

# The Agiot

125th Edition



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# Agiotfest 2018 The Minstrel



RobGroove.com  
Photography

*The New Cactus Hilton*

## AGIOTFEST 18 IS PROUD TO PRESENT: A NIGHT TO PARTY-OUR TEN-YEAR BASH

THE SENSATIONAL  
DAVID BOWIE TRIBUTE BAND  
- FIRST TIME IN GREECE

<http://broadwaybaby.com/shows/the-sensational-david-bowie-tribute-band/720433>

**SATURDAY 1ST SEPTEMBER 2018.**

SUPPORTED WITH THE RETURN BY DEMAND OF  
THE BEAUTIFUL AND TALENTED:  
ZOE UNSWORTH  
WITH A BRAND NEW FULL BACKING BAND

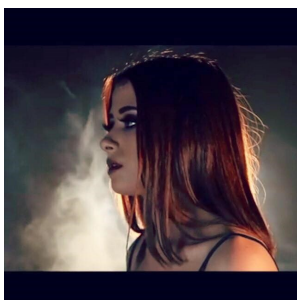
THE BLACK STRAT BAND  
[NIKOS AND THE BOYS NEVER LET US DOWN]



*They will rock you*

**AND MORE**

*Continued on Page 3*



*The return of Zoe*

<



Agiotfest 2018  
Continued from Page 2

**FRIDAY 31ST AUGUST 2018**

ANOTHER FUN NIGHT WITH A WIDE  
CHOICE OF MUSICIANS

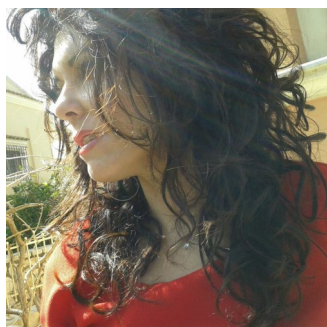
AFTER STEALING THE SHOW LAST YEAR  
WHAT CHOICE DID WE HAVE?

7 MILE LIMIT

THE BOOM BOX COLLECTIVE  
[DISCO DANCING]

GEORGE CHEMARIOS  
WITH A RE-FORMED LINE-UP

SONIA GRAMMATIKOU  
[Beautiful Classical Piano]



TICKETS AVAILABLE APRIL 1ST

GET A 2-NIGHT DISCOUNTED TICKET  
DISTRIBUTORS ANNOUNCED NEXT ISSUE

**11.00 A.M ON SATURDAY  
• COME TO THE FAIR**

*Your FUN, FAIR & FESTIVAL 2018*

*Dear Minstrel,  
Thanks for your email and you just published my mail!*

*I already spoke to several people and told them about the fair.  
Katerina Anthi is interested to sell her knitwear and such things. I gave her your email address.*

*Further I have a friend (also Katerina) who has bees and she makes of course honey and also ointments from the bee products.*

*It would be good to meet later in the Spring*

*We talk later.  
Many greetings,  
Antoinette Goes*



7 Mile Limit



*Bryn and Sue have booked their flights for Agiotfest have you?*



*Join the party*



*Natasa Katehi*



*Sara from AF 17 and sponsor Robert Bennett*



*And we soon will be*

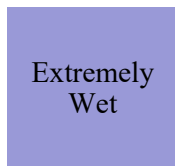
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*daylong*

*Daylong*



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*100+ Club*



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*Mousehouse*



*Sally's Bar*

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- Adrian Ward (<http://realcorfu.com>)
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- 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
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- 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
- Trevor Whybrow
- Vassilis Pandis



## Saturday Walks

**Saturday, 3 March.** STAVROS: Woodland Ways (2 hours \*\*\*). Meet at Coyevinas, the junction for Stavros 2 kms after Agii Dekka, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Areti's Place, Agii Dekka.

NOTE: The walks where you think you will meet Oberon and Titania! (This walk was previously cancelled.)

**Saturday, 10 March.** 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 previously cancelled.)

**Saturday, 17 March.** KOKKINI: Circuit to Vatos and Kokkini (2 hours \*\*). Meet at Maria's Bar, next to the SHELL petrol station between Aqualand and the Kefalovrisso Roundabout, Kokkini, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Tristrato.

NOTE: The wild flowers should be coming into bloom.

**Saturday, 24 March.** ACHARAVI: Dandalo Tower (2 hours \*\*). Meet at Dimitra SM, Acharavi High Street, 10.15 for 10.30 start. Lunch to be arranged. NOTE: Dandalo is one of the undiscovered highlights of North Corfu. (This walk was previously cancelled.)

**Saturday, 31 March.** ERMONES: Mount Tsamourou and the Theotoki Valley (2 1/2 hours \*\*\*). Meet at Dizi Bar, at entrance to the Grand Mediterraneo Hotels, Ermones, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Tristrato.

NOTE: More amazing wild flowers.



Tower from the 4th Crusade

## Letters to the Editor

### Editor's comments:

#### POTS AND KETTLES?

'This is part of The Associated Press' ongoing effort to fact-check misinformation that is shared widely online, including work with Facebook to identify and reduce the circulation of false stories on the platform.'

.....

Thank you for reading our Agios Ioannis newsletter. It is joyous to see the readership increasing to its best level so far.

**Anne Mann** from Brantford, Ontario.

Hi thank you for the note for our amazing beautiful granddaughter. she saw more in her 26 years than most of us see in our lifetime. She travelled the world and left an amazing legacy. hope your family is all well. We would love to come to Corfu again love Anne and Ray.

**Ed:** Sad times Anne, look forward to visiting here again.

**Effrosyni Moschoudi** mailed in;

Dear Paul,  
Thank you for another great issue, and for including my post in it. It was a lovely surprise. Please note for future ref, my last name is Moschoudi, not Mouschoudi :))) Have a wonderful weekend, and thank you again. I will make sure to share ☺  
Best, Effrosyni Moschoudi

**Ed:** Thank you Effrosyni, loved your childhood memories, and sorry for the typo.

**Andy Lawrie** by carrier pigeon from Scotland;

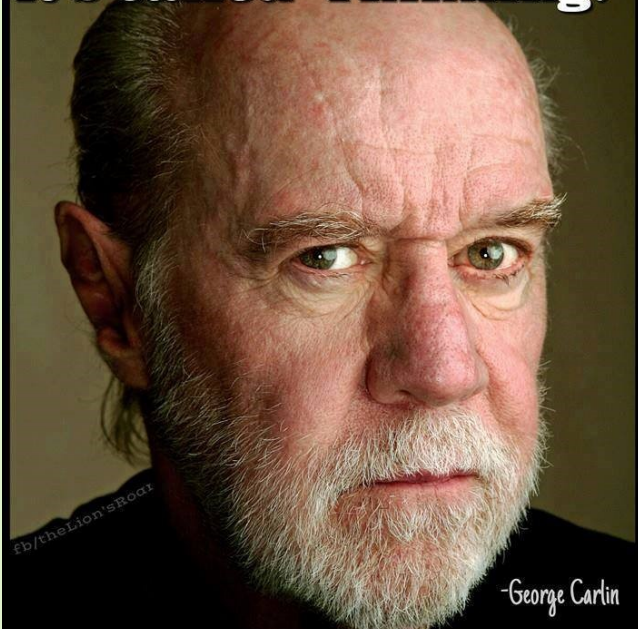
Thanks for the mag.  
I've had a good read at it and it's a great piece of tongue-in-cheek fun.  
Particularly liked the subtle Bowie teaser!  
Regards  
Flashman

**Ed:** And I say to myself, welcome to the Land that Time forgot,

Baldrick

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

**"My mind doesn't work that way. You see, I've got this real moron thing I do; it's called 'Thinking.'**



George Carlin

**And I guess I'm not a very good American, because I like to form my own opinions; I don't just roll over when I'm told. My first rule: Never believe what anyone in authority says."**



**Apparently Vegan is an old Apache Indian word meaning 'Bad Hunter'**



## To our viewers

The BBC would like to apologies to those viewers who were disappointed that we did not report on the largest NHS march in the history of the NHS.

We should like to bring to your attention that had the march been in support of our very well funded NHS then full coverage would have been assured. However it was noted that it was a march against our excellent government and therefore we decided to ignore it.

If you have any further questions on this matter please feel free to keep them to yourself. Thank you for your interest.



*If you only get your info from the news, you wouldn't have seen this. London. Marching for the nhs.*

*Now ask yourselves why media would hide this??*



# Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 6



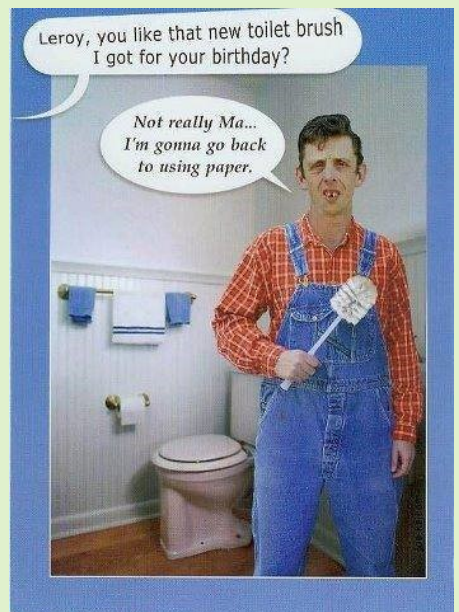
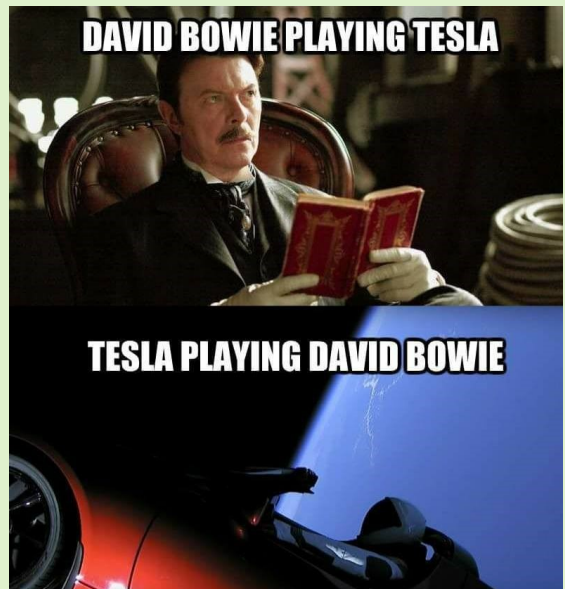
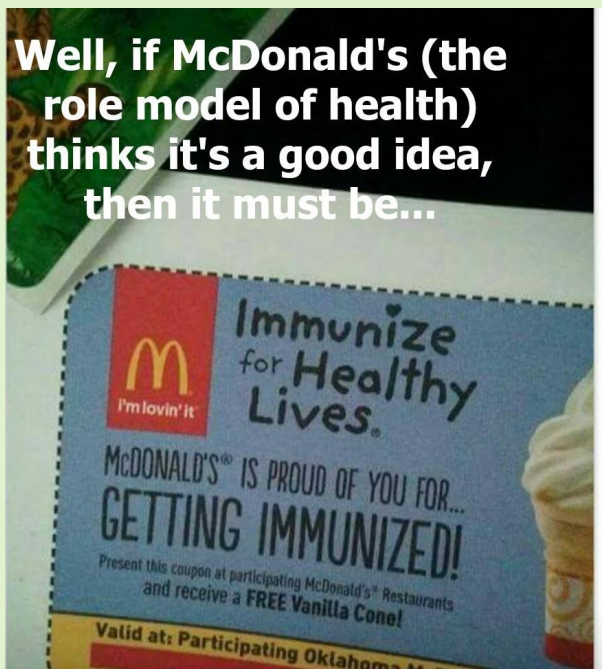
Hahaha..

This is for all ladies to enjoy

Woman has Man in it.  
 Mrs has Mr in it.  
 Female has Male in it.  
 She has He in it.  
 Madam has Adam in it.  
 Ever noticed how all women's problems start with MEN?  
 MENTAL illness,  
 MENstrual cramps, MENTAL breakdown, MENopause ,  
 GUYnecologist ..& when we have REAL trouble, it's a HIsrectomy!

Send this 2all women u know to brighten their thoughts.

Cheers to our patience.. 😂😂😂





# Nick The Clock's World Continued from Page 7

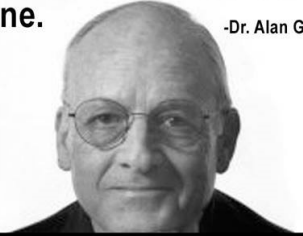


Yesterday I had my annual Medicare wellness check. The nurse said that at my age I should have a bar in the shower. So I took her advice.




As a retired physician, I can honestly say that unless you are in a serious accident, your best chance of living to a ripe old age is to avoid doctors and hospitals and learn nutrition, herbal medicine and other forms of natural medicine unless you are fortunate enough to have a naturopathic physician available. Almost all drugs are toxic and are designed only to treat symptoms and not to cure anyone.

-Dr. Alan Greenberg, MD



#marchMay20



***That's' All Folks !***

Every resort should have one. Agios Ioannis does (you're reading it) - and so does Moraitika



## The Insider's Guide to Moraitika - Effrosyni Moschoudi

Reviewed by Hilary Paipeti

I HAVE QUITE A HISTORY WITH MORAITIKA AND MESSONGHI, though I have never lived anywhere near either place. My initial contact was in 1981, my first (of three) years 'repping' for a tour operator. I covered Perama and Benitses and was often called in to handle coach transfers as far down as Messongi, especially for our weekly 'Greek Night' excursion at Tripa Taverna in Kinopiastes.

At that time, the new road bridge into Messonghi was just a glint in the local council's eye; these days, you hardly realise there is a river below you at all. But back then, the river crossing was way inland, over a terrifying concrete slab that required a 90 degree turn onto it and off again on the other side. No railings, and just wide enough for a 50-seater coach, with inches to spare on each side of the tyres. Smile! You're the Rep!

The coach then had to negotiate a narrow riverside road into the resort. No wonder most people in those days left their transport on the Moraitika side of the waterway and took one of the little fishing boats across - on the shortest ferry trip on the planet, as summertime resident Effrosyni Moschoudi describes it. At summer low tide when the river was at its seasonal low, you could wade across the mouth. With the giant road now allowing easy access between the villages, I doubt anyone bothers with fishing boats anymore.

In autumn 1982 a fellow rep was driving alongside the river when there was a flash flood, and her car was washed off the road into the water. Luckily, someone was on hand to respond to her cries of 'Help!', and managed to pull her out of the window, or she'd have been found in the sea with the drowned car the next day.

Two of our company's rental properties were a pair of old, stone-built converted farmhouses or barns that sat directly on Messonghi Beach. They were pretty basic (but most self-catering accommodation was in those days); but they had been home, in the days before tourism, to Neil McVicar and his wife Marily (nee Voulgari, of Gastouri

renown). Neil wrote about this time in his lovely book about Corfu, *A Heart's Odyssey*. The family cleared off from the area when tourists arrived; they would find youngsters sleeping it off on their front porch, or indulging in behaviour in their garden that really should be enjoyed privately, indoors.

My very first Book of Walks, published in 1987, featured a hike that began in Messonghi. It followed the (then) narrow dirt track to Boukari, turned inland to Kouspades, then took a long series of paths and olive grove tracks back through Agios Dimitrios and Spileo to Messongi. Most of this is asphalt now, and the coast road is busy in summer.

It took a while for Moraitika to take my attention as Messonghi had done. But eventually real estate business took me into the Old Village, set on the hill on the landward side of the main road. Along with the old part of Messonghi - the remnants of the fishing hamlet at the river mouth - this location indicates that these two neighbouring settlements have always been real habitations, and not plastic-coated summer set-ups like Saint George and Kavos. Which makes them rather like another 'real' village that also hosts summer visitors - of course I'm talking about our own Agios Ioannis.

It is the old section of Moraitika (by the way, it's pronounced 'Mor-eye-tika' and NOT 'Mor-ee-atika') that provides the main editorial section in Effrosyni Moschoudi's excellent Insider's Guide to Moraitika. 'Welcome to Moraitika, Corfu - my favorite corner of the world!' she begins. 'This is the place where I spent many summers of my early life with family and friends. Nowadays, I return every summer to revisit old fond memories, but mostly to enjoy the serenity of the setting, and to swim in Corfu's crystal, sparkling waters. I love Moraitika so much, that I had to write a book or two about it! Forget your worries for a while. Sit back, relax and check out this short (yet comprehensive!) guide. I hope the pictures delight you and give you a good idea as to why I call this place a paradise on earth.'

*Continued on Page 10*



*Effrosyni Writes*  
Continued from Page 9

You can join Effrosyni on a photographic and descriptive tour of the Old Village, along its lanes and past its picturesque churches, then (vicariously) head down to the beach. With her guide, you can visit other nearby locations such as the dunes at Issos, and the inland hill villages, including amazing Hlomos. Or even go to the Mavroudis Family Museum and Olive Press at Vranganiotika, a short drive away.

Getting down to practical matters, Effrosyni recommends local excursions (much different and more authentic than the corporate ones a tour operator would try to hard-sell), and places to stay if you want to put together a DIY holiday. Being of a local family, Effrosyni knows what she is talking about - and naturally, many owners are relatives and childhood friends. From the descriptions and photos, you gain a very good impression of atmosphere, so that if you are looking for a quiet stay, you know where to avoid. Or indeed to book if you want lots of rowdy fun.

The restaurant section is also invaluable, particularly as it usefully informs of the speciality or best dish of each eating house, and whether it is open at midday or only in the evening. Insider knowledge, indeed.

Using the Guide as a starting point, you may access Effrosyni's Blog, with its memories of long-gone summers, and recipes from her grandmother's (tiny) kitchen. And there are links through to her books, such as the Moraitika-set Lady of the Pier trilogy, and the free-to-download short story collection Facets of Love. Effrosyni has been described as a 'master storyteller', and we'll be starting serialisation of one of these short stories (also set in Moraitika) in the next issue.

All in all, for me the Guide invokes memories of times spent in the lovely south of Corfu: Visits to Hlomos, perhaps my favourite village on the island; fabulous fish feasts at Boukari and Petriti; walks in the Lake Korission area; and lunch at Alonaki Taverna. I cannot imagine why people dismiss the South and cram themselves instead onto the highly overrated and grossly overpriced North East Coast. Why not visit a Real Village in the locals' Corfu instead!

If you enjoyed this then please visit these websites:

<http://effrosyniwrites.com/>

<http://effrosyniwrites.com/your-guide-to-moraitika-corfu/>

## Corfu Weather Statistics February 2018

Max	Avg		Min
<b>Temperature</b>			
Max Temperature	18°C	14 °C	7°C
Mean Temperature	14°C	11°C	7°C
Min Temperature	13 °C	7°C	3°C
<b>Heating Degree Days</b> (base 65)	20	14	8
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	0	0	0
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	8	2	0
<b>Dew Point</b>	14°C	8°C	0°C
<b>Precipitation</b>	43.9 mm	5.0 mm	0.0 mm
<b>Wind</b>			
Wind	47 km/h	13 km/h	0 km/h
Gust Wind	76 km/h	48 km/h	37 km/h
<b>Sea Level Pressure</b>	1023 hPa	1010 hPa	992 hPa



**Read more at:**

[http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?](http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statena)

[req\\_city=NA&req\\_state=NA&req\\_statena](http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statena)  
[me=NA#PFq1VRYHlbugcTGf.99](http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statena)

## Video Corner

Correct language

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bn9eIWR13Z4>





## Everything for the road at Roadhouse, Corfu

See you at Agiotfest 18

August 31st & September 1st, 2018



Paul Fennell and Dawn Purves



Nino's Taverna. Old Town

ΣΑΠΩΝΟΠΟΙΪΑ  
ΠΑΤΟΥΝΗ  
1850

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www.patounis.gr

### 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.



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## 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.

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 €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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AVGERINI  
 CATERING  
 CORFU





# Simon's World

As well as his regular 'Letter from Greece' for the Irish Times, Richard Pine, (Director of the Durrell

Library in Corfu, home in Perithia) is writing more frequently for 'Kathimerini' - a daily morning newspaper published in Athens in Greek language, as well as in an abridged English-language edition. Richard's last book was 'Greece through Irish Eyes'. Xenos = foreigner, guest.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 2018

FOCUS

## The eye of the xenos

COMMENTARY | BY RICHARD PINE \*

The Oxford historian Roy Foster suggested I should write a book about my life here, saying, "Greece is a country I love and mourn." So "love and mourn" became the theme of my book. Since I had lived in Ireland for many years, and the two countries have been through similar experiences in the past decade, I wrote "Greece Through Irish Eyes," drawing on the monthly column that I write for The Irish Times.

"Love and mourn": one would have to be an imbecile or a politician to love Greece without realizing how grievously it suffers as much from self-abuse as from the cruelties of others. So we tolerate the imperfections amid which we live our lives.

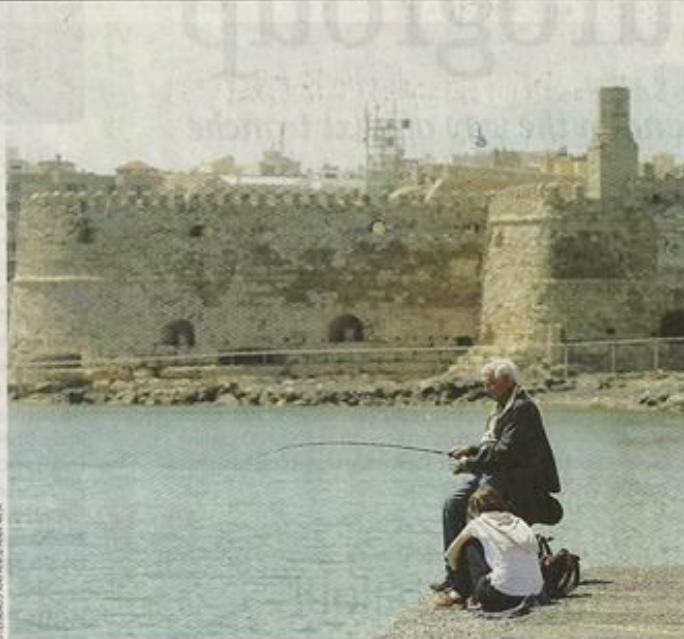
Living and working in a country which is bankrupt, politically chaotic, in hock to international moneylenders and at the center of the worst refugee crisis since the implosion of the Roman Empire isn't a barrel of laughs. But Greece is so much more than the sum of its tragedies.

What is there to love about Greece? For me, the unchangeable keywords are: "flotimia," "oikogenia," "estia," "oikonomia" and above all "eleftheria." These constitute "Greekness" – "ellenikotita."

What is there to mourn about Greece? First, the self-delusion that Greece can somehow regain its classical glory – a form of irredentism that just isn't credible or realistic. Second, the way in which politicians, especially Andreas Papandreou and PASOK, created a "welfare state" based on clientelism and cronyism. How do I recognize it? Because we have it in Ireland too.

Third, the inferior education system which forces parents to spend billions on "frontistiria" if they want their kids to have any hope of a decent future. And then... what future? The lack of opportunity for enterprise that sends those kids abroad, usually never to return. An ever increasing, ever spreading diaspora that brings credit to Greece only because it achieves greatness elsewhere.

Fourth, the lack of planning in the



Greece is so much more than the sum of its tragedies.

*The Greeks have not failed. The state, which they sponsored, has failed*

most important industry, tourism. Fifth, the absence of a profile-driven one-stop export agency for Greek products.

Sixth, compulsory thieving – "klepsia." It is not surprising that ordinary folk should resort to tax evasion and bribery. Greekness includes not only eleftheria but "favlokratia" – unprincipled, unscrupulous, profligate government. And in a democracy, if the majority indulge in tax evasion and bribery, it must be OK, mustn't it? That's what democracy means!

When I was writing my book, I felt inhibited about describing this favlokratia until I read Yannis Palaiologos's book "The 13th Labor of Hercules." If a Greek could expose these design faults in the Greek system, so

could a xenos. And what causes this mournful condition? The Greeks have not failed. The state, which they sponsored, has failed: it has failed the Greek people and it has failed itself. Ever since its foundation, the Greek state has been in debt and subject to the geopolitics of the greater powers which allowed it to come into existence in the first place.

But the callous and inappropriate way in which the European Union and the International Monetary Fund attempted to address the economic collapse was unforgivable. The chicanery employed by the highest authorities in Europe to evade their responsibilities to Greece remains culpable, while the Eurocrats' inability to understand the lack of systemic reforms shows how incapable they are of recognizing the qualitative difference between the cultures of Europe.

A Westerner, trained in linear thinking, will be exasperated by the difficulty in making connections between cause and effect. Quite often, what I see does not correspond to what I

would call "reality." The West still does not understand Greece, because it insists that Greece belongs to them, when in fact it is a pivotal joint between East and West.

In the days when Greece was anxious to join the (then) European Economic Community (EEC), Prime Minister Constantinos Karamanlis announced, "We belong to the West." Was it a can of worms that he opened, or a Pandora's box? West, East, or both?

What puzzles me most (I'm thinking in straight lines again) is that Greeks have never decided what kind of country they want. The monarchy-versus-republic argument from 1827 to 1974 has become terrorism, anarchism and fascism strutting their stuff on the streets.

I live in a village. As the writer Alexandros Papadiamantis wrote in 1892 (and it still holds true today), "the smaller the village, the bigger the evil." We would do well to bear that in mind when looking at the "villages" of Greek politics, including the "Vouli."

When Odysseas Elytis said that "Western modernist models are sensitive only to the ways of logic and surface reality, and thus unresponsive to the mystic voice" of Greece, he could be accused of sentimental evasion. But poets like Elytis and George Seferis were striving to find in this "mystic voice" a possible route to a new society, which would reflect Greekness in all its aspects and prioritize it above Western notions of identity.

That may be fanciful, but what Elytis wrote about ellenikotita is not. He said: "Don't go searching elsewhere for the Golden Fleece. The Golden Fleece is within you – find it there." Alexis Tsipras should follow that advice, instead of holding the begging bowl in one hand and Greece's dignity in the other. Anyway, that's what my xenos-eye tells me.

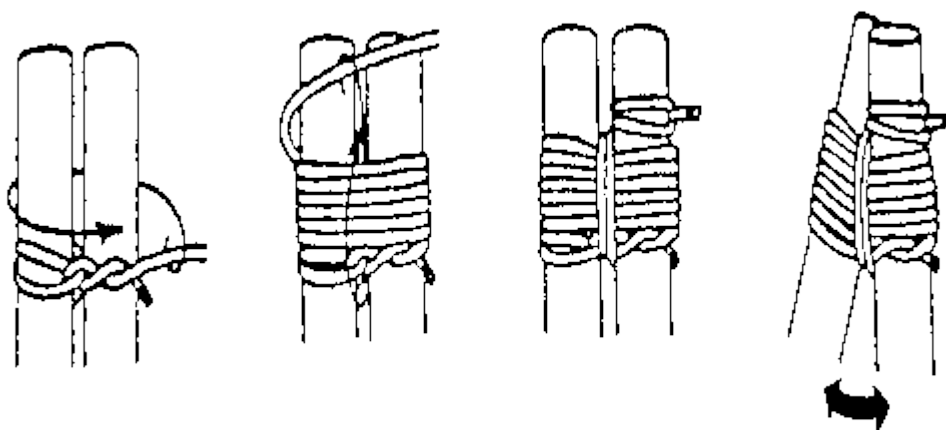
\* Richard Pine is director of the Durrell Library of Corfu (where he lives) and author of "Greece Through Irish Eyes."



## Tickle Ties the knot

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

### The Shear Lashing

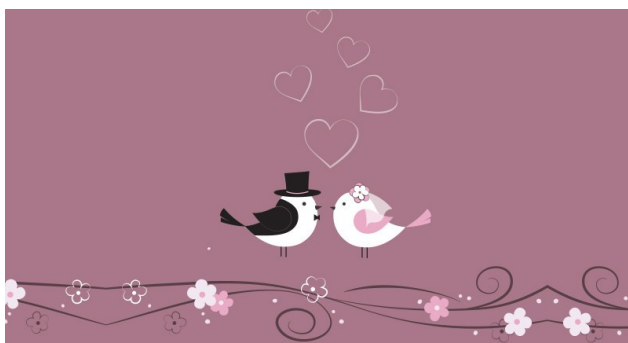


#### How to tie a sheer lashing

The two poles are laid side-by-side and an initial Clove Hitch is tied round one pole. A Round Lashing is then tied around the two poles near one end. Then two or three Frapping turns are tied binding the lashing turns tightly. Starting these turns can be awkward. It is sometimes necessary to spread the legs apart to open up the poles to make it possible. The Lashing is completed with another Clove Hitch. The other ends of the poles are then separated to make a pair of Shear Legs

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

Shear lashing is most often used when spar legs are to be spread apart to form an A-frame. It is also a good way to reinforce a broken or weak pole. The frapping turns used to tighten the lashing may be omitted and replaced with wedges inserted between the poles. It is used by gardeners, scouts, backwoodsman and anyone who needs to fix a broken pole!!!!



*'Tying the knot'*

# Corfu Trail Properties & Ocay Property



- Property for sale in Corfu's best walking areas, on or near the Corfu Trail, the island's premier hiking route
- Ideal holiday homes for enthusiastic hikers, nature lovers, and get-away-from-it-all Corfu devotees
- Potential rental income stream from Corfu Trail trekkers
- Productive business opportunities
- All types of property available, from little old cottages to potential hostels, modest hotels and land for development
- Become a Corfu resident in one of the island's loveliest areas.

## Corfu Island

While Corfu is best known for its holiday resorts and beaches, for its nightlife and spectacular monuments, it is also recognised as a tremendous island for hiking. It's endowed with a huge variety of landscapes, from rocky mountains in the north, to bucolic plains in the centre; villages untouched by modern life, juniper-studded dunes, deep-cut ravines, salt pans and sea marshes, and everywhere rolling hills covered with an eiderdown of silvery-grey olive groves. The island's size gives scope for a lifetime of exploration

## The Corfu Trail

Corfu's distinct regions with their characteristic hikes are linked by way of the Corfu Trail, described as 'the famous Corfu Trail' in an August 2017 travel article in the Daily Mail. The Trail, initiated by private enterprise in 2001, is a 220 kilometre snapshot of the best that the island can offer walkers. Taking approximately ten days (different programmes may be shorter or longer), it only touches on clamorous mass tourism at one point, mainly taking in traditional villages and other low-key residential areas.

## The Corfu Dream

As creator of the Corfu Trail, my dream came true – for the Corfu Trail is now renowned worldwide. But a secondary dream is being realised. I had hoped to see a day when the 'tourist drachma' (now the euro) was spent elsewhere other than in busy resorts, spent in places where it would go directly into the hands of the locals, instead of into the maws of multi-national travel giants. A day when village tavernas and local shops would earn from slow-ambling visitors, instead of gaining nothing from those quick-passing in an air-conned hire car. Some of these businesses are now earning, thanks to the Corfu Trail.

I also saw the Corfu Trail as an artery, a 'route one' link between its regions, especially ones blessed with fabulous countryside. This too is happening, with a number of villages waking up to their hiking potential, and clearing and marking in some way their local footpaths and trails. Stavros and Agii Deka, Sokraki, and Vatos, all on the Corfu Trail, are among them.

## Corfu's Villages

Unlike in many places, where villages have been urbanised and gentrified out of all recognition, where the countryside is a vast industrial unit, the old life has not been sucked out of Corfu's rural communities. Yes, many of the young people have moved abroad or to the environs of Corfu Town for reasons of work, education and social life, but their heart remains in the village, and the villages still possess a heart. Many have a taverna, a coffee bar or two, and generally a well-stocked store, a bakery, and some even a butcher. Fast broadband is widespread. Decent bus services link the settlements with Corfu Town. Many villages have a cultural department which organises local events, from the annual fiesta of the local church to a children's carnival party. New residents from overseas are always welcome to join in.

*Continued on Page 16*



*Corfu Trail Properties & Ocaj property  
Continued from Page 15*

### **The Problem**

So popular has the Corfu Trail become, with hikers arriving from as far afield as Israel, Hawaii, Tasmania and Alaska, as well as from all over Europe, that those using it often experience difficulties finding on-route accommodation, especially during early spring (February to April) and late autumn (late October and November) when the island is at its best for walking. These are weeks when most tourist accommodation is not open. During hiking 'high season' (May and early June; September and early October) most of the accommodation is pre-booked via local agents on behalf of overseas tourism companies. We'd like to make sure walkers can find somewhere to stay at all times.

At present, the Corfu Trail Guide recommends a set programme of ten days with stopovers at certain designated locations. But not everyone wishes to follow that programme; they might prefer to take the Trail at a fast pace, or go more slowly. We want to offer that option too.

### **The Solution**

So our answer is to identify property on the Corfu Trail which may potentially serve as accommodation for Trail hikers, whether it be Airbnb style, private cottages, or of a guesthouse/pension type. We are looking for investors to join us in this success story, which is becoming, indeed, a victim of its own success. Investors who will help themselves, and also help us.

With this in mind, we have, as a start, picked out six on-Trail villages which are suitable for hikers to overnight in – or indeed stay in for a wonderful extended walking holiday of a week or two.

Preferably, these locations would offer lots of other walks in the vicinity; and in-village facilities such as eateries and shops. The villages are (from south to north, just as the Corfu Trail passes through them) Stavros, Sinarades, Vatos, Giannades, Makrades and Sokraki.

### **Properties on the Corfu Trail**

We are offering for sale tiny individual cottages as well as groups of them for conversion, modern houses, successful ready businesses with pension facilities, and the odd large old mansion to make a characterful boutique guesthouse. An investor might buy a home plus a number of small cottages to rent out, either to overnight Trailers, to longer term vacationers who wish to spend some time hiking, or to non-walking holidaymakers who just prefer to immerse themselves in peaceful rural life. Or they might wish to develop an

out-of-village plot both for hikers and additionally as an – increasingly fashionable – agrotourism business. All the properties on offer are directly on or very close to the course of the Corfu Trail. The in-house Trail creator can advise.

### **Resident on the Corfu Trail**

Of course, there's no obligation at all to buy as an investment in order to accommodate Trail hikers, or indeed to have any connections with visitors at all. The villages have been chosen as ideal and enjoyable spots for full or part-time residence; as places where one can achieve a lifestyle change, either during regular holidays or on a more permanent basis. You don't have to be a hiker to love these locations. From prices starting at just a few thousand euros, you can live out your Corfu dream.

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

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

# Gooners Gags

How do YOU pronounce Oklahoma? Do you think it's correct?

There is a right way and a wrong way to pronounce Oklahoma.

If you say OK...LAHOMA  
You're **WRONG**.

The proper way is: **OKLA.....HOMA.**

There's a gap between the 'A' and the 'H'.

I can prove it.....

**There, you learned something today!  
I do love these educational emails.... Don't you**



Two 90-year-old women, Bertha and Betty, had been friends all of their lives.

When it was clear that Bertha was dying, Betty visited her every day.

One day Betty said, "Bertha, we both loved playing softball all our lives, and we played all through high school. Please do me one favor: When you get to heaven, somehow you must let me know if there's women's softball there."

Bertha looked up at Betty from her deathbed and said, "Betty, you've been my best friend for many years. If it's at all possible, I'll do this favor for you."

Shortly after that, Bertha passed on.

A few nights later, Betty was awakened from a sound sleep by a blinding flash of white light and a voice calling out to her, "Betty, Betty."

"Who is it?" asked Betty, sitting up suddenly. "Who is it?"  
"Betty — it's me, Bertha."

"You're not Bertha. Bertha just died."

"I'm telling you, it's me, Bertha," insisted the voice.

"Bertha! Where are you?"

"In heaven," replied Bertha. "I have some really good news and a little bad news."

"Tell me the good news first," said Betty.

"The good news," Bertha said, "is that there's women's softball in heaven. Better yet, all of our old buddies who died before me are here, too. Even better than that, we're all young again. Better still, it's always springtime and it never rains or snows. And best of all, we can play softball all we want, and we never get tired."

"That's fantastic," said Betty. "It's beyond my wildest dreams! So what's the bad news?"

"You're pitching Tuesday."



**Gooners Gags** - Continued from Page 17

## ONLY A FARM KID WOULD SEE IT THIS WAY!



When you're from the farm, your perception is a little bit different.

A farmer drove to a neighbor's farmhouse and knocked at the door.  
A boy, about 9, opened the door.

"Is your Dad or Mom home?" asked the farmer.

"No, they went to town."

"How about your brother, Johnny, is he here?"

"No, he went with Mom and Dad."

The farmer stood there for a few minutes, shifting from one foot to the other, mumbling to himself.

Then the young boy offers, "I know where all the tools are, if you want to borrow one, or I can give Dad a message."

"Well," said the farmer uncomfortably.

"No, I really want to talk to your Dad, about your brother Johnny getting my daughter Suzy pregnant."

The boy thought for a moment, then answered, "You'll really have to talk to my Dad about that. I know he charges \$500 for the bulls and \$150 for the pigs, but I have no idea how much he charges for Johnny."



RESPECT YOUR PARENTS

THEY PASSED SCHOOL WITHOUT GOOGLE.

**Gooners Gags** - Continued from Page 18**WHY AT OVER 60 YEARS OLD, I DON'T BELONG ON SOCIAL MEDIA!**

When I bought my iPhone, I thought about the 30-years I was in business with 1800+employees, all without a cell phone that plays music, takes videos, pictures and communicates with Facebook and Twitter.

I signed up, under duress, for Twitter and Facebook, so my kids, their spouses, my grand kids and great-grand-kids could all communicate with me in the modern way. I figured I could handle something as simple as Twitter with only 140 characters of space.

My phone was beeping every three minutes with the details of everything except the bowel movements of the entire next generation.

I am not ready to live like this. I now keep my cell phone in the garage in my golf bag.

The kids bought me a GPS watch for my last birthday because they say I get lost every now and then going over to the grocery store or library. I keep that in a box under my tool bench with the iPhone I am supposed to use when I drive. I wore it once and was standing in line at Tesco talking to my wife and everyone in the nearest 50 yards was glaring at me. I had to take my hearing aid out to use it, and I got a little loud.

I mean, the GPS looks pretty smart on my wrist, but the lady inside that gadget was the most annoying, rudest person I had run into in a long time. Every 10 minutes, she would sarcastically say, "Re-calc-u-lating." You would think that she could be nicer. It was like she could barely tolerate me. She would let go with a deep sigh and then tell me to make a U-turn at the next light. Then, if I made a right turn instead. Well, it was not a good relationship... Then she tells me how many steps I've taken & miles I've driven (as if I care!).

When I get really lost now, I call my wife instead and tell her the name of the cross streets and, while she is starting to develop the same tone as Gypsy, the GPS lady, at least she loves me.

To be perfectly frank, I am still trying to learn how to use the cordless phones in our house. We have had them for over 14 years, but I still haven't figured out how I lose three phones all at once and have to run around digging under chair cushions, checking bathrooms, and the dirty laundry baskets when the phone rings.

The world is just getting too complex for me.

They even mess me up every time I go to the grocery store.

You would think they could settle on something themselves, but this sudden "Paper or Plastic?" Every time I check out, just knocks me for a loop. I bought some of those cloth reusable bags to avoid looking confused, but I never remember to take them with me..

When they ask me, "Paper or plastic?" I just say, "Doesn't matter to me. I am bi-sacksual." Then it's their turn to stare at me with a blank look

I was recently asked if I tweet. I answered, No, but I do fart a lot."

P.S. I know some of you are not over 60. I tell you to allow you to tell those who are. I figured your sense of humour could handle it...

We more senior citizens don't need any more gadgets. The TV remote and the garage door remote are about all we can handle safely.



**Gooners Gags** - Continued from Page 19**Crumpled Money.....**

While enjoying their evening cocktails, the wife asks her husband, in a very seductive voice, "Have you ever seen Twenty pound note all crumpled up?"

"No," said her husband.

She gave him a sexy little smile, unbuttoned the top 3 or 4 buttons of her blouse, and slowly reached down into the cleavage created by a soft, silky push-up bra, and pulled out a crumpled twentypound note.

He took the crumpled Twenty pound note from her and smiled approvingly.

She then asked him, "Have you ever seen Fifty pound note crumpled up?"

"Uh... no, I haven't," he said, with an anxious tone in his voice.

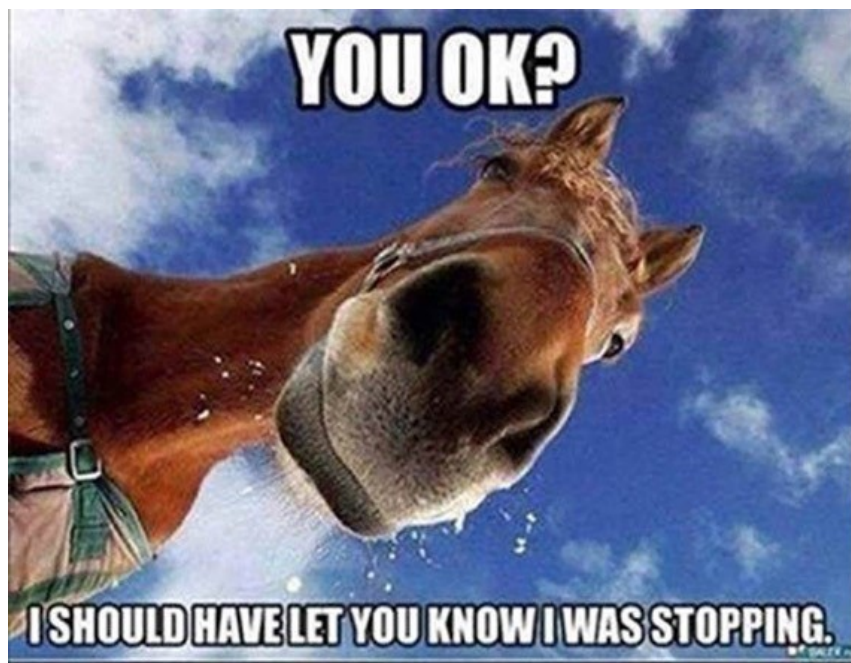
She gave him another sexy little smile, pulled up her skirt, and seductively reached into her tight, sheer panties...and pulled out a crumpled Fifty pound note.

He took the crumpled Fifty pound note and started breathing a little quicker with anticipation.

"Now," she said, "have you ever seen £25,000 all crumpled up?"

He said, "No!," trying to hide his anticipation.

She said, "Check the garage."





# ocay villas



## What are you doing for Easter ?



To make a booking for Villa Theodora:

Contact us at: [info@ocayvillas.com](mailto:info@ocayvillas.com)

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

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



# 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 more snaps of projects.



*Awaiting the poles*



*Bi-folding door*



*Bi-folding doors*



*Draught*



*Erection*



*Incorporating new fireplace in existing home*



*Keeping the cold out*



*Large bi folder*



*New windows*



*Replacing poor heating systems*



*Virgin meter*



*Water connected*

# Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

## Darts with Curry Sauce

'It's the beginning of the end!' declared the disgruntled expat.

'They're starting a Darts League in North Corfu! Next thing, the kafenions will become fish and chip shops, and they'll be building huge urban developments for Brits to buy, like in Spain!'



Amongst the many British citizens who have relocated to Corfu in recent years, there are many who fear the destruction of their little paradise - caused, in their view, by other people: new arrivals who in fact are only doing what they did earlier. Their own arrival a year or two, or ten, ago was of course fine, but the Newbie residents are sure to be the Wrong Sort! They will want to watch Sky TV, eat curry sauce on their chips and English Breakfast in the morning, and expect the local mini-markets to stock PG Tips, Lyal's Golden Syrup and Mother's Pride. The Newbies will no doubt play loud rock music during the sacred siesta hours.

No, Corfu must be kept an exclusive colony for Those Of Us Already Here. We don't want the changes that the Newbies will bring.

Those Of Us who have been here for more than a decade or two have seen many, many changes. 35 years ago, few people had cars; real butter was hard to find; young women did not go out except in a family group; most village homes had outside toilets; there were only four telephone lines for calling abroad, and only two TV stations nationally; everything demi-connected to tourism - and I mean everything - closed down at the end of October for the winter.

That the local lifestyle of 35 years ago is almost completely unrecognisable today (bringing with it a much higher standard of living), has happened because Corfu has managed to absorb influences from elsewhere, partly through tourism, partly from television, partly from foreigners who have moved here, partly from many other factors.

Whilst at the same time maintaining its own character.

Every culture is a hotchpotch of influences from other cultures, and each one is ever-evolving. Britain's favourite take-out food is Chicken Jalfrezi, not fish and chips anymore. Is anyone complaining that this Indian dish derives from a

foreign culture, one that's changed the way the British eat? Or should we ban it, just to ensure that a Real British Tradition remains (the fish and chippie, by the way, was introduced as recently as early the last century, when it was developed by the government to combat malnutrition. The food itself derives from a Jewish/Portugese dish).

No culture can remain static at a particular point in time - especially not to please anyone with a nostalgic desire to keep things as they are, right now. For the present is already gone as it happens.

Just consider many of those aspects of local life which we regard as quintessentially Corfiot. How many of them would we NOT have if Corfu had shunned foreign influences?

**PHILHARMONIC BANDS** The first philharmonic orchestra (the Old

Philharmonic) was established in the middle of the 18th century by the Corfiots, in imitation of the British military band, after the island's British rulers decided that it was not seemly for their own band to accompany a procession celebrating a different religion. Today any event would be unthinkable without the presence of these bands, to the extent that they are one of the trademarks of the island. More than a third of philharmonic bands in Greece are Corfiot ones.

**CRICKET** Also introduced by the British in the 19th century, cricket games are a characteristic of summer afternoons (though they are rarely played now on the Esplanade). **GINGER BEER** This also derives from British times, and, while the brew in the UK has developed into a fizzy mix of chemicals and sugar, the local drink is an anachronism, a dinosaur of a drink. The factory in Kalafationes may be the only place left in the world that commercially produces ginger beer as it used to be, the mid-18th century recipe having been frozen in time when the British left in 1864.

**OLIVE TREES** According to anthropologist Professor Augustus Sordinas, the Corfiots needed strong persuasion by the Venetians to plant the four million olive trees which are the main feature of the landscape.

If they had not taken up the Serene Republic's offer of a generous bounty to encourage planting, Corfu's countryside would be very different and its rural economy unrecognisable.

**ARCHITECTURE** The buildings we most admire were constructed by or directly influenced by... the Venetians, the British and the French.

If the Corfiots had prohibited foreign contributions to architecture, what would one of the Mediterranean's most lovely towns look like today?

**MASHED POTATO** The traditional and most delicious accompaniment to Sofrito, though tavernas usually serve Corfu's signature dish with rice and chips. Ninetta Laskari writes '...boiled potatoes mashed and while hot served with melted butter poured over them, and salt and lots of pepper. The British taught us to eat mashed potatoes as a main course.' Potatoes, without which many villagers do not regard a meal as complete, were an introduction of the early 19th century.

*Continued on Page 24*



*Hilary's Ramblings—Continued from Page 23*

FOOD Pastitsada came from Italy, Bourdetto from the Adriatic, Moussaka from the East. Let's ban all foreign cooking influences and eat horta, barley, polenta and small birds, as the locals used to.

SONGS The lovely 'Kantadas', sung in harmony, that constitute a much-loved element in the island's musical tradition, are directly derived from the serenades of Italy.

Well, I could go on. But what this short list reveals is that the Corfiots have assimilated the best of whatever has come their way from many 'foreign' influences, to give their island a special and unique flavour. I am sure they can be trusted to select the components they like from what British culture throws their way. Perhaps future generations of visitors will be delighted to find out that the Corfiots play darts and eat Birds Custard on their walnut cake.

And if we don't like it, telling them so would be about as effective as the French government's ban on the use of the word 'weekend'.

#### First World Problems

The story of last month out of the UK was that Kentucky Fried Chicken ran out of ... chicken! A serious glitch at supplier DHL meant that deliveries could not be dispatched, and over half the nation's outlets had to close.

The British public, deprived of their favourite fast food for a few days, apparently went into panic mode. Some addicts actually called 999. I have a better idea; here it is in very simple terms for KFC fans of low intelligence:

- 1) Go to supermarket.
- 2) Collect chicken from fridge or freezer.
- 3) Pay at till.
- 4) Go home.
- 5) Cook chicken.

There. Sorted. I bet they don't experience these difficulties in Burkina Faso (capital: Ouagadougou).



## ***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.*

### **Spiced Sea Bass**

#### **Ingredients:**

1 kg Sea Bass, cleaned but left whole  
 1 Onion minced/grated  
 2 – 3 Garlic Cloves, crushed  
 ½ tsp. Salt  
 1 tbsp. Paprika  
 ¼ tsp. Chilli Pepper  
 ¼ tsp. Fenugreek Seeds, ground  
 ½ tsp. Cumin Seeds, crushed  
 Handful of Fresh Parsley & Fresh Coriander, finely chopped  
 150 ml. Olive Oil  
 Juice of 2 Lemons

#### **Go:**

1. Wash the fish and score two or three times on both sides.
2. Mix the onion and garlic with the seasonings, including parsley and coriander, then whisk in the olive oil and lemon juice, until you have a thick pasty sauce.
3. Coat the fish thickly on one side using half the paste and grill under a medium heat for 15-20 minutes, brushing with a little more oil if necessary.
4. Then turn over the fish and coat the other side with rest of paste and cook for another 20-25 minutes. Again brushing with more oil if need be.
5. When the fish flakes easily and the skin is deeply golden and crisp it is ready.
6. Cut into thick slices, sprinkle with a little more lemon juice and serve hot.

*BON APPÉTIT*

# The Way Things Are and Were



## Somewhere in Cuba lives Brenda ...

Te Amo Mi Reina. Dios te bendiga!!!

Congratulations to my queen who will be 8 tomorrow. I ask God to continue to be the applied and educated girl who is, to continue to enjoy a lot of health and the love of all those around her that we love so much.

I love you my queen. God bless you!!!

*(from your aunty in Brazil)*



## ‘You can’t avoid the genes.’



*Alex and Faye*



*Maisie*

My grandma Margaret, granddaughter Maisie and then my girls Alex(Maisie's mum - with Faye). - Maisie is up for the selection at White Lodge Richmond Park for the Royal Ballet School , grandma saw Pavlova dance and would be thrilled to bits.



*Alex P and pals*  
<



*Courtesy Luko Manaris*



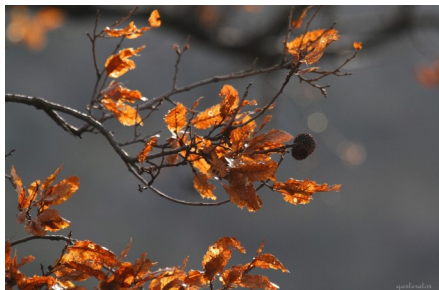
# Nature

Here are some atmospheric photos taken on the last day of February by Giannis Gasteratos.

(If it had not be for the fact that this Newsletter's publication was delayed by 24 hours, then these beauties would have been missed.)



1. Καταιγίδα στη θάλασσα της Χειμάρρας από τον Αλμυρό.  
Storm in the Sea of Himarra viewed from Almiros.



2. Η σπάνια για την Κέρκυρα Μακεδονική Δρυς.  
The rare for Corfu, Macedonian Oak.



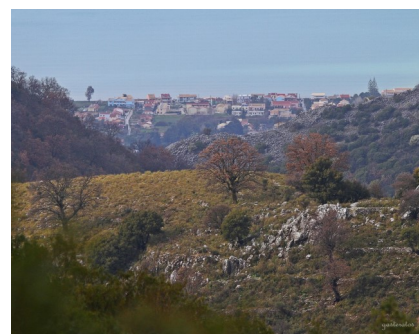
3. Ένα από τα δέκα Λευκοχελίδονα στον Αλμυρό.  
One of the ten House Martins in Almiros.



4. Χιονομπόρα στον Παντοκράτορα.  
Snowing on Pantokratoras.



5. Κάπου στο βουνό.  
Somewhere on the mountain.



6. Αχαράβη. - Acharavi



7. Εκεί που ζουν οι αναράιδες... στην χαράδρα ανάμεσα σε Ρεκίни και Βαλανειό.  
Where the fairies live... in the gorge between Rekini and Valanio.



8. Αλμυρός. - Almiros.



9. Η Γαϊδαράνα από Τρουμπέτα.  
Lake Gaidarana viewed from Troumpeta.



10. & 11.  
Στο βουνό.  
On the mountain.







12. Στο βουνό.  
On the mountain.



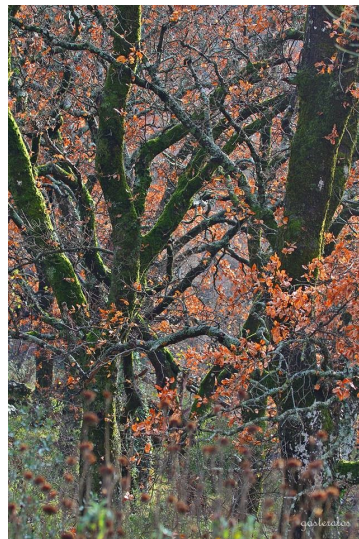
13. Ο Αγ.Ονούφριος και οι Λίμνες της Φοντάνας.  
Ag.Onoufrios and Fondana Ponds.



14 Corfu Town



15. Εκεί που ζουν οι αναράιδες... στην χαράδρα ανάμεσα σε Ρεκίни και Βαλανειό.  
Where the fairies live... in the gorge between Rekini and Valanio.



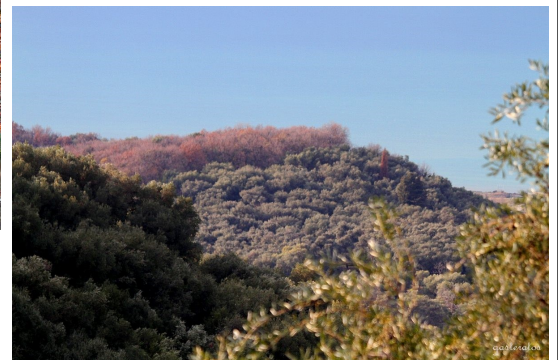
16. Στο βουνό.  
On the mountain.



17. Κορφή Λάσης (η 3η ψηλότερη του νησιού).  
Lasis peak (the 3rd tallest on the island).



18. Έλος Κουνουφάδι.  
Kounoufadi Marsh.



19. Εκεί που σμίγουν οι ελαιώνες με το δρυοδάσος.  
Where the olive groves meet the oak forest.



20. Βροχοκουρτίνες...  
Rain curtains.



21. Η μπόρα στον Αλμυρό.  
The storm in Almiros.



## THE LEGEND OF NIKOLAOS PIERRIS AND NAZLI HANOUM

By  
Alekos Damaskinos



*Alekos in his local*

In the beginning of the 18<sup>th</sup> century two foreigners, Nikolaos Pierris and his wife accompanied by a black servant Mehmet arrived to Corfu in a Venetian ship.

They made many enquiries about buying a property until they eventually found what they were looking for.

Even today this property exists and it is where the “Club Mediterranee” used to be. It is by the sea on the right before reaching IPSOS. One of the most spectacular areas of Corfu.

They built a house in the Eastern style and they settled there with their black servant. They had no communication with the Corfu society and lived a quiet and lonely life, cultivating their land, planting trees and flowers.

This self-inflicted exile had its own story.

Nikolaos was of Greek origin, but from his early childhood was in the employ of a Turkish Pasha, Tzanoum Kotzia who was totally trusted by the Sultan.

Tzanoum brought him up like his own son, but when he reached manhood Nikolaos betrayed his benefactor by revealing to the Venetian Governor the secrets of the Ottoman Court which he was entrusted with by the Pasha. His betrayal did not end here.

On one of his expeditions to Asia Minor, Tzanoum Kotzia brought back with him a most beautiful sixteen year old girl with blond hair and brown eyes.

Nikolaos one day saw her through the shuttered windows of the harem. He approached her and talked to her with the help of the servant Mehmet who kept the keys to the girl’s apartment.

The two very much in love now decided to go to far places and Nikolaos was issued with a double passport by the Venetian Governor in the assumed name of Pierris. Mehmet followed them . They then boarded a boat bound for Corfu.

Two years after they were well established on the island, Nikolaos’ wife became seriously ill. Pierris asked a local woman to come and help. It is from this woman that it became known that the couple spoke a different language and the woman’s name was Nazli.

Her illness was worsening and Nikolaos, day and night stood at her bedside.

One night Nazli died. The next morning Pierris realised that a small rowing boat was not in its place and also Mehmet had disappeared.

In his deep sorrow he did not give another thought and so did not worry.

He buried his beloved in his garden and on the newly dug grave he planted many flowers.

Very quickly the ground was totally covered with dense foliage and flowers. Only the heart-broken lover knew where his beloved was resting.

One year later the Turkish fleet under Tzanoum Pasha Kotzia sailed to Corfu.

Pierris like all other nobles of the island offered his services to Field Marshall Count von Schulembourg and he was given a position in the bastions.

A while later the Pasha and his army disembarked at Ipsos and a black slave led Tzanoum to Pierris’ property. For many hours the Pasha walked in the property looking for Nazli’s grave in vain.

He then headed for Corfu town. They showed him the place Pierris was defending and he gathered there a great army force and attacked.

*Continued on Page 29*

## THE LEGEND OF NIKOLAOS PIERRIS AND NAZLI HANOUM

*Continued from Page 28*

In the evening after the battle he was inspecting the prisoners and the wounded and accompanied by the black Mehmet, who was now his official guide, was looking for his enemy amongst the dead. Luck though did not help him that day to take his revenge.

One evening they brought a heavily wounded man to the Pasha's tent. It was Nikolaos Pierris.

In a rage the Pasha grabbed him by the hair, lifted his head and then let it drop, while at the same time he kicked the almost dead man without mercy.

The prisoner opened his eyes and once again saw his old master.

"Ungrateful bastard" roared the Turk!

"Where is the woman you stole from me?"

"She died, Pierris whispered-she died..."

"You will pay for this, you dog".

He ordered that he should be tied-up on a horse and despite the foul weather he took him, himself to Ipsos. The lightning was lighting the way. When they arrived he untied him and ordered him to reveal the place where Nazli's grave was.

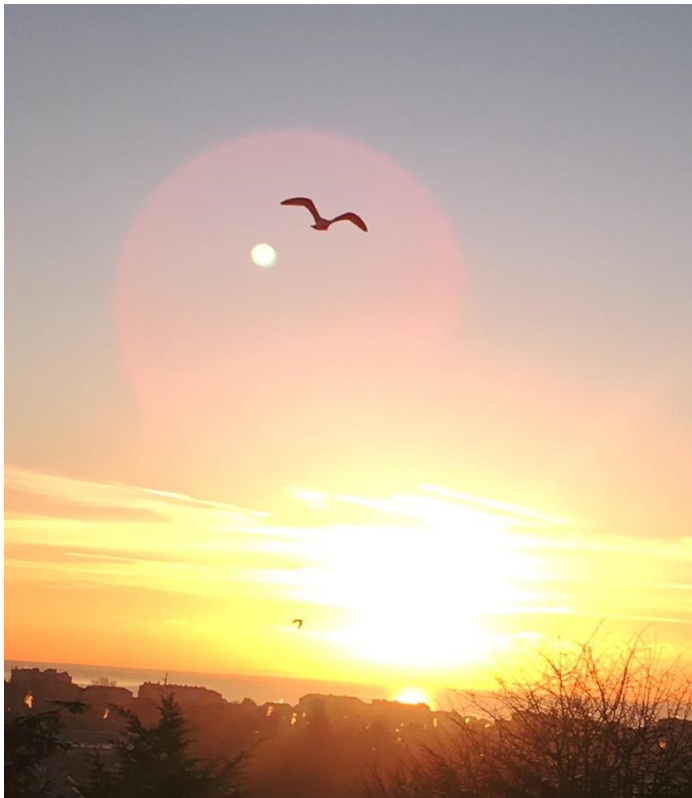
Pierris refused and so the whip of the raging Turk hastened his death.

Before closing his eyes for good, he looked for the last time at the cypress and oak trees in his garden.

Not even Mehmet avoided the Pasha's wrath. He ordered that they should hang him from a window of the house. Then he totally burnt down the house.

Nazli's resting place remains a secret until this very day !

## Village and Island News



*There will be bluebirds over...*

## Snippets of An Agios February

I should start off with 'The Intriguing Tale of the Plateia Table'.

You may recall the baddies struck back and on February 1st sent a posse into the Plateia to steal the green table belonging to patron Tellis, also making off with a nearby, innocent white table and its accompanying chairs. This was a devilish raid, carried out brazenly, in broad day-light, headed up by Mayor Barbara, Betty and Ex-Mayor Kostas Sourianos.

Since which time in the saga, the Goodies have been reduced to sitting on the low wall under the plane tree or in a circle of chairs around an invisible table, like cowboys round a dead fire.

There is no sign of the kidnapped table returning to its rightful spot. Tellis has proclaimed that he will replace the table, and the new one will be taken away each day, for security.

Another distraction most mornings is the appearance on their kitchen window sill of the cute ex-Lionel sibling cats Anne and Frederic. Oh, what beauties they are! They have a little, orange cushion to sit upon, and latterly a shrunken pullover-quite a nice M&S pullover-of mine.

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*Village and Island News*  
Continued from Page 29

They are extremely affectionate, always wanting a petting, unlike our own snobby, over-indulged cat, and on many an occasion almost up-spilling me as I descend the steps out of the kitchen. One day they were subjected to their first cat-a comb. Anne was a bit reluctant at first but soon became accustomed to it while the bigger, beefier brother loved it instantly.

One morning methinks 'I'm going to be really busy, as I trundled up the lane for the umpteenth time with a wheelbarrow-actually Kostas and Nitsa's barrow-to get some firewood for the stove. There was the redoubtable old man himself, lurking outside the doorway of the little kitchen. A vague thought traversed my mind that he would 'capture' me for something. He did. In that disarming, almost sheepish way of his, he asks innocently if I am going to the Pharmacy. I wasn't but now, it seems, I am. So, discharging a portion of the remaining, dwindling logs to our kitchen, I return to ferry him to Bay [where the traffic lights are]. He goes into the Pharmacy, now run by a new, young lady from Makedonia, of whom there have been glowing reports. He is in there for a little while, returning eventually with his packages and climbing slowly-slowly into the passenger seat, using his crook to 'lasso' the door handle. As he's performing this ritual I notice how very smart he is looking this morning, resplendent in his suede overcoat and peaked cap. It dawns on my slow mind that this trip has been well-planned; Like a pike he had waited in the rushes for his prey to arrive-his prey happened to be me!

Clean Monday came and went and we were not forgotten by dear Nitsa. Early afternoon she appears with a pot of subia and boiled potatoes, and a very cheeky bottle of red from Kostas, to add to the taramasalata already within the fridge. Lula has been poorly this month but she has least been eating something of late on consecutive days. This day she joined me in the warm kitchen-there is an oblivious Mandy splayed out before the stove-and sits to a very finely-mashed plate of potatoes, which is better than nothing at all. Nitsa has made a delicious sauce for this meal and provided corn bread, traditional for this day of the year. I almost feel sorry for teasing her over the disappearance of certain kitchenware, including a favourite old spoon of mine; collateral damage from her increasing forgetfulness.

The next day starts a time for Lenting. So, Lent I did. But *Lend* I did not.

Further evidence emerges of sharp Nitsa gradually losing the plot, as many of us are destined to do. A few days past she was in trouble for taking Nikos's favourite saucepan down to the chickens, and abandoning it there. Now, somebody has walked off with it [I hope it's not the Mayor!] Danae might say, 'the dish ran away with the spoon'. And this one morning I couldn't find the key to Elina and Peter's spiti, to let Bono out for his walk. As I was engaged in a-kindling I bumped into Nitsa upon the lane.

'Have you got Peter's key Mum?'

'No', defensively, 'why?'

'Oh, Lula says you may have it.'

At this she searched through her pockets-without success, though there were many other keys about her person. But then she delved deeper within the layers of jumpers and cardigans and aprons, and-voila! There it gleams up at us in all its innocence. Give her a cuddle, chiding myself for the fleeting thought; 'and where's my ---ing spoon?'

Danae one afternoon was absorbed with watching 'The Snowman' video, as she'd recently returned from Kalamata with her parents, where she got to build her first snowman.

Lula went into a smart clinic for a colonoscopy, a procedure she has left for far too long. Outside I went for a walk, and into the suburb of Mandouki, being immediately impressed with the impoverished state of play in these parts [ see photos below]. This is the Corfu swept under the carpet, away from the sensibilities of the northern visitors.

Lula's medical visit seemed harmless enough, she emerged the cheerier. Unfortunately, it did not last. Within two days she was bleeding and straight to hospital. She has been there for a week, yet today comes news that they may release her, so optimism is winning through.

*Continued on Page 31*

Village and Island News  
Continued from Page 30

A powerful metaphor, an intriguing message to all of us.

Contributed by Alan Blair

So hug a tree

I had to take a picture of these 2 old olive trees up near Spartillas. I know that they are just old trees but they are two separate trees that have morphed together over hundreds of years

Alan Blair

A bit like an old married couple that have grown together over their lifetime. Each mark, each gnarl, each scar on their ancient trunks represents their journey through life together. Even the gap between them symbolises the fact that despite becoming entwined over the years that they were born separated, had a period of independence and one day one will die before the other. Unless they both get chopped at the same time and burned.



Photo courtesy of Alan Blair

Even the green shoots from each of them creates the symbolism that fresh life comes from not just the union of two people but also in the impact that we as individuals have on our world.

# Around Agios



A typical Ocaý desk



Doggy stirred puddle at dawn



Ghost riders <



He loves it so much he won't leave



Hoofestrians



Local Artist Dimitri Analyti runs art classes



My name is Anne



Our winter lane <



The Legacy of Lionel <

We enter Lent and they emerge from it >



Continued on Page 32



Village and Island News  
Continued from Page 31

# Around Corfu



Courtesy of Luko Manaris



Does anybody know where I live



Pavement Cafe Lefkimmi  
by Dick Mulder



Spotted near Paleokastritsa  
by Angelos Chondrogiannis



Street scene by Dick Mulder



Photo courtesy of John Wray



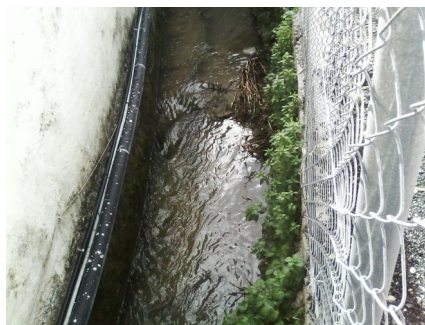
The Old Man and The Sea



The sea from the hospital



Tarzan could swing from those cobwebs



The stream  
beside Profi  
<



You can't  
buy these  
drill bits in  
Profi  
<



The Welcoming Corfiot  
courtesy of Dick Mulder



Village and Island News  
Continued from Page 32

I would love to express my feelings regarding the meaning of this photo that I am using without permission but on the other hand as Corfu transmits on a unknown code just for Aliens and no one of our government body's can't pick up the signal then I shut my mouth.

By  
Spiros Avgerinos



# The upside of Corfu



The newly refurbished Beer Bucket

# The Unseen Face of Corfu



Awaiting the Phoenix



It could be downtown Philly



Much of this in Corfu



Nearby is an affluent Clinic



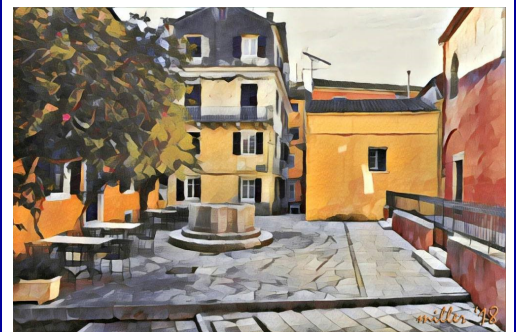
No go zone



Wasteland in the City



The Venetian Parade at February's Carnival. Jane Baker



Venetian Well courtesy Dick Mulder



Village and Island News  
Continued from Page 33

# The Village Square on a Winter Day



Last known photograph of the Green Table

Lawn Service



## 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 March:*

Services led by Chaplain Rev Jules Wilson

#### **Sunday 4th March**

10:30 Family Communion Service and Sunday School in Church Room

#### **Sunday 11th March - Mothering Sunday**

10:30 Family Communion Service  
Jackie Dallos, Reader from Lefkada will be giving the talk.  
Flowers will be distributed during the service

#### **Sunday 18th March**

10:30 Family Communion Service

#### **Sunday 25th March - Palm Sunday**

10:30 Family Communion Service

#### **Maundy Thursday 29th March**

19.00 Passover Meal and Tenebrae

#### **Good Friday 30th March**

Come when you can go when you must  
12.00 - 13.00 The Good Friday Liturgy  
13.00 - 14.00 The Stations of the Cross  
14.00 - 15.00 Final Hour Meditations

**AND WITH HIS WOUNDS WE ARE HEALED.**

**ISAIAH 53:4-5**

#### **Easter Saturday 31st March**

19.00 Passion Play 'We Were There' followed by  
**Easter Vigil**  
Refreshments afterwards

#### **Easter Sunday 1st April**

10.30 Family Communion  
After the service stay for a Fellowship Meal

#### **HTC South**

##### **Friday 9th March**

18.00 Messongh Catholic Chapel

*'I do believe, help me overcome my unbelief'*

Mark 9:24

### *Weekly Events during March:*

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**

10:30 Bible Study

During Lent, studies will be based on the temptations of Jesus and how he defeated them.

11.00 HTC North - Bible Study

Contact Mark 26630 32478

17.00 Worship Group at HTC

#### **Friday**

09.00 Prayer Meeting

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

### *Other Events during March:*

#### **Friday 2nd March**

19.00 Women's World Day of Prayer Service at HTC.

#### **Thursday 8th March**

18.00 PCC Meeting at HTC

#### **Thursday 15th March**

09.15 Pastoral Care Team Meeting

#### **Saturday 24th March**

Clocks go forward one hour tonight

#### **Sunday 25th March**

Greek Independence Day

#### **Saturday 31st March**

19.00 Redlynch Players perform 'We Were There' at HTC.



**HOLY  
TRINITY  
CORFU**

21 L.Mavili Street, Corfu 49100

DIOCESE IN EUROPE  
THE ANGLICAN CHURCH  
IN GREECE



[www.holytrinitycorfu.net](http://www.holytrinitycorfu.net)



[htccorfu@gmail.com](mailto:htccorfu@gmail.com)



(0030) 69865 38755



# An Englishman in Italy

## THE HUNDRED YEARS FROM 1918-2018

Boom! Boom!

I push my glasses closer to my nose,  
And the eighteenth year after the second  
Millenium reminds me of the end  
Of World War One, a hundred years ago.  
My Grandfather married my Grandmother.  
She met this young officer, a sniper  
From the Kings Royal Rifles "I allowed  
Him to fall in love with me!" At forty,  
She was fifteen years older than Grandad,  
But she'd said, "If you come back alive, I'll  
Marry you!" Buried by a colliding  
Bomb, on the Somme, which, luckily, did not  
Explode, he was invalided out. Once  
Cured of the phosgene carried by the bomb,  
He went for her, and wed her gallantly.

Boom! Boom!



My Dad had also fought in World War One  
Not on the Somme, but what is now Iran.  
An Officer with the East Lancashire  
Fusiliers, part of the reinforcement  
After the massacre in Kut, his job,  
To protect the pipeline from the Turks.  
When peace occurred with the Treaty of Sevres  
He was sent to Prague where, for a year, he  
Oversaw the transfer of Refugees.

Boom! Boom!

I was born in London in World War Two,  
With bombing and bomb sites everywhere.  
Though my Mum, an Oxford historian, put  
Me to bed at night, I stayed awake till  
I'd seen my Dad, in his double breasted

Suit, hands black from the Evening Standard; and  
I felt his tickly, nicotined moustache  
'Night old boy!' when he came into my room.

Boom! Boom!

Dad and Grandad, my Mother's Dad, were five  
Years apart, for he was forty nine, my  
Mother, twenty five, my Grandad fifty  
Four. Granny, at seventy, cooked and wove  
Tapestries of 'the London Cries.' She smelt  
Of lavender and Eau de Cologne; her  
House filled with reproductions from China  
And the Reichsmuseum! During air raids,  
She just sat and worked in the coal cellar.

Boom! Boom!

I've not distinguished myself in any  
Wars, but as an Anthropologist and  
Trauma Therapist, I can help to heal  
Wounds, which sometimes date back to infancy.  
I have travelled to France and Germany,  
And lived for long periods in India,  
Studied in England and America,  
Conducted research in Macedonia,  
And then retired to Greece and Italy.

There have been no Boom! Booms! in my life since  
Nineteen forty five, but, in the Clinic  
In Corfu recently, I noticed the  
Albanians come and go, like me, to see  
The doctor. After learning Albanian  
For two years in the Balkans, many moons  
Ago, I spoke Albanian to them, and  
Greek to Corfiots since Two thousand and  
Three. In Italy, for the last six years  
I speak Italian, am learning dutch, my  
french and german which I spoke read and wrote  
For ten years, as a child, are rusty. But  
For my birthday, none- the- less, I will speak  
macedonian and bulgarian with our  
Hostess. Even today, When eating rice  
Or dim sung in an Indian or in a  
Chinese restaurant, speaking mandarin  
Or hindi helps the world along; and last  
Year in Italy, they filmed our story.

My companion is a Dutch widow of  
An Italian lawyer, we fell in love  
In Nineteen Sixty Four, after forty  
Seven years we are together once more.  
We can give you a video to see.

Boom! Boom!

**NOTICE TO ALL WHO SUPPORTED THE 2017 POPPY APPEAL**

I sincerely apologise to all our Supporters for not being able to include this **Official Receipt** (in respect of the total net sterling amount collected for the 2017 Poppy Appeal) in the January/February issues.

This was due to the local post office service being very late with their postal deliveries over the Christmas and New Year period and this has only just arrived!

Lucy Steele, M.B.E.  
Poppy Appeal Honorary Organiser

Ms Lucy Steele, M.B.E.  
P.O. Box Kastellani Messis 51  
Corfu, GR490 84  
Greece

**POPPY APPEAL**  
**The Royal British Legion Village**  
Aylesford, Kent, ME20 7NX  
[www.britishlegion.org.uk](http://www.britishlegion.org.uk)

Ref: PAOR/309144/Corfu/XAM02  
16 February 2018

CARE: 3833169

Dear Ms Steele

**Official Receipt**

Thank you most sincerely for this contribution to the Poppy Appeal. Please accept this letter as our formal receipt for the amount shown.

The Poppy Appeal is the major single source of revenue for the Royal British Legion's Benevolent Fund. Each year more people come to the Legion for help and the cost of that help is continually increasing. Daily we see and read of young Service men and women employed in peace keeping duties in many parts of the world, often in considerable danger, and this means that there will always be a need to provide help for them and their dependants, when they themselves no longer can. That is why it is so important that the Legion can continue with its vital work.

Thank you on behalf of those who will now benefit from your support.

Yours sincerely  
Shane Crowhurst  
Head of Poppy Appeal

**Amount of donation: £2,465.67**

