

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

Tel: (0030) 6974932408

# The Agiot

167th Edition

## This Month

Cover Photo

Page 1

Gooners Gags

Pages 2-4

Hilary's Ramblings

Pages 5-6

Di's Corner - A Eulogy

Page 7

An English-woman Sergeant...

Pages 8-10

Ocay Property Management &amp; Holiday Rentals

Pages 11-13

Poetry Corner

Page 13

Advertising

Pages 14-18

Aunty Lula's Lovebites

Page 19

Video Plus Corner

Page 19

Weather.

Page 20

The World of Simon

Page 21

Letters to the Editor

Pages 22-23

Village and Island News

Pages 24-27

When Nitsa was Young Chapter 2

Pages 28-29

Hishashi Ouchi

Page 29

Agiotfest

Page 29

The Way Things Were and Are

Page 30

Nature

Pages 31-34

Little Brother is Watching You.

Pages 34-36

Nick the Clock's World

Pages 37-42



## Our Panygeri

# Gooners Gags



My doctor said now that I'm older I need to install a bar in the shower



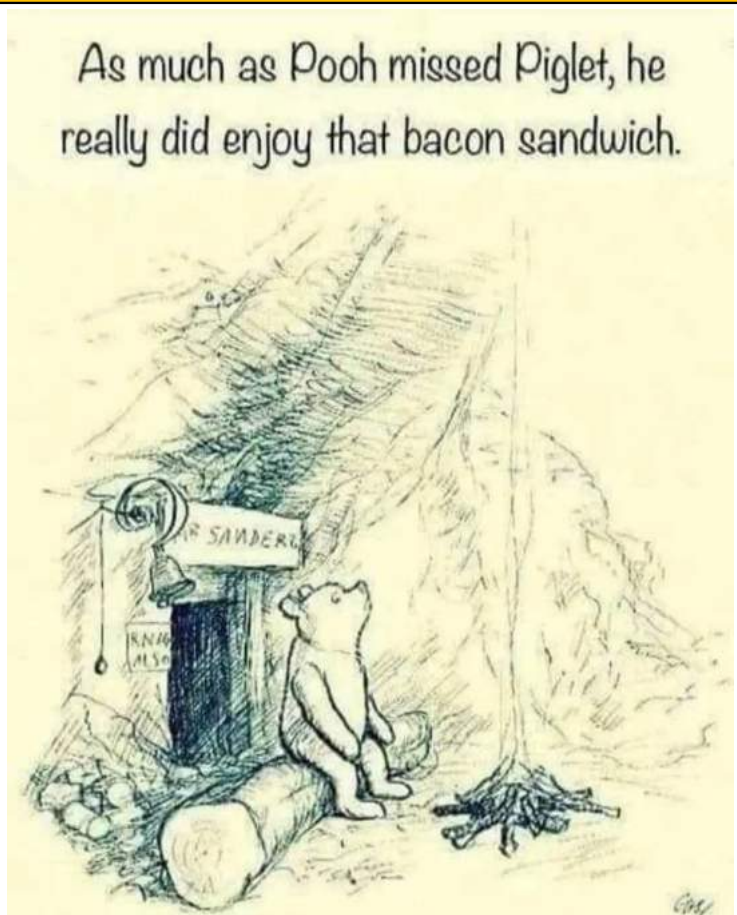
*Just reading about a cheese factory in France exploding, there's da brie everywhere.*



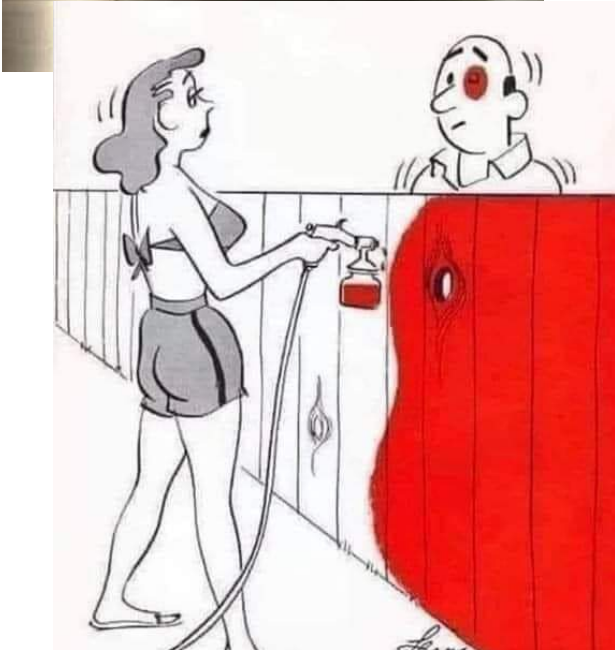
**My Da put vodka in the lawnmower because petrol is too dear. Now the grass is half cut 😞**



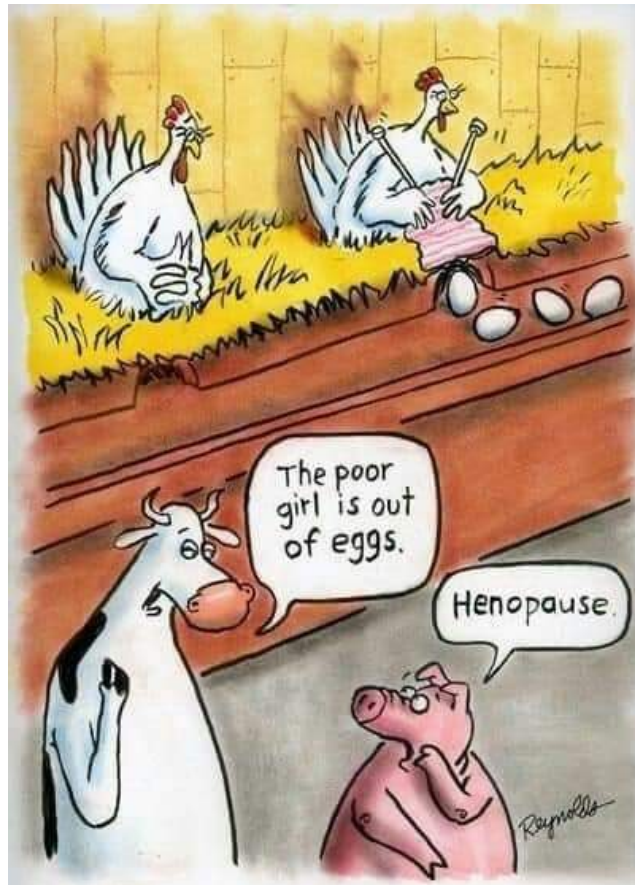
Gooners Gags - Continued from page 2



As much as Pooh missed Piglet, he really did enjoy that bacon sandwich.



*Gooners Gags* - Continued from page 3



## POLITICS

A little boy goes to his dad and asks, 'What is Politics?'

Dad says, 'I am the head of the family, so call me The Prime Minister.

Your mother is the administrator of the money, so we call her the Government.

We are here to take care of your needs, so we will call you the People.

The nanny, we will consider her the Working Class.

And your baby brother, we will call him the Future.

Now think about that and see if it makes sense.'

So the little boy goes off to bed thinking about what Dad has said.

He finds that the baby has severely soiled his nappy.

So the little boy goes to his parent's room and finds his mother asleep.

Not wanting to wake her, he goes to the nanny's room.

Finding the door locked, he peeks in the keyhole and sees his father in bed with the nanny..

He gives up and goes back to bed.

The next morning, the little boy says to his father, 'Dad, I think I understand the concept of politics now. '

The father says, 'Good, son, tell me in your own words

what you think politics is all about.'

The little boy replies, 'The Prime Minister is screwing the Working Class while the Government is sound asleep.

The People are being ignored and the Future is in deep shit.'

# Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti



## The Reptiles Return!

IN THE SHORT GRASS OF THE TRACK LEADING TO MY GATE, a movement caught my eye. Whatever it was, it didn't scuttle like a spider, nor did it proceed in a clockwork manner like a beetle. It crawled. I bent down to investigate, and discovered a tiny frog, hardly bigger than a thumbnail. I presumed it was lately out of tadpole-hood.

Without having to search, I have also spotted numerous tortoises this spring, from newly hatched ones only a little over an inch in length, to a couple of whoppers. Toads are also out in force, though I usually only see them when squashed on the road.

Growing populations of wildlife indicate that the environment is less tainted than in the past. The pollution came mostly from the indiscriminate aerial spraying of the island's olive trees with an organophosphate insecticide called Lebaycid (active ingredient Fenthion), which took place over several years to the detriment of nature. Reptiles and amphibians were particularly impacted.

Lebaycid, as its name may suggest, was made by the German chemical giant Bayer. Unfortunately for Bayer, regulators had banned its use in the EU. What to do with remaining stocks? Germany has a template for that: Find a corrupt official in a dodgy administration, and pass them a big bribe to nod your product through. It's only taxpayers' money, after all, and who cares if it's illegal. And so, we were sprayed, with a dire cost to the human population of Corfu as well as to the island's wildlife.

Some years ago, campaigners managed to stop the spraying, and the poison has been working its way out of the system ever since. As a result, we are witnessing a swell in fauna populations, from moles and martens, frogs and toads, butterflies and dragonflies, to apex predators such as raptors.

If Bayer still possessed stocks of Lebaycid after Corfu rejected it, I bet some poor country in Africa got the bribe and the poison in our place.

-----

I HAVE WRITTEN BEFORE ABOUT HOW THE CORFIOTS pounce into action when something needs doing in the community, rather than waiting for officialdom to step in, as in the UK. So, when a tree falls on the road, or heavy rainfall causes a landslip, they quickly step up with chainsaw or digger. A couple of months ago, I compared these exploits to similar events in my old North of England village, writing: 'heavy rain caused a ruined house to collapse onto (half) the village street, the main artery for the couple of thousand residents to access the large nearby city. This was half way through January. Though it looks to me like a Corfu digger could have sorted this by lunchtime, while someone controlled the traffic, the road remained closed for over a month.'

Well, perhaps someone took the hint. Near the Cornish hamlet of Lostwithiel (which sounds like a Tolkienesque Elven kingdom) a huge crater was preventing traffic from using a short-cut lane, forcing locals into a circuitous deviation while the council ignored the problem. But on the day the world was watching the Coronation, an anonymous vigilante did some DIY repairs, just as our neighbours in Corfu would have done. Instead of thanking the benefactor, furious bosses from Cornwall Highways said the work had been done 'without consent' and launched a manhunt, urging the local community to turn the perpetrator in. They also threatened to keep the road closure in force for longer to punish the community for harbouring someone with initiative.

I wonder what our local action men would say if a Corfu council tried to play the same game.



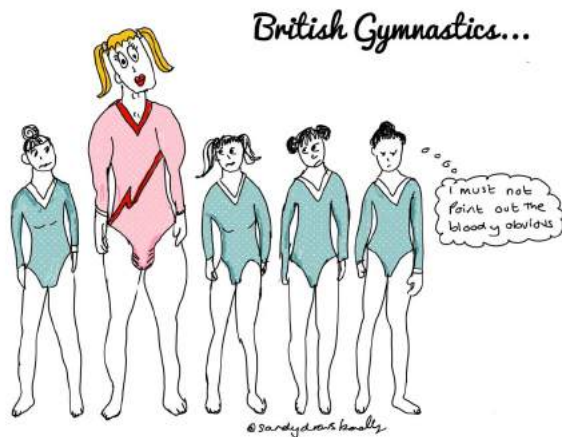
Continued on page 6

*Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from page 5*

AS WOKE TRANSGENDER-SUPPORTING FIENDS continue to push their agenda, 'cancelling' anyone who disagrees with their irrational opinion, a pushback has started. This is coming mainly against the trans lobby's single-minded and warped insistence that biological males should be allowed to compete with biological women in sporting events, insisting that it is 'fair'.

As a Sports Science graduate, with qualifications in physiology, I have one name to put forward in rebuttal: Sonia Lannaman.

Most of you won't remember, but she (SHE!) was an Olympic sprinter, maybe Britain's best ever, who won medals in major championships during the 1970s. At one point, she was rated the second best 100 metres runner in the world; top rated was an East German cheat who only became the world's 'best' due to her country's drug programme\*.



One day, our sports course hosted Sonia for a talk. Afterwards, she was going to showcase her skills on the track, running against the best male sprinters of our establishment. We girls rubbed our hands in glee - we would soon see our fellow male students, arrogant as always, put in their place. Sonia, after all, was the second best in the world, while they would probably struggle to reach the final of an inter-university competition, never mind a national one.

We were shocked and disappointed when Sonia trailed in, tailed off behind the lads. This loaded race was a lesson that a top sportsWOMAN cannot beat even an average sportsMAN in disciplines that require speed and strength. It's a lesson that should be rammed down the throat of every activist and cancelist who claims it is 'fair' to allow trans 'women' to compete in female sporting events.

\* In their well-documented and acknowledged doping scheme, the East Germans got it right in the theory, if not in the practice. From an early age, specially selected female athletes were forced to take anabolic steroids (supplements that force the female body to produce the male hormone testosterone) to MAKE THEM MORE LIKE

MEN. Because the male characteristic provided by testosterone (harder bone, bigger muscle) gave them an edge, just as a growing up as a male gives trans women an unfair competitive advantage.



ONLY A VERY FEW YEARS AGO, everyone mocked North Korea's nominal dictator Kim Jong-Un's hairstyle - buzz-cut above the ears and around the back of the head, with a high-rise, oily pompadour on top. Truly ridiculous! Now all the boys want one.



This ugly trend has become increasingly evident in the past few weeks; it's the direct opposite of male pattern baldness. Head shaven up to the 'hat line', with something resembling a floor-mop on top: remaining hair directed forward, often with curls falling over the eyes. Sometimes, walking behind one of these misguided creatures, the mop is so high and gel-stiff that it looks like the person is a bald man wearing a Greek Orthodox priest's chimney hat. Do they know how daft they look?

Bring back the 'Sakis Rouvas' haircut (named after the famous singer/actor/presenter): Slightly long on the neck, neatly cut around the edges, and with a floppy fringe. All the Liston waiters wore this 20 years ago.

Do the silly ones think they are imitating some boy-band that I am totally unaware of? They aren't. They look like the joke fat-boy dictator. They are the joke.

# Di's corner

(a small eulogy for Di Carden) by Paul McGovern, Edirtor

Sweet Di,



You left us far too soon. So much you achieved in your shortened life, so much fun you had, so much love you gave to Steve and Joe and Teddy and Georgie.

For your friends you always had time, no matter how busy you were.

We met you in 2009. A meeting in Pelekas proved pivotal, as we explored the beauties of South Corfu together, and you fell in love with the little paradise of Agios Nikolaos, Petriti and Notos.

The square, concrete slab you bought at Agios Nikolaos turned into your beautiful dream of MouseHouse, which you garnered with high taste and comfort.



Many times, you stayed there, a blissful bolt hole from your busy lives in the north of England. And it was to this unique little corner that you brought a host of friends and family down the years.



Your kind spirit brought life and love to us all.

Goodbye true and wise friend, safe journey into your new realm.

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

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 present the third and final extract from the book (not under copyright).



The companies used to take turns at working at the port for about three weeks, and when our turn came the men were very pleased, as they much preferred it to doing drill, and they were able to occasionally get into the town also. We were camped about a mile and a half outside the town, but I thought it was the nastiest camp that I had ever been in - a very small crowded piece of ground with no shade, so that when the weather was hot, we were perfectly roasted, and when it was wet, when you tried to climb up the narrow steep path to it, you slipped back two steps for one you went up, in the thick slippery mud.

I gave up my room in town, as our camp was close enough to walk to. I could make myself understood in Serbian by now, though, of course, I made awful mistakes, as it is by far the most difficult language, I have ever come across to learn, there being no books to help one. One can only pick it up by ear: so, it is no wonder if I was occasionally misunderstood.

One day I told my orderly to go and fetch my thick coat, which he would find on a chair in my room, and bring it to me in camp. He duly arrived back about an hour afterwards with the coat and the chair, which he had carried all through the town, and was much discomfited at the howls of laughter with which we all greeted him.



*An English-Woman Sergeant in the Serbia Army - in Corfu - Part two*  
Continued from page 8

I asked him what the landlady had said to his removing her furniture like that, and he confessed that she had made a few remarks, but, as she spoke nothing but Italian and he nothing but Serbian, they passed lightly over his head, and he triumphantly carried out what he had taken to be my orders. He was a capital orderly, always cheerful and willing. One day he told me, in answer to some remark of mine, that as my orderly he would not have to fight. 'Will you fight with us going back to Serbia, like you did in Albania?' he asked. 'Why, of course I shall, Dragoutini,' I said. His face beamed. 'Then I shall go with you and fight beside you,' he declared emphatically.

We went back to our camp in the hills when our three weeks were up, and to our great joy we heard that we were to embark almost immediately for Salonica.

They let us stay a day longer than was intended in order to celebrate the regimental 'Slava Day', which is a great festival, and the whole regiment was en fete for the whole day. The Crown Prince Alexander himself came, and a great many French and English officers and a few ladies.

It was held in a beautiful big, flat glade, just below the camp, with huge big spreading trees. There was a large marquee decorated with all the different flags of the Allies, and everybody had been busy for the last week making paths and generally beautifying the place, and practising for the big march past of the regiment.

We had a variety of talent in our regiment; among others a young student of sculpture. Building four high pillars of clayey mud flanking the path leading to the marquee, he carved on each a beautiful bas-relief. The first one represented a haggard, weary, beaten Serbian soldier going into exile; the next a Serbian soldier re-equipped, holding his new rifle in his hand, his expression full of fierce determination, standing in a striking attitude with his face to the foe again; while on the third was the head of a woman, with a look of patient expectancy on her beautiful face, representing the women who were waiting in Serbia for the return of their sons and husbands to deliver them from the bondage of the hated Austrian-Bulgarian oppressors. They were most striking

figures, and some day that young Serbian soldier will become known as a very great sculptor.

It was an ideal spot for a fete, and we hoped anxiously that the weather, which had looked rather threatening, would hold up. The whole regiment was astir very early, and we were all drawn up under the trees before the guests arrived.

I was talking to the Colonel, when he suddenly asked me where my company was drawn up.

'Just behind the Third,' I replied, pointing over in that direction.

'Well, come over there with me, I want to speak to them,' he said, and we went over, I was wondering what he was going to say, and was more than astonished when I found the surprise in store for me. They all sprang to attention, and then, with me standing by his side, he made them a long speech, which all the other companies round could hear also, and said that he was promoting me to sergeant on that their great regimental 'Slava day'. Generally, you are just promoted, and it is entered in the books in the ordinary way, and it was a very great honour to have a public sort of ceremony like that, especially on such a day. They all shouted 'Jivio' three times for me when he had finished, and, though I felt extremely shy and embarrassed, I was very much pleased.

All the officers in the regiment and great many of the men came up and shook hands with me afterwards, and congratulated me, and the Commander of the battalion sent his orderly off for some spare stars which he had, and fixed my second ones on my shoulders there and then.



*Continued on page 10*

*An English-Woman Sergeant in the Serbia Army - in Corfu -  
Continued from page 9*

Later on, the General of the First Army, who was one of the guests, when he heard I was one of his soldiers, also added congratulations; in fact, I have never in my life had so much handshaking and patting on the back.

Presently the Crown Prince arrived and the rest of the guests. the whole regiment, headed by the band and the regimental flag, marched past him and saluted, and to see these fine healthy fellows, with their swinging stride, you would never have guessed they were the same men who had gone through that terrible retreat in the Albanian mountains and arrived at Corfu in such a deplorable condition two months before.

The guests all sat down to lunch in the big marquee, and after that there were songs, dancing etc. The Crown Prince had to leave early, but he said he would come back later on.

I had invited two of my friends from the English hospital [probably the one at San Stefano near Benitses, site today, 2023, of the Angsara Hotel] and they enjoyed themselves immensely, and we all - guests, officers and men - danced the 'Kolo' and all the other Serbian national dances together until evening.

Later on, there was another big lunch and a great many speeches from the representatives of the English, French and Italian allies. True to his promise Prince Alexander came back later in the afternoon, specially to chat with the soldiers, among whom he walked in the friendliest manner, enquiring after their families, how they had been wounded etc., etc. It was easy to see how popular he is with his Army, and how pleased and proud the men were as they crowded around him.

We kept it up the whole day and late that night after all the guests had gone, in spite of the fact that we should have to be astir very early the next morning, as we were to embark for Salonica.

We had a very hot, dusty tramp down to the embarking stage, and I had very bad luck, as I lost my dog 'Mali', who was a most faithful little brute, though it would be hard to describe his breed. He was a stray who had attached himself to an officer and afterwards been handed over to me, and he was

always at my heels, never quitting me for a moment and sleeping in my tent. Even when I was dancing the previous day, he had nearly upset several people in his anxiety to keep close to me. It was only about half an hour before the boat sailed that I missed him. In the immense crowd of soldiers, he had lost sight of me for a moment, and then could not trace me, and someone eventually told me that they had seen him starting back along the hot, dusty road to camp looking for me, and, as I dared not miss the boat on his account, I had reluctantly to give up the search.

[The soldiers had a rough sail on a 'fine French Transatlantic boat' and safely reached Salonica on Easter Monday.]

The transportation of the Serbian Army from Corfu to Salonica were going on apace, and within a few weeks the whole force was landed without a single casualty. The men were fully equipped down to the very last button - new English khaki uniforms, belts, water-bottles, absolutely everything.

I went home on a couple of months' leave, leaving them full of spirits, and eagerly looking forward to the time when we could get another whack at the enemy, and march victoriously back into Serbia.



# Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals



*A perfect view*

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals is pleased to announce the new construction of a three-bedroom, detached villa with pool, right in the heart of Agios Ioannis, with groundwork due to commence in the Autumn.



*A Road to a New Villa*

This, we hope, ushers in a new age of construction, as the baton is passed down the generations.



*Four Officers of the Law relax at Villa Theodora*

Ocay Travel is having a busy year, despite the fires! Go to <https://travel.ocaycorfu.com/> for your 2024 Corfu holiday. There is now a fabulous selection of villas and apartments to choose from, dotted about the island.

One such super place to stay is this charming, romantic hideaway in Agios Ioannis, on the outskirts, a 13-minute stroll to the old plateia and taverna. This stone cottage sleeps just two persons, and right next door is a studio for one more. Very private, a place to cast off the 21st century. Highly recommended.



*Super stone cottage*

*Continued on page 12*

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -  
Continued from page 11

*Perfection*



*Sun going down*



*The world in a glass*



*Home for the night*



*Nooks and crannies*



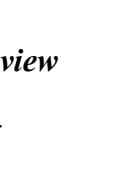
*Swim tonight*



*Private garden kitchen*



*Lake view*



*On the edge of the village*



*Welcoming*

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -  
Continued from page 12

Within Agios itself are the popular Kidonakia apartments, very nice and at reasonable prices.



And they now have a brand-new swimming pool adjacent. Check this one out and book at <https://travel.ocaycorfu.com/>



**WHEN YOU DON'T WANT  
TO LEAVE GREECE** 🥲

## Poetry Corner



By our resident Poet: Fallon De Fears

From Georgix to now... Once in time  
Wood gave way to wheat.

Cleared space with animals To enrich soil,  
and for meat.

Those Viking farms Productive for years  
Now used as scapegoats For climate fears  
Progress derailed By virtue signalling  
Control grab disguised As public wellbeing  
Virgil would ask Hard questions of those  
Behind measures they pay Government to  
impose.



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

## Alkinoos Bogdanos

### CUSTOMS BROKER

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

Alkinoos is a specialised Customs Broker, who works on *your* behalf. He is courteous, speaks excellent English and his costs are reasonable.

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

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

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

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

Services: 4 Years on xo.gr

## EFFROSYNI MOSCHOUDI

### My Corfu Love Story:

A clean romance short read, FREE with Kindle Unlimited: Spyri forever lives in the past, haunted by old memories. When she goes to Corfu for her annual summer vacation she meets Markos, the one she never forgot. Sparks begin to fly when they meet again, but Markos has his own hurts of the past to deal with... Visit Amazon:



### The Lady of the Pier trilogy:

A ghost romance boxset, FREE with Kindle Unlimited: Sofia, a young student, is reluctant to talk to boys. Her family is strict and gossip in her village on Corfu is relentless. But Danny, a British tourist, is too charming to resist. As she falls in love, strange dreams about a woman dressed in black begin to haunt her... Visit Amazon:

Amazon: <https://www.amazon.co.uk/Effrosyni-Moschoudi/e/B0015JKMXS>

also visit: <https://effrosyniwrites.com/>



## 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>

ΠΑΡΑΚΑΛΩ ΕΑΝ ΈΧΕΤΕ ΑΛΛΕΡΓΙΕΣ ΕΠΗΚΟΙΝΩΝΗΣΤΕ ΜΑΖΙ ΜΟΥ ΠΡΙΝ ΚΑΝΕΤΕ ΜΙΑ ΠΑΡΑΓΓΕΛΙΑ ΓΙΑ ΝΑ ΕΠΙΒΕΒΑΙΩΣΕΤΕ ΕΑΝ Η ΣΑΛΤΣΑ ΠΟΥ ΘΕΛΕΤΕ ΠΕΡΙΕΧΕΙ ΚΑΤΙ ΠΟΥ ΕΙΣΤΕ ΑΛΛΕΡΓΙΚΟΙ.

Όλες οι σάλτσες μου είναι κατάλληλες για χορτοφάγους

# HORSES FOR COURSES

[Ippikos Athlitikos Omilos Kerkyras - IAOK](#) is at [Αθλητικό Κέντρο Ιππασίας Θεσσαλονίκης - ΑΚΙΘ](#).

Congratulations to our Corfiot Amazons, who successfully passed the exams for the Athlete's Competency License, which were held at @aki.thessaloniki !!

Ria, Eva, Alexandra, Emilia you were amazing

We also thank @ridingclubkilkis for providing the horses and hospitality



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.

GREEK AND ENGLISH AND DANISH SPOKEN.



**Ιππικός Αθλητικός Ομιλος  
Κέρκυρας**

**Τηλ. 697 674 6692**

[https://maps.app.goo.gl/i1MrCM387AGu1yr97?g\\_st=ic](https://maps.app.goo.gl/i1MrCM387AGu1yr97?g_st=ic)





Dear Members,

Recently we met with Joanna Moumouri who is based in Corfu council buildings close to the Prison and British Cemetery. Joanna is the coordinator/administrator for the Basic Goods/Delivery Structure of meals and food parcel in Corfu Town known as the **Social Kitchen**.

They supply around 140 hot meals per day and food parcels every 2 x weeks.

We were able to make a donation to the value of 200.00 euro which will be used to supply meat products over the next month.

The department is linked to Social Services and also to the Homeless Persons "initiative" as in some cases it is the same needy people. They also have close ties with the Red Cross.

There is a separate Homeless Initiative based in Spilia. The 100 Club have offered funding to help, as this department provides washing facilities for both people and clothing, but we wait for a check whether they can accept charity, maybe in the form of washing liquids and personnel hygiene products.

Thank you as always for the tremendous support you all give

The 100 Club (now near to 150 members).

©The 100+ Club Corfu.

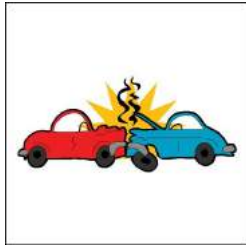


*If you have a pool or want to get one, we are what you are looking for! Pool chemicals, spare parts for all brands and all the stuff needed for a pool, you can find in our shops!*

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

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

**Tel: 26610 36995 or Email: [info@ecopoint.gr](mailto:info@ecopoint.gr).**



# "Grammatikos"

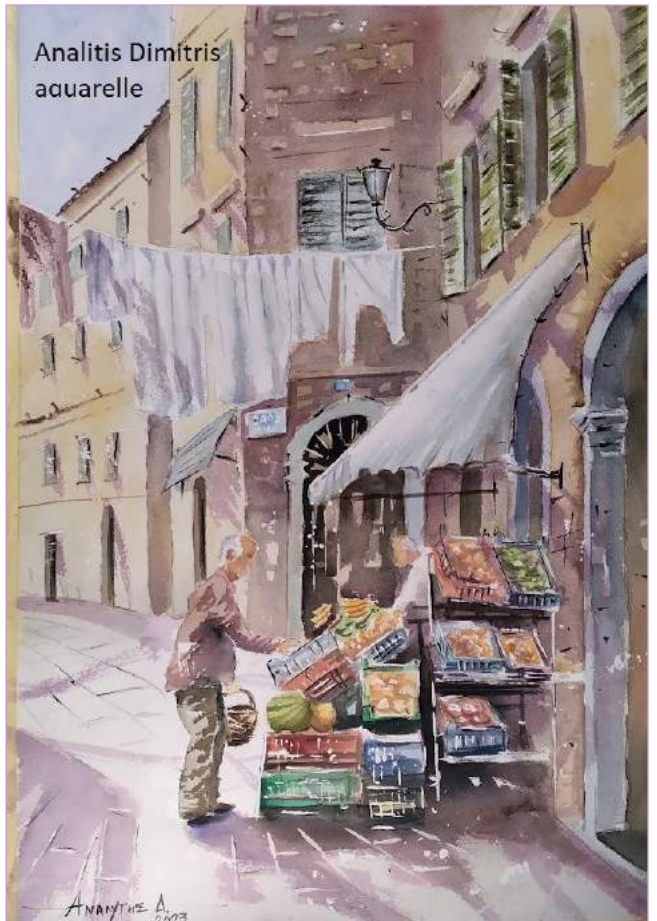
**Insurance agency, family firm.**

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

**We care.**

**Drop in for advice and quote without obligation.**

**Iakovou Polyla 24, 1st floor  
(pedestrian street),  
Tel: 26610 32023/ 26610 24140**



Analitis Dimitris  
acuarelle



**For most types of Machine Embroidery  
NO order to small**

**Car Keyrings are  
BESPOKE and designed using a photo of your car  
(I am able to ship Keyrings Worldwide for a small postage cost.)**

**For all enquiries please message me via my Facebook page;  
<https://www.facebook.com/JosEmbroidery4U>**



# Aunty Lula's Love-bites

## CHICKEN BALLS

### Ingredients:

500g of cooked chickpeas  
 350 g of stale breadcrumbs  
 [soaked in wine and water]  
 1 large onion [grated]  
 4/5 Tbs of chopped dill  
 Salt and pepper  
 Oil for frying



### GO:-

- 1] Drain the soaked bread well and the grated onion.
- 2] Mash the chickpeas in a blender, then pour into a bowl
- 3] Add the remaining ingredients into the bowl.
- 4] Mix them well and make your chickpea balls into any shape and size you want.

N.B. You may need to use all-purpose flour to handle the mix.

- 5] Fry the balls in hot oil until golden brown.
- 6] Once fried place them on absorbent paper to drain the oil.

**Καλη Ορεξη!**

## Video Plus Corner



Ed; - *This is one of the best videos I've seen of Corfu [Greek with English subtitles].*  
 [EIKONES by Tasos Dousis are traveling to Corfu - Part 1]

[In Greek but with English subtitles].

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sN\\_Ijtz32ek](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sN_Ijtz32ek)

Ed: - *I have included this wonderful old movie, as most versions are grainy and poor quality. This one is quite crisp, with a brilliant score by Ron Goodwin. Enjoy.*

The Trap

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2XeFK-DTSZk>

Ed: - *See if you agree with this list of the top 50 Classic Reads*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hDjVHqKR-k>

A fuller explanation for the lost colony of Roanoke

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

Life in a Van

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IovEMWS6Y0A>

83 Days of Nuclear Hell

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X1FbwooXssQ>

The Return of Captain Pugwash

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d9FQZCC61ZU>

A Vineyard of jokes

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v4-3jIm\]4eo](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v4-3jIm]4eo)

## High & Low Weather Summary for July 2023

	Temperature	Humidity	Pressure
<b>High</b>	39 °C	94%	1018 mbar
<b>Low</b>	20 °C	25%	1006 mbar
Average	30 °C	56%	1011 mbar

\* Reported 13 Jul 01:20 — 28 Jul 01:20, Corfu. Weather by CustomWeather, © 2023

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](#)

Some stations have shown figures in excess of 40C in this period.

This was posted on Facebook some time back by Tricia Giles on the Corfu Forum.  
This was indeed portentous.

*'With the hot weather now upon us it is timely to remind new visitors of the extremely high risk of fires at this time of year. Please be very conscious of the fact that a small spark can start a huge blaze in no time at all. Please make sure that barbecues are fully extinguished after use and that cigarettes are also completely stubbed out and definitely not thrown out of car windows. The fire service in Greece is already overstretched .*

*Let us try to do all we can to make the lives of the very brave firefighters, and ours, safe from injury or worse.*

*We have personally had some very scary fire experiences. Hopefully there will be far fewer fires this summer.*

*Be careful out there folks! Please! If you see any sign of a fire call the Fire Department on 199 immediately, warn others nearby and don't try and be a hero! These fires can move unbelievably fast.*

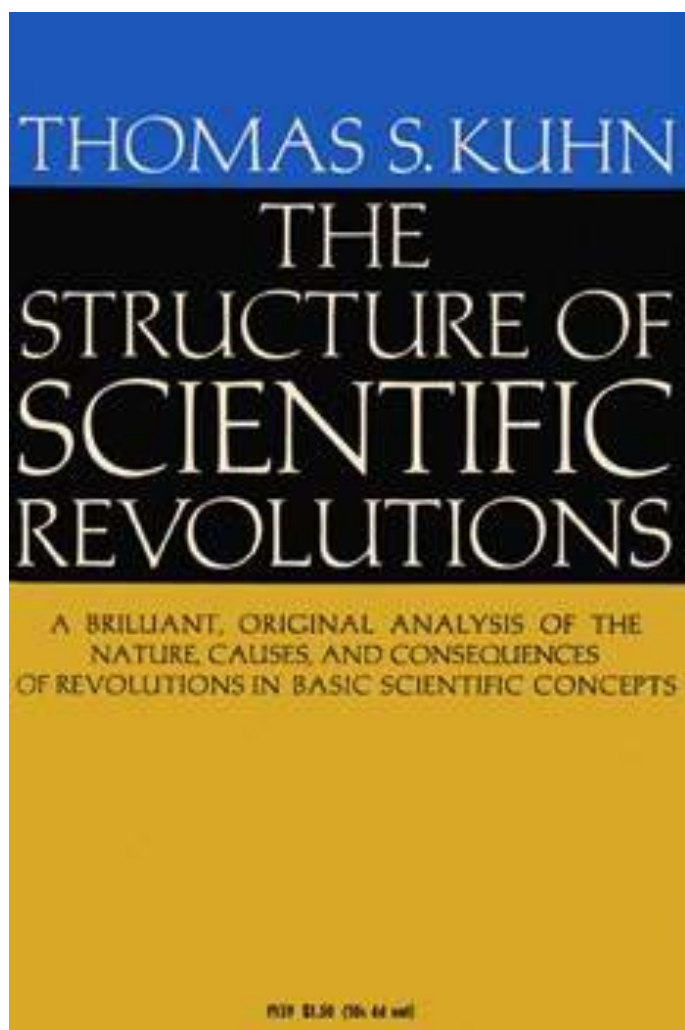
*\*Photo taken by Bob from our house, of a wildfire in the Loutsas/Peritheia area a few years back. Once again it was a little too close for comfort.'*



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>

# The World of Simon



It's a great challenge to make sense of the conversations that go on among academics - especially when all but specialists, including researchers from different fields, are 'lay' and therefore disqualified from understanding enough to have an opinion one way or the other. One of the finest and most helpful books of the 20th century - accessible to the lay reader (me), on how scientific debate (and argument) works is Thomas Kuhn's 'The Structure of Scientific Revolutions' (1962). I'm eternally grateful for being introduced to this book at a US university where I studied in the late 60s. I doubt it's actually possible to sort out the 'young' science of climate change,

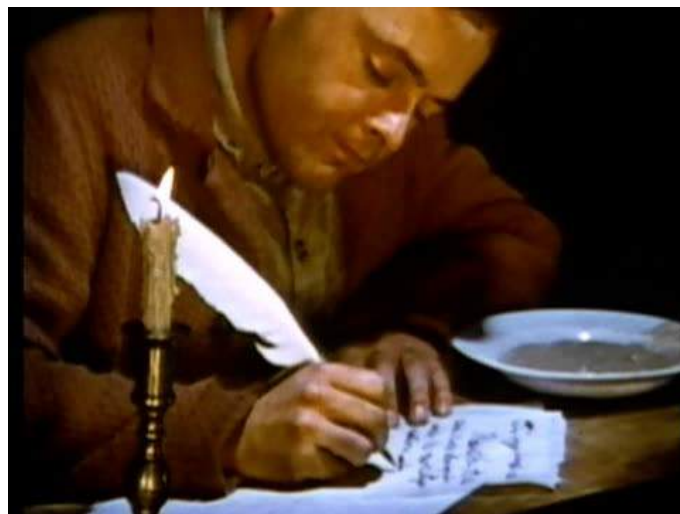
global warming, sea level rises - whatever - without insight of the kind delivered by Kuhn into how science, scientists, academia and universities interact with government, the media, corporations and the larger population. Anyone who enters into this maze without scepticism, doubt, and willingness to entertain and weigh (over and over) opposing hypotheses, is likely, instead, to be swayed, persuaded, even convinced, by every imaginable kind of popinjay, false prophet, and purveyor of snake oil. I recall a lecturer asking us callow researchers if one of us had "the slightest notion of how incredibly difficult and even hazardous it is to find out and prove, to the fact, almost anything about anything!" I used to say to my students "Do you accept the theory of evolution?" Invariably, this being a university, the whole class would affirm the undeniability of evolution. "OK" I'd say, a little smugly, "prove it to me. Show us your proof that the world we live in evolved over countless millennia rather than over seven days a few thousand years ago (Theory of Special Creation, also called 'Creationism')." Result - confusion, fascinating discussion but also spluttering, even indignation, at being asked to demonstrate, in scientific terms, something that is so 'obviously' true. "OK class, you lot hold faith in the theory of evolution with the same persistence, even fervour, as those whose faith is in Special Creation. If you're going to be thinkers, researchers, scientists, you're going to have to up your game!"

## Letters to the Editor

'Dear Gentle Reader,

*Welcome to number 167 in our Life Series. A lot happened in June and July, even if the fires are not included. We are in a heatwave, but that happens from time to time. Early summer - a distant memory - the clime was cool and damp.*

*Have a look at the video section, if you have skipped past it. There is some good stuff, and a particularly good video on Corfu, in Greek with English subtitles.*



### Len Slobodian from Winnipeg mailed: -

Thank you for the update on Costa and Nitsa. They were very special people and have always been in our hearts and memories. Even though it is fifty years past, they are often in our minds, even now.

I would like to believe Costa and I were very close, we worked side by side in the taverna and fields. I would take the orders from all the tourists at supper and relay them to Costa in Greek. In those days there would not be a vacant seat open at supper and everybody was thankful for the roasted chicken and fries. I forget the name of the elderly lady that cooked the chicken or red snapper over her fireplace, braising the meat with olive oil-soaked leaves of thyme and oregano. Walking to Scott's (your place now), [Ed: Peter and Elina's place now]. she lived one or two buildings down from the kitchen on the left side.

Jan worked with Nitsa in the kitchen often and they communicated with their eyes and laughter. Once they went to a wedding and left us in charge, Len the waiter and Jan the cook. We felt very privileged to have their confidence in us to keep all running smoothly, which I believe we did. One of Jan's fondest memories was sitting by the wood stove in the kitchen with you and Anna drinking hot milk and sugar before bed. I think now she was homesick and was comforted by the warmth of your family.

I was keen on your mothers' omelets and I coaxed her into making me one on our last visit, best I have ever eaten, but

Nitsa did not believe me, she just smiled. They asked us over for a supper in the kitchen when we visited. Costa looked at me and said "this is just like Christmas". I teared up at that comment.

Did you know your dad offered us the property where we picked olives with the ocean view to build a house and stay on Corfu? We are still not sure we made the right choice and of course our daughters think having Greek citizenship would be grand.

**Ed:** A lovely tale from yore, Len. I was going to sleep the other night, in our cottage called Nonna's, and thought, 'this is where Len and Jan stayed for two and a half years!' The story continues.



*Len & Jan*

Letters to the Editor - Continued from page 22

### Margreth Chel, from the Netherlands:

What a warm and beautiful obituary Paul. Brought tears to my eyes.

**Ed:** - Thank you Margreth. And you were there! Punctually!!

### Kenneth Goldie from Northern Territory, Australia.

I miss sitting down in the grass and taking life in its stride, also enjoying Corfu as it was years ago. I loved living there cheers Paul for keeping us all in connected to our second home.

**Ed:** -You cannot imagine, Ken, how much your sentiment means to me, as it inspires me to always herald the virtues of a very special place. Thank you.

### Teresa Brightman Arcouthee

What a lovely way to remember someone! I'm looking forward to the next chapter! The Agiot was, as always, a great read, fun, educational and interesting. I especially like your article on global warming. Maybe you could tackle 3D food next? Explain how the reasoning of "never having to kill another animal" will work out when cows, pigs, chickens and sheep over run the world? Will we cull them? Wipe them out so it's not a problem? Surely that would negate the whole "never have to kill....." bit. I admit the whole concept of 3D food is rather worrying to me but then again, I'm a bit stuck in the old ways of living! Congratulations on the Agiot!

**Ed:** - Told Sonny Carboni of your interest in this Teresa, before this publication. The redoubtable author replied,

*'I do not know enough about this to write anything authoritative. But I was planning at some stage to write about veganism and how that has moved from eating vegetables to eating processed crap. The 3D staff could be a coda.'*

You have to imagine Sonny's reply in an Italian accent, to deduce the passion!

### From Ronnie and Dawn



I first started coming to Corfu in the 1980s when my 2 children were small. Stayed at Three Brothers, Sidari for many years. Our children loved it there. It's changed a lot since then - there's a swimming pool where I used to play Bob Dylan etc. on guitar and guests,

staff and owner (Costas?) would sing along. I played badly; they sang badly - perfect! I remember worry beads being used a lot and retsina poured from jugs into pots. Happy days.

With my partner I go to beautiful Kassiope each year now but we always get the bus to Sidari for a day and visit the hotel. Dawn (partner) loves to go as she's heard so much about it and the memories it holds. My family life had changed since then: A decade ago my son passed away after a long illness. And tragically before Christmas my daughter died unexpectedly in her sleep - a total shock as you can imagine. Life can be cruel. We are arriving in Kassiope Friday 16th and will of course be visiting Three Brothers again. This time it will have added meaning and will give some kind of closure for me. And in Kassiope we'll enjoy the time with friends we have made and the beauty of the place. It will help us move on with our lives, just as my kids wished. Sometimes Corfu is much more than just a holiday. See you soon.

# Village and Island News by Paul McGovern



*As viewed from Garitsa*

Our little village has experienced a cool early summer. And now, here we have a heatwave. Further afield the island in the north has been beset by wildfires, or as the smart betting is saying, many fires have been set on purpose: arsonists.

No doubt a crop of windfarms will take root in the refreshed soil.

One of our Agiots is Katy Dartford, a freelance journalist. Here she is being interviewed about the crisis by the B.B.C.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MBO-1Ku4esM>

13:39 bbc.com 5G 73

**Live Reporting** **Related Stories**

Edited by James FitzGerald

10:09

**SHARED Corfu fire blamed on arson**

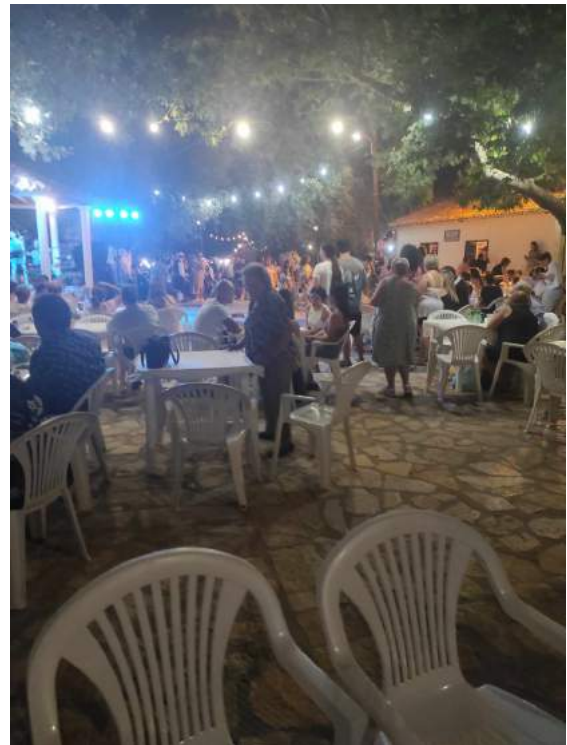
Giorgos Mahimaris, the mayor of North Corfu, says the fire on the island is a result of arson - an assessment he made after visiting the three places it broke out on Mount Pantokratoras.

Residents and tourists who were evacuated for safety reasons were brought to the Agios Markos stadium and Municipal Theatre of Corfu, he told state news agency APA-MPA. No properties have been damaged.

Two helicopters and two fire-fighting planes are working on the front of the blaze, he adds in his statement.

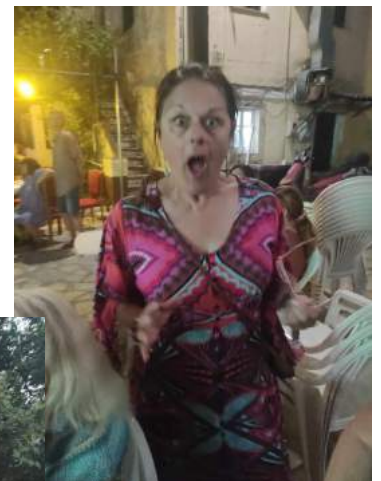
13:33 **Three Jet2 repatriation**

Our village Panygeri straddled two days and was, as usual, a fine success. It is the same year on year, but none the less appealing for that. Here are some photos of the first night, to give you a taste.



*A jolly good crowd*

*English lady wins raffle*



*God patrol*





Village and Island News - Continued from page 24



*First night of the Panygeri*

*The woman on the right is nearly as tall as the building*

>



*This man drank all the beers*

<



*Man falls asleep during raffle*

<

*Watch the world at play*

>



*Racked to the patters*

>



On cue our lane was finally cloaked with crazy paving.



*The essence*

<

*Village and Island News - Continued from page 25*

The plane tree has not been re-ringed with a wall, as yet, but we shouldn't be greedy. The two stately plane trees have a fungus. At the time of typing this, a tree surgeon has visited. We are hoping the treatment will be a success.

Poor Richie Henderson, a many-years visitor to the heart of our village, was hospitalised during his stay, ending up in ICU. Bit of a mystery, as I have not seen Richie since the episode, so have heard only the usual rumours. But it seems he ended up with pneumonia. We wish him a strong recovery in Scotland.

It is good to see that the plateia has been busy in these weeks, with lots of laughter coming from the tables into the wee hours, on occasions. Then, on other nights, there is a pause in frivolity, and all that can be heard are the calls of the scops owls, circling, unseen, in the night sky.

August beckons, when the climax of summer activities will fill the plateia and the old walls, which have witnessed so much down the years.



*Happy days*



*Hotel edifice*



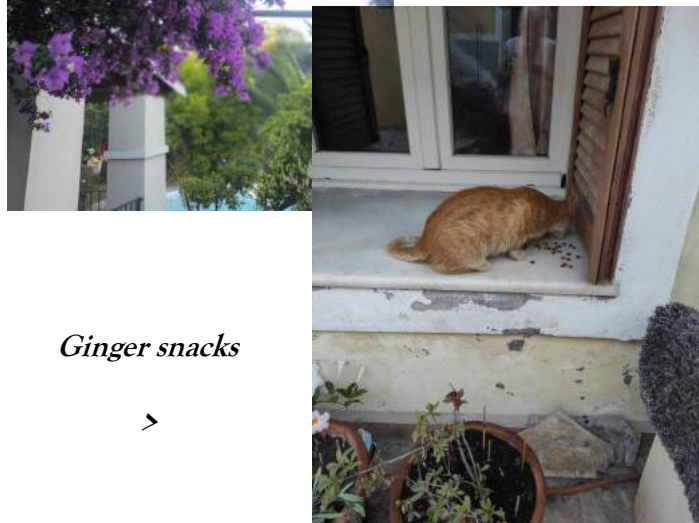
*It's hot enough*



*Bougainvillea*



*Kostas taverna*



*Ginger snacks*



*Lake Inferior*



Village and Island News - Continued from page 26



*Courtesy of Jackie Ball*

*The friendly witch*

>



*The old lady  
Theodora*

<

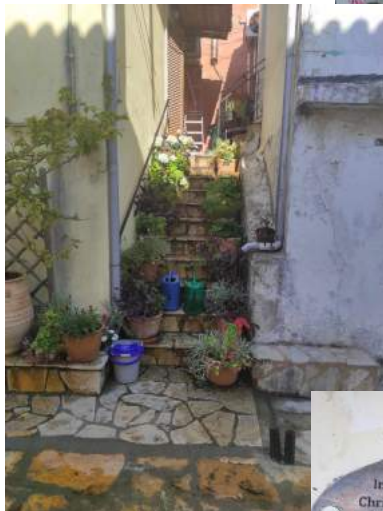


*This yucca was  
once a pot plant*

>

*Mandy inspecting  
cleaned playground*

>

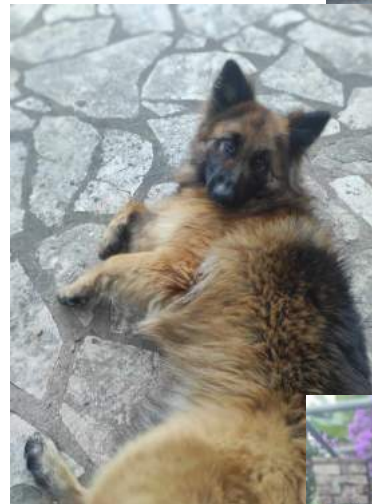


*Personal jungle*

<

*Tourist rep*

<



*Place of  
memories*

>



*Tranquil  
arbour*

>



# When Nitsa Was Young Chapter 2: War

by Paul McGovern

*Ed: We continue with the true story of Nitsa Halikia. For those new to the magazine, Chapter 1 can be found in the June 2023 Edition, found under archives. I feel very honoured to tell her story. Most of what you read here was given to me first-hand by 'Mum' when she was in her eighties, suitably interpreted by Lula.*



War came to Corfu in 1941. Italian bombers raided the outlying villages, as well as Corfu Town. These were daylight raids, during which time Nitsa's family (the Analitis clan) and neighbours sought refuge in the hills behind present-day Aqualand, where there were many bushes and thick undergrowth. In this place were the

village kilns, three-metre-high cavities hewn from the scarp in which stones from the quarry were melted to produce lime. Other kilns out in the open country produced charcoal. The hillside kilns were extended into the valley during the war, with wooden framework covered with dry branches and vegetation. When the bombers approached from their bases in southern Italy sirens went off in town (there were radar systems around the island) and the village church bells sounded their warning. The locals rushed to this place from their cottages with their food and water, through a bouka (passageway), and hid. Inside they had made themselves tolerably comfy with beds, chairs, blankets and the like. Mums often dashed to and fro ferrying in more supplies. Away in Corfu Town, where the bombing was heavier, anti-aircraft guns laced the sky from the Liston area. Some people were killed by the bombs but as a local saying of the time went 'Wimpy Mussolini desires Corfu like mad, he's bombing Corfu endlessly, but the bombs hit the sea'. Nitsa always thought the Italians' hearts were not really in this war.

Young Nitsa was eight years of age when she met her husband-to-be Kostas. Many events would happen in the years between that first knowledge of each other and their courtship and eventual marriage.

The village in those far-off times was very much the same yet very much not the same as it is today.

The three spinsters Elisabet, Dorina and Ida, who owned and lived in the Hotel Marida, [nowadays named the Archontiko Petrettini Hotel] also owned much land in these parts, which they later left to Vasilis Kompolitis. These gentrified ladies even had a claim on the church, until the locals wrested it from their control after the war.

By the outbreak of war five battalions of Greek soldiers had been stationed in the area, one each at Agios Ioannis (by the church), Aqualand, Kokkini, Yalina and Kato Korakiana (Cavalry). On the 28th October 1940 Metaxas issued his famous 'Oxi!' to Mussolini. The battalions were dispersed to fight the Italians in the Albanian mountains, where the poorly-equipped Greek army suffered terribly from exposure and frost-bite.

One day at this place (Karmini) the children were outside their refuge, before the sirens sounded. Nitsa was amongst a pile of kiln stones, playing with them, when she was stung on the finger by a small scorpion, which scurried off. She says it was the most intense pain of her eighty years and for the first three or four hours it was almost unbearable. Her screams got everyone's attention.

*Continued on page 29*

*When Nitsa Was Young - Continued from page 28*

Her Grandfather Ioannis pricked her finger in several places with a needle and sucked at the poison. He then kept applying milk from the fig. There was but a small swelling at the site of the sting, yet for two to three days the pain continued unabated. From that time onwards her grandfather would crush scorpions with mortar and pestle and add a little of the mix when dry to her milk. She reckons that when she was stung again, years later at Capri, this home-spun remedy helped to make the pain considerably less.



An ammo dump occupied the olive press which is today's Rika and Vasilis' Last Resort Apartments, and this dump also included the hotel and church buildings. Once the Greek Army left people armed themselves with the remaining guns. Every male member of each family took at least one. Nitsa's

grandfather was left-wing. The Fascist Italians, put in to occupy the islands by the all-conquering Germans, were trying to confiscate arms from men of his

political persuasion. There were a few collaborators in Agios Ioannis ready to point the finger. A trick the Italians once used to recover guns was to get a collaborator to tell his neighbours that Greek guerrillas fighting in Albania needed arms, hoping the villagers would voluntarily give up their stock to an unknown traitor. Nitsa's grandfather managed to hold on to his supply during the course of the conflict.

The Italian occupation lasted until 1943, and it was not a brutal occupation. The soldiers would steal but at the local kafenia they would use Ionian Island-minted currency (the Cambialis) to pay for their purchases.



## Hishashi Ouchi

This is the true and frightening story of what happened to Hisashi Ouchi, who Suffered History's Worst Radiation Burns.

<https://allthatsinteresting.com/hisashi-ouchi>

## Agiotfest

People often ask me, is Agiotfest finished? My answer is simple; it is never finished. Here is living proof.

This little beauty is Paulina, Granddaughter of Agiotfest stalwart Paul Fennell [Flan], who passed away last year.

Consciousness, fundamental, ongoing and eternal.



# The Way Things Were and Are



*Day of the Degenerates*



*Viking invasion of Villa Sofia one fine Christmas*

## LOOK THROUGH ANY WINDOW

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0hhU4TSY0f0>

Ed: - Every month from now, here, will be a secret snap from my cottage eyrie. All the world will pass here, given enough time. This well-known Agiot was paparazzied as he stole into the taverna. Can you guess who it is? Pray tell. I am sorry for the blurred image but body posture might give him away.



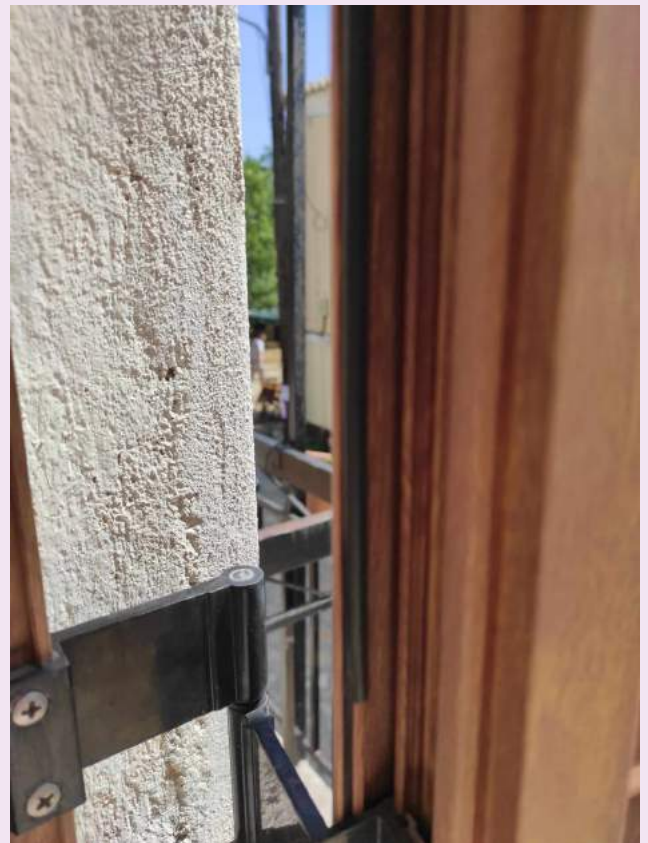
*George Halikia's dad on the left*



*Viking lady showing off Christmas present gloves*

*Yianna*

>



# Nature

## A heartfelt please from Ioanna Satya Martziou

[Srontoesdpg hau76664c98mma32lt976c2aa3h3tc12ft1c8t9320167c0m0](mailto:Srontoesdpg hau76664c98mma32lt976c2aa3h3tc12ft1c8t9320167c0m0)

Hello team, I would like to ask the administrators to keep sporadically informing the members of the group about this high important matter.

As since those in charge are indifferent, we, all of us who love the natural environment of Corfu need to be aware of it, if we wish to preserve it.

The Cedar/Junipers Forest of Issos and Halikounas are recognized by Natura 2000 as one of the last virgin Junipers forests in Europe. It is a biotope together with the Korission lake of remarkable beauty.

It is so sad and terrible to see the destruction caused by ignorance and temporary gain.

The broken branches you see in the photos in the sand are not dry but are the roots and circulatory system of the junipers trees to draw water and survive. It is also the way they expand and grow.

As we walk on the sand we unknowingly break with our feet many branches which is the circulatory system of the forest.

And the worst thing, is to allow the use the four wheel bikes inside that forest, that thresh the area with speed resulting gradually in the possible extermination of the roots and branches.

It is unthinkable that this is happening in an environment so important that it should be under our universal protection.

That's why, I would like to raise our awareness, so when we enter the forest of Issos and Halikounas of Juniper trees, being very careful with our footsteps and the roots that spread everywhere in the sand and communicate with each other.

Also even more, avoiding using four wheel bikes there, because they cause a lot of destruction.

It should not happen, in one of the most beautiful virgin juniper forests of Europe.

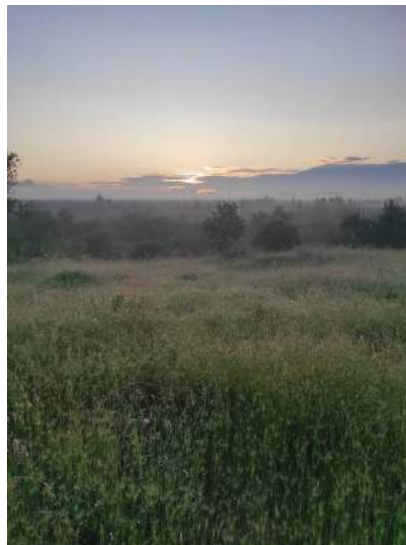
They only deserve love and protection from us and certainly not any more damaging.

Thank you, thank you, thank you!!



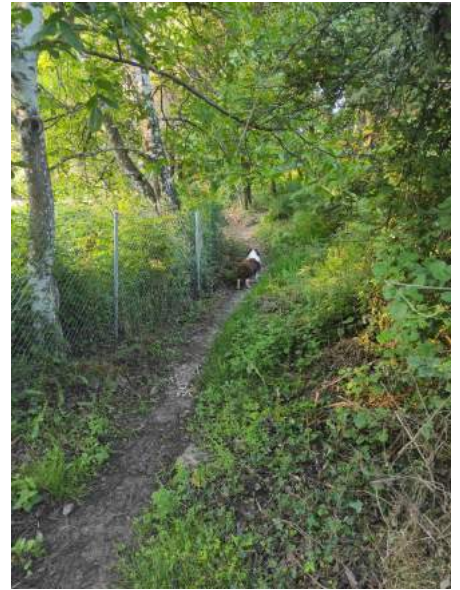
*Nature - Continued from page 31*

All of the photos below were taken during morning walks with my little brown and white companion, Mandy, in the fields and valleys where we live.

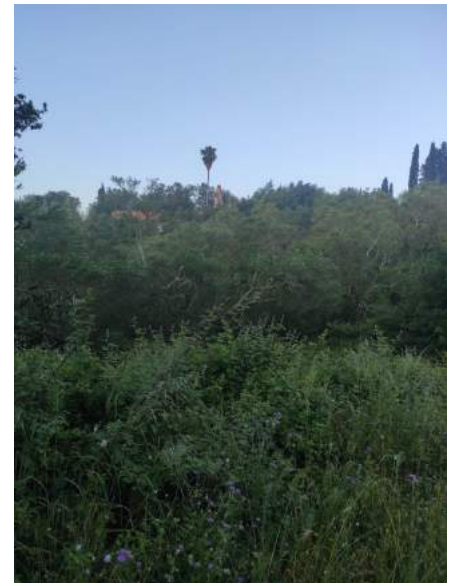




*Nature - Continued from page 32*



*Nature - Continued from page 33*



# Little Brother is Watching You

By Paul McGovern, Editor

## DIFFERENT SUBJECT – SAME SCENARIO

	COVID	CLIMATE
<b>CAUSE</b>	Bioweapon	Geoengineering
<b>FALSE STATISTICS</b>	Cases / Morbidity	Temperatures
<b>FEAR</b>	Health	Existence
<b>THREAT</b>	Illness / Death	Fires /Disasters
<b>METHODS</b>	Lowered immunity	Manipulated weather
	Hot spots	Dryness / Flooding
	Lethal treatment	Arson / HAARP
	MSM exaggeration	MSM exaggeration
<b>RESTRICTIONS</b>	Social distancing	Displacement / Evacuation
	Use of services	Use of engines
	Mobility	Mobility
<b>CONTROL</b>	Green pass	Green pass/CBDC
	Smartphone GPS	Smartphone GPS

*Authentic Thinking*

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.

We must all stand firm, not take the convenient route. There is a precedent. My daughter-in-law is Japanese. Their Govt. some time ago tried to force cards and scrap cash. Japanese people like cash and are rightly sceptical and they ended up forcing the Government to backtrack. The people in the West Can do just the same but need to be unflinchingly stubborn and boycott in large numbers for as long as it takes. There are so many things you can do. Come out of your comfort zone. Can you imagine the impact of huge numbers of people dumping

Amazon? Just for starters. I don't use them, or the Criminal Paypal system. I don't use my card to make any purchases. If I enter a cafe and it is too I.T. I go to an alternative. Got rid of my TV, don't have a smartphone, weighing up the pros and cons of dumping F/B, don't use any other social media, and definitely won't pay ANY fines relating to unnecessary and harmful injections. I am very lucky, as my wife is like-minded, an advantage not all share.

Try these links, look at alternative voices aside from the drivel served up by mainstream media.

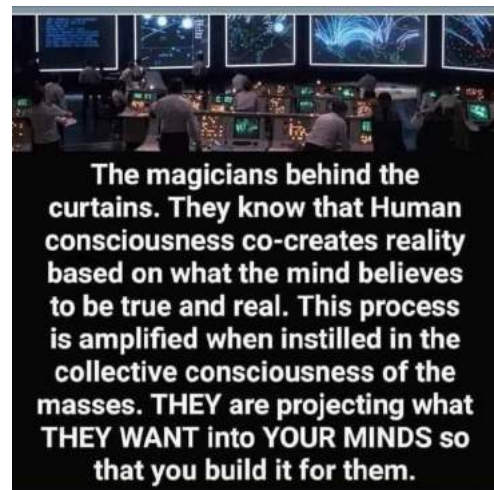
### Challenging the Pandemic Treaty

**When people do their own research before purchasing a house or a car, they're considered a SMART CONSUMER.**

**When you do your own research before putting something in your body, you're called a Conspiracy theorist.**

<https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=1097320717914864>

### We Hurt Others



<https://www.wehurtothers.com/home/>

*Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 35*

On A.I.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bk-nQ7HF6k4>

What your friendly neighbourhood jabber should have told you...but didn't

by Ian Jexion

Hello, I am your personal vaccine processor. First of all, I am required to inform you that the medical procedure you are about to receive is experimental, and you must consent to participating in this on-going three-year trial by signing a form. Before you do so, I am legally obligated, under the terms of the Nuremberg Code of 1947, which was put in place to prevent any repeat of the medical atrocities carried out in the Nazi death camps, to notify you of possible adverse events connected to this treatment, so that you are able to give informed consent. This action absolves me personally of any responsibility as a result of any future adverse events due to today's treatment, and gives me amnesty against possible prosecution as a war criminal, an offence which I may be charged with under the terms of the Code if I do not obtain your consent.

I am also required to advise you that the World Health Organisation has noted that this procedure will not prevent you from catching covid. It will not prevent you from passing it on. The WHO states that the procedure will only reduce the severity of the symptoms should you catch covid, though of course there is absolutely no way that can be proven.

Now for the possible adverse events, or side effects, that may be associated with this procedure. According to the vaccine manufacturer, in the short term these include: strokes, heart attacks, miscarriages, Bell's Palsy, sepsis, paralysis, psychiatric

disorders, blindness, deafness, shingles, menstrual problems, alopecia and covid-19. Because this procedure has not undergone the industry-standard testing, it is not known at this stage what the medium and long term effects could be, but infertility, cancer (due to vaccine-induced immune system suppression), and genetic damage in future generations could be among them.

I have to notify you that, should you suffer any of the above injuries or others from the procedure, you are not entitled to any compensation from the manufacturer, after agreements were made between the pharmaceutical companies and governments. I must also tell you that any data collected regarding adverse events from this medical experiment will not be available to the public for 75 years.

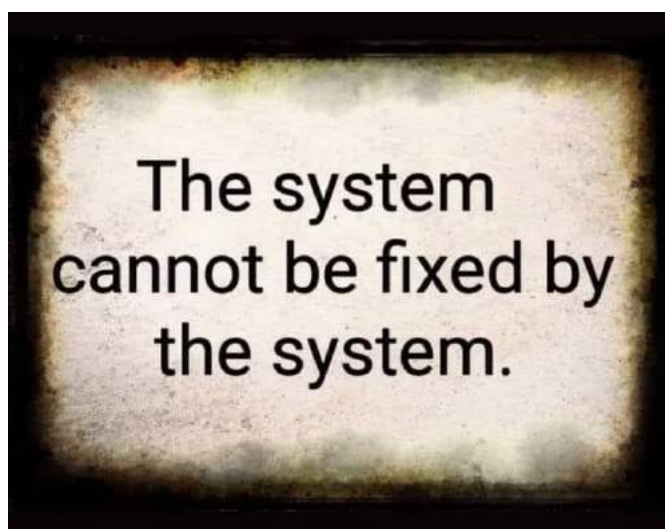
Now, would you be so kind as to sign the form, and then roll up your sleeve so I can give you the jab?

\_\_\_\_\_

If you are going to watch any documentary about covid vaccines, it should be this one. It's an eye-opener:

Uninformed Consent

<https://rumble.com/v1erlp3-uniformed-consent-matador-films-full-documentary.html>



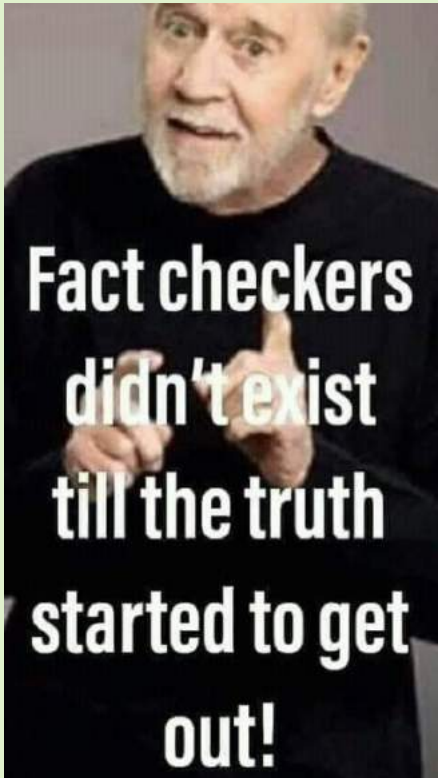


*'Nick's niche'*

# Nick The Clock's World

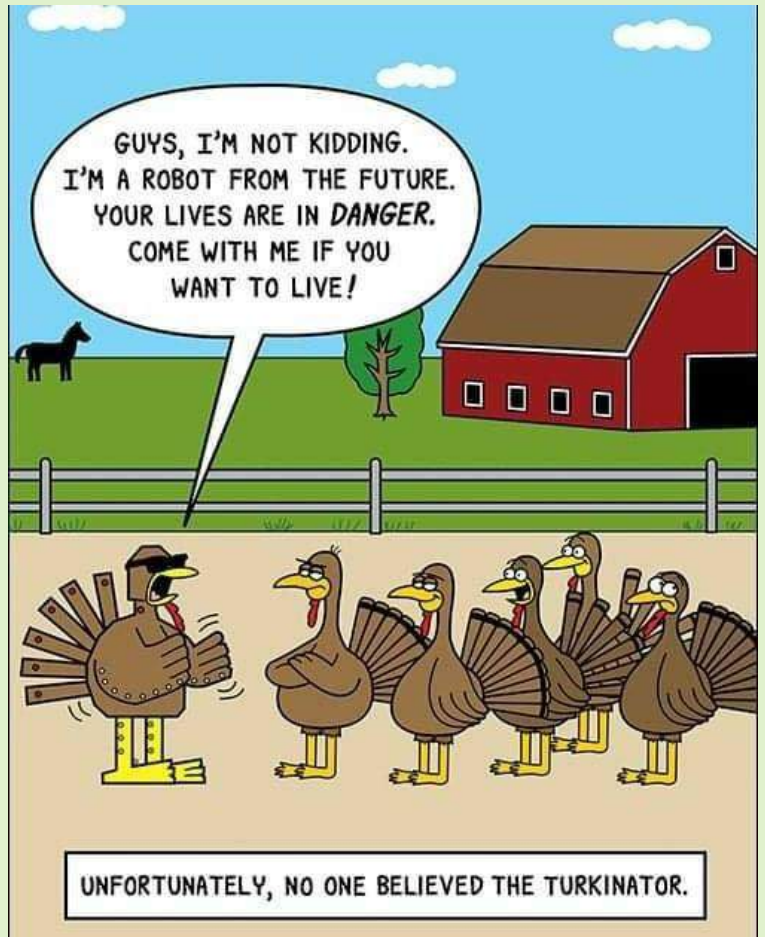
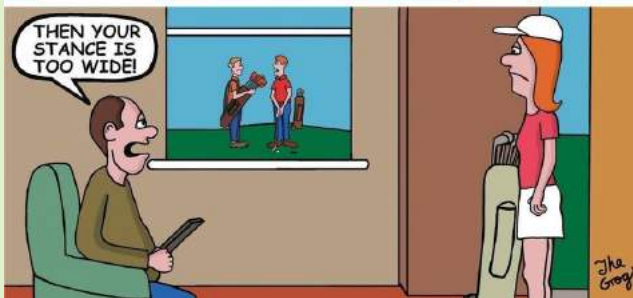
*The Comic With A Conscience*

The manager at the local IKEA is retiring, so I sent him a cake.

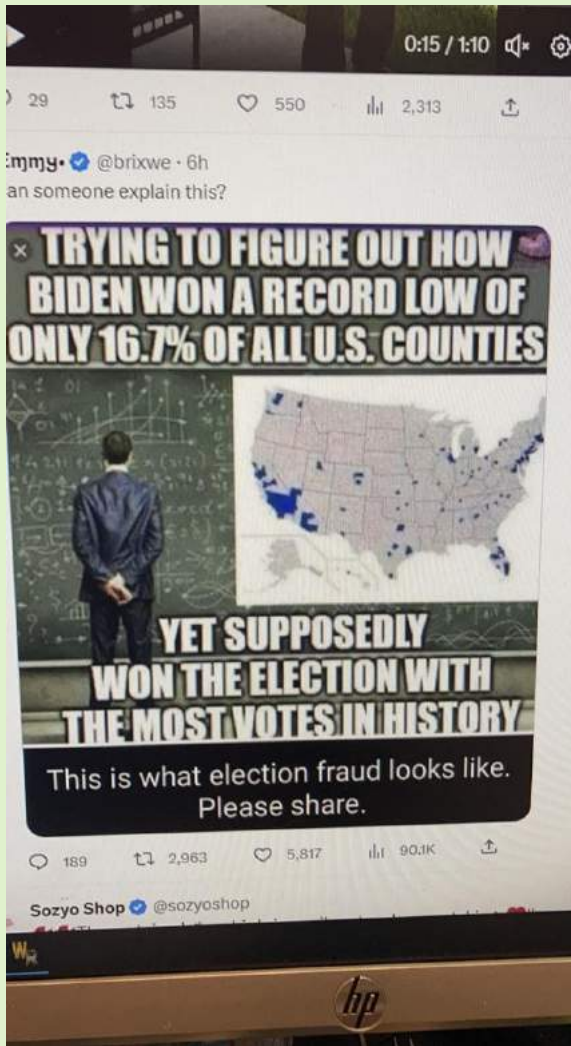


**Breaking news!**  
 A lorry has shed its load of electrical goods on the M57 Liverpool! Police said the road will be closed for at least five minutes.

Nick The Clock's World - Continued from page 37

















Nick The Clock's World - Continued from page 38



## ESSENTIAL OILS TO REPEL BUGS

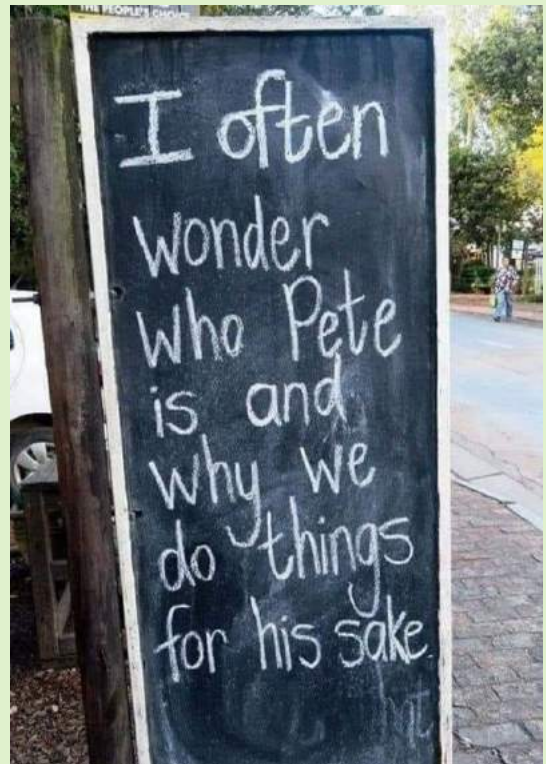
ONEssentialCOMMUNITY.com

 <p><b>ants</b> black pepper, cinnamon, citrus, clove, peppermint, spearmint, tea tree</p>	 <p><b>bed bugs</b> cinnamon, clove, peppermint, eucalyptus, lavender, thyme, tea tree</p>
 <p><b>beetles</b> cedarwood, orange, peppermint, thyme</p>	 <p><b>cockroaches</b> cedarwood, cinnamon, eucalyptus, lemon, orange, peppermint, thyme</p>
 <p><b>flies</b> cedarwood, lavender, lemongrass, range, patchouli, peppermint, rosemary, spearmint, tea tree</p>	 <p><b>spiders</b> cedarwood, cinnamon, citronella, cloves, lavender, lemon, orange, peppermint, spearmint</p>
 <p><b>lice</b> cedarwood, eucalyptus, geranium, lavender, lemon, orange, patchouli, peppermint, rosemary, spearmint, tea tree</p>	 <p><b>stink bugs</b> peppermint</p>
 <p><b>boxelder bugs</b> peppermint, spearmint</p>	 <p><b>wasps</b> black pepper, cinnamon, clove, geranium, lemongrass, peppermint</p>
 <p><b>mosquitoes</b> cedarwood, cinnamon, citronella, clove, eucalyptus, geranium, hyssop, lavender, lemon eucalyptus, lemongrass, orange, peppermint, spearmint</p>	 <p><b>ticks</b> cedarwood, citronella, eucalyptus, geranium, lavender, lemongrass, orange, rosemary, sage, tea tree, thyme</p>
 <p><b>fleas</b> cedarwood, citronella, eucalyptus, lavender, lemongrass, orange, peppermint</p>	 <p><b>moths</b> cedarwood, citronella, hyssop, lavender, orange, peppermint, spearmint</p>

**Beach in china**  
if you lost your kid,  
just make another one

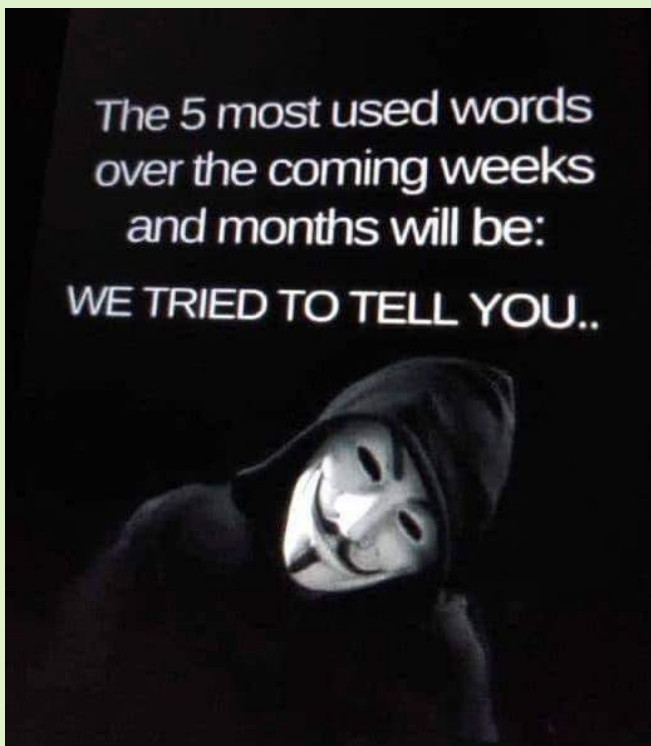
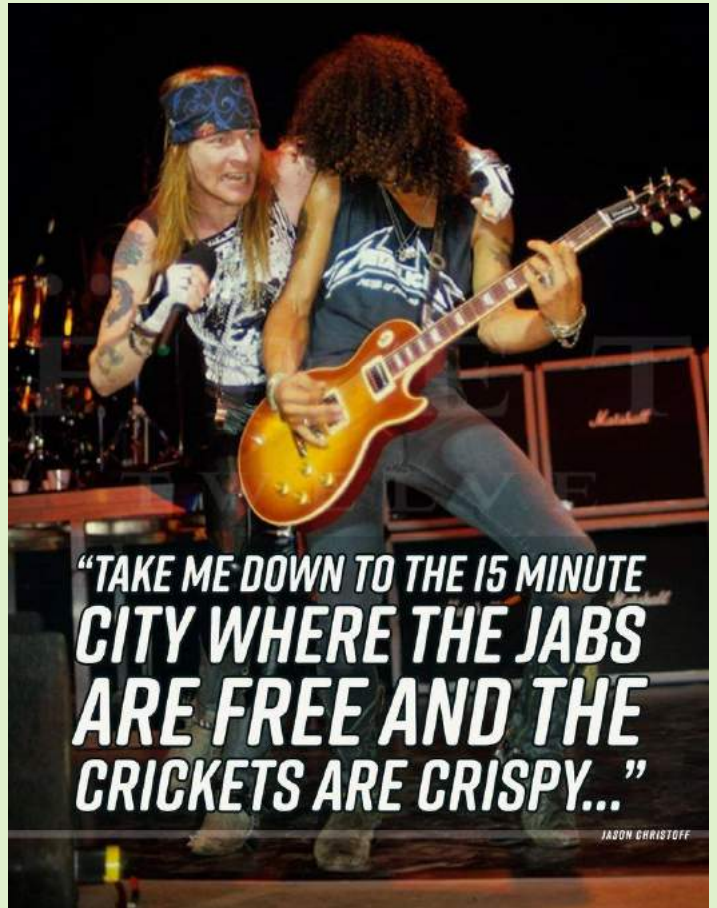


Nick The Clock's World - Continued from page 39

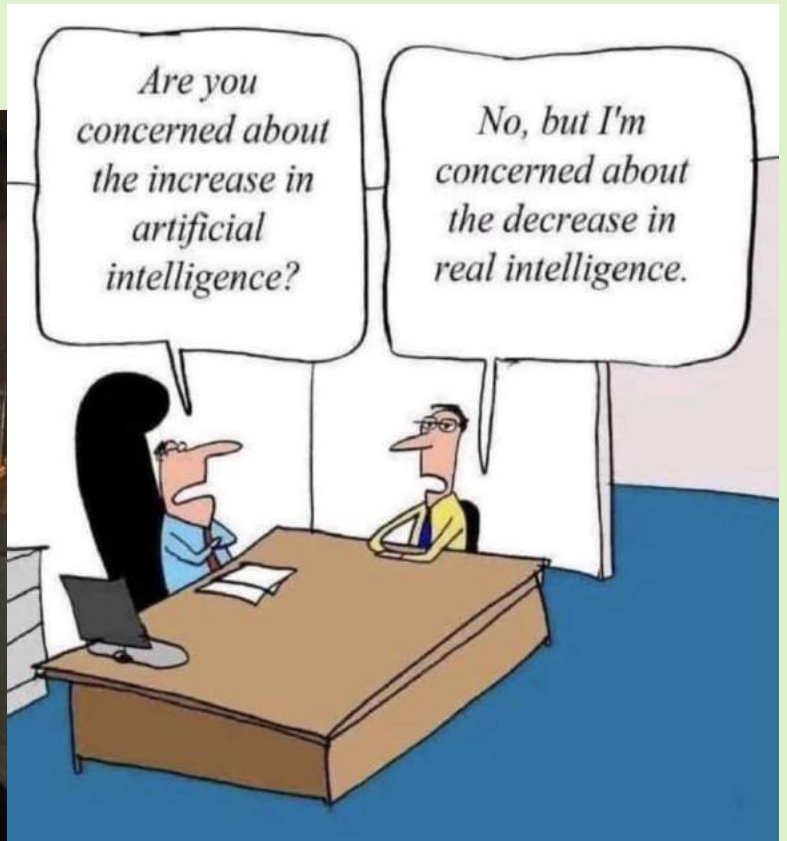




Nick The Clock's World - Continued from page 40



Nick The Clock's World - Continued from page 41



**My neighbour just finished writing a book on "HOW TO MAKE MONEY" Now he needs money to publish it. I told him to read the book.**



**That's' All Folks !**