

# The Agiot

140th Edition



*Kouloura*



## This Month

Cover Photo.

Page 1

Village and Island Reflections.

Pages 2-5

Agiotfest 2019.

Pages 6-9

Simon's World.

Pages 10-11

Beach Rats.

Page 11

Effrosyni Writes.

Pages 12-13

OCA Y Property.

Page 13

Corfu Trail Properties.

Page 14

Victoria Drew.

Page 15

OCA Y Villas.

Page 16

Hilary's Ramblings.

Pages 17-19

Dreams of Marble.

Page 19

This is Rubbish.

Page 20

Gooner's Gags.

Pages 21-22

Nature.

Page 23

Letters to the Editor.

Page 24

Weather.

Page 25

Aunty Lula's Love-Bites.

Page 25

Tickle ties the knot.

Page 26

Pine Leaves.

Page 26

Tracey's Tips.

Page 27

Bespoke Property .

Page 28

Video Plus Corner.

Page 29

A Poem.

Page 29

Opinion - Australia..

Page 29

Advertising.

Pages 30-32

Nick the Clock's World.

Pages 33-35

The Way Things Are and Were.

Page 36

Corfu Monthly News.

Page 36

# Village and Island Reflections

May was famous for its very un-Corfu weather, which you may judge from the weather report herein.

There was a temptation to light stoves at times, though it was avoided out of custom.

A lot of work is on for us right now, combined with the advent of the Agiotfest, the arrival of Corfu visiting friends old and new, the usual 'mad side' of our village life, and the rustic swirl of summer in Agios, even though it did rain a lot.



Birthday boy



Think tank at Paul Grove's bash

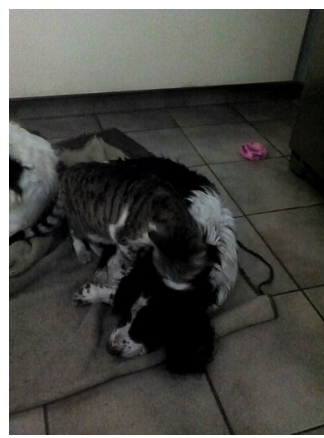
Lula made one of her regular Court appearances during the month; she should definitely have been a Lawyer. She has also been busy helping our daughter-in-law Ai, with the reams of red tape required to make her immigration here, this summer, a success.

We went to a lovely party at Sonia's house one evening, notable for her singing and playing for us and the warmth of the hosts and party.

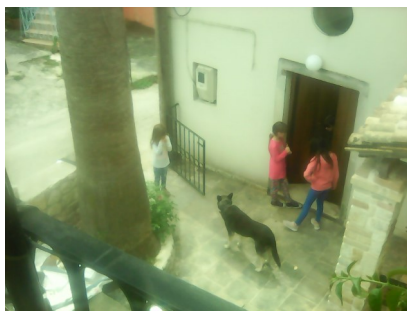
As the rain continued, the society and the workload all got jumbled up in a continuum. It is certainly never, ever boring. Sometimes I crave boredom!



Brother and sister



Keep still



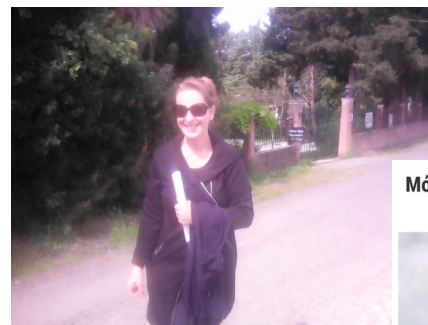
Can we come in to play



Georgie Porgy

Little girls are always a feature of our home life right now. Invasions of merry gigglers are the norm. The new little boy in the family-Georgie Porgy- must, on occasion, wonder what is going on. Sometimes these monkeys escape as far as the church and, one day, managed to scale the lower roof. Visiting Silke, our little Dutch miss on holiday, managed to coax them down without mishap.

At the Little Fish restaurant in Garitsa bay, Agiot veteran Paul Grove threw a little birthday party, which we were very pleased to attend. But it was cold enough to escape the terrace for the cosy interior.



courtesy Anne Sordinas

Born and bred Agiot girl

<

Μόνο στην Κέρκυρα συμβαίνουν αυτά!



Gazing to sea

<



*Village and Island Reflections - Continued from Page 2*

Anna enters politics around this time so, nepotism being a southern European word, it befalls on us to vote for her. This is done in much confusion and paper everywhere around the polling booths, as thick as snow.

Then there was Kostas's name day, another excuse for the entire island to grind to a halt. It didn't stop our Albanian stonemasons from balancing the scales by working fast and furious on our Barbati wall.



*Anfield Valley Agios Ioannis*



*A small invasion from Aqualand*



*Will they win?*



*Yes they will*



*It was worth the wait*

>

Amid the elections and the two European football finals-screened in the square at Agios- not to mention those other elections further north; I said not to mention those- arrived at Villa Theodora our dear old chums Slap and Tickle, with their sweet little Emily. Slap and Tickle had their honeymoon in Villa Theodora-by Travel Agent mistake- seventeen years ago. They come every couple of years or so to check on our madness. Here comes another veteran Agiot to visit; dear Gordon. It was good to catch up with him.



*Best of pals*

>

Village and Island Reflections - Continued from Page 3



*Cold beach who cares?*  
<

*Fun times*  
>



*Good ship Theodora*

*Today has a Nautical flavour*  
>



*Black Rose pirate ship by Ian Fern*



*We don't care if it's cold*  
<



*Avast me Hearties by Edita Kachlova*

And with the Tickers, on a weather day of inclemency, we had one of those beautiful times that Corfu nurtures. Never mind the rain, never mind the queues in the town for car slots. Never mind the long faces seen from time to time. Down at Faliraki we sat to our lunch half in and half out of the rain under a large parasol, much to the concerned amusement of the proprietor. As the rain splashed about and a pirate ship sailed by Danae managed to press the release catch of the parasol, which gently closed upon itself, entombing her and her Nana, whilst the rest of us fell about; Slap was in tears of laughter, as were the rest of us.

We were loath to leave here in a hurry so a kind waitress brought blankets for our little girls to cosy beneath. Afterwards, we went souvenir shopping in the lanes, where one was able to purchase such things as a small ice cream.

The month ended with Mezes and Music in the courtyard of the Holy Trinity Church. The food was excellent, the musicians seriously good-they will be at the Agiotfest. And, it didn't rain.

But it was cold as the sun went down.

Village and Island Reflections - Continued from Page 4



A local mini market with bar in Agii Deki



Agius Martinos



At Silvaland



Gentle does it



Colourful dreams! Agios Stefanos Avlioton by Taxi driver Kontogeorgis



Courtesy of Corfu Blue



by Danijela Krstić



All the colours of a Rainbow Courtesy Dick Mulder



Kuzina tis mamas one of those restaurants where you can have a great meal for a fair price.



Our beautiful town courtesy Corfu Town



Courtesy Steve Ford



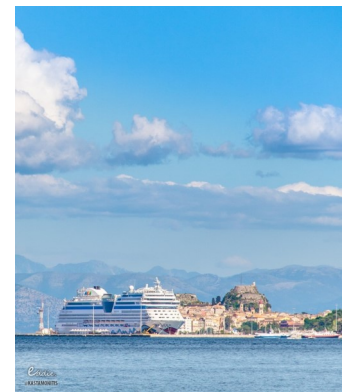
Makrades by Sue Alexander



Porta Remounda



Sunrise Moraitika Courtesy Linda Cooke



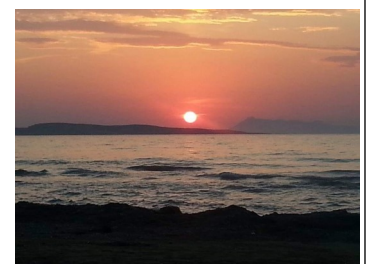
Season of the cruise ship



One of the smallest monasteries of the island, Agios Arsenios



The display on 21st May above Corfu Town for the celebrations. Courtesy George Gasteratos <



Thanks to Mandy Lockett



**11TH FANTASTIC YEAR**

**CORFU'S BRIGHTEST MUSIC CELEBRATION**

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**AUGUST BLACK STRAT BAND**  
**30TH STUART CRAIG BAND**  
**TOWER**  
**WILSON'S JEWELS**

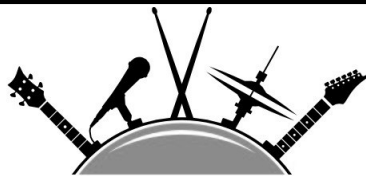
**SATURDAY NEVER THE BRIDE**  
**AUGUST RAINBOW GIRLS**  
**31ST 7 MILE LIMIT**  
**GEORGE GAKIS' BEATLES ANTHOLOGY**  
**PIGMAN & THE RUBBER BAND**  
**SONIA GRAMMATIKOU**

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**agiotfest 2019**

**AUGUST 30TH AND  
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AGIOS IOANNIS,  
CORFU**



*Bus in for free*

**There will be FREE buses to and from Agiotfest this year on Saturday, the 31st. They will travel in from;**

**Sidari  
Messonghi  
Ag. Giordis  
Corfu Town**

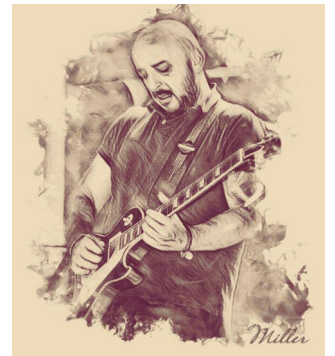
**ROUTES AND TIMETABLES  
PUBLISHED LATER.**



*Always smiling at Agiotfest*

**FRIDAY  
NIGHT  
LINEUP**

**WILSON'S  
JEWELS  
TOWER  
STUART  
CRAIG BAND  
BLACK STRAT BAND  
GEORGE GAKIS**



*Featuring Pink Floyd*

**TRIBUTES TO  
AC/DC  
LED ZEPHLIN  
ZZ TOP  
JOE BONAMASSA  
STEVIE RAY VAUGHN  
PINK FLOYD  
DOORS  
AND OTHERS**



*The Pimpernel*

Agiotfest 19 - Continued from Page 7

## SATURDAY NIGHT LINEUP



**SONIA  
GRAMMATIKOU**

**PIGMAN AND THE RUBBER  
BAND**

**GEORGE GAKIS  
[BEATLE ANTHOLOGY]**

**7 MILE LIMIT**

**RAINBOW GIRLS**  
[https://www.youtube.com/  
watch?v=XSgys9NSdWs](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XSgys9NSdWs)

**NEVER THE BRIDE**



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Considering the pricing, it is 10 per person per day for the Dormitories, with full access to everything around the camp, 8 for the tipis, and 5 for

the tents, with full access everywhere, respectively. RING [0030 6974932408] TO RESERVE YOUR PLACES]

[Stephen Piper](#) recommends [Fest Camp Corfu](#):  
"Brilliantly run festival by lovely people!"

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Ecopoint - (Natty Katehi) -  
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## Ticket Prices

PRICE ADULT 1 DAY: 15 EUROS

ADULT 2 DAY: 25 EUROS



# AGIOTFEST SPONSORS

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**Sally's Bar**



**FESTCAMP**  
**Agios Ioannis, Corfu**

**Information:**  
**(0030) 6983751664**

### *Including:*

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
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|---|--|--|

# Simon's World



Lying to children is so wrong and such fun (:)). I have made great play with stories of vampires during walks in town and country with my grandson. I've left out the stakes and beheadings, but Ollie (7) knows all about garlic's use as a preventative. My son-in-law reported that Ollie had been secreting cloves (from our allotment where he'd helped harvest them) all over their house and would I 'go easy on vampires'. Around a year ago I was answering Ollie's question about how vampires 'get about in the day' and mentioned how they have 'helpers' who put earth from Transylvania in a box and carry the vampire in its box to where it wishes to stay. "Granpa! Are you making this up?" "Yes, of course" I admit, after a pause, thinking 'the fun's over he's developed a sense for fake news (which is good)'. Quick as a flash he says "Can we make up some more?"



*Oliver and Simon*

My road is a country road gnarled by irregular repairs, with cracks from roasting that run in the direction of travel and a continuous winding four-inch scar after the laying of WIFI cable. Lined with holly oak, cypress, olive, oak and eucalyptus trees, some wrapped in ivy, its verges brim with wild flowers, hiding occasional plastic bottles, cigarette cartons, soft drink cans. The working land may once have been part of great estates, but wasn't subject to enclosure, when, in England, swathes of land were hedged from the commons by farmers. It's piecemeal - the remains of a busy pastoral economy in which everyone but a few were country people. No hedges. Those are reserved for private gardens. Rather an ever-shifting mix of makeshift fences - chicken wire, chain link and barbed wire held by metal posts, palettes, an occasional bedstead, wood nailed to posts - made discreet by burgeoning greenery. Gulleys, leading to culverts and small winterbournes in the dips make edges beside the road. On some roads there are no fences, just clumps of unmown verge, bamboos, long grasses, sprinkled with corn cockle, vetch, daisy, nettles and crabby grass. Lin and I made up a shopping list - box of wine, eggs, butter, mince, village sausages, mushrooms, potatoes, onions, carrots, crabsticks, margarine, sweet corn. I walk my bicycle down the path from our house to National Opposition Street. By the bus stop I turn the bike upside down and examine the tyres for embedded thorns from the plants on the path that produce seeds like caltrops - *tribulus terrestris*. We call them 'yellow perils'. I use a hard brush and the tip of my penknife to ease out suspects and find none. I ride eastwards to the hairpin bend on the edge of the village, that leads south from the road to Ag Markos, freewheeling swiftly to Athanassios Street, taking the short cut that passes the olive oil works to barking dog corner and the old main road from the village to town. This road has no steep slopes until Ag Vassilis when it descends to the main road between Corfu Town and Paleokastritsa. I'm heading for the supermarket at Tzavros.

*Continued on Page 11*

*Simon's World - Continued from Page 10*

I pedal by Luna D'Argento, night club converted to apartments and the gate to Sally's stables where I took our grandchildren riding, on past Stamatti's joinery workshop and up a slight hill before descending to the T-junction that leads down to Kato Korakiana and the sea. I continue through the hamlet of Ag Vassilis. The clouds above are starting to drop rain. At the hamlet of Gazatika the rain increases. I find an open garage and shelter opposite an empty house. A few cars drive by swishing on the wet road. Swallows settle on an electric cable over the way and preen fussily under the rain. I see no-one. The rain rattles louder on the corrugated roof of the garage, lessens and pauses. There are good things. I'm working through the recovered footage of old 'Out of Town' location film - 16mm reverse negative colour film 40 years old and more, synchronised with 1/4" reel-to-reel sound tape of my stepfather's commentaries, digitised, colour restored - I bought here on a solid state hard drive. Where we have only Jack's recorded voice because the old studio video recording tapes cost so much they got reused, I am filling in, to be filmed in June and July by Paul Vanezis to make the next Out of Town DVD box set. I must digest the spirit of my stepfather's words before the start of the location films. It scares me yet I recognise a necessary process of rumination and procrastination.

The unusual grey weather that lingers across the southern Mediterranean is, here, the village's pall. The worst possible thing that could happen is to lose an only child. The grass on the path to her grave is flattened by daily visits - toys, a hundred fresh flowers, a kite, small heaps of arranged pebbles. Beside that a couple of cancers, a pair of unexpected and irreparable separations goes almost unmentioned but that it makes this weather, especially in the mornings, dispiriting.

We had elections, local and European, in Ano Korakiana but where before the village website would list the results of the polls the village 'diary' now remains unentered but for an epitaph. How could TS muster the spirit to continue to tell the village story after this? I learned from talking to FM, our mayor who has striven hard for the village, sorting out street lighting, leading neighbours in keeping the village waste sorted and removed without mess, arranging

the collection of weekly trash from homes without cars, pushing for a village recycling area near the football pitch now being laid out in full working order below the village. He told me, only just now, that he would be Mayor for 3 more months, but that the vote had been 430 for him to stay and 435 for a new Mayor. "Five votes" he said, holding up his hand. "Just five". He is working on Pappa Evthokimos' house in the village just opposite what was Stamatis' Piatsa Bar. That's now closed. The Papas is parking his car where we and others sat to drink and chat.

Ed: For fuller appreciation of Simon's fine blog please visit:

[https://democracystreet.blogspot.com/2019/05/cycling-to-places.html?fbclid=IwAR0vaDH5lxV-qM5bFfN7RSrsxJP05byK3E\\_XitrqvcYb5iITe1n0LUNdK00](https://democracystreet.blogspot.com/2019/05/cycling-to-places.html?fbclid=IwAR0vaDH5lxV-qM5bFfN7RSrsxJP05byK3E_XitrqvcYb5iITe1n0LUNdK00)

Here you can see a short video of he and Lin descending in their plane to Corfu.

## Beach Rats



A Summer Diary  
by Lili Gabbiano

### DAY 7, April 5

This is me speaking:

'Yes, but you like talking with them, meeting them, having discussions.

Business talks are what you enjoy.'

This is Miky answering:

'You are asking me what I like'.

Nothing of this.

'The only thing I want is to go on the beach. Pick up my coffee somewhere and go on the beach.

Sit there the whole day, relax, think, swim, chill, watch you fishing or whatever you want to do there.

And then go for an after beach drink somewhere.'

Nobody could say, what are you saying,

In such an ecological and definite way.



## Article for Novel Kicks about Corfu



My love affair with Corfu began when I was only a child. Ever since I was about five years old, my Corfiot grandparents used to have me over for long periods every summer, first in Corfu town, then in the village of Moraitika.

Moraitika is situated on the southeast coast of the island between Benitses and the port of Lefkimmi. Back in the 1980s, Moraitika was a bustling holiday spot. My family ran both a souvenir shop and a small business of room rentals at the time, which meant I had plenty of opportunities to mingle with tourists on a daily basis, Brits mostly.

My sister and I often spent three-month holidays in Moraitika as youngsters, where we helped our grandmother with the cleaning of the rented rooms. Yet, there was always time for plenty of swimming and sunbathing, as well as for having fun in the evenings with a host of cousins and friends. This time of my life remains the most precious I hold in my heart, and this is even more so the case now that my grandparents have passed away.



The latter is set in Messonghi and features an evil witch that dwells in a cave on the aforementioned mountain. The heroine of the story, Lizzie, is an English girl who watched, helpless, as her twin brother was snatched before her eyes by the witch when they first holidayed in Corfu at the age of twelve. Now, twenty years later, Lizzie returns on the island determined to get her brother back. When she sees him again, she receives the shock of her life. And, in the process of her intrepid attempts to free him from the clutches of the witch, she makes new friends and allies including a charming widower who steals her heart. Her growing fondness for him only complicates her life even further...

The inspiration behind this original tale came to me unexpectedly one blissful morning in the summer of 2016. As I swam in Messonghi, I grew all the more enchanted by the up-close view to the mountain. My mind filled with thoughts while I absorbed its beauty and magnificence and I wondered, 'What if it's not all good? What if a terrible evil lurked in its depths?' All at once, Phoni, the witch, sprang out from my head and dived into the sea beside me to have a chat... The rest, as they say, is history.

The river photo and the beach photos are from Messonghi, the houses are at Moraitika.

*Effrosyni Writes - Continued from Page 12*

Being an avid blogger, and seeing that Moraitika and Messonghi are my favourite corners of the world, I wound up recommending these places for a beach holiday to people from all over the world. I would love to hear from you (on my site or on Facebook ideally!) if you've been to Corfu or plan to visit it.

For more info on the villages of Moraitika and Messonghi, visit my online guide. It contains a wealth of photos, and information for fun things to do in the area: <http://effrosyniwrites.com/your-guide-to-moraitika-corfu/>

*Effrosyni Moschoudi was born and raised in*



*Athens, Greece. As a child, she loved to sit alone in her garden scribbling rhymes about flowers, butterflies and ants. Today, she writes novels for the romantic at heart. She lives in a quaint seaside town near Athens with her husband Andy. Her mind forever drifts to her beloved island of Corfu.*

Check out Effrosyni's books: <http://effrosyniwrites.com/books/>

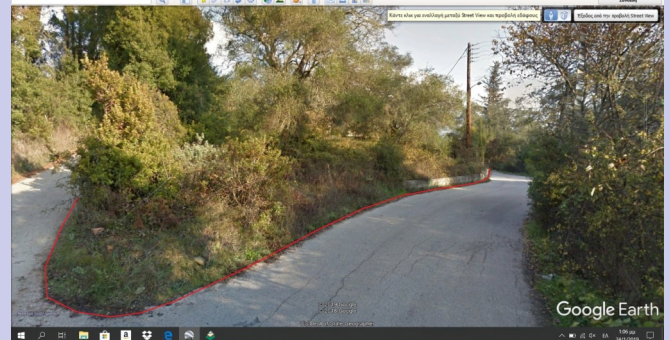
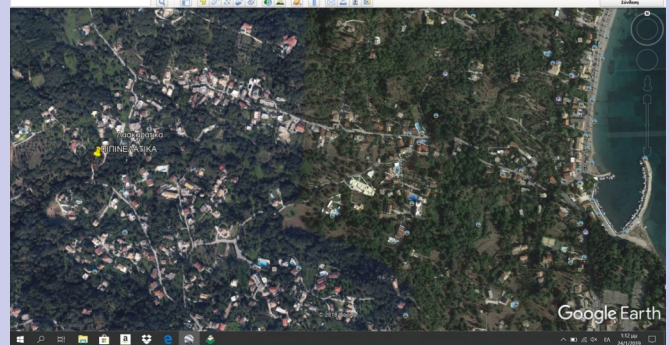
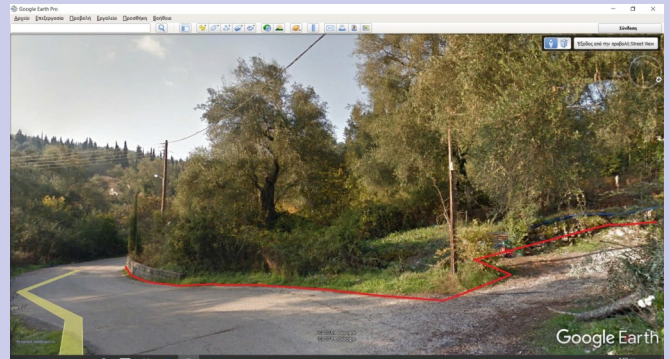
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# Corfu Trail Properties - Breaking the Barriers

By Hilary Paipeti

I USED TO BE IN RECEIPT OF A TRADE MAGAZINE CALLED 'TOURISM AND PROPERTY', in Greek and English. One month's edition put shivers up my spine... it had a huge section devoted to press releases from construction companies announcing their plans to build massive hotel and residential developments all over the country.

Spain in particular has learned the hard way that going down this road is short-term profitable (at least for the companies involved), but long-term ruinous. Of course, the Spanish, being the first Med country to go this way, didn't know that at the time - but tourism destinations that developed later should have been able to learn from earlier mistakes. It seems Greece cannot.

You can go anywhere in the world and stay in giga-size tourism complexes, with everything you need on site. As we now know well, they usually function as all-inclusives, so guests do not even have to exit the establishment for food and entertainment, thus channelling little cash into the local economy. You can go to Spain and buy a little concrete box in a vast estate of identical concrete boxes. Why should you come to Greece for more of the same? Why do the Greeks feel they have to OFFER more of the same?

For three years in the mid-1990s I was in charge of a delegation from the Prefecture that went to the London World Travel Market with a promotional campaign entitled 'Corfu - Discover the Difference'. And it worked. Corfu started to get a good press, after years of being slagged off by the media. Tourism rose. But lately it seems that the policy can be summed up in the slogan: 'Greece - Destroy the Difference'.

What makes Greece different from other countries that rely on a sun-based tourism industry? In other words, what features of itself should it be pushing to make it stand out from

the crowd? In my view, they are HOSPITALITY and SAFETY. And these concepts are not ones which are associated with giant faceless developments and impersonal complexes.

But they do go hand in hand with, for example, holiday cottage rentals set in villages and serviced by the owner or by a local family. They do go hand in hand with the B&B philosophy - on which AirBnB seems modelled - and with small, family-run hotels. Indeed, with any small-scale personal operation - but never with the sort that these development companies proudly plan.

AirBnB in itself is not the salvation. Too many folk are jumping on the bandwagon and exploiting the system for short-term gain - at the expense, in many places, of long-term rental clients. (The Ionian University is one victim here - its students can no longer find small flats around the town, as they have been taken off the long-term-rental market for short-stay AirBnB.)

In this climate, Corfu Trail Properties is providing a model for a return to the past; a past in which village houses would open their doors, and their owners would often give up their beds for visitors (though we're not suggesting that option!). In this modern version of the past, the visitors can enjoy the authentic life of the island, without the 'wall' that typical tourist accommodations place between the outsider and the host.

Guiding hikers on a 10-day trip through the island's inland countryside and traditional villages, the Corfu Trail has for nearly 20 years provided a means to break down barriers. Now, Corfu Trail Properties delivers the next step.

Look at properties on the Corfu Trail here.

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

# Victoria Drew

*A familiar face in the Plateia, artist and Afra resident Victoria Drew, died as a result of a traffic accident on the 25th May. The exact circumstances were unknown at the time of going to press, and funeral plans had not been announced. The following has been edited from an article by Jim Potts, first published in The Corfiot Magazine, July 2006.*

**Hilary Paipeti**

## 'I thread beads'

VICTORIA DREW had her first holiday in Paxos in 1968, and moved to Greece permanently in 1975. In Paxos she lived in an old olive-pickers' house in **Makratika**. She then settled in Corfu, residing in an airy apartment near San Rocco Square, and latterly in a village house in Afra. In this we have some things in common: I [author Jim Potts] first went to Paxos in 1967 and 1968, and my first room in Corfu (in 1967) was in San Rocco Square.

So why did Victoria come to Greece, when she had a successful career as an Art Director in London, responsible for major accounts with J Walter Thompson and Foote, Cone and Belding? Well, she was introduced, in Paxos, to Babbis, an architect, who was to become her husband. She was able to carry on with her work as a freelance designer and illustrator for agencies until 1975. At the same time, she had a stall in the Portobello Road for ten years, because she needed a break from advertising: she sold art-nouveau jewellery and furniture.

Victoria describes her artistic jewellery-making very modestly: 'I thread beads.' But it's not random pot-luck, how she arranges the beads on the thread. It may be an age-old instinct, dating from the Stone Age, to make necklaces and bracelets, but you have to have an eye for materials and colours, and drawers-full of beads, as well as a plank of wood with a groove and some special strong threads. Victoria is still very much a market person and many of her great stock of beads come from Portobello Road or Camden Lock.

But you also need to have Victoria's sensitivity, and her feel for coral, carnelian, turquoise, agate, amber, quartz, lapis lazuli and other semi-precious stones.

At present she makes jewellery mainly for the Christmas Craft Fair, and for private orders. Amongst her current stock, I was particularly taken by a heavy, red coral necklace. In fact, I've always loved old Ethiopian amber necklaces, and any ethnic jewellery.

Victoria knows a lot about the latter, as well as about art nouveau jewellery, so she is able to put together the most interesting and original combinations of colours and materials.

If I were into worry-beads, I'd be going to Victoria to commission a distinctive set to impress my Greek friends on the Liston. But next time I'm heading for Corfu, I'm more likely to bring some rare old books from London for Victoria to rebind, with the expertise and loving care that she devotes to every book.

Yes, Victoria is also a creative book-binder. She learnt book-binding from Erna Bennett and Pru Rigby who used to have an 'antiquarian' bookshop in Corfu. They had a studio on the first floor of an old building on Kapodistrias Street, and in the mid-90s that's where Victoria and Theresa Nicholas [also recently deceased] learnt this craft and art. When Erna and Pru left, they offered Victoria and Theresa their workshop-studio free of charge for two years, until they sold it.

In fact, Victoria had studied Book Production at Maidstone School of Art, and had a talent for it, even though few women were involved in trade printing and hot metal setting when she was a sixteen-year old (she became something of a mascot!).

Victoria's work is highly admired by specialists and book-dealers in Germany, Holland and London, and every year they bring her more work - the worse the condition of the book, the happier Victoria is to restore it. She says that she has learnt more from taking old books apart than anything else. And the result is beautiful. She showed me several 'before and after' photographs of books she has restored, repaired and rebound. The work is not only quicker and of a higher quality than is available in many European cities, it is also much more economical, as she charges by the hour, according to the difficulty of the work - but it is really a labour of love.

[Another extraordinary artist gone - Ed.]

# ocay villas

Deep in the south of Corfu lies the pretty fishing village of Petriti, not far inland the old village of Ag.Nikolaos.

Between the two, beside a country lane, stands the tranquil oasis known as MouseHouse.

For a few years now this treasured spot has been home to many summer visitors. The owners treat it with TLC, which is immediately evident from these recent photos.

This is one of Corfu's lesser known yet, nonetheless, golden areas in Corfu, notable for gorgeous beaches, splendid tavernas and fish restaurants.

Once you have visited this niche you are likely to return again and again.

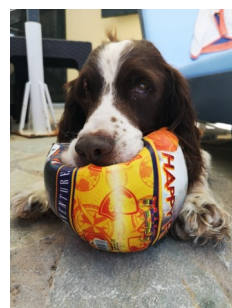
For your next Corfu dream go to [www.ocayvillascorfu.com](http://www.ocayvillascorfu.com) where you can book MouseHouse, if you are lucky enough to find it available for the weeks you require.



\*\*\*

Meanwhile, further north, another Ocay construction, Villa Theodora, remains as popular now as ever before, with many guests' returnees who have become friends down the years, now bringing their children and grandchildren.

Here are a couple of snaps of friends who stayed in May. The one with the ball is not a guest in the strictest sense. He lives next door. But many friends who stay seem to like him for some reason and, have him drop in poolside.





# Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

## Orchid Season

AS THIS FICKLE AND SOMETIMES TURBULENT SPRING has progressed, the wild orchids have bloomed according to their place in the season. First, often as early as February, comes the Giant Orchid (*Barlia robertiana*), its flower heads more than a foot in height. A couple of roadside clumps generally produce six to eight individual sweet-smelling heads. Next up is the shy little Yellow Bee Orchid (*Ophrys lutea*), a contrast in form with its burly *Barlia* cousin. With its dull yellow flowers no bigger than a thumbnail in size, and its preference for cropped grassland (at least in my valley) it's easily stepped on when following the field paths.



*Orchis laxiflora*

Most common of all my local orchids is the Lax-Flowered Orchid (*Orchis laxiflora*), which flowers throughout the whole of spring, its purple spires growing taller and taller every week. They are so plentiful you end up kicking them aside when they crowd the path, just as you do with the burgeoning grasses they

overtop. They share space with the equally prolific *Serapias* (several varieties of the Tongued Orchid) but these prefer open hillsides and do not compete with *laxiflora* on the wetter valley bottom.

Much rarer than these is the Horseshoe Orchid (*Ophrys ferrum equinum*), which this year has appeared as only two specimens lurking in a shady verge. Another sheltered corner, away from the road, hosted a crop of soapy-pink Pyramid Orchid (*Anacamptis pyramidalis*).

Late spring has brought two even rarer creatures, which share the same strip of a well-grazed and sunny field. One is the Woodcock Orchid (*Ophrys scolopax*) with its (in close-up) spectacular markings.

The other is a first-time for me; it is probably a Dense-Flowered Orchid (*Neotinea maculata*).

All these, in bloom within ten minutes walk of my front gate.

For further information about the above orchids and other wild flowers, including photographs, visit [www.corfufowers.com](http://www.corfufowers.com). Corfu's orchids have their own dedicated page on the site.

PERHAPS AS A SIGN that the country is at last moving away from 'austerity' (though tell that to folk whose pension are slashed to the bone), the Greek government recently announced a welcome drop in VAT on food from 24% to 13%. A few days later I had the following conversation with a local SYRIZA flag-waver, nevertheless well-educated and retired at the top of his profession in the Merchant Marine:

Him: My wife bought ten tins of sardines in LIDL today. They were reduced from 85 cents to 40 cents.

Me: LIDL must be having a super-offer day.

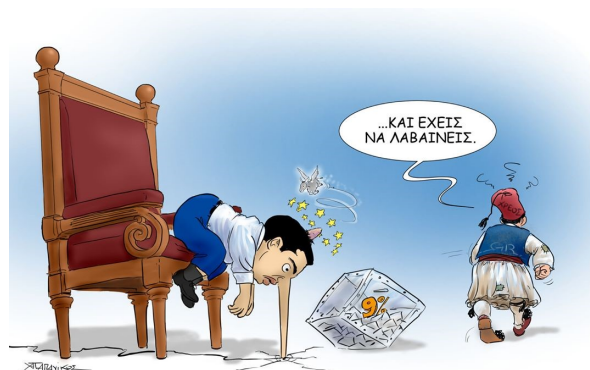
Him: No they aren't. It's because of the VAT.

Me: If it was only the VAT, the price would have dropped 11%, not over 50%.

Him: Of course it's the VAT! We have to thank Tsipras!

Me: If the VAT was 24% and now it's 13%, that's a difference of 11%, and that would be the reduction if it was only due to the VAT.

Him: No!! You're confused!!!



Me: I'm not confused. The rest of the price reduction after the 11% drop in price due to VAT is because of a LIDL special offer.

Him: You're only saying that because YOU DON'T LIKE TSIPRAS!

This is what happens when you put a politician on a pedestal and worship him like a god. He becomes a miracle worker, even able to overturn the laws of arithmetic.

It reminds me of a late resident of Agios Ioannis who, when I owned up to not liking smoked sausages, declared in an accusatory tone: 'You don't like smoked sausage because YOU HATE GERMANY!'

*Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 17*

## Sc-Ramblings

### Christmases: Home and Away \*

MANY EX-PAT TEARS HAVE BEEN SHED, in public and in private, over the Christmas menu in the homes of local in-laws. True, Turkey has been on the table, but not the familiar roasted bird, stuffed and basted, served with crispy roast potatoes and silky gravy. Instead, the village-family-dinner method of preparing the bird was as 'avgolemono'

- egg and lemon soup. Cue big disappointments.

Turkey Avgolemono can be very nice. The bird is long-simmered with pot vegetables and herbs (local turkeys used to be very tough, so long-cooking in water was probably a good idea; now we have tender supermarket birds better suited to roasting). Well boiled, the bird is removed; rice is added to the stock, and once softened, beaten egg and lemon juice are added. Meanwhile, the turkey is split and, skin-down, grilled on charcoal. Well, I should replace the 'is' with 'was' since I doubt many locals cook it like this any more, now houses are equipped with full-size ovens (try cooking a turkey in the oven of a full-size wood-burner, once the most sophisticated cooker available!).

My personal view is that Turkey Avgolemono can be very nice, providing:

- 1) the boiling liquid is properly skimmed, and drained through a sieve before the rice is added,
- 2) the bird is dried well, anointed with olive oil and herbs, and roasted upright and in a properly hot domestic oven, for as long as it takes to brown the skin,
- 3) potatoes are roasted alongside the bird,
- 4) the soup is served first as a starter, and the bird presented as the main course, with the pan juices mixed with a little stock as 'gravy'.

But not at Christmas, please.

I was lucky enough never to be served this dreaded Christmas Soup, though we never had turkey either. Ma-in-Law and Koula would not have known what to do with it, neither did they possess even a wood-burning oven, let alone an electric one. So it was roast chicken or Pastitsada for us, until I could take over the cooking of the Christmas meal, with proper roast turkey and most of the accompaniments (sprouts were lacking in the early years).

One Christmas morning in the late eighties, we woke up to snow.

Phoning my parents from the smelly cubicle at the back of the grubby local grocery, I asked them what news they wanted first - the 'good' or the 'bad'. Acceding to their 'good' first choice, I told them we were enjoying a White Christmas. What's the bad news, then? The power's down. The whole of Northern Greece was down and out.

No oven, no turkey. So the Pastitsada that was earmarked for the next day at the in-laws' place was swiftly put in the pot, and the pot on the open fire in the corner of the storeroom, still Ma-in-Law's choice of cooking method (even if by this time Koula was doing her best to 'modernise').

Wood-cooked Pastitsada was sublime in normal times, but I was not happy to be obliged to sideline my already stuffed turkey for the morrow. And the day was freezing. And it took forever to cook the meal. First the cooked Pastitsada had to be removed, the pot set on the concrete floor whilst a second pot boiled water for the pasta element. Then the cooked pasta had to be drained, rinsed in freezing cold tap water \*\*, deposited back into the Pastitsada pan to join the sauce (by now tepid), hiked over the alleyway into the house, and served on freezing plates, in a house whose only heating was a two-bar electric heater (which of course was not working) \*\*\*. By this time it was completely congealed, just like my fingers, which struggled to pick up the fork.

I must own up to a few whimpers of self-pity that afternoon.

A couple of years later (1991 I think), my parents joined us in Corfu for Christmas. Oh dear!

- The weather wasn't what they were used to; they'd always been summer visitors.
- There was nothing on the telly.
- There was a black and white film on Christmas afternoon.
- The shops weren't festive.
- The bedroom was unheated, Dad having broken the supplied gas heater in two days flat.

They genuinely had grounds for complaint, though, over the ghastly behaviour of the in-laws over the Christmas lunch table (roast turkey and all the trimmings, made by me, eaten in front of a lovely wood-burner). In April's Sc-ramblings, I described Koula's table manners thus: '[She] still had her nose in her plate in her true troughing style (and I mean this literally; just a one-inch gap between honker and pottery surface, in order to facilitate the shovelling). Then suddenly - horror! - her plate was empty; she came up for air, beady eyes scanning the table in case there was something still left.'



*Continued on Page 19*

*Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 18*

On this festive occasion, in front of foreign guests, three of them hoovered down their meal in exactly the same way. My own father, renowned as world champion super-fast eater, had barely started when the in-laws were already demanding seconds, like baby birds in a nest.

He was shocked at having his record taken away - and by Greeks, no less!

Boxing Day morning, Koula rang:

'I'm coming over to pick up the leftovers.'

'What leftovers?'

'From yesterday's meal.'

'What, you mean the meal that I cooked and paid for?'

'Yes. I want the leftovers.'

I explained V E R Y SLOWLY that they were not her leftovers, and that I had guests to feed. She still didn't get it, but she didn't get the leftovers, either \*\*\*\*.

I luckily spent the last Christmas my Dad was alive in the UK (AWAY from HOME!). Because my mother would do anything to avoid cooking, I offered to do Turkey and Trimmings for my parents and brother, rather than have to eat some plated-up pre-cooked muck in a hotel restaurant, or a packeted 'Complete Christmas Special' from M&S. Since the turkey was a twelve-pounder and my mother had a fan oven (hardly used), I roasted it properly instead of steaming it under foil as we are taught. So, foil-less, I turned and basted, turned and basted, and ended up with a perfect skin, crisp and dark golden all over.

When I served the roast, the three of them carefully removed this lovely skin and pushed it to the edge of their plate.

'What on earth are you doing?' I asked.

'It's got CHOLESTEROL! It's BAD for you!' they chorused.



Then, at the end of the meal, these three present/former medical professionals, having refused in horror to eat a few grams of natural animal fat, scoffed two whole boxes of cheap chocolates, made with

dangerous corn syrup and trans fats, adulterated cocoa and chemical additives galore.

People really are that stupid. \*\*\*\*\*

One pre-Christmas period, when national chain supermarkets were first opening in Corfu, and foreign foodstuffs were starting to appear in them, an ex-pat who could read Greek came across a large and prominent display of jars of mincemeat. On the display

rested a conspicuous notice, which informed shoppers (in Greek): 'This is what the English use to stuff their turkey at Christmas.'

The ex-pat found a supervisor and imparted the news that, um, no actually, it's a sweet pie filling. The supervisor took umbrage:

'Well, that's what central office told us to do, and that's how it stays!

I can imagine some very unhappy locals, struggling with their mincemeat-stuffed Christmas turkey, and reflecting that all their compatriots who complain about weird English food are spot on.

#### NOTES

\* 'Home' of course is Corfu, while England is the 'Away' place.

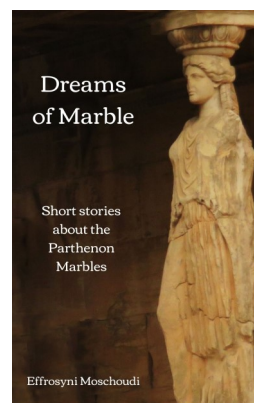
\*\* An absolute no-no, of course. Pasta should never be rinsed after draining. But the in-laws insisted, saying that otherwise it would 'be sticky'. They were SO right - their pasta DID stick (to the wall if thrown) if not rinsed. Because it was always WELL over-boiled.

\*\*\* Koula held out for a long time before being persuaded to buy a more efficient gas heater, on the grounds that it would 'cost her 5,000 drachmas a year in bottled gas'. She had no hesitation, however, in spending 20,000+ drachmas for a new outfit at Easter. It was only after Ma-in-Law nearly died of pneumonia from the cold (costing Koula even more than a new dress in medicines) that she gave way.

\*\*\*\* The leftover turkey was destined for 'Pulled and Devilled Turkey' from an old cookbook. The breast meat was pulled into strips and warmed up gently with butter and cream; the dark meat was basted with a spicy 'devil' sauce, made with chutney and tabasco and such, and heated under a hot grill. And very nice it was too.

\*\*\*\*\* The 'Animal Fat is Bad Cholesterol' medical scam/marketing ploy has been all but discredited. I never fell for it in the first place

## Dreams of Marble



Two short stories about The Parthenon Marbles by Greek author Effrosyni Moschoudi.

Read online or download them here for FREE: <http://bit.ly/2wbUI0q>

# This is Rubbish

Tricia Giles informs us;  
There are now 19 Recycling Centres in Corfu. Please support them!

\*Please note that Benitses Recycling Centre is now open every day.

Dassia Recycling Centre has closed.

Heather Skinner shows us where you can recycle in Corfu.

[https://www.recyclecorfu.com/?fbclid=IwAR1yLS9OLn\\_futDAfLp1xfzGIN8jb2YME\\_MRnbPBp7gJfYcTcHDZ504PtOs](https://www.recyclecorfu.com/?fbclid=IwAR1yLS9OLn_futDAfLp1xfzGIN8jb2YME_MRnbPBp7gJfYcTcHDZ504PtOs)

Allie Stewart is pointing toward Capri, Italy.

[https://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-7000691/Capri-tourists-banned-taking-plastic-Italian-island-protect-coastline.html?fbclid=IwAR1VjvT\\_W\\_E1J\\_PnKj7MTMbp3KXshamWRP5LchaN7jaMl5J\\_m\\_FJ0i00\\_MGs](https://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-7000691/Capri-tourists-banned-taking-plastic-Italian-island-protect-coastline.html?fbclid=IwAR1VjvT_W_E1J_PnKj7MTMbp3KXshamWRP5LchaN7jaMl5J_m_FJ0i00_MGs)

And from Patricia Webster;  
A big THANK YOU to all the locals and volunteers who are making the Green Corner Recycling Centre in ANO MESSONGI a success.



Recycling Centres Opening Times		
Monday	8-16 Garitsa 9-11 Spartylas 10-12 Lefkimmi, Roda-Sfakera, Kassiopi	15-17 Sinies 16-18 Temploni 16-17.30 Liapades
Tuesday	8-16 Garitsa 10-12 Roda-Sfakera 11-12 Benitses	15-17 Roda-Sfakera, Kassiopi 16-18 Nissaki 17-19 Gimari
Wednesday	8-16 Garitsa 10-12 Liapades, Sinies, Roda-Sfakera, 10-11 Gouvia 11-13 Kompitsi	16-18 Kalafationes, Lefkimmi 16-19 Arillas 17-19 Kompitsi
Thursday	8-16 Garitsa 10-12 Gimari, Kassiopi	15-17 Roda-Sfakera 16.30-18 Vitalades
Friday	8-16 Garitsa 10-12 Roda-Sfakera, Lefkimmi 11-12 Benitses	15-17 Kassiopi 15.30-17.30 Spartylas 16-18 Temploni 16-17.30 Liapades 17-19 Gimari
Saturday	8-16 Garitsa 10-12 Sinies, Nissaki, Kassiopi 10-13 Arillas 10.45-11.15 Pagi 11-13 Dassia, Potomos	15-17 Roda-Sfakera 15-16 Kompitsi 16-18 Lefkimmi 17-18 Gouvia
Sunday	10-12 Roda-Sfakera 10-13 Arillas 11-13 Kalafationes 11-12 Gouvia 12-14 Pagi	

# Gooners Gags

A rabbit walks into a pub and says to the barman, "Can I have a pint of beer, and a Ham and Cheese Toastie, please?"

The barman is amazed, but gives the rabbit a pint of beer and a ham and cheese toastie.

The rabbit drinks the beer and eats the toastie. He then leaves.

The following night the rabbit returns and again asks for a pint of beer, and a Ham and Cheese Toastie.

The barman, now intrigued by the rabbit and the extra drinkers in the pub, (because word gets round), gives the rabbit the pint and the

Toastie. The rabbit consumes them and leaves.

The next night, the pub is packed.

In walks the rabbit and says, 'A pint of beer and a Ham and Cheese Toastie, please barman.'

The crowd is hushed as the barman gives the rabbit his pint and toastie, and then burst into applause as the rabbit wolfs them down.

The next night there is standing room only in the pub. Coaches have been laid on for the crowds of patrons attending.

The barman is making more money in one week than he did all last year.

In walks the rabbit and says, 'A pint of beer and a Ham and Cheese Toastie, please barman.'

The barman says, 'I'm sorry rabbit, old mate, old mucker, but we are right out of them Ham and Cheese Toasties...'

The rabbit looks aghast.

The crowd has quietened to almost a whisper, when the barman clears his throat nervously and says, 'We do have a very nice Cheese and Onion Toastie.'

The rabbit looks him in the eye and says, 'Are you sure I will like it.'

The masses' bated breath is ear shatteringly silent..

The barman, with a roguish smile says, 'Do you think that I would let down one of my best friends. I know you'll love it.'



'Ok,' says the rabbit, 'I'll have a pint of beer and a Cheese and Onion Toastie.'

The pub erupts with glee as the rabbit quaffs the beer and guzzles the toastie.

He then waves to the crowd and leaves...

NEVER TO RETURN!!!!!!

-----

One year later, in the now impoverished public house, the barman, (who has only served 4 drinks tonight, 3 of which were his), calls time.

When he is cleaning down the now empty bar, he sees a small white form, floating above the bar..

The barman says, 'Who are you?'

To which he is answered,

'I am the ghost of the rabbit that used to frequent your public house.'

The barman says, 'I remember you. You made me famous.'

You would come in every night and have a pint of beer and a Ham and Cheese Toastie. Masses came to see you and this place was famous.'

The rabbit says, 'Yes I know..'

The barman said, 'I remember, on your last night we didn't have any Ham and Cheese Toasties. You had a Cheese and Onion one instead.'

The rabbit said, 'Yes, you promised me that I would love it.'

The barman said, 'You never came back, what happened?'

'I DIED', said the rabbit.

'NO!' said the barman. 'What from?'

After a short pause, the rabbit said...

'Mixin-me-toasties.'

## Diane reacts to the Royal announcement...

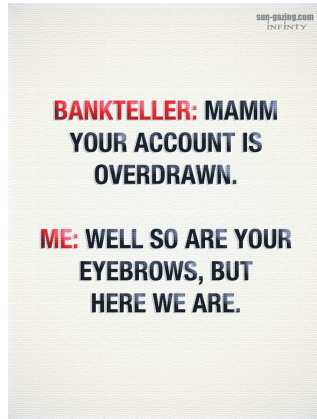


## MAYBE

**YOU'RE MY FIRST,  
MY LAST,  
MY EVERY STING**

*Disarming Thoughts*

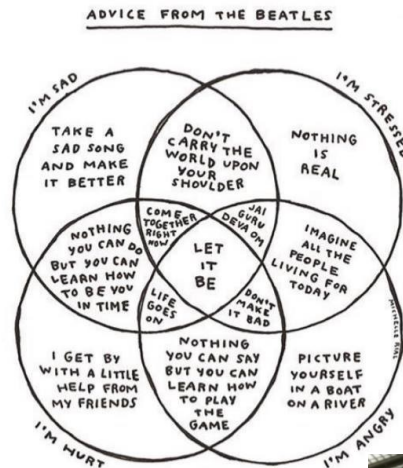
Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 21



PDF becomes 4th most popular religion



Some churches need a PR person before they hang stuff up.



Wanted: Someone to hand feed me Doritos so my fingers don't get orange. No weirdo's.



# Nature

## The highlights in Ropa Valley



White Stork



Great Spotted Cuckoo

Courtesy of Giannis Gasteratos



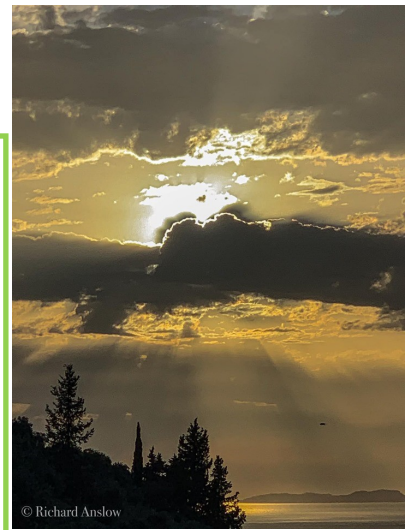
Juvenile Four-lined Snake. A harmless species that when young tries to look like a bit like viper to prevent being eaten. <http://herpetofauna.gr/index.php?module=cats&page=read...>



Συκοφάγος - Golden Oriole

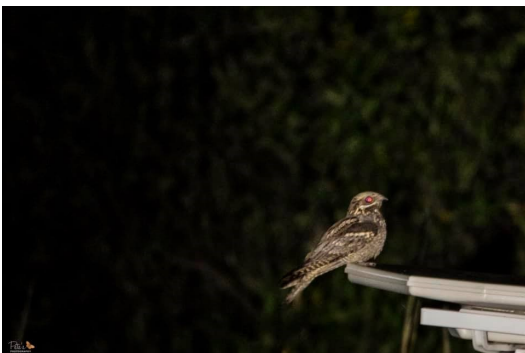


Phlomis Suffruticosa  
Courtesy of Luko Manaris



Courtesy of Richard Anslow

## Courtesy of Peter Hardiman



I couldn't believe this, only the second nightjar I've ever seen. In the pitch dark and rain too <

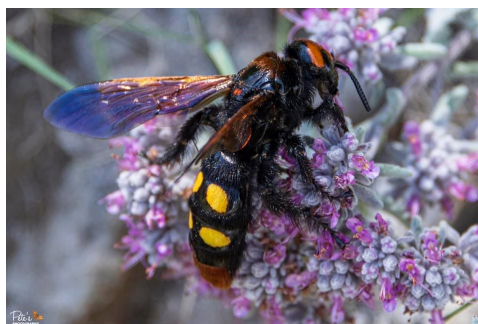


A swallow feeding it's young in the Akti Arilla hotel in Arillas. - at AKTI Arilla HOTEL.



Common Greek tortoise (Testudo graeca)

Delicate Blue Featherleg (Platynemis pennipes) dragonflies at Kyprianádes >



An enormous Mammoth Wasp, bigger than a hornet — at Arillas Beach\_ <

## Letters to the Editor

### Editor's note:

Here in the post came a very pleasant surprise from my old friend and correspondent Earnest Porter.

Dear Ed,

In view of your paper's historic support for the Corfu Light Railway [C.L.R.] I am very pleased to reveal to you the latest plan for Corfu Light Railway's Grand Central Station; the Agiot has seen hitherto secret plans for the Corfu Light Railway's town centre station.

It will operate in a semi-underground location beside the Prefecture, underneath the Gymnasium running track and basketball court. The Gymnasium office building, a fine example of Victorian architecture appropriate for its new function, will serve as the main ticketing office at ground level.

The Railway will run underground until it reaches the outskirts of the city in each direction.

The station complex utilises a portion of the Underground Fortress' that stretches under the Old Town, linking the two better-known above-ground fortresses as well as many other sections of the Venetian defences, including locations outside the former town walls.

Travellers - whether locals or visitors - will therefore be able to access the station forecourt from their own neighbourhood, in dry conditions, by using the system of Venetian tunnels below the busy streets.

'We currently know of 94 different entrances to the tunnel system,' explained spokesman for CLR, Tomas Tankopoulos. 'It's rather like a much larger version of the London Underground access system around, say, Piccadilly Circus. Wherever you live in Town, you will be able to walk to the station from your nearest tunnel entrance. We anticipate installing moving walkways at some stage to assist the physically challenged.'

The multiple entrances will avoid the need for passenger parking at the station, meaning the present sports ground will provide parking solely for CLR employees.

I thought I would avail you of this information to disperse it, as you will, in your magnificent newspaper, as a sounding board for later distribution through Reuters.



**Ed:** Dear Earnest,

We are ever so 'umble in the light of your Corfu Railway secret documentation. To be on the safe side I have currently omitted the 106 pages of detailed technical drawings you submitted with your letter. These we may well publish at the appropriate time. I do not wish to over-excite our readers just yet. With respect I would point out that these plans have rolled on for ten years and, as you told me at our recent lunch in the Whistle and Tender, you are coming up for retirement in a couple of years. Who will take over from you at this critical junction?

**Ian Fern** sent in this photo of a doomed motorist.



Jason Fisher replied; 'are they trying to get a caravan up the Argyrades road? the one where a bloke had to take his chair indoors for us to get a car through?'

Ian Fern; 'A rather long motorhome, just ahead is a sharp right turn then a bit of a bendy left turn... fine on a Quad, not easy in a car and I am sure it was impossible for that vehicle...'



## Corfu Weather Statistics - May 2019

### Summary

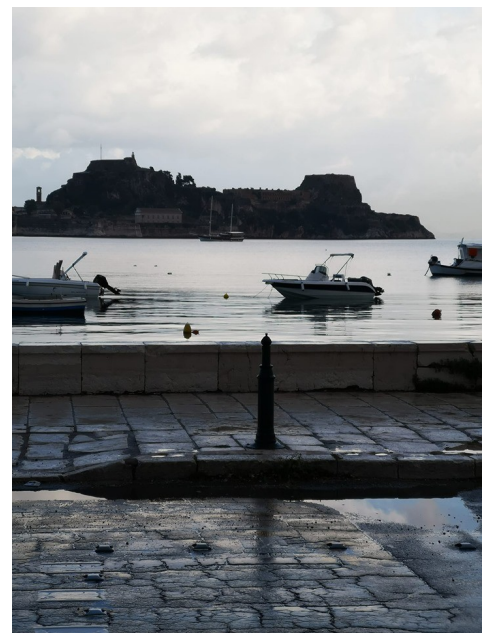
	Max	Avg	Min
<b>Temperature (°F)</b>			
Max Temperature	79	70	66
Avg. Temperature	71	64	56
Min. Temperature	63	57	48
<b>Precipitation (inches)</b>			
Precipitation	0.94	0.04	0
<b>Total Precipitation</b>	<b>1.37</b>		

N.B. We are skeptical about the rainfall shown here. We think it was higher, having seen the daily registers.

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

*The Greek service referred to here every month has decided to switch to the Imperial system, just to keep you on your toes.*



**Rainy day  
courtesy Linda Denmark**

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

Something different from me this month.

Here is a super recipe from our friend Frosso.

<https://effrosinimoss.wordpress.com/2019/05/24/pastourmadopitta-pastirma-pie/>

I love this recipe! Try it.

\*\*\*\*\*

If that is not mouth-watering enough, try this one for size.

This photo was a small part of an anniversary meal prepared and presented by Claire Dawkins at our Villa Theodora, for our dear friends Helen, Graeme and Emily.



**Claire said;** 'I cooked dinner for three people last night.'

- Saganaki
- Beetroot, Caramelised Apple, Feta Curd and Toasted Hazelnuts
- Veal Stufado
- Roast Chicken with Red Onions, Kumquat and Metaxa
- Herby Fried Potatoes
- Cabbage, Carrot and Raisin Salad with Apple Vinegar Dressing
- Baklava Collection

**This is what Graeme had to say;**

'Thank you so much for putting us in touch with Claire, she is a fantastic chef and a lovely genuine person, she has made a wonderful evening. Please pass her name around and feel free to use my testimonial.'

Thank you Claire,

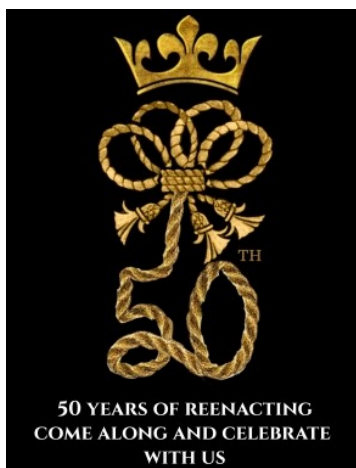
*Lula.*

## Tickle Ties the knot

I continue the diversion from my normal articles, so apologies to readers expecting a lesson in nodeology, normal service will resume soon.

### The Sealed Knot

The Sealed Knot was a secret Royalist association which plotted for the Restoration of the Monarchy during the English Interregnum. The group was commissioned by King Charles II between November 1653 and February 1654 from his exile in Paris for the purpose of coordinating underground Royalist activity in England and preparing for a general uprising against the Protectorate.



Its original founder members were:

John Belasyse, 1st Baron Belasyse (1614-1689)  
 Sir William Compton (1625-1663; third son of Spencer Compton, 2nd Earl of Northampton)  
 Henry Hastings, 1st Baron Loughborough (1610-1666)  
 Col. John Russell  
 Col. Sir Edward Villiers (1620-1689; father of Edward Villiers, 1st Earl of Jersey)  
 Sir Richard Willis (sometimes spelt 'Willys') (1613/14-1690)

The Sealed Knot made eight attempts between 1652 and 1659 to bring about the Restoration.

The biggest revolt was staged in 1655 and is known as the Penruddock uprising, named after one of the leaders of the revolt, John Penruddock. The revolt was easily put down by forces loyal to the Lord Protector Oliver Cromwell, and for his part in the rebellion Penruddock was beheaded in May 1655.

The conspiracy was ultimately ineffective, partly because of an abundance of caution, but not least due to the treachery of Willis, who was feeding information to Cromwell's spymaster John Thurloe from at least 1656, for reasons which remain unknown.

### The Sealed Knot Society

The Sealed Knot is an English historical association and charity, dedicated to costumed reenactment of battles and events surrounding the English Civil War.

The Sealed Knot was founded by Brigadier Peter Young, who was a military historian and a Second World War veteran. The idea of the Sealed Knot reenactment group started at a dinner party with a small group of friends on 28 February 1968 following the publication of "Edgehill 1642 – the Campaign and the Battle". Within a few months it had 200 members and today has a membership of several thousand, making it the largest re-enactment society in Europe. The group is a registered charity, and has its own coat of arms.

With its large membership and high profile the Sealed Knot is the largest and best known of all the many reenactment and historical groups and societies in the UK.

The Sealed Knot comprises a number of regiments split into Parliamentarian, Royalist and Scots armies. The group was responsible for the first commemoration in 1971 of the Battle of Nantwich (which originally took place in 1644) and in 1973 the Sealed Knot staged the first re-enactment of the battle, which has now become an annual event at the end of January and is known as "Holly Holy Day."

## Pine Leaves

Richard Pine compares past brutalities in Ireland and Greece, and highlights two new artistic projects - in Corfu a musical work and in Ireland an oral history project - which both aim to strip away the secrecy and silence. (Irish Times)

<https://www.irishtimes.com/news/a-country-whose-dna-is-made-up-of-evasion-secrecy-and-bribery-1.463005>

Referencing the killing in Derry of journalist Lyra McKee, Richard Pine discusses continuing difficulties for the people of the province, in the context of the Booker Prize-winning novel 'Milkman' by Anna Burns, recently published in Greek translation as 'O Galatas'.

(Ekathimerini)

<http://www.ekathimerini.com/240511/opinion/ekathimerini/comment/the-cruellest-walls>



# Tracey's Tips



For many of us eyes are our most favourite feature. They are the first thing people notice when talking to each other. The way they light up when we laugh or smile. So, it's very important to keep them as healthy as possible. Good diet, plenty of sleep and keeping them protected in the sun ❤️

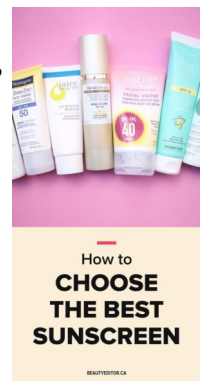


Everyone wants that golden sun kissed tan, especially when soaking up the sun on a well-deserved summer holiday. However, we also all know the harm that too much sun or 'sunburn' can do to your body and health. It is very important to pick your sun cream carefully especially if you are travelling to hot climates.

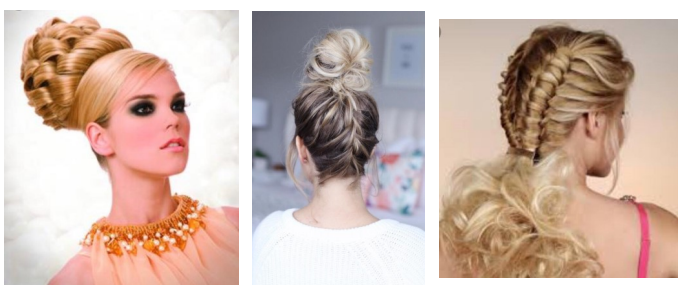
**8 TIPS FOR EYE HEALTH**

- REGULAR EYES CHECKING
- PROPER LIGHTING
- BLINK FREQUENTLY
- WEAR SUNGLASSES ON SUNNY DAY
- DISTANCE ADJUSTMENT
- GAZE FOR A GREEN TREE
- EYES EXERCISING
- EAT HEALTHY FOOD

SPF stands for Sun Protection Factor. Basically, the higher the SPF, the more protection you have from harmful rays. For example, if you choose a SPF30, your skin will take 30 times more to start to burn than if you were not wearing sun cream. So, the simple fact is, the higher the SPF the better. Also make sure you regularly apply, especially after a swim ❤️



With summer on the way it's nice to pile your locks in an attractive ponytail. Here are a few stylish ideas for the more adventurous for a beautiful and versatile look ❤️



And this is me <

# Bespoke Property

Good progress in May at Barbati, despite worst weather for this month we can recall.

Look out for further progress during June.



Lower stone wall construction



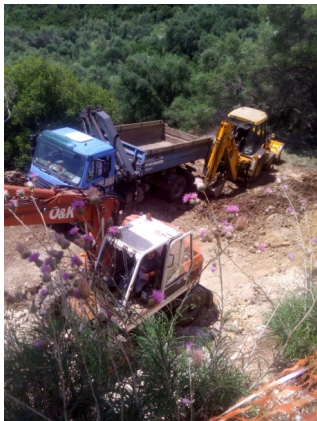
Soakaways  
<



Building terrace



Clearing at far end



Earth shifting



Ramparts from below

Pre-base with shuttering for Villa  
>



Side wall



Corner of retainment



Space to work with  
<

Sorting rocks for wall  
>



Completed stone wall aside lane

## Video Plus Corner

Bob Monkhouse: The Last Stand [2016]

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=koFrPs\\_80gQ](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=koFrPs_80gQ)

Dam!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ASoD9xMUxs0>

Old Lady shows he way

<https://greekcitytimes.com/2019/04/30/100-year-old-leventissa-viayia-steals-hearts-as-she-dances-an-amazing-tsamiko-in-nafpaktos-video/>

Corfu

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fGn7cvhH-vc>

Holy Farter

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IUEkDc\\_LfKQ&feature=share&fbclid=IwAR2XDdVJQnacA30fmu2-fEdILGSuaWAUGCgxvZxQvjyXtuKN-TxJp5v8d0](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IUEkDc_LfKQ&feature=share&fbclid=IwAR2XDdVJQnacA30fmu2-fEdILGSuaWAUGCgxvZxQvjyXtuKN-TxJp5v8d0)

Adam and the bear

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=olij9z1wj1o>

### Author Unknown

If the mountain seems too big today  
then climb a hill instead  
if the morning brings you sadness  
it's ok to stay in bed  
if the day ahead weighs heavy  
and your plans feel like a curse  
there's no shame in rearranging  
don't make yourself feel worse  
if a shower stings like needles  
and a bath feels like you'll drown  
if you haven't washed your hair for days  
don't throw away your crown  
a day is not a lifetime  
a rest is not defeat  
don't think of it as failure  
just a quiet, kind retreat  
it's ok to take a moment  
from an anxious, fractured mind  
the world will not stop turning  
while you get realigned  
the mountain will still be there  
when you want to try again  
you can climb it in your own time  
just love yourself til then

## Opinion - Australia

Australian Prime Minister does it again!! This woman should be appointed Queen of the World.. Truer words have never been spoken.

Prime Minister Julia Gillard- Australia:

Muslims who want to live under Islamic Sharia law were told on Wednesday to get out of Australia , as the government targeted radicals in a bid to head off potential terror attacks.

Separately, Gillard angered some Australian Muslims on Wednesday by saying she supported spy agencies monitoring the nation's mosques. Quote:

'IMMIGRANTS, NOT AUSTRALIANS, MUST ADAPT.. Take It Or Leave It.

I am tired of this nation worrying about whether we are offending some individual or their culture. Since the terrorist attacks on Bali , we have experienced a surge in patriotism by the majority of Australians. '

'This culture has been developed over two centuries of struggles, trials and victories by millions of men and women who have sought freedom'

'We speak mainly ENGLISH, not Spanish, Lebanese, Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, Russian, or any other language. Therefore, if you wish to become part of our society .... Learn the language!'

'Most Australians believe in God. This is not some Christian, right wing, political push, but a fact, because Christian men and women, on Christian principles, founded this nation, and this is clearly documented. It is certainly appropriate to display it on the walls of our schools. If God offends you, then I suggest you consider another part of the world as your new home, because God is part of our culture.'

'We will accept your beliefs, and will not question why. All we ask is that you accept ours, and live in harmony and peaceful enjoyment with us.'

'This is OUR COUNTRY, OUR LAND, and OUR LIFESTYLE, and we will allow you every opportunity to enjoy all this. But once you are done complaining, whining, and griping about Our Flag, Our Pledge, Our Christian beliefs, or Our Way of Life, I highly encourage you take advantage of one other great Australian freedom, 'THE RIGHT TO LEAVE'.' 'If you aren't happy here then LEAVE. We didn't force you to come here. You asked to be here. So accept the country YOU accepted.'

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

## Corfu Golden Paste

A MESSAGE FROM KATRINA GICA.

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

One jar 200g of Fresh - Homemade - Organic- Golden Paste is €6. –  
€5 for 54 Frozen Golden Turmeric Bombs - T-Bombs.

For Orders please message me, call 26610 58090 or 6948 547 663.

Or email gicas@otenet.gr.

Ed: Try this one for Golden Paste, it is a good way to absorb this healthy supplement and tasty too. Have it with baked beans on toast, duly peppered and a mug of tea!



If you have a pool or want to get one, we are what you are looking for! Pool chemicals, spare parts for all brands and all the stuff needed for a pool, you can find in our shops!

1<sup>st</sup>-Nat. Rd. Palaiokastritsa 50, Solari & 2<sup>nd</sup>-Nat. Rd. Lefkimmi, Kanalia

Solar energy is for free! Why not get advantage of it? We can advise you for the best solution! Just ask us!

Tel: 26610 36995 Email: info@ecopoint.gr

## RoadHouse



Incredible Dan Smith fender body solid alder 2kg, custom painted. Hand engraved scratch plate unique design, mighty mite maple neck, this parts Craster can be loaded with iron gear blues classic pups. 600 unloaded or 700 loaded and set up.

Pm roadhouse corfu for more info.



CORFU BEER  
is best  
when it's inside you

## "Grammatikos"

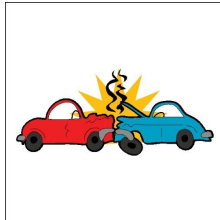
Insurance agency, family firm.

Fifty two years of experience with insurance of all types -car, property, 3rd party liability, health etc.

We care.

Iakovou Polyla 24  
(pedestrian street),  
1st floor

Tel: 2661032023/  
2661024140



Drop in for advice and quote  
without obligation.



### Summer Song For Sale

<https://democracystreet.blogspot.com/2018/05/yacht-summer-song.html>

## Dominoes



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

please come and visit our pool  
bar restaurant a short walk from  
Ipsos beach

"A DELIGHTFUL READ!"  
READERS' FAVORITE



‘Get this on Amazon at’

<http://mybook.to/ravenboxset>

## Alternative Health

Alternative Therapies,  
Self Knowledge  
& Self Improvement.  
Seminars & Treatments

Usui Reiki & Karuna Reiki ®  
Seminars & Sessions

Therapeutic Hypnosis  
& Regressions

Meditation Evenings

[www.alternativehealth.gr](http://www.alternativehealth.gr)

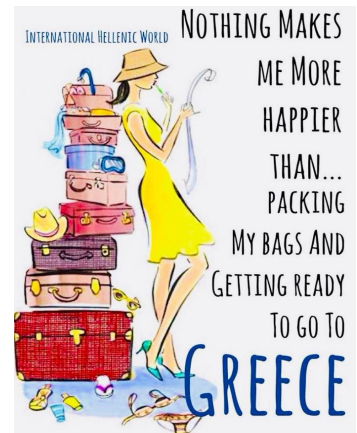
## What's on at Holy Trinity Corfu

Sat	1	09:00	Men's Breakfast / Ladies Breakfast
<b>Sun</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>10:30</b>	<b>Family Communion</b>
Mon	3	18:00	Home Group
Tues	4	10:00	Water Colour Class
Thurs	6	10:30	Bible Study at HTC
		17:00	Worship Group
Fri	7	09:30	Prayer Meeting
<b>Sun</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10:30</b>	<b>Family Communion</b>
Mon	10	18:00	Home Group
Tues	11	10:00	Master's Crafters
Wed	12	12:30	Lunch 'n Meet
Thurs	13	10:30	Bible Study at HTC
		17:00	Worship Group
		18:00	Church Council Meeting
Fri	14	09:30	Prayer Meeting
		18:00	HTC South Communion, Messonghi
<b>Sun</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>10:30</b>	<b>Family Communion</b>
Mon	17	17:30	Home Group
Thurs	20	09:00	Pastoral Care Group Meeting
		10:30	Bible Study at HTC
		17:00	Worship Group
Fri	21	09:30	Prayer Meeting
<b>Sun</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>10:30</b>	<b>Family Communion</b>
Mon	24	18:00	Home Group
Tues	25	10:00	Water Colour Class
Thurs	27	10:30	Bible Study at HTC
		17:00	Worship Group
Fri	28	09:30	Prayer Meeting
		18:00	HTC South Communion, Messonghi
<b>Sun</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>10:30</b>	<b>Family Communion</b>

## Kafesas, Ag. Georgios South



fish selection



**Car Service & Technical Support**

**Vatos, near the Golf Club entrance**

**Tel. 6945 671649  
English Spoken**

*Corfu Tourist gets things done*

χρόνος / time	κόστος / price
<b>0' - 1hr</b>	<b>3,00 €</b>
<b>1hr - 2 hrs</b>	<b>4,00 €</b>
<b>2 hrs - 3 hrs</b>	<b>4,50 €</b>
<b>3 hrs - 5 hrs</b>	<b>5,00 €</b>
<b>5 hrs - 7 hrs</b>	<b>5,50 €</b>
<b>7 hrs - 10 hrs</b>	<b>6,00 €</b>
<b>10 hrs - 15 hrs</b>	<b>7,00 €</b>
<b>15 hrs - 24 hrs</b>	<b>9,00 €</b>
<b>1 day - 2 days</b>	<b>16,00 €</b>
<b>2 days - 3 days</b>	<b>20,00 €</b>
<b>3 days - 4 days</b>	<b>24,00 €</b>
<b>4 days - 5 days</b>	<b>28,00 €</b>
Each Additional Day (after 5th day)	<b>+4,00 €</b>
<b>Price/Month</b>	<b>100,00 €</b>

**ΤΙΜΟΚΑΤΑΛΟΓΟΣ / PRICE LIST**

Παρακαλούμε πριν την παραλαβή του αυτοκινήτου σας, μην ξεχάσετε να πληρώσετε το αντίτιμο του parking στον Αυτόματο Σταθμό πληρωμής που βρίσκεται στην είσοδο του parking P2

Airport Parking Charges Corfu



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



## 'Nick's Niche'

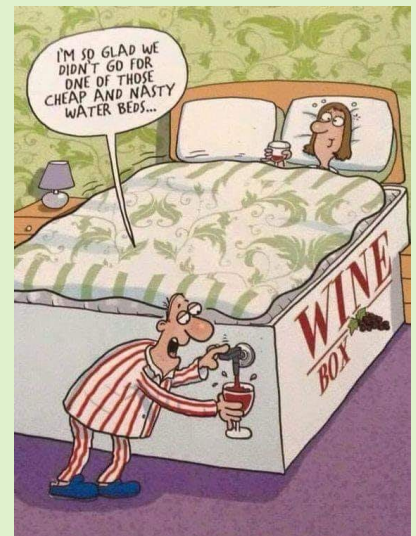
**Boss:** Can you work this weekend?

**Me:** Yeah, no worries. I'll probably be late though as public transport on weekends is slow.

**Boss:** What time will you get there?

**Me:** Monday.

facebook.com/weirdpeoplebook



Two men are playing golf. One of them is about to take a swing when a funeral procession appears on the road next to the course. He stops mid-swing, takes off his cap, closes his eyes, and bows his head in contemplation.

His opponent comments: "That must be the most touching thing I've ever seen. You are a very feeling man." The man, recovering himself, replies, "Yeah, well we were married 35 years."

**Procrastination is totally a good thing. You always have something to do tomorrow, plus you have nothing to do today.**

"Freedom is lost gradually from an uninterested, uninformed, and uninvolved people."

Thomas Jefferson

**Today a man knocked on my door and asked for a small donation towards the local swimming pool. I gave him a glass of water.**



"I've combined a laxative and alphabet soup. I call it 'Letter Rip'."



Today I went to toilet without my phone



There are 124 tiles in the bathroom

# Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 33

**The Problem isn't**  
a lack of money, food,  
water or land..

**The Problem** is  
that you've given  
**control** of these things  
to a group of **greedy  
psychopaths** who  
care more about  
maintaining their  
**own power** than  
**helping mankind.**

THE MIND DESIGNED  
BY THE MIND PROJECT



*The industrialist was horrified to find the fisherman lying beside his boat, smoking a pipe.*

*"Why aren't you fishing?" asked the industrialist.*

*"Because I've caught enough fish for the day."*

*"Why don't you catch some more?"*

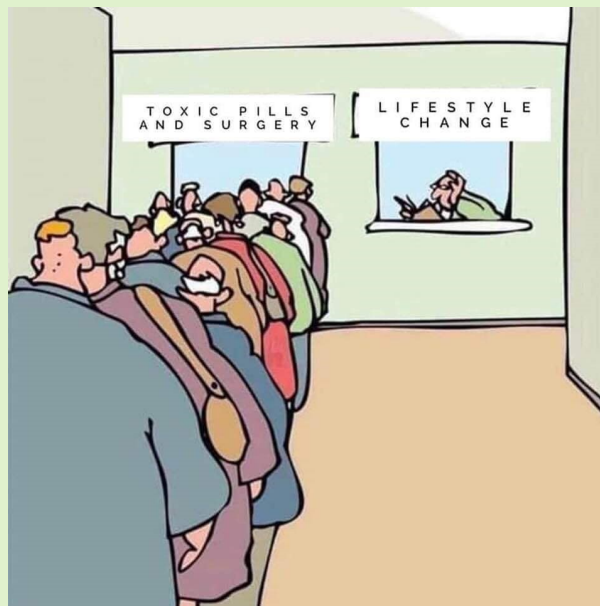
*"What would I do with them?"*

*"Earn more money. Then you could have a motor fixed to your boat and go into deeper waters and catch more fish. That would bring you money to buy nylon nets, so more fish, more money. Soon you would have enough to buy two boats, even a fleet of boats, then you could be rich like me."*

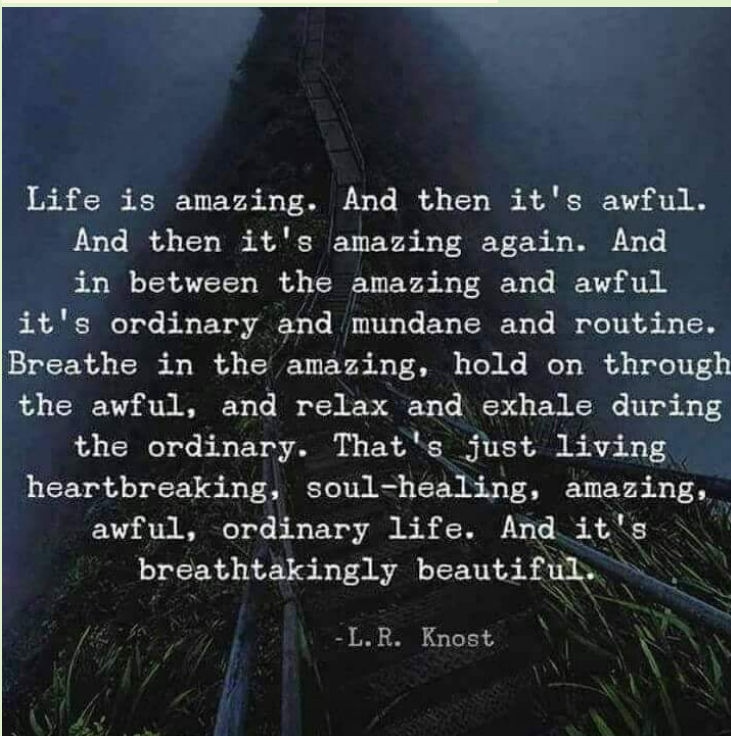
*"What would I do then?"*

*"Then you could sit back and enjoy life."*

*"What do you think I'm doing now?"*

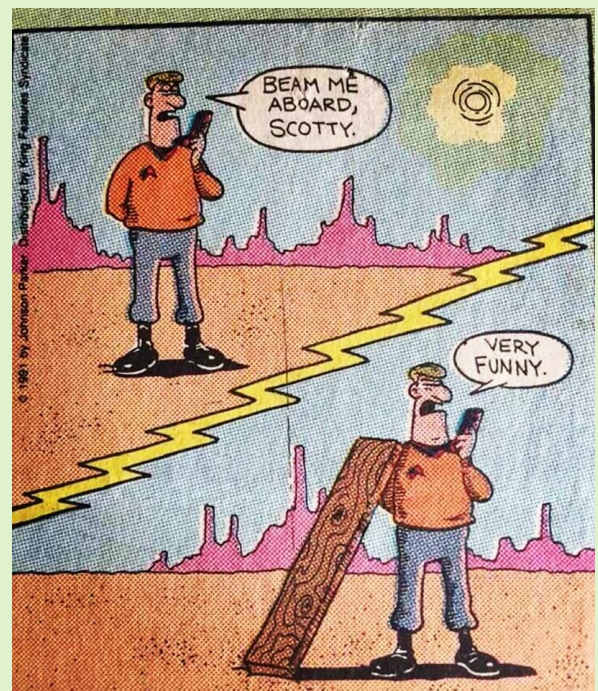


*From "Timeless Simplicity" by John Lane.*



Life is amazing. And then it's awful.  
And then it's amazing again. And  
in between the amazing and awful  
it's ordinary and mundane and routine.  
Breathe in the amazing, hold on through  
the awful, and relax and exhale during  
the ordinary. That's just living  
heartbreaking, soul-healing, amazing,  
awful, ordinary life. And it's  
breathtakingly beautiful.

-L.R. Knost



Continued on Page 35

# Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 34

**I'm having people  
over to stare at  
their phones later  
if you want to  
come by...**

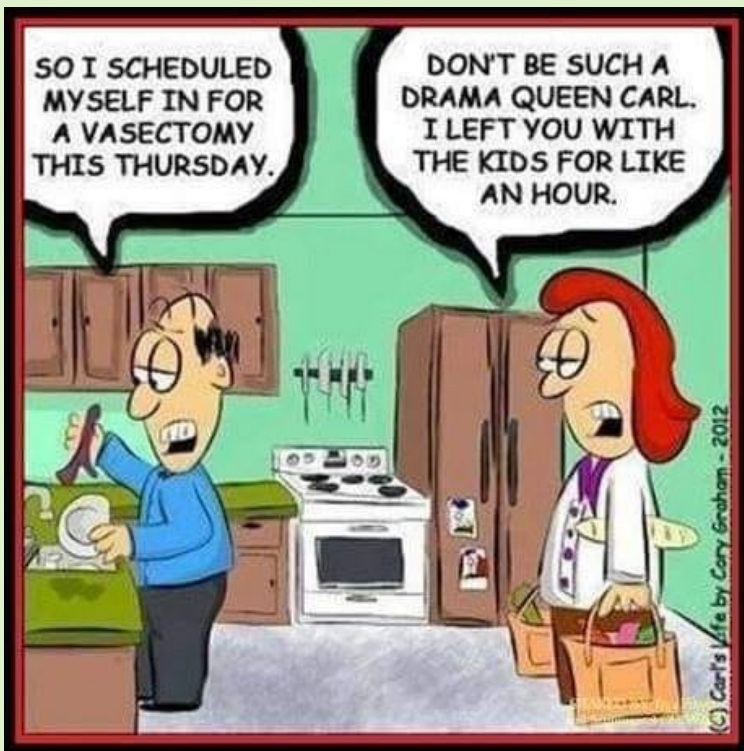
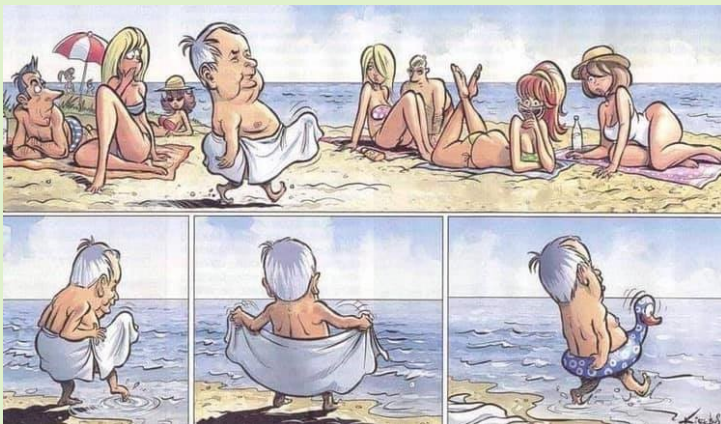
<https://www.healthyandnaturalworld.com/top-10-worst-fake-foods/?fbclid=IwAR2o7ZZFvHFpnhhy9t4cgVK7gyEZSUIMTZENRbBnqPS6JKDwhQVY14YAw3Q>

YES, HE BIT 24 PEOPLE. IN RESPONSE TO ALL THE RECENT E-MAILS ABOUT OUR DOG, I am SICK AND TIRED OF ANSWERING QUESTIONS ABOUT HIM. YES, HE BIT: 6 PEOPLE WEARING OBAMA T-SHIRTS...4 PEOPLE WEARING HILLARY T-SHIRTS...2 CAR DRIVERS WITH BERNIE SANDERS BUMPER STICKERS...9 TEENAGERS WITH PANTS HANGING PAST THEIR BUTT CRACKS... 2 FLAG BURNERS... AND ..... A KNEELING FOOTBALL PLAYER.

SO FOR THE LAST TIME.. I'm saying it again...

THE DOG IS NOT FOR SALE!

AND NO, I DO NOT APPROVE OF HIS SMOKING, BUT HE SAYS IT HELPS GET THE "BAD TASTE" OUT OF HIS MOUTH!



**That's' All Folks !**

## The Way Things Are and Were



### Courtesy of Think Like The Locals

Living in a small remote village was difficult, there was no transportation, no electricity, few paved roads, no water piped into the houses and few shops. However, like now, there were people that passed through the villages selling their wares and services. Either on foot, donkey or bicycle, a host of 'merchants' would come through the village bringing their produce in wicker baskets. There were men who loaded donkeys with fabric, ribbon, needles and buttons. There was the man who sharpened knives, the woman who came once a week with fish or clams. Sometimes, a man who would 'resurface' your pots and pans would appear. And although most locals grew their own vegetables, a woman might come through the village selling more exotic fruit like pears, apples and peaches. If you were lucky, there was also the ice-cream man once a week (on his bicycle) All of these merchants were eagerly awaited by the locals as getting to Town was often a twice a year event.



Katie, Ivy and Sam bound for Agios



Proud Grandfather



Teddy with Steve of MouseHouse

# Corfu Monthly News

[http://enimerosi.com/details\\_en.php?id=33076&fbclid=IwAR1Jbk3YKCe5eK2OW5SCOlyGHSTSZevCmEDs2rIpeZGYdU6ZIMsJFhHVGgo](http://enimerosi.com/details_en.php?id=33076&fbclid=IwAR1Jbk3YKCe5eK2OW5SCOlyGHSTSZevCmEDs2rIpeZGYdU6ZIMsJFhHVGgo)