

The Agiot

126th Edition



Courtesy
Bert Rossum

This Month

Cover Photo.
Page 1

Effrosyni Writes.
Pages 2-3

Tickle ties the knot.
Page 4

Gooner's Gags
Pages 5-8

Weather.
Page 8

Letters to the Editor.
Pages 9-10

Agiotfest.
Pages 11-13

Nature.
Page 14

Video Corner.
Page 15

Saturday Walks.
Page 15

Ocay Villas.
Page 16

HTC - Events.
Page 17

Life Changing Moments - Corfu.
Pages 18-19

Hilary's Ramblings.
Pages 20-21

Aunty Lula's Love-Bites.
Page 21

Simon's World
Page 22

Advertising.
Pages 23-25

Bears all the hallmarks...?.
Pages 26-27

Bespoke Property.
Pages 27-28

Corfu Property Trail & Ocay Property.
Pages 29-30

A Poem.
Page 30

Nick the Clock's World.
Pages 31-32

Village and Island News.
Pages 33-36

The Way Things Are and Were.
Pages 36-37

Meet the chief inspector in the third series of The Durrells of Corfu



By Greek author and blogger, Effrosyni Moschoudi

Kostas Krommydas is a well-known Greek actor that I've had the pleasure to watch in a couple of TV dramas in the past. Recently, I met him online via a mutual friend and was intrigued to find out that he is an awarded novelist too. I offered him an interview on my blog to find out more about his work and, to my delight, he said yes.

Little did I know though, that when he sent me photos to go with the article, I'd be looking at behind-the-scenes snapshots from *The Durrells of Corfu*! As it turned out, Kostas will be making an appearance in series three of the show as a chief inspector.

It was very generous of him, I thought, to send in his own photos during filming in Bouas Danilia village, especially as no less than three actors from *The Durrells* family are captured in them! Here follow some highlights from our interview and an introduction to two of Kostas's bestselling Greek novels that have been translated into English.

[Please follow my link below for more photos].

Hi Kostas, and welcome to my blog!

Would you like to tell us a little about the locations where the filming took place? How much work was involved in creating that nostalgic 1930s look that viewers love so much about the series? I imagine it must be easy in Corfu, given its timeless charm, to have this result on film with very little trouble indeed.

The scenes I did were filmed mainly in Corfu. I also travelled to London for a costume fitting. As you said, it is easy in Corfu to find suitable locations for a story set in a bygone era. Filming mainly took place in Danilia, in Bouas village.

Oh, that makes sense! Now I see why the locations look so authentic...

Yes, it's an amazing place, quite magical. The buildings, and the whole set up seem so real...they truly make one feel transported back in time. It's the perfect location for events, and for filming period stories.

What was your experience from playing in *The Durrells*? Did it feel any different to work with British actors for a change?

My work experience alongside the British cast has been exquisite. Everyone's professionalism and the way they do things in general, are exemplary. The whole work environment has been very pleasant and everyone seemed to receive an equal measure of respect for their contribution to the whole. Personally, the actor who plays Leslie and I developed a special bond, seeing that I did most of my scenes with him. I feel compelled to mention Keeley Hawes too. My scenes with 'Mrs Durrell' stand out in my memory as some of the best scenes I've done in the series. I am astounded by her professionalism and talent. She is a superb actress and it's been a great pleasure to work with her.

Were there any entertaining incidents that you could share with us? Did anything go wrong that maybe delayed filming at any point?

Yes, entertaining incidents while filming *The Durrells* are very common because of the animals that play in so many scenes. During filming my own scenes we had no general problems. That said, donkeys were always within earshot, and we'd often hear one braying loudly half way through a scene, which meant we had to do it all over again (*laughs*)

Continued on Page 3

Effrosyni Writes
Continued from Page 2

What was the first thing you ever wrote and how old were you then?

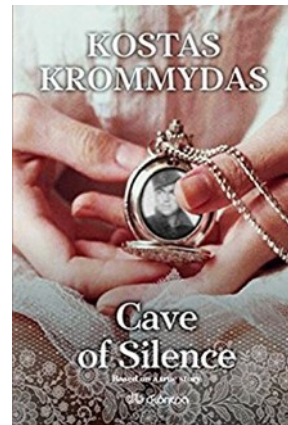
I used to write poems when I was in high school, to let the girls know my feelings. It didn't go that great, and I thought I wasn't good at it. Little did I know then that a few years later I would be considered in Greece as the male author with the best insight in women's psychosynthesis!

What has inspired you to write Cave of Silence?

Cave of silence is based on a true story which took place during the Second World War. I heard it many years ago, way before I started writing novels, from our family lawyer. I told him then that I will one day write this story. He didn't believe me.

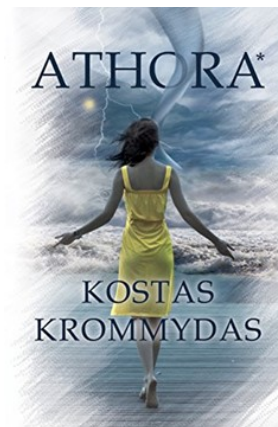


Check out Kostas's books:



Historical romance

Dimitri, a young actor who enjoys professional success and a romance with a beautiful actress, travels to a Greek island – the birthplace of his recently deceased uncle. Before he died, his uncle had expressed one last wish: that Dimitri scatters his ashes on the island. Dimitri welcomes this opportunity to shed some light on his family's history—a history clouded in secrecy. But why does his mother beg him to hide his identity once there? Soon, Dimitri discovers that the past casts long shadows onto the present. His visit sparks a chain of events that gradually reveal the island's dark secrets...



New release – mystery romance

Fotini Meliou is visiting her family on the island of Athora for a few days, before starting a new life in the US. She is looking forward to a brief respite and, perhaps, becoming better acquainted with the seductive Gabriel, whom she has just met. It is not the summer vacation she expects it to be. A massive weather bomb is gathering over the Aegean just as a priest is found dead in the sanctuary, his body ritualistically mutilated...

You are welcome to visit <http://effrosyniwrites.com/2018/02/26/interview-with-author-and-actor-kostas-krommydas-from-the-durrells-of-corfu/> to read the whole interview, to download the books, and to see the rest of the photos. "Louisa Durrell" is even wearing her signature straw hat beside Kostas in their picture together!

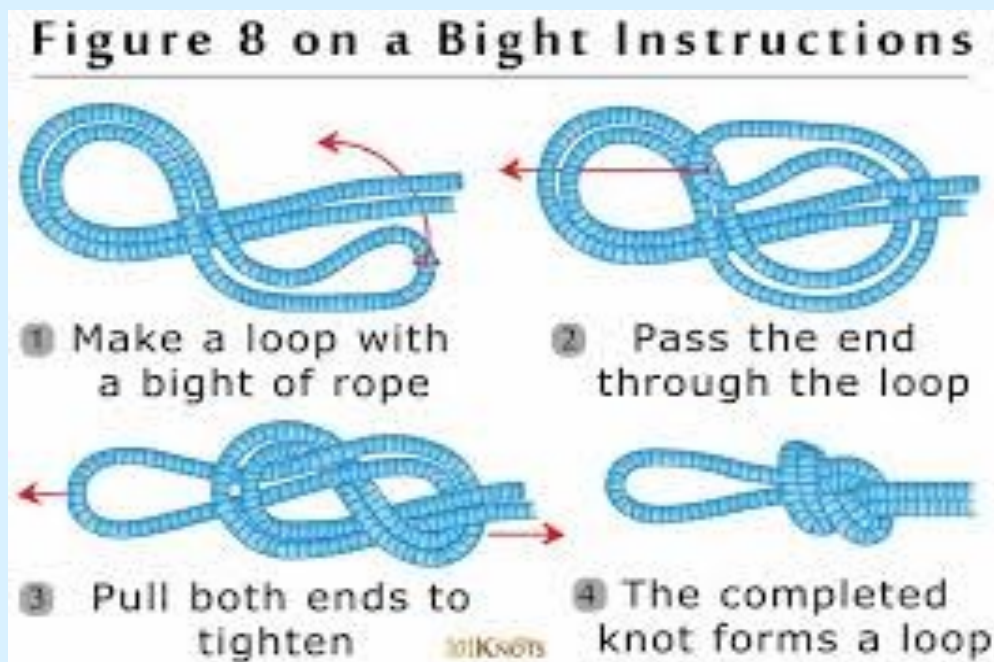
If you enjoyed this then please visit these websites:
<http://effrosyniwrites.com/>
<http://effrosyniwrites.com/your-guide-to-moraitika-corfu/>

Tickle Ties the knot

In the continuing series of useful knots and how to tie them, this month the figure of eight..

The Figure of Eight

How to tie a Figure of Eight (on a bight)



What is a figure of eight used for...

The **figure-eight knot** or **figure-of-eight knot** is a type of [stopper knot](#). It is very important in both [sailing](#) and [rock climbing](#) as a method of stopping ropes from running out of retaining devices. Like the [overhand knot](#), which will jam under strain, often requiring the rope to be cut, the figure-of-eight will also jam, but is usually more easily undone than the overhand knot.

Gooners Gags

Actual Call Centre conversations !!!!!

Customer: "I've been ringing 0700 2300 for two days and can't get through to enquiries, can you help?"

Operator: "Where did you get that number from, sir?"

Customer: "It was on the door to the Travel Centre".

Operator: "Sir, those are our opening hours".

Samsung Electronics

Caller: "Can you give me the telephone number for Jack?"

Operator: "I'm sorry, sir, I don't understand who you are talking about".

Caller: "On page 1, section 5, of the user guide it clearly states that I need to unplug the fax machine from the AC wall socket and telephone Jack before cleaning. Now, can you give me the number for Jack?"

Operator: "I think you mean the telephone point on the wall".

RAC Motoring Services

Caller: "Does your European Breakdown Policy cover me when I am travelling in Australia?"

Operator: "Doesn't the product name give you a clue?"

Caller (enquiring about legal requirements while travelling in France):

"If I register my car in France, do I have to change the steering wheel to the other side of the car?"

Directory Enquiries

Caller: "I'd like the number of the Argoed Fish Bar in Cardiff please".

Operator: "I'm sorry, there's no listing. Is the spelling correct?"

Caller: "Well, it used to be called the Bargoad Fish Bar but the 'B' fell off".

Then there was the caller who asked for a knitwear company in Woven.

Operator: "Woven? Are you sure?"

Caller: "Yes. That's what it says on the label; Woven in Scotland".

On another occasion, a man making heavy breathing sounds from a phone box told a worried operator:

"I haven't got a pen, so I'm steaming up the window to write the number on".

Tech Support: "I need you to right-click on the Open Desktop".

Customer: "OK".

Tech Support: "Did you get a pop-up menu?".

Customer: "No".

Tech Support: "OK. Right-Click again. Do you see a pop-up menu?"

Customer: "No".

Tech Support: "OK, sir. Can you tell me what you have done up until this point?"

Customer: "Sure. You told me to write 'click' and I wrote 'click'".

Tech Support: "OK. In the bottom left hand side of the screen, can you see the 'OK' button displayed?"

Customer: "Wow. How can you see my screen from there?"

Caller: "I deleted a file from my PC last week and I have just realised that I need it. If I turn my system clock back two weeks will I have my file back again?"

Do you ever wake up, kiss the person sleeping beside you, and feel glad that you are alive? I just did and apparently will not be allowed on this airline again....

Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 5**Actual Call Centre conversations !!!!!****Continued.....**

There's always one. This has got to be one of the funniest things in a long time. I think this guy should have been promoted, not fired. This is a true story from the Word Perfect Helpline, which was transcribed from a recording monitoring the customer care department. Needless to say the Help Desk employee was fired; however, he/she is currently suing the Word Perfect organization for "Termination without Cause". Actual dialogue of a former WordPerfect Customer Support employee. (Now I know why they record these conversations!):

Operator: "Ridge Hall, computer assistance; may I help you?"

Caller: "Yes, well, I'm having trouble with WordPerfect."

Operator: "What sort of trouble??"

Caller: "Well, I was just typing along, and all of a sudden the words went away."

Operator: "Went away?"

Caller: "They disappeared."

Operator: "Hmm So what does your screen look like now?"

Caller: "Nothing."

Operator: "Nothing??"

Caller: "It's blank; it won't accept anything when I type."

Operator: "Are you still in WordPerfect, or did you get out??"

Caller: "How do I tell?"

Operator: "Can you see the C: prompt on the screen??"

Caller: "What's a sea-prompt?"

Operator: "Never mind, can you move your cursor around the screen?"

Caller: "There isn't any cursor: I told you, it won't accept anything I type."

Operator: "Does your monitor have a power indicator??"

Caller: "What's a monitor?"

Operator: "It's the thing with the screen on it that looks like a TV. Does it have a little light that tells you when it's on??"

Caller: "I don't know."

Operator: "Well, then look on the back of the monitor and find where the power cord goes into it. Can you see that??"

Caller: "Yes, I think so."

Operator: "Great. Follow the cord to the plug, and tell me if it's plugged into the wall."

Caller: "Yes, it is."

Operator: "When you were behind the monitor, did you notice that there were two cables plugged into the back of it, not just one??"

Caller: "No."

Operator: "Well, there are. I need you to look back there again and find the other cable."

Caller: "Okay, here it is."

Operator: "Follow it for me, and tell me if it's plugged securely into the back of your computer."

Caller: "I can't reach."

Operator: "Uh huh. Well, can you see if it is??"

Caller: "No."

Operator: "Even if you maybe put your knee on something and lean way over??"

Caller: "Oh, it's not because I don't have the right angle - it's because it's dark."

Operator: "Dark??"

Caller: "Yes - the office light is off, and the only light I have is coming in from the window."

Operator: "Well, turn on the office light then."

Caller: "I can't."

Operator: "No? Why not??"

Caller: "Because there's a power failure."

Operator: "A power..... A power failure? Aha, Okay, we've got it licked now."

Do you still have the boxes and manuals and packing stuff your computer came in??"

Caller: "Well, yes, I keep them in the closet."

Operator: "Good. Go get them, and unplug your system and pack it up just like it was when you got it. Then take it back to the store you bought it from."

Caller: "Really? Is it that bad?"

Operator: "Yes, I'm afraid it is."

Caller: "Well, all right then, I suppose. What do I tell them??"

Operator: "Tell them you're too f*%ing stupid to own a computer!!!!!"

Arming School Staff:

Continued on Page 7

Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 6

This is an actual job application that a 75-year-old pensioner submitted to *Bunnings* (Largest hardware store in Australia) in Burleigh Heads. They hired him because he was so funny....

Make sure you read the lot including his first day on the job.



NAME:
Kenneth Way
(Grumpy Bastard)

SEX:
Not lately, but I am looking for the right woman (or at least one

who will cooperate)

DESIRED POSITON:

Company's Chief Executive or Managing Director. But seriously, whatever's available. If I was in a position to be picky, I wouldn't be applying in the first place - would I?

DESIRED SALARY:

\$150,000 a year plus share options and a Julia Gillard style redundancy package. If that's not possible, make an offer and we can haggle.

EDUCATION:

Yes.

LAST POSITON HELD:

Target for middle management hostility.

PREVIOUS SALARY:

A lot less than I'm worth.

MOST NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENT:

My incredible collection of stolen pens and post-it notes.

REASON FOR LEAVING:

It was a crap job.

HOURS AVAILABLE TO WORK:

Any.

PREFERRED HOURS:

1:30 - 3:30 p.m. Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday.

DO YOU HAVE ANY SPECIAL SKILLS?:

Yes, but they're better suited to a more intimate environment.

MAY WE CONTACT YOUR CURRENT EMPLOYER?:

If I had one, would I be here?

DO YOU HAVE ANY PHYSICAL CONDITIONS THAT WOULD PROHIBIT YOU FROM LIFTING UP TO 50 lbs.?:

Of what?

DO YOU HAVE A CAR?:

I think the more appropriate question here would be "Do you have a car that runs?"

HAVE YOU RECEIVED ANY SPECIAL AWARDS OR RECOGNITION?:

I may already be a winner of the Reader's Digest Timeshare Free Holiday Offer, so they tell me.

DO YOU SMOKE?: On the job - no! On my breaks - yes!

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE DOING IN FIVE YEARS?:

Living in the Bahamas with a fabulously wealthy Swedish supermodel with big tits and who thinks I'm the greatest thing since sliced bread.

Actually, I'd like to be doing that now.

NEAREST RELATIVE?:

12 Kms

DO YOU CERTIFY THAT THE ABOVE IS TRUE AND COMPLETE TO THE BEST OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE?:

Oh yes. absolutely.

Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 7

After landing my new job as a Bunnings Greeter I started with enthusiasm. But I lasted less than a day.

About two hours into my first day on the job a very loud, unattractive, mean-acting Bogan babe walked into the store with her two kids, yelling obscenities at them all the way through the entrance.



As I had been instructed, I said, pleasantly,

I then said, "Nice children you have there. Are they twins?"

The woman stopped yelling long enough to say, "No, they ain't effin twins. The oldest one's 9, and the other one's 7, why the hell would you think they're twins? Are you blind, or just effin stupid?"

I replied, "I'm neither blind nor stupid, Madam. I just couldn't believe someone shagged you twice.... Have a good day and thank you for shopping at Bunnings."

My supervisor said I probably wasn't cut out for this line of work.

"Good morning and welcome to Bunnings."

Corfu Weather Statistics - March 2018

Max	Avg	Min	
Temperature			
Max Temperature	20°C	16 °C	11°C
Mean Temperature	17°C	13°C	9°C
Min Temperature	14 °C	9°C	5°C
Heating Degree Days (base 65)	17	10	2
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	0	0	0
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	12	5	0
Dew Point	15°C	9°C	-3°C
Precipitation	18.0 mm	1.5 mm	0.0 mm
Wind			
Wind	52 km/h	11 km/h	0 km/h
Gust Wind	77 km/h	48 km/h	32 km/h
Sea Level Pressure	1020 hPa	1008 hPa	993 hPa

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



Out of Africa

Weather bulletin from Peter Papageorgiou

22nd of March 2018 and Corfu is in the grips of a serious dust storm... looks like a good Force 6 out there, but the impressive thing is the visibility due to the dust! You can't see Pantokrator from town, and Vido Island is kind of fading away...

Letters to the Editor

Simon Baddeley says;

How about a reference in one corner of next AGIOT to the various links that can help people check the absurd number of hoaxes, misleading – even dangerous – emergency medical advice, chain-letter scams, and fake stories that naive but decent folk have been innocently ‘posting on’ ‘circulating’ on the internet”?

Hoax Slayer, Snopes, That’s Nonsense, and others. My favourite at the moment (I use several when checking out postings) is Lead Stories

<https://leadstories.com/maarten-schenk.html>

But see also:

<https://fullfact.org/>

<https://www.snopes.com/>

<https://www.sophos.com/threat-center/threat-analyses/hoaxes.aspx>

<http://hoax-slayer.com/>

<http://www.thatsnonsense.com/>

<https://www.iste.org/explore/articleDetail?articleid=916>

You can find more. Access to a few of these services – themselves to be checked – should be standard kit for people who use the internet, like having a first aid kit in the home. People and institutions make hard cash from getting people to repost lies, libels, and fantasies.

Clickbait = <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Clickbait>

X

Is it just me or this the best ever edition – so far – of the Agiot

Simon

Editor:-

Thank you Simon, very useful references! I for one shall certainly be looking at these. We are quite pleased with the Agiot. I’ve got some ideas to make it better, but that will need an investment of time, spare of which I do not have for now. Maybe next year!



Effrosynii mails in this;

[http://effrosyniwrites.com/?](http://effrosyniwrites.com/?mailpoet_router&endpoint=view_in_browser)

[mailpoet_router&endpoint=view_in_browser
&action=view&data=WzU4LCIwM2YxNGI2
OWYzYjkiLDAsMCwxMDIsMV0](http://effrosyniwrites.com/?mailpoet_router&endpoint=view_in_browser&action=view&data=WzU4LCIwM2YxNGI2OWYzYjkiLDAsMCwxMDIsMV0)

Thank you Frosso, I’m glad you like it and thank you for spreading the word.

Gez George messages on Facebook

How interesting and what a beautiful story [Aleko Damaskinos](#). It made me want to stay in Corfu for a while and go on a few historical walks with you. You could actually make that your

work and get paid for it 😊 :) There are 2 parts of the story I wonder about.... Scuse me Aleko, no disrespect but I wonder that.- Pasha must have known Nazli was dead as the story said the first thing he did when shown the property was to search many hours for her grave.. And then you say Pasha took Pierris to Ipsos to force Nazli to tell him where she was? When I lived in Corfu the Club Med. was in Nisaki, where you live Aleko. Is there another Club Med in Ipsos now.xx

Editor:-

Yes, Aleko is a wonderful storyteller. I do not think he saw your message but I will be seeing him soon and will bring up the subject!

Letters to the Editor - Continued from Page 9

Lynne Cahill from Brighton says;

Thinking today about my mum. It's one year since she died. As we stood at her grave the church clock chimed five. We all knew that it wasn't five o'clock and assumed that the clock had not been put forward for BST. When we checked the time, it was 5.38. One of the (many) things my mum did before she became ill was to arrange for the clock man to come and service the church clock regularly and change the time in spring and autumn, climbing the stairs up the tower with him. It felt like a sign of how she is

missed in so many ways 🙁 ☺️ ❤️

Editor;- A beautiful memory.



From Vickie in Brantford, Ontario

Paul and Lula
I'm forwarding the obituary write up link below for Anne and Ray's grand daughter Emily. She had a pulmonary embolism. I was with them late yesterday, but before I was able to send this info to you Anne had posted a message and I saw your comment. It is so very sad. They are just devastated.
Vickie

Editor: Yes Vickie, very sad, and mentioned here previously.

<http://yourlifemoments.ca/sitepages/obituary.asp?oId=1061266>

Courtesy of Dick Mulder



Allie Stewart and Patricia Stach had these thoughts;

Allie;
In the 1970's we went to Australia by ship - it was a Chandris liner and staffed by Greeks. We had a rather handsome young waiter who, every night when he served dinner to us, used to say malaka, malaka, now which one could he have meant !!!!!?

Patricia Stach from Germany says;

I think it was one of the first words i learnt in the 80s, Oxo and malaka ☺️ the second thing i learnt was, that the old men playing cards in the taverna won't kill each other in the next minute, cause they shout and scream so fuxxxxx loud...

Ed;- Those were my first remembered words too Patricia. But when Kostas would scream Oxo, Oxo, Oxo at a dog, I thought he was offering them meat, albeit a little aggressively!

Hello Nitsa,

A message from Chris, about the offal she gave you. She was most concerned that you knew and understood the source of your bounty.
She says that she saw her husband-the scary one-stabbing something furiously in the field. What alarmed her most was that it was pouring with rain and she thought the copious blood might wash into the adjoining field, alerting the neighbour of foul play. You remember he has a reputation among the English for butchering innocent critters? Remember the Cockerel? The bees, which he said had flown away, though traces of gas were smelt in the fields for days after their reported disappearance.
So, she waded out into the lake to help her husband with the dismemberment.
Wishing to distance themselves from the evidence, Chris and Les tried to think of the most gullible Greek. That is you Mum.
There you have it. Do not fret. Enjoy it at Easter, and pretend it was humanely executed, and not torn to pieces by a psychopathic fiend.



Agiotfest 2018

By The Minstrel



Tickets on sale

TICKETS WILL BE ON SALE FROM TODAY [APRIL 1st].

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

A 2 DAY ADULT TICKET WILL COST 22 EUROS IF PAID BEFORE JUNE 30

AFTER JUNE 30 AND AT THE GATE AN ADULT TICKET WILL COST 15 EUROS

AFTER JUNE 30 A 2-DAY ADULT TICKET WILL BE 25 EUROS



Zoe Corfu-bound



PLEASE CONTACT YOUR DISTRIBUTOR SO AS NOT TO BE DISAPPOINTED.

Ocay Villas -
(0030) 6974932408

Ken & Jan Harrop -
(North Corfu) -
(0030) 6946949545



'From 2016'

Paul Scotter -
(0030) 6948701369

Sally's Bar, Ipsos -
(0030) 69785220151

Chas Clifton -
(0030) 6945046761

Sue Done -
(0030) 6976843659



'Sue Super Done'
<

Dick Mulder -
(0030) 6975584507

Edem Club Dassia -
(0030) 2661093013

NSK, Dassia (opposite Chandris Hotel) -
(0030) 6942699109

Ecopoint (Natty Katehi) -
(0030) 6979449758

Les Woods -
(0030) 6948285043

Nikki Tsatsa - (The Port)
(0030) 6932015127

Vasiliki Voulgari -
(0030) 6938011191

Agiotfest 2018
Continued from Page 11



'Sensational David Bowie Tribute Band at Club Bliss'

Morning Minstrel,

I'm short on funny stories that would be printable! But here are a few photos and logos which may be of interest to Agiotfest fans. I've included a photo of some of the band with our good friend (and sadly now departed) Alvin Stardust. Also, a recent photo of our Janice with her friend (and clothes guru!) Kiki Dee.



*Alvin Stardust
playing with the band*



*Kiki with
Janice
(They've got
the music in
them!)*

<

You may be able to manufacture an odd witty story for the mag, and, of course the band will back up the veracity of all you say! e.g., Did our Mr Bowie actually bite the head off a live chicken on stage in Belgium?? (He maintains that it was only one leg he ate, and that the story is exaggerated). However, one member of our group (nameless) had to leave the band under a cloud when he drove his car into a swimming pool. (he maintains that it was only a bicycle that he pedalled into a puddle in Newcastle, but freely admits it was genuinely under a cloud).

Regards
Andy

Agiotfest is delighted to introduce our new sponsorship partnership with the financial Advisory firm the Woodbrook Group. based in Cyprus. Their Senior Advisor is Robert Bennett, who has a long-standing relationship with the island, spanning over 37 years. Robert and his colleagues will be conducting seminars here in Corfu over the next year, offering advice on all aspects of financial planning to all Nationalities on the island.

Anyone with questions regarding U.K. savings and pensions, or indeed planning for the future whilst working abroad, could benefit greatly from attending the Agiotfair on September 1st [open from 11.00.A.M.], so keep a look out for more details soon.

The Agiotfair will be introduced this year, for the first time.

Please contact our pal Antoinette on 6994934352 if you are interested in having a pitch in the lower meadow on the Saturday, opening at 11.00 A.M. Several people and companies have reserved a place already.

We are very happy to welcome Antoinette as our manager, and hope that, like our other core members, she will have a long and rewarding experience with us at Agiotfest.

Details will continue here over the next four months.

AGIOTFEST SPONSORS

Main Sponsors



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Vrionis



Roadhouse Music



Accommodation



*Sunrise Cars
to suit all budgets*



Daylong



Corfu Beer



100+ Club



AELOS BEACH RESORT



Green Island



Mousehouse



Sally's Bar



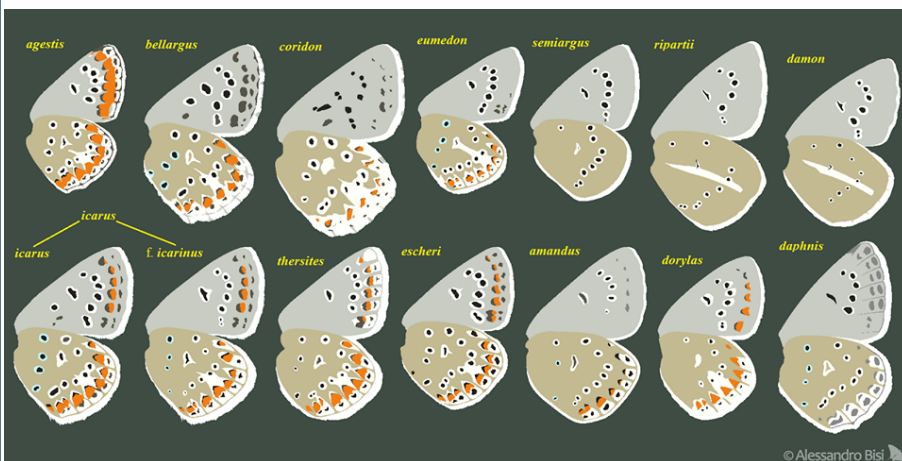
Including:

- 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
- Lucy Steele M.B.E.
- 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
- Trevor Whybrow
- Vassilis Pandis

Nature



Here, this month, are some lovely photos taken by Bert Rossum, who is also responsible for the cover photo. Thank you Bert.



Definitions

Mike Pilley - Poisonous centipede in the garden of our villa.

Video Corner

Durrells new series starting;

<http://britishperioddramas.com/news/the-durrells-season-3-start-date-has-been-confirmed/>

Britain explained;

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=36viGJ3Oz_U

Hannah

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hannah_Hauxwell

People who love themselves too much [you know who you are];

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sG7rvOsE2ws>

Death by Legal Drugs

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

The Rights Of Animals

<http://www.ekathimerini.com/227121/article/ekathimerini/news/bill-on-treatment-of-strays-withdrawn-after-animal-rights-groups-protest>

Saturday Walks

Saturday, 7 April. ACHARAVI: Dandalo Tower (2 hours **). Meet at Tales Bar (formerly Freddo) near Dimitra Supermarket, Acharavi High Street,

10.30 for 11.00 start. Lunch to be arranged.

NOTE: Dandalo is one of the undiscovered highlights of North Corfu. The meeting is later so we hopefully catch some Pot Throwing.

Saturday, 14 April. STAVROS: Woodland Ways (2 hours ***). Meet at Coyevinas, the junction for Stavros, 2 kms after Agii Dekas, 10.00 for

10.30 start. Lunch at Areti's Place, Agii Dekas.

NOTE: The walks where you think you will meet Oberon and Titania, amid the most amazing rock formations in Corfu!

Saturday, 21 April. STRINILAS: Wild flowers on the Lafki path (2 hours *). Meet at Stamatis, Strinilas Square, 10.30 for 11.00 start (short onward drive). Lunch at Stamatis.

NOTE: The weather should be warming up! The wild flowers are later up in the mountains, and the display may contain some less usual species.

Saturday, 28 April. LIAPADES: Limni Beach and the Olive Hinterland (2 hours ***). Meet in Liapades Square, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Please park in the lower part of the village, not in the square, and walk up.

Lunch at Elizabeth's, Doukades.

NOTE: Paddling possible on the beach if the weather is good. The return steps are a killer - we take them slowly!



*Corfu -
Agii Dekas walk*

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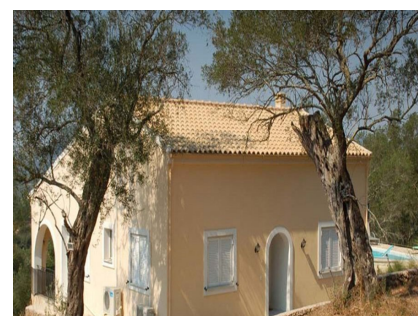
info@ocayvillascorfu.com

Or on Tel: (0030) 26610 58177/

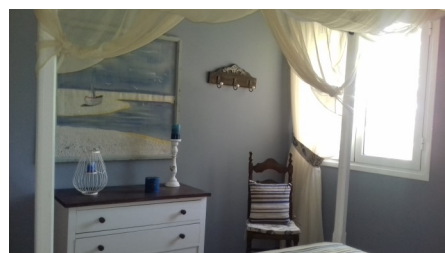
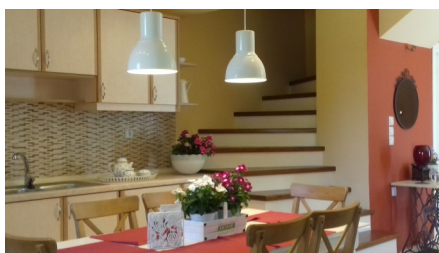
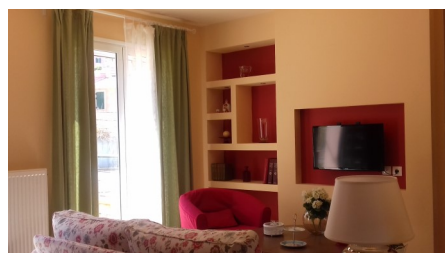
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This 110sq. house has three bedrooms, one bathroom and a W.C., air conditioning and all the necessary electric facilities.

It is very conveniently situated 15 minutes from Corfu town by car. 100 Euros per night rental.

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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. HTC wishes all readers of The Agiot a very blessed Easter.

Services for April:

Services led by Chaplain Rev Jules Wilson

Easter Sunday 1st April

10:30 Family Communion Service and Sunday School in Church Room.
After the service stay for a Fellowship Meal

Sunday 8th April

GREEK EASTER SUNDAY

10:30 Family Communion Service

Sunday 15th April

10:30 Family Communion Service

Sunday 22nd April

10:30 Family Communion Service
19.00 The Well

Sunday 29th April

10.30 Family Communion Service incorporating the AGM

HTC South

Friday 13th April

18.00 Messonghi Catholic Chapel

'I love those who love me, and those who seek me find me'

Proverbs

8:17

Weekly Events during April

The church is open daily Tuesday to Friday 10:00 to 13:00 for coffee, chat and exchange of library books - The church will be closed from 2nd April until 8th April.

Monday

17:30 The Kontokali group meets

Tuesday

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

Wednesday

10:00 Coffee Morning in the church room
11th - 12.30 Lunch 'n' Meet

Thursday

10:30 Bible Study
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 April:

Thursday 12th April

18.00 Ministry Team Meeting at HTC

Friday 13th April

09.00 Ecumenical Prayer Meeting at the Catholic Cathedral

Thursday 19th April

09.15 Pastoral Care Team Meeting



Sunday School
At HTC
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Life Changing Moments - Corfu and the whispers of Zeus

By Allie Stewart



'Allie aged 19'

1970, the year before I emerged from a sulky teenager into a know it all 'proper' grownup, my cousin Rosemary and me decided to take the long train trip from London across France and Switzerland to Rome where we would spend time exploring the sights, pretending to be intrepid. We didn't have any real intentions, other than to be gone for a month to six weeks, small rucksack, paper pants, and the confidence and ignorance of youth as our companions. £70 was the total money we could take as the Bank of England had put restrictions in place. No mobile! I recall feeling hungry a lot of the time eating the local bread to dull the void! This train journey was a symbol for many things, a flush of independence, my first witness of awe inspiring mountain scenery at dawn, the camaraderie of complete strangers stuck in a compartment with each other for three days and not too fragrant.

We weren't keen on Rome, too busy, too noisy and our pre arranged hostel accommodation didn't work out - basically we couldn't find it. Two young English lads, with a gentlemanly spirit, whom we had befriended on the train, offered us their spare tent so we spent the night on a campsite outside the city where we could see Rome lit up at night as if nestling in an antique Italian oil painting. The boys were heading south the next day so Rosemary and me hooked up with them taking the train down to Salerno, for no particular reason other than we could.

The train became packed at Naples with Italian men making an early start for work. Navigating the corridor to get to the loo became an adventure in itself, all the Neapolitans had their Christmas's come at once with my perky backside (as it was then!!), handy for pinching. Seems strange in our modern PC world that I look back on that incident with a certain fondness, or maybe wistfulness as bum pinching doesn't come my way now I am getting older.

We decamped at Salerno, walked up from the station in the direction of the hostel, which we found easily enough. Bunk beds I recall and a rather surly owner with a sourpuss face who announced under no circumstances were we allowed back till mealtime in the evening.

There were two Irish girls who turned up later on that evening, after dinner, so they were ushered out by sourpuss to get something to eat. What I recall is they had the most wonderful nut-brown tans and started to tell us tales about the youth hostel, in Ag. Ioannis, in Corfu. The whispers of the island had begun, Zeus kidnapping the souls of Rosemary and me whilst we remained blissfully unaware. I had never heard of Corfu but I did want their tan, so it seemed like an inviting place to go. A week later we headed off to take the ferry from Brindisi to Kerkyra, across the Ionian Sea, marvelling at the slow, elegant sunrise over Albania as if illuminating my pathway.

Being daft, we arrived at Kerkyra port and wandered up to the town with a nonchalant air, we considered ourselves seasoned travellers after ten days, to find the right bus for Ag.Ioannis. The Irish girls had given us good instructions, but, what didn't we have, drachma, lira by the purseful but no drachma!! A young guy in the queue, also going to Ioannis, became our rescuer and paid for the fare.

Reflecting now if I had been less naive or had had someone I felt I could talk to would have stayed in Corfu, I found the Greek people enchanting and alive, a world away from my own relationships. I remember Costa and the dancing - the Greek yoghurt with grilled brown sugar, souvlaki, watermelons and the coffee so dark you couldn't see a reflection in it. Oh, and the honeyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!!

I have returned more than once. Once, flush with money, we stayed with our girls in The Corfu Palace Hotel but it could not surpass Agios Ioannis and the hospitality of Costa and his family. Now, flush money days have gone but all those memories remain.

Continued on Page 19

Life Changing Moments - Corfu
Continued from Page 18

As I write this, the azure sky mirrored in the sparkling blue sea becomes a vivid memory, the fragrance of mimosa, wild thyme and rosemary wafting on the gentle breeze, gnarled olive trees, cicadas singing their welcome, the pulsating heat warming me through to the bone, whilst the old bus rattled along at speed, the Greek driver risking grand prix manoeuvres with corners.

I was now in love. I was home.



'Allie 2009'

years when I trained as a psychotherapist and later, career/life coach and the teachings they would impart.

Those people, from Benedictine Monks, who shared with me that when there were difficult decisions to be made, they prayed. Until they felt at peace about their choice they would not action it. The U.N. Hostage Negotiator, showed how language and listening, can change the bonds between us, opening new pathways for conversation and connection. Ravi, a Buddhist psychotherapist, revealed wisdoms of how little we control and the mechanics of acceptance even in the depths of grief. All of them taught one common theme, humans look for meaning and yet forget that meaning can be in one random act of kindness - the lad in the bus queue for example - a peak experience or a major loss.

I learnt of many years how to listen to my inner world and those others. My own sad experiences (losing over ten people in 14 years in my family) propelled me to train as a therapist because I had needed help myself. My own family had not been good at talking through aspects of life which were difficult, mainly down to my father who was damaged from being a Japanese Prisoner of War, and the

There is more I could write about that time but I want to fast forward to now, as to how this article is relevant today. Unbeknown to me for years, this part of my life was a peak experience. I didn't know that then. I hadn't encountered the wonderful people I would meet in later

arrival of my sister with Down's syndrome, who showed me how hostile the world was in the 1960's, to those who were very different,

Fortunately, those difficult experiences opened doors of understanding and have never been able to erase my Corfu memories or other peak experiences I have had since then. You will have had them too, sometimes they are almost imperceptible or easily forgotten and the message gets lost. Moments in which you choose to take a different way home and meet someone new who is just the person who can help you, synchronicity according to Carl Jung.

Peak experiences were originally described by psychologist Abraham Maslow as "moments of highest happiness and fulfilment" in his 1964 work *Religions, Values, and Peak Experiences*. (Wiki) In the link below, in a lecture in 1962 he writes eloquently as to what a peak experience means for him.

<http://journals.sagepub.com/doi/pdf/10.1177/002216786200200102>

In our busy, modern world it is so easy to let these experiences pass by as we don't have the stillness in which to savour them or process their guiding hand. We can get stuck with hunting down too many goals, abandoning the skill of letting life unfold, too immersed in believing we can 'make' things happen. My teachers showed me that when we know we can work hand in hand with the universe, our experiences, whether or not peak or trough, bring meaning. Concentrating too hard on a perfect outcome means we can miss out on how our whispers are trying to lead us somewhere or even warn us off the path best not take. We can dull them with too much wine or other distractions. My local reverend calls them the Nudges.

Reflecting now that if I had been more aware I would have stayed in the knowledge that I did not find Corfu, Corfu found me. Although I guess I have always stayed in Corfu - here I am writing for The Agiot a whisper to you from a long way away!!

I am semi retired as a therapist now, but I can offer a space by Skype if ever you need a listening ear. Initial call of an hour and a half costs £35.00

www.life-changing.co.uk allie@life-changing.co.uk

[Editor's Note]:

If you refer to the March Edition under Archives you can see the three generations of the Stewart ladies, both older and younger than this author.

Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

B-ramblings, or More Bramtics

THE DOGS HAVE A DEDICATED 'SCRATCH PATCH' on most of our walks - generally some coarse, tussocky grass that they can wriggle on (accompanied by groans of delight). One such is a little corner of rough pasture between a field track and a deep ditch - which after recent heavy rains was in fast flow and about a foot deep.

Bruni threw himself down for a back-scratch, so Bramble did too.

Only trouble was, Bramble had unknowingly begun his roll very close to the edge of the ditch, and after a couple of squirms he slithered over the edge and down the steep bank, landing on his back in the water...

I was hooting with mirth as he jumped out, his face a picture of discombobulation. Dogs hate being laughed at; they get embarrassed when they know they've done something silly. His next actions were just as funny - wearing a foolish grin, he took off at a gallop around the plot, bounding over the offending ditch several times as if to say: 'Look, mum! It was deliberate!! I know all about ditches and how to cross them!!!'

Anyone who thinks that dogs have no feelings and can't make facial expressions should also take a running jump.

For the outside casing (body) and the operating system (instincts) may be canine, but the slot-in software contains a little person with feelings, just like you and me.



Sc-ramblings

MY DAD USUALLY USED TO PREPARE BREAKFAST in our primary school days, while my mother enjoyed a lie-in to prepare herself for an exhausting day doing some light housework. First cereal: Cornflakes, Frosties or Rice Crispies in those days (Kellogg's of course; own-brand had yet to appear), or Quaker's Porridge Oats. Then a fry-up, usually eggs, bacon and sausage. The eggs arrived with the milk direct from source, as the local farmer had his own milk-float - he delivered gold-top from his single Jersey cow for our cereal as

well as the eggs and ordinary milk; and the bacon and sausage were from the village butcher, who made his own. Sometimes we had fish fingers and baked beans, but the real treat was when an occasional special-order parcel of Arbroath Smokies would arrive at seven in the first post (as the post did, then). Just as with smoked salmon, the traditional accompaniment to the smokies was a good dollop of scrambled egg, and I've never lost my love of eggs cooked this way, with lots of good butter.

I can't remember specifics of school lunches in those days, only that I don't recall them being inedible. The offering then was meat, potatoes and a veg, cooked in-house and served by jolly dinner ladies.

I do recollect some puddings, though: mostly the baked milk puddings.

I couldn't stomach them (literally), and I felt quite sick on seeing my schoolmates scoffing the disgusting skin off the top. The worst were tapioca and semolina, made especially vile when my table companions whisked in a spoonful of jam, staining the mess a revolting lurid pink or purple colour. Fortunately, I was not forced to eat this, as I had been previously at a nun-run nursery school, with unfortunate consequences.

In those days, fresh vegetables were pretty much limited to cabbage and carrots and the odd cauliflower (usually in cheese sauce as a main), other veg being preserved in some way, or seasonal for a short period. I remember horror at being faced with mushy peas (dried) at one school dinner, and virulent green tinned ones in slimy juice for another. Mushy peas were banned in our household, as they represented my mother's lower working-class origins, which she was trying to distance herself from; out of season, our tinned peas were petit pois from an upmarket grocer. Frozen peas, green beans, sweetcorn and so on did not exist as no-one had a freezer, just a little ice-shelf at the top of the fridge.

Back home in the late afternoon, stomach creaking from hunger, food didn't get much more interesting. The trouble was that my brother was an excessively picky eater. In fact, apart from breakfast fry-ups and very large quantities of milk, about the sole food he found acceptable was fish fingers - Findus only; he turned his nose up at Bird's Eye, though how he could recognise the brand just by looking at them on his plate is anyone's guess. For 'cheese', he would only touch Kraft slices and La Vache triangles.

At Granny's house, he was slightly more adventurous. Grandad hailed from Arbroath, of Smokies fame, and every Sunday he received a copy of the Scottish Sunday Post. Bruv took as his hero the main character in a weekly comic strip, Our Wullie - a sort of pre-Dennis-the-Menace chappie. Our Wullie's favourite food was 'mince, tatties and peas', so that was his favourite too. It was just mince fried off in fat, boiled potatoes and a helping from a tin of peas.

Continued on Page 21

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 20

Gourmet stuff!

I was much more bold in my tastes, to the extent that I would tuck into anything, never questioning what it contained (as long as it wasn't milk pudding, though Ambrosia Creamed Rice - remember that? - was a favourite; it had no skin, and came cold). I remember being very tearful at being denied, aged about six and on holiday in France, a portion of Andouillette (better not ask), which my parents were being served at a family friend's home. Andouillette * was for grown-ups, and I was relegated to the children's table where we were served some kid-friendly pap instead.

During those years, in the interests of 'fairness' (and at that time the trend for cooking a different meal for each family member if they were picky was not in force), I was fed nothing except the acutely limited foodstuffs my brother would tolerate, thus reducing my diet to the lowest common denominator. So, tea was generally a second fry-up, or fish fingers, or something involving sausages, then off to bed so that my mother could have 'her' time with dad - time to enjoy a rather less bland and all-round healthier evening meal.

Still, it could have been worse; chicken nuggets had yet to be invented.

Next month: Secondary School Sc-ramblings - it DOES get worse.

*Andouillette is a sausage made entirely from pigs' intestines. It stinks, but some people love it. And I wanted to TRY!

Twitter-amblings

"TWITTER IS THE NATURAL OUTLET OF THE 'ODDS'. The busybodies, the idle, the perverted, the cranks, the feel-it-my-duties ... Also the plain depraved. They all tweet. It's their safe outlet, you see. They can be as interfering, ... as obscene, as pompous, as one-idea'd, as they like on Twitter, and no one can kick them for it. So they tweet. My God, how they tweet!"

In this passage from a favourite novel, I have actually substituted 'Twitter' and 'tweet' for the original words 'letterwriting' and 'paper' and 'write'. Social media is relatively new, and we blame Twitter and its like for the vast output of abuse, slurs, shaming, offence and defamation that is a characteristic of this instrument of communication.

The above passage is taken from the brilliant story 'The Franchise Affair' by Josephine Tey (picked by the British-based Crime Writers' Association as the eleventh-best mystery novel of all time). It was published in 1948 (!), therefore demonstrating that it's not social media per se that's at fault for outpourings of hate and bile; whatever the medium - paper or electronic - it's always PEOPLE to blame.

Footnote: 'The Franchise Affair' is out of copyright and can be downloaded from the Internet to read for free. Google 'Franchise Affair Gutenberg'.

Inter-amblings: Another of those 'isn't the Net wonderful' moments I WON AN INTERNET COMPETITION! But don't get excited - I'm not an instant millionaire, nor have I won a new car. The competition was to propose a name for a particular racehorse foal, the very first born to a stallion called Peace And Justice (no, me neither), who is based Stateside in Pennsylvania.

The competition was announced in Thoroughbred Daily News, my new must-have download every morning. From age nine I was a racing fan, but lost contact with the sport on settling in Corfu (no Internet then, and newspapers were expensive). Now, with cyberspace easily accessible, and work that requires just a little day-to-day activity, I have re-established my interest.

Competition participants were offered a few hints: the foal's mother's name, Movie Starlet; and her baby's foaling time, right in the middle of the Superbowl. So I entered the name 'Super Starlet' - and it was chosen over more than 400 other entries! I hope the little beastie thrives to live up to her name! It would be wonderful if three or four years down the line she was to compete in the Breeders' Cup Distaff (the American Championship for female horses), though there is only a one in four chance she will ever reach the racecourse. Good luck, Starlet!

And what did I win? A halter once worn by father Peace And Justice (JUST what I always needed!!!), and a framed photo of Starlet. I have asked the guys to donate the halter to a thoroughbred rehab/retraining charity, and - as I do not trust Greek postal workers with parcels sent from perceived 'rich' countries - to send the pic as a good quality jpg file so I can frame it myself, thus saving them postage across the world, and depriving some sneaky parcel handler of a trophy.

This is how:

[How to dye Easter eggs the way your granny used to](#)

I just love the Greek custom of bumping eggs together, seeing who will crack the eggs of everyone in the family. The secret apparently is to choose one that's smaller and darker than your opp...

effrosinimoss.wordpress.com

Aunty Lula's Love-bites



Lula is very grateful to Effrosyni for stepping in with this so topical delight for our Easter month.

Are you dying eggs this Easter? I do mine

with spices and onion leaves.

Simon's World

A philosopher's words: "...I am perfectly aware that the fear of ghosts is contrary to science, reason and religion. If I were sentenced to spend a night alone in a graveyard, ... I should already know that twigs would snap and the wind moan and that there would be half-seen movements in the darkness. And yet, after I had been frog-marched into the graveyard, I should feel a thrill of fear every time one of these things happened..." Have you walked on a lonely path at night? I only have to think of Coleridge's lines to start getting the creeps..."Like one, that on a lonesome road Doth walk in fear and dread, And having once turned round walks on, And turns no more his head; Because he knows, a frightful fiend doth close behind him tread." Long ago my young children would persuade me to take them on late night walks in the Forest of Dean and invent ("please dad, pleeeese!") horror stories about headless spectres, and men with bloody chain-saws lurking in the woods. They savoured frissons of fear, while enjoying the total safety of their dad's company, while I was scaring myself witless with all the nocturnal sounds of the forest 😊 (:)), I'm not sure who was holding whose hands the tightest.



A core difference between Greeks and my foreign mind-set.... Long ago I learned why 'many-travelled' Odysseus 'turning one way, then the next' has a special place in the pantheon of Greek heroes - renowned for his brilliance, guile, and versatility - polytropos πολυτρόπως - known by the epithet 'Odysseus the Cunning' (mētis μῆτις - cunning intelligence). My friend Richard Pine, in Perithia, wrote in one of his many 'letters from Greece' in the Irish Times: Cunning is integral to Greek integrity, hence the disfavour it incurs from Anglo- and Teutonic mindsets...Greece is playing the game of her life, and how she plays the game despite holding a folding hand, will determine the history of the coming future. Being geographically small, Greece and Greeks value the classical merit of cunning - the talent of 'metis', referring in Greek to wisdom or craft or nous, and to the goddess of wisdom and prudence - ἡ Μῆτις. Cunning in Hellenic culture stands higher than it does in ours (tho' Greeks have seen 'perfidious Albion' as a mirror). We are more wary of cunning. It can be ruefully respected, but also detested - no part of our understanding of integrity. Of necessity it's different in Greece.

<https://socialecologies.wordpress.com/2016/02/23/metis-cunning-intelligence-in-greek-thought/>

NOTE: The Greek word *metis* meant a quality that combined wisdom and cunning. This quality was considered to be highly admirable in the Mycenaean era, with the hero [Odysseus](#) being the embodiment of it. In the Classical era, it was regarded by Athenians as one of the notable characteristics of the Athenian character. Metis was the one who gave Zeus a potion to cause [Cronus](#) to vomit out Zeus' siblings.^[4]



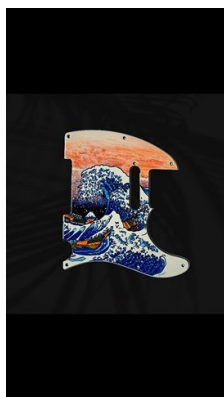
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Charities and Organisations donated to.

The Smile of The Child, Magoulades provides children in need with a secure home environment offering the best quality of life that a child should have.

St John’s Church kitchen, Mandouki provide meals for people on a low income, they have to provide proof by showing their card, these meals are made Monday to Friday, with Friday’s being doubled up for Saturday. The Greek ladies who prepare the meals, around 50 per day at the moment are all volunteers working on a rota basis, between 90 and 100 can be made.

The Red Cross, Corfu Greece. is the largest non-governmental organisation in Greece, with a complex mission based on voluntary action and direct response by citizens. Its aim is to relieve human suffering in time of war and peace, supporting the wounded, the sick, refugees, the elderly, the poor and

people from every vulnerable population group. Its actions are based on vigilance, solidarity and altruism, and it is synonymous with disinterested service and selflessness.

The basic aims of the Greek Red Cross are: □ In time of war: the support and reinforcement of the Military Health Service, provision of medical treatment to the sick and wounded, and the protection of prisoners of war, the civilian population and war victims. □ In time of peace: the provision of relief and assistance to victims of disasters and epidemics, and humanitarian activities on an individual basis or in collaboration with the State and social services.

Agiotfest. Ag Ioannis provides entertainment for the people of Corfu and visitors to the Island, this Organisation supports Charities of Corfu throughout the year, donating to two Charities from funds raised on the eve of their music fest, they are also big supporters of The 100+ Club and other Organisations of Corfu.

The Corfu Panto Group, puts on a yearly Pantomime at the Civic Theatre Corfu, everyone involved works really hard to give a great performance, raising money for The Special Educational Workshop of Melissa.

The 100+ Club supports Charities of Corfu the100plusclub@groups.facebook.com
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**C
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Overlooking the Sea Walls and beautiful ambience

CAN WE FIND A FOSTER HOME FOR THIS DOG?

PADDY is a sweet natured pointer with a calm temperament; 4/5years old and in very urgent need of help.

Like so many other abandoned/mistreated animals, he's been struggling to survive on the streets for years but, unfortunately, while trying to defend his female companion from four 'randy' dogs all trying to mount her whilst she was in 'season', he was attacked by these dogs and sustained serious wounds to his back. He had been hospitalized for almost two weeks now and, after the best of care, he is well on the road to a good recovery but the vets advise he should not be returned to the streets. He already has arthritis in his two front elbows and this is being treated with pain relief.

After various tests it was discovered he is suffering from 'Heartworm' and must be treated immediately. This treatment can take up to three months altogether and we are appealing for a kind-hearted Foster Parent for this period of time so this dear, gentle dog can be given the chance to live again! He mixes well with other dogs/ cats.

The vets have been wonderful in providing their best professional care, free of charge, for the past two weeks but cannot finance the cost of the Heartworm treatment or his accommodation. We must look towards trying to raise funds from our caring animal lovers. I know this is a regular request, especially when times are not easy financially, but I do know that if you are able you will donate as much as you can afford. I assure you every cent will be appreciated and put to the best use.

Thank you all for caring, Lucy Steele, M.B.E.

You can contact me on the details shown below:

Mobile: **6975 833654** Email address: chez_lui@otenet.gr



Bears all the hallmarks...? Contributed by Hussain al-Bretani



What threat is Russia to Britain, exactly? Its tiny economy is smaller than Italy's. Its nearest border is some 1,500 miles from Kent. Its armed forces are a shadow of their former might (which always was based on manpower, mainly from the now-independent '-stan' states, rather than on decent equipment). Its naval flagship is a rust-bucket aircraft carrier that invariably travels with a tug, on the basis that it will probably break down. Britain has no colonial disputes with Russia, little trade, no overlapping geo-political interests. There's not even a 'cold war' anymore.

So why is Britain - nowadays a rather unimportant country - poking the Russian bear?

We are still in the middle of escalating events proceeding from Salisbury, where a expatriate Russian father and his visiting daughter, plus a local policeman, were allegedly poisoned by a chemical agent. (Some of my speculations below may be clarified by the time you read this; if so, I apologise.)

The British Government states that the incident 'bears all the hallmarks' of an attack by the 'regime' of Putin. What are those 'hallmarks', then? No-one is telling us. As far as I can see, the 'hallmarks' are: Ex-spy from Russia dies, circumstances not explained, so them Russkies must of dunnit it, guv. That is the entire extent of their argument. And yet, that small progression of non-logic seems to be drawing us into possible conflict with the world's biggest - by size - country.

OK, maybe Putin's lot DID do it. But why would they, and in this crude way? They held Skripal in prison for several years before he was released, pardoned, in a prisoner exchange. If they had at any time wanted a revenge killing, why not get rid of him - very easily and anonymously - during that period? Or, if they suddenly wished him dead, why kill him using this convoluted, over-the-top method that would (if it were they) be

immediately traced to Russia? Why would they target a exchange prisoner in the first place, thereby endangering every future spy swap?

So let's look at some possible alternative scenarios:

1) The Russian State, or Russians, did it, but not on Putin's orders. The Russian State is huge and not centralised, comprising many autonomous departments and agencies not necessarily under Putin's direct control. Maybe one of these, or a figure within one of them acting on his own, did it. Or, because an ex-spy and double agent like Skripal is unlikely to be an upright and honest bloke, maybe he fell out with a McMafia colleague over some murky deal made since his arrival in Britain.

2) It was a false flag perpetrated by the British government or by a third party. We all know that false flag incidents are implemented to bring about certain outcomes that without the spun incident would not be tolerated (Pearl Harbour, Gulf of Tonkin, WMD in Iraq etc). What could that outcome be? Well, demonisation of Russia is already underway, with European countries expelling diplomats right, left and centre, and threatening the closure of Putin's media arm, Russia Today, as well as sanctions. This is just an escalation, though, towards an end-game: NATO and EU expansion east (i.e. 'Lebensraum' for German interests). It is possible the poisoning scenario might have been engineered in advance of a future move against Russia in eastern Ukraine, in order to secure international and domestic support against that nasty Putin. Russia has already called the response a 'grand international provocation'. NATO, in case anyone has forgotten, was created to counter perceived Soviet Union aggression against Western Europe. The Soviet Union, and its own treaty organisation the Warsaw Pact, have not existed for 27 years. So why does NATO still exist? Could it be to keep the Military-Industrial Complex, and all its employees, in business? A giant job-creation, money-grabbing project? Could it be a coincidence that Porton Down, which just happens to be the centre of British chemical warfare, is seven miles from Salisbury? The chemical agent that was blamed may well have been manufactured in a Russian laboratory, but it could have arrived at Ground Zero by way of an indirect route. And the formula of the alleged agent is neither unique nor secret.

Continued on Page 27

*Bears all the hallmarks...?
Continued from Page 26*

3) Something much worse happened, and a chemical agent was blamed instead. It is interesting that a completely unconnected but concurrent article quoted Cambridge Analytica (yes, that lot) of boasting that their disinformation arm is so effective that if smallpox broke out in Britain, they could spin it so that everyone would believe it was a gas leak. Do you think the British government could not, and would not, do the same in such circumstances? Better to feed the populace a poisoning story than to provoke a national panic break-out by telling the awful truth. Anyway, what was all that sealing of venues by workers in full hazmat kit? Chemical agents are very volatile and quickly disperse, even with a bit of rain. Just put a power-hose to it. Another indicator concerns the poisoning of the policeman, who we are told picked it up (whatever it was) at the Skripal home. Why, then, seal off the restaurant, the pub, the cemetery and the park, if they evidently weren't 'poisoned' there?

4) It never happened. Skripal and his daughter were 'crisis actors' who were instructed to arrange themselves, slumping and irresponsive, on the park bench. Ambulances took them away: Act One over. See above, false flag. Anyone who thinks this is impossible should wonder why we have not seen a single photograph of the Skripals (or indeed the

policeman) in hospital, when we were treated to image after image of the polonium-poisoned spy Litvenenko on his death-bed every time an article appeared. Maybe you think this is in bad taste (as I do), but in that case why no pic of the policeman, who we were told early on was sitting up and out of danger? This is suspicious.

British politicians may be pygmies, but the immediate and hysterical finger-pointing at Russia - with no considered pause, no space to give Russia time to respond, no facts nor proof - contravenes:

* The principle of Presumption of Innocence that used to be a cornerstone of English law. No person nor state is obliged to prove innocence; it is up to the other party to provide evidence of GUILT.

* The protocols of International Law that require, before accusations are made, an official bilateral inquiry to be dispatched to the suspect country to find out facts and establish blame, or otherwise.

Either May, Johnson, and that small boy Gavin who runs Defence, as well as every single one of the other politicians, are thick, inept and ignorant, or there is something else going on. You decide.

BESPOKE PROPERTY

Group 1: Villa Daphne new build Agios Ioannis

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.



A sweep of Bi folding doors



First land carving



Patio being laid

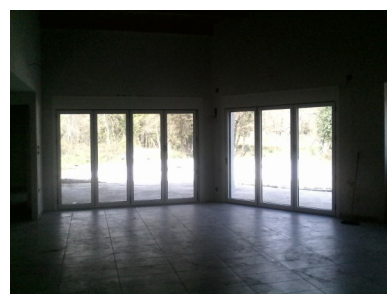


Solid timber back door



Solid timber front door
<

To stroll out to a pool
>



Group 2 a Restoration to beauty



A ruin to save



A Townhouse to be made fine



A well for TLC



Attention to doors



Begging for mercy



Faded beauty



Maybe a mow



Old sheds to be reborn



Out with the old



The property has two wells, both workable
<

Group 3 Improving a home of a few years of age



Solar Panels
on older
house
<

We employ
groovy
dancing
workers
>



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 30

*Corfu Trail Properties & Ocaj property
Continued from Page 29*

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.

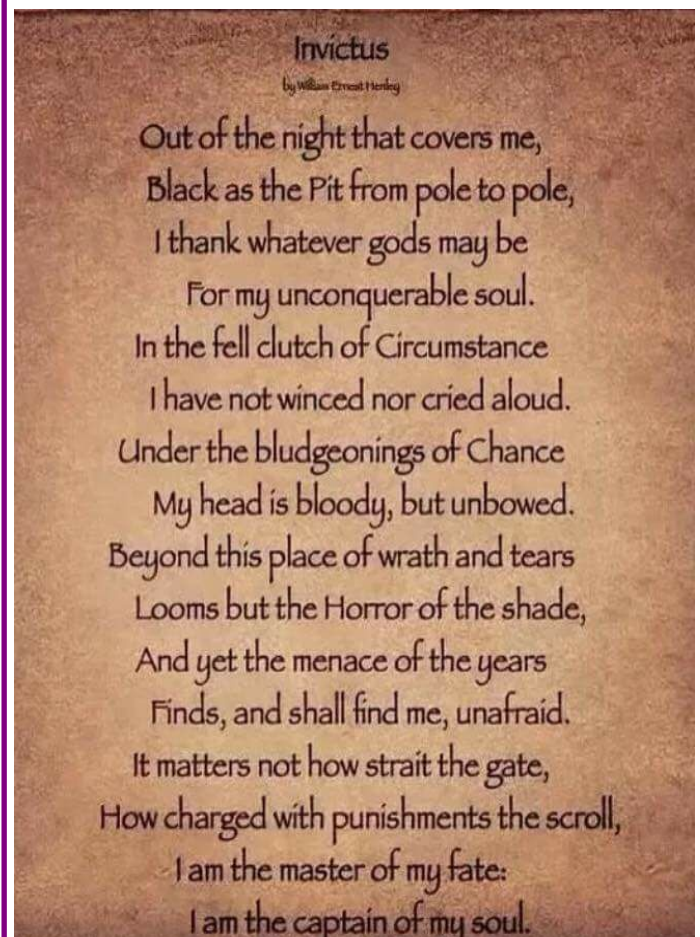
Resident on the Corfu Trail

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/corfutrailproperties/>

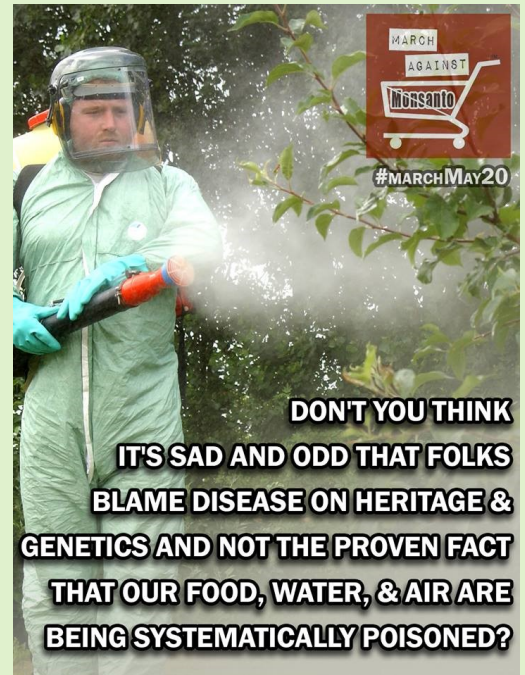
Invictus by William Ernest Henley



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



'Green-island'



DON'T YOU THINK IT'S SAD AND ODD THAT FOLKS BLAME DISEASE ON HERITAGE & GENETICS AND NOT THE PROVEN FACT THAT OUR FOOD, WATER, & AIR ARE BEING SYSTEMATICALLY POISONED?



Feta is Greece's most famous cheese and according to many recent reports from dieticians and doctors around the globe, it's also the healthiest cheese in the world.



DID YOU KNOW?

ThinkingHumanity.com



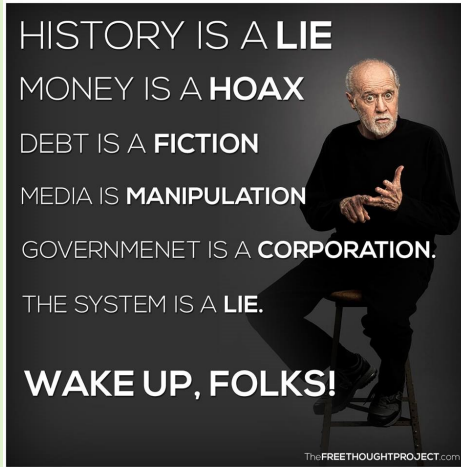
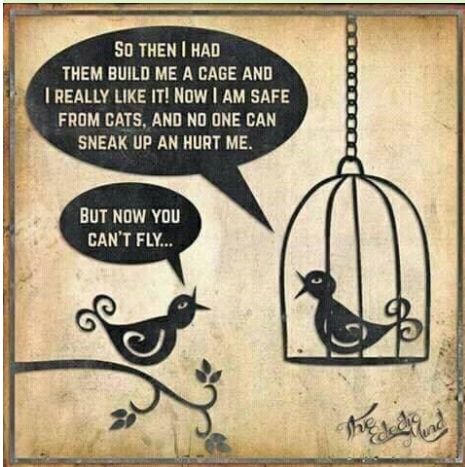
Penguins have been known to push a fellow penguin into the water to check if the area is safe and free of predators.

Continued on Page 32



Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 31



PLEASE DON'T CALL ME A WEED. AND IF YOU COULD ALSO STOP USING THAT AWFUL ROUNDUP STUFF ON ME, THAT WOULD BE NICE TOO.

6 REASONS DANDELIONS DON'T DESERVE TO BE CALLED A WEED

01. First food for bees in the spring.
02. Can be a source of rubber.
03. Roots make a decent coffee substitute.
04. Contain compounds with curative properties.
05. Can be made into soup, salad and jam. Dandelion leaves are high in vitamin A, vitamin C and iron, with more iron and calcium than spinach.
06. Dandelion is a traditional ingredient of root beer.

www.gmofreeusa.org
www.facebook.com/gmofreeusa
www.facebook.com/gmofreecanadagroup



Elon Musk to open Tesla R&D plant in Greece

Billionaire entrepreneur's electric car company to set up engineering facility in Athens

Elon Musk may have plans to [colonise Mars](#) but back on planet Earth he is extending his reach to Athens, by opening an engineering facility called Tesla Greece.

Musk's [electric car business](#) is an unsung success story for the Greek diaspora, with three of Tesla's top designers boasting degrees from the National Technical University of Athens. Tesla's plans for the country have such "game-changing potential" that the head of the Hellenic Entrepreneurs' Association, Vasilis Apostolopoulos, has pledged to hand over his own industrial plant for free as a testing ground for new products.

Addressing delegates at the annual Delphi economic forum, Apostolopoulos said: "I have personally emailed Musk to welcome Tesla Greece ... and to say that for the next 10 years I will give, at zero cost to his company, my group's own industrial plant outside Corinth so that [Greece](#) can be on the frontline of global innovation.

Describing the move as a "vote of confidence" in the debt-stricken country, Apostolopoulos, who is chief executive

of the Athens Medical Group, a leading private healthcare provider, said he was also prepared to offer full medical coverage for a year to all of [Tesla](#) Greece's staff members and international staff visiting the country on company business.

"It is the least we can do to thank and welcome Mr Musk's vote of confidence in Hellenic business, research and technology," he told the Guardian.

Outside the UK, the Netherlands and Germany, the electric car manufacturer has no presence in Europe. Its Greek office is expected to attract at least 50 engineers to run a research and development centre out of the state-run Demokritos Centre for Scientific Research. The centre is expected to act as a base for southeast [Europe](#). "Greece has a strong electric motor engineering talent, and technical universities offering tailored programmes and specialised skills for electric motor technology," a spokesperson told Electrek, a US news website.

It is understood that Tesla's three Greek designers – principal motor designer Konstantinos Laskaris; motor design engineer Konstantinos Bourchas; and staff motor design engineer Vasilis Papanikolaou – are preparing to move back to Athens under the company's plans. Demokritos has welcomed the news. "We are very happy to receive all the talented engineers who are returning to work beside us," it said in a statement.

Village and Island News



I was outfoxed -again- one day in March- by my clever father-in-law!

I'm on my way out of the village on the way to an appointment not so far away when he intercepts me-again-outside the tiny kitchen. Warily, I approach. Must seize the initiative. Methinks, 'Mmm, early for this appointment by a good half hour and it's only two minutes down the road. If he offers me a glass of wine, this time I'll accept.'

Normally, I refuse during the days, as my village encounters with him are usually when I'm on some job or other. So, lurking hopefully for a dream of his latest fine batch, it's pleasing as he approaches, enquires after my sprained foot and says, 'Do you want abanana?'

Thirty years here, living just down the road from him and I've never heard that one before. God, he's tricky!

It was on this same day that our son, Kostas, got married in Tokyo. His new bride is named Ai. So, she must be meant for us; Ai to AI [Agiōs Ioānannis]. His Mum cries a little today, not for the wedding, but because she cannot be there with him.

Our other son goes and returns within a few days to a holiday accommodation Trade Fair in Moscow, which city impresses him greatly.

I'm in the lounge one afternoon with his daughter. She has a new little set of Snakes and Ladders and I'm trying to show her the rudiments. I showed her

the die, after first getting her to choose a colour. 'Black,' says she, in passable English. I got green and won the toss, threw a five. Very slowly, I point out the five spots on the die and count the squares out to demonstrate. Help her to shake and throw for the first time, then holding her little hand slowly move it round the board the appropriate number of squares. Suddenly, she hi-jacks this operation, tugs her hand out and moves the piece round the board herself, declaring, 'One, Two, Three, Six, Eight, Ten.' Need some work on this one.

Very sad to report the untimely death of local resident Nicos Vogels, [66], from a heart attack. He came every year to the Carols at Villa Theodora, with his wife Ana. Our respects and commiserations go to her at this sad time.

In the midst of death... the village and island throw off the pall of winter, welcoming the first direct flights for the new summer. Yesterday was Palm Sunday, and today is the first day of the month and the start of 'Big Week' on the island, which will wrestle and grown under the weight of the new numbers flooding its shores. The party has begun.

Keep Talking Greece

Greek News in English, Blog,

Greek police has arrested a 36-year-old Pakistani national on Monday for the stabbing of a British expat living on the island of Corfu on Saturday. The perpetrator had stabbed the 51-year-old expat allegedly suspecting he had an affair with his former girl friend. He had beaten the woman before stabbing the man. According to some media, the woman was a British national, some other claim she was also a Pakistani.

Police had launched a manhunt to catch the perpetrator. Authorities are to raise charges for attempted murder, causing of bodily harm and illegal weapon possession. The man has been arrested in the past for drugs possession.

The Pakistani reportedly went late on Saturday to the expat's home in the village Kato Korakiana in the North-West of the island. There he found the woman from whom he had recently separated.

He beat the woman, had a quarrel with the 51-year-old British national and stabbed him three times in the abdomen with a kitchen knife. Right after the attacks, he fled.

The bleeding Briton managed to walk to a neighbor's house and ask for help.

He underwent a long surgery in a local hospital, where he remains in the Intensive Care Unit. His life is not at risk. Also the woman was transferred to the hospital, having suffered injuries and bruises from the beating.

Continued on Page 34

Village and Island News - Continued from Page 33

Around Agios



Are we bovvered



Greek economy bad as man reduced to foraging for breakfast



He's been this way before



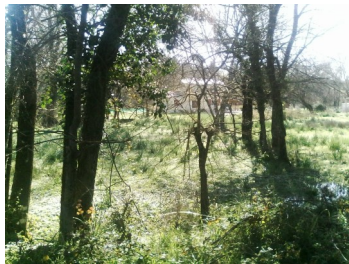
It chucked it down some days



Left hooker with GB plates rare!



Jessie is looking pretty happy with the rest of The Gingers



Our valley at dawn



Rare photo of Sleeping Enemies



The man in the red car sits there every Suda lunch playing his sounds

On the site of the former Chandris Hotel Dasia



Village and Island News
Continued from Page 34

Around The Island



Imposing view of the entrance & ramparts of the ancient fortress which is located above Kassiopi harbour.

<

By Mike Pilley



A Pub Too Far



All in a row



Ipsos Harbour

<



A quiet March morning



An unaware hunter



Spring has arrived



The unwanted alley



A unique slant on our market
by Dick Mulder



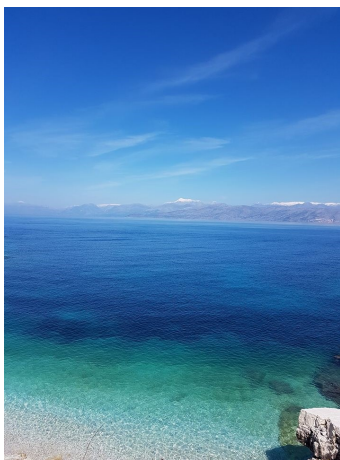
An unaware hunter



The practical alley



Threatening skies near
Sinarades



A view of Albania by Sue
Bedford



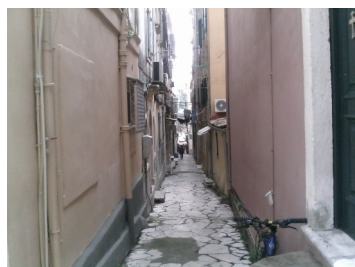
Garitsa dream leaves



The still streets of Corfu town



Works at Garitsa bay

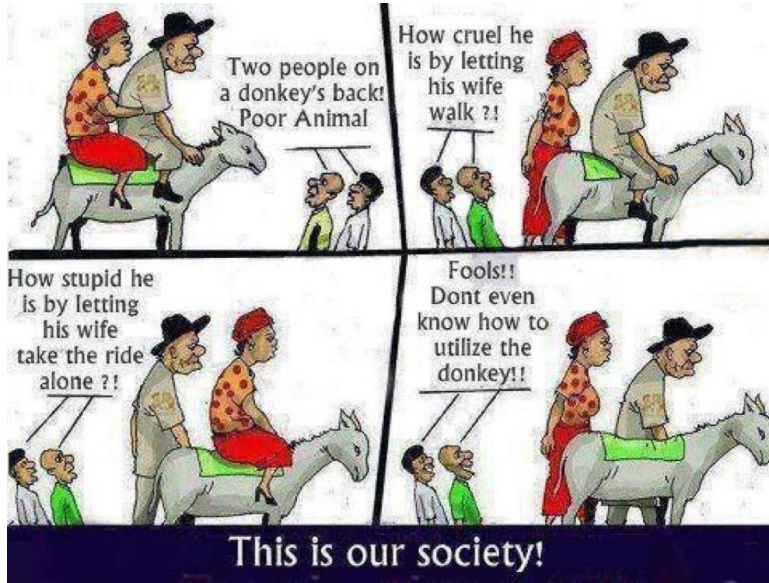


He walks to his taverna

Continued on Page 36

Village and Island News - Continued from Page 35

The photo represents an Englishman's point of view.



Below is a point of view from, from Δήμος Πρασος of Corfu

These two are the two old man making comments at the muppet show , this is not our society. most of our society try for peace , development and holidays free time. Some try to persuade the opposite . Lets ask the donkey how he feels and what he wants to do. my opinion is that at all the pictures he does what he wants, he is the boss. we all know what a donkey can do or not if he does not want.

The Way Things Are and Were



Beryl, F. A. & Connie



Freddie Alexander, 4 Generations

Clarke Corner

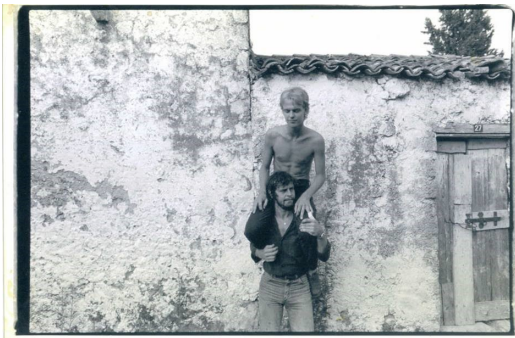
Tony Clarke and family from Yorkshire.

They have only visited once so far, but keep regularly in touch with the village.



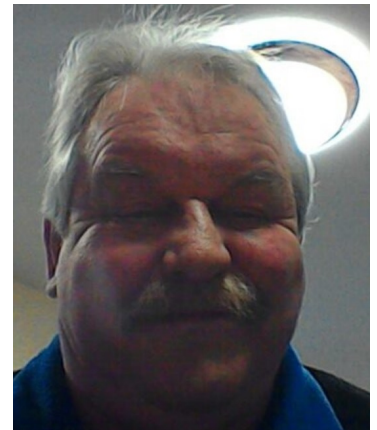
Beryl & Freddie Alexander

The Way Things Are and Were—Continued from Page 36



Agiots through
and through
Lennart and
Gordon
<

Gordon McCabe
>



Far away places - Now and Then and Here and There



*A wee walk +4c maybe spring after all from
Sweden*



Deadwood, USA, 1876
<



WWII German Girls Athletic
Club



Female Snipers of the 3rd Shock
Army, 1st Belorussian Front - 775
confirmed kills in one photograph,
1945



The day when nationwide
alcohol ban was repealed,
December 5th 1933



Tokyo National History Museum