

www.theagiot.com

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# The Agiot

124th Edition



A record for Korission with more than 600 Greater Flamingos January 21  
photo courtesy of Mr. Gasteratos

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# Saturday Walks

**Saturday, 3 February.** 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! (This walk was cancelled in December.)

**Saturday, 10 February.** STRINILAS: The Karst Plateau (2 hours \*\*\*).

Meet at Stamatis Taverna, Strinilas, 10.00 for 10.30 start (short onward car journey). Lunch at Stamatis.

NOTE: Easy walking outwards; very rough underfoot return. Gorgeous views. (This walk was cancelled in January.)

**Saturday, 17 February.** PELEKAS: Circuit to Vatos and Kokkini (\*\* NEW!). Meet in Pelekas 'Square', 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Tristrato.

NOTE: I haven't myself walked this in one go, so don't know how long it will take. (This walk was cancelled in January.)

**Saturday, 24 February.** ACHARAVI: Dandolo Tower (2 hours \*\*). Meet at Dimitra SM, Acharavi High Street, 10.15 for 10.30 start. Lunch to be arranged.

NOTE: Dandolo is one of the undiscovered highlights of North Corfu.

**Saturday, 3 March.** SOKRAKI: The Corfu Trail & the Switchback Roads (3 hours \*\*\*). Meet at Sokraki Villas, south end of Sokraki at the top of the switchback from Ano Korakiana, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Sokraki Villas.

NOTE: Varied terrain, fabulous views.

## Sokraki - The Village in the Clouds

Sokraki is located high above Ano Korakiana on the main ridge radiating west from the Pantokrator Massif. Reached up a dramatic road which features 25 full-lock hairpin bends (and also a comforting safety wall), it enjoys spectacular views to the north, where the conical hill of Agia Triada is prominent, and to the south, with all of central Corfu laid out like a map.

But only a couple of hundred people now inhabit the houses which border the winding village road and the little alleyways leading off it. The lovely location has its down side - difficult access; you don't want to be driving this cliff-road at night, or after a drink or two!

Yet, unlike many of the island's depopulated villages, Sokraki supports three coffee bars, two of them in the delightful paved square at the eastern end, and also a small hotel/guesthouse/restaurant, open all winter. In summer, sitting in the little square, you watch a stream of traumatised travellers, arriving by car, by bike or on foot, plonk themselves down and quickly relax, in the shade of the Tree of Idleness.



*The Tree of Idleness*

Leaving the square and plunging deep into the village, you can follow the maze of alleyways on the right to the upper section of the settlement, and maybe find yourself at the apex of the houses where a water cistern provides a sitting spot with an outlook over rooftops and the surrounding countryside.

*Walk with the Saturday group in the countryside around Sokraki and through the village on 3 March.*



# Letters to the Editor

## Messages from the Editor:

Welcome to the 124th Edition, both old and new readers. I hope there is something within these pages for most, if not all of you.

Welcome back to old friend Peter Papageorgiou, with his beautifully poetic remembrance of Clean Mondays long ago.

Here also is a delightful introduction to the childhood world of Effrosyni Mouschoudi, from Moraitika. There are a thousand Corfu's, not just the one in our beloved Agios Ioannis, and here is a peek into hers.

The Corfu Trail is gathering momentum. Check out another 'steal' on the property page.

The Corfu Track is also gathering momentum, as you can see in Simon's analytical history.

If you find yourself tied up in knots and not knowing why, perhaps in Tickle's page you may find the solution.

My personal thanks to all our Contributors, who give their time freely for the amusement and education of others.

If you want to contribute to this Newsletter, simply mail in. The strength of the publication is in the diversity of its contributions.

You may have noticed by now that articles are rarely in the same places in any given month. Rotation is in place to give everybody a shot at the top. Too, there is a hope that readers might keep digging lower to unearth their favourites.

Respects to Ian Ramage for the loss of his Mum and to Oscar and Nuala.

Commiserations to Anne Mann in Canada and her family for the loss of a dear Grand-daughter Emily, who passed aged 26.

I quite often get asked about articles from the past. On the front page under the banner photos is a menu. Simply select Archives and you can go right back as far as our Paleolithic beginnings. Why not mail in if you are seeking something in particular from the Agiot's history?

**Martin Stuart** mailed in [referring to the December edition];

Hi Paul

Hope you are well mate, thank you very much for your lovely comments about mum, me and Walter

are fine and looking forward to coming to the village.

**Ed:**

Thank you Martin, I look forward to your next forage.

**Dick Mulder** says;

Ay mate,

You are so fast, you should have been a pugilist! January is only three days plus a couple of hours old and there is already the newsletter of January! Am curious to read what will happen in this month. For us mortals a big question, for you a fact!

And yes, i read the article. I'm proud son 😊  
i laughed my head off with the tombstone scriptures! i know one epitaph too:  
do you now believe that i was sick?

**Ed:** I am fast Dick. It is because I am very young.



Picture provided by Dick Mulder

# Corfu Losers' Cup

WHY OH WHY OH WHY WAS THIS NOT  
TELEVISED?

By the Irish Outsider.

This is probably what is going through your mind isn't it?

Well, it wasn't, so I'll try to recall the nuts and bolts here.

The propitious occasion of the 14th Annual Corfu Losers' Cup came to pass on January 5<sup>th</sup>, egged on into prolonged existence by young Pete McGovern.

An eleven o'clock start at the plateia, on a clear and fine day. Who came?



*McGovern and Scotter fixing the rules*

Kurty was a surprise apparition, but he was not here to join our merry throng. Here trickle in the competitors one by one; Paul Scotter, Paul Grove, Les Woods, Paul McGovern, Peter McGovern, and Chas Clifton. Only two vehicles are needed for the convoy.

The first appointment is at sun-washed Garitsa Bay, where Boules is to be played. Paul Scotter has brought the equipment and the rest is down to the boys and Terra Firma, surrounded by fleets of pigeons and a few cats. What an absolutely brilliant way to spend a bright, winter morning. Mr Woods had been thoughtful enough to provide some mobile refreshments.



*Competitors in descending age order from left to right*



*Not all of the crowd has yet arrived*

Lula had hooked up with Xrisa, Anna and Danae, who coffee-d further along the green, while the gentlemen played their game. Chas emerged victorious. First blood. A local Boules aficionado was offering advice during most of the match, which put most players off, except Chas who is deaf.

Over to Starbowl, where we are joined by latecomer Dick Mulder. We didn't tell him the right time because we were afraid of a foreign winner. Table-tennis is keenly contested and young Peter wins it.



*Can you tell who won this*



*Corfu Losers' Cup  
Continued from Page 4*



*Chas is the only known player who uses a beer mug instead of a bat.*

We play pool here next, a round-robin system. But it is far too long and some players are dozing in their chairs. Bless. It is won by Chas, who is starting to take control. Upstairs we are joined by fans, all three of them and related. Dick shows his class at this sport and the standard is surprisingly good.



*Scotter going through the paces.*



*Shit that's torn it*



*Neglected children*

Our last venue is the Old Barrel in Kontokali [I recommend the fish and chips] where the final event of darts takes place. Paul McGovern wins this at a canter-most of the others are wobbling with Guinness- and just pips Chas at the post to reclaim his title after many a year in the wilderness. Chas has not spoken to Paul since then.

There was a late call from young Pete to continue with an extra sport [table-football] but Senior was not about to risk his newly-won cup.

Unfortunately, for the charismatic, charming, modest Champion there was no ceremony this year, as we couldn't find the Cup.

All went home stirred but unshaken. The Cup was later found in Nitsa's chicken-coop, apparently.

## Video Corner

Winter in Mongolia

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E\\_mQZwCFhvQ](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E_mQZwCFhvQ)

Giants

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s7AXskSxxMk>

I couldn't shoot somebody if this happened

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6KH0VBK2EVE>

# Living In La La Land

By

*Peter Papageorgiou*

## Amola Kaloumba!



When I was young, Clean Monday meant three things to me. First a possibility that I would go hungry, or at best make do with a piece of "lagana" (the traditional flatbread with sesame baked specifically for the day...) and a piece of cheese that my mother would hide from Grandma (it was Lent and thus sinful to eat cheese...).

Second that we might get to have our first swim, and

third, the flying of our kite!!

The first was due to the fact that I was a rather "difficult" child as regards food and practically all the "nistissima" (food allowed to eat when fasting for Lent) was definitely in the weird food zone to my eyes. Shellfish, octopus, kalamari, taramas...there was something distinctly fishy about it all... no,no,no... The swimming, what can I say, other times? We were children and ready for everything? I dare say the swimming season then was like the tourist season...longer and it started earlier....

And I come to the third...the kite!

My father made his own. It was an art he learnt as a kid in Piraeus. He was a carpenter by trade, so very much comfortable with the wood, measuring and glueing required.

About a month before Clean Monday, he would organise his supplies from Piraeus.

He used a kind of waxed paper, not unlike baking paper or the stuff used to wrap up cheese. It came in a few basic colours, and could not be sourced on the island. Thin pieces of wood, glue, some special "decorative" papers, in silver and gold, kilometres of string and scissors completed the kit, and he was ready to start work.

The "tail" alone would sometimes take days, every little tuft of paper carefully cut to the same length, often many colours bunched together and all spaced out evenly. Where the bridle connected to the edges, he would add more tufts of coloured paper, to make for better balance.



*Ready for take off.*

Every year he made a different one. He never made the same one twice, and he never kept one for next year. He would either take it apart and recycle the frame, or once it was high enough, he would cut the string and set it "free".

One year the plan was to get it as high as possible. Armed with 2000 meters of string, we proceeded to Kassiopi, our favorite kite-flying and picnic spot. Reel by reel, we joined the string, until the kite was so high we almost could not see it. A piece of string that went up to the sky, on its own, and we in turns, held on to it, happy and laughing. To my eyes the kite was flying somewhere over Albania, amongst the birds and clouds...

Another year he made a different one, a "Smyrna" kite as he called it. It had a very different shape, and it also was a bit more "technical" to fly. The frame was made of bent bamboo strips. I think he had always wanted one, since he was a child, and he finally made one. His mother, my grandma, was a refugee from the Asia minor catastrophe in 1922.



*The "smyrna" kite*

Another "thing" about the kites was the matter of "size" (men...) Obviously he wanted to make them bigger and bigger, but there was a limit. The size of our car. Or rather cars! My father had a car rental business at the time, so we had a choice... So, one year he decided to make a really big one and use the company minibus. If my memory serves me well, that year's design was a Sun. Golden rays, a bright smile, yellow and orange... but it was too big!! So, he had to opt for putting it on the roof rack...

Getting near to Kassiopi, my mother was looking out the passenger window at the shadow of the car as it sped on its way. There was something wrong. Shadows were dancing on the roof... "Yianni, I think you had better stop, something is not right..."

He pulled over and got out, took a look at the kite, and got back into the car, without speaking. The mood was not good. He stopped at a local "bakaliko" (grocery store) and asked to buy some of the brown greaseproof wrapping paper they used for the feta... We then proceeded to the port of Kassiopi where he set down to fix it. He gathered the left-over strips of paper, cut some patches, glued them up. The kite, even patched up, flew as high as ever. As well as ever.

*Continued on Page 7*



*Living In La La Land - Amola Kaloumba!*

*Continued from Page 6*



*a typical Papageorgiou kite*



*my little sister, looking incredibly like her son with long hair and a skirt on!*

In the first photo at the top, and the previous four, did you notice something they have in common?

There is something that "ties" them all together...

It is a piece of string.

This piece of string is something we all need to take care of. This piece of string may be something different to each of us, that doesn't matter. What is important is that it should be recognised for what it is. A connection to our past, a connection between us, a continuation, a feeling of consistency.

In the difficult times we are going through, it will be bits of string like this that will keep us connected, tied together, remembering our past so that we may have a future, and so that we may look upon this future in the same way that Yiannis the kite maker looks up at his kite in the next picture...

Attentively, with hope and with joy in his heart.



*Looking at the future*

Moments from Clean Mondays past...



*The Picnic*  
<



*My Cousin Vassilis*  
>

PS I was intending to "tie in" the story of the kite that was damaged but was repaired and flew, with the ending, but it eluded me... so I will add the lesson as a postscript. Against all odds, against all the problems and setbacks, we CAN make this world, this life, "fly"...

The world and our lives are changing. The change is our very own kite. And as much as some people are intent on tearing it up into little pieces, we have to use our brains and ingenuity, to patch it up and get it off the ground...

And a little note on the title. Amola kaloumba, is a Greek kite flying expression which means let more string out...



*Grandma next to her son, and my mum and sister behind*  
<





## MY CORFIOT GRANNY AND A BUNCH OF STRANGE TOURISTS

Effrosyni Mouschoudi



*Back in the 80s, life for me as a young girl visiting Corfu, used to be simply heaven. Often, I'd spend as long as three whole months there with my grandparents in the idyllic village of Moraitika. Just like my heroine Sofia in my trilogy, *The Lady of the Pier*, I'd spend my days there swimming, sunbathing, enjoying breathtaking surroundings and... thanks to my gran, eating homemade delicacies to my heart's content, too. Basically, I used to live the life of Riley!*

Having said that, in a way, I was working as well as holidaying there, although even my working hours were mostly fun too, since they gave me the chance to meet lots of tourists, make friends and polish my English in the process.

You see, for the biggest part of the 80s, my family owned a guesthouse where tourists (mostly Brits) came to stay for 1-2 weeks at a time. My experience cleaning the rooms daily with my younger sister under the supervision of my gran Antigoni, is what brought to being the fictitious guesthouse "Pallada" in my debut novel, *The Necklace of Goddess Athena*. What's more, Mrs Sofia, the Corfiot pensioner who runs it in the book, is a character I've created with a lot of affection, having modeled her after my Gran Antigoni; a woman of an equally explosive temperament, a melodic, vocal expression, and a kind, giving heart.



*Swimming time was late (at about 1200) in the 80s after we'd done the guesthouse rooms first!*

Having met a multitude of people from various countries in our Corfiot guesthouse, I have a wealth of memories to treasure from those days. Somehow, my most favorite ones are the most hilarious among them.

Today, I thought I'd blog about it and share a couple with you.

Before I begin though, I should explain first that my Gran's command of English didn't go much further than "yes", "no", "hello", and "thank you". However, she had the incredible ability to communicate anything to the guests effectively, using hand gestures – that is, when I wasn't around to translate for her. And although she'd often go out of her way to accommodate guests with all their needs, she wouldn't give an iota to anyone if they broke the house rules!

I remember one morning, all three of us had just arrived to clean the rooms when Gran spotted a young man she didn't recognize on one of the first floor balconies. What's more, his hair was tousled, and he seemed only half-awake. Gran saw red, seeing that this room had been assigned to two girls and no guy. She dashed inside and knocked on the door loudly, conveying the message to the guests inside that they were in big trouble.

*Continued on Page 9*



*Effrosyni Writes*  
Continued from Page 8

Through the paper-thin walls, we heard a mighty scuffle while the girls rushed the young man to the balcony. Luckily for him, it was situated very close to the external staircase leading to the yard below. Being young and athletic, he managed without much exertion to escape, before my Gran could rush outside again to catch him and give him an earful.

What's more, the girls then opened the door, engaging into a fiery shouting match with my Gran, which was just too delightful to interrupt, seeing that Gran spoke melodic (yet irate!) Corfiot while they spoke English with a heavy Scottish accent. In the end, they slammed the door on Gran and that was the end of it. I did speak to them at a later point and told them they weren't allowed guests, and they promised not to do it again.

Yet, Gran kept fuming about the whole affair and finally calmed down about it, but only after their departure. As we prepared the room for the new arrivals, Gran was delighted to find a small film camera under one bed. She saw it as a sign that she was right and they were wrong to treat her so insolently that day. Gran may be quick to start a fight, but she's got a solid sense of justice. If this is how she thought divine justice had been served, who was I to argue? Besides, the camera had the coolest pink color ever! My sister and I got the full benefit of its use for years to come. The readers of my book will easily spot a nod to this incident in a similar, fictitious episode that takes place in "Pallada".



*The family  
guesthouse in  
Moraitika, Corfu*

<

In our Corfu guesthouse, we had mainly British, German and Italian tourists. Some of them became dear friends and although we rarely met any of them again, in many cases, we wound up corresponding back and forth for years to come.

For example, there was this kindly German family that got to be good friends with mine, and it all started with a very funny incident. The father was sitting on his balcony one afternoon while my parents and I just enjoyed the cool breeze, sitting in the front yard below. Suddenly, he started to shout with a heated volley of German, which none of us spoke. The man's eyes grew huge as he spoke to us, while gesturing with his hands and pointing to the far end of the yard at a flowerbed. Mystified, we all stared blankly back at him and all the while, he wouldn't stop shouting and gesturing. He had turned dark red in the face, and we started to worry he was going to have a heart attack.

Thankfully, his son came in from the street and saved the day by translating. His father had spotted a giant rat scurrying away along the cemented ledge by the flowerbed. We started to laugh and the man immediately calmed down and laughed as well. It turned out he wasn't at all concerned about vermin, just plain

frustrated that we couldn't understand him! As for the rat, we didn't worry. The village is surrounded by fields and forestland, crawling with snakes (even adders), large lizards and massive rats. No surprise there!

*Gran and my  
sister Antigoni  
putting the  
laundry on the  
line outside the  
guesthouse (late  
80s).*

>



Over the years, some of our guests, especially the young ones, were quite difficult to handle. They drank too much, messed up the rooms badly and managed to cause mischief in various ways. Two Italian boys from Napoli sharing a room at one time certainly stand out in memory for their sheer naughtiness alone. One of the two was particularly vocal and sang love songs in his language all day long. One afternoon, he got out on his balcony over the yard wrapped in a small towel, put out his hands and started to sing at the top of his lungs, baritone-style: "La più bella del mondo per meEEEE!!" (You get the picture!)

My uncle (he stayed on the ground floor) was outside at the time with me, my sister and two cousins, who were just small children back then. Uncle stood under the boy's balcony, looked up and started to scold him irately, while making sharp shooing gestures. He was particularly concerned to protect our eyes, he later explained, seeing that as he saw for himself, the sight of the boy from that angle was far too shocking for innocent young girls. The Napolitano lad didn't speak any Corfiot, but my uncle's angry expression surely made him understand, and he scuttled back in his room. Although he never came out on the balcony in the same fashion again, he still managed to cause concern. We suspected for days that he and his roommate had brought a gas cooker and prepared food in the room, but despite our best intentions to catch them in the act, we never succeeded. We only got the proof in the end. After they vacated the room, we found a singed doily on the dresser and stains of tomato sauce in a few places. No doubt, the Napolitano had been singing every evening while cooking all his favorite Italian meals!



If you enjoyed this introduction then please visit these websites;  
<http://effrosyniwrites.com/>  
<http://effrosyniwrites.com/your-guide-to-moraitika-corfu/>



**TEN YEARS YOUNG**  
**AGIOTFEST**  
 SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY PARTY  
 FRIDAY AUGUST 31ST  
 SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 1ST  
**2018**  
**CORFU'S MOST FAMOUS**  
**MUSIC FESTIVAL RETURNS**  
**BIGGER AND BETTER IN 2018.**  
**COME HELP US CELEBRATE**  
**OUR TENTH BIRTHDAY**  
**WITH A DOUBLE DOSE OF**  
**ROCK, POP, SOUL, FOLK,**  
**AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!**  
**TICKETS & INFORMATION**  
**WWW.AGIOTFEST.COM**

# Agiotfest 2018

## The Minstrel

There was quite a bit of interaction with Sponsors and possible sponsors in January.

We are hoping to disclose details in the February 28th transfer window. Oh, sorry, that is another sport!



*Rob and Paul - Sponsors*

For our Junior Sponsors [thanks for the patience] letters will be out to you in February.

So, what has happened in the last month?

A band or three have already signed up and two or three more are in the pipe-line. Don't want to say too much too soon-hands were slightly scalded last year on that front-but hopes are high and there is something in the air.



*Agiotfest 2018*  
Continued from Page 10

TICKETS WILL BE ON SALE FROM APRIL 1<sup>ST</sup>

AN ADULT TICKET WILL COST 12 EUROS IF PAID FOR BEFORE JUNE 30

A 2-DAY ADULT TICKET WILL COST 15 EUROS IF PAID BEFORE JUNE 30

AFTER JUNE 30 AND AT THE GATE THE PRICES WILL BE 22 EUROS AND 25 EUROS RESPECTIVELY.

NORMAL CONCESSIONS WILL APPLY FOR CHILDREN, STUDENTS AND UNEMPLOYED YOUNGSTERS.

PICNIC PEOPLE WELCOME WITH NO SURCHARGE

TICKETS WILL BE AVAILABLE THROUGH YOUR NORMAL DISTRIBUTORS OR THROUGH ticketBOX in Corfu and on-line.

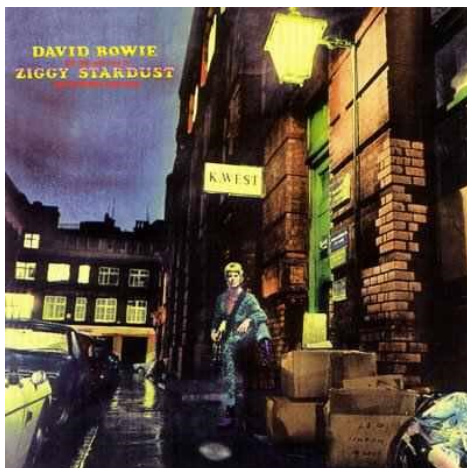
FRIDAY THERE WILL BE LIVE MUSIC FROM ABOUT 7.30 P.M.

SATURDAY THE LOWER FIELD WILL OPEN AT 11.00A.M. FOR AN ARRAY OF PITCHES AND TENTS. READ BELOW.

SOUND-CHECKS WILL TAKE PLACE THIS YEAR LATE AFTERNOON, AS THE LOWER FIELD CLOSES.

GATES OPEN AROUND 7.30P.M. FOR THE PARTY NIGHT.

COACHES FROM NORTH AND SOUTH ON THE SATURDAY



*Wishful Beginnings*

Two main changes this year will be the Fest will be open both Friday and Saturday and that there will be an extension of significant off-stage activity for the first time.

It is the Tenth year, so be ready to party for this one.

A friend of ours is up for the idea of our 'fair' and these are her thoughts on the subject;

**'Dear Minstrel,**

**I was thinking about your fair and some ideas came to mind for the fair.**

**I have no idea if it is feasible, just to share.**

**Photography:**

**An opportunity for Individuals who make photos, to sell their photos at a stand.**

**Handicrafts & Workshops**

**Sell home made products from marmalade to knitwear to jewelry, whatever...**

**May be demos of how to preserve vegetables, fruit**

**Workshops/Demonstrations for pottery making, painting, and such things.**

**May be the visitors can have a try at the stand. (Donate something for material use.)**

**Yoga demonstrations and try out.**

**Something else about the garbage.**

**This is not the right place to do anything about it, but I like to share my agony about the garbage on Corfu. Info on the environment, how to create awareness about the beauty of Corfu and to get rid of the garbage. People not to throw anything and everything on the ground. I would like to know if there is a way to change the general attitude. I do not know where to start.**

**I think it is a great idea of yours to extend the music festival and add a fair.'**

**Warmest greetings,  
Antoinette Goes**

So, thank you muchly for that Antoinette. Lots of good ideas, which we will be exploring in the coming months.

A major feature already arranged is for our Sponsors Roadhouse to have a demonstration tent for you guitarists to come along and sample the wares.

# 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



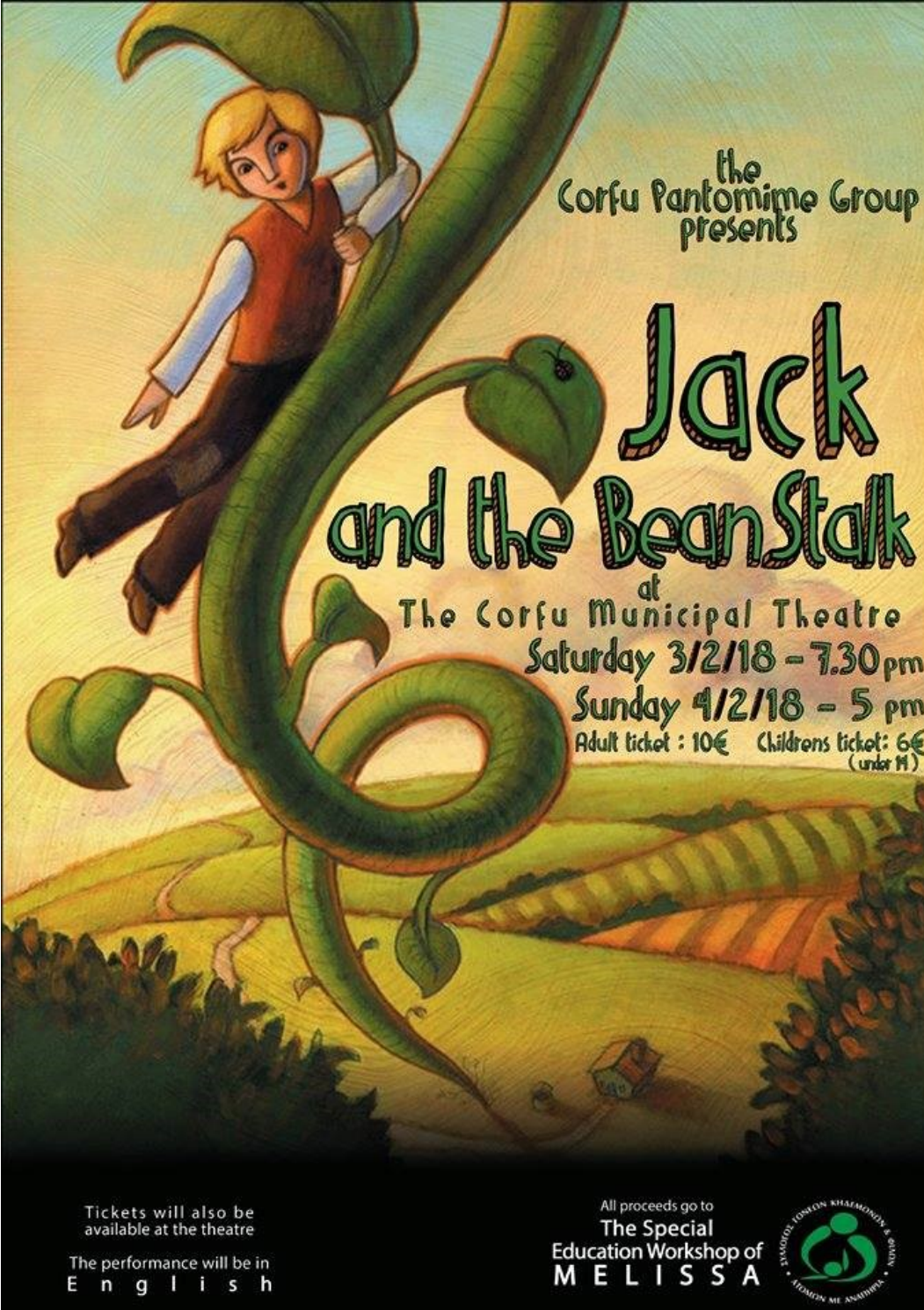
Trevor Whybrow

## 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
- Corfu Trail Properties
- David Dickinson
- Derek & Carole Pullen
- Dimitris Krokidis (<http://corfuwall.gr>)
- Gouvia Marina
- Henk Van Der Does
- 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



‘Agiotfest is happy to sponsor Jack and The Beanstalk’.



the  
Corfu Pantomime Group  
presents


# Jack and the Beanstalk

at  
The Corfu Municipal Theatre  
Saturday 3/2/18 - 7.30pm  
Sunday 4/2/18 - 5pm  
Adult ticket : 10€ Childrens ticket: 6€  
(under 11)

Tickets will also be  
available at the theatre

The performance will be in  
E n g l i s h

All proceeds go to  
The Special  
Education Workshop of  
M E L I S S A



It's Panto time this weekend at the Municipal Theatre in Corfu town. I hope you will come and support us. Tickets are available from cast members, Sally's bar in Ipsos (Sally Tinkler) and the Mediterranean Corner shop (Sandra Klouda) and available on the door before each performance.

Saturday at 7.30pm and Sunday matinee at 5pm.

All ticket sales goes to Melissa. They are doing amazing things there for children and adults in Corfu.

You'll have a fun time at the panto.... last year we raised 3443€ with your help. Lets see if we can beat that this year.....See you there.... xxx





## Everything for the road at Roadhouse, Corfu

See you at Agiotfest 18  
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Paul Fennell and Dawn Purves

<



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A MESSAGE FROM KATRINA GICA.

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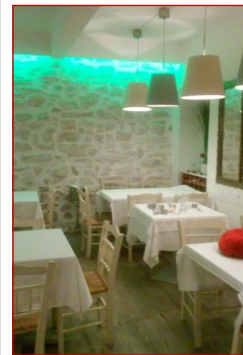
One jar 200g of Fresh - Homemade - Organic- Golden Paste is €6. –  
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 For Orders please message me, call 26610 58090 or 6948 547 663.  
 Or email gicas@otenet.gr .



**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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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.
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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.

**Corfu Weather Statistics - January 2018**

|   | Max      | Avg      | Min      |
|---|----------|----------|----------|
| <b>Temperature</b>                                |          |          |          |
| Max Temperature                                   | 19°C     | 15 °C    | 12°C     |
| Mean Temperature                                  | 16 °C    | 11°C     | 7°C      |
| Min Temperature                                   | 13 °C    | 6°C      | 1°C      |
| <sup>1</sup> <b>Heating Degree Days</b> (base 65) | 20       | 14       | 5        |
| Cooling Degree Days (base 65)                     | 0        | 0        | 0        |
| Growing Degree Days (base 50)                     | 10       | 2        | 0        |
| <b>Dew Point</b>                                  | 13°C     | 7°C      | -2°C     |
| <b>Precipitation</b>                              | 14.0 mm  | 1.3 mm   | 0.0 mm   |
| <b>Wind</b>                                       |          |          |          |
| Wind  | 58 km/h  | 7 km/h   | 0 km/h   |
| Gust Wind   | 84 km/h  | 46 km/h  | 27 km/h  |
| <b>Sea Level Pressure</b>                         | 1032 hPa | 1018 hPa | 1001 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#PFq1VRYHlbugeTGf.99](http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statename=NA#PFq1VRYHlbugeTGf.99)

Photo courtesy of  
Alexandros Melidis G.



# Simon's World



I was quite surprised and excited to see this charming old picture of passengers on a very early stretch of the Corfu Light Railway.

As you know this endlessly delayed project originated during the British Protectorate when the railway revolution was spreading across continental Europe. This was



a stretch of track - now defunct - that followed the west coast corniche between Lefkimi and Arillas - favourite picnicking places between Paleokastritsa and the temporary terminus just short of for the British establishment and their friends among the Corfiot signorini. Local farmers with donkey carts or individual donkeys would meet families of the Corfiot elite at stations along the route to transport them to beaches and suitable sojourning sites along the magnificent shores of Adriatic Corfu.



It was an open secret at the time that the relative exclusiveness and therefore privacy of the CLR, and the well rewarded discretion of its staff and many villagers along the route, saw in the railway, opportunity for clandestine and exciting romance that could occur under the radar of conventional judgement. The village sculptor of Ano Korakiana, Aristeidis Metallinos, carved a somewhat ribald marble frieze of a typical villager leading a rather blatantly priapic donkey towards a passionate and risqué assignation among the olive groves on the slopes above this most romantic of railways. As you know, all the track and rolling stock, of this first CLR project was, after 1864, allowed to fall into a decay so deep that few now credit the fact that such a route even existed. Even now I hesitate to name those involved in the secret deal that was done to rip up and sell the trackbed for use in a disastrous colonial railway project in Albania under the auspices of King Zog. I venture to suggest that this story and the illustrations supplied will be of interest to your august journal.

## ***Aunty Lula's Love-bites***

*Aunty Lula is not so bright at present, so today we are publishing a repeat from her vaults.  
May normal service be resumed as soon as possible.*

### **Vegetarian Burger**

#### Ingredients:

400gr tin Haricot Beans rinsed and drained  
400gr tin Kidney Beans rinsed and drained  
20gr Fresh Basil chopped  
50gr Kefalotiri or Parmesan Cheese grated  
75gr Sundried Tomatoes chopped  
1 Egg  
100gr Breadcrumbs  
25gr Pinenuts chopped  
1/3 tsp Chilly Powder, more or less as wished.  
Salt andf Pepper to taste if desired.  
Enough Olive or Vegetable Oil for frying.

#### **GO:**

In a blender mix the Beans, Basil, Cheese, Sundried Tomatoes, Egg, Chilli Powder, Salt and Pepper into a smooth consistency. Add 50gr of Breadcrumbs and Pinenuts and blend further.

Divide the mixture equally into eight shaped Burgers. Place upon a tray or big plate and top them with the rest of the Breadcrumbs.

Cover and store in refrigerator for two hours.

Heat the Oil in a fryingpan.

Fry the Burgers for about five minutes each side until they become crisp.

Serve with chips and salad if wished.

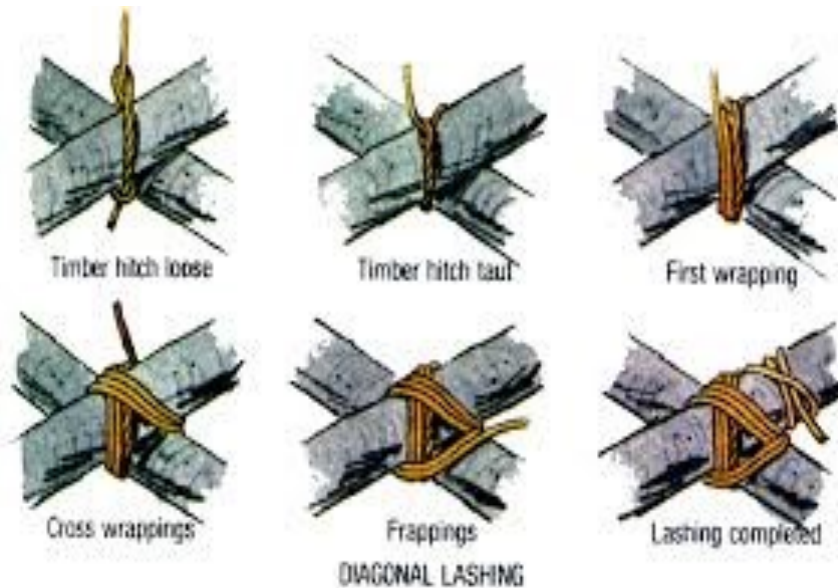
NB. Dried Beans may be used instead, but they must be soaked overnight and sufficiently boiled.

**BON APPÉTIT**

# Tickle Ties the knot

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

## The Diagonal Lashing



### How to tie a diagonal lashing

Start with a single Timber Hitch around both poles. Wrap three or four turns around the two poles in one axis followed by three or four turns in the other axis. Tighten the lashing by surrounding it with three or four frapping turns. Finish with a Clove Hitch.

### What is a diagonal lashing used for...

The Diagonal Lashing is used to pull two poles together and prevent them from springing apart. The lashing is designed to be non-load bearing. It gets its name from the fact that the wrapping turns cross the poles diagonally and is used to spring poles together where they do not touch as in the X-brace of a trestle. Lashings are most commonly applied to timber poles, and are commonly associated with cargo and containerisation movement, Scouting, and with sailors. This word usage derives from using whipcord to tie things together.

\*\*\*\*\*



Miss Tickle has taken Agios to the North of England



# Ocay Property



## Two Bedroom House For Sale in Kouramades, West Central Corfu

€100,000 Now €99,000  
Kouramádes, Kerkira, Greece

For sale is a charming, link-detached house on the edge of the friendly village of Kouramades - between Kastelani Messis and Sinarades - just 15 minutes from Corfu Town and 10 minutes from the popular, west coast beaches of Agios Gordios and Kontagialos.

Situated among olive groves, sprawling oaks and grassy meadows next to the traditional church of Agios Ioannis and with views to the village and hills of Sinarades, the house offers all the benefits of a supremely secluded and peaceful location but with the village centre, with its mini-market, bakery and grill-house, only a short walk away.

The main living space comprises a large, bright, open plan kitchen, dining and lounge area with striking, high wooden ceilings. Downstairs, the accommodation also includes a similarly high-ceilinged bedroom with generous fitted wardrobe space and a fully-tiled bathroom with tub and shower. Upstairs, a large wooden-floored gallery room overlooks the main living area.

Outside, the front of the house has a covered area for outdoor dining, a gravel driveway with ample parking space, an apothiki for additional storage and a back yard that offers boundless possibilities.

**Main features :**

- 2 bedroom house - approx 80m2 (Plot size - approx. 450m2)
- Built 2006
- Large, high-ceilinged, open-plan kitchen / dining / lounge area
- Striking upstairs gallery bedroom overlooking the main living space
- Downstairs bedroom with generous fitted wardrobe space
- Bathroom with tub and shower
- Additional loft and under stairs storage
- Outside apothiki / storage room
- Covered outside veranda
- Drought-proof water system (1,000 litre storage tank + pump)
- 3 phase electricity supply
- Wood burning stove for all-year round comfort
- Air conditioning
- 15 mins from Corfu Town / 10 mins from the nearest beaches

A versatile property with a compact yard, the house is economical and easy to maintain with superb access to airport, port, beaches, shopping and services making it perfect for seasonal or all-year-round occupancy and offering a good opportunity for rental income.



### FLOOR PLAN KOURAMADES

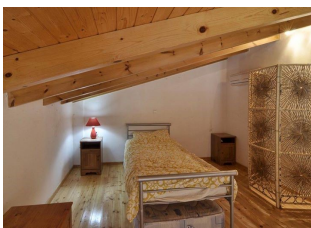


**Ground Floor**

- Kitchen/Living Area 8.2m x 3.98m (26.9' x 13')
- Bedroom 3.97m x 2.90m (13' x 9.5')
- Bathroom 1.82m x 1.85m (5.9' x 6')
- Apothiki/Storage Room 2.6m x 1.6m (8.5' x 5.2')

**First Floor**

- Gallery Bedroom 4.2m x 3.3m (13.7' x 10.8')
- + Loft Storage





Ocay property - Kouramades  
Continued from Page 19

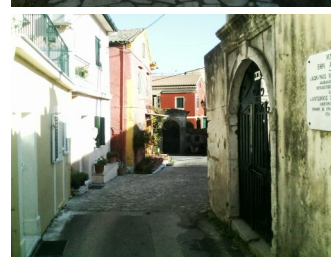
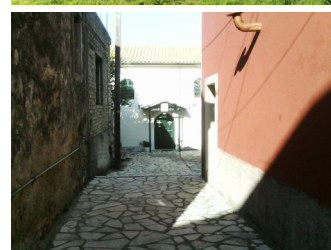
Without doubt Kouramades is one of the quaintest villages on the island of Corfu, as you can judge from these pictures taken late January, 2016.

The village is one you go to, not through and therefore its cosy centre is almost untouched by traffic.

Notwithstanding that bounty, it has immediate access to the main road taking you to Corfu town and all parts of the compass.

This fine and finely-priced property is well worth a look.

[www.ocaypropertycorfu.com](http://www.ocaypropertycorfu.com)



### Corfu Trail Properties Orange Cottage, Sinarades

Sinarades Village, West Corfu  
Village house, currently 2-bed  
Fully functional and habitable; decor needs big upgrade Close to the Corfu Trail in quiet neighbourhood.

Located in a quiet neighbourhood in the upper part of Sinarades, this medium-sized village house could be occupied immediately if you don't mind living with horribly dated decor. A handy person could do most of the work to bring it up to modern standards.

The house sits on the fork of an alleyway, fronting a small square so there's plenty of light. The downstairs accommodation comprises one room with hideous orange wood walls coverings (removable), a kitchen (needs replacement) and a bathroom (very basic but functional) on the lower floor.

A very narrow blocked-in staircase (needs widening) leads up to a large room with two very small bedrooms leading off (the walls can easily be removed to alter the space footprint). A door leads to a very large railed veranda, curved like half the prow of a ship, which could accommodate a large table and offers a nice view between houses to the side.

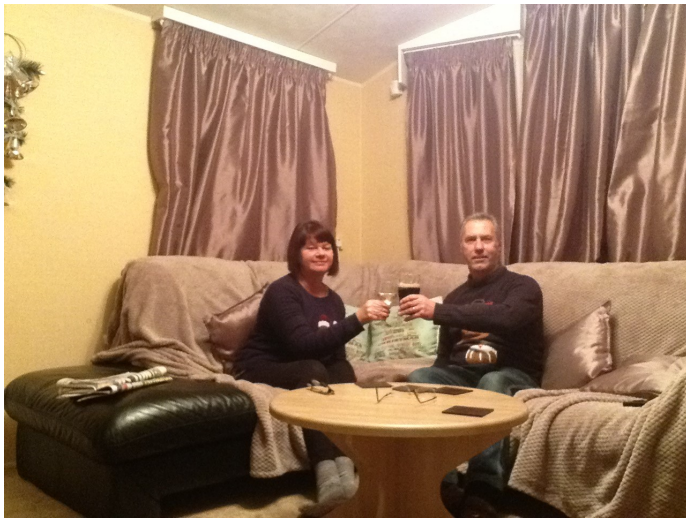
All the village's facilities are a short walk away, with the nearest being a kafenion/basic shop just down the alley. The village boasts a well-stocked village store, a pharmacy, butcher, a restaurant/acclaimed pizzeria, coffee shops, and a grill room (also very close to the property). As well as the Corfu Trail, a number of linear and circular walks can be explored. The excellent family resort of Agios Gordis, with its superb restaurants, is ten minutes drive away.

43,000 euro

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



## Gooners Gags



Mr Gooner himself being interviewed at home on the Jerry Springer Show

Some people have accused me of being racist in some of my statements here. I am not!!! Neither am I a Sexist!!

**BEFORE!** I sent my wife to *WIFE SCHOOL* I took her to a high school reunion.

After meeting several of her friends and former school mates, I am sitting at a table where I was yawning and very bored.

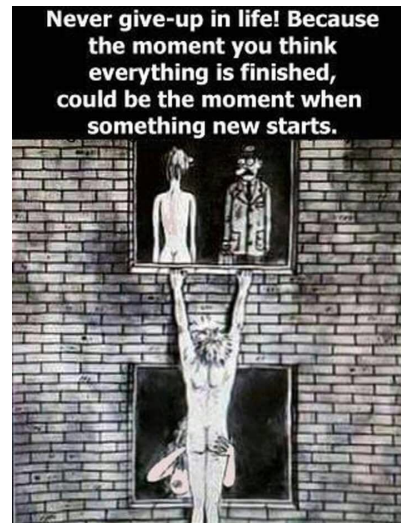
The band cranks up and people start to dance.

There's a bloke on the dance floor giving it large, break dancing, moon walking, back flips, buying drinks for people, the works.

Wife turns to me and says, "See that bloke? 25 years ago he proposed to me and I turned him down."

I said "Looks like he's still celebrating!!!"

There is more!



AND More

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

AND MORE



Yesterday afternoon I was walking and holding hands with my wife. I suddenly dropped her hand and grabbed my cell phone to take this picture. She hit me in my chest and wouldn't talk to me the rest of the day. Last night, she asked me "How could you?" I said "How could I not? It's not every day you see a dog driving a car."

Then, by chance, I found *WIFE SCHOOL*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5CySVKwNskI>

I rest my case!!

**Gooners Gags** - Continued from Page 21

1. If you take an Oriental person and spin him around several times, does he become disoriented?
2. If people from Poland are called Poles, why aren't people from Holland called Holes?
3. Do infants enjoy infancy as much as adults enjoy adultery?
4. If a pig loses its voice, is it disgruntled?
5. If love is blind, why is lingerie so popular?
6. Why is the man who invests all your money called a broker?
7. When cheese gets its picture taken, what does it say?
8. Why is a person who plays the piano called a pianist but a person who drives a racing car not called a racist?
9. Why are a wise man and a wise guy opposites?
10. Why do overlook and oversee mean opposite things?
11. Why isn't the number 11 pronounced onety one?
12. 'I am' is reportedly the shortest sentence in the English language. Could it be that 'I do' is the longest sentence?
13. If lawyers are disbarred and clergymen defrocked, doesn't it follow that electricians can be delighted, musicians denoted, cowboys deranged, models deposed, tree surgeons debarked, and dry cleaners depressed?
14. I thought about how mothers feed their babies with tiny little spoons and forks so I wondered if Chinese mothers use toothpicks?
15. Why do they put pictures of criminals up in the Post Office? What are we supposed to do, write to them? Why don't they just put their pictures on the postage stamps so the postmen can look for them while they deliver the post?
16. You never really learn to swear until you learn to drive.
17. No one ever says, 'It's only a game' when their team is winning.
18. Ever wonder about those people who spend two pound a piece on those little bottles of Evian water? Try spelling Evian backwards:
19. Isn't making a smoking section in a restaurant like making a peeing section in a swimming pool?
20. If 4 out of 5 people suffer from diarrhoea, does that mean that one enjoys it?
21. Why if you send something by road it is called a shipment, but when you send it by sea it is called cargo?





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# BESPOKE PROPERTY

When we are not publishing this monthly then we are involved most of the time with property, in one shape or the other.

Here are a few misty January snaps.



*A new shed side angle*



*A new shed*



*Bashing and Smashing*



*Hiring out savage guard dogs*



*Mixing in the mist*



*New shed from further off*



*Refreshing and innovative pool colours*



*Shed extended to enclose exposed piping*



*The beginning of landscaping*



*Tiling*



*Whoops! The customer ordered a red meter!*



*New Woodstove to chimney installation*



# Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

## Thrown in at the deep end

M&S (IN THE UK) TEND TO GET IT RIGHT IN THE FIELD OF FOODIE TRENDS (in the UK). I remember my mother buying little yoghurt pots in fruit flavours (they may even have had some real fruit in them!), which was a first, at least in the culinary desert that was the north-west of England in the 60s and 70s. They also produced what was probably the first ready meal to heat up and serve - a mincemeat pie in double-crust pastry; the ready meal trend was one that was lovingly embraced by said mother once we were 'off her hands'.

So, when M&S jumped onto the vegan lifestyle trend and begun marketing cauliflower 'steak', you would imagine their market research to be spot on. In fact, there was an outcry, partly over the fact that two slices of cauli were priced substantially higher than a single loose uncut one. Aldi followed with a pack of ready-peeled onions, again priced much higher than the same vegetable sold loose. How long does it take, people asked, how much bother is it, to slice a cauli/peel an onion?

But these two products offended against another topical trend - concerns about the pollutive effect of plastic waste. Instead of one thin plastic bag in which to take purchases to the till, these items were packaged to death: double layers of plastic wrap, set in a plastic tray. The cauli at least was quickly discontinued.

In those heady days when M&S invariably got it right, my mother - equipped only with a straw basket and an expandable string bag - would step from that emporium's back door and straight into the market hall, in those days a beautiful Victorian glass-and-metal edifice, now long burned down. This was rather like Corfu's open market, selling mostly food, with the addition of a fabric stall and one selling now-collectible kitchen equipment. Mostly the vegetables, once weighed, were dumped straight from scales into string bag, one lot on top of the other, while cheese, meat and fish were wrapped in paper of some sort. Hardly a piece of plastic to be seen. Except...

The lazy cuisine which would become the feature of my parents' later life was first manifest in this market. A veggie stall sold 'pot vegetables', mostly mixed roots and some green cabbage, cut up and sold in a ... plastic bag! This was probably a means of recycling offcuts of misshapen or damaged vegetables, so perhaps that offset the un-green 'footprint' of the bag. (In one of those 'amazing coincidences' that tend to dog one, her stall-of-choice

was almost certainly the one owned by the father of an occasional Saturday walker.)

My mother would boil up the ready vegetable bits (nothing to peel and cut up here) and put them through the mouli legume, a hand mill. She called the end product 'soup', though as far as I can judge from this distance in the future, it was bits of root vegetables and cabbage suspended in water. Still, it was served as the first of three courses, so I was not deprived.

I suppose it prepared me in some way for the moment I was thrown in at the deep end of my mother-in-law's kitchen.

Served as main courses were spaghetti dressed with margarine (unfortunately, I only found this out much later), a mountain of potatoes stewed with a single small squid 'to give it flavour', Fassoulada (a treat!), chick peas, 'bone broth soup', and in winter endless boiled brassicas. Now, I'm no big meat eater, and probably only buy a little chicken a couple of times a month, but this was primitive poverty food to make my mother's moulied vegetables look sophisticated. The brassicas were memorable as being the least memorable dishes I have ever been fed; just a cabbage or a cauli (broccoli had not yet been invented) roughly hacked into large lumps and boiled to death with potatoes. You got a piece of the brassica, a couple of tatties and a sea of the cooking water, to which you added olive oil and lemon juice (my father-in-law added wine to his as well). I guess something similar was on the menu at the very start of cultivation, only the 'ballast' would have been spelt or barley.

But from these humble origins were derived Pot au Feu, Minestrone, Scotch Broth and Vichyssoise, and on to the elaborate creamed and spiced concoctions of today's top chefs. We should not forget that.



And today

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Continued on Page 26

*Hilary's Ramblings—Continued from Page 25*

TALKING OF THE MARKET, some people have commented that they haven't seen the famous Effie for a while. Effie found her way into local expats' consciousness by way of her appearance in the Corfu episode of Rick Stein's Mediterranean Escapes series, in which she demonstrated the gathering, preparation and cooking of wild greens, not to mention the eating of.

Effie's stall, at the top right-hand corner of the market 'square', has since the filming become the go-to place to buy the wild greens you need for various dishes, including the curry-hot tsgarelli. Depending on the time of year, Effie displays different mixes of the leaves, picked on or near her family farm near Roda. A returnee from Oz, she speaks fluent English and thus can offer lucid advice.

Nowadays she gets to work quite late, she told me recently - which is the reason for her absence if you shop early. Apart from a longish commute, she explained that the delay is due to a new venture - goats.

I was glad she mentioned the goats. Because her time is also taken up with making goats' milk cheese. She had samples with her on that day.

I am mildly lactose intolerant, which means I can't drink cow's milk, can manage yoghurt and cheese (as the offending lactase has been fermented out of it), but am happy with goat's milk (if only my blessed mother had known this, she would have spared me a childhood of feeling vaguely nauseous).

Effie told me that her goats are free-grazed and the cheese is made using traditional ecological methods. That was good enough for me! So, I settled on her creamiest sample (the cheeses are kept in brine and get harder and saltier as the days go by), a large tennis ball size for the princely sum of three euros. Considering the price of (plastic-packaged) goat's cheese in AB, that's the bargain of the week.

-----

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PFrhJwnMpJ8>

I'M JUST IN THE MIDDLE OF WATCHING on Youtube early episodes of the Anglia TV (remember them?) series of PD James's Adam Dalgliesh detective stories. They date from the early and mid 1980s, from around the same time as I departed the UK, and it's this version of that now-blighted country that I recognise; it doesn't look old-fashioned in the way the programmes would to a UK resident. Here are some random observations:

- \* Medical records are kept in cardboard files on shelves in a storeroom, and not on a computer hard-drive from which they can easily be copied and sold on.
  - \* Police wear dark blue uniforms and proper helmets. No Hi-Viz or baseball hats to be seen.
  - \* No-one is fat, nor gym-honed muscular; everyone is slim going on skinny.
  - \* Ownership of neither TVs nor cars is a given.
  - \* Afternoon tea is served in china pots - along with rock cake.
  - \* People write actual letters or use a manual typewriter, and post their missives in red tubular boxes.
  - \* Even senior detectives have to use a phone box.
  - \* Cars are saloons, estates or hatchbacks rather than look-at-me boast-monsters with blunt, bullying bonnets.
  - \* Homosexuality is described as 'that type of nastiness'. I quote. No offence meant.
- How DID we all manage? And isn't it a reflection of the times that I feel obliged to apologise in advance?

## The Way Things Were



*Not SO long ago*



*Company of boy scouts on Kaizer's bridge before WWII circa 1930  
Courtesy Luko Manaris*



# Nature

## Photos

Courtesy of Giannis Gasteratos.



A record for Korission with more than 600 Greater Flamingos January 21



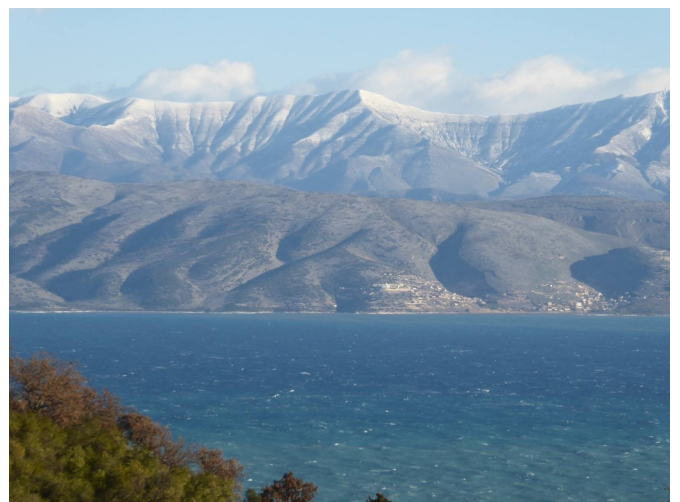
And no Traffic Control



Spring is coming Paperwhites in Lefkimmi

## Photos

Courtesy of Bert Rossum



Cold and blue mid January  
Courtesy of Tricia Giles



### Photos

courtesy of Richard Anslow

Here are some pics so far, before the cloud covers it, of tonight's "SUPERMOON" as it rises in the eastern sky over Corfu tonight!

It was so bright and in a few seconds was changing colour from a pinkish hue, to a more rusty red. Majestic and not seen like this for over 150 years. 3 events in one! Blood moon, Earth eclipse later and 2 Blue moons in one month!



Courtesy John Denne



Stuart Hill Black Redstarts at Barbati.



## Village and Island News

It was a pulsating month in Agios Ioannis Central. How can things be pulsating in a place where nothing happens?

Kostas's fabulous 90th birthday spilled over into the Epiphany celebration, where he presided over a full table, this time at Villa Sofia. And, it was on this very occasion that he staggered, at least the English among us, with a new slant on the 'Great Mystery Of The True Date of Kostas Halikia's birthdate'. [read the December issue for better comprehension of the tangled web].

So, it happened like this. On this day of the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles Elena arrived [is she to become our new Lionel?!] like Scrooge, after his own reincarnation, bringing to our table a fat turkey! In keeping with the spirit of the occasion, there are twelve of us seated.

To add to the turkey we have broccoli, glazed carrots, roast potatoes, a stuffing made by Lula which comprised of sausage, breadcrumbs and apple and a stuffing which, socially, came along with the turkey. There was a bootiful gravy, expertly stirred by our modest Losers Cup Champion. Kostas brought along house red wine, salami and cheese; Nikos brought the house white. Paul and Sally complemented these coarser wines.



*Yummy on Epiphany*

At one point in the proceedings Nikos was heard to say; 'it doesn't matter how many tavernas were to open in the square, it would make no difference; they would all come back to me because I am the best chef.' Mind you, he had been slugging through the white at this point.

Then came Kostas's revelation, which knocked all of this worthy periodical's painstaking research into a cocked hat, when he revealed the *truth* behind his mysterious birthdate.

"My sister was born at 1'o'clock, in the morning, on

the 1st January 1928 and I was born at 1.30 the same morning.'

What a stroke of genius by the old man. At one moment he has put to bed-in front of his wife and daughters- the controversy which has benighted us over the Yuletide. Nobody dissented forcibly at this new version-how could they, he was there on the day!'

At this point there was the vaguest querying from a corner of the table as to how such a positive and exact time could be attested to, after nearly a century, to which Kostas whipped back like a Cobra caught with its prey already in its fangs; 'They [the births] were witnessed by my father, who from the Balkan was carried with him a Smyrna timepiece. And Smyrna timepieces were famed for their craftsmanship and accuracy.'

Case solved.

What is more this new intelligence was registered simultaneously by Messrs. Grove and McGovern, Agiots who will carry the myth into legend and thereafter history.

Bravo O Kostas!!

Suddenly, as is always the village way, Kurty comes through the door. To retrieve his two mobile phones, which he has left in the taverna. Anna promptly rang one of the phones up, but of course they could not be answered, locked away as they were at Kostas Taverna up the road!

### STOP PRESS

From the village where nothing happens;  
While I was typing this a Junior Reporter  
entered the room to tell me;  
A Gang of Villagers have just absconded  
with the Infamous Green Table, complete  
with un-matching chairs.  
Full Report in the March Edition.  
As I said, nothing much happening.



*Last known photograph of the Green Table*

## 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.

### Services for February:

Services led by Chaplain Rev Jules Wilson

#### Sunday 4th February

10:30 Family Communion Service  
Sunday School will take place in the Library during the service for the little ones.

#### Sunday 11th February

10:30 Family Communion Service

#### Wednesday 14th February

11.00 Ash Wednesday Service

#### Sunday 18th February

10:30 Family Communion Service

#### Sunday 25th February

10:30 Family Communion Service  
19.00 The Well

#### HTC South

##### Friday 9th February

18.00 Messongh Catholic Chapel

*'How good and pleasant it is when God's people live together in unity.'* Psalm 133 v 1

### Weekly Events during February:

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

#### Monday

17:30 The Kontokali group meets

#### Tuesday

10:00 Coffee Morning in the church room  
13th - Master's Crafters Group

#### Wednesday

10:00 Coffee Morning in the church room  
14th - 12.30 Lunch 'n' Meet

#### 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 February:

#### Thursday 8th February

18.00 Ministry Team Meeting

#### Thursday 15th February

09.15 Pastoral Care Team Meeting

#### Saturday 24th February

From 09.00 until it is done. Gardening Party at HTC. Please come and help us clear the yard.



## LUNCH 'W' MEET

held on the 2<sup>nd</sup> Wednesday of each month

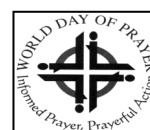
12.30 pm

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

**OPEN TO EVERYONE.  
VISITORS WELCOME.**

*Simply a time to meet, relax and chat,  
over an informal lunch and a glass of wine*

*Contribution to food costs: 4 euros  
Wine donations always appreciated.*



All are welcome to attend the  
WOMEN'S WORLD DAY OF PRAYER  
Hosted by HTC

at 7pm on

Friday 2<sup>nd</sup> March 2018

Service written by The Christian women of Suriname, South America

**Refreshments will be served after the service**



HOLY  
TRINITY  
CORFU

21 L.Mavili Street, Corfu 49100

DIOCESE IN EUROPE  
THE ANGLICAN CHURCH  
IN GREECE



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



**Populist**  
<http://www.wakingtimes.com/2018/01/29/inside-popes-reptilian-audience-hall-vatican-city/>  
**If you suffer from back pain**  
<https://www.naturalnews.com/2018-01-28-three-natural-remedies-for-back-pain.html>



Dirty Crude Jokes 21  
 Mick opens Paddy's fridge and says, "why do you keep an empty bottle of milk in here Paddy?"  
Dirty Crude Jokes 21  
 "Paddy replies, "In case someone wants a black coffee ye thick twat!"  
Dirty Crude Jokes 21

Dear God,  
 I've got just one question for you:  
 Was the flying cockroach absolutely necessary?  
 😱  
 What question would you ask?  
 © BRIGHTSIDE

Jesus drove a Honda but didn't talk about it, "For I did not speak of my own accord" -John 12:49



Her: he's probably thinking about other girls...  
 Him: I wonder if I've ever bought milk from the same cow twice



**I tried to be normal once.**  
**Worst two minutes of my life.**  
 - unknown



# Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 31



**World of Puns**  
@Puns\_Only

Einstein finally developed a theory about space and it was about time too!

I've been a vegan now for two full weeks.  
Is this normal?



## FACEBOOK WARNING

Accounts are being hacked & are sending messages titled:

“this is your video”  
“are you in this video?”

If you receive this message **DO NOT** open it. It is a **VIRUS**. Delete the message.

**SHARE THIS WITH YOUR FRIENDS.**

## HOW MUCH OF A PICKY EATER ARE YOU?

Give yourself 1 point for everything you won't eat.

- |                 |                  |                |
|-----------------|------------------|----------------|
| sourdough bread | green olives     | onion          |
| raw fish        | garlic           | mushrooms      |
| tofu            | snails           | lettuce        |
| asparagus       | Brussels sprouts | avocado        |
| oysters         | pickles          | eggplant       |
| shrimp          | cauliflower      | zucchini       |
| broccoli        | beets            | dark chocolate |
| soy sauce       | radishes         | mayonnaise     |
| spinach         | black olives     | ketchup        |
| celery          | raisins          | mustard        |

© BRIGHTSIDE

WHEN THE EARTH IS RAVAGED AND THE ANIMALS ARE DYING, A NEW TRIBE OF PEOPLE SHALL COME UNTO THE EARTH FROM MANY COLORS, CLASSES, CREEDS AND WHO BY THEIR ACTIONS AND DEEDS SHALL MAKE THE EARTH GREEN AGAIN.

THEY WILL BE KNOWN AS THE WARRIORS OF THE RAINBOW.

-- OLD NATIVE AMERICAN PROPHECY



## WHAT HAPPENED TO MUSIC?

On August 1st, 1981 MTV launched.

The attention shifted from the art to the artist, and from the sound to the image. Soon the airwaves were seized by sexy girls & well-coordinated boy bands. Empathy, social awareness and rebellion were replaced with self devotion, vanity & ego. Eventually MTV would stop broadcasting music videos and instead replaced them with reality TV shows, proudly preserving and glamouring the ignorance & arrogance.



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That's' All Folks !