of Albania, who had manned look-out points and shore batteries all along the coast. Albania counter-charged Britain for trespassing in Albanian waters without permission and sweeping for mines. Britain was found guilty of this charge! Albania was found guilty of laying the mines or having knowledge of them and fined about £830,000. The fine was never paid nor an apology ever received for the murder of those sailors, for that was what it was. Murder!! In June of this year 2007, I returned to Corfu with a wreath from the [RBL](#) Irvine Branch and placed it at the memorial to the men killed in the Corfu Incident. I was accompanied by a friend Dave Hughes (ex-Para). It was his first visit and he was quite moved by, not only the incident, but the British Cemetery and the dedication of George Psailas to his task of looking after the gardens. I say 'gardens', for that is what they are. Every grave has wild flowers growing on them, and although it is a cemetery it is still a delightful place to have a stroll or even spend some time watching the resident tortoises wander around (George also puts out fresh fruit and veg for them) in the shade. It must be really beautiful when the orchids are in bloom. On leaving the cemetery there is a visitors' book and many messages in many languages appear here. You can also leave a small donation to help with the upkeep. You don't have to and no offence taken if you refrain. The wreath laid this year was dedicated not only to those men lost during 'The Incident' but to the Late Peter Smith who served on HMS Saumarez and survived the mine. He died on the 28th April this year. Peter's best friend or 'Oppoe' was AB Vernon Francis who was killed by the mine and his body never recovered. Peter named his son after his pal, and that son, Vernon Smith, asked me to say a few words on his behalf at the memorial. Vernon also told me his father was always troubled by the fact that he never knew if his friend Vernon's body was ever recovered. It is to my regret that I could not give a definite answer to him before he passed away. I have included some pictures with these notes, most are my own. Two B/W of the funeral in the British Cemetery are by kind permission of George Psaila the caretaker of the British Cemetery Corfu and are featured in a little booklet he wrote 'The Orchid House' in 1984 Martin Richards for the B&W pictures of HMS Saumarez and HMS Volage. I don't know him personally, but the pictures came to me via a very long route.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old: Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going

down of the sun and in the morning We will remember them.

The words written in the previous pages are my own, as are the opinions. The whole incident has been covered by better and more informed people than me. There has been a book written on the subject, which I have been unable to acquire at this time. The title is 'The Corfu Incident' by Eric Leggett. New English Library: 1976 ISBN-13: 9780450024740 ISBN: 0450024741



[George Psailas](#) attended the funerals of the sailors killed by the mines in his second year as Supervisor. The Commonwealth War Graves Commission awarded him a prize of honour in 1977. It reads:

Certificate Presented by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission to George Psailas In Recognition of Long and Devoted Service

[Directions: From Corfu seafront to south of the old town and turn inland onto Alexandras Avenue, which is a big tree lined avenue. At the top of this is Place George Theotoki which contains a roundabout. From this roundabout follow the signs for the hospital and the British Cemetery down Polichronis Konstanta. The cemetery is to the left and very close to the prison.] Further [accounts by Thomas Arthur Russell gathered](#) on the BBC [People's War](#) site (he is the source of the photo at the top of this entry. It cannot be by him as he was on HMS Saumarez.

* * * * *

An earlier 'Corfu Incident' occurred after four Italians, including General Enrico Tellini, were stopped on 23 Aug 1927 on a road between Greece and Albania by a fallen tree. They were shot and killed on the Greek side of the border. Mussolini sent an ultimatum demanding 50 million lire reparation and the execution of those involved. [see [Corfiot Italians](#) used as a pretext by Mussolini for Italian expansionism]



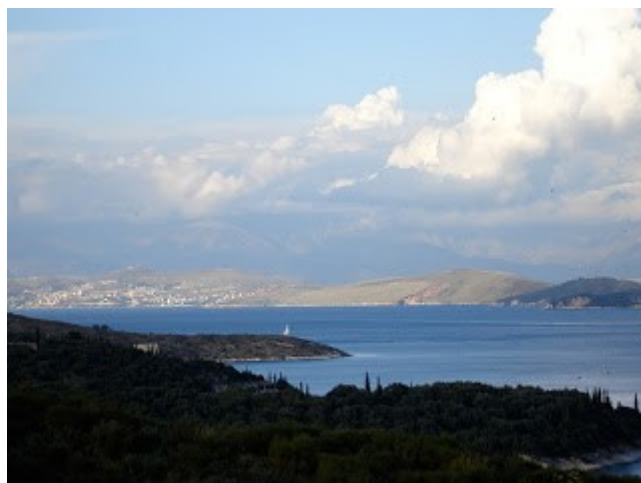
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Greece was unable to identify them. Italy bombarded and occupied Corfu on 31 August, killing at least fifteen civilians. Greece appealed to the League of Nations, which handed the issue to the Conference of Ambassadors - set up by the allies to deal with problems arising out of treaties following WW1. Italy and Greece agreed to be bound by its decision. The Conference ordered Greece to apologise and pay reparations. Italy left Corfu on 27 September 1923 after Greece accepted the Ambassadors' decision. This incident enabled Mussolini to use Tellini's murder as a pretext for seizing a strategic foothold on Corfu and, even more important in terms of his reputation, to show that he could use *force majeure* to achieve his ambitions. The '[Corfu Incident](#)' of 1927 comes up on *Google* before the one in 1946. It is far better known among Greeks. It was the first and highly public failure by the fledgling League of Nations' to resolve an international dispute. The incident of 1946 is a vicious footnote to history. The incident of 1927, or how it was handled by the democracies of Europe, helped to make history by sending a message to the world that might makes right.

bubbles all around' [Rupert Brooke](#), poet and officer of the Royal Navy who died on a transporter off Lemnos departing for the fighting at Gallipoli, is buried on Skyros in the Northern Sporades. I've added for pleasure and joy another [English thing](#) (er - actually - a German born composer sung by a New Zealander), Teddy Tahu Rhodes, on the edge of triumphant laughter, singing Handel's 'The Trumpet Shall Sound' to a fine trumpeter. Were I to name a British [Zorba](#), T T Rhodes would be he. Note to perceptive Greeks: I use 'English' in its archaic sense to mean 'British'. Now we are becoming four nations again, I refer to those from England, Wales, Scotland and N.Ireland as 'British' but I'm 80% Scots. Linda is all English, Frank Carrick is surely Scottish, and no doubt all these, and probably more, are to be found among the men of *Saumarez* and *Volage* who lie in the cemetery near San Rocco Square.]

The Corfu Channel. Saranda in the distance - September 2006



[Back to the future: [My visit with Frank Carrick](#), writer of most above's post, to the British Cemetery this September 2009]

[Back to the future 3 Nov 2009: I've just seen a story by Malcolm Brabant reporting the discovery of remains on a stern portion of HMS *Volage*. ... 12/11/16 The link to this story no longer exists. [Try HMS Volage](#) - see final paragraphs] vvv



A picture I requested from Frank Carrick, which captures the serenity of the British Cemetery in Corfu. Thanks to George Psailas for his stewardship of 'our people' in

this green plot under a Greek sun:

If I should die, think only this of me; That there's some corner of a foreign field That is for ever England. There shall be In that rich earth a richer dust concealed; A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware, Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam, A body of England's breathing English air, Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home. And think, this heart, all evil shed away, A pulse in the eternal mind, no less Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given; Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day; And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness, In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.



[My Iraqi friend said: 'A smile starts on the lips, A grin spreads to the eyes. A chuckle comes from the belly. But a good laugh bursts forth from the soul, overflows, and

Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

DECEMBER WALKS IN WOODLAND may provide a glimpse of the Corfu Snowdrop, one of the loveliest of the autumn flowers. It likes to grow on shady banks rich with leaf mould. In our neck of the woods, a north-facing roadside overhung with ilex trees has proved for rich growing this season.

The name 'snowdrop' associates the flower with a mind-picture of the bloom pushing up through a covering of snow, so that most folk think this is the derivation of the name. But could it be something different? The Latin name is *Galanthus nivalis*, from (in the Greek) gala = milk and anthus = flower; that is, milkflower. Could the English name just be a similar descriptive one, albeit rather more graphically expressed? A snow-white-coloured, drooping flower? Snow-droop?

Our own snowdrop, taller and bolder than the English one, is a subspecies, specific to Corfu. Its full name is *Galanthus nivalis* ssp. *corcyrensis*. A clump has come up in my garden this year.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO DRIVE to Nimfes or Kyprianades, or hike up from Benitses harbour to the Waterworks, to admire cataracts in full flood. Just take a short(ish) trip to Ermones. Passing the westerly of the two stone bridges between Vatos and Ermones, the Ropa River plunges off the valley plain to fall well over 100 feet in perhaps 400 metres. At around the mid-point of the fall, the drop is particularly steep, and one grand section tumbles the sharply-descending torrent over itself like a dozen liquid plaits.

Though the river flows well during most of the winter, it's after heavy rain, like with the downpours of mid-November, that the cascade truly stuns. Following similar floods in October last year, I came across some rather dazed tourists who'd just discovered the falls. Stuttering, they compared it, in scary volume if not in scale, to Niagara.

The cascade is not visible from the road (though when the it's in flood you can certainly hear it!), but it is conveniently approachable along a footpath of only some fifty metres in length; a very narrow path, on a precipitous hillside, and covered at this time of year with acorns like oversized ball-bearings - so care is required. To get there, take the descending road to the north side of Ermones Beach, past Dizi

Bar and the gate of the Grand Mediterraneo Hotel. About three hundred metres down, on the right, is the gate to the lower part of the hotel; the start of the footpath is almost opposite. When you reach river level, a convenient footbridge offers a spot for close-up viewing.

What a pity the watercourse doesn't flow in summer as it does during winter rains. For sure it would attract visitors to often overlooked Ermones! Go see next time there's a prolonged downpour.



BESPOKE PROPERTY



Brook Meadow our last completion



Screed awaiting tiling



Steel cages



Steelwork for pool environs



The pool is nearly full at Villa Daphne



Underfloor heating pipes in place

Sofia Villa



Fully-modernised Sofia Villa, right in the main street of Agios Ioannis, is now available to purchase.

Contact Ocaj Property through:

www.ocajpropertycorfu.com
for full details of this fine village house.

Be sure to check out the new Corfu Trail Property page at :

<http://www.ocajpropertycorfu.com/corfutrailproperties/>

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

We are an Anglican church in the heart of Corfu Town, offering a warm welcome to residents and visitors to our services and social events.
Please try and make it to one of our Christmas services.

Services for December:

Services led by Chaplain Rev Jules Wilson

Sunday 3rd December - 1st Advent

10:30 Family Communion Service

Sunday 10th December

10:30 Family Communion Service

Sunday 17th December

10:30 Family Communion Service
19:00 Carol Service by Candelight

Sunday 24th December

10:30 Family Communion Service
23:30 Midnight Communion Service

Monday 25th December

10:30 Christmas Day Communion Service

*Glorify The Lord with me, let us exalt His
name forever (Psalm 34.3)*

Sunday 31st December

10:30 Family Communion Service

HTC South

Friday 22nd December

18.00 Carol Service held at the Catholic Chapel
in Messonghi

HTC North

Saturday 23rd December

19.00 Sing-a-long at Leka's Taverna, Kassiopi

Weekly Events during December:

The church is open daily Tuesday to Friday
10:00 to 13:00 for coffee, chat and exchange
of library books

**The church will be closed from
26th December-Sunday 31st December.**

Monday

17:30 The Kontokali group meets

Tuesday

10:00 Coffee Morning in the church room

Except 12th - St. Spiridon's Day

5th - Master's Crafters Group

Wednesday

10:00 Coffee Morning in the church room

13th - Christmas Lunch Box

Thursday

10:00 Bible Study

17.00 Worship Group at HTC

Friday

09.00 Prayer Meeting

10:30 'Little Angels' - Mums & Tots Group

Other Events during December:

Friday 8th December

20.00 Corfu Charities Christmas Party

Thursday 14th December

18.00 Carol Singing around Town
mince pies & mulled wine afterwards

Saturday 16th December

10.00 Family Christmas Craft Workshop

Thursday 21st December

09.15 Pastoral Care Team Meeting

Thank you to all who came to our Christmas Fair on 25th November. The church looked and sounded very festive, Santa stayed for a while before heading off to see other children, but the children continued to make things at the craft table. Prizes were won and home produce was bought, we admired the Master Crafter's stall, the array of jewellery and books and we all enjoyed the refreshments and all the other fun of the fair. Thanks to everyone for setting up and clearing away afterwards. Just over €1600 was raised and half of that will be shared between 1. The people of Mandra whose homes and lives have been devastated by the recent flooding and 2. The School for children with Special Needs in Ano Korakiana. Have a blessed Christmas.



HOLY
TRINITY
CORFU

21 L.Mavili Street, Corfu 49100

DIOCESE IN EUROPE
THE ANGLICAN CHURCH
IN GREECE



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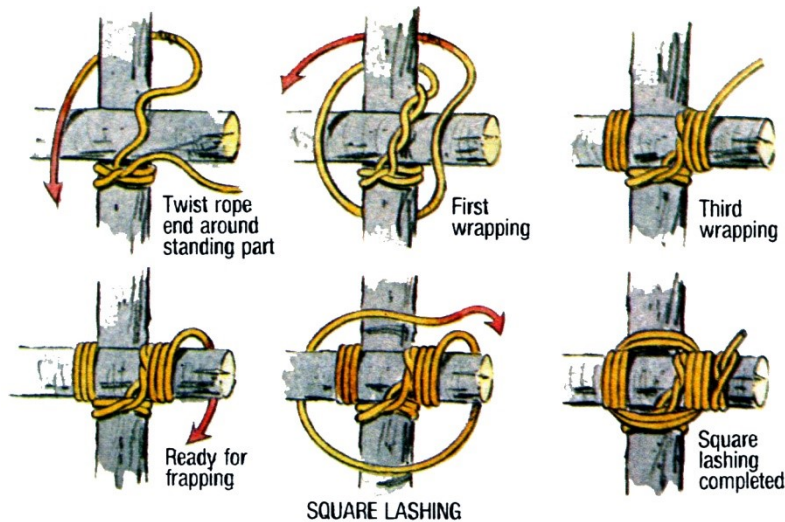


(0030) 69865 38755

Tickle Ties the knot

In the continuing series of useful knots and how to tie them, this month the square lashing, how it is tied, its uses and users

The Square Lashing



How to tie a square lashing

Start with a Clove Hitch/Timber hitch around one pole. Twist short end around long and wrap the rope around both poles, alternately going over and under each pole about three or four turns. Tighten the **lashing** by surrounding it with three or four frapping turns.

What is a Sheet Bend used for...

The Square Lashing is used to bind two poles together. The lashing is designed to be load bearing and can be used to create scaffolding. Although the two poles usually cross each other at 90 degrees, the Square Lashing may be used when the angle between the two poles is as little as 45 degrees. Lashings are most commonly applied to timber poles, and are commonly associated with the cargo, containerisation, the Scouting movement, and with sailors. This word usage derives from using whippcord to tie things together

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

CHOCOLATE ROULADE

INGREDIENTS:-

Butter, for greasing [optional]
 100g plain chocolate
 4 medium-sized eggs, separated
 100g caster sugar
 Icing sugar, sifted, for dredging

FOR THE FILLING

150 ml whipping cream
 150 ml mascarpone cheese
 1tblsp liqueur [coffee flavour]
 2tblsp chocolate spread [Nutella]

GO:-

1. First prepare a 38 x 25cm Swiss roll tin. Line the tin with non-stick silicone paper or with greased grease-proof paper. Heat the oven to 180C/350F [Gas mark 4].
2. Break the chocolate into pieces and put it in a bowl with 45ml/3 tblsp water. Set the bowl over simmering water. Stir from time to time until it is melted.
3. In a bowl, beat the egg yolks until they are light and fluffy. Slowly add the sugar continuing to beat. In a separate bowl whisk the egg whites until they are stiff, but not dry.
4. Add the melted chocolate mixture to the beaten egg yolks, stirring it in thoroughly. Take a spoonful of the beaten whites and fold it into the yolk mixture to lighten it a little. Now very gently fold in the rest of the whites. Put the mixture into the prepared tin; spread it evenly. Bake for 15 minutes.
5. Remove from the oven and cover the crisp top of the sponge with a clean damp cloth- this will make it easier to roll. Leave it until it is cold- overnight if possible.

6. Shake some sifted icing sugar over a clean tea-towel and turn the baked sponge onto the tea-towel. Carefully peel off the paper, which will now be on top. The sponge is very fragile, so ease the paper off gently.

7. Whip the cream together with the liqueur. In a small bowl place the chocolate spread and cheese and beat with a wooden spoon until light and fluffy. Take a spoonful of beaten cheese mixture at a time and fold it into the cream mixture very gently. Next spread the filling over the surface of the sponge.

8. Using the tea-towel to help you, gently lift the longer edge of the sponge up until it rolls over. Continue until the roll is completed. Dredge with icing sugar, cover with clingfilm and keep in fridge until ready serve.



Καλη Ορεξη!!

