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# The Agiot

166th Edition

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# Goodbye to our Dearest Nitsa by Paul McGovern

The saddest day came on the 12th May, when Nitsa Halikias slipped from this dimension, in the early hours of the morning, a few hours after her 92nd birthday.

For the last two years and more she had been dutifully attended by her two daughters Lula and Anna, following a long and painful decline.

The funeral was the very next day, when finally, she found her rest next to her beloved husband Kostas, in the family ossuary.

Words are easy are they not, or is the opposite nearer the truth?

For me personally, she was the epitome of what all mothers should be. I have had the honour to live close to her for some 33 years, so got to observe and appreciate her heart. What a loving and gentle heart it was.

*The reason we are all here*

>



*Age made her no less patient*

with the hope that one day I would write my book about her. Like so many other things in life, this project remained on the back burner.

Now, suddenly, like snow melting away, she is gone.

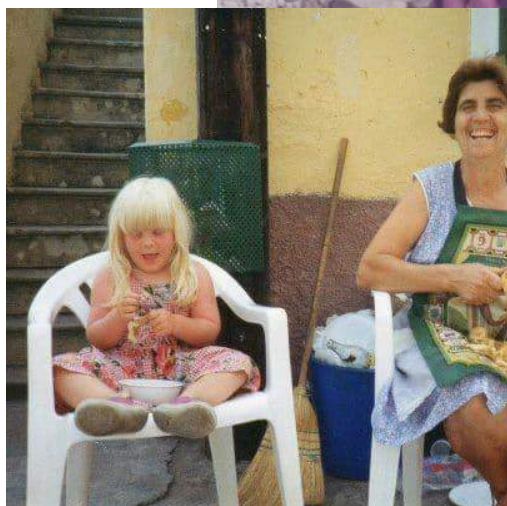
So now, I have decided to honour her in my own inadequate way, by serialising her story in this magazine, in the hope that it will keep her memory forever fresh and also throw a light upon her tough life, which she graced with such dignity. Her own story is better than any eulogy I can muster.

I call her book 'When Nitsa Was Young'. For me she always will be.

## WHEN NITSA WAS YOUNG

### Chapter 1

Our Nitsa came into the world on 11th May 1931, in an old cottage which stood on the opposite side of the main road from the present Kitchen taverna in Agios Ioannis, behind the Spider Bar, in the general area known by the older inhabitants here as Bey. The old 'spiti' (house) was a two-up two-down accommodation, with a kitchen joined next door.



*Simone, like all children, she loved Nitsa*

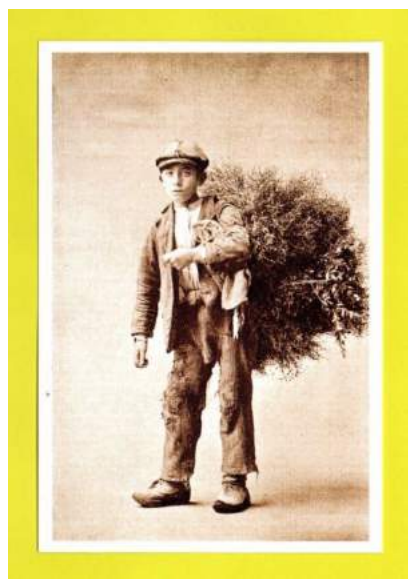
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*Goodbye to our Dearest Nitsa - Continued from page 2*

Nitsa became the first daughter of Alexandros and Sofia Analitis, who went on to have a further eight children; Ioannis, Froso, Giorgos, Spiros, Teo, Renee, Prokopis, and Adonis in order of age. All of these plus grandparents Aglaia and Ioannis huddled within, sharing the two bedrooms.

Nitsa went to the local village school at the age of six or seven, but the war curtailed her studies when she was only nine.

The families were quite poor in those days, materialism was absent, but Nitsa's family were happy, and food was sufficient if not bountiful. They were almost self-sufficient, and kept around their small home pigs (including two sows and a series of piglets), sheep, two cows and many chickens. Nearby, Kostas (of later Taverna fame) had an uncle who ran a small dairy, near what is now the paint shop close to the Timeout café. So, Alexandros and Sofia were able to supply milk to the dairy for butter, curds and whey (kazaini) to be produced. From this kazaini small workshops on the Mainland were able to make plastics, combs and hair-clips etc. The family always had their surplus eggs for sale. Or rather, very often, to barter. A pramatsouli (travelling salesman of needles, threads, scissors, thimbles and materials) would take their produce in exchange for his wares.



Alekkos was a shoemaker - he had learnt his trade at Varipatades - so the children were never short of footwear. His cobbling supplemented the family income, from premises in the lean-to at the side of the building, now a pizza takeaway.

All about were fields owned by the family, in several locations along the border of the main road and down at Vrissi (where current-day, modern Villas stand). Here they grew potatoes - lots of potatoes - wheat, corn, beans and greens, and harvested their orchards of apples, olives and pears. Alekkos had his

own vineyards from which he made his wine.

Tragedy struck the family in 1946, when Nitsa's father died at the age of 35. Apart from the grief, this placed upon her young shoulders an enormous extra workload (being the eldest). From the tender age of 15 she helped her mum raise her siblings, a way of life which hardened her for the work ethic she maintained ever after. Sofia never re-married.

Alekkos' mum and dad were Aglaia and Ioannis, and Nitsa spoke of her grandfather with particular fondness. It was a regret for her to the end that he did not survive to see her wed, as he died in 1956 (aged 60), never having recovered from the premature death of his son ten years earlier.

Water was a precious commodity, of course, and the family drew it from several wells and used rainwater channelled from their roof. Large baskets made from bamboo were used for the laundering; clothing and bed-linen were placed in layers within these baskets. As there was no washing powder those days water was boiled in large tin pots and fire-ash was added to this, allowed to settle and poured through a sieve onto the linen. This was left to stand for twenty-four hours. Next day the washers would march off to the nearby Lake Limni where the items were washed using tin bowls, washboards and soap.

Recreation came in the form of Church Holy Days, Christmas, Easter, Panagyri Festivals and Carnival.

One particular favourite was the annual pilgrimage to Pantokrator on the 6th of August. A party of about 20 pilgrims would rise at about 5 am and walk from the village via Kontokali, Gouvia and Spartillas, arriving after the sun had gone down. Torches burning olive oil were used in the dark. The monks had cooked fassoulada (bean soup) and this was served to the arrivals with bread. They were definitely hungry, having fasted for the previous fifteen days.

They slept under the stars (it never rained, thanks to God), and left next day after the Service to walk to Nissaki. From here they caught the boat and for the princely sum of two franka (drachmas) they sailed on the kaiki to Corfu Town. Thence home and tired on foot.

**TO BE CONTINUED**



# TICKLE'S TEASERS

## ANSWERS FROM THE APRIL TEASER

1. Small ripple as the tide goes out  
**Microwave**
2. Unbottle it at Alton Towers **Corkscrew**
3. Fish Skin **Scales**
4. The Best man's job at the wedding  
**Toaster**
5. Large monk out of his depth **Deep Fat Fryer**
6. Chefs' bible **Cook book**
7. Football trophy **Cup**
8. Taken for an idiot **Mug**
9. Toddlers falling over **Tumblers**
10. Stirrer **Spoon**
11. Half a sardine **Fish Slice**
12. U.F.O. **Saucer**
13. Constipation sufferer **Strainer**
14. A car for a cupboard **Larder**
15. The road splits in two **Fork**
16. License with no number **Plate**
17. On the edge maybe **Knife**
18. Throw a ball at the wicket **Bowl**
19. A river boat **Steamer**
20. Mixes well **Blender**
21. Sounds like churned milk becoming larger **Cheese Grater**
22. Kent town full of Master of ceremonies **Sandwich Toasters**
23. A bag for golf stands **Tea Caddy**
24. Cheeky container **Sauce Bottle**
25. Sir costs nothing **Freezer**
26. The Lad has a third little on the end  
**Ladle**
27. BMOIWXL **Mixing Bowl**
28. Oval clock **Egg Timer**
29. Sounds like the crew have eaten  
**Cruet**
30. It can never be afloat? **Sink**
31. Stand them next to soldiers? **Egg cups**
32. Female pop group joins the army?  
**Spice Rack**
33. Persuade the man to keep out of the kitchen? **Detergent**
34. Hovis meeting of directors **Bread Board**
35. Sounds like an ongoing breakfast saga  
**Cereal**
36. A fireproof cooking dish? **Casserole**
37. If red is reversed, and rain stay's the same, and placed in the middle will give you the name **Drainer**
38. Polly put it on, and Sukie took it off  
**Kettle**
39. Sounds like the 'E' Boat is beyond the grave **Gravy Boat**
40. Rooster's feathers turned to wood  
**Cocktail Sticks**
41. Sounds like it could be a wobbly Flintshire town **Jelly Mould**
42. A cover to cook on **Grill**
43. Si sees through the first woman **Sieve**
44. The first part of a circus act **Jug (Juggler)**
45. Return the top after the letter before you **Tea Pot**
46. The cook is working with this utensil without a ring **Wok**
47. Tins of beans for starters **Can Opener**
48. Shell the Brazil with this type of biscuit **Nut Cracker**
49. You can pedal a bike, but you cannot pedal this **Bin**
50. Flo Capp's answer to Andy's late nights **Rolling Pin**

# Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

## Verges I Have Known

REGULAR READERS WILL HAVE GUESSED BY NOW that my favourite time of year is the brief period in mid-spring when the low-lying flowers bloom just before the early spring flourish come to an end. This year it fell between the last week in March and mid-April, when the verges were a riot of yellow, orange, gold, white, pink, purple, blue and yellowy-green. Then suddenly, just as the asphodels which tower over the ground-level tapestry run to seed and wither unattractively, clambering plants and dull grasses swamp their bijou predecessors.

Once this happens, walking is limited to roads and clear tracks, since field footpaths are waist-high in dense vegetation, under which awakening vipers may lurk. Limited also by a pair of aged dogs, who are telling me that their days of long hikes in the hills are over.



So I was pleased when the recent Corfu Garden Festival, wonderfully organised by walking friends Rosey and Christina, who stepped up at a late stage in the proceedings, gave me the chance to lead a group into the rolling hills between the Ropa Valley and the sea. A very fine track runs for some way along the backbone of the hills, curving back through a series of valleys towards its starting point in Giannades. The sea, a long way down below steep cliffs, is never far, and glimpses come like snapshots. One of these locations is the little chapel of the Prophet Elijah (Profitis Ilias), set in a pine wood high above the waves. This picturesque spot, like several places around Giannades, was used in a scene from ITV's Durrell series. Another location (and I don't call it that without reason, as you will see) is reached off the main track along an obscure footpath then across a savannah-style field of olives. Almost at the cliff edge

stands one of the biggest pine trees I have seen, alone but for a mini-me a step or two away. These pines - Umbrella or Stone Pines - grow en masse in the Kombitsi Forest, and it is quite unusual to see one in (almost) isolation. Here, the cliff top is exposed, and the sea and coastal view unparalleled.

On this visit, we found that a cane and grass hut had sprung up beside the tree, and half the field was roped off with tape. Someone who turned out to be a security guard in mufti appeared, not I'm glad to say with the intent of kicking us out of the area, but to inform us that the suddenly-materialised hut was going to feature in a scene from a new film of the Odyssey, which will be shot soon. No doubt the tape was to prevent folk like us tramping all over the virgin meadow. It's yet another 'location' on this eminently photogenic island.

Under the very old but heavily pruned olives, the unshaded grass failed to hide a wealth of flowers from the new phase of blooming - a sea of lupins and salmon-pink flax, interspersed with tall dark tongued orchids dressed in pink and purple. Along the main track, cistus and arbutus formed a hedgerow; both are characteristic shrubs of the Mediterranean coastal maquis. For much of the year, the cistus may well be one of the maquis' most dreary shrubs, completely unremarkable until it flowers. Then it is transformed by what at first sight seem to be hundreds of silk faux-blooms pinned all over the base of dull leaves. Most striking is the variety with a large purple flower centred in bright yellow, but the stretch where we walked was an unbroken border of the rarer whites: a large-flowered type and a small-flowered one. I am told that the leaves may be dried to make a therapeutic tea, one good use for a plant with no aesthetic appeal except during its brief flowering.

Arbutus has a more appealing aesthetic: shiny green leaves and reddish-tinged stalks, and tiny white autumn flowers like rings of bells for fairy sheep. But it is the fruit of the arbutus that renders it important. Called Koumara in Greek, the plant is otherwise known as the Strawberry Tree because of its bright red, strawberry-sized fruits.

Most gardeners in Northern Europe recognise the Latin name - *Arbutus unedo* - since it is tended there as a greenhouse ornamental. In Corfu, arbutus grows to the size of a small tree amongst the wild shrubs. In autumn, visitors to the countryside are astonished at the abundance of the fruit, ablaze on the trees in an infinite palette of ruby, rust, russet and gold, and at the sight of the footpath ahead carpeted with the fallen flesh.

*Continued on page 6*

*Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from page 5*



Walking through woodland where arbutus grows is a feast for the taste buds as well as for the eye. Arbutus fruits do not resemble strawberries in taste in the slightest, being not at all juicy and far less sweet. They have an optimum, pick-by date which is difficult to judge by eye alone; usually, the red ones are best, but when squeezed slightly they should be neither too hard nor squashy, and should not drop off the tree at the touch of a finger. They are slightly woody in texture, but when you get a good one it makes pleasant eating. While nowadays most local people dismiss arbutus (though I'm sure many of them snack off them when no-one's looking), in the past they were actively marketed and were regarded as an opportune cash crop amongst the poor.

In ancient times, when most of Europe was still covered by maquis, Roman soldiers would make forced marches bearable by browsing off koumara; in quantity they are slightly narcotic. But be warned that they can cause an adverse reaction in the quantities you need to get an effect! We'll return here in the autumn and see what surprises the area turns up.

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MY OWN VERGE THREATENS TO SPILL INTO THE ROAD at this stage of the spring cycle. The tall grasses, now top-heavy with ripening grains (mostly wild varieties of barley and oats), droop from unseasonable rainfalls and lean over the asphalt, forcing me to walk in the middle of the thoroughfare. Luckily, traffic is minimal, and I only rarely have to play chicken with vehicles. So far I've won every time.



There's still plenty of colour amongst the grass stems, though the variety is not as great as a month ago (see above), mostly shades of purple and yellow. Members of the pea family are prominent: Yellow sea medick and purple vetch, joined by a few pitch trefoils (smells of hot bitumen when the sun's out). Mallow is exactly the shade as Charles' coronation tabard, and similarly shiny. Some goat's beard (its root is the edible salsify) are reaching their golden dandelion-style seeding stage. Topping all are the graceful pale mauve scabious (what a horrid name!) and first flowers of the milk thistle, the bane of walkers' legs on narrow footpaths. Another reason to stay off the fields.

Post script: The day after I wrote this, the 'katasopher' arrived and did its duty, and the verge flowers are no more. I don't know whether to laugh or cry.

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A very happy birthday to Bruni, who turned sixteen on 25 May. He's still bouncy, but I doubt he'll see in another anniversary.



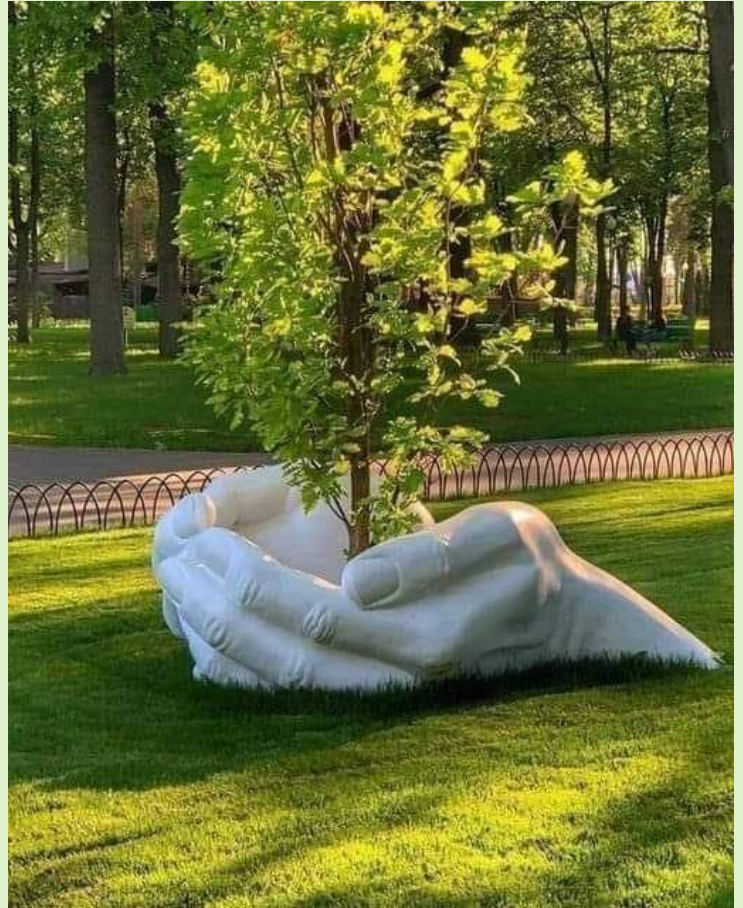




*'Nick's niche'*

# Nick The Clock's World

*The Comic With A Conscience*



**Roundup:**

**For those who would rather have cancer than dandelions.**

Meanwhile in Florida, the alligators have developed sign making skills.



*Continued on page 8*



Nick The Clock's World - Continued from page 7

**IF YOUR TOOTHPASTE HAS FLUORIDE IN IT.. DON'T ARGUE WITH ME ABOUT ANYTHING**



**Water wheel, a cylindrical drum can hold litres of water and can be rolled on the ground. This eliminates the physical strain of carrying water containers.**

**An Important Invention!**



## WHEN TO EAT A BANANA



**UNRIPE**  
less sugar

**ALMOST RIPE**  
more antioxidants

**RIPE**  
less starch, more sugar,  
more antioxidants

**VERY RIPE**  
rich in antioxidants, good  
for the immune system

**OVERRIPE**  
antioxidant  
powerhouse

**! This image has been created for informational purposes only and does not replace professional advice.**

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### Dog Poo - Stick and Flick

If it's on the path just flick it into the side undergrowth where it will degrade naturally in a few days.

If you are a brainless idiot put it into a plastic bag and dump it to the side. That way it will last for 500 years.

Continued on page 9



Nick The Clock's World - Continued from page 8

When you buy Chinese mirror



o painted by a homeless man, one of the most thought-provoking and poignant pieces of public art. . . .



"A bill collector knocked on the door of a country debtor and asked the woman who answered the door, "Is Fred home?"  
 "Sorry, Fred's gone for cotton."  
 The next day the bill collector tried again.  
 "Is Fred here today?"  
 "No, sir. I'm afraid he has gone for cotton."  
 When he returned the third day he humphed, "I suppose Fred is gone for cotton again,?"  
 "No, Fred died yesterday."  
 Suspicious that he was being avoided, the collector decided to wait a week and check the cemetery himself. But sure enough, there was poor Fred's tombstone, with the inscription, "Gone, But Not for Cotton.""



**Simplified urine test**  
 Go outside and pee in the garden.  
 If ants gather:- **Diabetes.**  
 If you pee on your feet:-  
**Prostate.**  
 If it smells like a barbecue:- **Cholesterol.**  
 If when you shake it, your wrist hurts:- **Osteoarthritis.**  
 If you return to your room with your penis outside your pants:- **Alzheimer**



Nick The Clock's World - Continued from page 9

**I had a problem with my computer yesterday, so I called Eric, the 11 year old kid next door.**

**Eric clicked a couple of buttons and solved the problem.**

**As he was walking away, I called after him, "So, what was wrong?"**

**He replied, "It was an ID ten T error."**

**I didn't want to appear stupid, but nonetheless asked, "An, ID ten T error? What's that?"**

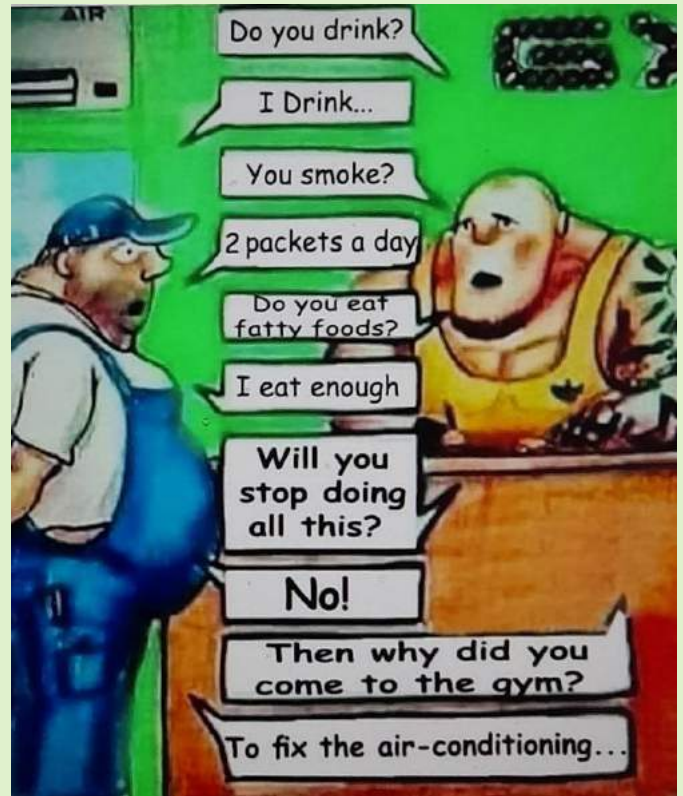
**Eric grinned... "Haven't you ever heard of an ID ten T error before?"**

**"No," I replied.**

**"Write it down," he said, "and I think you'll figure it out."**

**So I wrote down: "ID10T"**

**And I used to like Eric .....**



Continued on page 11



Nick The Clock's World - Continued from page 10

29 Mansfield News-Journal

Thursday, April 18, 1963

# You'll Be Able To Carry Phone In Pocket In Future

Some day, Mansfielders will carry their telephones in their pockets.

Don't expect it to be available tomorrow, though.

Frederick Huntsman, telephone company commercial manager, says, "This telephone is far in the future — commercially."

Right now, it's a laboratory development and it's workable, allowing the carrier to make and answer calls wherever he may be.

Other telephones of the future includes a kitchen loud speaking telephone, and a visual image telephone.

The kitchen instrument can be used as a regular telephone, a loudspeaking phone if the housewife happens to be busy preparing a meal, or as an intercom station for the home.

The visual image telephone allows the parties to converse by way of a microphone and loud speaker while a miniature television camera transmits the image. The "TV phone" also will have a writer signature transmission system and a conversation tape recorder.

The new phones are being displayed at the Home and Flower Show at the Coliseum.



HOW ABOUT THIS? — Mrs. Jean Conrad, commercial representative of Mansfield Telephone Co. holds up the pocket - sized, wireless telephone which Mansfielders will some day carry with them. The phone is still in the development stage and "far in the future."

€200 M.U.

Prisoners

The sheriff ap...

## That's' All Folks !



# Village and Island News by Paul McGovern

## Walking out on a beautiful Spring morning



*Our beautiful walk*

Camped down in green, knee-high, Spring grass. A tiny green bug is quick to assistance with my effort. A slightly longer, black insect crosses my pages, like a dark sled on an Antarctic glacier.

Not that it is cold in the least. The sun peeps over scattered, white-grey clouds. Mandy tries to settle beside me, rearranging as she does so, a row of grass stalks between the page and me.

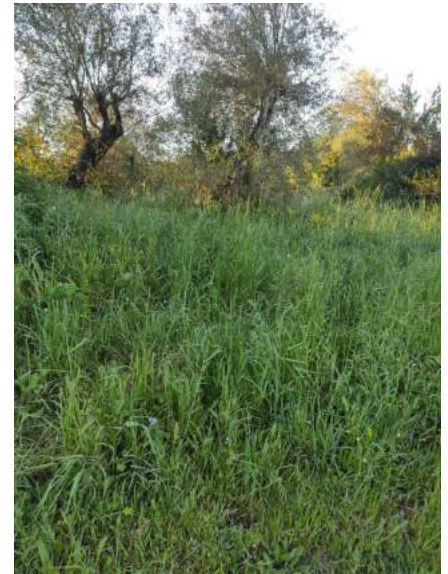
Birds are chirping, somewhere a dog barks. Muffled traffic in the track. I'm under olive trees, just a few yards off from this track. It is the one that leads from Jutta's villa to the Dutch houses, then on to the Scotter's. Yet nobody knows of our presence.

Raise up on elbows, a Commander viewing the scape before his periscope. Green below, blue hinged with grey above. The only sight of human endeavour is a ubiquitous, single white cable, strung across the direction of my track. Not far off a motor purrs into life; sounds like a grass-cutter. Mandy is staring in the direction of this unseen intruder, ears pricked.

Now the sun is warm upon the small of my back, though not uncomfortably. I see the shadow of a man holding the shadow of a pen from which these words dance onto the page. It is approaching ten o'clock. Not that I'm slightly interested in the time, 'cepting a certain amount of action is awaiting in the

village, and there is always the chance that my mobile phone will rudely interrupt my peaceful planet with a call to arms.

My consolation is that this planet will continue without care after we leave. Only a temporary, tell-tale depression in the meadow will be evidence of our trespass.



*A place to sit and wonder*

Buzz buzz in my ear. Is that the call to arms? Nay, it is a flying beastie.

We will bid this friendly shelter a fond adieu and be on our way, to our cottage in the village.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Easter in Agios



*A long held tradition*



*Village and Island News - Continued from page 12*

**Around the village**



*Agios Easter Saturday*



*A village  
backwater right  
in its centre*



*It's a two Cow  
village*



*Butter doesn't melt in our mouths*



*Local worker  
Mandy  
fertilizing flower  
bed*



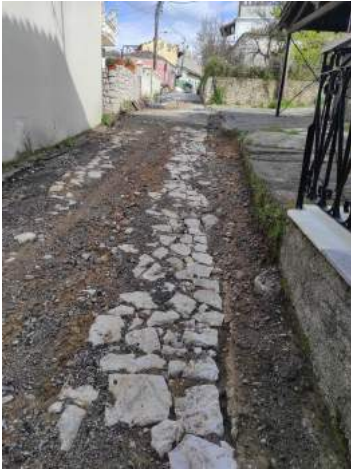
*Yvonne and  
Silke*





Village and Island News - Continued from page 13

### The relaying of the village lane



*Before asphalt was laid there was a fine stone path in days gone by*



*It's coming along*



*The boys from the grey stuff are back*



*Watching the work from the Agiot office*

### Family



*A birthday breakfast*



*It's great to be 2*



*She can have the yellow one*



*The Youngest Agiot*

### The Island

*They spent millions on the new airport but forgot the drains*





# Why the Climate Emergency is a Scam

by *Sonny Carboni*



DO YOU FRET AT THE THREAT OF 'CLIMATE CHANGE'? Are you fearful of rising sea levels, of soaring temperatures, of water shortages? I admit to being scared stiff, as a teen, of becoming a 'climate refugee'. At that time, though, we were going to freeze to death, not burn. An ice-age was on the way, and soon our homes would be crushed by the approaching glaciers. It never happened, and instead - as we are continually reminded - overwhelming heat is on its way if we don't change our lifestyle. To save the planet, you must turn vegan, walk or cycle to the shops, shut down the heating, and forget about ever going on holiday by plane.

Stop worrying - it's not going to happen. And this is why.

1) Climate change, one way or another, has been happening since our planet formed about five billion years ago. There is absolutely nothing we can do about it, since the contribution of our species to change is tiny - some say just four percent, with good old nature doing the rest all on its own. Of that, the UK contributes an estimated one percent (1% of 4% of the total; work it out). I would imagine Greece's share is substantially less. So, giving up your car, forsaking meat, sitting in a freezing house and stopping your travels is going to have absolutely no effect on what Earth does or doesn't do.

2) We are currently in a geological ice age, which has been going on for over half a million years. During that period the ice has advanced and retreated repeatedly. At the peak of its latest advance, around 12,000 years ago, the glaciers reached as far south as London. Then, about 10,000 years ago, they began to recede, and are still doing so. At the peak of this cycle, Europe would have been tundra and taiga. As the ice ebbed and the climate became milder, the land was colonised by warmth-loving plants, until the continent's modern flora was established. We are currently moving

towards an interglacial phase, but at this point in the cycle there are still glaciers on high mountains, and ice in the Arctic. It is perfectly normal for the climate to get warmer and for the ice to disappear, though we never live long enough to register any big change.

3) Actually, we don't know what the planet will do in the longer term; it might revert to a freeze again, as it did in the 18th century, a period called the 'Little Ice Age', though fortunately it didn't develop into a full-blown one. Before that, there was the self-explanatory 'Medieval Warm Period', and further back, a warm phase during Roman times. All these minor trends took place in the context of the glaciated period's wane over thousands of years. And they were nothing to do with burning fossil fuels or other 'environmentally destructive' actions.

4) Of course, we are all brainwashed into believing that nasty 'carbon' is to blame. Lots of people equate 'carbon' with the horrid dirty soot that was churned out during the Industrial Revolution, and was only brought under control by various Clean Air acts. Or it's pollution pumped out by power stations (that 'smoke' rising from cooling towers is actually water vapour) and petrol-driven cars. Wrong. By 'carbon' they mean carbon dioxide (CO<sub>2</sub>), an inert gas that is a natural and vital part of the atmosphere. According to the propaganda, it is the rise in CO<sub>2</sub> levels in the atmosphere that is causing 'warming', and we have to limit the rise by giving up our comforts and pleasures. Most people believe the propaganda.

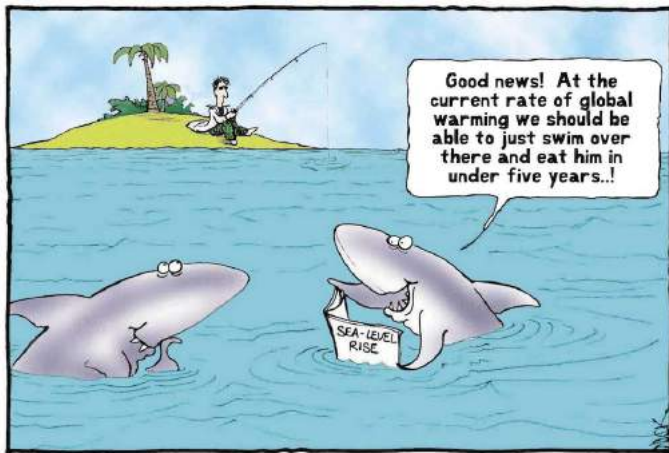
'OOOH,' they squeal. 'There must be LOTS of CO<sub>2</sub> in the air! We have to do something!' If anyone bothered to do their research instead of demanding a vague 'something', they might discover some inconvenient facts:

a) The percentage of CO<sub>2</sub> in the atmosphere is 0.04%, or four parts in 10,000. Hardly 'lots'. Compare that with oxygen at 21%, and nitrogen at 70%. Hell, even a gas you'll probably never have heard of - argon - constitutes, at just under 1%, a larger proportion of the atmosphere than CO<sub>2</sub>.

b) CO<sub>2</sub> is plant food. Plants use it in order to grow. More CO<sub>2</sub> around would actually mean bigger plants and better crops; less hunger. When commercial growers want better crops in their greenhouse, they pump in CO<sub>2</sub>. If CO<sub>2</sub> levels drop below 0.02%, all plants die. And that will mean the end of animal life as well.

c) Many scientists are coming to the conclusion that, far from CAUSING warming, a rise in atmospheric CO<sub>2</sub> FOLLOWS warming by about 500 years. So, any rise today in CO<sub>2</sub> levels could likely derive from the Medieval Warm Period (see above).

Why the Climate Emergency is a Scam -  
Continued from page 15



d) The Warmists tell us that temperatures have risen by x degrees 'from when records began', which is usually touted as being 'pre-industrialisation'. These records actually began to be taken in the middle of the 19th century, when it was cold because we were coming out of the 'Little Ice Age'. As with the longer-term cold phase we are coming out of, subsequent warming is perfectly natural. And since when was the middle of the 19th century 'pre-industrial'?

d) Atmospheric CO<sub>2</sub> has been substantially higher in the past. During the Carboniferous ('carbon-bearing') Era, 360 million years ago, CO<sub>2</sub> may have reached levels as high as 25%. The era's primitive plants were extremely large, and when they died and rotted, they formed the fossil fuels that power our lives.

e) CO<sub>2</sub> and other 'greenhouse gases', like methane and water vapour, keep the planet habitable. If it wasn't for these, surface temperatures would be well below zero and no life would exist.

5) But no. People don't want facts; they want emotions. Specifically, they seek a cult to follow, true religious beliefs having withered, leaving an empty space to be filled. 'Global Warming', or the 'Climate Crisis/Emergency', displays all the characteristics of a cultish New Age quasi-religion. It has, for example, its set of beliefs, which, just as Christianity could not be questioned until the Enlightenment, must not be disputed or doubted. Those who do question are labelled 'deniers' (usually with a pointy finger and a shriek), just as religious doubters in medieval times were labelled 'heretics' (Islamists are still at it). The cult has its figureheads, who resemble the Christian Saints and Martyrs of old. Saint Greta of Thunberg is the obvious one.

6) The measurement of temperatures is - to put the best spin on it - inconsistent, and sometimes fraudulent. Many weather station locations which in the past were rural are now, as populated areas expand, urban - and urban temperatures are always some degrees higher than in the countryside - residents of Corfu Town in summer will confirm this. This often renders invalid comparisons between past temperatures and present ones. But some measurement manipulations by the Warmists are deliberate

rather than accidental. It is well known that the IPCC scientists, who were supposedly 'monitoring' warming trends, rigged the infamous 'hockey-stick' graph that is 'proof' of warming. In fact, the graph was created by computer modelling, not by using real data. It was later established that the particular model used would draw a hockey-stick graph WHATEVER random sequence of numbers were fed in.

7) Al Gore's notorious propaganda film 'A Convenient Lie', or whatever it was called, misrepresented the images it used to scare viewers, especially impressionable children. Remember the iconic picture of the poor solitary polar bear on its tiny ice floe? Disinformation. Since the photograph was taken in daylight, it had to be Arctic summer (because it's dark all day in winter). During Arctic summer, the ice breaks up into small individual floes like this one (breaking news: there is NO permanently solid ice cap around the North Pole). Polar bears swim long distances between the floes whilst hunting. That's what they do. The photo showed a completely normal scene. The other horror-sequence was the one of the Antarctic shores shedding a huge slab of ice. This, too, is normal. Calving of the Antarctic ice shelves creates the icebergs that are such a feature of the Southern Atlantic. These shelves are constantly on the move toward the sea, pushed along by glaciers descending from the high plateau in the centre of the continent. One of the glaciers that descends towards the Ross Ice Shelf - an immensely thick sheet of floating ice nearly the size of France - is the Beardmore Glacier, which was Captain Scott's route to the South Pole (Amundsen, the first to the Pole, reached the plateau up a different glacier). When the ice reaches the viable limit of the shelf, it drops off - exactly as shown in the movie.

8) The average temperature of the planet has not risen in well over twenty years. Yes, you read that right. In some areas, such as in and around developing mega-cities, a rise has been detected, but this is due to the recognised 'heat island' effect (see 6, above) and is not caused by atmospheric CO<sub>2</sub>. The 'heat island' effect is probably the main contribution of mankind to any possible warming.

Are you un-scared now?

Think for Yourself - Disregard the Propaganda - Ignore the Warmists.

To show how easily people can be scared by fake data (as we have by the CO<sub>2</sub> scare), a little social experiment was carried out. Random people in the street were asked to sign a petition demanding that 'something must be done' about a pervasive chemical, called Dihydrogen Monoxide, that, the petition informed them:

- \* is present in all lakes and rivers,
- \* is in the air we breathe,
- \* leaves a residue on fruit and vegetables when we wash them, along with other polluting qualities.



*Why the Climate Emergency is a Scam -  
Continued from page 16*



Everyone looked struck with horror, and without a second thought or question quickly signed the petition.

The fearful chemical Dihydrogen Monoxide is H<sub>2</sub>O - WATER!

Warmist Al Gore's 'carbon footprint' is about the size of Wales. Most elite warmists are hypocrites, like Leo DiCaprio, who thinks nothing of taking a private jet halfway round the world to lecture people on THEIR carbon footprint. Just like the Harkles. It's only us, the 'little people', who have to make sacrifices.

Electric vehicles use just as much carbon-based fuel as petrol-driven ones. It's just generated elsewhere and differently. Taking into account the rare metals used in the manufacture of their batteries, which have to be mined and transported, they are WORSE for the environment than conventional cars.

Ditto wind turbines. Manufacture requires steel, which can at present only be made using coal. Then the turbines have to be transported to their destination (usually from China) in diesel-powered ships. And never mind the infrastructure needed to put them up. Far from being 'carbon negative', they create a much greater 'carbon footprint' than they can ever possibly save.

Britain's biggest coal-fired power station, Drax, sits right on top of over 300 years of fuel, that could be mined on site. No transportation required either. So, who thought it a good idea to convert the plant to biofuel (aka wood pellets)? Just so some Greens can feel virtuous. The wood pellets come from vast forests, mainly in Canada. The trees are cut down (using fossil-fuel power), made into pellets (using fossil-fuel power), and transported by ship to the point of use (using

fossil-fuel power). How can this possibly be GREEN? (BTW The forests are not replanted.)

Here's scientific proof of global warming:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0PEnu7sTi4>

But it's proof that warming is a NATURAL PHENOMENON. Here is a rough transcript (slightly condensed):

The Greenland Ice Core project retrieved a three kilometres long core of glacial ice in order to examine climate conditions during the period when the ice was formed. The ice contains important data on the climate history of the Earth; it bears the fingerprints of climatic conditions for over 120,000 years, thus enabling scientists to map out global temperatures.

'The ice sheet has not forgotten how cold or warm it was,' says Jordan Peder Steffensen, Curator at the Neis Bohr Institute of Geophysics. '[Measuring the temperature record within the core to 1000th of a degree accuracy], we can reconstruct the temperatures of the last ten thousand years.'

The accompanying graph shows temperatures between 8,000 and 4,000 years ago to be 2 1/2 degrees warmer than today. Between 4,000 and 2,000 years ago the temperature dropped substantially, then it rose to a high in the Medieval Warming Period from about one thousand years ago. It then dropped to a minimum in the mid-17th century (The 'Little Ice Age'), rose again slightly in the late 18th century, then fell in the mid-19th century to the lowest in the last ten thousand years. The mid-19th century was when meteorological observations began to be taken.

This pattern was confirmed by data from other locations in the Northern Hemisphere, taken from independent core samples, ancient organic materials and tree rings, in places as far apart as China and North Africa. The data shows that the Little Ice Age ended around 140 years ago, and since then the Earth has become warmer.

'We have had a global temperature rise during the 20th century,' continues Steffensen, 'but an increase from what? An increase from the lowest temperature in the last ten thousand years. This means it would be very hard to prove whether the rise in temperature in the 20th century is manmade or a natural variation. Very hard, as we have set ourselves a very poor experiment - we've started to observe [and measure and record] meteorology from the coldest point in the last ten thousand years.'

# Ocay Travel and Property



The times are a-changing, and sad news is that 2023 will see the last holiday visitors to stay at Villa Theodora. The old lady has given such sterling service for 24 years, and after this season she will become a home again, as she once was some 60 years ago.

This last season is fully booked, with the exception of the dates below. If you have an inkling to stay one more time, please mail in to [info@ocaycorfu.com](mailto:info@ocaycorfu.com)

Generous discounts will be given so that these few remaining weeks may be made use of. The dates that apply are;

ALL OF OCTOBER  
JULY 23-29.

## *The Old Lady is saying Goodbye*

As Lionel would have said; 'Oh, so much fun was had here.'

From the end of this year, it will become the new home of Ai, Kostas and their little girls Ami and Ema.

Naturally, this is bittersweet. We have a sad lament from our sister villa Theodora, in the north of England, whose owners sent in this;



## *St. Helen's Lament*



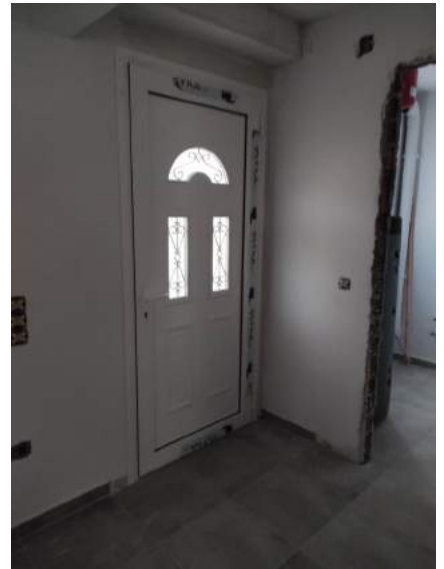
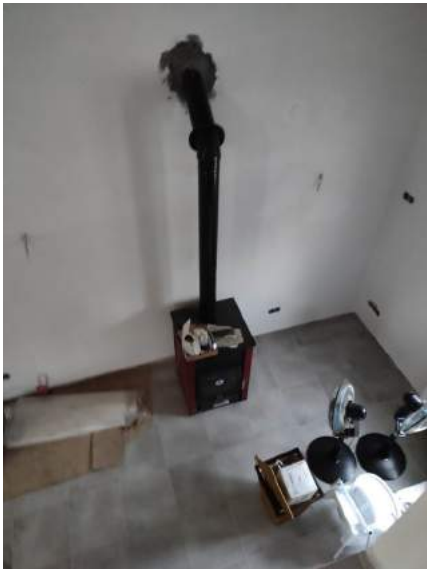
*Ocay Travel and Property - Continued from page 18*

**BESPOKE**

The villa at Vrissi has gone just about as far as we can take it. Here is a selection of the most recent photos.



Ocay Travel and Property - Continued from page 19





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

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 is the second extract from the book (not under copyright).



The Serbian Relief Fund was short-handed and very busy, and I obtained permission to leave the camp for a few weeks and take up my quarters in town to give them a hand. Several shiploads of stuff had just come in, and everything had to be landed on the quay on lighters and then removed

from there at once, as the quay could not be blocked up, to one or other of their store-houses, which were at opposite ends of the harbour. One of these store-houses had only just been acquired, and, as it was about 6 in. deep in coal dust, it had all to be scrubbed and cleaned out for the arrival of fresh bales, and that was my first job. I got a gang of Serbian soldiers, and we had a strenuous day's work with very inefficient tools at our disposal, but we managed by the evening to get everything ship-shape and the floors clean, though we all got rather damp and coal-dusty in the process.

The quay was a most interesting place, though I should have enjoyed the work more if it had not poured steadily all day and every day, as there was no cover anywhere. French, English, and Serbians were all working there together, each trying to be the first to seize upon labour and transport both by water and land for the particular job he was responsible for. There were a number of ships in the harbour waiting to be unloaded, and everyone was working as hard as he could, and things were considerably complicated by the fact that hardly one of them could speak the other's language. It was quite a usual thing to find an Englishman, who could not speak French, trying to explain to a French official that he wanted a fatigue party of Serbian soldiers to unload a certain lighter, and neither of them being able to explain to the said fatigue party, when they had got them, what it was they wanted them to do.

*Continued on page 22*

*An English-Woman Sergeant in the Serbia Army - in Corfu - Part two*  
*Continued from page 21*



There was always a company of Serbian soldiers for work on the quay, and a fresh relay of men came on at 6 a.m., at midday, and at 6 p.m., and you had to be there sharp on time if you wanted your men, or else you would find they had all been snapped up by someone else. As I could speak French and enough Serbian to get along very well, most of my work was on the quay, and I was often called on to act as interpreter. As I did not want to get down there at 6 a.m., however, I got an English corporal, who had to be on duty then, to take twice as many men as he wanted himself, and then give me half of them when I came down. I was rather afraid of the English Tommies at first, and thought they would be sure to laugh at a woman corporal, but, on the contrary, there was nothing they would not do to help me, and the French soldiers were just the same.

I was superintending the unloading of some goods from a lighter one day, which all had to be transferred to another lighter, and taken across to the warehouse that evening. We were all tired and wet, and the men were slacking off, and it didn't seem, at the rate we were going on, as if we should get through before 9 or 10 o'clock that night. The Serbian sergeant tried to buck them up, but the men were fed up and were just doing about as little as they possibly could. It is worse than useless to bully a Serbian soldier if he doesn't want to do anything; so, as I wanted to get back to the hotel to dinner, I went on quite another tack. I told them that I had been working for them all day since early in the morning, and was tired and hungry, and if they were going to spend another three hours over the job, I should get no dinner. They all at once got terribly worried on my account, began to work like steam, and in an

hour, we had the whole thing done, and they were enquiring in a brotherly manner if it was all right, and if I would be in time for dinner now.

All these poor fellows working down on the quay had had their uniforms taken away from them and burnt, and they had been provided with a blue corduroy suit for working in. Their old ones, though dirty, were warm, and their new ones were very thin, and in most cases they had hardly any underclothes; so, whenever I had a gang of men working under me down at the warehouse, I used to fit them out with warm sweaters, etc., of which we had plenty, out of one of the broken bales. I used to make them work hard for a couple of hours, and then sit down for five minutes and have a cigarette, and then go on again for another hard spell. The Serbian sergeants used to be very amused at my methods, but I always found they answered very well. They were always keen to be on my gang, and everyone said I got more work out of them than anyone else could.

There were a lot of new English uniforms, but the French authorities would not issue them unless there were enough underclothes to go with them, and these they were short of. However, I got a promise of underclothes from the Serbian Relief Fund, and then my troubles began. First I had to get a paper signed by the English saying they would give them if the French approved; then another, signed by the French, that they did approve and would give the uniforms; then one signed by the Serbian Minister of War; then back to the French again to be countersigned; then back to the Minister of War; then to the Serbian warehouse, who refused to give them because I hadn't got somebody else's signature, and so on and so on. To cut a long story short, it took three whole days walking round Corfu in the pouring rain before I could get those papers sufficiently signed, including three visits to the Minister of War, and even then the transport remained to be found, as the motor-lorries were fully occupied carrying bread.

I had airily promised the French that I thought the English authorities could give me transport; so, I went up to them, and they said they would see what they could do.

"How much stuff have you?" inquired the officer in charge.

"Three thousand two hundred and fifty uniforms," I replied, "and the same number of vests and pants."

*Continued on page 23*



*An English-Woman Sergeant in the Serbia Army - in Corfu -  
Continued from page 22*

"Well, that doesn't tell me anything," he said; "I want to know the bulk and weight: you're no good as a corporal if you can't tell me that. Let me know exactly by eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, and I'll see what I can do."

Here was a poser, for, though I said at once that I would let him know, I had not the faintest idea how to work it out; but fortunately bethought myself of my sheet anchor, the big English corporal on the quay, who always seemed to be able to solve any difficulty; and, sure enough, he did it for me, and I telephoned the required information. In the end I got the stuff loaded onto a barge and took it myself to a point about 2 miles from my camp, whence it was carried up by a company, and we had the proud distinction of being the first regiment to be fitted out in new, clean English khaki uniforms.

When not on the quay there was plenty to do in the warehouses, sorting out the bales, or taking them across the harbour in our little tug, which was quite a journey, but I eventually got a chill and had to lay off a bit, as the result of one wetting too many.

I used to go back to camp every Saturday afternoon and Sunday, and I managed to take up a couple of cases of something, generally given me by the Serbian Relief Fund; either things for the ambulance or condensed milk or golden syrup for the men. Condensed milk was very much appreciated, as it meant that they each got a big bowl of cafe au lait for breakfast for three mornings, whereas, as a rule, they don't have anything until lunch.

One day an incident occurred which touched me very greatly. The non-commissioned officers and man of the Fourth Company formed a committee among themselves and drew up an address, which they presented me with, and which a man in the regiment who knew English afterwards translated for me as literally as possible. An English major, to whom I once showed it, told me if that were his he should value it more than a whole string of medals, coming as it did spontaneously from my own men. I put the translation in here:

"To the high-esteemed MISS FLORA SANDES,  
CORFU.

"Esteemed Miss Sandes!

"Soldiers of the Fourth Company, 1st Battalion, 2nd Inf. Rgmt., 'Knjaza Michaila,' Moravian Division, 1st

(Call) Reserves; touched with your nobleness, wish in this letter to pay their respects - and thankfulness to you; have chosen a committee to hand you this letter of thankfulness.

"Miss Sandes!

"Serbian soldier is proud because in his midst he sees a noble daughter of England, whose people is an old Serbian friend, and to-day their armies are arm-in-arm fighting for common idea, and you Miss Sandes should be proud that you are in a position to do a good, to help a Serbian soldier - Serbian soldier will always respect acts of your kindness and deep down in his heart will write you kind acts and remember them forever.

"Few months have passed since you came among us, and you shared good and bad with us. During this time you have often helped us to pass through hardship, buying food for us, and financially.

"Thanking you in the name of all the soldiers, we are greeting you with the exclamation:

"Long life to our ally England,

"Long life to Serbia,

"Long life to their heroic Armies,

"Long life to noble Miss Sandes!

[The names of the committee members follow]

"To Miss Sandes, Corporal, volunteer of this Comp: -

"Please receive this little, but from the heart of my soldiers, declaration of thankfulness for all (for help) that you have done for them until now, and in time, when they are far away from dear ones and loving ones at home.

"To their wishes and declaration I am adding mine and exclaim:

"Long life to our dear ally England,

"Long life to heroic Serbian Army,

"Commander of the Company,

"Janachko A. Jovitch.

"13/26 February, 1916.

"Ipsos (Corfu)."

(To be continued)



# Letters to the Editor

Dear Gentle Reader,

Welcome to another Edition and thank you for all your support, most of all for making it fun!

It has been a remarkable month which saw the passing of our Matriarch, Nitsa, followed seven days later by the arrival of her fourth Great Grandchild, Ema.

I'm not a great believer in the modern medical nomenclature, especially if it applies to me.

So, the picture below is not a symptom of encroaching Alzheimer's or Dementia or such. But I will allow for Doolallyness, a much kinder word.



*Warning signs*

It is fairly certain Agiotfest will, at least for now, stay in mothballs.



So, it's nice to look back on three stalwarts from those great Fests.



*Natasa and Sue*



*Richard from the Cukes*



**Teresa Brightman Arcouthee** sent this in;

As always a brilliant read. Thank you! Especially enjoyed the history lessons with the village fighting! I had no idea, shame on me! Little brother as always hits the nail on the head. The quiz is back!!! Yaaayyyyy, Teresa is well, well pleased. Not sure where the Swansea came from as the only time I've been anyway near there was when my atrocious navigating brought us back from London to Southampton (less than a 2 hour drive) via Wales (many, many hours!!!) but can't wait to get my friends onboard for the quiz!!! Thank you again! X

**Ed:** - A total pleasure, Teresa. Sorry for my Doolallyness on Swansea! I wonder how many of the Tickle Teasers you managed?!

**Fellow scribe Hilary** sent this one;

I led an extra walk on Sunday for the Garden Festival (Rosey and Christina are in charge now). Among my walkers were the people you did the Garitsa renovation for! I sat opposite them at lunch so had a good chat. They say hello. They're also good friends of Simon and Lin and read The Agiot.

Something you did not know: Xantho, Miltos' mother at Tristrato aka 'Pandouleftria', once considered a career as a singer!!! We couldn't get her to sing for us, though...

**Ed:** - I'll try to persuade her to give us a blast when we next travel that way!

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

### **Lemon Cheesecake**

#### **Ingredients**

100g Digestive Biscuits  
 50g Margarine  
 Juice and Rind (grated) of 1 Lemon  
 200g Fresh Cream  
 100g Cream Cheese  
 25g Caster Sugar  
 Fruit for Decoration

#### **Go:**

1. Crush the biscuits in a liquidizer. Melt the margarine and add the biscuits, combine together then press the biscuit mixture into a 20cm round flan dish.

2. Whisk the cream until thick. Add the sugar, cheese, lemon juice and rind and whisk together until all ingredients are combined.

3. Pour on to the biscuit base and chill until set.
4. Decorate with fruit topping, such as orange or mandarin segments or any other fruit of your choice.

Bon appetite!



# Nature

Thank you to members of the Corfu Flora and Fauna group, for most of the photos shown this month.





# The World of Simon



At the head of the table, Eleftheris Iona (1942-2023), whose funeral and burial Linda and I attended yesterday afternoon at the Church of Paraskevi below the village of Ano Korakiana where our friend and neighbour was born, lived and died peacefully at 4.30 on Tuesday morning. He was born in the house next door and he passed away there.

Κούφα σοι γθών ἐπάνωθε πέσοι

I spoke to one of the grave diggers, Spiro, resting from completing his work, and asked him if a Greek grave was, as in England, 6 feet deep. He smiled and said "Here we make it easier to rise at the Resurrection. He lies just one metre below."

Some years ago the garden across the path from our house was overgrown, full of bits and pieces, dominated by a spreading fig tree. Since then those who own the house attached to it have rebuilt their apothiki, tidied the garden, planted flowers and vegetables, laid out a small hard surface for dancing and allowed a large walnut tree to spread in place of the fig, whose wood we've already used to heat us over winter. The place has become lovely for eating in company, open to the views from the village, shaded from the sun. This is a photo taken by Linda of a celebration of [Dimitroula Flute's](#) 16th birthday - daughter of Natasha and Fotis, grand-daughter of Vasiliki and Elefeteri (RIP), sister of young Lefteri. The family plus uncles and aunts and parents-in-law gathered, plus us - the neighbours - and sometime during the afternoon, in the village's style of spontaneous invitation to strangers, a couple from Paris who were strolling through along Democracy Street, just above. <https://vimeo.com/43137119>



# Little Brother is Watching You

By Paul McGovern, Editor



If anyone refuses the covid shot, they should be fired, put in camps, have their kids taken, be denied medical care and left to die.

We were ALL misinformed, let's just forgive each other and forget about it.

Anybody who reads this regular article will know what to expect, so in the true spirit of democracy please pass by without further ado, if you don't like the in-your-face style, or if you find it a bore, or your views are fixedly in another direction.

But if you are a disbeliever of the current system, like me, you may find things of interest. Or, if like many people, you are somewhere in the middle, or confused, or too philosophical for these worldly matters, have a look and feel if anything strikes a chord in your soul.

This intro is my personal opinion. That is what we all have: personal opinions. That is part of being human.

*Continued on page 28*

Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 27

**I TRIED TO FOLLOW THE SCIENCE, BUT IT WAS SIMPLY NOT THERE. I THEN FOLLOWED THE MONEY, THAT'S WHERE I FOUND THE SCIENCE.**

ROBIN MONOTTI + DR MIKE YEADON + CORY MORNINGSTAR TELEGRAM: T.ME/ROBINMG

**California Asks Residents To Avoid Charging Electric Vehicles Due To Blackout Risk Days After Unveiling New Gas Car Ban**

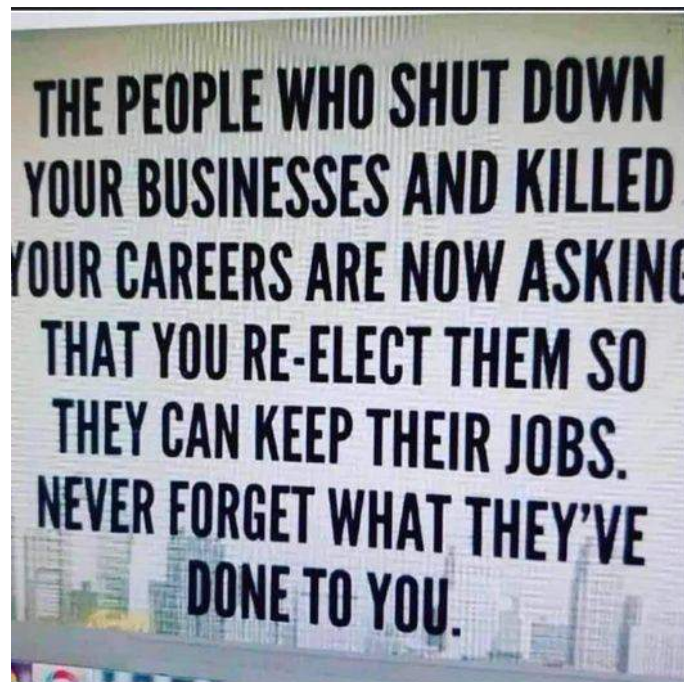


What you can be certain of when you read these words is that, unlike many publications, this one is uncensored, untouchable by the villains from above. It is too small to ruffle the Eye. But, like an acorn, it can grow.

There are other Contributors regularly included here. Personally, I do not always agree with their opinions. But I respect them so, naturally, respect their right to hold their own opinion too. They will often appear here, uncensored, unedited.

That is democracy.

\* \* \* \* \*



Dear Little Brother,

I consider myself blessed to have you as an ally in the freedom fight. Your partnership in the life-saving efforts of AFLDS has been invaluable, enabling us to overcome relentless censorship and malicious attacks. Those attacks continue, with recent rumors and slanderous accusations threatening once again to undermine the medical freedom and civil liberties mandate of AFLDS. What is happening this time, exactly?

Continued on page 29



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

### *Accused.*

First, they accused AFLDS doctors who gathered in front of the US Supreme Court of “mis-information.” Google/YouTube and Facebook censored our first blockbuster Press Conference (20 million views in 8 hours) after President Trump encouraged Americans to watch it.

- They were wrong. We stood by what we said, and now the facts have revealed that **our prescription for early treatment of COVID-19 was the right one.**

Then they accused us of profiteering on the sale of Ivermectin.

- **That was untrue.** AFLDS shared resources with patients to help them find independent tele-medicine doctors who would help them. **We were never in the telemedicine business**—our mission was defending your civil liberties.

After that, the media alleged that AFLDS incurred a data breach and exposed your personal medical information to strangers.

- That was **also untrue, 100% fake news.** They literally made that story up.

As if that wasn't enough, I then found a federal judge in Washington DC accusing me of profiting from my “crimes” on January 6 and “failing to show remorse” for 5 police officers “who died that day.”

- Exactly ZERO police officers or any government personnel died on January 6, and my only crime was exercising my First Amendment rights as I peacefully delivered my prearranged, permitted speech on medical and constitutional freedoms.

Nevertheless, the judge slammed me with an unprecedented 60-day sentence in a maximum-security federal prison—this, for a first offense non-violent misdemeanor. The Jan 6 accusations are both absurd and patently political, as I shared

recently with Tucker Carlson on the Fox Nation show Tucker Carlson Today. I encourage you to watch "Covid Insurrectionist" that just aired this month.

Upon my return from prison, I was yet again faced with fraudulent accusations, this time from someone within America's Frontline Doctors.

I've been accused of misusing funds—funds you have entrusted us with to utilize on your behalf. I want you to know this allegation is infuriating to me and our entire team here at AFLDS. I also want you to know this allegation, like the others, **is untrue.**

There is nothing more important to me than ethics and I work tirelessly to ensure our actions are always carried out with complete integrity.

Unfortunately, the quip "a lie is halfway 'round the world before the truth has put on its boots" applies here. Because the person fomenting these falsehoods chose to weaponize them against me, we've been forced to litigate the matter, which restricts what we are able to share publicly. The process is just beginning, although we had a small yet meaningful victory at the opening hearing when a federal district court judge denied my accuser's attempts to block me from continuing my work as the President and chief spokesperson for AFLDS.

With the help of several reputable attorneys, **I filed a thorough rebuttal to every single allegation made against me personally and the organization regarding the misuse of donor funds and any other charges.**

In the midst of this all, I am proceeding with the mission of America's Frontline Doctors, with the full strength of our amazing AFLDS team behind me; dozens of patriotic freedom fighters that are not driven by fame, nor distracted by fortune, but are dedicated to one cause: truth and righteousness.

And we will succeed as we always have—by faith and action.

**>> Scripture:** Joshua 1:9 reminds us "Have I not commanded you? Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid, do not be discouraged, for the Lord your

*Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 29*

>> **Drain The Science Swamp:** AFLDS will continue our work to expose the CDC and FDA corruption and "Drain The Science Swamp." We have bold plans for 2023—including the launch of prestigious symposia events and a new medical journal of true integrity, and the continued deployment of GoldCare™, a replacement for the current Medical Marxism of the Government-controlled Insurance Company Cartel.

Finally, I want to say thank you for your prayers, your financial and volunteer support, and your courage to stand with me and all of our Frontline Doctors and team members.

Despite the constant accusations against us, we are pushing forward with our uncompromising agenda to save medicine and science, preserve Free Speech and civil liberties, and advocate for the American people.

For Liberty,

*Simone Gold, MD, JD*

Simone Gold, MD, JD  
Founder

America's Frontline Doctors

The Trusted Name for Independent Information

P.S. -- We routinely perform standard procedures for 501(c)(3) organizations to ensure legal and financial compliance, with documentation that is made publicly available according to U.S. rules and regulations. This will continue unabated with complete transparency

FROM EFFROSYNI MOSCHOUDI'S PRIVATE FACEBOOK PAGE:

<https://www.facebook.com/efrosini.moschoudi>



No. The children of these stars aren't gay... This is just what the media tell you. To hide the truth. Remember what I said? That the elites, the celebs, and most of the prominent figures from all walks of life, they're all in the same satanic cult? Their god is Baphomet, a hermaphrodite goat. Read the caption on the image at the bottom to see the real reason why the celebs cross-dress their kids.





Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 30

What do we have here? Look closely. The caption in this old photo says Jamie (Lee) Curtis, the child of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, is a BOY! I told you what happens when you're in a satanic cult and you refuse to sacrifice your child when the church demands it, right? Their god is Baphomet. A hermaphrodite goat. They have to honour the goat in some other way. By changing their child's sex. And now, the satanists in power are pushing transgenderism to the masses. They're prepping us for the one world government they want to usher in, and their master god, Satan. So we think, 'Satan. That's cool! It's wicked! Hell yeah!' That's what the incessant indoctrination has got us to. To think of evil as cool! Just look at the ridiculous shit show that is wokism. Just look at how they are confusing the children, sexualizing them even at school, as if the disgusting Disney stuff isn't enough, doing great damage to the children's minds from when they're small and can't even read yet. In America, some parents take their children after school and drive them to 'Satanic school'! No kidding! Look it up! And what about the music industry? Demons everywhere. Pyramids, one-eye symbolism. And now it's even in the TV adverts. Even the blind can see it by now. We're in a nest of vipers. Satanism is upping the ante. The people of God need to do it too. There's no other way. Speak up. Defend your faith and your fellow humans. The damage they seek to do means the end of the human race.

The 'sons of God' descended on Earth in the beginning of time. Demonic beings who mated with human women and created the giants 'Nephilim' - demonic-human hybrids. This is recorded in Genesis in the Bible and also in the Book of Enoch. And, what do you know? I just found out these coins actually exist. I used google and it checks out. This is solid proof (if the gospels aren't enough!) that demons once came here and walked among us and the powers that be know this - enough to put them in coins across the centuries to honor them. Put that in your mind and mull it over for a bit... If evil once existed in this pure form on earth and the powers that be know about it, unlike the common man, doesn't it make sense then that the powers that be hide it from us for a reason? Why is that? Could it be that they are their very DESCENDANTS???

Yes, that's what I am saying. Read the book of Enoch. God tried to wipe out the Nephilim from the earth, even created a cataclysm to do it, but it wasn't enough. So evil still exists on Earth to this day and it is real. These demonic hybrids may look like us after millennia of cross-breeding with humans but demonic hybrids they remain at their soul level and their religious practices of devouring human flesh and drinking human blood. They are not human, and they will never be. And now, humanity is awake at last. The days of evil on earth are over. When the whole world hears about them and what they have done to us, their demonic reign upon the earth will finally end.



*Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 31*

A nerd who made computer software, then made a computer virus, then a computer anti-virus... and then all of a sudden he is an 'expert' on human viruses and antiviruses (vaccines) too!!?? Hm. Something's not right here... But if you take under consideration the fact that his father was a well-known eugenicist and that good old Billy now basically owns the WHO, you start to connect the dots...



A question for you:  
How would you react if you checked your bank account and found the balance to be zero?  
Please read this very important message. It will tell you why this may happen and why you do NOT need to panic.... Today, I'd like to speak to you about CBDC (Central Bank

Digital Currency). Our governments are pushing this as the powers that be want utter control of our money-spending. We need to say no to CBDC. To accept it means to lose our right to spend our money as we choose. With CBDC, we won't be able to buy even a bag of crisps unless we're being 'good kids', doing what we're told. And they'll be limiting our money-spending to 50 Pounds (Euros/Dollars) per transaction!

Let me ask you something: How will you buy a flight with 50 Pounds? How will you book a hotel for your holiday with 50 Pounds? How will you pay for your child's tuition with 50 pounds? Do you get it now? They want you at home. Not travelling, not living. They want you fully jabbed with clot shots, locked down, and eating crickets. But all their plans have failed so far. Their new push is the CBDC. And they have nowhere to go if we say no. Their stupid CBDC system is not even Basil-compliant. It's set to fail anyway.

The existing and corrupt banking/financial systems will crash soon. They need to go because they were especially designed and set up by the elites to keep the world in poverty while they lined their own pockets. Get some cash out to last you for a few days, while it all resets to the QFS - our new Quantum Financial system that is being set up by good people who want Humanity to prosper.

During the short downtime (about 10 days - max 30 or so), the ATMs will not work. Neither will our cards. Please note: If you have anything valuable in a deposit box in a bank, don't just hurry, RUN and get it out. If you leave anything valuable in a deposit box you will lose it with every certainty when the banks go bust. Only your money is safe and guaranteed in the bank.

Please note: When your bank account shows zero in the balance, it won't be true. Your bank transactions are already being mirrored on the new (gold-backed) financial system, the QFS (quantum), that's running in the background. It's ready to take over when the corrupt banking system crumbles. Your money is safe in the bank. Remember that.

The internet and the telephone communications will crash too. In my free book I am sharing the only app that will work on your phone so you can contact other people during the downtime. And the internet needs to go too, so that Starlink can take over, our new free internet. Be prepared for it all so you don't panic. We have mighty protectors out there who are fully in control and are working to make this a smooth transition for us, as much as possible.

I told you many times before. The militaries of the world united years ago and have been raging war against the elites that have been running the world, treating us like cattle and cash cows and plaguing us with war, poverty and disease. That's why I am speaking out, so you can stay in hope and in peace while this secret reset to prosperity and freedom is still underway. The elites are trying to keep control but failing. They use the media to make it look like doom and gloom for the world when it's anything but. The real world news is good for us. It's only bad for them and only them.

*Continued on page 33*



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

So here is the gist of my message again: Say no to CBDC when you're offered it (they'll try to entice you with free money to join. Do not fall for it!). Keep some cash at home. Get some food to last you for 10-30 days. Always have some petrol in the car for emergencies. During the short downtime, the military will require everyone at home to keep us safe. So be prepared for all that. Do not suffer needlessly with fear and panic. I don't know how many times I've warned you of all this since 2021. When the crash comes, if you're prepared, you won't suffer. And if you have trouble believing me, where is the harm in preparing anyway to be safe? It's better than regretting it when it's too late...

May God bless you with open eyes and ears. The truth makes sense. The elites' lies on the corrupt media never do.

Disclaimer: I am not a financial advisor or expert. I just share my understanding from my research as an everyday person, and I've made my own decisions re my finances based on that. I hope the information I shared helps you make your own.



**Download Effrosyni's FREE book, "Calm Through the Storm".**

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<https://effrosyniwrites.com/food-for-thought/>

**For more eye-opening truths:**

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<https://www.facebook.com/groups/freebrothersandsisters>

**Join her Telegram channel, 'Truth Freedom Justice 5d:**

<https://t.me/TruthFreedomJustice5D>



# The Way Things Were and Are



*A special time with Clan Dickinson*



*John Christie in Peterborough*



*Day of the Degenerates*



*At Athens zoo*



*John's favourit tippie*



*The Way Things Were and Are - Continued from page 34*



*Lucy was a great hostess*

<



*Peter in London*



*Remembering Paul Fennell*



*This is Giorgos, Grandfather to Varna and Giorgos*



*The Editor lived here in 1950*

*A fascinating undated photo showing tram lines being removed in Windmill Street, Gravesend, Kent.*

*I showed this photo to the late local historian Tony Larkin several years ago and he thought it was late 40's or early 50's. I agree with him.*

*The little lock up greengrocers is seen on the left and Loft's tobacconists on the right.*

# Video Plus Corner

## Liberland

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L3cyJL\\_7Gsk](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L3cyJL_7Gsk)

How 1 Man Survived Being Lost 438 Days at Sea  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vKMNZyJRhBg>

## From Cape to Cairo by bike Solo.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KDOhQ-hyI5w>

## The Electricity Scam

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R3bo-s\\_OY4Q](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R3bo-s_OY4Q)

## The Terrifying Wreck of the S.S. Atlantic

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1w4U4vwCS8o>

Why is the Citroen DS the greatest car ever made?  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=f4c22rfVXDM>

## Apache Prisoner

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9QFraau6MTI>

## Radical Simplicity in Japan

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z9k5vsXl2PM>

## High & Low Weather Summary for May 2023



*A typical day for this May*

*The coolest May I have witnessed here in more than 30 years.*

*Obviously Global Warming.*

	Temperature	Humidity	Pressure
<b>High</b>	27 °C	100%	1021 mbar
<b>Low</b>	12 °C	44%	1003 mbar
Average	19 °C	80%	1013 mbar

\* Reported 1 May 00:20 — 26 May 02:20, Corfu. Weather by Custom Weather, © 2023

[More about our weather records](#)

Note: Actual official high and low records may vary slightly from our data, if they occurred in-between our weather recording intervals... [More about our weather records](#)

Something a bit different. Because our weather brethren have remained rain shy, go to this link and you can get detailed results for the whole month, including the wetness.

<https://www.timeanddate.com/weather/@2463678/historic?month=5&year=2023>

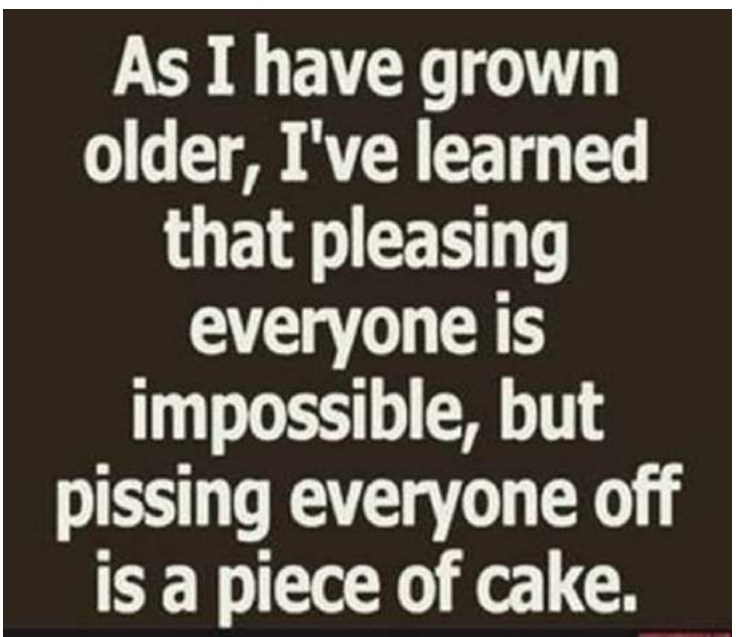


# Gooners Gags

This joke is from my dear friend Mike Butcher.

I bear absolutely no responsibility and will ignore any irate complaints that may arrive!

*'It has recently been announced that 25% of women are on medication for some form of mental disorder. The scary thing is the other 75% are on no medication whatsoever.'*

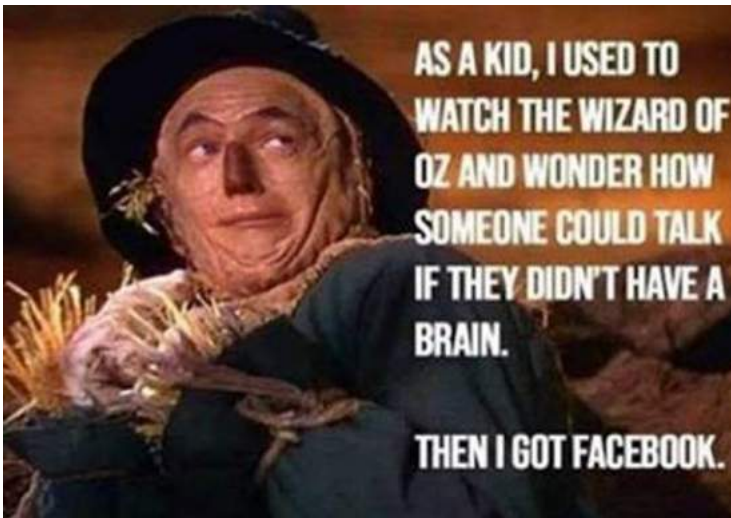
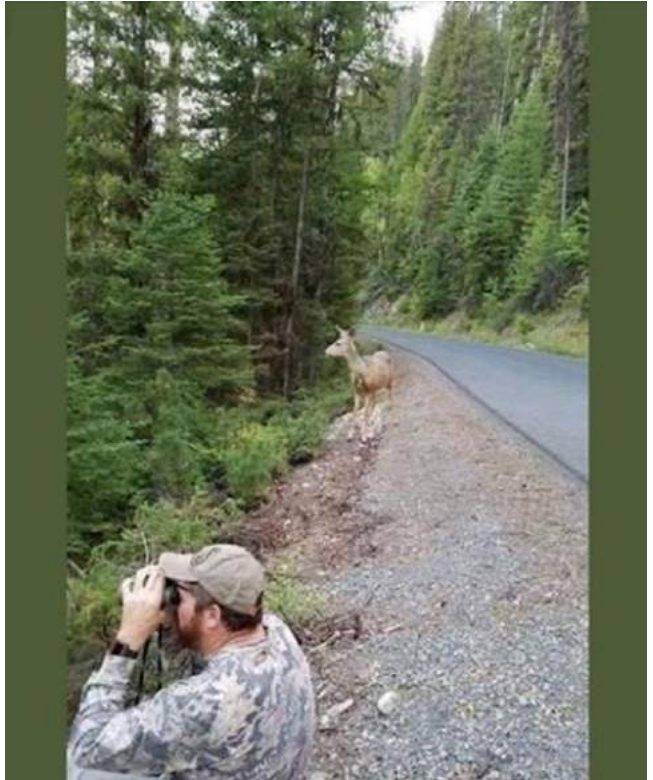




Gooners Gags - Continued from page 37

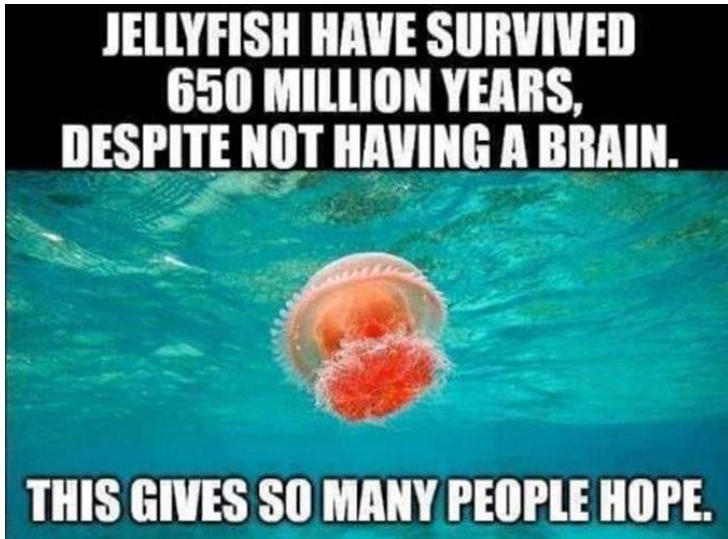


**By replacing your morning coffee with green tea, you can lose up to 87% of what little joy you still have left in your life.**



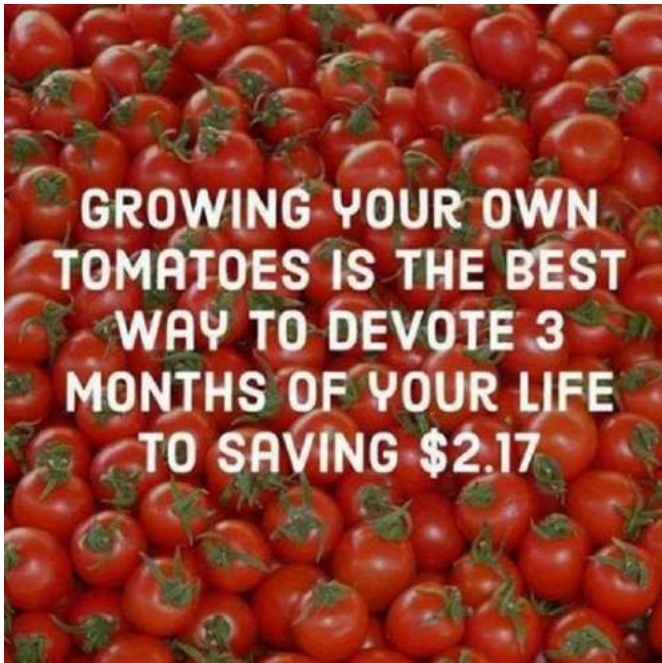


*Gooners Gags* - Continued from page 38



The cashier told me "Strip  
Down Facing Me".

By the time I realized they  
meant the debit card, it  
was too late.



I was visiting my DAUGHTER last night  
when I  
asked if I could borrow a newspaper.

"This is the 21st century" she said. "We  
don't waste  
money on newspapers. Here, use my  
iPad."

I can tell you this... that fly never knew  
what hit him...

*Gooners Gags* - Continued from page 39



Be honest, if people heard what you are thinking half of the time, you would either be in jail or a mental hospital.



*A burglar enters a house, and shines his torch. He hears a voice: 'Jesus is watching you.' This makes him jump, so he switches off his torch. A few seconds later, he switches it on again, and hears the same voice: 'Jesus is watching you.' He flashes his torch across the room, and spots a parrot. He asks, 'Was that you?' 'Yes,' answers the parrot. 'Who do you think you are, scaring me like that?' exclaims the burglar. 'I'm Moses,' says the parrot. 'What sort of people would call their parrot Moses?' the burglar replies. Says the parrot, 'The same ones that call their Rottweiler Jesus.'*



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Jonas Jonasson Paperback – 9 July 2015


by [Jonas Jonasson](#) (Author)

[4.3 out of 5 stars 52,602 ratings](#)

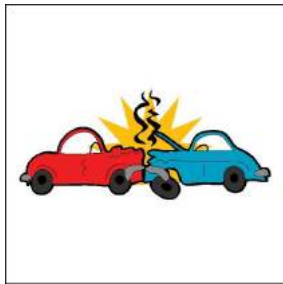
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Sitting quietly in his room in an old people's home, Allan Karlsson is waiting for a party he doesn't want to begin. His one-hundredth birthday party to be precise. The Mayor will be there. The press will be there. But, as it turns out, Allan will not . . .

Escaping (in his slippers) through his bedroom window, into the flowerbed, Allan makes his getaway. And so begins his picaresque and unlikely journey involving criminals, several murders, a suitcase full of cash, and incompetent police. As his escapades unfold, Allan's earlier life is revealed. A life in which - remarkably - he played a key role behind the scenes in some of the momentous events of the twentieth century.

Translated by Roy Bradbury.

# Holy Trinity Church



We continue to meet for prayer during the week on zoom on Wednesdays and Fridays at 9.00 am and at 7 pm on Wednesdays for the ongoing vigil for the war in Ukraine. We pray in person together on Fridays at 9.30.



Our vigils for Ukraine continue this week on Wednesday evening at 7.00 pm. Jackie will be leading us as we continue to pray for peace and all those suffering through this war.



The delivery of fresh veg to the Red Cross is happening weekly again, so if you are able to support this please do.



I would like to encourage us all to take the time to go through several courses that are available on line which seek to increase our awareness of what we can do to keep each other and our visitors safe in and around church.

The courses are [here](#) and we can set up an individual account and undertake the training for free. Please do let me know if you need any help.

<p><b>Zoom link for Sunday Worship and all services:</b></p>	<p><b><i>Join the live stream of the service on Zoom</i></b></p> <p><a href="https://us02web.zoom.us/j/4037052260">https://us02web.zoom.us/j/4037052260</a></p> <p>Meeting ID: 403 705 2260 Passcode: 4444</p>
--	--

### Feedback and help

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.

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](mailto:julesjwilson@gmail.com)  
[www.holytrinitycorfu.net/](http://www.holytrinitycorfu.net/)





## British Indian Restaurant Curry Sauces available for purchase

All sauces and Naan bread dough can be frozen on day of purchase for use on a later date.

### All sauces serve 2 people

If you are interested in purchasing any of the following sauces, please PM me.

- |                                       |         |   |         |
|---------------------------------------|---------|---|---------|
| - Murgh (Chicken) Curry Sauce         | - €7.00 | Aloo Curry Sauce  | - €2.50 |
| - Jalfrezi Curry                      | - €7.00 | - (Aloo Curry sauce will do approx. 500g of parboiled potatoes to make Bombay Aloo or you can reduce your potato quantity and add either cauliflower to make Aloo Gobi or Spinach to make Sagaloo.) |         |
| - Garlic Chilli (Chicken) Curry Sauce | - €7.00 | Naan Bread Dough  | - €2.00 |
| - Bhuna Curry Sauce                   | - €7.00 | - (Naan Bread Dough comes as 1 dough ball which will do 2 x Naans. (I have done a video to show the best way to cook the Naans so please check out my videos on my FB page))                        |         |
| - Korma Curry Sauce                   | - €7.50 | Mel's Tikka Spice Mix   | - €0.60 |
| - Vegetable Curry Sauce               | - €7.00 | - Mix does approx. 800g of Meat (see back of packet for Instructions)   |         |
| - Tikka Masala Curry Sauce            | - €7.50 |   |         |
| - Dhal Curry                          | - €7.00 |   |         |
| - Madras Curry Sauce                  | - €7.00 |   |         |
| - Methi (Chicken) Curry Sauce         | - €7.00 |   |         |
| - Onion Bhaji (each)                  | - €0.60 |   |         |

To Order please message me via my FB Page:

<https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100065493210125>

PLEASE IF YOU HAVE ANY ALLERGIES CONTACT ME PRIOR TO PLACING AN ORDER TO CONFIRM IF THE SAUCE YOU WANT CONTAINS ANYTHING YOU ARE ALLERGIC TOO.

All my sauces are suitable for Vegetarians.



## Βρετανικές ινδικές σάλτσες κάρυ εστιατορίου διαθέσιμες για αγορά

Όλες οι σάλτσες και η ζύμη ψωμιού Naan μπορούν να καταψυχθούν την ημέρα της αγοράς για χρήση σε μεταγενέστερη ημερομηνία.

### Όλες οι σάλτσες εξυπηρετούν 2 άτομα

Εάν ενδιαφέρεστε να αγοράσετε οποιαδήποτε από τις ακόλουθες σάλτσες, παρακαλώ PM μου.

- |  |         |                                    |         |  |
|--|---------|------------------------------------|---------|--|
| - Murgh (Κοτόπουλο) Σάλτσα Κάρυ        | - €7.00 | - Aloo Σάλτσα Κάρυ                 | - €2.50 | - (Η σάλτσα Aloo Curry θα κάνει περίπου 500 γραμμάρια πατάτες parboiled για να φτιάξετε Bombay Aloo ή μπορείτε να μειώσετε την ποσότητα της πατάτας σας και να προσθέσετε είτε κουνουπίδι για να φτιάξετε Aloo Gobi είτε σπανάκι για να φτιάξετε Sagaloo.) |
| - Τζαλφρέζι Κάρυ                       | - €7.00 | Ζύμη ψωμιού Naan                   | - €2.00 | - (Η ζύμη ψωμιού Naan έρχεται ως 1 μπάλα ζύμης που θα κάνει 2 x Naans. (Έχω κάνει ένα βίντεο για να δείξει τον καλύτερο τρόπο για να μαγειρέψουν το Naans γι' αυτό παρακαλώ δείτε τα βίντεό μου στη σελίδα FB μου))  |
| - Σκόρδο τσίλι (κοτόπουλο) σάλτσα κάρυ | - €7.00 | Το μείγμα μπαχαρικών Tikka της Μελ | - €0.60 | - Το mix κάνει περίπου 800g κρέατος (δείτε το πίσω μέρος της συσκευασίας για οδηγίες)  |
| - Σάλτσα κάρυ Bhuna                    | - €7.00 |                                    |         |  |
| - Σάλτσα κάρυ Κόρμα                    | - €7.50 |                                    |         |  |
| - Σάλτσα κάρυ λαχανικών                | - €7.00 |                                    |         |  |
| - Σάλτσα κάρυ Τίκα Μασάλα              | - €7.50 |                                    |         |  |
| - Νταλ Κάρυ                            | - €7.00 |                                    |         |  |
| - Σάλτσα κάρυ Μαντράς                  | - €7.00 |                                    |         |  |
| - Σάλτσα κάρυ Methi (Κοτόπουλο)        | - €7.00 |                                    |         |  |
| - Κρεμμύδι Μπάτζι (καθένας)            | - €0.60 |                                    |         |  |

Για να παραγγείλετε παρακαλώ στείλτε μου μήνυμα μέσω της σελίδας μου στο FB: <https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100065493210125>

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Όλες οι σάλτσες μου είναι κατάλληλες για χορτοφάγους

# HORSES FOR COURSES



*Young children very  
welcome*

There is a relatively new riding school in the Varypatades valley.

Anna and her staff are very friendly and professional.

If you are in Central Corfu and you are interested in your children learning to ride obedient horses, look no further than the box below.

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# The 100+ Club



*ED: - This statement is one of many that emanate from the 100+ Group, who regularly support and assist, both practically and financially, many of the less fortunate across our island. Their membership has now almost reached 150. Why don't you do your bit and join something as worthwhile as this surely is? And it's fun too!*

Recently, we were able to provide a selection of items to the value of 200 euros, including printer inks & toners plus speakers to help with the education given to approximately 50 pupils at the High School in Kefalomanduoko, who's ages range from between 12 to 18 years old. The pupils come daily from all over the island as this is the only school of its type in Corfu.

We were thanked for all our support by the principal George Amorides.

The Special Vocational School moved recently to the new and significantly improved premises from the old Kato Korakiana building.

There are 18 teachers as class sizes are kept small to cover any special needs, but as might be expected the demand for places is much more than can currently be accommodated.

Whilst being government funded, additional help is always appreciated, and the school actively looks at links with others to introduce and normalise the educational experience of the pupils.

There is the opportunity for the children to have physical/computer/artistic lessons in line with any full curriculum learning in mainstream schools.

We hope/plan to continue with 100 Club support in the future. If a group of members would ever like to visit the school, this can be arranged.

©The 100+ Club Corfu.

# EFFROSYNI MOSCHOUDI



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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From This to This

Chil's 1<sup>st</sup> Drawing

From This to This

Chil's Drawing





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**Tel: 26610 36995 or Email: info@ecopoint.gr.**

### **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.



**Papyrus in Triklino**

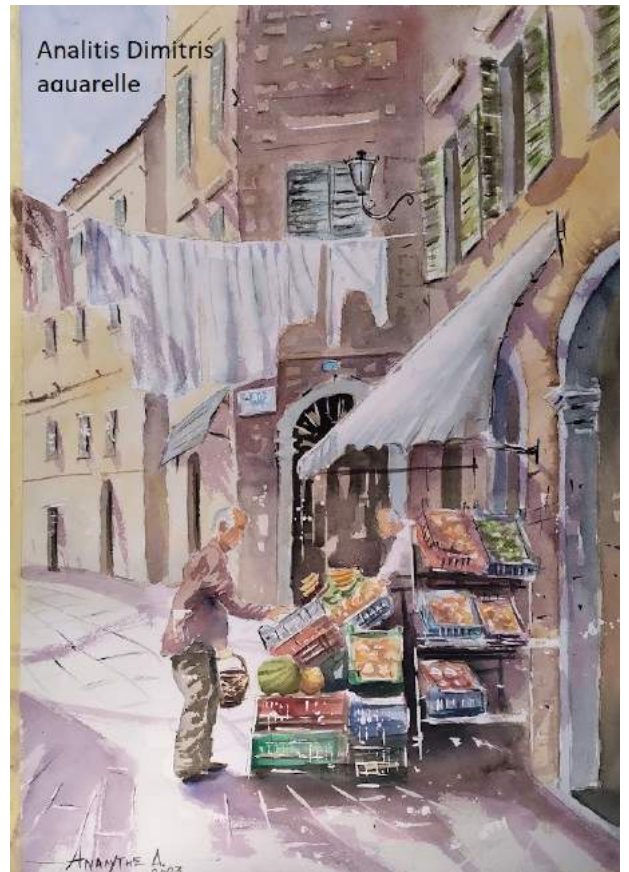


**Hard worker**

Owners Manthos and Joanna are both very courteous and obliging.  
**Car park outside. - Here is a map. - Give it a try!**



Friendly bar for younger dudes  
right in our village



Analitis Dimitris  
aquarelle

ANANTHE A  
2023