

www.theagiot.com

Tel: (0030) 6974932408

The Agiot

141st Edition



*Thanks to
Don
Cambridge*

*A Pine
Marten
spotted in
south
Corfu*

This Month

Cover Photo.
Page 1

Nick the Clock's World.
Pages 2-5

Pine Leaves.
Page 6

Corfu Monthly News.
Page 6

Nature.
Pages 6-7

Video Plus Corner.
Page 8

Weather.
Page 8

Tickle ties the knot.
Page 9

Letters to the Editor.
Page 10

Aunty Lula's Love-Bites.
Page 10

Tracey's Tips.
Pages 11-12

Hilary's Ramblings.
Pages 12-14

Agiotfest 2019.
Pages 15-18

Bespoke Property .
Page 19

The Way Things Are and Were.
Pages 20-22

Advertising.
Pages 23-25

Village and Island Reflections.
Pages 26-29

Beach Rats.
Page 30

This is Rubbish.
Page 30

Simon's World.
Page 31

OCA Y Property.
Page 32

OCA Y Villas.
Page 32

Gooner's Gags.
Page 33

Nick The Clock's World

The Comic With
A Conscience



'Nick's Niche'
<

It was a sad
and
disappointing day
when I discovered my
Universal Remote Control
did not,
in fact,
control the Universe.

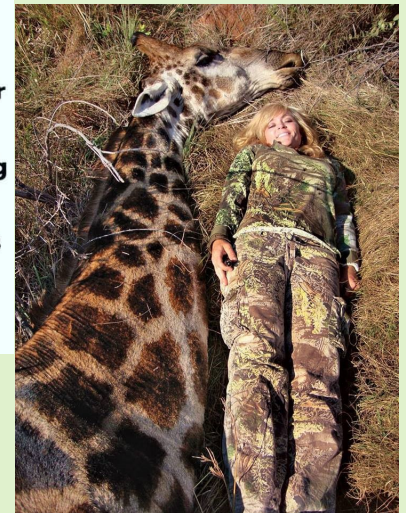
(Not even remotely.)

Tried to sign up to a
website the other
day.
Keep Calm And Oh Fck It Enjoy Some Craic
I put my password as
"Beef stew"
But it said password
wasn't stroganoff.

It's Time To Give Up Drinking Poison








Artificially sweetened beverages can triple your
risk of stroke and dementia or alzheimers.
Aspartame is the number one consumed
artificial sweetener in America causing anything
from depression to weight gain and has been
linked to brain tumours. In 1985 Monsanto
bought the company credited with aspartames
invention and since then over 900
published studies have come out,
revealing the detrimental
effects of aspartame.



FACEBOOK ENABLES
CRIMINALLY INSANE
PARASITES LIKE
REBECCA FRANCIS TO
GLORIFY SERIAL
KILLING...while so many
pictures and videos of
slaughterhouses are marked
as "graphic" and covered
up?...a petition is in

AUSTRALIAN SPIDER CHART

BASTARD  MOUSE SPIDER	BIG BASTARD  HUNTSMAN SPIDER	UNDER THE BOG SEAT BASTARD  BLACK HOUSE SPIDER
DEADLY BASTARD  REDBACK SPIDER	BIG HAIRY BASTARD  FUNNEL WEB SPIDER	BIRD EATING BASTARD  BIRD EATING SPIDER
FLESH EATING BASTARD  WHITE TIP SPIDER	JUMP AT YOU BASTARD  AUSTRALIAN JUMPING SPIDER	

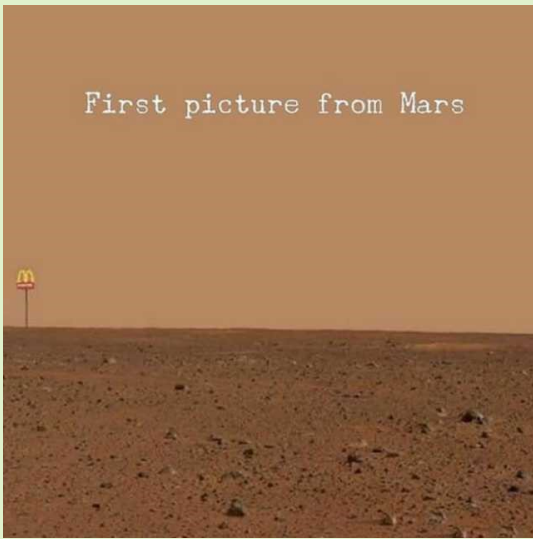
**DR. BRADSTREET SAID
VACCINES CAUSE AUTISM.**



**THE FDA RAIDS HIS OFFICE. HE WAS FOUND DEAD
IN THE RIVER TWO DAYS LATER. (JUNE 15, 2015)**

Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 2

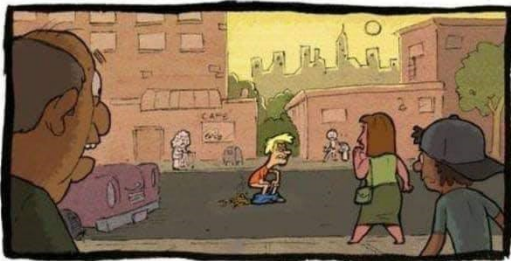


"The same NYPD police chief that threatened to expose to the public what was on the Weiner laptop a few years ago if the FBI didn't? You know. The laptop that implicates Clinton and so many others in crimes against children with video evidence? The same evidence that made grown men officers cry after viewing it? Hmmm..." ~ [Lisa Light](#)

Breaking911
@Breaking911

BREAKING UPDATE: NYPD Chief Kills Himself Just Days Before Retirement - [breaking911.com/breaking-updat...](#)

6:54 PM · 05 Jun 19 · Twitter Web Client



memecenter.com **Memecenter**
TOOHOLE.COM
Ryan Kramer

HIS DATING PROFILE SAYS



VERY OUTGOING SOCIAL DRINKER THAT ENJOYS THE OUTDOORS

imgflip.com

Jack Daniels Fishing Story

I went fishing this morning, but after a short time I ran out of worms.

Then I saw a cottonmouth with a frog in its mouth.

Frogs are good bass bait.

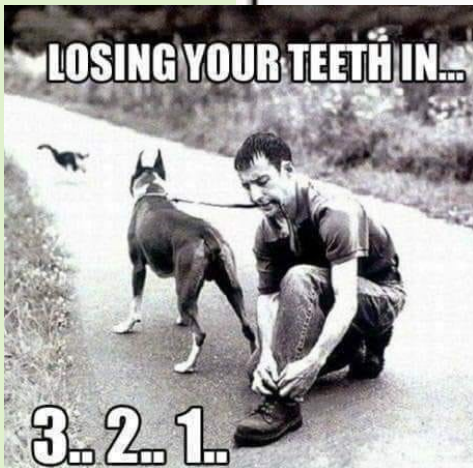
Knowing the snake couldn't bite me with the frog in its mouth, I grabbed it right behind the head, took the frog, and put it in my bait bucket.

Now the dilemma was how to release the snake without getting bit. So, I grabbed my bottle of Jack Daniels and poured a little whiskey in its mouth. Its eyes rolled back, and it went limp.

I released the snake into the lake without incident and carried on fishing, using the frog.

Not long after, I felt a nudge on my foot. It was that damn snake ... with two more frogs.

Life is good.



Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 3

Air China magazine warns London visitors to avoid ethnic minority areas



Published Wed, Sep 7 2016 5:26 AM EDT Updated Wed, Sep 7 2016 8:40 AM EDT
Haze Fan | Special to CNBC

Air China safety tips spark fury Even for China, where companies have struggled with race issues in their marketing previously, the latest inflight magazine from the country's flagship airline will likely come as a shocker. [Air China's Wings of China](#) carries a long feature on visiting London, with almost a third of the magazine dedicated to tourist attractions in Britain's capital and other famous towns such as Oxford. The main article, titled "London the city of 'hat tricks'," covers Brits' apparent fondness for all kinds of hats.

Then, after a section on transport options and lifestyle and cultural activities in London, *Wings of China* offers some "Tips from Air China."

"London is generally a safe place to travel, however precautions are needed when entering areas mainly populated by Indians, Pakistanis and black people," China's flagship carrier advises. "We advise tourists not to go out alone at night, and females always to be accompanied by another person when traveling."

THE AVERAGE HUMAN WALKS 900 MILES A YEAR AND DRINKS 22 GALLONS OF BEER



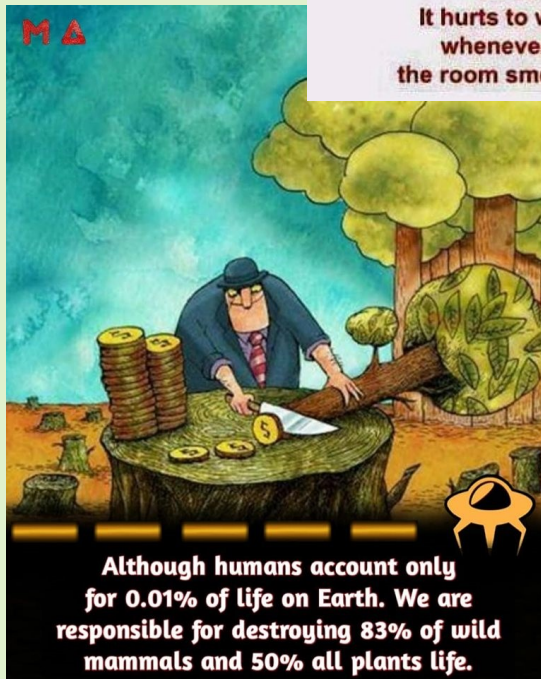
WHICH MEANS THE AVERAGE HUMAN GETS 41 MILES PER GALLON ...NOT BAD

Getting Old Should Require Training ...

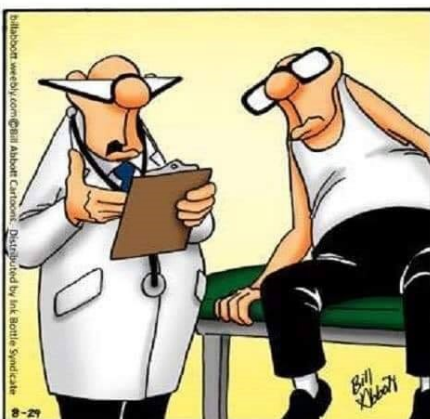


I bought a new stick deodorant today. The instructions said: "Remove cap and push up bottom."

It hurts to walk, but whenever I fart, the room smells lovely.



Although humans account only for 0.01% of life on Earth. We are responsible for destroying 83% of wild mammals and 50% all plants life.



"High sodium, high cholesterol, lots of toxins - your blood test is remarkably similar to a potato chip."

Picked up a hitch-hiker. Seemed like a nice guy. After a few miles, he asked me if I wasn't afraid that he might be a serial killer? I told him that the odds of two serial killers being in the same car were extremely unlikely



Continued on Page 5

Nick The Clock's World *Continued from Page 4*

I was having trouble with my computer so I called my 13 year-old son to help me.

He clicked a couple of buttons and fixed it. As he was walking back to his room I asked him what the problem was.

He said, "It was an 'ID ten T' issue". Not wanting to sound stupid but curious in case I had the same problem again, I asked him what an ID ten T was.

"Write it down", he said, so I did.

ID10T.....he never was my favourite child anyway.



Little Johnny Story

A new teacher was trying to make use of her psychology courses. She started her class by saying, "Everyone who thinks you're stupid, stand up!" After a few seconds, Little Johnny stood up. The teacher said, "Do you think you're stupid, Little Johnny?" "No, ma'am, but I hate to see you standing there all by yourself!"



That's' All Folks !

Pine Leaves

The Greek university system is dysfunctional, writes Richard Pine. Its reform is the essential key to Greece realising its potential.

<http://www.ekathimerini.com/241974/opinion/ekathimerini/comment/greece-needs-university-reform>

(Ekathimerini)

With a general election looming, Richard Pine argues that no political party has the ability to alleviate the economic crisis central to most people's lives.

<https://www.irishtimes.com/news/world/europe/greece-election-shows-the-powerlessness-of-its-politicians-1.3921066>

(Irish Times)

Corfu Monthly News

10 of the best

https://www.mirror.co.uk/travel/europe/corfu-greece-guide-best-things-16249016.amp?fbclid=IwAR34XmVryl1zxI0INefhOZrFpY_2A2AUwav0OR42Qle_OrtvKqQEIm4a0E8

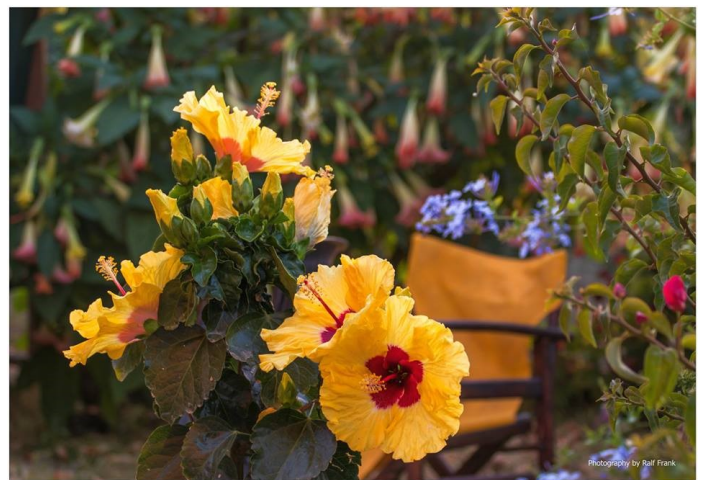
Following a complaint and a police inspection of a shop in Corfu Town where the 55-year-old was temporarily in charge, 18 counterfeit goods (belts, hats, bags) were found to be on sale.

Charges were brought against the man and the 34-year-old owner of the shop for counterfeiting and fraud. The goods were confiscated and the accused will be taken to appear before the Corfu Prosecutor.



http://enimerosi.com/details_en.php?id=33322&fbclid=IwAR3LW0riZh5gOXfscFq0iPA2eD_9Rsl-LMp-56iG_IyCcAQBSqTQ_hvVLI0#.XPtIWw2LpF4.facebook

Nature



Courtesy of Ralf Frank

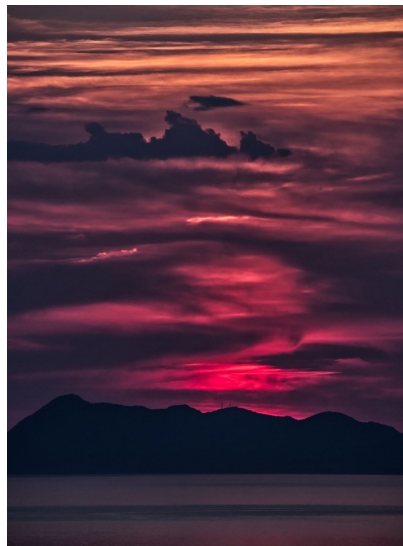


All hatched out by Teal Jacks <

Nature - Continued from page 6



Summer arrives at last Ian Fern



Orthini from Arillas courtesy John Lanasis



Courtesy of Pavlos Spingos

Αυτή την εποχή στις άκρες των δρόμων κυριαρχεί το σπάρτο. Το ζωντανό του χρώμα αλλά κυρίως η ευωδιά του είναι μια ευχαρίστηση των αισθήσεων.

This time of year, on the road sides the dominance of sparto - Spartium junceum, commonly known as Spanish broom or weaver's broom, is a pleasure to senses with its bright yellow colour but mostly with its aroma



And on the subject of sloping horizons
 ‘Sometimes they can be used to add to the effect. I intentionally have this horizon sloping slightly to the left as it enhances the impression of movement of the boat towards the shore.’

Courtesy of Geoff Seddon



ichneumon wasp:
 Acroricnus
 seductor, identified
 for us by our friend
 Cosmas Aperyis.



They are closer
 than you
 think....

Courtesy of
 Samantha Miller
 <

Video Plus Corner

Rainbow Warrior in Corfu

<https://hellenicdailynews.com/en/2019/06/07/rainbow-warrior-in-greece-to-promote-greenpeaces-campaign-on-climate-crisis/?fbclid=IwAR1R1eqEktVuN3Y7c4d2IRfTJqVCLssguMO0DiYbfcf1ReQOg-t2nmde0co>

Corfu Weather Statistics - June 2019

Summary

	Max	Avg	Min
Temperature (°F)			
Max Temperature	95	82	71
Avg. Temperature	81	72	63
Min. Temperature	66	62	57
Precipitation (inches)			
Precipitation	0.55	0.05	0
Dew Point (°F)			
Dew Point	72	63	54



Taken at Brook Meadow,
Agios Ioannis

Looks like summer is
here!

34°C in the shade,
50°C+ in the sunshine!

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

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

Tickle Ties the knot

Apologies gentle reader to those of you expecting a lesson on how to tie a knot, my deviation from this subject continues....

The Nautical Knot (as a measure of speed)

The knot is a unit of speed equal to one nautical mile per hour, exactly 1.852 km/h (approximately 1.15078 mph). The ISO standard symbol for the knot is kn. The same symbol is preferred by the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers; kt is also common, especially in aviation, where it is the form recommended by the International Civil Aviation Organization. The knot is a non-SI unit. Worldwide, the knot is used in meteorology, and in maritime and air navigation—for example, a vessel travelling at 1 knot along a meridian travels approximately one minute of geographic latitude in one hour.

Origin

Until the mid-19th century, vessel speed at sea was measured using a chip log. This consisted of a wooden panel, attached by line to a reel, and weighted on one edge to float perpendicularly to the water surface and thus present substantial resistance to the water moving around it. The chip log was cast over the stern of the moving vessel and the line allowed to pay out. Knots placed at a distance of 47 feet 3 inches (14.4018 m) from each other, passed through a sailor's fingers, while another sailor used a 30-second sand-glass (28-second sand-glass is the currently accepted timing) to time the operation. The knot count would be reported and used in the sailing master's dead reckoning and navigation. This method gives a value for the knot of 20.25 in/s, or 1.85166 km/h. The difference from the modern definition is less than 0.02%.

Definitions

1 international knot =

- 1 nautical mile per hour (by definition),
- 1,852.000 metres per hour (exactly)
- 0.51444 metres per second (approximately)
- 1.15078 miles per hour (approximately)
- 20.25372 inches per second (approximately)
- 1.68781 feet per second (approximately)

1852 m is the length of the internationally agreed nautical mile. The US adopted the international definition in 1954, having previously used the US nautical mile (1853.248 m).[5] The UK adopted the international nautical mile definition in 1970, having previously used the UK Admiralty nautical mile (6080 ft or 1853.184 m)



Letters to the Editor

Sorry this latest edition is a little late and, maybe, a little smaller-though some might prefer the brevity! Too much going on and too few hours to focus enough hours here at present.

This blackmail letter in from contributor and 'friend' Simon Baddeley; -

'Send me £10,000 in bitcoin asap or I will make this picture public (:))'



'Smashit and Revenant Man'

Followed by this worrying photo and explanation:-

'Brought these home from my allotment today. I've not been able to grow garlic like this before.'

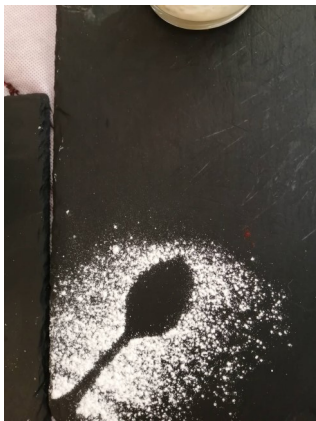


'Nadgers'

Ed: 'Thank you Simon for your interesting musings. This last photo reminds me of the time I closely followed Lionel up the ladder of the Villa Drakula pump room. His shorts were awry.'

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Pastitsio



Ingredients:

- 600 gr. minced meat.
- 1 onion, finely chopped.
- 4 tbsp olive oil.
- 400 gr. ripe tomatoes [peeled and blended].
- 250 gr. pasta No.3 for Pastitsio.
- 100 gr. fresh butter.
- 120 gr. kefalograviera cheese, grated.
- Salt and pepper to taste.

AND FOR THE BECHAMEL SAUCE

- 2 tbsp fresh butter.
- 2 tbsp olive oil.
- 4 tbsp of plain flour.
- 500 ml. of warm milk.
- 120 gr. of kefalograviera cheese, grated.
- 1 egg.
- A pinch of grated nutmeg.
- Salt and pepper.

GO:-

In a pan, sauté the onion and minced meat, stirring continuously, add salt, pepper and tomatoes, Simmer for about 40 minutes until the sauce has thickened.

In a big pan boil the pasta in salted water al dente. Drain well the pasta and sprinkle with cheese. Let it stand.

Meanwhile, in another pan prepare the Bechamel sauce. On a low heat, melt the butter, pour the oil and stir in the flour. Add the warm milk a little at a time, stirring until the mixture becomes creamy.

Season with salt and pepper.

Beat the egg with the nutmeg and put half the pasta on the bottom, then pour the minced meat as the next layer, then the rest of the pasta and, finally, the Bechamel sauce on top. Sprinkle a little cheese over.

Bake the Pastitsio at 170 degrees C. for between 45 minutes and an hour, until the top is brown. Serve within half an hour of baking.

Καλη Ορεξη!



My favourite
Holland world
 Colours are
 Sea blue
 &
 Sandy white

Tracey's Tips



If you are a girly girl like me there's nothing more, I like than maxi dresses. They are elegant, feminine and look great whatever size or shape you are.

They can be plain, stunning and flamboyant. Definitely a must for those summer evenings ♥♥



absolute beginner workout
backonpointe.tumblr.com

- 20 jumping jacks
- 5 squats
- 10 toe touches
- 5 star jumps
- 10 crunches
- 20 russian twists
- 5 squats
- 1 burpee
- 20 wall push-ups
- 10 standing calf raises
- 10 toe touches
- 20 high knees
- 10 lunges
- 5 star jumps
- 5 fire hydrants
- 20 bird-dogs
- 10 crunches
- 10 glute kickbacks
- 20 jumping jacks




Summer.

Hair gets lighter. Skin gets darker.
 Water gets warmer. Drinks get colder.
 Music gets louder. Nights get longer.
 Life gets better.



Tracey's Tips - Continued from Page 11

Now we are well and truly into the summer months, pretty footwear is a must. Here a few samples of my favourite women's sandals 



**And this
is me.**

<

Hilary's Ramblings Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

The Corfu Trail - Only in my Imagination

The Corfu Trail - Only in my Imagination I SHOULD IMAGINE THAT MY SATURDAY WALKERS will be interested to learn that I have never walked the Corfu Trail. Well, that's according to a person called Ray Harrison, with whom I endured an email spat over a period of a few days in early June, during which he became increasingly rude, abusive and accusatory. He had bought my Corfu Trail Guide off the Internet.

Mr H began by commenting on 'lack of detail' on the maps in the Guide. This is a not unique comment, and stems from the fact that the maps were hand-drawn using (British made) maps dating from the 1940s, combine with my own on-the-ground route sketches. The old maps were the best available at the time, and they still beat the more recently obtainable 1:5000 series maps, last updated in the 1970s. I emailed Mr H back to explain that we do not have OS-style maps to work from, and pointed him in the direction of the 1:50,000 Freytag and Berndt map, which marks the course of the Trail, though neither as accurately or in

as much detail as my own ones. This explanation has satisfied everyone so far. But not Mr H.

Having described himself as an 'experienced mountain walker', he stated that he was 'not very confident with these details and maps you have emailed to take this walk on' and also complained that the route descriptions give timings between locations rather than distances. For an 'experienced' hiker, he sounds a bit of a wimp!

I replied thus: 'Because there are no decent maps, it is impossible to measure distances with any accuracy. We estimate a walking pace of around 4 kilometres per hour, just under 3 miles an hour. AVERAGE distance is about 20 kilometres daily, but some days are longer and some shorter.'

Despite this clarification, he started getting stopy: 'Sorry but I'm still not convinced. If someone had walked the route with a pedometer or using GPS, you would know the distance. How do you know the ascent if there are no decent maps? Sorry but you have not convinced me that your directions and details of the walk are correct.'

Continued on Page 13

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 12

This is looking like a complete waste of money purchasing your walk details.'

I fired back: 'I know the ascents because I got them from the maps which I used to hand-make the maps in the e-book. They had contours, but dated from 1946. The SCALE was too small to accurately measure distances. We have GPSed many sections, but I am sorry, I am not convinced that GPS is ever correct. When I walk with several people with GPS we get several very varied readings. Funnily enough, no-one else has been convinced that my directions and details are not correct.'

Mr H then responded: 'Look I know I have been well conned with this guide. You have never walked this trail. What you sent me for the money I paid, its only use is to use it as toilet paper.' He then called me a 'liar'.

I replied by pointing out that this accusation was 'libellous, and demonstrably so.'

So, he hassled back 'see you in court', adding that HE would be taking ME to court for... harassment! (I have corrected Mr H's appalling typing and punctuation in the above conversation for the sake of clarity.)



Flowery May and June Walks

WITH WEATHER REMAINING COOL AND CLOUDY during May, and not even moving into full summer mode in the single-figure days of June, we continued on a week by week basis with our Saturday walks.

Throughout Spring, from late winter and into early summer, Corfu's wild flowers bloom in a succession of different types and colour schemes. Having over the past years avoided walks in the later part of Spring, we have missed the later phases of flowerings, but this year we've caught them.

Wild white dog roses have been rampantly clambering over hedgerows, and Traveller's Joy, also a scrambler * on lower-growth plants, was just appearing as we walked for the final time. The latter is Clematis vitalba, a tall clematis with small fragrant flowers and tufts of grey hairs around the seeds. It is named Traveller's Joy because of the sweet scent that wafts towards you as you walk in its vicinity. When the grey-tuft seed heads appear, it is better known as Old Man's Beard. But the stand-out flower was Love-in-a-Mist, Nigella damascena,

a Mediterranean plant of the buttercup family, which bears blue flowers surrounded by delicate thread-like green bracts, giving a hazy appearance to the flowers. On successive Saturdays it seemingly bloomed everywhere, in places forming a giant blue pillow that you longed to throw yourself upon.

Garden stand-out - and practically everyone is growing it this year - was a soapy-pink flower (think 'Lux'), which sprawled over people's borders, and which we could not at first identify. One of our walkers, Tina, later tracked it down on the Net, and it turned out to be Oenothera speciosa, commonly known as Pink Evening Primrose or Pinkladies. Originally a perennial wild flower native to the American mid-west, it seems now to be a dramatic and welcome fixture in local gardens. If you want to grow some, just swipe a runner or two, but be aware that it can be invasive. The good news is that it is drought-resistant, and prefers loose, fast-draining soil in full sun.

* Had to use the 'scramble' word there - 'Sc-Ramblings returns next month



No More Taste For Water

WHEN I WAS A YOUNGSTER AND WANTED A DRINK, I used to run into the kitchen and wail: 'MUMMM, I'M THIRRRSSSTTEEE', to which the immediate reply was 'TAP!'

We were lucky that our tap water came from Thirlmere in the Lake District, from a

branch off the main Manchester pipeline as it passed just outside our village; it was soft and pleasant-tasting. Our nearest large town received their supply from an edge-of-city reservoir, and it was not as good. And as for the unspeakable London water, experienced on occasional visits, we shall talk no more.

Because we always drank from the tap at home, I never developed a taste for fizzy, sweetened drinks, as my primary schoolmates from the city did. Their households all drank 'squash' or 'cordial', usually a lurid bottled syrup with no hint of the fruit it supposedly derived from, and to which you added tap water, the syrup serving to disguise any chemical taint it had. Later, canned drinks replaced the squash; I remember the horror of my first coca cola; I was too polite to refuse the neighbour who offered it, and had to drink the lot.

Continued on Page 14

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 13

Now, if not suckling from a fizzy can of something or other, people seem plugged into plastic water bottles (bottled water, except for the very posh sort you got in France, did not exist in my early environment). These bottles may have been sitting in store for months, or even years, sometimes in the full sun. Their packaging always implies mountain springs and fresh air. Har, har. I know of one famous brand that, while boasting a source on a famous mountain, in truth comes from a well next to a facility that treats telegraph poles, on the outskirts of a major industrial city.

It is a far cry from Lawrence Durrell's day, when the [Corfu] people had 'so delicate a palate as to be connoisseurs of cold water ... When a Greek drinks water he tastes it, and pressing it against the palate, savours it. The peasants will readily tell you which wells give the sweetest water, while even the townspeople retain a delicate taste in water, and are able to recognise the different sources from which the little white town handcarts (covered in green boughs) are replenished.'

It's a shame that we have lost our taste for this elixir.

Stressing the importance of keeping hydrated whilst dieting, a recently published slimming book assumes that readers will not enjoy drinking straight H₂O. The author writes: 'Make plain water more appealing by keeping bottles in the fridge, as it tastes better cold.'

For extra flavour, add a few berries or slices of lemon and lime in a jug with ice. Mixing in herbs such as mint, thyme or rosemary is another refreshing idea, as are a couple of slices of cucumber or even courgette.'

I'll stick to tap and tea.



Recycling Not The Answer

ONE POSITIVE OUTCOME OF THE ONGOING RUBBISH CRISIS is the establishment of recycling centres all around the island, non-existent before the crisis began. But IS this step really a positive one? Or should there be another way? Our concern for our waste leads us to diligently sort it, then drive miles to the recycling centre - activities that bite into our work and leisure time.

But why should we be obliged to spend our money and our time on this task, when the manufacturers continue to over-package their products with plastic? Why should the problem be dumped on us, whilst the companies we buy from ignore good practices? I 'recycle' plastic egg boxes to neighbours with chickens; but wouldn't it be better if egg producers used molded cardboard (as a few of them do)? Much plastic could be replaced with environmentally-friendly cellulose-based wrappings, which could be used afterwards as kindling in our stoves, or for compost. Thus, requiring fewer petrol-using trips to the recycling centre.

Also, why should these centres be staffed by volunteers, when it's the local authorities who created the problem, and should be the ones to sort it out?

And remember - however many times you recycle plastic, it NEVER actually goes away.

I DON'T FOLLOW FORM OF ANY SOCIAL MEDIA, so someone had to email me to say that a new footpath had been cleared to reroute the Corfu Trail between Vistonas and Makrades, and that social media had congratulated me for this endeavour. But it wasn't actually me. The footpath was an old one that, unused for decades, had become choked with shrubs and rock-falls from bordering walls. Joy Konstanti, who lives near the path's Vistonas end, had shown me the first part of its course, and I subsequently pointed it out to the Corfu Trail guides Spiros and Marcella from Aperghi Travel (the Garitsa Bay office which handles almost all pre-booked individuals and groups on the Trail), who then very efficiently cleared it for future hikers. Thank them and not me.



On Tuesday 30th of July the OCA Y office will be open from 9:00 a.m. until 16:00 p.m.

We are experiencing quite a demand for tickets. To be sure that you are not disappointed please come to our plateia office on the above date to get your tickets.

You may be lucky and get a refreshment!

This demand is also being experienced for the free coaches.

Please ring Paul on 6974932408 or Jan on 6982115192

All coach details will be published here in the August edition.

FRIDAY 30TH AUGUST
STARTING AT 7.30 P.M.

OUR LINEUP IS COMPLETE



Continued from Page 15

Ticket Distributors

Paul McGovern - OCAY Office
(0030) 6974932408

Jan - OCAY office - (0030) 6982115192

Paul Scotter - (0030) 6948701369

Ken & Jan Harrop - (North Corfu) -
(0030) 6944131853

Chas Clifton - (0030) 6945046761

Dick Mulder - (0030) 6975584507

Edem Club Dassia - (0030) 26610 93013

Ecopoint - (Natty Katehi) -
(0030) 6979449758

Sally's Bar, Ipsos - (0030) 69785220151

Nikki (Meander Travel - The Port) -
(0030) 6932015127

Ian Fern (St. George South) -
(0030) 6971948113

Ticket Prices

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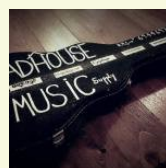
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|---|--|--|

Bespoke Property



Insulation



Ready for inspection

Some progress in the June heat on the Barbati property.

The foundations are in and now we are looking skyward.



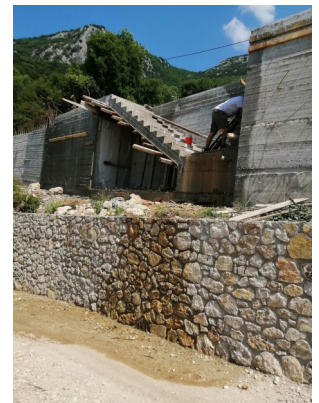
Base down



Keeping the base damp in hot conditions to stop cracking



Sprinklers in action



Steps to pumproom



Water running down the wall

<



Columns rising

>

At Garitsa a start has been made on the Spitaki, the first of three buildings to be reformed.



Starting Spitaki



Walls climbing

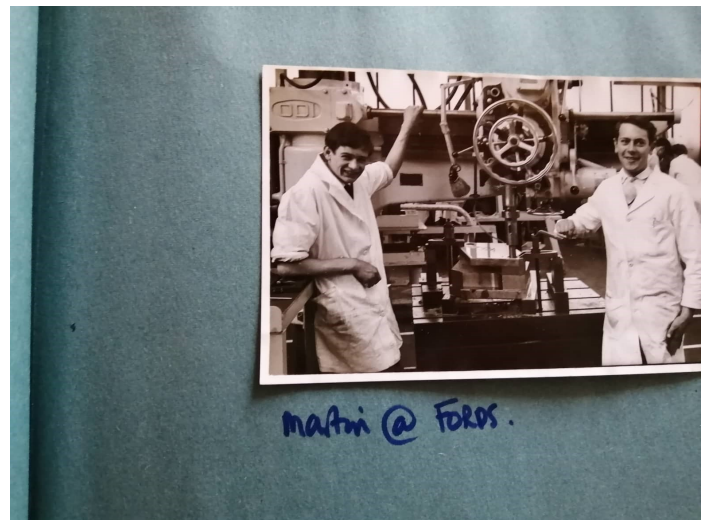
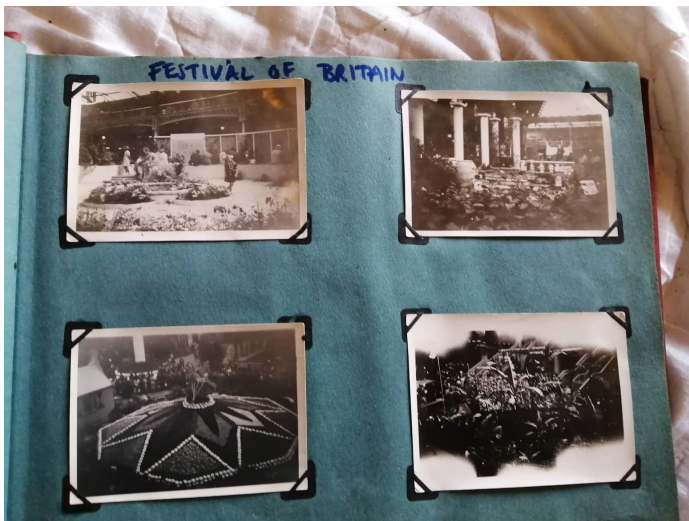
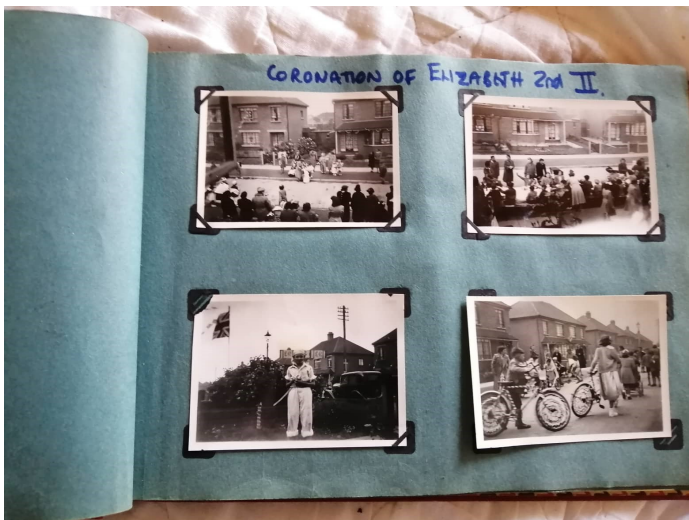
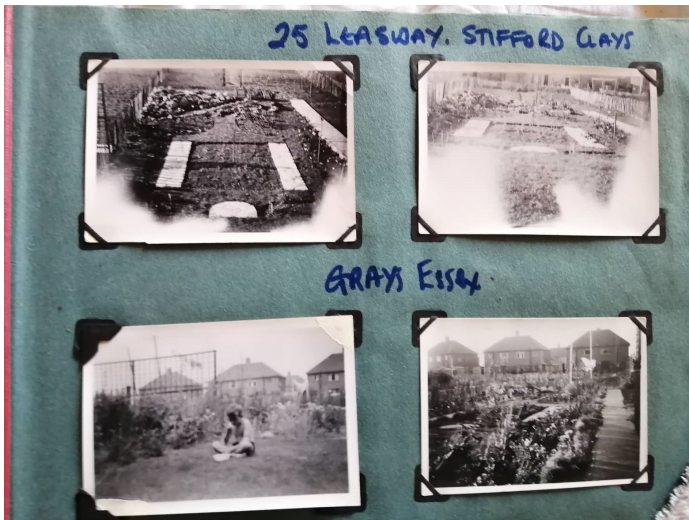


New elevations

The Way Things Are and Were

Please allow for a little self-indulgence in this chapter. My dear cousin, Julie, visited in June; the first time we had met for a quarter of a century. She brought with her an old family photo album. The memories came flooding back for such happy childhood times in Essex and Kent in the 1950's. Another age. Another world.

Here they are reproduced here for those who share love for such memories of our 'black and white' days. I have always been proud of the sacrifices my Father and Uncles made during the war. Luckily, unlike so many less fortunate, they made it back. Otherwise, you would not be seeing this.



Continued from Page 20



Aunt Eileen, Julie's Mum



Aunt Eileen



How did we see the picture



Julie with Fred



Martin



My cousin Martin Julie's brother



My Dad, Submariner, our first fish pond Gravesend, sleeper, Me, Julie and Fred

Continued on Page 22

Continued from Page 21



Nana Lant and her son Uncle Bill, 8th Army



Nana Lant with her Couzen's family



Uncle Harry Julie and Aunt Edna



Uncle Ron WW2 Chindit Sergeant

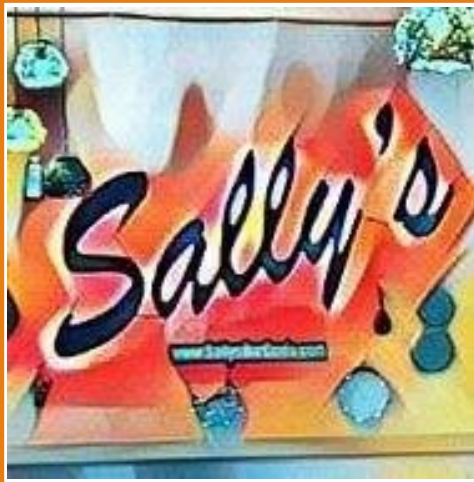


Uncle Ron, Julie's Dad



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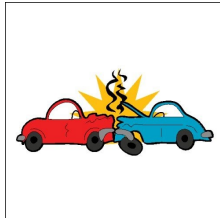
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Red Penguin

Dassia, Corfu

What's on at Holy Trinity Corfu

- Thurs 4 10:30 Bible Study at HTC
17:00 Worship Group
- Fri 5 09:30 Prayer Meeting
- Sun 7 10:30 Family Communion**
- Mon 8 18:00 Home Group
- Tues 9 10:00 Master's Crafters
- Thurs 11 10:30 Bible Study at HTC
17:00 Worship Group
18:00 Ministry Team Meeting
- Fri 12 09:30 Prayer Meeting
18:00 HTC South Communion, Mes-
songhi
- Sun 14 10:30 Family Communion**
- Mon 15 17:30 Home Group
- Thurs 18 09:00 Pastoral Care Group Meeting
10:30 Bible Study at HTC
17:00 Worship Group
- Fri 19 09:30 Prayer Meeting
- Sun 21 10:30 Family Communion**
- Mon 22 18:00 Home Group
- Thurs 25 10:30 Bible Study at HTC
17:00 Worship Group
- Fri 26 09:30 Prayer Meeting
- Sun 28 10:30 Family Communion**
- Mon 29 17:30 Home Group



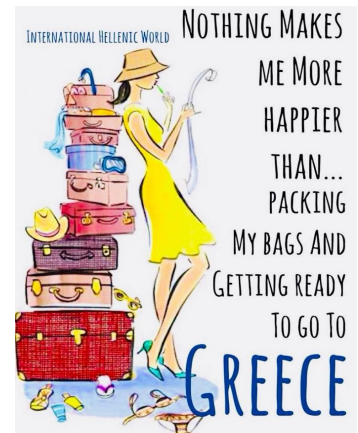
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*Corfu
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done*

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

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

Village and Island Reflections

It took the first ten days of June before our summer finally arrived. Since which time, it has tried to make amends by being consistently hot, hot, hot.

So, we are bang smack in the time for our festivals and beaches and barbecues and visits from abroad and ice creams and the odd dash of summer madness, then those golden moments of slumbering, Corfu dreaming.

The month kicked off with a splendid BBQ with old chums Helen, Graeme and Emily. The evening before they had been cooked a superb Anniversary meal at Villa Theodora by professional chef Claire Dawkins. We were lucky to sample a couple of the leftovers at the BBQ. Scrummy.



Villa Theodora north and south

<

The rain had caught us out in more ways than one. Lula left her phone out on a table at the BBQ. It rained. Hard. End of phone. [I do not call her Lula anymore, I call her Wheresmymobile].

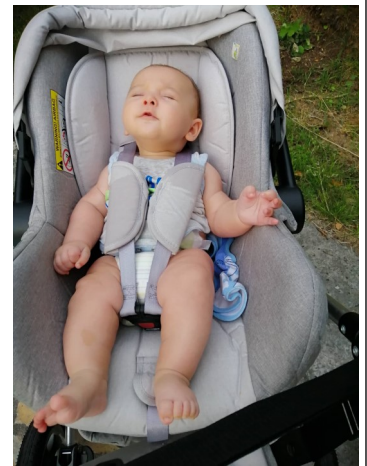
We are going through a Hound of the Baskervilles moment, at present in the Willage. This cacophony proceeds in the early hours. Then, at dawn, it turns off like a tap while the dogs and humans enjoy the sweeter refrain of birdsong greeting the new day.

It is a season for hunting out rubbish bins, occasionally withdrawn altogether by the Authorities, in this tit for tat game between Establishment and Populace.

We are in Barbati, on inspection duty. The steel cages of the foundations hug the terrace like a great Auk army. The workload increases along with the heat, on this busiest of summers.

The good news for me, personally, is a tiny improvement with the gammy leg, allowing me to mow for the first time in months. Finally, got to see a chiropractor. After beating me up for a while he pronounces that my fall in January had broken my knee. No wonder it's been a pain. The trauma set off osteo arthritis, which hasn't helped. But now armed with this knowledge, his daily exercise routine, ice treatment and swimming, I believe I can see the light at the end of the tunnel. I hope it's not a train.

It is a Sunday and I make a brief visit up the road to visit the family. Georgie Porgie had just been milked by his Mum, or is it the other way around. He bounced happily enough on my knee [good knee] but had hiccups throughout. He was very bloated. Got a salvo of lovely smiles from him today; it lifts the spirits.



Georgie Porgie

Then my cousin Julie arrives for a week's visit; have not seen her for twenty-five years. As you can imagine, there was a lot of catching up to do. She is a widow, living in a quiet Suffolk village, so Agios was a contrast, that's for sure!

Tried to get a bigger one

>



Super BBQ

<

Village and Island Reflections - Continued from Page 26

Our friends kindly included her in their company, so she probably had more society in a week than a year in England. She'll probably read this and accuse me of gross exaggeration. Later, during her stay, she was joined by her young niece Cloe, for a flying weekend.



Ear treatment from the MIL

<



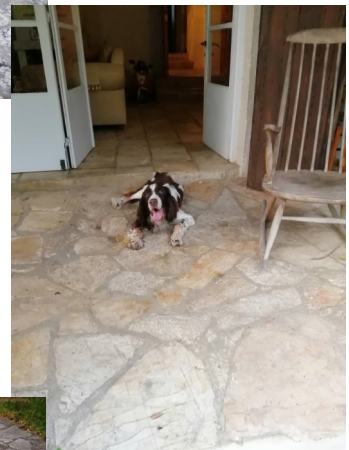
Getting hungry

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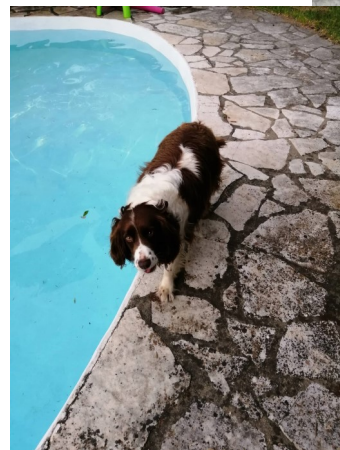
Play time

<



Old Andy suffering in heat

>



Securidog

<



Julie and Cloe at Henk's

<



Glamour at Villa Theodora

>

Naturally, all this activity called for the gathering of clans at another BBQ, this time in our garden.



Family times

<



Cloe and Julie at Villa Sofia

>

Village and Island Reflections - Continued from Page 27



Opportunity knocks

<



Please Dad, please

>



The Murderer's Tree

<

Some Commercial news; my daughter-in-law Ai has just opened a Greek bank account. Big deal, you may be thinking. But if you'd seen the paperwork needed to achieve this you might be impressed. One interesting bit was the translation from Japanese into Greek!

More Commercial News; after eight years of Court Cases accusations, counter-accusations, adjournments, appeals and money, Micky Clark finally wins the case for the illegal blocking of his Right of Way. All thanks to the constant support and intervention of Lula and Paul Grove.



'Disputed land'

An excerpt of calm for the eighteenth of the month; Pre-dawn yapping, up at 6.45 [late today] with itchy arms, the result of little, biting insects. Summer, in all her glory, is here. Coffee and biscuits. Out, watering on windless terraces. Sitting at Ol' pal and buddy's [Dave Smith] crafted, mobile table, writing my diary and listening to the splash of hose water into Lake Inferior, a screech of a jay in the lemon tree, a wood pigeon further off, our village awakening. Our dogs enjoy these garden mornings; they enjoy their breakfasts too!



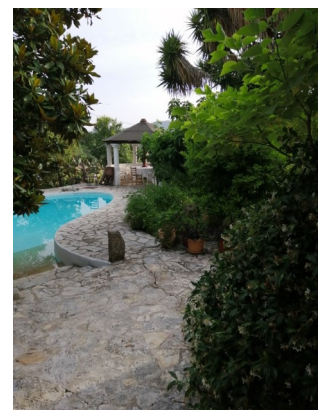
Quiet corner

Later, the swimming girls arrive; Danae, Melina, Natasa, Esme. 'Five Euros each!' I demand at the back door. They giggle and hand over imaginary 5 Euro notes. Elina is following down the lane, pushing Georgie Porgie in his pram, or, rather, braking to stop his weight dragging her down into the canyon of Kostoula's garden. Inside the garden, Lula lifts the little fatty skyward, to dangle his toes in the shallows. He seems to enjoy it. The girls dive in. There is much screeching. This time it is not the jay.



Ready to swim

<



Refuge from the heat

>

Village and Island Reflections - Continued from Page 28

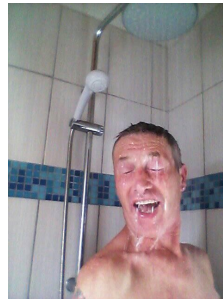
For those wondering why Vasilis's hotel, under new management, has not opened its doors this summer... you may have guessed it. Improper paperwork on existing usage has caused a bureaucratic block to proceedings. Watch this space.

More bureaucracy, the price to pay for paradise in Corfu. From three years back I have a Pension application in with ΕΦΓΑ. Have heard nothing since. Lula's cousin Sofia, who once worked in such a department, was visiting Athens. Very kindly, she offered to go into the Ivory Tower to see what was up. What she found out was that my application resides in the 'Unwanted' Section. Typical. Will I meet the same fate when interred in the local churchyard?

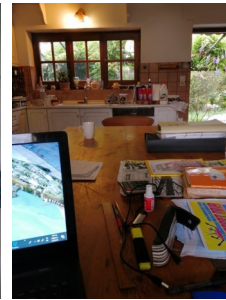
The Panygeri came to town on the 23rd and 24th. My liver could only cope with the first of the two nights. There was much merriment, some minor brawling, music, and feasting. During this chapter the *SHOWDOWN OVER THE DISPUTED TABLE* came once more to the fore. All part of the great lengths gone to by *NOTHING IS CORRECT HOLIDAYS* to entertain the unsuspecting traveller.

Events such as these prompted Elina, who is not from Agios, to say to me, offhandedly, on Peter and Paul's Name-day [we have to share one because we are insignificant Saints]; 'the people in this village are quite mad you know.'

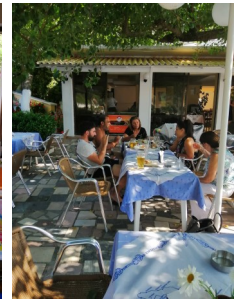
Is she including me?



Alan Flint keeps cool



Another temporary office



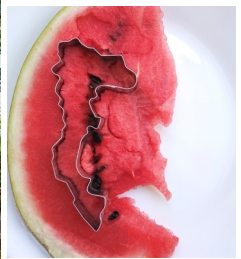
At Nausica



At the Glu Glu



Photos courtesy Kaiti Pilk



ΠΑΡΑΔΟΣΙΑΚΟ ΠΑΝΗΓΥΡΙ ΣΤΟΝ ΑΓ. ΙΩΑΝΝΗ

ΚΥΡΙΑΚΗ 23/6
Με την ορχήστρα Κορφιατική Κομπανία

ΔΕΥΤΕΡΑ 24/6
Με τον Άγγελο Σκολαρίκη

Festival month

<



Georgie Porgie and Lula



Girls will be girls



The Old Fort canal

Beauty at Panygeri

>



Time for an Italian



You can still find these scenes

Beach Rats

A Summer Diary by Lili Gabbiano

DAY 8
APRIL 8TH

I am lifting the feet out of the water.
A bit cold water,
A bit cold wind,
On a hot and cozy wooden pier.

The bay is big and the sea doesn't look like the sea
but a lake.
From a distance I can see the mainland.
Some boats come in.

It is early season, so traffic is still low but once they
will be all here it will be one of the most entertaining
spots.
Here...
The best view on marina, tourists and civilized
wildlife.

A few stranded wales
are there already.
White and shiny they
put their fat in the sun
and their oily skin
helps them to roll on
the other side.



Now they are talking and smoking.
Their elbows are bended and their hands hold their
heads.

A sailing boat goes out.
Fast; ready to take the wind.
Gone it is,
The horizon takes it up, the wind moves it on
To the destination Somewhere.

This is Rubbish



Patricia Webster advises.

Just so everyone knows, after talking to our recycling
guy I learned the following:
Coffee cups go with paper.
All lids go together, bottle tops/coffee lids/etc.
Only original CD's can be recycled
We also now know, water bottles/coke bottles
etc./oil bottles all go together.

HOW TO love THE EARTH

@POSITIVELYPRESENT

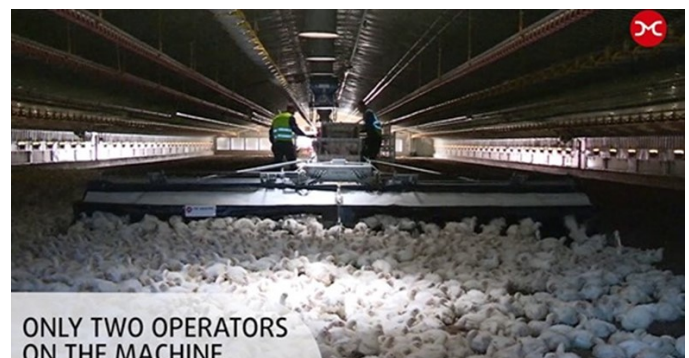


Simon's World



Have you had a glimpse of the intensified farming that keeps down our cost of living? One familiar machine is an 'Apollo Chicken Harvester' made in Italy by CMC, used widely around the EU including the UK. The manufacturers claim, as do the farmers using it (see the CMC promo video), that it is 'actually less stressful than any intensive alternative and if we didn't use it, we wouldn't have enough chicken to meet demand.' There's been a lively thread about this machine on the Facebook pages 'Out of Town with Jack Hargreaves' which I founded (being Jack Hargreaves' stepson). Two comments stood out for me '...most people are so divorced from the reality of food production as to not have a clue!' and '...the general public are so detached from the food process it's a real problem.' T S Eliot in one of his poems (Four Quartets) wrote 'human kind cannot bear very much reality.' We know nature offers examples of difficult to bear pain (I don't use the word 'cruelty' as that is pain deliberately inflicted) - eggs that hatch with young surviving through eating a living host comes to mind. In reality the list of things in nature from which some of us sensible humans, if shown them, will recoil in horror, disquiet and disgust is almost endless. So, yes, I can understand people joining a lobby like 'Compassion in World Farming' (I am a member) to disapprove machines like the Apollo, but some would compare me to those who once said that slavery could be more acceptable if you got rid of uncompassionate slave owners (padded chains, better food, less whipping etc) when the true issue was that 'humane slavery' is and was an oxymoron. Part of me wishes this clip of the 'Apollo

Chicken harvester' were not posted. I can't be indifferent, but I'm reminded that my discomfort (and that of others) may be fleeting, like the significant, but temporary, reduction in bacon, ham and pork purchases following the success of the 1995 comedy film 'Babe' about a piglet that learned to herd sheep. We humans are still in the early days of theorising about our moral obligations to animals. In history we've been debating the subject for hardly more than a few centuries. We have far to go given the butcher's bill for the harm we cause one another. I keep distancing myself from the repellent unpleasantness of industrialised farming by intellectualising, but it was Siegfried Giedion who, in his fascinating 1948 book 'Mechanisation Takes Command: A Contribution to Anonymous History' (a book given me by my stepfather as 'ought' reading, when I was 16) who suggested, in a chapter on the mechanisation of slaughter*, that the most indigestible thing about this is that the machine renders invisible the moment between being alive and being dead. In earlier times the act of killing was highly visible (and still is for those who wring the necks of their own chicken, break the neck of a just caught rabbit, or take their pet to the vet to be 'euthanised'). Killing an animal in the hunt could be accompanied by a prayer of thanks to the spirit of the slain animal, as also for animals sacrificed to gods, but the mechanisation of intensive slaughter to keep down food prices neutralises a significant transition, making death invisible and easily ignored. We become desensitised to the facts of life. Being on a farm was the simplest way for the young to learn about sex, and so also about death. No longer. Here's how CMC present this and other chicken processing inventions. with background music.



<https://www.Youtube.com/watch?v=YqzpIqwpOdQ&feature=youtu.be&fbclid=IwAR11FXR0eVtoVBZ5pN6dBouZprjyaEXHEzqRPHItDGrMOQdnWtT6KmB9IM>



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Edel Connaughton: Missing those Al fresco meals!!

☐☐☐

Martine Fransens: Nog steeds hetzelfde  Mooie herinneringen!

Mary Ann Smith: One of my favourite places. 

Mel Sperling: Wow what a place

John Christie: Best village in Greece

Margareta Rodehn: My favourite village to and then it contains Costa and Nitsa.

Kenneth Goldie: Many moons have passed and the mind is a little foggy but I can never forget Corfu or Kostas taverna

From around the world come these messages. They can't all be wrong, can they?



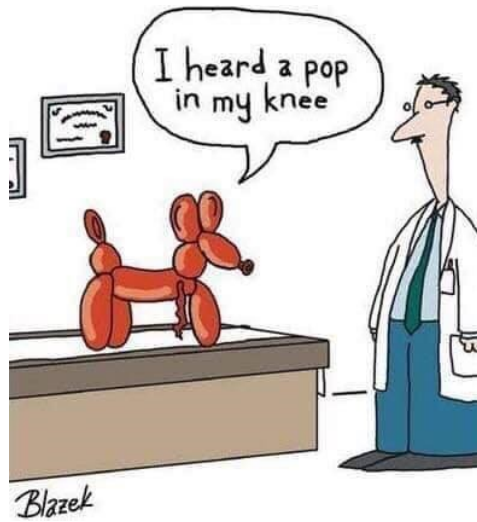
Villa Theodora is always welcoming, 100metres from Kostas Tavern.



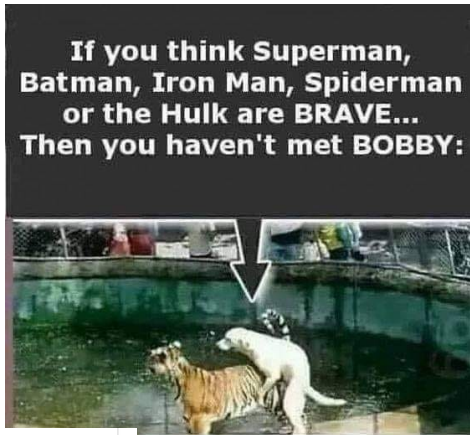
Mail to info@ocayvillas.com to make your dream a reality.

Gooners Gags

IMAGINE IF WE OBSESSED ABOUT THE THINGS WE LOVED ABOUT OURSELVES.



Went to a faith healer last night . He was absolutely shit. Even a bloke in a wheelchair got up and walked out



So here we have a diesel van with a petrol generator charging an electric car
The future is bright



Four worms were placed in four separate test tubes:
1st in beer
2nd in wine
3rd in whiskey
4th in mineral water
The next day, the teacher shows the results:
The 1st worm in beer, dead.
The 2nd in wine, dead.
The 3rd in whiskey, dead.
The 4th in mineral water, alive and healthy.
The teacher asks the class:
- What do we learn from this experience?
And a child responds:
- Whoever drinks beer, wine and whiskey, does not have worms.
😂😂😂 Send it to your friends so they do not have worms 🐛👍🍺🍷🍻



Never underestimate the Elephant of surprise