

The Agiot

155th Edition



I have been keen to find an Iris Mantis (*Iris oratoria*) but had no luck. Today, I was amazed to find a huge Mediterranean Mantis (*Mantis religiosa*) eating one on a rosemary bush. The beautiful underwing pattern on the Iris Mantis can be seen.

As I couldn't decide, there's two photos, one with flash and macro lens and one with no flash and zoom lens. – at Arillas, Magouladon.

Photo by Peter Hardiman.

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Beach Rats

A Summer Diary by Lili Gabbiano

DAY 18

JULY 15

Heat strikes
38, 39, 40...

Shadows disappear;
they darken but don't cool.

Melted; Steamed humans.

I pretend to be cozy.
Just undress, without stress.

And never forget;
hot rules are written like this:



DON'T TALK MUCH.
MOVE SLOWLY
AND DRINK A LOT OF WATER.

Agiotfest Corner

Hi Paul,

I hope you're well!

I know it's a bit early, but if you are planning an Agiofest 2022, I have a blues/rock n roll outfit here in Spain that I'm sure you'd like. I'll send material once we've got our latest video finished. But I thought I'd give you a heads up that, if there's space and you're interested, I'd love to bring them over. Take care!

Chris Catling



It's party time

Ed: -

Thanks Chris,

Of course, we are always interested in having back the great players we have had in the past. And that includes you. Agiofest is very much alive and kicking but must find its way through the dampening web of outlandish legislation, in order to play once more.

Please stay in touch and watch this space.

Nick The Clock's World

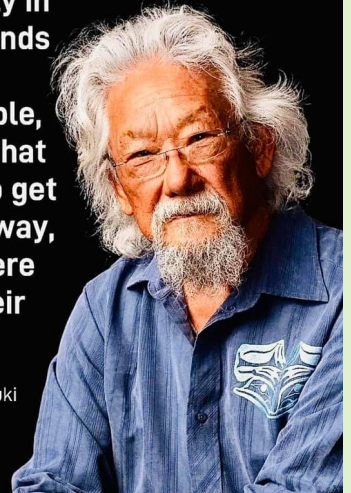
The Comic With A Conscience



Nick at home

"The only people with a track record of living sustainably in place for thousands of years are Indigenous people, and despite all that has been done to get them out of the way, they are still here fighting for their land."

David Suzuki



POLICE : KNOCK KNOCK
ME : WHO IS IT
POLICE : ITS THE POLICE
ME : WHAT DO YOU WANT
POLICE : WE JUST WANNA TALK
ME : HOW MANY OF YOU ARE THERE
POLICE : 2
ME : THEN TALK TO EACH OTHER

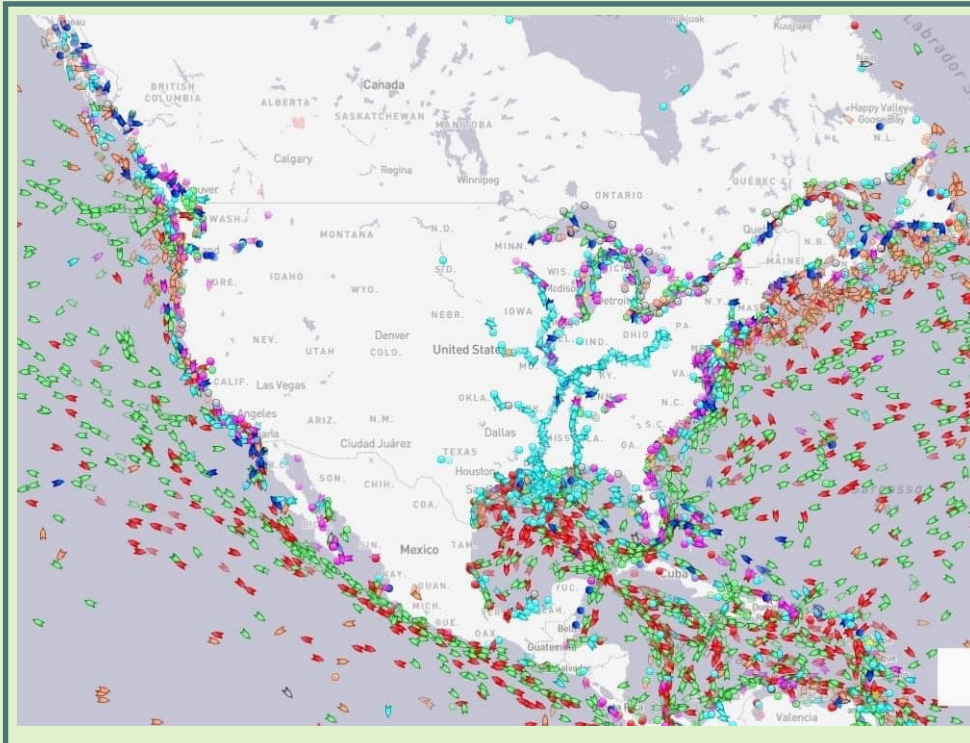
Notorious-celt
@CelticNotorious

The most ironic thing about the passports is now restaurants will be forced to only cater and serve those who advocated for businesses to be closed for the past 18 months while banning those who fought for them to stay open..



🕒🕒🕒🕒🕒
JUST BEEN TOLD THAT THE CLOCKS GO BACK THIS MONTH. I'M BUGGERED IF I CAN REMEMBER WHERE I GOT MINE FROM. 😂

Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 3



For those of us that have to deal with supply chains, this is what a nightmare looks like. Ships containing goods/materials circling on the water with no available port to offload. Consumers are beginning to see the effects.

By Ric McCluskey

A Healing Herb For Each of Your Organs

FarmacyForLife.com

 Thyroid Underactive: Sea Moss + Bladderwrack Overactive: Mother won't Extract	 Brain Lions Mane Black Seed Oil	 Heart (Blood Pressure) Sea Buckthorn Berry Hawthorn Extract
 Liver Sea Buckthorn Berry Milk Thistle Extract	 Lungs Mullein Extract Black Seed Oil	 Kidneys Dandelion Chanca Piedra Extract
 Colon Bladderwrack Cascara Sagrada	 Pancreas Black Seed Oil	 Urinary Tract Sourp Leaf D-Mannose



VISIT PATRIOTPOST.US FOR THE BEST HUMOR AND MEMES



Britt Griffith
@britttgriffith

Can the Doctors and Nurses that were fired for not being vax'ed start their own hospital? Because I would rather be seen by them then the replacements...

I told my dad I couldn't believe I'd failed my biology exam. He said , I'm your mum.

Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 4



REPLACEMENT BATTERIES COST MORE THAN THE CAR -- Garbage dump near Paris, France with hundreds of JUNK EVs. Mind you, these are only cars used by the 'City of Paris' and not personal vehicles.

They all have the same problem; the battery storage cells have gone and need to be replaced.

Why don't you just replace them? Two reasons...

- 1) the batteries cost almost double what the car costs new, and secondly,
- 2) no landfill or waste processor will allow the batteries to be disposed of there.

So, these green electric fairy tale cars are all on set-aside grounds while their batteries drain toxic substances to the ground.

Still think we should turn green?



Two Irish men looking through a catalogue.

Paddy say's "look at those gorgeous women! The price's are reasonable too,"

Mick agrees! "I am ordering one of them right now."

Keep Calm And Oh Feck It Enjoy Some Craic

3 week's later, Paddy say's "Has your woman turned up yet?"

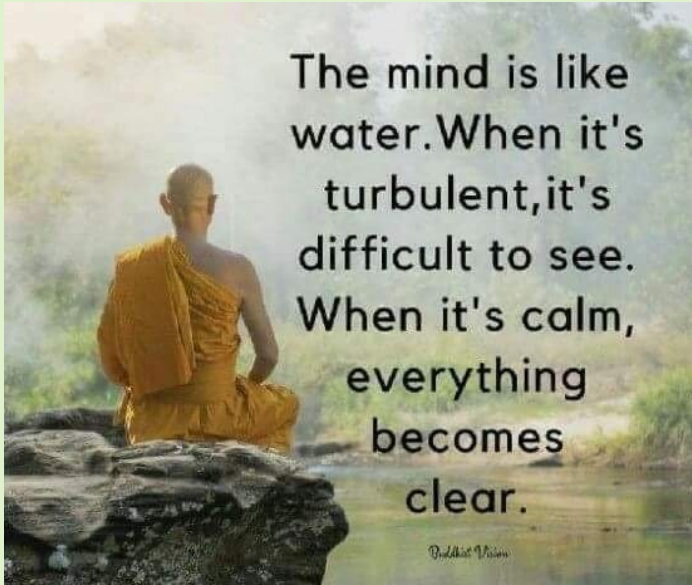
"No" said Mick. "But it shouldn't be long now. Her clothes arrived yesterday"

In 1698, Peter The Great introduced the "Beard Tax" after he visited Western Europe and liked their fashion sense. Anyone with a beard was forced to pay tax for it, and in turn given a beard token. If you were stopped by the police without the token they would immediately *shave your face* on the sight.

weird-facts.org

@factsw weird

Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 5



The official winner of the "not my job" award.



These skeletal figures represent "just a few" giant human remains, unearthed and documented in historical records, along with the historical accounts of Goliath (who had 3 brothers as big as him), OG King of Bashan, whose bed was 13.5' long and Maximinus Thrax, a Caesar of Rome.

6' Present day Man	15' S/E Turkey late 1950s	8'6" Maximinus Thrax CAESER OF ROME 235-238 AD	10'6" Goliath 1 SAM 17:4 1010 BC	12' OG King of Bashan Deut 3:11 1400 BC	19'6" 1577 AD Under an overturned Oak tree in the canton of Lucerne	23' 1456 AD France Beside a river in Valence	25'6" 1613 AD France, near the Castle of Chaumont. Nearly a complete skeleton.	36' 650 BC - 640 AD Carthaginians uncovered two of this size. An earthquake in Cimmerian Bosphorus uncovered one more.
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She asked hubby to take a photo of her on Ostrich. After reaching home, she didn't talk to him for days.



GIRLFRIEND:
"BABE I WANT AND REALLY LIKE THESE PAIR OF SHOES BUT I LEFT MY PURSE AT HOME."

ME:
"HOW MUCH ARE THEY?"

GIRLFRIEND:
"£750." 😂

ME:
OPENS WALLET...

GIRLFRIEND:
EXCITED...

ME:
"HERE'S £10. GET A TAXI AND GO FETCH YOUR PURSE. I'LL WAIT FOR YOU HERE!"

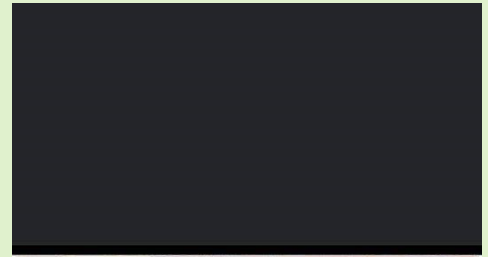
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Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 6



Following the PM's announcement on Monday the 19th of July 2021 I feel honour bound to make an announcement of my own:
I wish to say that I will not perform on any stage where there is a discriminated audience present. Unless there is provision made for all people to attend, I reserve the right to cancel the show.

Eric Clapton



How to keep Jehovah's Witnesses from knocking



To avoid putting fat down the drain and blocking the sewerage pipes, I add rolled oats to cold fat in the pan to absorb the fat. Then I feed it to the birds. They love it. It's win win.



We've just come back from a holiday in Spain.

Keep Calm And Oh Fuck It Enjoy Some Craic

My wife didn't really enjoy it, because everyone could speak English and all the food was like the stuff we eat back at home.

She said, "Next time, I want to go somewhere where they eat weird shit and you can't understand a word they say."

So I've just booked us a fortnight in Scotland.

That's' All Folks !

Letters to the Editor

Hello Gentle Reader,

And welcome to our November issue. I hope you find something as you scroll down, which may be of use to you or make you chuckle.

One of the best things for me in doing this Monthly magazine is to see how it ripples out from Corfu, over the oceans, and lands on a desk far from its home.

Here is a case in point. We have a new subscriber, Kate Bordages Freter and, she's come a long way from St.Louis!

Kate asked me if any of you know San Miguel de Allende?

Well, if you don't, here it is.



You live in Greece!! Corfu? I really enjoyed reading your publication! You're thoughtful to recommend it to me. This all reminds me of a town in the mountains of Mexico where, forgive I'm crying, where my family built a second home. We had it for 33 years. It's a long story how it all happened. Mother sold about 8 yrs. ago due to her age/health. When I first started going there (1979) it was rather primitive. Example.

The electricity generally worked and there were only about 60 phones in town and about 20 cars. This included taxis. There was a good size US expat population there. Good art colony/school/language schools and a good 9-hole golf course. Notable visitor/home owner was Ernest Hemingway. Anyway, I was supposed to go to Europe for the summer ('79) after high school graduation. I said no thanks. I want to go to Mexico. I won and off I went. I was a pretty fearless, adventurous kid. Mom and Dad came down to visit me. Fell in love with it and voila! New home was built. There are lots of interesting details that I am leaving out due to ...well, I talk much faster than I type. Ok?! Ha! San Miguel de Allende was a very special place for me. I went regularly and as I got older spent longish periods of time there. On my last visit I intuitively knew it would be just that. My last visit. When mom told me the house sold, I cried. Cried everyday many times a day for about 5 years. I will only go back after I leave this earth. Until then I will keep my memories as they are. I keep up with my friends who live there. They say I wouldn't even recognize SMA if I came back for a visit. It has become so big and commercialized. There is a local English-speaking paper called Atencion. Your publication is a modern-day version of Atencion from years ago. That newspaper has grown a lot. Lots of political stuff in it now. The expats that live there are very liberal. There is only a hand full of us who were/are not. Your paper and the Atencion has similarities. Well! That was a long explanation of telling you I like what you publish! Are you an English(?) expat living in Greece or where you born there of English (?) parents? Your island looks like heaven. I hope you are safe there with all these ridiculous vaccine biologics (Dr Richard Flemming calls them this) forced on us.

Ed:- Thanks so much for this Kate, I will message you privately.

Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

A Tiny Symbol of Nature's Return

WHILST TAKING THE DOG FOR HIS MIDDAY SNIFF a week or two ago, I noticed a small brown-mottled stone in the middle of the road. Bizarrely, it was moving under its own steam. A closer look established that it was a baby tortoise, only an inch long and probably just a few days out of the egg. I picked it up (forefinger and thumb rather than the two-hand heft you need with adult beasts) and set it down in a field away from the danger of vehicles.

The tortoise, so tiny and fragile, symbolises the recovery of Corfu's wildlife, a couple of decades after the authorities stopped poisoning the natural environment with a chemical blitz. The chemical, Lebaycid - used to kill the *Dacus* fly, which affects the olive crop - was sprayed from aeroplanes, whose pilots quite often missed their target. Although advance radio announcements were made, many people were caught in the chemical rain, whether from ignorance or as a result of negligent flying operations.



Though evidence has been suppressed, there is a strong link between Lebaycid and cancer. At the same time as, aerial spraying was underway in Corfu, Lebaycid was long banned

in the rest of the European Union, leaving its maker with large stocks it was unable to sell within the trading bloc. It has been speculated that Greek government authorities were, ahem, 'persuaded' by the manufacturer to allow the illegal spraying to take place here. Olive farmers, unaware of the dangers, accepted it because it made their life easier.

Apart from its effect on people, the consequence of the spraying on Corfu's wildlife was devastating. Reptile and amphibian populations were particularly damaged, to the extent that the island's wild tortoises were almost wiped out.

The chemical did not restrict its action to the *Dacus* fly, but killed other insects, including bees and butterflies. The harm worked its way up the food chain, so that small mammals, and then larger ones, were affected. As a result, birds of prey became rare.

After protests, the spray was banned in Corfu as well, and wildlife gradually returned. Now tadpoles squirm in streams, and large toads squat - and often, unfortunately, lie squashed on the road. At least two adult tortoises inhabit the vicinity of my home, perhaps parents of the baby one (I caught them at it in the late summer). Hares, moles and pine martens abound, and raptors circle overhead. Semi-aquatic mammals frolic in the lakes of the golf course. The tiny tortoise served as a reminder of nature's return.

Which company was responsible for the devastation? There's a clue in the name: the maker was, of course, Bayer. No doubt, having lost the contract to poison the countryside and rural residents of Corfu, they moved on to a new part of the world full of another bunch of uninformed citizens and venal politicians.

I hear you ask: But surely a world-renowned and responsible pharmaceutical company cannot have deliberately and methodically profited from the use of a poison? Oh yes, they can; Bayer has previous form, the worst of all. Here's a quote from a website:

'In 1925, a group of important German companies, which included Bayer, formed a cartel called IG Farben. Their aim was to obtain control of global markets in key industrial sectors - specifically: chemicals, pharmaceuticals and petrochemicals. ... IG Farben's need for cheap labour was so great that the company built a huge factory at Auschwitz where there was a large reservoir of slave labour. Bayer, the company's pharmaceutical division, tested its drugs on prisoners. IG Farben also made huge amounts of money by providing the gas for the killing of prisoners in concentration camps throughout Germany.'

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

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 9

'At the end of the Second World War, IG Farben was broken up into four new companies, one of which was Bayer, and all of Farben's assets (including the profits from manufacturing the gas used in the infamous gas chambers) were transferred to the new companies - all of which were managed and run by the people who had run IG Farben.'

And that, dear reader, is why you should never remain complacent when corporations and politicians get their sticky fingers on any money-spinning concern.



Scramblings: My Favourite Restaurant, Ever

'You want-tah my job-bah?' exclaimed the Italian waiter, as I poured my own wine from the carafe on the table. Well, actually...

I was with my parents in a newly opened restaurant in the centre of Lancaster, on New Street. (Georgian architecture, and only called 'New Street' because it was slightly more recently built than adjoining Market Street and Church Street.)

I was sometime in that hiatus of long holidays during the years of higher education, and twiddling my thumbs. So, my answer was: 'Yes I'd like your job.'

The Etna Restaurant was run by two Sicilian brothers, Domenic and Rosario Agiolo. Rosario, whose job I coveted, was tall and cadaverous. Domenic was short and rotund. The latter was going on a two-week holiday to Sicily and they needed cover. I got the job.

During school holidays, I'd stacked shelves in the Coop, chambermaided at a down market hotel in Morecambe, and - for two summers - cleared tables in a ghastly canteen attached to a visitor 'attraction', where some oafish customers would stub out ciggies in the sugar. The Etna was to prove a cut above.

Though that wasn't certain on my first day. Standing by the bar, waiting for the first diners to arrive, and having been given cursory instruction into the prep we were expected to undertake, I felt homesick. I'd rather be back watching TV on the sofa, I thought. How am I going to put up with two weeks of this?

Once I'd got into the swing, it was easy. It was a small place, on the first floor, long and narrow, with white artex walls sculpted in swirls, red and white checked tablecloths, and candles in Chianti bottles - Italian cliché central. The kitchen was tiny and dominated by a huge pizza oven. To enter from the restaurant, you had to squeeze between an upright fridge, containing prepped items, and a coffin freezer holding ice-cream. Because only the chef worked the kitchen (there was no room for a specialist prep cook; a washer-up was in a back room), we waiters had to put together the prepped items to make cold starters and desserts. This was amusing (not!) when you got an order of six different ice-creams and found that the other waiter was assembling prawn cocktails on top of the freezer, the only free flat space in the kitchen (pizza dough and ingredients took up all table space).

Prawn cocktails were a source of contention between the Agiolo Brothers. Rosario showed me how to construct them on my first day. 'First a little grass [shredded lettuce], then the prawns, spoon sauce over the top. Cut a lemon into six [that is, if there wasn't one ready-cut], slice the peel away from the flesh to half-way along, and slip onto the edge of the serving bowl. Add the melba toast. Ready to go!' But on my last day, when Domenic had returned, my prawn cocktails provoked a bad reaction: 'No! No! No! Not like that! MORE grass, FEWER prawns.' When Rosario saw my subsequently diminished cocktails, he insisted they needed LESS grass and MORE prawns. Talk about 'Torn Between Two Brothers'.

Guess which one became the millionaire.

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Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from Page 10

Everyone hated assembling the Etna version of Panettone. Fortunately, this was only on the menu around Christmas *, when Domenic's Polish wife was roped in to run the bar. First, we had to go up into the attic where for some reason the Panettone was kept. We had to slice off an exact sixth from the round cake (believe me, a quarter is easy, but a sixth, by eye, is not). Then down to the bar and an attempt to attract the attention of Mrs. Agliolo. She was the only one front-of-house who was trusted to sprinkle the cake with whatever liqueur it was sprinkled with. THEN you had to access the ice-cream freezer (often with its burden of prawn cocktails and side salads etc. under construction) for pistachio flavour. It was very unfortunate that the pistachio was by far the hardest of all the ices; gouging out the sliver we needed to garnish the cake was like trying to dig an unwatered vegetable patch during a Corfu summer with a melting plastic trowel.

In general, the diners were a lovely lot. Perhaps because the Etna's food was honest, unpretentious and consistent, no-one made a fuss. People knew what they would be getting, and expectations were met. But we dreaded the arrival of one particular client.

Mrs. Nasty would turn up with a random man most Saturday nights, timing her arrival at exactly five minutes before closing time, 10.55 (half an hour later than weekdays). She would proceed to order a full three-course meal, followed by liqueurs and coffee, whilst staff had to remain standing. Apart from being tiring at the end of our busiest evening of the week, the wait was particularly irksome because Saturday was the one night the chef made a proper meal for us, instead of pizzas ** as on week nights. Chef was a grim and glum Neapolitan, probably made extra miserable by Lancaster's grey climate, after the vibrance of his homeland, but he made a gorgeous Chicken Napolitana, not on the restaurant menu (its flavour was too over-the-top for Lancastrian palates). I think that was the dish that sealed my love for Mediterranean cooking.

The ghastly diner had previous form at being nasty to staff; she was the owner of the Morecambe hotel where I had worked as a chambermaid as a teen, though she showed no

signs of recognition. Each morning when we'd completed our cleaning sweep through the rooms, she would INSPECT. That meant she would tour the rooms, and deliberately undo some of our cleaning work - rumple a counterpane, or place a hair in the washbasin, or disarrange the towels - then send us back with a flea in the ear to redo them. It was no use protesting.

I met many 'professional' women like this during my early years in Corfu. Mrs. Nasty was Italian by birth, brought up at a time when women in the Med. were deemed inferiors. As a result, females in business felt they had to seem tougher - much tougher - than their male counterparts. If abominable behaviour towards staff made them look hard, they'd be extra vicious. And K. - yes, I do mean you.

* I liked it so much I got a holiday job there again. Several times.

** My favourite was pizza with tuna, chopped boiled egg, mozzarella, chili (lots), with chili oil on top.



The Old Town of Corfu

Next month's newsletter may
be a few days late.



THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION
ANNUAL POPPY APPEAL - 2021

This year, Remembrance Day falls on Thursday, 11th November and, as is the custom, there will be a Wreath-laying Ceremony at the British Cemetery on the Sunday nearest to Remembrance Day. The Wreath-laying Ceremony will be held on Sunday, 14th November 2021, and will commence at 11.45am for 12noon.

Although a number of Poppy Collection Boxes have been placed at various locations, there will be a Poppy Table set up within the British Cemetery, for those who wish to purchase any of the many Poppy items on sale, including the Poppy Badge for 2021.

I thank you all for your ongoing support, which is not so easy during the difficult times we are experiencing lately. But, I ask you, as true and honest supporters of The Royal British Legion, to donate what you can reasonably afford and I assure you that every penny/pound will be put to the best possible use.

Let us honour, once again, those who gave so much for so few, so we could be free and let's stand 'Shoulder-to-shoulder with all who serve'

WE WILL REMEMBER THEM

Lucy Steele, M.B.E.

Poppy Appeal Honorary Organiser



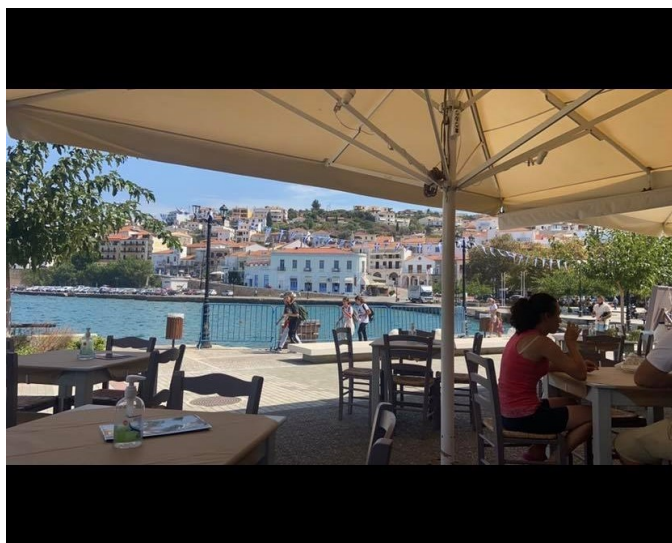
Message in a bottle *by Dean Barsby*

Chapter 3

Ed: - Read more on Dean's life quest, a taste of his wayfaring nature, the gypsy in his soul.

"The future is in the hands of those who explore... and from all the beauty they discover while crossing perpetually receding frontiers, they develop for nature and for humankind an infinite love."

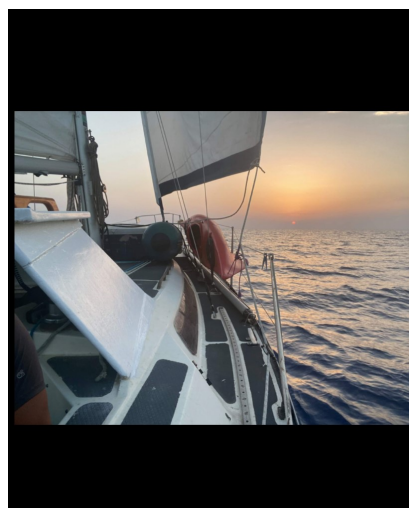
As I'm saving myself for a later day for the trip I was hoping to make before Christmas I'd like to enter into a pre and post sailing dialogue that will give a much wider insight into why and how I came up with the idea for this solo trip. I've always been an adventurer and an individual that takes risks, be they small or large my boundaries are minimal.



Pylos

I've been involved in many things over the years, from simple building work to hostage extraction in hostile environments. My life has been varied and full of excitement and moments of uncertain clarity. Ever since I was fifteen, I wanted to be an adventurer, a person that not necessarily wanted to inspire people but lead myself by a very closed hand into a world where boundaries were not a thing to be feared but respected.

Now I'm 55 but returning to the initial stages of my jump for a junkie spirit. Sailing was one of those things that transitioned me from simple living to a life of salt and tropical island living, a life where I could mix spear fishing with drift wood collection and coconut tree climbing to sustain a life worthwhile. I'm disappointed, of course I am, but I'm more so because of my inept method and thought process. I'm the kind of individual that thinks the life we live is for us to understand, learn from and to practice in vain to get right.



Into infinity

Living off the land in four different climates and surviving has always been a bit of a thing for me, I'm not perfect at this but I'm willing to explore the parameters that most people don't even think about when they visit islands like the Seychelles or Mauritius, they are too busy getting pissed in 5-star hotel complexes and excursions to sand bars with fresh fish BBQ's and loud music, as they snorkel with rays and exotic fish.

No, I'm the fruit cake that thinks there is always a hardship to be gotten over or it's not an adventure at all. Ever since I was a child I was missing in action, finding ways to get lost and never going back home; traveller or gypsy maybe so, but I never wondered what it would be like to be rich in money, only rich in nature and the ability to roll with it- as I stood there watching the rain fall from the sky onto my face.

For me, in the meaning of the word journey, there are many facets. There is a beginning, the journey itself, the destination.

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Message in a bottle - Continued from Page 13

I find myself going over things in my mind from the lead up-to and the transition between thought process and ending. It's interesting to understand where this process actually begun and the necessity for there to be an end game. People know me to be a social animal that likes nothing better to be surrounded by fun loving people with varying ideas and ethics on living and life styles. Of course, in the real world I am the opposite, I like nothing better than to be alone and live a solitary lifestyle; minimum clothing with maximum survival skills being used.

Corfu was my home for many years, this came about because an ex-paratrooper friend of mine wanted to come to Corfu for his holiday, after I had just bought my boat. I had stayed down in Lefkada for the winter months to get used to sailing, never really done much in the past, but after I joined a friend of mine, Captain O'Connell, on his hobby Kat in Lake Windermere, I was hooked.

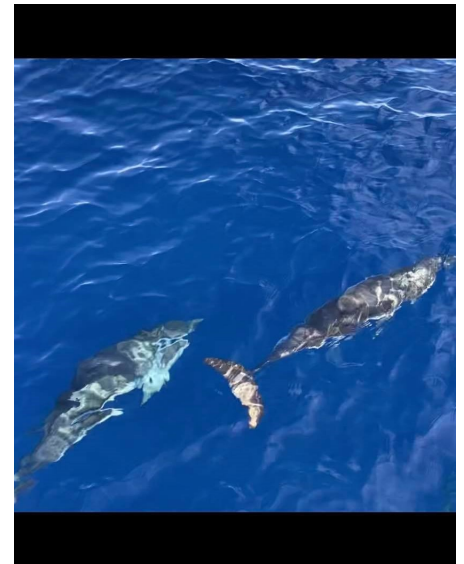
The army had given me lots of options for adventure and things that would expand the mind. Naturally therefore, I sailed up to Corfu to accommodate this complete moron in his quest for the holiday of his life time, and learnt that it's not always the best thing to leave plans till the last minute.

I sailed up in a force 8 and my main inlet pipe had split, but after leaving the hatches closed and the sea Cox open it was apparent that something was wrong, the boat wasn't responding as normal and it also seemed to be quite sluggish. Anyway, I eventually opened my hatch/companionway to be confronted by seawater sloshing about in the main cabin... 'shit' was my first choice of words- with no life raft or life preservers onboard, another lesson learnt. The mind is stronger than the arm though, so with all my effort I emptied the boat of water, realising where it came from, shut off the valve and came back into the cockpit, from time to time, to ensure my track was maintained. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a fender drifting in the wind, about I came and lifted the item from the surface; funny, here I am in a state of emergency and all I could think about was saving a €50 fender to add to my collection. This says a lot about my warped sense of being.

Ultimately, I didn't leave Corfu for seven years after this introduction to the deep. I ended up mooring in Garitsa bay on a concrete slab that I found on one of my snorkeling experiences, and there I stayed until November.

I had the pleasure of an archeologist as company for a few weeks, cute creature with a wealth of experience at digging up the past, crazy in her approach to work as I am in living. Still in Garitsa I told her that I had to go back to the boat as there was a big storm coming, "I'll come with you" she exclaimed, to which I responded that it was not a great idea with storm imminent and that she had work the next morning. She insisted, however, in staying the night. I laughed and accepted her self invitation to being on board.

My dinghy was drifting next to my bright red kayak at the stern and, the outboard motor was safely attached to the pushpit. The night was very rough, the bow riding up in the air and crashing down, creating a floating void in the forepeak cabin, where we were both being thrown about like a couple of goldfish in a bowl about to hit a marble floor. The next day I couldn't get her ashore until 10am and, although she was fine with that, it was still very hit and miss as to whether we were going to make it, with the size of the waves hitting the sea wall in the bay. But I rowed like the clappers and got her to safety, I then dragged my three-meter tender from the water, a rather heavy Zodiac, and put it on my back to become a mutant ninja turtle and, with the wind still howling and picking up again I ran from one set of steps to the other near the Nautilus, a cafe on the corner of Anemomylos, where I could safely deposit my charge.



Seamates

Continued on Page 15

Message in a bottle - Continued from Page 14



Having done so, I threw the Zodiac back into the foaming waters and dived headlong inside, grabbed the oars and headed out at an angle, so the wind would push me to the boat, the bow of which was riding now a good two metres from the water, as each wave smashed into it, and then down again.

Not wanting to miss my one and only

opportunity I rowed as hard as I could towards the bow, but the wind was getting up and I had a flash of negativity hit me like a hammer, that I was going to miss the chance to catch one of the fenders hanging off my starboard side and then I'd be in real trouble. Garitsa is known for smashing boats up as they plough into the sea wall and this is where I'd be heading if I missed the opportunity. As I got closer, I could see I still had a good fifteen feet to go in order to reach said fender and, within seconds, it had already passed me! But, with a couple of extra good heaves, I managed to grab the back end of my Kayak and hold on tight, while I caught my breath. It was a tiring experience and one that made me understand that while on anchor, keep the outboard on the tender.

I managed to pull myself up the length of the kayak and eventually back on-board Bilbo, where I stood for a while just watching the waves roll in, the stern rising and falling with the waves as they ran the length of the boat. Two hours later it was all over and the bay was awash with Black Sea grass, dragged up from the bottom and heaped up along the sea wall.

This was one of many experiences I had while hanging around on Corfu while living aboard. It's funny, because that term in itself seems a bit gypsy and there are those that mock people living on their boats or in a camper van, almost to the point where

it's an us and them situation. However, I can tell you all that it was far from that with me in many ways. I spent virtually every penny I made living this life, as most people would by living in their house, only I am free, free to move anywhere I want and visit places with my home, something a lot of people can only dream of.



I'm not always rowing like the clappers

Working in Africa and the Middle East for years pretty much set me up to own my boat cash, no bills apart from fuel and the odd marina, depending where I was and what the circumstances were at the time. Whenever I worked, I'd make good money in a very short period of time; the nature of my job made it one of the best paying, so I used my time wisely, only accepting jobs of three-month tasking so that I could spend the rest of the year living, eating great food and being with friends. Gypsy some might say but I can assure you I never wanted for anything and I helped, in a micro manner, the economy for wherever I ended up. Plus, of course, I'm not a great believer of paying attention to what small minded individuals have to say in their quest to understand that they are stuck in whatever place they buy to live their own dreams. Dreams are all we have but in reality, we all have our upsides and downsides in whichever we choose as our path. On land you have earthquakes, floods and landslides, some even being hit by lightning, a potential home destroyer. At sea we have storms that can smash your boat to pieces, rocks hugging coast lines, which if you have failing equipment, will also see your pride and joy end up at the bottom of the deep blue. Lightning, this can fry everything, create fire and worse even kill you on board. So, you see, we face the same issues either at sea or on anchor. You have to remain vigilant of all the potential hazards.

Continued on Page 16

Message in a bottle - Continued from Page 15

We all pay insurance and we all pay some kind of fuel bill. I used to be cold in the winter and too hot in the summer, no big roaring fire here during cold months nor the luxury of air conditioning in the summer; keeping the ice cream you eat in one piece as you take your time to eat it? Nope, no time for that, it's the whole thing jammed in your mouth and an empty stick to show for it, or it ends up all over your seating; brain freeze is the result and, in the end, you decide it's one more item you really don't need. So, in all the time I have been sailing, of course not long at eight years, I have become a guru of healthy eating and learning about weather fronts, although the latter is still a process that can catch you out on a grand scale.

I spent a lot of time in Benitses Marina and made some good friends there too, Bob, an older guy whom I sat with on his boat chatting and laughing the afternoons away, he always had people rocking up for the odd ouzo or glass of wine; a solitary guy like myself and one with many stories too. It seems like the people in our circle who aren't complete alcoholics have got some great stories that keep most people coming back for more. He used to be a merchant ship's captain for quite a number of years and, as I know myself, not being able to spend your money is a blessing, so land and property, investments and good living were his thing.

I only spent eight years at sea and pretty much only some of those were used up as work time so I kind of managed a good saving plan. Anti-piracy was a good number and one that had me earning in one day what most people would earn in a week before deductions, so it was pretty cool to say the least. But, wasting life on a tin can in the middle of the Indian Ocean really wasn't so great, though the down time was cool as we were always put up in 4-5-star hotels in some of the most exotic places, sometimes only waiting 12 hours for the next ship to pick us up; sometimes for over a week we would be stuck ashore, eating first class food and training in air-conditioned gyms, swanning around on beaches. Most people could only ever dream of such as the Maldives, Comoros islands, Seychelles, Mauritius and many more, the most commonly known listed to get your mouths watering, at the mere prospect of being dumped in these places.

So, you see, sailing had to be a follow on from all this for me, the fact you can go to these places in your own boat and have periods of months in them



Bilbo

is only too exciting. This is what brought me to invest in my future, by acquiring a mode of transport where I didn't need to get on with too many other people and also have an adventure sailing, via different destinations, along the way, meeting new people and experiencing new cultures and ways of life.

I'm not getting any younger and that means maybe I've only got another fifteen years of this pleasure left before I consider seating my backside down on a log cabin porch in a wilderness, where the only passerby I will see will be the odd brown bear or wolf. Until this time comes, I have every intention to carry on with my journey in life, write my book and watch the world go by, hopefully with someone that shares my dreams and aspirations, but today this is a rarity as most people are more concerned with being than living.

In my last days I want to feel I didn't waste my time sitting down in one place and have 500 people turn up to my final resting day, eating and drinking my family's money to say goodbye.

I'll be the pile of bones sitting with my back against a tree on a tropical island holding a bottle with the message still inside.



Little Brother is Watching You



Covidiot Watch

By Tab Headlack

The retired General Practitioner, one-time media medical correspondent and prolific author of medical, ethical and fictional works Vernon Coleman writes: *‘Those who have chosen to have the covid-19 vaccine are warned that they must still self-isolate if they get covid-19 symptoms. So, let’s get this straight: the vaccine does not stop you getting covid-19, does not stop you spreading it if you get it and does not mean that you don’t have to self-isolate if you do get it. Just why people are queuing up to take this experimental injection is beyond me.’*

(Read Vernon Coleman’s blog and free e-books at www.vernoncolman.com)



How the virus works in restaurants

So... the authorities admit that the ‘vaccine’ does not stop you getting the virus. They admit that the ‘vaccine’ does not stop you spreading the virus. BUT they stress that the ‘vaccine’ stops you from getting really ill with the virus. (A double dose did not protect the late Colin Powell.)

Question: If, jabbed, you fall ill with the virus, how do you KNOW that your symptoms would have been worse if you hadn’t accepted the ‘vaccine’?
 Answer: There is no way you CAN know. The only valid comparison would be if the SAME person, within the SAME time period, with the SAME viral load got the virus twice, once with no ‘vaccine’ and once having been ‘inoculated’, and seeing whether they were less ill the second, post- ‘vaccine’, time. But of course, that is impossible.

Therefore, the third statement - that the ‘vaccine’ prevents acute illness - is a falsehood. A falsehood designed to force us into accepting this useless injection by playing on our fears (natural but unwarranted) for our own safety.



Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from Page 17

The Covid-pushers have found a new expert:

* Professor Francois Balloux, the director of the Genetics Institute at University College London, told MailOnline he 'would not put money on' Mu taking off in the UK. *

Look at the guy's name. Those that plant these tales do so while sniggering at us. 'Let's find a name which shows we are laughing at them behind their backs. I bet they don't notice. Soon they'll be offering 'Dr Tekin Piss' as the latest covid guru.

They place messages hidden in plain sight while they mock us for believing them. A decade ago, prominent figures were on opposing sides in the War on Terror:

On one: Obama / Biden - On the other: Osama bin Laden

Almost an anagram... Hum. Coincidence? Personally, I'm not convinced that bin Laden existed except as the image of a man with a turban and long grey beard, a very recognisable bogeyman who could actually have been a character from Central Casting (which explains why we never saw a body). Just as they put horns on very different images of the devil and we still know it's the devil, we see the turban and long beard and think 'Osama bin Laden!' Just as a person with a toothbrush moustache and hair slicked to one side is instantly recognisable as Hitler.

This is proven to work by the example of Saddam Hussein, who had at least half a dozen lookalike stand-ins, all chunky males with thick black hair and large moustache. A renowned international journalist interviewed Saddam, and didn't realise that he had been talking to a stand-in (who didn't even look terribly like the real one).

Does anyone know what covid-19 (I'm not going to afford it more importance by using capitals; do we write INFLUENZA or MEASLES) stands for? Most folk think it's from 'coronavirus' plus the year of emergence. But could it be that there's another message hiding in plain sight behind the facile explanation? Some say it's an acronym for

Certificate of Vaccination ID, 19 representing the corresponding letters AI (Artificial Intelligence), a brazen clue, maybe, to the contents of the 'vaccine' packages. Meanwhile, the overlords snigger.

As the population queues up to get the jab, our esteemed editor says that he can now understand how it was that the Jews unresistingly climbed into the cattle trucks. Maybe the jabbees (sic) should offer their arm to Nurse whilst performing a 'Heil Hitler' salute.

One lunchtime last year I mentioned Bill Gates in a disparaging way. My dining companions looked at me in horror. 'You can't say that!' they cried. 'He's a Saint, a Philanthropist who gives all his money to Good Causes!'

Is he, indeed?

Most people give money or goods to charity, even if it's just a few coins into the coffers of the Royal British Legion at Remembrance (coming up!), or some unwanted outfits to benefit animals at a second-hand shop. But when the donated lucre is in the millions, or - as in the case of Gates - billions, it's not 'Charity' anymore, but becomes the more outwardly impressive 'Philanthropy'. This word derives from the Greek and - laughingly in the case of Gates - means 'to love human beings'.

Well, outsiders admiringly call it 'Philanthropy'. Those who enact these massive donations call it 'investment'. For a reason.

With reference to his 'philanthropy' in financing development and promotion of covid vaccines, 'Gates has boasted that investing in global health organisations aimed at increasing access to vaccines creates a 20 to 1 return. He's said his foundation invested a bit more than \$10 billion in the Global Alliance for Vaccines and Immunisations and others and he told CNBC that the investment has yielded \$200 billion.' (Quoted from a newspaper report)

Continued on Page 19

Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from Page 18

Note the use of the word 'investing' and 'investment'. While plenty of folk believe that the Gates-sponsored vaccines have 'saved the world', many think that (at best) he has exploited people's fear of illness and death to make another fortune, or (at worst) has pressured the organisations and personages that he finances (most notably the WHO, of which he is the second biggest donor after the USA) to create and prolong the 'pandemic' in order to drive a demand for the jobs.

This is a classic 'Problem - Reaction - Solution' structure: Create a problem (Global Pandemic!), invoke a reaction (Save Us From The Deadly Virus!), then offer the solution (Vaccines!). Whether from the world of politics or investment, figures who foster the 'P-R-S' structure do so for a reason, which could be to promote quick political change (e.g., Marx) ... or to make obscene amounts of cash (e.g., you know who) ... and to gain power over the human beings he 'so loves' (e.g., ditto).

Gill Bates's (let's put him in the 'horror' category, in THAT motel) latest wheeze aims even higher (literally). Exploiting people's unjustified fear of 'Climate Catastrophe' (I think that's its name this week), he is working on a new project aimed at cooling the atmosphere (which doesn't need cooling and would be better for humans if it was warmer) by depositing vast amounts of chemicals in the stratosphere to BLOCK OUT SUNLIGHT. How many people think that's a Good Idea? Even those of you who've swallowed whole the Climate Change (as it was last week) bunkum.

'Oh, how nice of Bates, the lovely Philanthropist,' simpler the gullible. 'He spends his money to Save the World!'

Only he doesn't. Just as in the case of vaccines, he's 'investing' it to make even more. (For the power it will also endow him with, read further).

If sunlight is blocked, photosynthesis will diminish (plants need light to convert CO₂ to energy in order to grow and reproduce). The plants will die, or will not produce the seeds and fruit that we live on. With less grass and other greenery to feed on, animals will perish, not only the cute ones but also the ones we eat. And remember that grazing animals convert the food we can't digest (grass)

into stuff we can (meat), whilst storing it on the hoof for later, when we choose to slaughter them.

Without sufficient plants and animals to supply our food, people will starve to death. Major PROBLEM incoming! Our REACTION will be to beg the 'authorities' for help. And Gill Bates has the SOLUTION!

Which is: We can eat 'food' manufactured in laboratories and factories! The laboratories and factories he has already invested in! His 'philanthropy' will save us!

Does it surprise you to learn that Bates has already invested in faux food and associated processes? He's behind fake meat and no doubt many other chemical nasties coming soon to your larder, if he gets his way and blocks out the sun. And controlling the world's food supplies in this way will give him complete power over us.

Don't forget that the man who brought us the vaccines to save humanity from the pandemic, is the same one who has gone on record a number of times to state that he wants the world's population reduced by 95% (19 out of 20 of us dead). Does no-one get a teeny bit suspicious of Bates' 'philanthropic' motives?

Soylent Green, anyone?

* * * * *

Here is Gareth Morgan's fascinating, alternative Virus theory and reassessment Part 2

https://www.academia.edu/42593781/Virus_theory_a_reassessment_Part_2?fbclid=IwAR2b-Rk6WJ6B3u_KvTGh2DzN5E01KTtS-FcTAV-yg5PLcWDoXwUCr8iro5s

And here comes the next rollout of tyranny, this one from a Canadian Province

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b8xY5qJ99II>

Village and Island plus a mainland dip by Paul McGovern

An even more intense month than the one before, hereabouts.

This one was notable for floods, internet connectivity issues, high friends in low places, more than the usual numbers of curious deaths and illnesses, and a trip to Athens.



It started in high gear with a music night at our newly refurbished village hotel. Someone pushed me in and here is the proof. It wasn't as cold as it looks! Mandy tried to rescue me but gave up, I was too heavy.

Lonely swimmer

The next day the society continued with my old pal Pat Brett, absent from his Lydia's villa for too long, and now visiting with Gina, Chloe and Shannon from Norwich.

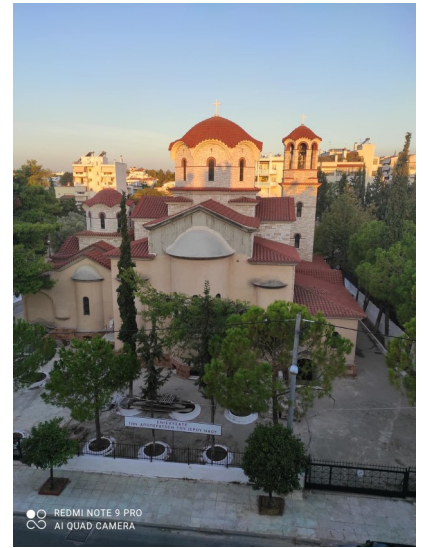
I was rescued from all this fun by a mini holiday. Ai and Kostakis needed to visit the Japanese Embassy in Athens, to obtain a passport for Ami-chan. They asked Lula and me to tag along, which we were very pleased to do, not having had a break from the island for so long.



Bound for Athens

The ferry over was remarkable for my Granddaughter making really impressive South American jungle noises, which quite startled some of the passengers. I have been trying to copy these sounds ever since but have failed miserably. The lovely quiet Ignatia Highway to the Capital.

Kostakis had booked us into an apartment in Marousi, home of the Athens Olympics. What a gorgeous apartment it was too, which got us off to a cracking start.



Marousi



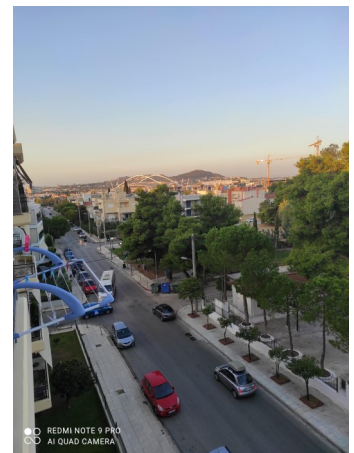
Together



Ami-chan



Apartment in Marousi



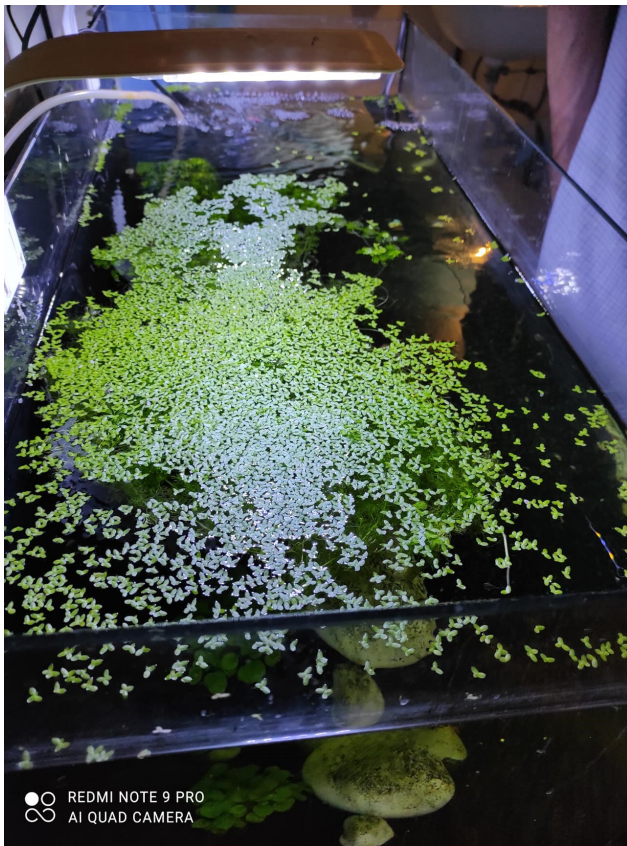
Olympic stadium

Village and Island plus a mainland dip - Continued from Page 20

The next day the appointment at the Embassy took place. I was allowed to go out and play, visiting my old chum and famous Agiot Nick the Watch [aka Nick the Clock]. He has lived in the district of Thission for centuries. He knew I was coming so I was a little surprised he was in when I arrived. We sat among his Aquaria and blathered non-stop, a most Capital experience, complemented with pizzas and wine. His dear friend Eirini descended from her apartment above, to witness the old codgers at play and, keep a caring eye over Nick. It was great to see her again after so many years.

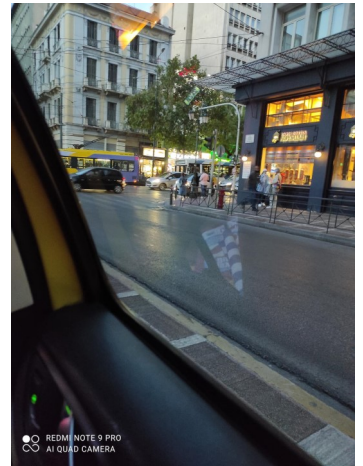


A dying breed



Just one of Nick's tanks

Unfortunately, the hours whistled by like a train and I was back in a cab heading to Marousi; Athens cabs are incredibly cheap compared with their Corfu cousins: 15 Euros for 45 minutes. And that included the tip!

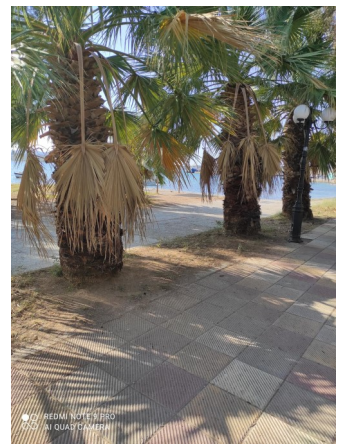


Athens taxi ride

The next day we headed out to Nea Perama, on the Gulf of Corinth. This is such a peaceful retreat from the Metropolis. We met here with our lovely Frosso, who is often featured in this monthly. Another short, a fleeting but special time before we were off again, this time to Delphi.



Frosso in Nea Perama



Nea Perama



Delphi

Continued on Page 22

Village and Island plus a mainland dip - Continued from Page 21

We stayed in the nearby town of Arahovas, a splendid base from which to explore Delphi the day after. Lula and I had been before, so skipped the tedious security checks for the museum, content to ramble among the ruins. But the youngsters went in, dumping us in the town, where we waited for them on a terrace under majestic, lowering skies, which soon delivered a violent squall with lashings of wind-driven rain.



Storm over Delphi



Any port in a storm

The next day we were set to return home and wound our way back to I g o u m e n i t s a via Nafpaktos, under epic cloud formations.



Inspiration

The storm relented by nightfall and we dined at Inspiration, out in the open, but well heated by an array of gas lamps and fur-lined seating. This system might well catch on in Corfu over this coming winter.



Igoumenitsa and home

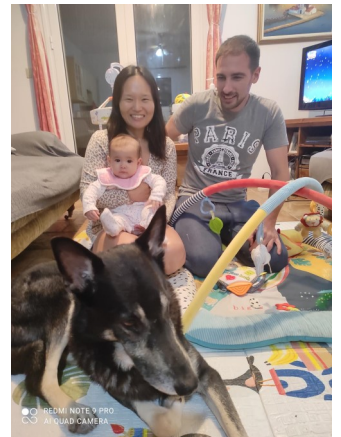
We had not been back long 'ere it was Ai's birthday, a simple celebration in their apartment.

Oh, a day later we needed to cut another cake, this one for the South American jungle impersonator, who has attained the age of six months: it is a tradition in Japan to celebrate the six-month milestone of a baby's life.

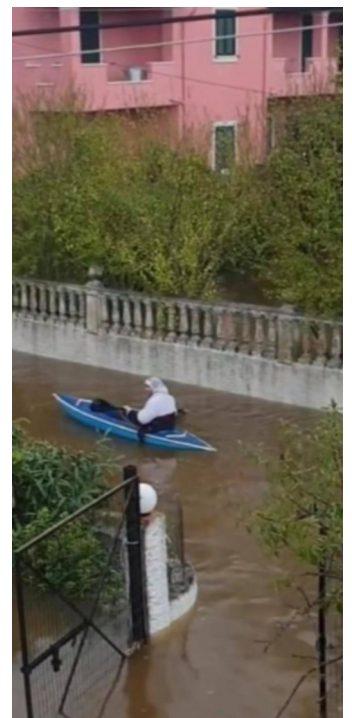
The middle of the month saw torrential rains and flooding in Corfu, widespread damage and some near-death experiences. A relative of Lula's was trapped and swept away while in his car. He could not get out. The water rose to his neck within the vehicle but, luckily subsided after an incarceration of eight hours! Afra bridge was half demolished, the road closed, George the Taxi told me it took him eight hours to drive to Agios Giordis, a normal drive of half an hour or so.

Above the ferry leaving the mainland a lone seagull followed us far out to sea, stared down and tipped its wing in farewell.

We were back, with village tales of very violent rain, more than on the mainland, during our absence.



Ai's birthday



Continued on Page 23

Village and Island plus a mainland dip - Continued from Page 22



Afra bridge is falling down

https://enimerosi.com/details_en.php?id=62390&fbclid=IwAR0Q5V1jMs6xDeD2q0clcouCVr98P1p1aGijEN3D9Sabb59X3RB82V8Zr4E

Whether it is the rains or Covid or the Greek Gods or the increasing madness of the planet, who can tell, yet connectivity issues have plagued the internet in the plateia. It is daily and annoying but, it is what it is. When it is too disruptive it is better to find alternative occupation.

It was Pete's birthday and a round of social conviviality closed out the month.



In Ag Georgiou South



Brook Meadow in flood



Kostas and Nitsa at home



Marmalada

Continued on Page 24

Village and Island plus a mainland dip - Continued from Page 22

Oxi day came and went in wonderful style. We all dined at Doukades, where there was not a non-Greek to be seen.

Les Woods reports from Corfu town, 'A photo of OXI day parade in Corfu town this morning! 🤘🇬🇷 🤘🇬🇷'

Wonderful to see people of all ages proudly celebrating their culture and history! Especially their armed forces! Keep it going! 🙌🙌🙌🇬🇷



Oxi Day

A sad footnote is the closing of Sally's bar in Ipsos, after a terrific run of ten years. Out of the blue the Landlord suddenly decided he wanted his property back.

We wish all the best to Sally and Rob, who have a thousand memories and a host of happy people to leave in their wake.

Sally tells me she can finally look forward to a Happy Retirement. Hear hear to that!



Sally's Bar

OCAY Services

Our plans are underway for 2022, as we recently say goodbye to our last visitors for this season.



We have two divisions now; Ocay Travel, which incorporates Ocay Villas, and Ocay Property, which incorporates Ocay Real Estate, Ocay Build and Bespoke Build.

Bearing in mind the current world calamity our aim is to go forward, expand and prosper, despite the obstacles.

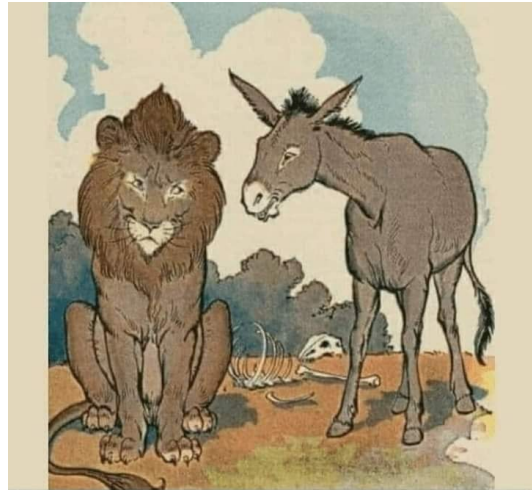
Try our unique service.

Please go to <https://ocaycorfu.com/>

Ocay Services was born in 1999.

Peter and Kostas

Poet's Corner



Fallon De Fears

Are you vaxed?
 No, just vexed.
 And somewhat perplexed.
 Covid free places
 People stuffing their faces.
 All jabbed to the nines.
 To avoid the steep fines.
 It's not for the healthy.
 Just for the wealthy.
 But also, not just.
 Accords are now bust.
 For capital gain
 Over millions in pain
 I could eat sans the roof.
 But just feed me some
 truth.
 Not Pharma funded spin.
 What a time we live in.

Story Time:Punishment.

The donkey told the tiger, "The grass is blue."
 The tiger replied, "No, the grass is green."
 The discussion became heated, and the two decided to submit the issue to arbitration, so they approached the lion.
 As they approached the lion on his throne, the donkey started screaming: "Your Highness, isn't it true that the grass is blue?"
 The lion replied: "If you believe it is true, the grass is blue."
 The donkey rushed forward and continued: "The tiger disagrees with me, contradicts me and annoys me. Please punish him."
 The king then declared: "The tiger will be punished with 3 days of silence."
 The donkey jumped with joy and went on his way, content and repeating "The grass is blue, the grass is blue..."
 The tiger asked the lion, "Your Majesty, why have you punished me, after all, the grass is green?"
 The lion replied, "You've known and seen the grass is green."
 The tiger asked, "So why do you punish me?"
 The lion replied, "That has nothing to do with the question of whether the grass is blue or green. The punishment is because it is degrading for a brave, intelligent creature like you to waste time arguing with an ass, and on top of that, you came and bothered me with that question just to validate something you already knew was true!"

The biggest waste of time is arguing with the fool and fanatic who doesn't care about truth or reality, but only the victory of his beliefs and illusions. Never waste time on discussions that make no sense. There are people who, for all the evidence presented to them, do not have the ability to understand. Others who are blinded by ego, hatred and resentment, and the only thing that they want is to be right even if they aren't. When IGNORANCE SCREAMS, intelligence moves on.

[Poet's Corner / Esquina Poetica](#)

Corfu Weather Statistics - October 2021

Here is the old weather summary for October, which wasn't always summery.

Our weather source is still insistent that it no longer ever rains in Corfu.

This may be some sleight of hand touristic advertising ploy.

However, we can confidently confirm that on one day only two to three inches of rain fell on our island, which as much rain as we would normally get in the whole of October.



Photo by William Pope

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

Summary

	Max	Avg	Min
Temperature (°F)			
Max Temperature	79	71.23	54
Avg Temperature	69.42	64	54
Min Temperature	63	58.07	50
Dew Point (°F)	66	56.75	41
Precipitation (inches)	0.00	0.00	0.00
Wind	32	4.14	0
Gust Wind	48	0.57	0
Sea Level Pressure	30.29	30.01	29.58

Nature

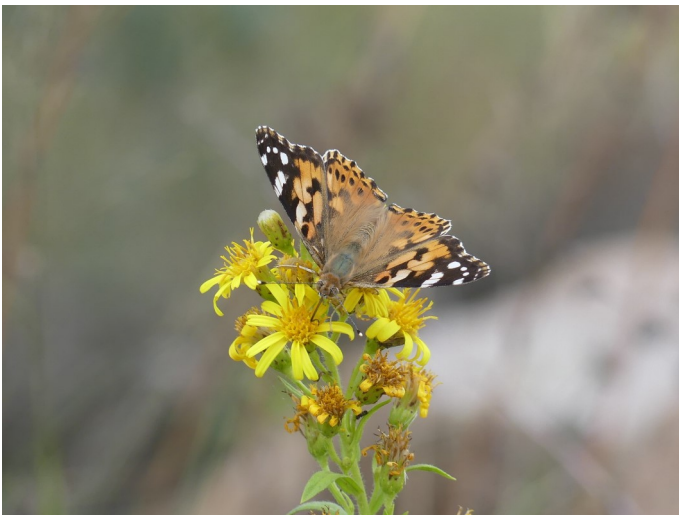
Les Woods sent these photos of his Brook Meadow, testament to the inundation.





Sue Tsirigoti observed this beauty;

I don't know why wolf spiders find my front door so enticing. This one and its hundreds of off spring nearly got squished as I was about to kick the doormat straight!



Anne Sordinas Painted Lady



Gabriela Kerkyra Eresus so fenale



*Courtesy of
Kim Pagratis*



The Way Things Were and Are



Sadly, Woody Woodhouse passed over after 88 years, he's pictured here next to our baby What a legend- he was around the Kondokali Corfu boat community in the mid-80s. Rest in paradise our very loved friend xx

Paul Fennell
<<<<

Electric cars pictured charging back in 1917, how did we lose this technology, to then re-invent it in 100years later 🤔



Video Plus Corner

Diving Dog: Pet Jack Russell 'Titti' Jumps From Rocks With Her Owner

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UT4X_2zKIyk

Horse eye view of Prix de Arc, Longchamps.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SmGcNkP624U>

Down the rabbit hole

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GukIoZ8d3Ew>

Why Tyson is King

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qm5G6-DECG0>

Two robots debate the future of humanity

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1y3XdwTa1cA>

Mouse Island

<https://greekreporter.com/2021/09/28/the-legend-of-mouse-island-in-corfu/?fbclid=IwAR2Dxrd14sxLI2UIS8p6dVkVMVnRVvibfWf8tq1a25grTbSimmEU7QMX0M>

Characters of Agios

Here is the first of a new series.

Chas Clifton

The story of an old cockney geezer.

He arrived in this world eighty years ago, on a cold night in January 1941; the third child to be born to a poor family with three more children to be born later.

He was one of the thousands of children being born at that time known as war babies. When men were called up in 1939, they tended to leave their wives pregnant in order to stop them from playing away from home. Therefore, birth explosion in wartime.

At the time of his birth his father was at war, having being conscripted into the Navy [no idea why - he couldn't swim!] which left his mother alone to raise three children all under six years old whilst carrying on working in order to bring money into the house. His mother worked in the railway goods yard at Victoria Station in London; her job was to keep the trains running smoothly during the war. Their home was in Battersea, South London where they all lived together in a small terraced house, what was known as a 2-up 2-down which wasn't really big enough but it was a happy house, and although cramped, everybody managed.



Battersea, the street where he lived as a boy

He felt safe in his home which protected him from the air raids and bombs during the blitz; he actually felt he was luckier than a lot of his neighbours as their house always seemed to avoid the bombs whereas others didn't. His first memories of life during the blitz were the sound of the sirens going off to warn of an impending air raid, his mother would gather the children altogether and rush into their air raid shelter. They had an Anderson shelter in the garden, sometimes if they couldn't make it to the shelter in time, they all hid under the kitchen table.

The end of the war was a great time for kids, he and his older brother would play on the bomb sites climbing on the rubble which was their playground. On their street there were 3 direct hits and six houses were lost, for the kids it was a great adventure sifting through the rubble to find buried treasure.

Continued on Page 31

Characters of Agios - Continued from Page 30

In 1953, at the age of 12, every Saturday both him and his brother would knock on their neighbors' doors to ask if they wanted any coke from the gas works, this was his way of earning some money; and trundling down the road with an old bassinet pram they would carry 6 large sacks of coke which for sixpence a sack he sold for a small profit. If he did three trips, they would earn four and six each which would go a long way in those days!

Coke is a product of coal that's been burnt in the boilers, what's left is a clinker-like substance with the gas removed which people used to use on their fires.



He was about sixteen here

As he grew out of adolescence, he became quite a handful to his parents, always into some mischief or another, nothing too bad but pushing people to the limit. In fact his mother would get fed up with the police knocking on the door to say Charlie's done something or other!

When he left school at sixteen, he started to play football for a team in the local Battersea Park and he actually became quite good, however when going into the work place this didn't bode too well. His first job was as a trainee diamond cutter near London Bridge, which he hated every minute of - he spent the day in a darkened room with a light on his head having to concentrate, which wasn't for him. He tried other jobs, one as a fork lift truck driver for a soft drinks company, but when the boss walked into the warehouse one day and caught Charlie pouring a large drum of corks over a colleague's head, due to a disagreement; it was the end of his employment. It was later that year his whole

attitude on life changed. Spotting an advert in a newspaper he applied for a job with a building company who specialized in repairing houses that had been damaged by bombs in the war. He took to it like a duck to water and his greatest pleasure was going to work and feeling he was doing something useful and helping people, the majority of them were older ladies who had lost their husbands as well as most of their possessions. Charlie (now a young man) was moved by the stories they told of their hardships and stories of how some of those people had dug their families out of the rubble during those war days.

These memories have had a profound effect on Charlie and have made him into the person he is today. He'll always have zest for life and be the Corfu Cockney Geezer!



He is about thirty, with his lovely wife Brenda



More handsome than ever, today, live and kicking in Agios Ioannis

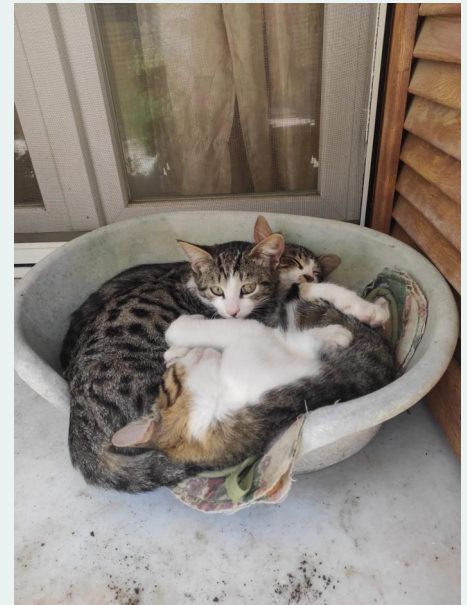
If you advertise here it will cost nothing. We have a modest but growing circulation. It is our pleasure for our friends to advertise their wares without charge.

A black cat turned up at our front door, one day, with these three little kittens. We are looking after them, but cannot keep them permanently, as we already have three cats.

We will keep the black Mum, that makes four.

But we are reaching out for kind hearts to give these three a chance in life.

We will have them injected and neutered before letting them go.



If you would like to take one or more, please ring me on 6974932408.



Papyrus in Triklino

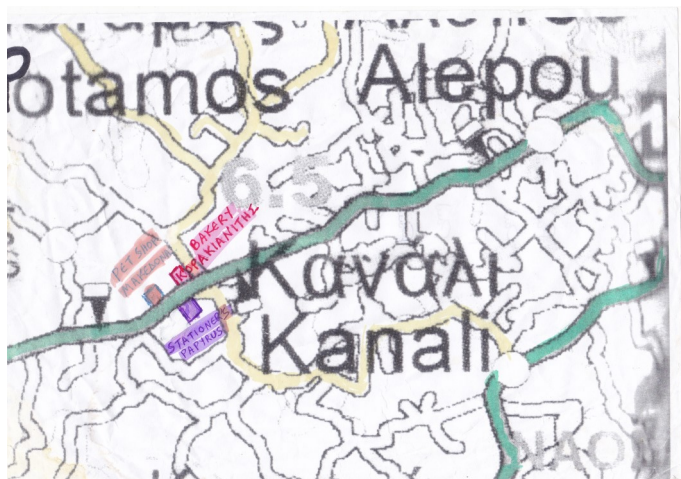
Papyrus - Stationer's & Bookshop

For those of you who may not have noticed there is a friendly Stationer's on the main road at Alepou, on the Kanalia junction.

So much easier and more convenient than having the hassle of parking in town.



Hard worker



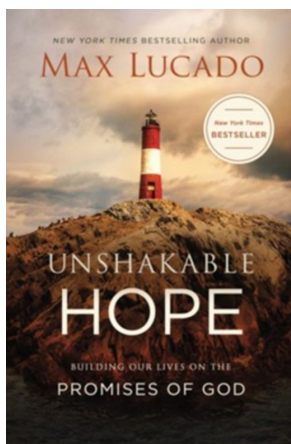
Owners Manthos and Joanna are both very courteous and obliging.

Car park outside.

Here is a map. - Give it a try!



Dear Friends,



We are approaching the deadline for the catalogue to go live so please let Jane and Rhona know of any offers you have for it. A photo, quantity and price needs to be sent via email to Jane or Rhona as soon as possible and **by next Friday, 5th November** at the latest.

Rhona: rhona.barker@gmail.com or Jane - jane.lanfear1@gmail.com.

The fourth session reading Max Lucado's book together is on Thursday this week, 4th November at 7 pm on zoom.

We will be studying chapters 6 and 7.

It would be very easy to join, so don't worry if you've missed it so far.

The book is available digitally for those of us still wrestling with post-Brexit deliveries!

We are hoping to offer an Alpha course later in the Autumn. If you know anyone who would like to explore the big questions of life then please do let them know (and me) know and we will make contact to organise.

We are continuing with our weekly support to the Red Cross of fresh and dry goods. Of course, the need here in Greece has escalated as a result of the fires and if you would like to give financially, there are links [here](#). Alternatively, if you would prefer to channel donations through the church, let Christine know and she will ensure they get there.



Morning Prayer on Wednesdays and Fridays on Zoom at 9 am and the Facebook Prayer Group continues in prayer from 9.30 - 10.30 on Fridays. As usual, prayer requests can be made throughout the week. If you know anyone who needs prayer please do say.

Summary of Notices for the Week:

- Christmas Catalogue Please email a photo, quantity and price of any items you are able to offer by Friday this week, 5th November. Thank you :)
- Red Cross collections: We continue to collect dry goods and fresh vegetables and fruit for the Red Cross on an ongoing basis. If you can't provide fresh produce but would like to donate some thing towards the costs, please let us know. Fresh produce will need to be at the church by Wednesday morning and is delivered early on Friday morning.
- Sunday Worship: Come in person (just let us know you're coming) or...

Join the live stream of the service on Zoom

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/4037052260>
Meeting ID: 403 705 2260
Passcode: 4444
- Weekly Events: During August, we suspend weekly activities in church due to the busyness and the heat but there are still opportunities to pray together...

Zoom meeting opportunities during the week are as follows:
- Wednesday at 9.00 Morning Prayer followed by
Chat and Catch-up
- Thursday at 7.00 pm Unshakeable Hope Reading Group
on Zoom.
- Friday at 9.00 Morning Prayer
f ollowed at 9.30 on-line open prayer (Facebook)
- Wednesday Morning - Prayer and Coffee 09:00 Greek Time
Click: <https://us02web.zoom.us/j/4037052260>
- Thursday Evening - Unshakeable Hope 19:00 Greek Time
Click: <https://us02web.zoom.us/j/4037052260>
- Friday morning - Morning Eucharist 09:00 Greek Time
Click: <https://us02web.zoom.us/j/4037052260>
- Password as usual for all these meetings is 4444.
Please let us know if you have any questions.

Special precautions for attending church in person Feedback and help

It is still necessary (even if you have received the vaccination) to continue to observe physical distancing and the church is still arranged to facilitate this easily. It is helpful to bring your own refreshments, hand sanitiser and to wear a mask inside the service. While taking part in the service (reading etc..) it is fine to remove any masks during that time and to return them before you go back to your seat. When receiving communion, it is okay to remove masks as you approach the front of the church, receive communion, then put the masks back as you return. Any questions - please just ask.

If you have any feedback or ideas about what to include in next Sunday's service, please let us know. If you think this service works, please do share it with someone!

And finally, please remember, if you need any help or would like to talk through anything, just let me know.

I hope to see you on Sunday... one way or another!
With every blessing,

Jules.
Rev Julian Wilson.
Chaplain, Holy Trinity Corfu.
21, L. Mavili Street, Corfu, 49100.
Phone: (0030) 698 653 8755
julesjwilson@gmail.com
www.holytrinitycorfu.net/

**Alex**

Sweet Confections

If you live in the Scottish Lowlands, there could well be a treat in store for you next Spring. Anna and Alex will be opening a Coffee shop in Paisley; Sweet Confections.

But this will be no ordinary shop. No!

It will give emphasis to children, have play areas, serve coffees and soft drinks and an array of specialised ice cream wonders, all created by Alex.

Other delicacies such as bougatsas [Custard Pie with Phyllo and ground Cinnamon) and cheese pies will delight you.

Coffee cups will be digitally embossed with a photo of the drinker, on request!

**Anna**

I am reliably informed there is nothing quite like it in the UK, let alone Scotland.
So, look out here in future months for updates and opening details.

"Grammatikos"

Insurance agency, family firm.

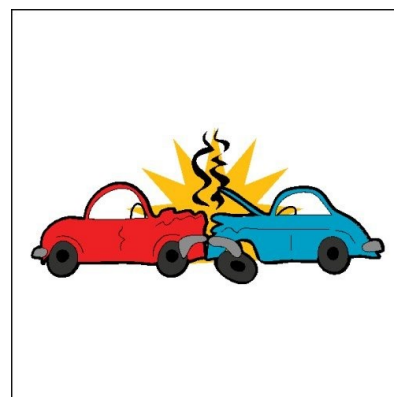
Fifty two years of experience with insurance of all types -car, property, 3rd party liability, health etc.

We care.

Iakovou Polyta 24, (pedestrian street), 1st floor

Tel: 2661032023/ 2661024140

Drop in for advice and quote without obligation.



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!

1st-Nat. Rd. Palaioastritsa 50, Solari & 2nd-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 or Email: info@ecopoint.gr.

"The best relationships aren't made between two perfect people... They're made between two people who are broken, much like jigsaw puzzle pieces. And what happens is... These two broken bits find a perfect match in each other, resulting in creating a masterpiece through their union. Together, they're no longer broken."



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CUSTOMS BROKER

Alkinoos Bogdanos

Many of you may have concerns, issues, complications, or need advice on importing items into Greece.

Alkinoos is a specialised Customs Broker, who works on *your* behalf.

He is courteous, speaks excellent English and his costs are reasonable.

He may well be able to save you time and expense.

Here are details in order for you to be able to contact and locate him.:

Mob: [+30 6970659990](tel:+306970659990)

Address: [5 Gardikioti Spyrou Street, Mantouki \(Corfu\), 3os orofos, 491 32 Greece](#)

Services: 4 Years on xo.gr

Sally's Bar

Sally's Bar will close for the last time on ednesday, 20th October.

It has come as a shock to us, but the landlord has decided to take the building back for his own use.

We have met many lovely people, over the years, and have lots of wonderful memories.

We would love to go out with a party to remember but due to covid rules it's not possible.

Thank you all for your custom, support, and loyalty.

Sally and Rob

Ed: - A sad day indeed.

But indeed, these lovely people gave so much joy and sweet memories to so many over ten years.



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!





The 100+ Club is an organisation that through its members, aims to donate to as many charities and organisations on Corfu as we possibly can. We have just reached the 3rd quarter of year 9.

The worthy causes awarded funds are as follows.

The Smile of The Child, The Red Cross, The St Johns Church food kitchen Manduki, Corfu Emergency Fund, Corfu Hospital, Special Needs Vocational School, Christmas and Easter Shoe Box Appeals, Corfu Panto Group, The Ark, Jeni's Sterilisation Program and Corfu Prison second chance School. All Charities and Organisations we donate to are screened every year, in most cases goods are purchased on their behalf.

If you would like to join the 130 members who already help us make a difference, contact us for full information, Ken & Jan Harrop. Tel 6944131853 or **contact** us on Facebook, also contact Paul & Jan Scotter for Central area, or join at Mediterranean Corner Market Roda, Hovoli Acharavi, Navigators Kontokali and Tiffany's Bar Ipsos.

Membership is 52€ per year paid in quarterly amounts of 13€ in advance for each membership number. A draw is held once a month at a different venue/location where one lucky member wins 100€ & one lucky member wins 50€.

This is a non - profit organization.

The 100+ Club supports Charities of Corfu
the100plusclub@groups.facebook.com



© The 100+ Club

The World of Simon



Chainsaw and bench on the front lawn. Preparing logs for splitting. Cherry blossom time. These logs are for next winter, with summer to dry

An excuse to boast the work of preparing firewood in the city. Splitting logs with a spalhammer.



A spalhammer and peening hammer. If this combination fails it's time for a grenade splitter

An electric chain saw to reduce the size of larger pieces. Knots holding the wood together, resisting my grenades, while others give way to the sledge with a satisfying thud, each piece thrown sideways; picked up and split again. The stack grows. In the inner-city wood can come free. An axe too for simpler work - my Fiskar, a lovely modern evolution. Tree surgeons remove diseased trees from tenants' gardens - roots in the drains and branches in the gutters.



Sycamore. Needs drying to be much good for a fire. But sycamore is used for making matches!

A word and a wink, they'll sometimes unload trunks in my driveway. Landlords throw out old broken furniture, tricky to recycle. It gets split, cut up and goes in the pile - hard and soft.



Straight grain, simple splitting, even so some say you should remove your wristwatch if it's clockwork.

For kindling I've an arrangement with a palette factory in the suburbs who want their off-cuts removed for free - kiln dried pine. Another crack in the concrete?



The splitter's called a grenade. Give me two for when the first one disappears inside the knotty log

All presidents bar one are directly descended from a medieval English king

Is ruling in the genes?

- **12-year-old girl created family tree linking 42 of 43 U.S. presidents to King John of England, who signed Magna Carta in 1215**
- **Only eighth president, Martin Van Buren, was not related to John**

By Snejana Farberov

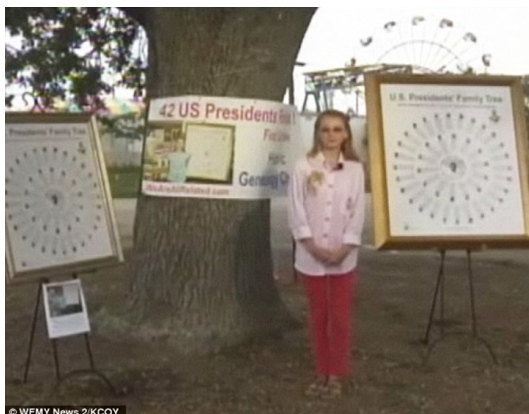
What do Barack Obama, Thomas Jefferson, George W. Bush and the other past U.S. presidents have in common? Besides holding the coveted title of commander-in-chief, it appears that all of them but one are cousins.

The remarkable discovery was made by 12-year-old BridgeAnne d'Avignon, of Salinas, California, who created a ground-breaking family tree that connected 42 of 43 U.S. presidents to one common, and rather unexpected, ancestor: King John of England.

'They all have the trait of wanting power,' d'Avignon told the station WFMY.



Budding genealogist: BridgeAnne d'Avignon created a family tree that connected 42 of 43 U.S. presidents to one common ancestor.



History detective: It took d'Avignon several months to search through more than 500,000 names and trace the male and female lineages of American leaders.

King John, also known as John 'Lackland', is renowned for signing the Magna Carta in 1215, which limited the monarch's power and helped form the British Parliament.

John's other claim to fame, or infamy, is that he was depicted as the villain in the Robin Hood tales.



Common grandfather: The 12-year-old traced the lineages of nearly all of the U.S. presidents to King John, the signer of the Magna Carta.

D'Avignon, a seventh-grader at Monte Vista Christian School in Watsonville, started the project in hopes of tracing back her own bloodline in France, but somewhere along the way she decided

to take her genealogical quest to the highest level. In order to create the family tree, the 12-year-old spent months scouring through over 500,000 names in search of the 'presidential Adam.'

Her 80-year-old grandfather, who has been tracing roots for nearly six decades, helped her make the Presidential links.

D'Avignon started with the first U.S. president, George Washington, she traced both the male and female family lines to make the connection.

Prior to d'Avignon's discovery, genealogists were only able to link 22 families of presidents, likely because they only focused on male bloodlines.

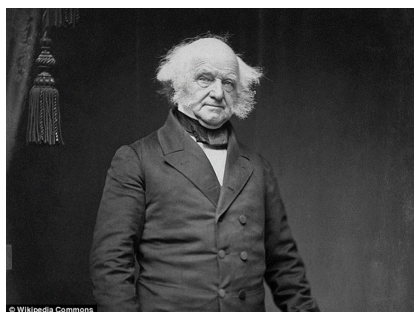
The only former commander-in-chief not linked to King John is the eighth president, Martin Van Buren, who had Dutch roots.

The teen also found out that she is the 18th cousin of President Obama. She even wrote to her new-found relative a letter to share her findings with him.

So far, however, d'Avignon said she received only a generic response from the White House.

Continued on Page 40

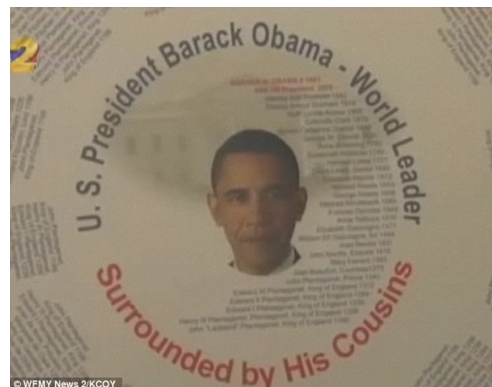
All Presidents - Continued from Page 39



Odd man out: Only the eighth president of the U.S., Martin Van Buren, was not related to King John because he had Dutch roots.

D'Avignon created a poster of the presidential family tree and is selling signed copies of it in hopes of raising enough money to make a trip to Washington DC. The middle-school student says her goal is to hand-deliver a replica of her family tree to the president.

'I think we just all go back somewhere; it's just a matter of proving it,' she said.



Powerful relative: D'Avignon discovered that she is the 18th cousin of President Obama.

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Greek chicken Soup with Egg and Lemon Sauce



This month our dear friend Frosso steps in with this scrummy warmer:

Today I will share with you my Greek recipe for chicken soup that's made with a creamy egg and lemon sauce (avgolemono). This dish is yummy, filling, and particularly beneficial during winter to fight off those nasty bugs!

INGREDIENTS (serves 2-3)

- 2 drumsticks (or whole legs) and 2-3 chicken wings
- ½ cup of rice for soup ('glacé', if you're in Greece)
- 1 chicken stock cube
- Juice of a small to medium lemon
- 1 big carrot sliced
- 2-3 stalks of lean Greek celery cut up coarsely with their leaves (not celery sticks)
- 1 large egg (separated)
- 1 red onion (cut up in thick slices)
- A dash of olive oil, salt, pepper

PREPARATION

Fill a large pot halfway up with water and dissolve the stock cube in it. When it comes to boil, throw in the chicken pieces.

Add salt, olive oil, and the onion. Cover and leave to simmer.

Check the chicken after about 45 minutes. When cooked, remove the chicken pieces, place in a platter.

Throw in the rice, the celery and the carrot and bring to boil, then cover and simmer for about 20 minutes.

While the rice is cooking, separate the meat from the bone and the skin.

When the rice is nearly done, prepare the egg and lemon sauce:

Beat the egg white first with a fork or a whisker. Add the yolk, beat some more, then add the lemon juice SLOWLY while beating.

Collect about half a cup of stock from the pot with a ladle or spoon. As you beat the egg, add the stock SLOWLY. This is important and the reason is to warm up the egg slowly, otherwise the sauce will be ruined (it won't thicken).

Turn off the heat and pour the egg mix over the soup. Throw in the meat, add pepper, and mix gently with a spoon. Cover and leave on the stove for a minute, then serve with feta cheese and fresh bread.

NOTE: You can use chicken breast too, but I recommend legs and wings as this is where all the taste is. To make the sauce even thicker, add an extra egg yolk and use a blender to mix the separated eggs, then transfer to a bowl before adding the lemon juice.

KALI OREXI!!!!



Tracey's Time



Perfect Peace... 🦋

I sit here in perfect peace Watching the world go
by
The buzzing of a bee in a flower A beautiful
butterfly
The gentle splash of tiny fish Making pretty
swirls in the canal
A dragon fly dances merrily My perfect peace is
now
A couple in a rowing boat Turn to me and wave
As I sit here alone breathing it all in Enjoying my
perfect day
This tranquility I feel inside of me the sun warm
on my face

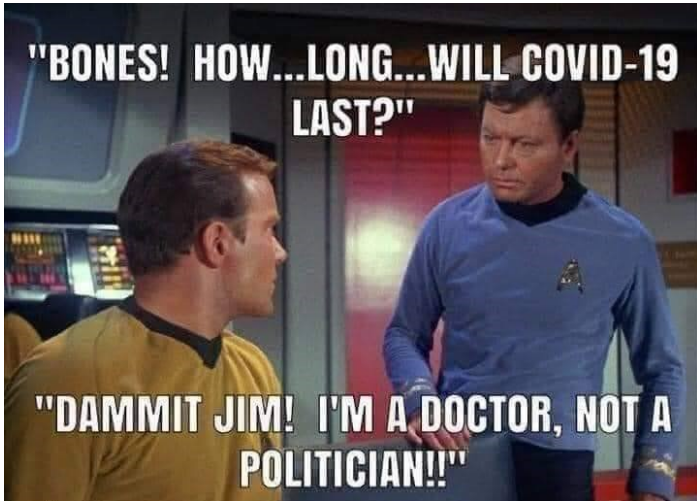


I close my eyes Enjoying birds' song And loving
this special place
I smile as I look all around me And feel total
release
What a beautiful day I'm relaxed and happy
I've found my perfect peace 🦋 🦋 ❤️



Gooners Gags

Remember as days get colder animals are attracted to the warmth of cars so check wheel arches or other hiding places.



Q: Why are married women heavier than single women?

A: When single women come home, they go to see what's in the fridge then go to bed. A married woman comes home, sees what's in bed then goes to the fridge.



Just bought a log cabin from Ikea



I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW A CEMETERY CAN RAISE IT'S FUNERAL PRICES AND BLAME IT ON THE COST OF LIVING.

Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 42

Women and Cats

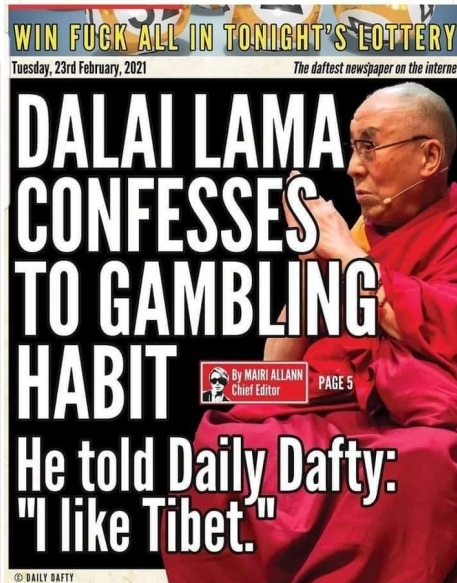


I've never understood why women love cats.

Cats are independent, they don't listen, they don't come when you call, they like to stay out all night and when they are home they like to be left alone to sleep.

In other words, every quality that women dislike in a man, they love in a CAT!

www.silversurfers.com



I recently bought my pet duck a mask, to protect it from corona virus...

It's nothing flashy, but it fits the bill.

I'm fixing the obesity crisis via food shortages, the climate crisis via fuel shortages and sorting the pension deficit by killing all the old people. I just don't know what more I can do, Laura?

The public are just ungrateful bastards, Prime Minister

#BBCBreakfast
#R4today



Greta Tunberg After a Week in Scotland



I TOLD HIM I WANTED TO WALK DOWN THE AISLE

Glasgow Born & Raised

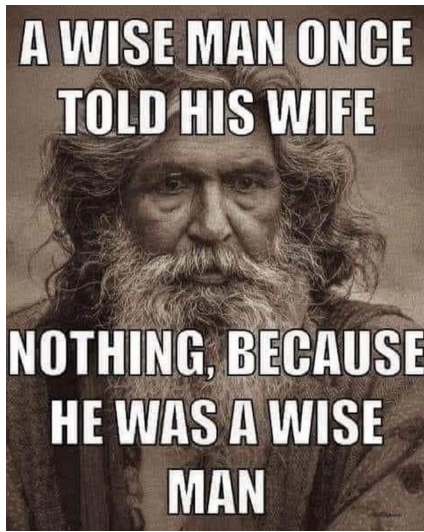



He sent me to Asda for a case of beer



FOR SALE: 4 SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS (OLD MODEL)

Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 43




 
The wife asked me if I'd seen the dog bowl.

I said: "To be honest, I didn't even know he played cricket!"



Paddy gets a call from the police, «your house has been broken into they drank all your beer and shagged your wife», «OMFG», says paddy «I can't fookin believe they shagged her after only 4 cans"

JUST WENT OVER MY BANK ACCOUNT AND FIGURED OUT I CAN LIVE COMFORTABLY WITHOUT WORKING FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE AS LONG AS I DIE ON THURSDAY





Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 44



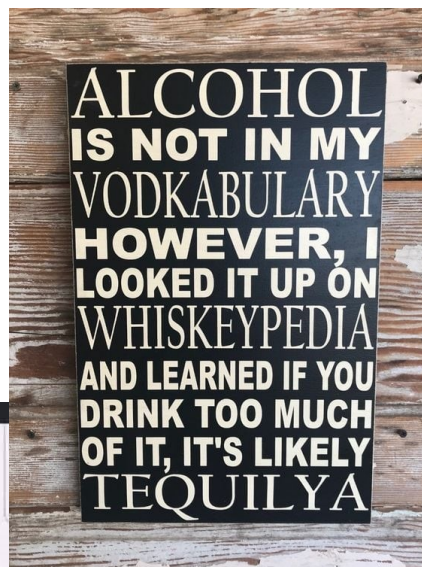
How good is your eyesight? There are three naked women in this picture.



I lied. I just wanted you to stare at my cock.

ifunnyv.co

Kangaroos are just Deer that have spent time in prison



Hunting dog for sale



Eleven people were hanging on a rope, under a helicopter in flight, 10 men and 1 woman.

The rope was not strong enough to carry them all, so they decided that one had to leave; otherwise, they were all going to fall. They weren't able to choose that person, until the woman gave a very touching speech.

She said that she would voluntarily let go of the rope, because, as a woman, she was used to giving up everything for her husband and kids or for men in general, and was used to always making sacrifices with little in return.

As soon as she finished her speech, all the men started clapping.