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# The Agiot

165th Edition

## This Month

Cover Photo

Page 1

Village and Island News

Pages 2-4

Tickle's Teasers

Page 5

Gooners Gags

Pages 6-9

Corfu under British Protection

Pages 10-12

Poetry Corner

Page 12

The Way Things Were and Are

Page 13

Hilary's Ramblings

Pages 14-15

Ocay Travel and Property.

Pages 16-19

Letters to the Editor

Pages 19-21

Aunty Lula's Lovebites

Page 21

Nature

Page 22

Advertising

Pages 23-29

The Great Storm: October 16th 1987

Pages 30-31

Little Brother is Watching You.

Pages 31-34

The World of Simon

Page 34

Video Plus Corner

Page 35

Weather.

Page 35

An English-woman Sergeant...

Pages 36-39

Nick the Clock's World

Pages 40-44

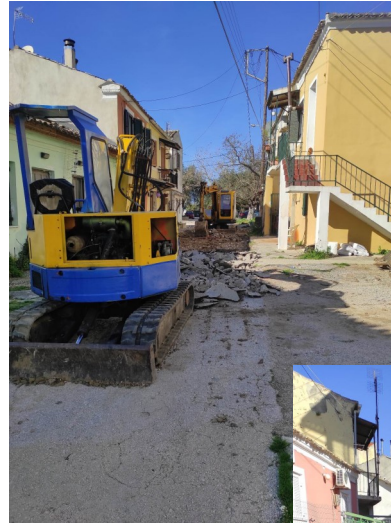




# Village and Island News by Paul McGovern



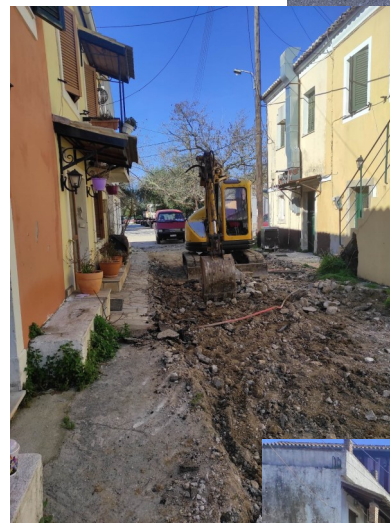
*Somewhere over the rainbow*



*Tonka toys*  
<



*Road closed*  
>



*The cottage was shaking at this point*  
<

'Tis spring. Agios Ioannis.  
And as the saying goes, "tis the season when a worker's fancy turns to thoughts of paving our village lane."

And so, it came to pass.

The boys from the grey stuff were suddenly back in Main Street, Agios, to continue the sterling work they executed on the plateia last early summer. They still have the same competent foreman, Mikalis, so theoretically all should be well and the job done, by the time the Panygeri holds centre stage, as it was last year. Our Mayor is more ambitious. His battle cry is 'Easter!'



*Optimism by 'Easter!'*



*Poor Ricky's tramlines being obliterated*  
>



*Village and Island News - Continued from page 2*

The old lane's worn surface came up in very quick fashion, to be neatly covered by fresh concrete and new steel. Only the customary number of pipes along the lane were shattered by the enthusiastic diggers.



***New piping***  
<



***The footpath is a nifty snag***  
>



***Mount Anna's Apartment***  
<



***New Highway prior to flagging***  
>

Theodolites appeared, sightings were registered, in came the concrete.

Now, we have a length to walk upon, all the way down to Henk's junction, and we await each day signs of more workers descending upon us. The road is still closed to vehicles, which makes for a very peaceful March, from our cottage's position in the Stalls.

As I type this, it is eerily quiet.

On a personal note, I preferred it before they put the surface down [see picture at top of page]. It was fun slopping about in the puddles and avoiding tripping on the old pipes. A great deal of mud was deposited in our parlour from our furry friends- this was less appreciated by the housekeeper.



***After a mud bath***

The lane would have been excellent as a stage for a remake of High Noon, according to fellow-contributor Simon Baddeley.

More will be reported on this subject in May.

We love these quiet times in our village, out of season, peppered as they are from time to time by the madness.



***Laying the wreaths for the heroes of 1821***



*Village and Island News - Continued from page 3*

Independence Day was celebrated, quietly, on March 25th, in the Plateia. It was somehow more poignant this year, with the Cosmos at large disappearing into non-Independence.



***Elysian fields, Agios***



***Gyp***

Walking in the fields around the village is pure beauty, horse riding on Saturdays-just the children-the odd birthday party thrown in. Jason was four in March and his party is shown here. Do you know something, he doesn't even know any Spanish? That's Porforvor, isn't it?



***Horse riding in Varipatades***  
<



***Birthday time***

***Horses for courses***  
>







# TICKLE'S TEASERS

Each cryptic question is the clue to a kitchen item,  
as always I'll give you the first one to start you off..

Bon Chance

1. Small ripple as the tide goes out  
**Microwave**
2. Unbottle it at Alton Towers
3. Fish Skin
4. The Best man's job at the wedding
5. Large monk out of his depth
6. Chefs bible
7. Football trophy
8. Taken for an idiot
9. Toddlers falling over
10. Stirrer
11. Half a sardine
12. U.F.O.
13. Constipation sufferer
14. A car for a cupboard
15. The road splits in two
16. License with no number
17. On the edge maybe
18. Throw a ball at the wicket
19. A river boat
20. Mixes well
21. Sounds like churned milk becoming larger
22. Kent town full of Master of ceremonies
23. A bag for golf stands
24. Cheeky container
25. Sir costs nothing
26. The Lad has a third little on the end
27. BMOIWXL
28. Oval clock
29. Sounds like the crew have eaten
30. It can never be afloat ?
31. Stand them next to soldiers ?
32. Female pop group joins the army ?
33. Persuade the man to keep out of the kitchen ?
34. Hovis meeting of directors
35. Sounds like an on going breakfast saga
36. A fireproof cooking dish ?
37. If red is reversed, and rain stay's the same, and placed in the middle will give you the name
38. Polly put it on, and Sukie took it off
39. Sounds like the 'E' Boat is beyond the grave
40. Roosters feathers turned to wood
41. Sounds like it could be a wobbly Flintshire town
42. A cover to cook on
43. Si see's through the first woman
44. The first part of a circus act
45. Return the top after the letter before you
46. The cook is working with this utensil without a ring
47. Tins of beans for starters
48. Shell the brazil with this type of biscuit
49. You can pedal a bike, but you cannot pedal this
50. Flo Capp's answer to Andy's late nights



# Gooners Gags



sprayed my car with rust remover



Impact of Digitalization and automation... Lollll



If you're happy and you know it



**Sad news - I broke up with my girlfriend, Lorraine.**

**She found out I was seeing another woman, Claire Lee.**

**Good news - I can see Claire Lee now Lorraine has gone!**



Gooners Gags - Continued from page 6

**3-YEAR-OLDS THESE DAYS CAN TURN ON TABLETS AND WORK EVERY APP**



**ME? WHEN I WAS 3, I ATE MUD**

**Our muffins are moist and sticky, just like Fanny's.**



**PLANT THEM IN THE SPRING**



**BY SUMMER THEY'RE IN FULL BLOOM!**

**The IRISH 000 EMERGENCY CALL**

An Irish woman is cleaning her husband's rifle and accidentally shoots him. She immediately dials 000 Emergency.

Irish woman: "It's my fooken husband! I've accidentally shot him, I think I've fooken killed him!"

Operator: "Please calm down Mam. Can you first make sure he is actually dead!"

\*click\* .. \*BANG\*

Irish woman: "Okay, I've done dat..... What's next?"



*"That's it. The cat has to go."*

Did you hear about the first restaurant to open on the moon? It had great food, but no atmosphere.



*Gooners Gags* - Continued from page 7

**You know things  
are about to get bad,  
When next doors Dog put's his  
trainer's on!**



The cutlery for my new diet has arrived... I am optimistic this one will work.



I entered ten puns in a contest to see which would win.

No pun in ten did.



I took my son out for his first pint. Got him a Fosters. He didn't like it - I had it. Then I got him Carlsberg, he didn't like it, I had it. It was the same with Guinness and Cider. By the time we got down to the whisky I could hardly push the pram...

*Continued on page 9*



*Gooners Gags* - Continued from page 8



**Dad's advice some years ago:**

**"If you get into a fight in the pub, put a snooker ball in your sock."**

**Worst advice ever, I could hardly walk!**

Why is Peter Pan always flying?  
Because he Neverlands

How many tickles does it take to get an octopus to laugh?  
Ten tickles

Hi  
SORRY ABOUT THE ARGUMENT LAST NIGHT.  
I.M AT WORK TILL LATE,  
DINNER IS ON THE STOVE.  
YOU ONLY HAVE TO LIGHT IT  
THE GAS IS ALREADY  
TURNED ON  
XX

Think about it - every single corpse on Mt. Everest was once a highly motivated person.  
Stay lazy my friends.

Why were they called the "dark ages?"  
Because there were a lot of knights.



# Corfu Under British Protection

By Sophie Atkinson

From 'An Artist in Corfu' (1911)



IN 1815, THE POWERS, BY THE TREATY OF PARIS, made of the Ionian Islands a free and independent state under the sole protection of Britain. The command of 'the finest harbour and the strongest fortress in the Adriatic' had once more passed into the hands of the first naval power, and the little island had peace at last.

The usual results of British rule followed in the islands, order and prosperity, discipline and freedom were extracted from chaos, and a period of tranquillity and development commenced.

Sir Thomas Maitland was the first Lord High Commissioner, and proved both popular and capable. He was authorised to summon a constitutional assembly, and constructed a very admirable charter, which was accepted in 1817. By this the island gradually expanded to a great proportion of self-government, and under it enjoyed unparalleled prosperity. Justice was reliable and uncorrupt. Taxation was light, chiefly in custom dues. Life and property were secure.

The islanders were treated with a consideration which must have been new to them after those turbulent revolutionary years, when it was hard to tell who was their master, and when mastery was only for profit and spoil.

Education was provided for all classes, from primary schools in the villages to the Lyceum and Gymnasium in town. The Earl of Guilford founded

the University of Corfu in 1823, but since the union with Greece it has ceased to exist. [Ed. It was re-established in the 1990s.]

Material development naturally went hand in hand with education. Excellent roads spread over the islands; harbours, quays and aqueducts encouraged a vigorous growth of trade and industries; while the large British garrison brought fresh life into the capital.

It is said that after the reform of the Charter by Lord Seaton in 1848-9 the machinery of government did not work so smoothly as before.

The peasants were not ready for the very extended suffrage and were unable to grasp in their true proportions the statements of the now unfettered press. In the same year in which their liberties were extended there was a rebellion in Zante; and again in the year following, notable for its savagery.

It was in that first rebellion that the insurgents were held at bay at the garrison of Argostoli, and repulsed by twelve British soldiers under command of a sergeant.

In 1852 Greek superseded Italian as the official language. With increased education there arose a steady demand for union with the mother country; a demand so natural and so insistent that in 1864 the islands were restored to Greece. The negotiations for this restoration were chiefly in the hands of Mr. Gladstone [Ed. The famous Prime Minister of the Victorian era]

as special commissioner, and Count Dousmani, at that time secretary of state for the islands, and were concluded by the Treaty of London, signed by Queen Victoria, the Emperors of Russia and France, and



*Continued on page 11*



*Corfu Under British Protection—Continued from page 10*

The unqualified union of the Ionian Islands with their mother country was most loyally and joyfully received [Ed. Except in the villages of Kinopiastes and Ano Korakiana.]. But it has been rumoured in later years that they do not always find their mother easier to deal with than their guardian, or more thoughtful for their interests. Lean years have come to the island, and it has sunk into a stagnation from which its intercourse with the wider range of Britain might have saved it.

Finlay states that the British rule in the Ionian Islands created misunderstanding and dislike on both sides. If so, that feeling is long past now; the Corfiotes love of the English is only second to that of their own countrymen, and English people in Corfu are sure of the happiest and most friendly welcome. Enough time has passed to show Corfiotes the truth expressed by one of their own writers, Stefanos Xenos, who said, 'If ever a state was prosperous, free and progressing under the dominion of another, that state was Ionia under the dominion of Great Britain; and yet no people could be more restless in their position, and more anxious to escape from the shelter afforded by the patron power than the Ionians.'

Since the union with Greece Corfu has been happy in having no history, and if treaties hold, its stormy days are forever over, for by the Treaty of London its harbour is guaranteed perpetual neutrality.



...And what happened when the British left

ON THE DAY OF UNION WITH GREECE [Ed. 21 May 1864], British soldiers were exchanging

military salutes with the Greek soldiers who had arrived to take over. When the Greek officer gave the order 'Present Arms!', one of the Corfiot spectators laughed and commented: 'You hear that? These miserable Greeks have only just arrived, and already they're begging!'

The Greek army was represented by some soldiers from the 10th Regiment, headed by General Pisa, who had been commanded to take over the island and its fortresses. As the British troops embarked into their warship and left, the general, together with the military and political leadership of the island, made his way to the Church of Saint Spiridon for a thanksgiving mass.

Meanwhile, the common people were not so thankful. Under foreign rule for centuries, they now felt the time for revenge against the elite had come; they lusted to pillage and burn the mansions of the landlords. And new authority was not yet in place.

The people of Potamos, together with their political leader Heimarios, set off for Town, advancing and shouting curses. Heimarios tried at first to calm them as he feared a confrontation with the army. But finding that impossible, he tried to persuade them to head for the countryside. 'That's where the big fight will be!' he promised.

But the most hot-blooded would not listen. They reached Platytera, where the Maltese community lived, and attacked the gardens and fields and smallholdings of the workers of that poor area. Heimarios could not stop them. But then he shrugged and said to himself: 'Well, let them get on with it. Let them work off their anger on the Maltese, who have no mansions. The worst they can do is beat up a few locals, and steal a goat or two, and they'll be happy. When we get back to the village, they'll have calmed down and we can give the animals back.'

The Maltese men were absent, and only old people and children were at home. The Potamites did not harm them. They untied the sheep and cows, herded the grazing sheep, set fire to some thatches, and returned with their grand spoils to Potamos.

They entered the village singing in celebration. But at the outskirts, they were brought up short by screams coming from their own houses. While they had themselves been looting, the men of Kontokali, returning in a gang from Town, had put into action a long-held plan to attack Potamos as soon as the British left.

*Continued on page 12*

*Corfu Under British Protection—Continued from page 11*

They entered the village from the east, causing the women and children to flee. Then they beat up a few remaining men, barged into the houses, and looted everything they could lay their hands on.

After the initial shock at finding them there, the men of Potamos struck back, and the gang from Kontokali, caught in the surprise attack, fled down the hill.

It was a remarkable sight - the Kontokalites fleeing with their booty, chased by the furious Potamites. But the runaways were weighed down with their loot, so as they ran, they were shedding the clothes, tools and household goods they had stolen. The men of Potamos chased them as far as the outskirts of Kontokali.

Spiros Peroulakis was an eye-witness to the mayhem. It was a spectacle that rendered him speechless. The whole scene was a seething battleground, a mass of bodies - men, women and children - struggling against each other with scythes and spades.

Meanwhile, two villagers from Korakiana appeared, running with sweat and panting fit to burst. They entered the kafenion where Peroulakis had taken refuge.

'Give us water!' they demanded. 'We're dying of thirst!'

'What are you running for?' asked Peroulakis.

They told him that they were on their way to Town to report to the army that Korakiana was being attacked by a group of about two hundred men from Skripero. At first, Peroulakis was under the impression that they were pillaging the houses of the landlords, but the men told him that they were looting the common houses, stealing oil and wine, and breaking into dowry chests.

'Why don't you call on your own men to protect their houses?' asked Peroulakis.

'We tried,' was the reply, 'but they were too busy looting in Skripero!'

And that is how the Union of the Ionian Islands was celebrated in Corfu's villages.

*(First published in The Corfiot Magazine. Translation from the Greek original, from a contemporary report: Hilary Whitton Paipeti)*

## Poetry Corner

File Edit Format View Help

A chilly night chilling halfway on a ladder  
climb up higher and spray some colours or some words with power upon the tower  
Staring at the cityscape, people in the shower,  
pfff ! what a sponge still on social media the whole all hour

!Wrote it on ya bathroom mirror,,the shower turned cold while you browsed |so it disappeared

You never heard of us or know who i am but  
Weve been playing music everynight across the land  
about the state of the book in the government stateman's hands  
\* At the beech the wave wiped out the drawing in the sand \*

..me and my band,  
The Shadow Band,  
,, we've been shadow-banned

\*Wrote it on Twitter ,, but still 18 months later the truth comes quicker on fish and chips newspaper\*

\*Posted it disguised inside a photo on facebook, now its just a blurry warning image so you cant look\*

\*Wrote it to ya on a fiat-money bank note, good luck trying to find it in your digital block code

.....me and my band,  
The Shadow Band,  
,, we've been shadow-banned

A neat contribution from Jimmy Pagkratiotis



# The Way Things Were and Are



*Agiots in India*



*Before they discovered Corfu*



*Blackpool at its heyday*



*Fearless Swedish Agiot*



*Myrtiotissa Beach 1970's*



# Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

## The Field and the Verge



FOR ME, MARCH IS THE FINEST SEASON FOR THE WILD FLOWERS which Corfu is so renowned for. Pity, then, the poor tourists who arrive in May, expecting to enjoy a glorious display of blooms, only to find that the best spring flowers are over, with the little gems of March and early April swamped by a coarse riot of thistles and purple vetch, and by scrubby grasses.



At the time of writing - mid-March - the blooms of late winter and those of early spring share the space in the fields and on the verges. Both in flower from

January, anemones still fleck the lowlands and the olive groves, while the Widow Iris is still with us, though some are now stooped from the weight of their developing seed pods. This plant is a small iris, less than a foot tall, whose name derives from its almost-black velvety petals - and perhaps from the stoop!

A cascade of spring flowers blooms as anemones and iris begin to wither, but my main concern here is the colour palette that is arrayed in March on the



field and along the verge. The colours are very straightforward, far from being subtle hues, and some jewel-like: The yellow and gold of the Field Marigold and the lemon of a wild mustard; Cranesbill of an intense coral; amethyst Honesty (particularly happy this year); white and gold daisies that often carpet a glade; the indigo of the Grape Hyacinth; and in amongst all the Bugloss, like little shards of sapphire. They grow amongst the modest whites of Alyssum and Star of Bethlehem and Stitchwort.



Many more species will bloom in accelerating stages later, but it is this early flowering that speaks to me, not only with its essential colours, but with the hope and promise that it brings.



*Continued on page 15*



*Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from page 14*

## On Yer Bike, Eat Turnips!

UK POLITICIAN THERESE COFFEY WILL HENCEFORTH AND FOREVER be known as the person who didn't actually say 'Let them eat turnips' when during a winter shortage of imported hothouse tomatoes and lettuce she suggested that shoppers might instead buy UK-produced seasonal root vegetables.

She should have known better. The examples of Norman Tebbit ('On Yer Bike!') and Thatcher ('There is no such thing as society') show how a well-meaning soundbite will ALWAYS be misquoted or taken out of context if a hostile press can accomplish it.

Tebbit did NOT admonish the unemployed with these three words. What he actually said was much milder; just a suggestion, rather than a snarled order: 'When my father lost his job, he got on his bike and went to look for another one.' (I paraphrase here.)



**On Yer bike**

In a 1987 interview with Woman's Own magazine, Thatcher DID say 'There is no such thing as society.' But the context in which she made the statement is quite different from the one which her haters accuse her of - namely, a wish to tear up the welfare state and an instruction to behave selfishly.

The seven infamous words were preceded by: 'There are individual men and women and there are families and no government can do anything except through people and people look to themselves first. **It is our duty** to look after ourselves and then also **to help look after our neighbour.**'

...and followed by: 'There is living tapestry of men and women and people and the beauty of that tapestry and the quality of our lives will depend upon how much each of us is prepared **to take responsibility for ourselves** and each of us prepared to turn round and **help by our own efforts those who are unfortunate.**'

Her office later issued a clarification: 'All too often the ills of this country are passed off as those of society. Similarly, when action is required, society is called upon to act. But society as such does not exist except as a concept. Society is made up of people. It is people who have duties

and beliefs and resolve. It is people who get things done [... Thatcher's] approach to society reflects her **fundamental belief in personal responsibility and choice.** To leave things to 'society' is to **run away from the real decisions, practical responsibility and effective action.**' (My emphasis.)

I'm bringing this up to point out that all three misquotes address the same issue: 'Don't wait around and expect someone else to fix the problem. Take responsibility yourself.' Which is a trait that the UK 'Nanny State' has bred out of its citizens, who tend to sit back and expect the authorities to step in to conjure up a job, or to restock shops with out-of-season salad vegetables.

To summarise Thatcher's words, it's our duty and responsibility, first and foremost, to try to solve the problem ourselves, both for our own sake and for the sake of others.

This was exemplified in last month's Ramblings when I contrasted the reaction of the residents of the English village where I grew up to the probable actions of their Corfiot counterparts when fallen debris obstructs a road. The UK villagers waited for the 'authorities' to turn up and clear a collapsed wall (with the result that an important commuter artery remained closed for over a month), while our island locals, who are aware that their own 'authorities' are largely inept, would have teamed up to clear the obstacle themselves, there and then. Knowing that, first and foremost, it is their duty to take responsibility and GET THINGS DONE or FIND A WORKING ALTERNATIVE, instead of sitting on their hands and expecting a theoretical 'society' to present a panacea.

By the way, I am not a fan of Thatcher, but I AM a devotee of truth. So please, next time someone who has gleefully mounted the anti-Mrs. T bandwagon without independent scrutiny of this particular issue comes out with this hoary-chestnut misreading of her opinion, do correct their error that Thatcher was promoting selfishness.

-----  
IN THE STORM THAT IS POSSIBLY COMING, whether it be a worsening economic one or a scenario involving warfare, we would be wise to heed the words of Gandalf (aka JRR Tolkien):

Frodo [when confronted with the horror of the One Ring in his possession]: 'I wish it need not have happened in my time.'

Tolkien [a survivor of the Flanders trenches]: 'So do I, and so do all who live to see such times. But it is not for them to decide. All we have to decide is what to do with the time that is given to us.' [Chapter II, The Shadow of the Past, Lord of the Rings]

Though an overbearing State would beg to differ, given to us in this time is the capacity to take decisions and responsibility (see above), to look after ourselves and our neighbours. We must find ways to do this if the worst happens.

# Ocay Travel and Property

## Travel with a Tickle

As thoughts turn to summer and the warm (hopefully) days it will bring, my mind turns to our many trips to Agios Ioannis.

It was June 2002 when we first arrived on the plateau, we were due to be staying in a villa Glyfada way but the Greek Gods had other ideas for us and we arrived at Villa Theodora for our honeymoon (who needs the Caribbean).

We have returned to Villa Theodora every other year at least, introducing our daughter to the Green Greek Isle. It is a magical place that draws you in and we feel very like we are returning home when we drive into the village.

As I say, staying at Villa Theodora is like returning home and to family. In the first years of going, we were looked after impeccably by Paul & Lula and their high standards of customer service have been ably taken over by Peter & Kostas. Nothing is too much trouble whether it's arranging car hire, Aqualand tickets, horse riding or translation for our daughter's school project.

Villa Theodora offers everything you want/need from a Greek villa holiday, great roomy accommodation, superbly furnished, wonderful outside entertaining/dining area and topped off with an amazing pool.



### The above photos sum up our times at Villa Theodora

Villa Theodora is superbly located in the centre of Corfu, a perfect base in a quiet village, from which to explore the island; that's if you can pull yourself away from the pool and the incredible views it affords.

---

It all started for us in the summer of 2000.

At that time Villa Theodora WAS Ocay Holidays, renamed now Ocay Travel.

Slap and Tickle were among those early pioneers for Lula and me, and they have persisted so very well. The villa has brought many an adventure and many a friend through those doors ever since, so an early, fledging business, has morphed into a whole new way of life and being.

From Villa Theodora we branched into building villas, several of which became places to stay for summer visitors too; Villa Persephone, Villa Aphrodite, MouseHouse, Villa Annie, Villa Oleander, Lydia's Villa and Apartment and Villa Sofia.

Our family have grown up around us. Now, it is Peter and Kostas who have taken the baton, and they continue to improve and expand our Ocay Travel.

They do not only provide holiday accommodation for villas, apartments, houses and studios, but also organise vehicle hire, boat trips, excursions and the like. All in a friendly fashion, which is what we are.

Please go to <https://travel.ocaycorfu.com/> and join the fun.

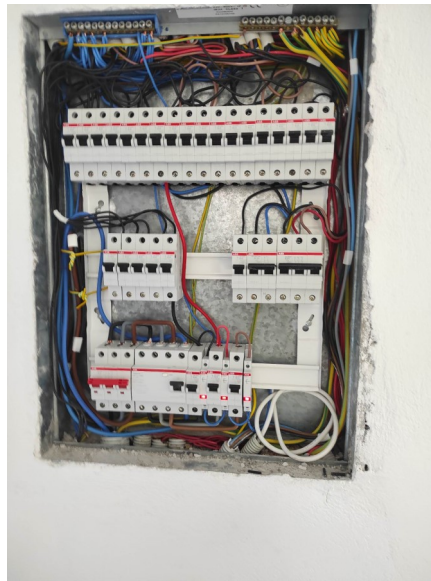
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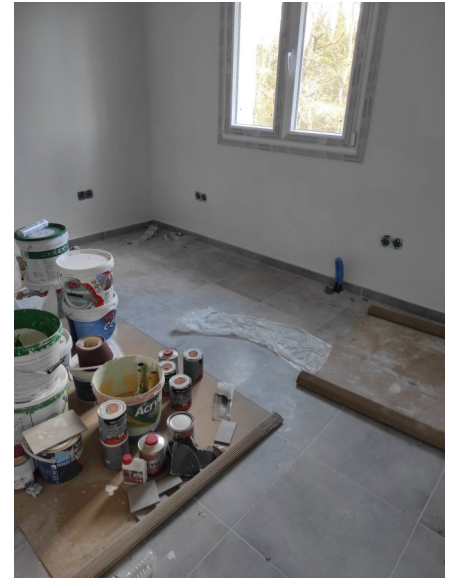
Ocay Travel and Property - Continued from Page 16

Bespoke Property is pleased to say that Moonshine Valley nears completion of the basic build.

Here are the latest photos of this year to date.



*Fuses*



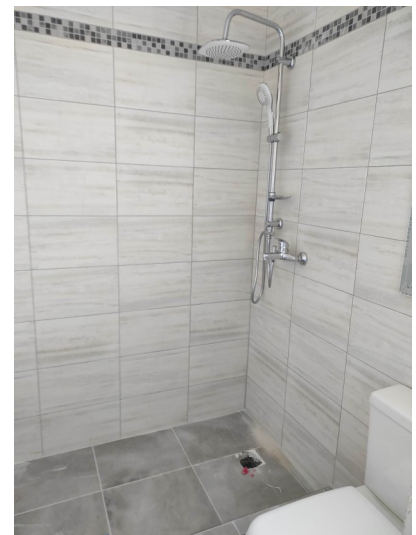
*Into painting*



*Many sockets*



*Pedestals*



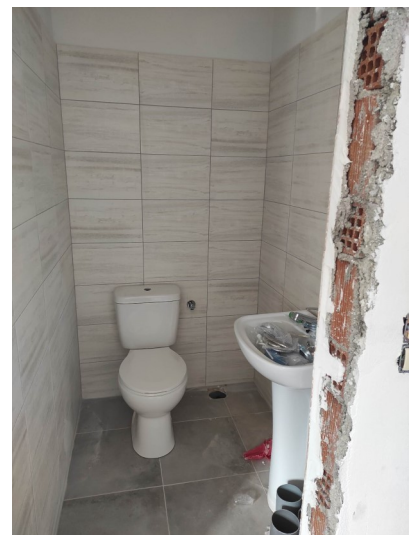
*Refreshing*



*Shower cubicle delivery*



*Shower*



*Small toilet*

*Ocay Travel and Property - Continued from Page 17*



***Stairway***



***Start of floor tiling January***



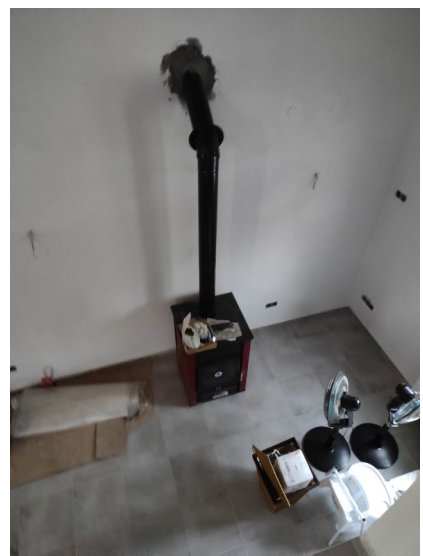
***Upper stairs***



***Chimney***



***Deliveries***



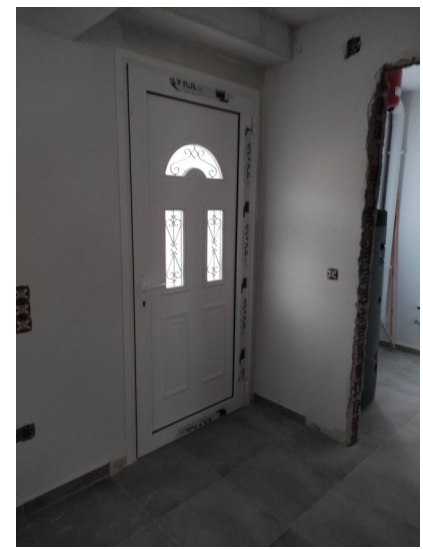
***From gallery***



***Front door***



***More deliveries***



***New door***



*Ocay Travel and Property - Continued from Page 18*



***Radiator***



***Ready***



***Rear view***



***Relax***



***Utility room***



***Windows rear door fitted***

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Gentle Reader,

Here in Corfu it is raining, as I write this. It is good to have you back, for another peek into our little grain of sand in the Universe.

As I'm saying this Alistair Addie has just leaped into my brain, as he did one eve in an Agiotfest field long ago, like a Leprechaun. Addie [known to his friends as Fred] told me at the time he had not been back to the island for thirty-nine years. Since that sparkling night in the groves, I've not seen him but know that he is with us here in the Agiot. How lovely is that?

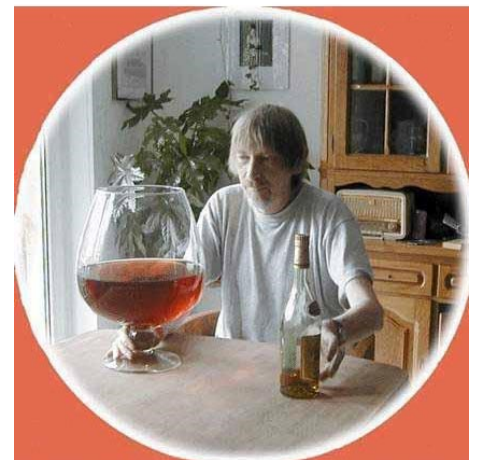
Well Fred, I hope you enjoy the Edition. Call into Corfu and see us again, if you are able!

My Doctor said "Only 1 glass of alcohol a day". I can live with that.

This month Tickle is back with his quiz. Hoorah says Teresa from Wales.

So, thinking caps on. First person to send in the correct answers will be treated to a grand meal at the taverna, by the Author. The Author being Graeme.

He doesn't know this-yet!



*Continued on page 20*

Letters to the Editor - Continued from page 19

**Teresa Brightman Arcouthee from Swansea**

Comment:

Just scared the cat and spat tea over my laptop reading the big bang! The "frost in Spain" joke caused a repeat performance! Brilliant read as always. Thank you very much. X

**Ed.-** You are very welcome, Teresa! This is very cheering, thank you.

**John Lett, Garitsa, says; -**

Just to say thanks for the Kostas tribute in the Agiot: don't think I met Kostas but you captured the essence of a man and coupled it with great sketches of his times and place. Will look on Agi Ioannis with new eyes. Best to you all.

**Ed.-** Thank you John.

**Mike and Pat Butcher, Herne Bay.**

Hi Paul

Recently learnt about the loss of Kostas from the Agiot.

We have two abiding memories of him. The first when we got back to the village after our trip to Albania which we are sure you remember unless of course all those Metaxa's worked their magic. The villagers had the notion that if one went to Albania the locals would cut off your ears. When we eventually got back very late to the village he saw us, rushed over and put his hands on our ears saying "You have your ears - you have your ears". We remember that day very well as you caused some of the local women outside that hotel, who were selling lace doillies, to have a fight amongst themselves. (Free enterprise was a novelty to them at that time). Also, Saranda remains on our personal top ten list of memorable places for interesting and unusual Post Offices. Would you believe it was the 19th May 1995 - almost 28 years ago.

The second memory was on the occasion of someone's birthday - don't remember who it was - and we were all celebrating at the Taverna. Half way through the proceedings Kostas rushed out into the square with his shotgun and proceeded to fire some rounds off into the sky. Not many folk do that in the UK.

We are sure that everyone will really miss him and our condolences to you, Lula, the boys and their families. It will be a long time before the village will see another of his stature unless, of course, a crazy Englishman might fill the void.

Keep sane and keep taking the tablets.

Pat & Mike

**Ed.-** I refuse to be drawn into a dispute over the Albanian ladies, unless my Lawyer is present.


**Barry Allsworth from Cheriton Kent**

Hi Paul

Hope you and all the family are well. So sorry to hear about Kostas. A good innings and a man well loved by many.

**Ed.** He certainly is Barry, and the very best to you at this trying time!

**Mickey Lowe says;**

Thank you, Paul. It is a wonderful stroll down memory lane, thanks to you. It really does bring a smile AND a tear... Corfu is just such Paradise. I am so grateful for what have done and are doing there. It means such a lot. 

**Ed.-** Hey, Mickey, you touch me with your words. How can I not continue when I have such beautiful, Gentle Readers?



**Patricia Stach from Germany** messages;

Dear Paul, could you please do me a favour? Is there a possibility to get the last Agiot with Kostas Story somewhere? I was reading the story, but not yet to the end and I couldn't find it to read it again on my mobile.

**Ed;** - Hey Patricia, I'll send you the link in a PMS. Love from us all in Corfu, rain or shine, sober or drunk xxx

**Mary Ann Smith from Brantford, Ontario** says;

Wonderful read. ❤️ 🇬🇷

**Ed;** - I can't top that, Mary Ann.

**Vickie De Rouville, also from Brantford-**

Paul, I have just read Lionel's big bang story. He so loved to reminisce and tell stories and finish with a chuckle. Oh, that picture, was the day Bev and I went to Corfu town with him. We stopped to have a coffee. He ordered a rabbit dinner and a bottle of wine. I cherish those memories. March is Lionel's birthday month.

**Ed;** Vickie! So pleased you saw that one. He is still with us, you know, and always will be!

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

### **AVGOLEMONO**

(Chicken and rice soup).

*from our friend, Effrosyni.*



#### **INGREDIENTS:**

2 litres of chicken stock.  
100 g medium grain rice.  
Two egg yolks, beaten.  
Juice of one lemon.  
Salt and pepper.

**GO:**

1] Put the rice in the stock and bring it to the boil, cook until tender. Add salt.

2] Remove from the heat and allow to cool slightly.

3] In a bowl beat the egg yolks slowly adding some hot stock. Add pepper.

4] Gently stir in the beaten egg yolks into the rice.

5] Finally, add the lemon juice and the beaten egg whites into the rice too, again stirring gently.

6] Reheat the soup until it starts to boil. Serve at once.

**Καλη Ορεξη!**

# Nature



## WARNING! - PURPLE JELLYFISH

It is very unlikely that you will, but if you do get stung by a purple jellyfish you should do the following:

1. Get out of the sea into a safe place at the beach
2. Wash with plenty of sea water, NOT fresh water
3. Scrape any of the jellyfish tissue from your skin using something like a credit card - Never with the hands.

As soon as you can, treat the area with one or more of these methods:

Apply a paste made of 2 tablespoons baking soda and 2 tablespoons of sea water. Carefully apply it on the wound and leave it there for several minutes. Do NOT use vinegar or anything acidic.

Apply a cold pack.

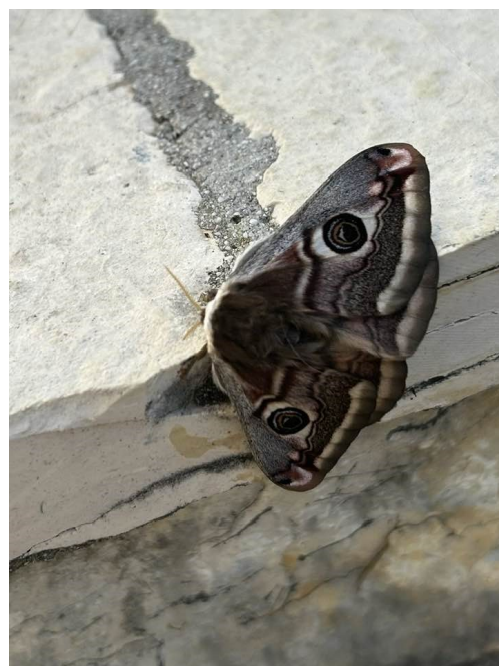
Use an Antihistamine or Cortisone cream on the rash for the next few days.

Check with a doctor or dermatologist if the rash persists or gets worse.

*Contributed by Peter Hardiman*



A female Cleopatra nectaring from a pansy with a male in pursuit (on pot edge). They took to the sky seconds later.... *Contributed by Anne Sordinas*



*Contributed  
by  
Lynette  
Berdel*

A giant peacock moth posing on my step. I first thought it was a snake head

<



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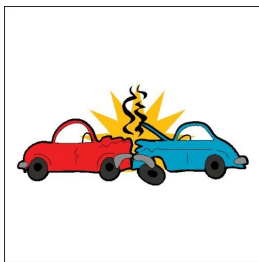
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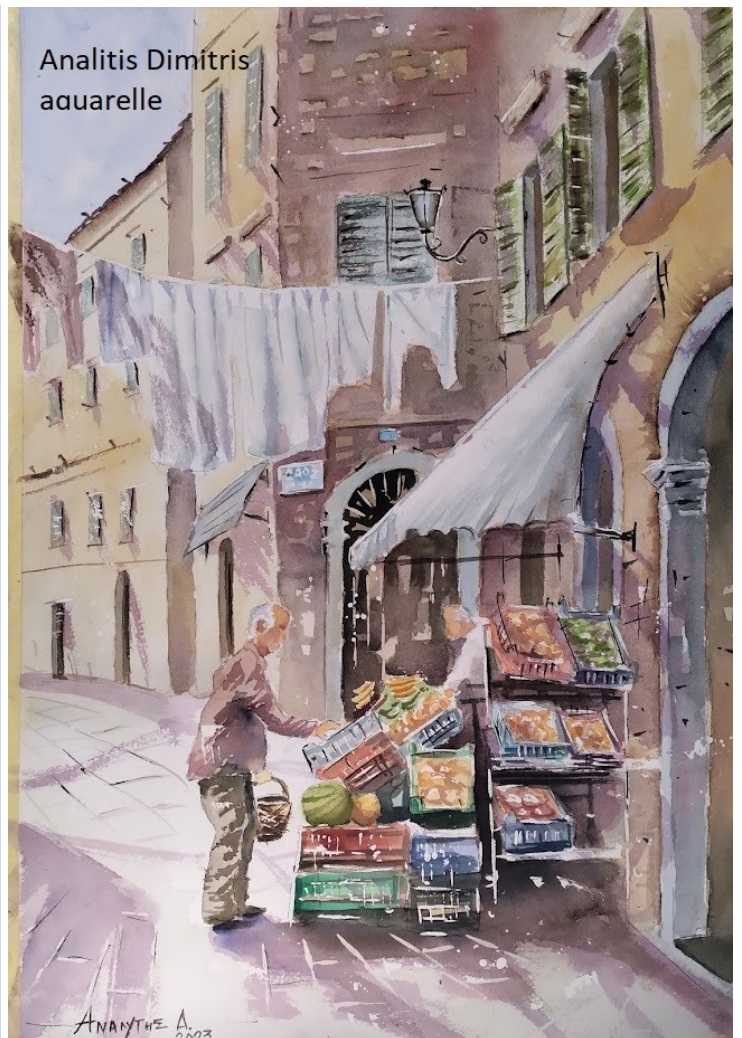
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Analitis Dimitris  
acuarelle



# The 100+ Club



Good morning,

Recently, we were able to meet with the Director of the Corfu Prison Second Chance School.

This year as with last the 100 Club will be helping by providing 300 euros of funding towards the costs of organising the music concert, to be held around the 20th June in the Old Fort.

This is a collaboration between inmates, prison guards and teachers, a unique orchestra, the only one in the whole of the EU. As you would expect needing special approval by the Greek authorities.

Over the years the 100 Club have helped the "school" improve with donations towards bathroom facilities, decoration and educational aids.

For information the school (which is in the centre of Corfu prison) is in its sixth year, and operates at the Greek Secondary school level, each year up to 40 students (selected for their attitude) from the 300 prison inmates are offered the chance to reconnect with society, through learning/education.

The reconviction rate of these pupils is around 10% compared with the national average of 80% from people released from the prison system.

There are seven teachers here in Corfu and a network of 13 similar projects across prisons in Greece (there are also initiatives across the EU. and UK.).

The second chance school does not receive government funding.

There are numerous ground breaking initiative from the team in Corfu, recently a virtual tour of a modern art museum in Belgium was possible. All working towards the aim of helping people reconnect/reintegrate with society on their release.

Recently the first person to go through the Second Chance school won a "place" at university a chance to study for his degree.

The 100 Club.

©The 100+ Club Corfu.



## EFFROSYNI MOSCHOUDI



### AN OLD PROMISE:

Joanna is determined to find her old love and prove she never forgot that old promise... Get your FREE copy of this clean romance short read here: <https://bit.ly/3lvB43M>



### THE LADY OF THE PIER TRILOGY BOXSET:

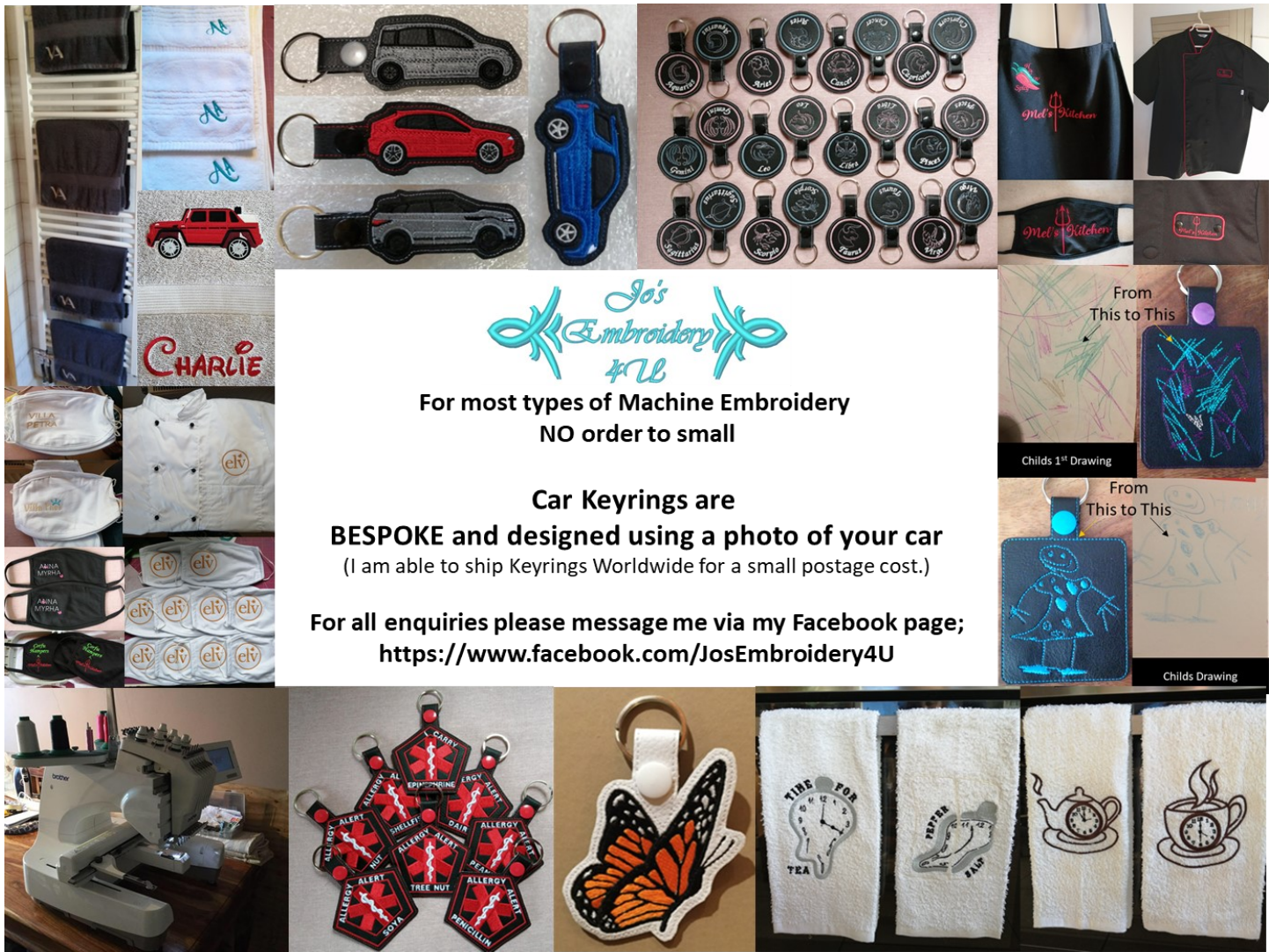
Two girls, two different worlds, one mysterious connection, and a love that won't let go...  
The Lady of the Pier trilogy is a historical WWII paranormal romance, a timeless love story that will stay with you forever. FREE with Amazon's Kindle Unlimited: <https://bit.ly/3HEvMPG>

More links for Effrosyni Writes:

Visit: <https://effrosyniwrites.com/> & [https://www.amazon.co.uk/Books-Effrosyni-Moschoudi/s?i=stripbooks&rh=p\\_27%3AEffrosyni+Moschoudi](https://www.amazon.co.uk/Books-Effrosyni-Moschoudi/s?i=stripbooks&rh=p_27%3AEffrosyni+Moschoudi)



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# HORSES FOR COURSES



*New giant horses at  
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As well as the scrummy roasts as shown here, the Old Barrel at Kontokali also has a super Table Top Sale each Sunday between 10.30am and 1.30pm.

Look out *especially* for Mel's superb curries to take away home with you

# The Great Storm: October 16th 1987

Contributed by  
Clifford Owen



It was October 16<sup>th</sup> 1987 and I was a vicar at Bordon in Hampshire.

I was sitting watching Michael Fish give the 10pm weather forecast. It wasn't so much what he said (which became famous) it was the actual chart I couldn't take my eyes off. I saw a depression over the channel and wind speeds of 60mph marked on it. I thought 60mph? That's a hurricane. Most smaller boats and even larger vessels could be in trouble. What damage might it do inland? I estimated that if the storm was coming our way it might reach us about 0200 or later. I went out onto our back lawn and looked at the wind and sky. I can only describe the atmosphere as completely still, almost as though meteorology itself was on pause. But it had a strange spiritual expectancy about it. There was something more than mere physics of pressure and windspeeds. I went back and looked at the weather chart. It seemed a mystery. I said a prayer, went to bed and fell asleep. About 0200 I was awoken by the sound of the dustbin lid being thrown around our drive and other bits and pieces crashing around. I looked out of the window and said to my wife: "this is something else".

All around the horizon in all directions there was a continuous light show of flashing bright lights but it wasn't lightning. It was power lines parting as trees fell upon them. It seemed to go on for hours.

By morning the roads were greenways and impassable. The news painted a picture of devastation across the whole of south east England. The Southern Region rail network had been knocked out. The Stock Market crashed because people could not make it into the City of London. The FTSE dropped into the low 1600s.

I wondered if it was an act of spiritual judgement on the South East. I kept quiet about it but most Christian magazines, preachers and many sermons were starting to converge on the issue that 'God was in the wind'. At home we had no electricity, no hot water. Our neighbours cooked the odd meal by gas for us. I had a paraffin stove and ran out of camping gas. We couldn't wash properly and of course we started to smell like it! It was **Sixteen days** before our electricity was restored. I naturally asked why has God allowed this to happen. He stilled the storm on Galilee. Why did He let rip on the south east in October 1987? I suggest the question is still with us.





The Great Storm: October 16th 1987 - Continued from page 29



*'Looking at life's Highway Code'* October 19<sup>th</sup>

Good morning, everyone. After Mark's tutorials on pop music, I assume we Breakfast Show listeners take an avid interest in Traffic and Travel. We need to know how many minutes will be added to our journeys. Well, last week I made my longest motorway journey for years: 226 miles from Tiverton to Huntingdon. I stopped twice: at Michaelwood Services for fries and chicken nuggets. Then at Corley Services for an Americano to keep me awake on the A14.

I still enjoy driving, but I prefer to keep to 60mph and savour the trip. So, I usually look out for a lorry that's doing my speed and I tuck in two chevrons behind him. I let the domesticated tanks fly by in the other two lanes at 70+mph. I usually say a prayer for safety at the start of the journey and I also believe in guardian angels! I only had one incident when a National Express coach misread a roadworks sign near Worcester and politely asked to squeeze in ahead of me.

But I still make many of my journeys as a cyclist, both short and long distance. I still say a prayer, wear high vis clothes and have my flashing red on at the back. I have no-

ticed since early this year when the new regulations came in about priority to cyclists and pedestrians that many more motorists give me a wide birth. They must have been reading their Highway Codes! I usually raise a hand to thank them. It's amazing how many folk you can cheer up on the road by being grateful.

Similarly, may I encourage you to peep at that Book which is sometimes called Life's Highway Code. You know the one. I have to consult it daily as part of my job as a minister, but the old 'good book' is full of advice, encouragement, how to find the Almighty and so much else. One of the first things I do when I go into a hotel is to see if the Gideons International have placed a New Testament in one of the drawers, because my own bible is too heavy to cart around in a backpack. The Gideons have a page in the front saying 'where to find help if...' Have a look next time you stop off somewhere.

The idea of being on a journey is a good description of the Christian life. Journeys change us. When people say: 'I wish I had a faith like yours'. The answer is: start the journey. The Good Book tells us to 'love our neighbours as ourselves' and the road is the place where we find many of them. So, whether it's the footpath, the cycle track, the A14 or the M5. . mind how you go with those neighbours.

# Little Brother is Watching You

By Paul McGovern, Editor

The Vigilant Fox @VigilantFox  
450 Million Vaccine Doses Have Been Trashed in Europe Because Nobody Wants Them. "We're winning," expressed Dr. @NaomiRWolf

- Three central European countries have issued a demand to get out of their contract with Pfizer.

- A German Health Minister has admitted that it's been causing severe disability.

- "The work that we've all done together clearly is making a difference. It's getting harder and harder for people to justify putting this deadly material into anyone's body."

Do you remember those conspiracy theories of a couple of years ago?

We don't hear so much derision against them now, do we?

The Evil Ones are starting to let out little truths, just a bit at a time, to recondition the Public Thinking.

I wonder whatever happened to that bat?

Even the B.B.C. is editing its recent history. <https://www.notonthebeeb.co.uk/post/bbc-finally-reports-on-v-injury-why-now?cid=b1138d2f06d7-451d-8ca8-43a53090cc90>

This piece was, of course, immediately smitten by Youtube, still holding onto their Censorship card. It is comedy is it not? They say the article breaches Community Guidelines. Which Community are they referring to? Ours? Or theirs?

Here are some really interesting links, please select a few and see what you think of them.

I am not too lazy to write, but these people all say it better.

Alan Watts

What is really important in life

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Fz1rC8SW\\_t8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Fz1rC8SW_t8)

A young man who deserves his future

<https://rumble.com/v2b53tu-based-kid-torches-woke-school-board.html>

Marc Giradot; A credible jab explanation

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mbZ6E2rhdcw>

15-minute City Data request

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

Andrew Bridgen is right.

So, guess what?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PB9OHXJYCLY>

Yep, it must breach Community Guidelines.

If Youtube ban it, you know for sure it is truth.

And he is sent to Coventry in the Houses of Parliament. Yes, that's right, the same House that does NOT represent you!

<https://rumble.com/v2dkxea-british-mp-andrew-bridgen-leads-an-adjournment-debate-on-the-efficacy-of-th.html>

McGregor; A man who talks sense.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cSAvIquQ-lA>

Below is a piece from Effrosyni, which she recently posted, telling of her dad's hospital experience.

It is a tale only far too familiar during this war against the Common man.

*What happened to my father at the covid ward was due to no negligence on the part of the doctors and the nurses. Some of you prompted me to complain or ask for compensation. There is no point. They commit these crimes on purpose. But their punishment is coming with every certainty, and there is nothing I need to do to make it happen. Although, given half the chance, I will report their names when the time comes for justice to be served. Thank God, my father came out alive from their hands but so many didn't.*

*I want to be clear - I told off the director of the ward for leaving my father without food while giving him a medicine that causes renal failure, a man that has only one kidney! She told me arrogantly she doesn't need my permission for anything she does to him! That, alone, was a confession on her part to a crime against humanity according to the Nurnberg code.*

Continued on page 33



*Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 32*

A medical act without consent is even defined as torture according to the Oviedo Convention for Human Rights. And there you have it. The doctors have lost all sense of legality and humanity. This is what I've been talking about from the start.

There is a purpose for what they do in the covid wards. Leaving the elderly without food and water, leaving the windows wide open to the cold and sometimes the stories I read mention the elderly getting beaten and even getting bound by their hands and feet. One example: An old lady tried to leave and fell to the floor. The nurses left her there as a punishment until one staff member took pity on her and put her back on the bed. A friend told me this story from her personal experience. She saved her mother from the covid ward. For me, this is real, therefore. No conspiracy theory, no lies, no fairy tales. And luckily, nothing as brutal happened to my father, but they are all different types of torture and crimes against humanity.

Again, here's the story in brief: My father, 81, was in hospital for 2 weeks, and in the pathology ward everything was fine - but then they took him away to the covid ward, and left him there without food and hardly any water. They just left him there to die. Three full days passed like that. He'd cry for help and they'd ignore him.

And they even gave him George Soros's poison, Remdesivir (made by Soros's company, Gilead). It's by God's miracle that his one kidney didn't shut down like it happened with so many others who are given this poison worldwide as 'the only WHO-approved protocol for covid'. Please, do not let any doctor give your loved ones Remdesivir!!!! Write it down!! And ask around. It causes renal failure. The first time I mentioned it online, a friend from the US wrote to me privately to say Remdesivir killed her father by shutting down his kidneys. She said she knew 12 other people who lost loved ones to this poison in the same way. Once the kidneys shut down it's game over. And the doctors record covid as the reason of death so they don't lose the payout from the WHO (that pays handsomely for every 'covid death' to this day). Happy clinic, happy doctors, happy nurses. Everyone gets their cut.

On purpose, the doctors do not give patients Regeneron, Ivermectin or Hydroxychloroquine which cure effectively from the virus. Doctors in America back in early 2020 cured every patient with these and when they tried to tell the world the powers that be deleted their videos and took their medical licences. The agenda that the WHO serves is one of depopulation. They didn't want people to know there was a cure for covid from the start because then they

wouldn't have been able to give the world the death shots. And thus, they created a worldwide holocaust since early 2021 that makes the one that happened in WWII look like a walk in the park.

But just as people had no idea a holocaust was going on until WWII ended, the same will happen this time too. Nurnberg-style trials are coming at the end of this 'war' too, and all the criminals will hang. Everyone who killed for profit. Doctors and nurses among them. Make no mistake about that. Their medical system is finished. Once the people find out what they've done, they will perish in an instant. And it's not like we will need them. With GESARA in effect at the end of this war and with 6,000 suppressed patents given to the world freely in one go, many for new holistic therapies that'll eradicate all kinds of disease completely, by 2025 no one will spare a thought on a medical doctor and their petrochemical poisons. They'll be a thing of the past.

Look... I cannot make you see or know what I know. It all depends on what you're willing to research for yourselves. All I can do is speak out. Each one of you are responsible for your own life, for your own loved ones, and for your own perceptions. But anyway... I thank God that my father could phone me from the covid ward so I could go get him out. After this ordeal, plus the hyponatremia and the UTI he had before that, he's now recuperating slowly but steadily and has started to walk again and eat with a good appetite.

Since early 2021 I've been hearing about the hell that is the covid ward in state hospitals, and now it's happened to one of my own. There's no denying it. No doubt left in my mind. It's real, people. They leave the elderly in there to die. On purpose. They give them oxygen when they don't need it so they damage their lungs, then they put them on the ventilators - many, AGAINST their will. That's legally defined as 'torture' right there... Some die during the installation. Innocent victims who had nothing but a flu... a virus with survival rate of 99.99%. They make them statistics in a dirty war that's awarded the criminals millions around the world and it's still happening. This is why you need to keep your eyes and your ears open. Second-guess everything. Research everything. Do not just trust your doctors. I am not saying they're all criminals, of course. Many are good people who intend to help their patients, but they are victims themselves to the malevolent system they serve. They have no idea that they have blood on their hands by, say, pushing the clot shots or petrochemical poisons like Remdesivir, just because The Lancet or the WHO say so.

*Continued on page 34*

*Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from Page 33*

The money flows generously from the WHO to the clinics... in the case of every 'covid death'. A friend who works in the medical system in the UK told me this in confidence in 2020... She told me she is made at work to lie (and be quiet about it) when they log the death stats. Reason for death can be anything but it is logged as covid so the clinic gets the payout from the WHO... But the reckoning is coming, as I said. None of the clinics that profited by killing innocents will escape this perfect justice that's bound to fall upon their heads. These doctors, these nurses, have no soul. The sooner they are plucked from among us, the better. They don't belong with us, they are not fit to be called humans. Now we know, they are done. We are wide awake. Evil must go. It's as simple as that.

Please. Do what you will with this report that I wrote from personal experience. I hope it enlightens you in some way, enough to start doubting, to start wondering. So you can protect yourself and your loved ones while this non-declared war on humanity is still raging. My personal experience with my father and the personal accounts from others too, as mentioned herein, have long served to solidify the beliefs I already have further to my long-standing research.

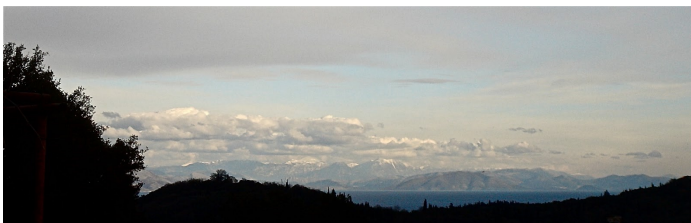
In this unprecedented war that's fought in our minds, those who suffer the most are those who choose to remain in the dark. I pray that God blesses you with open eyes and ears. The rest is up to you. Everything is choice. And at the end of this war, those with open eyes and ears will be the happy survivors, they'll get to see justice served and the world turn truly free and happy for the first time. I hope and pray you and yours will be here to see it.



# The World of Simon

## The Man of Two Worlds

Epirus, a province of Greece, over the Sea of Kerkyra, as seen from Ano Korakiana in Corfu. Above the gentle wooded rise, topped by the church of the Prophet Elias, are the snowcapped peaks of Albania. Just off the horizon to the right is the port of Igoumenitsa from where the ferries run between the mainland and the island. On Basin Bridge near Monument Road in Ladywood, Oliver watches a narrow boat heading east towards



Birmingham city centre from Wolverhampton on Brindley's great industrial artery - the New Mainline canal. My grandson and I do quite a lot of travelling around Birmingham on buses, trains, trams but also walking and cycling along canal towpaths, Oliver sometimes riding on the rear rack of my Brompton, holding on to the seat tube. That way we keep up with Oscar dog as he runs with us. We've travelled up and down Farmer's Locks through

and under the city centre, been along the Birmingham & Fazeley Canal from Digbeth just south of the markets - through Curzon Tunnel and up Ashsted Locks to Spaghetti Junction then east about 5 miles - to Oliver's parents' home between Minworth and Sutton. On the bottom right of the photo is a scar on the iron railing of the bridge, made by the friction of 19th century tow ropes, as horses pulled their cargoes east and west on the waterway - the economic life blood and driver of Industrial Revolution and Empire. Now the restored canals and their improved towpaths are part of the industry of leisure and tourism. Gone are the dark Satanic Mills, instead we have narrowboat rovers, some on the first ladder of home buying, expensive waterfront real estate, anglers in their seasons, fallow land re-occupied by nature, derelict red brick, opportunity for graffitists, cyclists and walkers including commuters, and - most rarely - the remnants of a smokestack industry given over to recycling, fed by roads.





## Video Plus Corner

You are never too old to be eaten by a shark

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

The reason why I have no friends

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=J5GjobP6dRA&t=302s>

Olive Oatman

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jyHIMN-W3Gk>

Frozen, Dark and far from Help

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KFevuP5ua\\_8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KFevuP5ua_8)

Falling from a Cell tower

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ue5fMQ9vZCU>

## High & Low Weather Summary for March 2023

	Temperature	Humidity	Pressure
<b>High</b>	21 °C (22 Mar, 14:50)	100% (4 Mar, 09:50)	1027 mbar (4 Mar, 09:50)
<b>Low</b>	5 °C (30 Mar, 06:20)	33% (29 Mar, 17:20)	1002 mbar (11 Mar, 14:50)
<b>Average</b>	13 °C	76%	1013 mbar

\* Reported 1 Mar 00:50 — 31 Mar 23:50, Corfu. Weather by CustomWeather, © 2023

[More about our weather records](#)

It did rain. A fair amount.

For more about the weather GO TO:

<https://www.timeanddate.com/weather/@2463678/historic>

&

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

# An English-Woman Sergeant in the Serbia Army - in Corfu



The most famous female soldier of World War I, Flora Sandes was an Englishwoman who served with the Serbian army and endured their hard-fought retreat to the Adriatic Sea during the harsh Balkan winter of 1915. After volunteering as a nurse on the outbreak of the war, she joined a Serbian nursing detachment and after several postings, during which she showed her dedication, she was assigned to a front-line ambulance unit. Already knowing how to shoot and ride, she soon slipped into a combat role.

In the autumn of 1915 the Serbian army, facing the full force of three enemies and heavily outnumbered, was forced to evacuate itself over the mountain ranges and into Albania, with the ultimate aim of establishing a government-in-exile on Corfu. Sandes pledged to stay with the regiment, and thus took part in the Long March over the snow-locked mountains to the Adriatic coast, becoming a mascot for the male soldiers (she was already over 40).

After the war, Sandes set off on a year-long publicity tour to raise money for the new Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes (subsequently Yugoslavia). Received as something of a novelty, she had enough fundraising experience to know full well how much interest she would arouse on her lecture tours in full

military uniform, and comparisons to Nightingale and St. Joan indeed followed her around the globe.

She left the Yugoslavian army after demobilisation in 1922, and settled down in Belgrade. She married a Russian White Army General, and returned to England after the Second World War. She died in Suffolk in 1955, aged 79.

In 1916, Sandes published her autobiography, *An English Woman-Sergeant in the Serbian Army*, based on her letters and diaries. She used this account to help her raise funds for the Serbian Army. Here, we begin extracts from the book (not under copyright), starting from the end of the Long March and ending when the Serbian Army left Corfu to resume fighting.

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We were getting very tired of the Adriatic coast, and now that we were feeling rested again, we were anxious to be once more on the move and take the next step towards getting back to Serbia. Speculation was rife as to where we were going to be sent to be reorganised and refitted; no one knew for certain, and there were the wildest rumours about Algiers, France or Alexandria, but at last the glad news came that we were really going, and to Corfu.

... on the 3rd of February we left our camp and went into Durazzo [Durrës in Albania] to wait for the steamer...

[The steamer took them to Vallona - now Avlona - where:]

... we were transferred in (the) harbour on to a big Italian steamer, a fine boat, where they treated us very well. We reached Corfu about 1 a.m., and disembarking began there and then.



*An English-Woman Sergeant in the Serbia Army - in Corfu -  
Continued from page 36*



We hung on till the last, as we had nowhere to spend the night, our tents, blankets etc., being on another boat, and I had not even an overcoat with me and it was very cold, but at 8 a.m. we also had to go.

We had been looking forward to Corfu as a sort of land flowing with milk and honey, with a magnificent climate and everything that was good, but our ardour was rather damped when we landed at that hour at a small quay, feet deep in mud, miles away from the town, and about 8 miles away from our camp, so we were told. We did not know in which direction our camp was, and, even if we had got there, we would have been no better off without a tent or blankets; so, we spent the remainder of the night sitting on a packing-case beside the sentry's fire, and I was glad enough to be able to borrow an overcoat from the Serbian officer in charge.

There was one of the most beautiful sunrises I have ever seen, but under some circumstances you feel you would most willingly barter the most gorgeous panorama of scenery for a cup of hot tea.

We had a long, hot walk the next morning till we found our division, where the sixty men from our company were camped pending the arrival of our Commandant of the regiment and the rest who were coming via Vallona.

Corfu may be a lovely climate and a health resort and everything else that is delightful at any other time in the year, but it was a bitter blow to us when it rained for about six weeks without

stopping after our arrival, added to which there was no wood, and camp fires were forbidden, I suppose for fear that the men might take to cutting down the olive trees with which the island is covered. There was no hay at first for us to sleep on, and the incessant wet, combined with the effects of bully beef, on men whose stomachs were absolutely destroyed by months of semi-starvation was largely responsible for the terrible amount of sickness and very high mortality among the troops during the first month of our stay there. This was especially the case among the boys and young recruits, who, less hardy than the trained soldiers, were completely broken down by their late hardships and died by the thousands on the hospital island of Vido. They could not be buried in the small island, dying as they were at the rate of 150 a day, and the bodies were taken out to sea. The Serbs are not a maritime nation, and the idea of a burial at sea is repugnant to them. I heard one touching story. An old man came to the island to see his son, but he had died the day before. "Where is his grave?" he asked, "that I may tell my old wife I saw his last resting-place. We had seven sons; six were killed in the war, and he was the seventh and youngest." The kind-hearted doctor lied bravely and well. "That is it," he said, pointing to a little wooden cross among a few others, where some graves had been made one day when it was too rough for the tug to call. How could he tell the poor old father that even then his son's body was lying out on the wooden jetty waiting to be carried out to his nameless grave in the blue Ionian Sea?



1918: In the face of an overwhelming attack by armies from three countries, rather than surrender, the entire Serb Army along with the King and a large number of civilians, conduct a perilous retreat westward through the steep snowy mountains into Albania, where they will seek Allied assistance and wait to fight another day.

*An English-Woman Sergeant in the Serbia Army - in Corfu -  
Continued from page 37*



We found there had been some hitch in the commissariat arrangements, and there was no food for our sixty men. We bought them some bread the next day, but bread was 8 francs a loaf, and a third of a loaf to a man with nothing else was not enough to keep them going, while endless red tape was being unwound before their proper rations came along. They never made a complaint; but though we could have bought bread for ourselves, it nearly choked us with the men standing round silently watching and wondering what we were going to do for them.

On the second morning, seeing an empty motor-lorry coming along, I had a sudden inspiration and boarded it, dashing down the steep bank to the road, telling them I would be back in the evening from town with something for them, and taking an orderly with me.

It was about fifteen miles' drive into the town of Corfu, and I trampled about all day in the pouring rain from one official to another, from the English to the French, from the French to the Serbians, and back again to the French, till I was heartily sick of it, and had I had the money would have bought the stuff in the town and had done with it. There was plenty of bread at the bakery, but, of course, they could not give it to me without a proper requisition, which apparently, I could not sign because I was not authorised to do so. It was getting towards evening, and I was beginning to despair, and was thinking of doing the best I could with a hundred francs I had borrowed, when I thought

I would have one more try with the French authorities. I was wet through myself, as I had had no time to stop for a coat when the lorry came along, and had been too worried to get anything to eat all day, but anyhow this time I managed to pitch them such a pitiful tale of woe about the sufferings of the men, and the awful time I was having trying to get them something to eat, that I quite softened their hearts, and they said they would give me what I wanted without any further signature, but that I must not make a precedent to this unofficial way of doing business. I was overjoyed, and sent my orderly off at once to hunt up a carriage, and we returned to camp in triumph about 9 o'clock with a whole sackful of bread, another of tinned beef, and two large earthenware jars of wine, which I bought on the way. There were plenty of men waiting, when they heard my carriage arrive, to dash down the road and carry the stuff up to the camp, and there was great rejoicing over the success of my expedition. I was soon warm and dry and having some supper myself. The men were all right so far, but another day's short rations would certainly have seen some of them sick.

The question of transport was fearfully difficult, and the French and English authorities were working night and day to feed the troops, and, of course, they could never have got through the work if things had not been done in order; so, I was duly grateful that under the special circumstances they let me carry out such an unauthorised raid.



*Continued on page 39*



*An English-Woman Sergeant in the Serbia Army - in Corfu -*  
Continued from page 38



About a week later the rest of the company arrived about 10 o'clock one evening, and a sergeant proudly told me that out Fourth Company were all very fit and not a man fallen sick or fallen out.

We moved to another camp up in the hills, a nice place, but very far from anywhere, though I found I could get about anywhere I wanted to on the motor-lorries which used to come in with bread. The A.S.C. drivers of these lorries must have had a hard time at first; the roads were very bad and the weather shocking, and they were working sixteen hours a day carrying supplies, but they were full of pity for the deplorable condition of the Serbian soldiers, and were willingly working night and day to alleviate it.

One of the English officers gave me a small Italian tent in place of the little Serbian bivouac one I had been sleeping in. It was a capital little tent, very light and absolutely waterproof. My orderly built a foundation of stones about 2 ft. high, with the chinks filled in with earth, so that it was quite high enough to stand up in and also to hold a camp bed and a rubber bath, and he then made a nice little garden and planted it with shrubs and flowers, with a little wall all round ornamented with red bully-beef tines with plants in them, and it looked awfully nice.

The thing we missed most was not being able to have any fires to sit round. One day I came back on a lorry containing a load of wood intended for somewhere else, but I had got past any

scruples about commandeering anything where my own company was concerned; so, I persuaded the driver to drop a few big logs off on the road at the nearest point to our camp, and we had at least one small fire for some time afterwards, and anybody who liked could come and boil his billy-can and make his tea at that.



Hacia la mar de Italia salvados.  
- 59 -



AN ENGLISH WOMAN-SERGEANT IN SERBIA  
THE AUTHOR IN KHAKE

***Flora Sandes***

(To be continued)

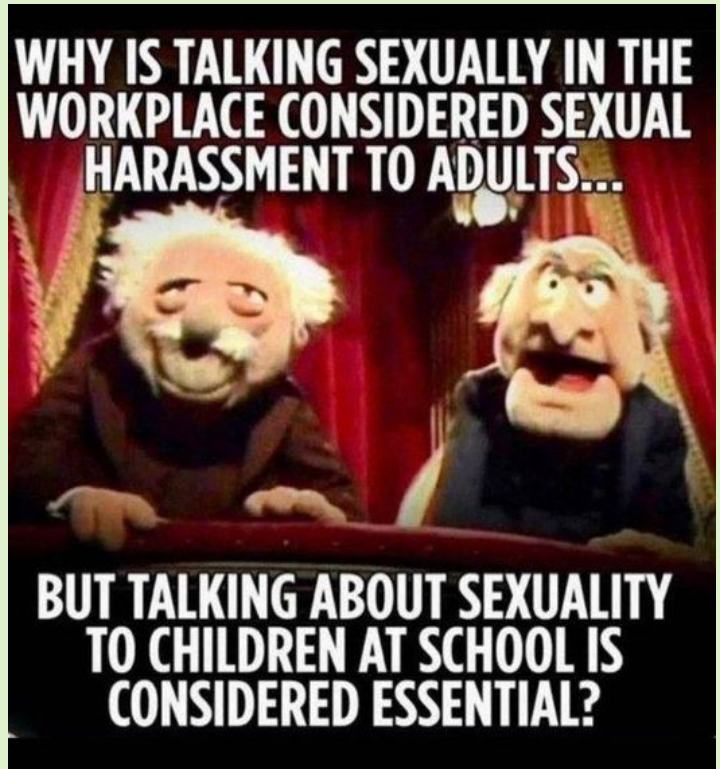




*'Nick's niche'*

# Nick The Clock's World

*The Comic With A Conscience*



*This dog walks into a post office and says to the Postmaster.*

*"I need to send a telegram."*

*The Postmaster says.*

*"OK, what is it?"*

*The dog says.*

*"I need it to say, Woof woof woof woof woof woof woof."*

*The Postmaster counts the words and says.*

*"Well, for the same price, I can put 3 more "woofs" in for you."*

*The dog looks at him and says.*

*"But then it wouldn't make any sense."*

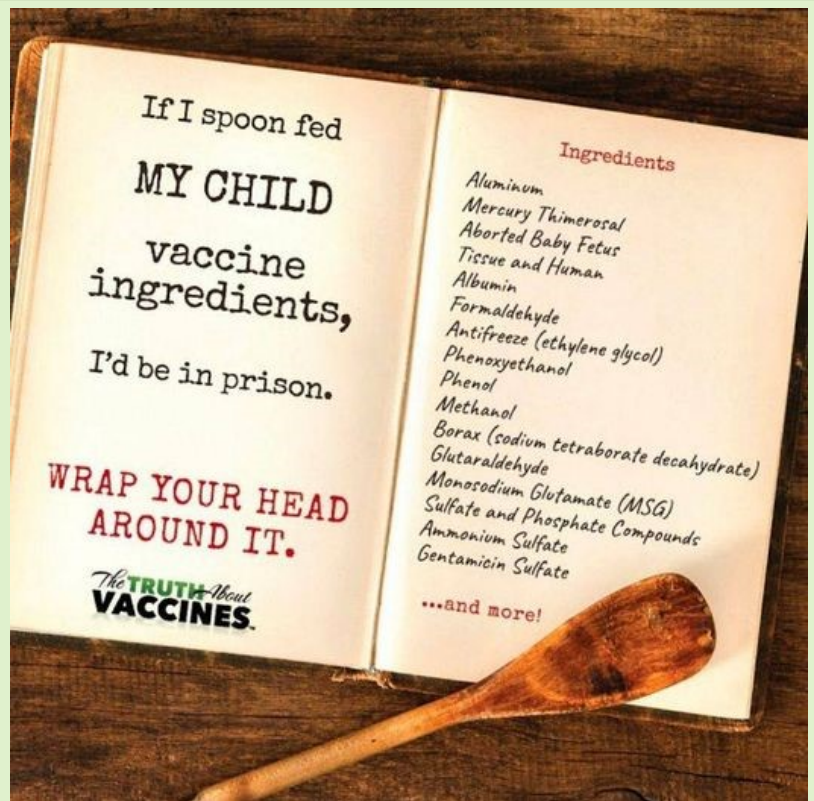
Jon Bon Jovi now has three community restaurants (Soul kitchen) that serve meals to those in need. There are no prices. Instead, people can donate \$20 for their meal. And for those people who can't afford a meal, they can volunteer in the kitchen in exchange for their meal. Dignity. Respect. Kindness ❤️❤️

I grew up in a rough area...  
As a child people would cover me in chocolate, cream and put a Cherry on my head...  
It was tough in the Gateau.



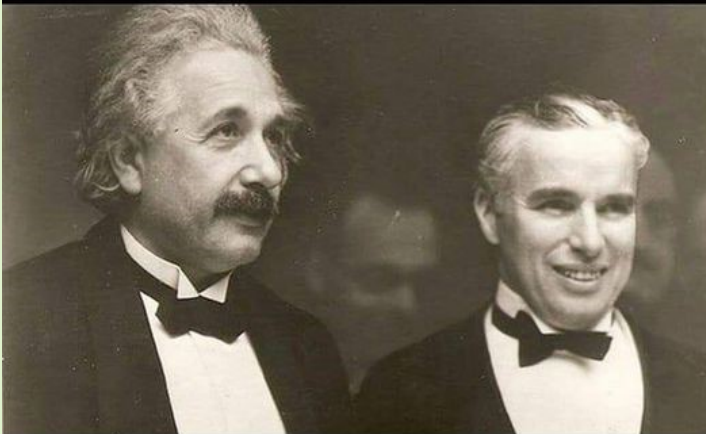


Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 40



## When Albert Einstein Met Charlie Chaplin

 ThinkingHumanity.com



**ALBERT EINSTEIN:** -What I admire most about your art, is its universality. You do not say a word, and yet, the world understands you!

**CHARLIE CHAPLIN:** -It's true, but your fame is even greater! The world admires you, when nobody understands you!

Every night, an Irishman walks into a bar and orders three shots of whiskey. He downs each shot, pays the barman and leaves.

The bartender eventually asks him why he always drinks exactly three shots.

"It's one for me and one for each of my brothers," he tells the bartender.

"One is in America and the other is in Australia, and we do this to feel like we're all still drinking together."

A month later the Irishman only orders two shots of whiskey.

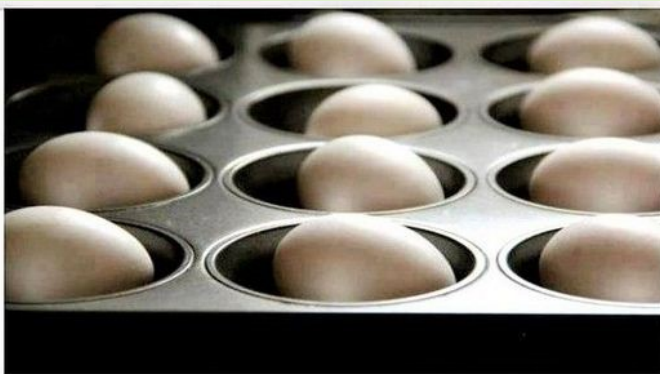
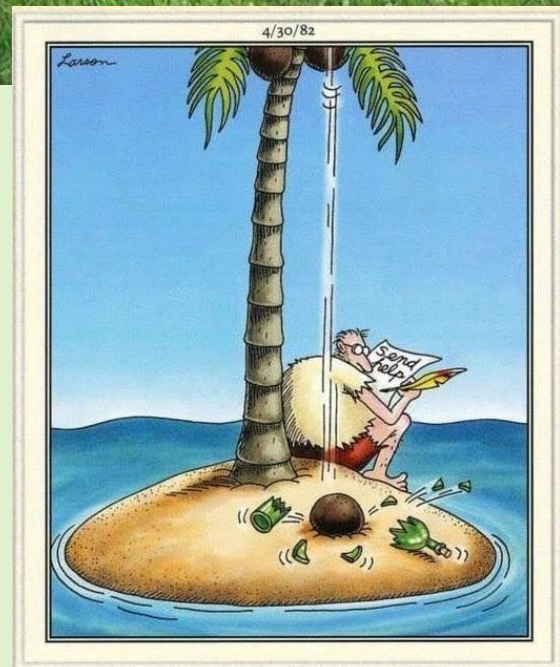
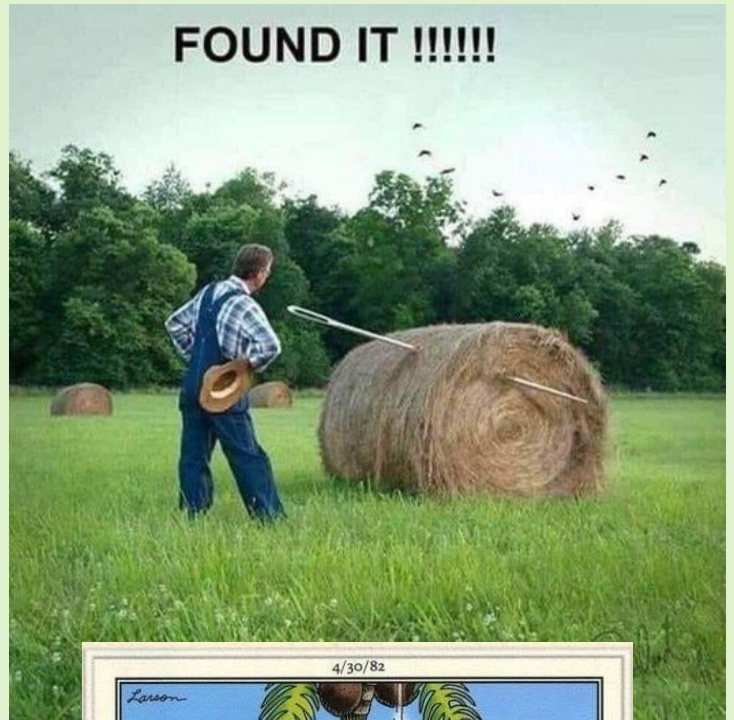
"Oh no," says the barman. "I'm sorry for your loss. Was it the one in America or Australia?"

"What?"

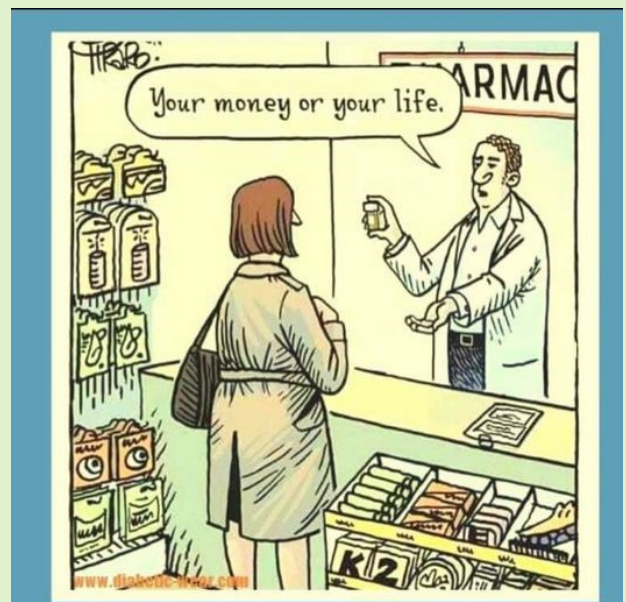
The Irishman looks puzzled, then glances at the whiskey glasses. "Jesus no, it's nothin' like that. It's just that I've decided to stop drinking."



Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 41



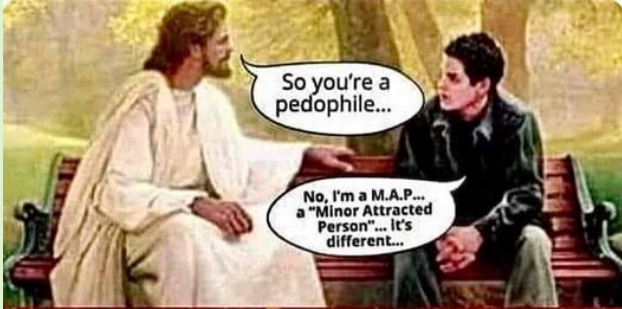
FOR ANYONE THAT MAY NOT KNOW, THE BEST WAY TO MAKE "HARD-BOILED" EGGS IS IN THE OVEN! PLACE THE EGGS IN A MUFFIN TRAY SO THEY DO NOT MOVE AROUND, TURN THE OVEN TO 325 DEGREES, POP IN FOR ABOUT 25-30 MINUTES AND REMOVE! NOT ONLY ARE THEY TASTIER, BUT THEY ALSO ARE MUCH EASIER TO PEEL!



Continued on Page 43



Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 42



In a tremendous stroke of luck, Dr. Remley has the opportunity to perform surgery on the contractor who renovated his kitchen.



This is Sarah. She is 45 years old. She has two children. She has never exercised a day in her life, yet she eats anything she wants and stays up until 3 a.m. drinking beer. What's her secret? No secret. Sarah is the one in the upper right corner of the picture.

### How To Use Chopsticks

- Rest first chopstick in crook of thumb
- Hold 2nd chopstick like a pencil
- Move top chopstick downward to pick up rice
- Watch as all but three grains of rice fall back on plate
- Repeat above steps 2-6 times
- Give up, use fork



"Look at this: Acupuncture, aromatherapy, herbal tea. We could be dealing with a homeopathic killer."



Nick The Clock's World - Continued from Page 43

Thanks to Hugh Hefner, an entire generation learned to read magazines with one hand



Shaving with a razor takes a lot of courage. I used to shave my privates with one...

But I don't have the balls to do that anymore.

Scientists should wear sponsor jackets like Nascar drivers, so we know who owns them.



"Meredith! I told you not to stay in there too long!"

That's' All Folks !