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The Agiot

168th Edition

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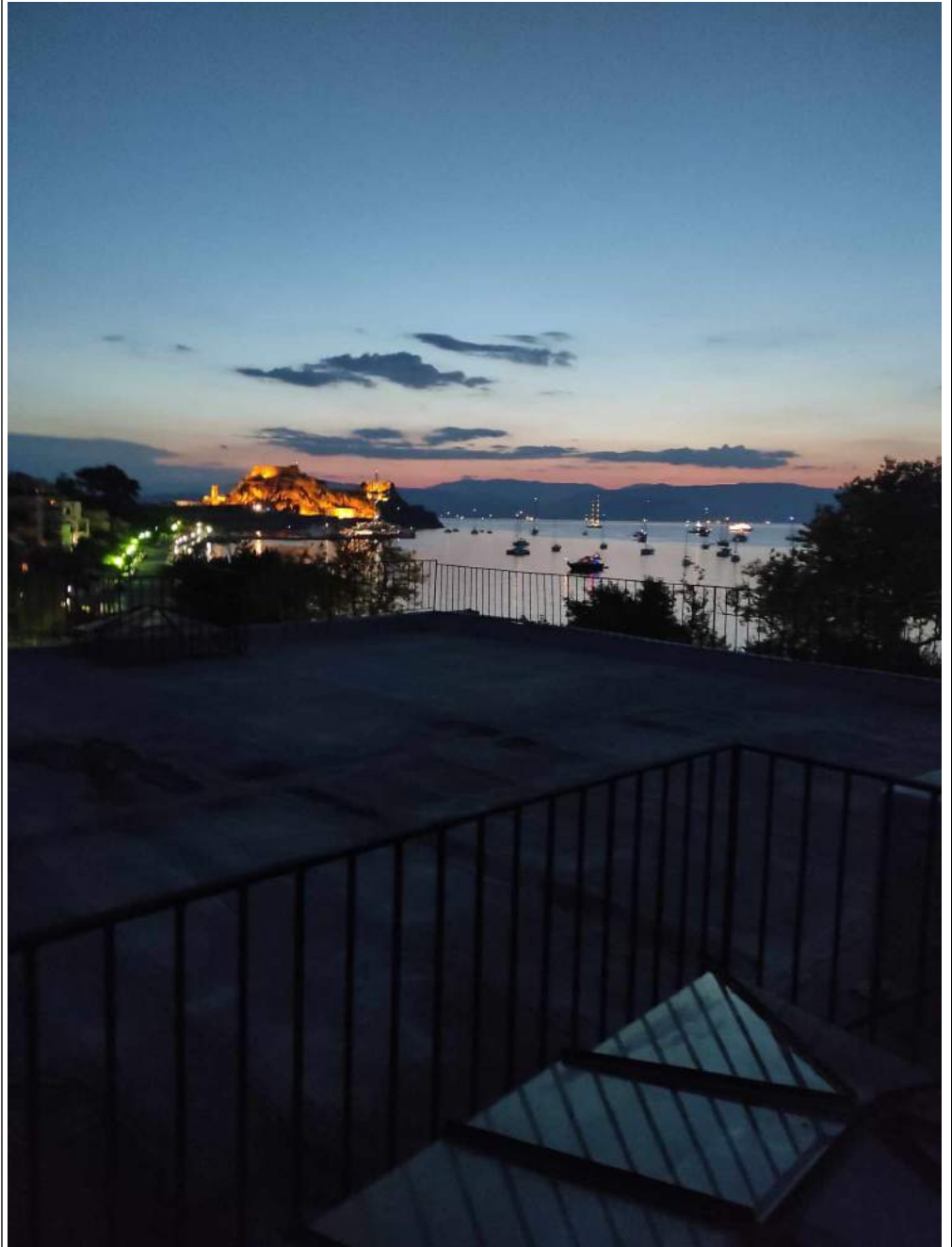
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Letters to the Editor

Dear Gentle Reader,

Welcome to the 168th edition of our 'umble rag.

Apologies for this September effort being a bit slow out of the blocks, but here it is now, and I hope you get some enjoyment from it.

Many of you will know long-time Corfu resident Maureen McNamara. In case you did not know, let me say that she has now permanently returned to the U.K. You can read what she has to say on the next page. We wish her all the best in this new chapter in her life.

Also, I thought you might find this first one, referring to the Corfu Hospital, as an interesting aspect from the 'other side of the fence'. The hospital has not got such a good name with many, but the



good people who work there are often smeared with this negative feel. So, please read this young lady's lament, for a fuller picture of the stresses and strains placed upon the denizens of that building.

Sofia Karavia Corfu Hospital.

The only child psychologist of the Hospital resigned. Her resignation from Corfu Hospital after 5.5 years of serving the NHS, was submitted by the doctor – child psychiatrist Sofia Karavia, who was the only one in her specialty, serving both the Hospital and the public services of the island in general. She made her resignation public through her personal account on a social network. Sofia Karavia's statement: -

'After 5.5 years I made the very difficult but inevitable decision to resign from my position in the NHS. The reasons are said many times by my fellow doctors nationwide... from colleagues in much more combat specialties, who have probably toiled much harder than me.

For the record, let me say that all these 5.5 years I was the only child psychiatrist in the Hospital of Corfu and generally in the public services of the island. This translates into the fact that I was responsible for a plethora of regular appointments, diagnostic assessments, medical reports, interconnection, emergency, prosecutorial and expert reports in relation to children and adolescents, doing 12 mixed on-call duties a month, with almost no days off. All these 5.5 years I have never had a psychologist, speech therapist, special educator in my team... I had only one social worker and one health visitor a few

days a week, and two occupational therapists, of whom only one remained in the current two years.

On the other hand, these years (mainly due to the numerous and complex incidents with which I was called upon to face and had to evolve professionally), I successfully completed two postgraduate and two specializations (at personal and financial cost) but mainly I came into contact with many wonderful children, adolescents and their families with mental health problems that really enriched my life. Child psychiatric services in the public sector are, in my opinion, irreplaceable, but in order to function satisfactorily against the most dynamic part of the population, they need a multidisciplinary team. They certainly don't need an exhausted child psychiatrist who can no longer help as she envisioned when he chose to work in the NHS.

Personally, I do not believe that the understaffing of our hospital and the consequent burnout of its employees is solely a matter of local administration (to be absolutely precise, during the tenure of the last two governors there were two notices for the position of second child psychiatrist -none for other staff-, which were never covered....why should a colleague really come to beautiful but very expensive Corfu with the existing working conditions and without any substantial motivation???:). OR Understaffing of regional hospitals is a matter of institutional policy-making.

Letters to the Editor - Continued from page 2

I would like to thank my fellow adult psychiatrists for their unwavering support, the entire pediatric clinic of the General Hospital for the excellent and always fruitful cooperation, and in particular, my small but miraculous team at the Medical and Pedagogical Center (with mentions to Anna Zenetou - the most perceptive and honest social worker, and Katerina Pagratis - the coolest occupational therapist), who honored me with their cooperation and friendship. Above all, I feel the need to thank all my little precious patients who have traveled together over the years.

An important cycle of my professional and personal life may be closing, but inevitably a new one opens... I think that I will still be forced to walk alone... But I hope that I will now be driven mainly by psychotherapeutic work with children, adolescents and their families.'

With thanks to Corfu TV News

https://corfutvnews.gr/kerkyra-paraitiike-i-monadiki-paidopsychologos-tou-nosokomeiou/?fbclid=IwAR0bJqWniQfzG2Y6P70nMVhc37bn3wVzFUyc5bUfg_plcSKzwxgYZwzWXto

From Maureen, UK

I relocated back to UK 2 months ago. Sorry thought you knew. Had to stop driving due to impaired vision and

dementia diagnosis and advised to move near family and friends. I'm with Kieron temporarily and will move shortly to a retirement facility with care when I need it so all's good. Hope all OK with you and yours. Lots of love ❤️

Richard Pine, Corfu resident, writes; -

Dear friends and colleagues,

As many of you will know, the north-east of Corfu has been ravaged by forest fires for the past week, with severe damage to wildlife and the environment, but thankfully with no loss of life or housing.

Many friends have sent messages hoping that I was OK - knowing that I, my house and, more importantly, the Durrell Library and Archive of 10,000+ books and irreplaceable papers, were at risk.

I have been unable to respond to all these messages, but would like to draw your attention to a column which was published in The Irish Times on Saturday 29th July. It's an unusual piece for me to have written (relative to my regular 'Letter from Greece') but I was contacted by the editor at an early stage of the fires and asked to say something relevant to the locality.

<https://www.irishtimes.com/life-style/2023/07/29/the-smoke-is-rolling-down-towards-this-house-i-have-my-go-bag-beside-the-door-laptop-spare-shirt-detective-novel/>

Thanks again to everyone who expressed their concern.

Hilary Paipeti says this;

Michael Parkinson's best ever interview. RIP

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

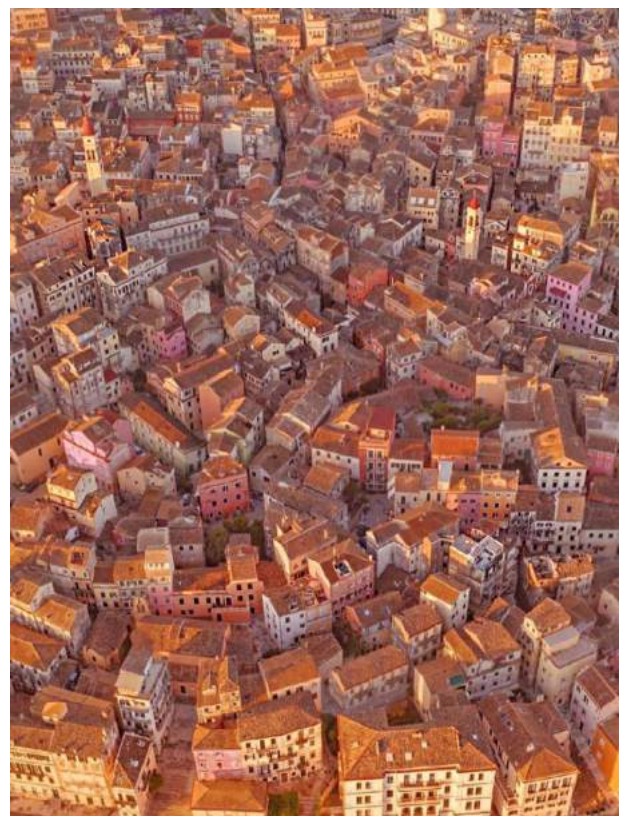


Photo sent in by Vickie De Rouville

We kick off articles this month with a true-life account from Gentle Reader and contributor, Dick Mulder. I know many of you will recognize this fable, so well addressed by Mr. Mulder.

Lost in time

by Dick Mulder

Anyone who has ever been on Corfu, will probably have noticed that road construction on this beautiful Greek island has not the highest priority. Holes the size of mature lunar craters are more rule than exception on Corfu's extensive road network.

While a layer of asphalt is generally still poured on most main roads, on which later sometimes even some white lines are chalked, this practice is quite unknown on back roads and in the backward areas in the interior of Corfu.

Also with our friend Frank. To reach his pleasant house in the outskirts of our village, preferably use a car that has completed the Dakar Rally at least once, to successfully overcome all rocky obstacles, potholes and muddy surfaces.

And so Frank eventually came up with the brilliant idea to hire a road builder, in order to cover the distance to his home in a comfortable way in the future.

Since he is from Holland he first wanted to calculate the costs. So he made an appointment with a road builder named Spyros, recommended by a broker friend. It is agreed that the road expert will take a look at the case and draw up a quotation on the basis of this.

After agreeing date and time with the professional, Frank put down the phone with a satisfied sigh, reassured that his bumpy road would soon be a thing of the past.

On the big day, Frank is waiting in anticipation with coffee and biscuits to appease the asphalt contractor Spyros. By appointment, he will appear at eleven o'clock, to use his expert eye and thus determine a reasonable price.

Our friend Frank is not alarmed when the clock shows 11:15 in digital numbers and his visitor has not yet arrived. After all, he is aware that a Greek minute can be as long as ten minutes in Holland.

He still does not panic when another quarter of an hour passes without the appearance of his guest. Ha, this is Corfu, different rules apply there than in the stressed Netherlands!

At a quarter to twelve there is still nothing to indicate that an asphalt paver is approaching. And then he gets itchy. Do I hear the siren of the ambulance there? Surely nothing happened? Maybe I made a mistake in

the date? Doubt sets in, and he resolves to call if no one has arrived at exactly twelve o'clock.

In the next quarter of an hour, a tortoise is the only living creature that Frank sees crawling by, and he decides to make a phone call. With a trembling hand, he dials Spyros's number.

After three rings, the phone is picked up.

'*Nai*' (Greek for Yes)?, it sounds. Frank breathes a sigh of relief, his road builder is apparently still in good health.

The following conversation develops something like this:

F - *Hi Spyros, this is Frank!*

S - *Hey, how are you doing?*

F - *I'm fine, how are you?*

S - *Not too bad, thanks for asking.*

F - *Didn't we have an appointment for today?*

S - *Yes, sure!*

H - *Wasn't you supposed to be here at eleven?*

S - *Absolutely!*

F - *But now it is already twelve o'clock.*

S - *Yes, twelve O five, to be precise*

F - *Aha! But you are not at my house?*

S - *Nope, I'm in Lefkimmi (utmost Southern Corfu).*

F - *Ah, that is at least an hour and a half drive to our village, right?*

S - *One hour, yes.*

F - *So you will not be here today, for an estimate to fix our road?*

S - *No, that is impossible unfortunately. I will be in Lefkimmi all day.*

F - *OK, so we have to make another appointment?*

S - *Yes, we have to make another appointment.*

F - *Shall I call you then?*

S - *Yes, please call me!*

F - *Alright, will do. Bye Spyros...*

S - *Yiasou (Greek for Bye)!*

Click

Frank stared at his phone for at least another fifteen minutes in a daze. A Dutch fifteen minutes, that is.





'Nick's niche'

Nick The Clock's World

The Comic With A Conscience

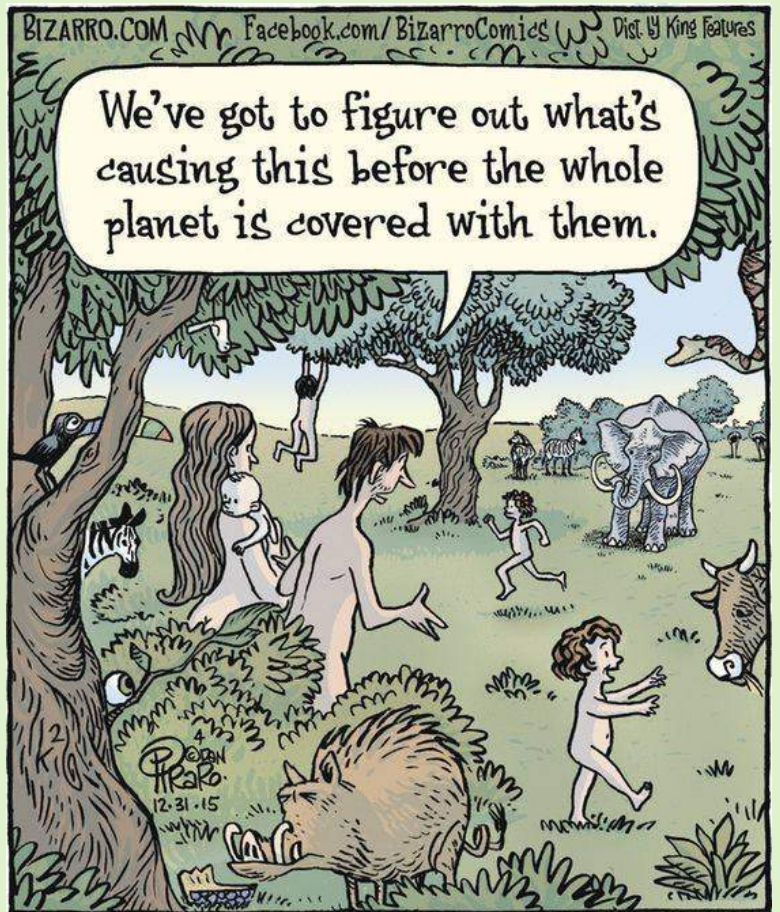
IF YOU THINK YOU ARE TOO SMALL TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE, YOU HAVEN'T SPENT A NIGHT WITH A MOSQUITO



William Chandler, a South African pilot had to resign after it was found he had a fake licence



He was flying from last 20 years! He proved license is just a piece of paper 😏



BREAKING
 Zelensky applies for \$40 Billion student loan from U.S.

Nick The Clock's World - Continued from page 5

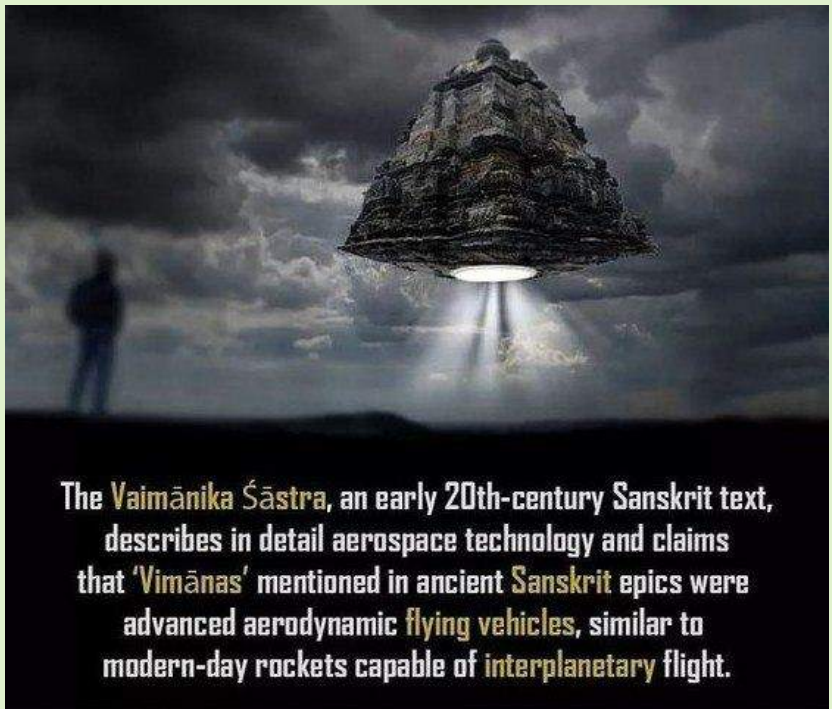


Nick The Clock's World - Continued from page 6



**What do you call two guys hanging from your window?
Curt and Rod.**

In life, we always long for something. For them, they long only for you. Please DO NOT ABANDON them. You are all they have.



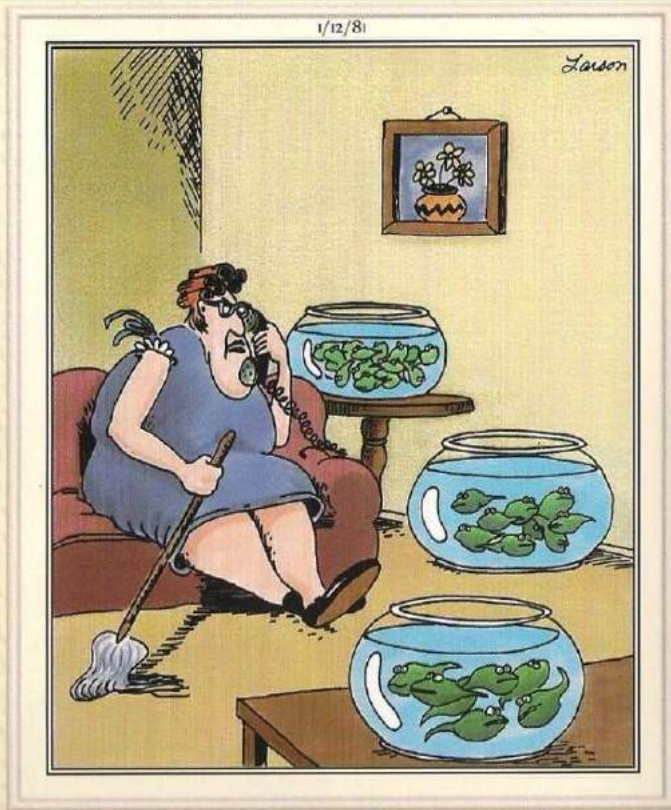
The Vaimānika Śāstra, an early 20th-century Sanskrit text, describes in detail aerospace technology and claims that 'Vimānas' mentioned in ancient Sanskrit epics were advanced aerodynamic flying vehicles, similar to modern-day rockets capable of interplanetary flight.

Nick The Clock's World - Continued from page 7



I felt sorry for the hypnotist I saw last night.
 He hypnotized 7 guys, then dropped the mic on his foot and yelled 'FUCK ME'.
 What happened next will haunt me for the rest of my life.

This might possibly be the funniest cloud picture I've EVER seen! 🤣🤣🤣



"Well that's how it happened, Sylvia. ... I kissed this frog, he turns into a prince, we get married, and WHAM! ... I'm stuck at home with a bunch of pollywogs."

Continued on page 9

Nick The Clock's World - Continued from page 8

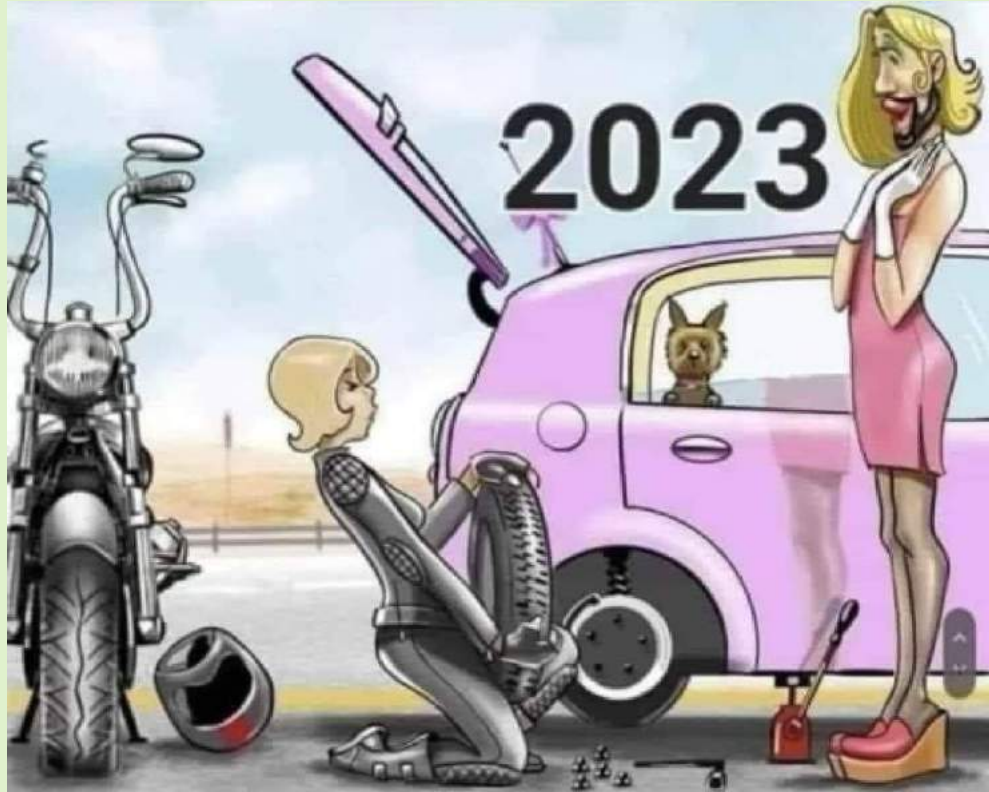


Two days until payday...



Continued on page 10

Nick The Clock's World - Continued from page 9



BREAKING NEWS

Archaeologists working at the ancient city of Pompeii Italy uncovered the ruins of the house Keith Richards grew up in.



That's' All Folks !

A Symbol of Survival: Celebrating Rosie's Bakery

by Hilary Paipeti



Rosie's Bakery is a shop which might not have existed, if wartime events had played out differently. Proprietor Rosie Soussis is a member of Corfu's Jewish Community, and is only here because her grandparents and father were saved from almost certain death in the Holocaust by the courage of local people. They were one of a few families out of a population of around two thousand Jews who survived because locals hid and protected them from seizure by the Germans in June 1944.

On the outbreak of the Second World War, the island's Jewish population stood at around two thousand, mostly housed in an open ghetto established in 1525 (the area of the former ghetto covers Paleologou, Agios Sophias and Velissariou streets on the east side of the New Fortress). Subsequent to the outbreak of the Second World War in 1940, Corfu was occupied by Italian troops, who opposed German policies towards Jewish people. This would leave Corfu's Jewish community unprepared for the harshness of the coming German occupation.

After Italy surrendered to the Allied forces in September 1943, the Germans moved in. A fierce bombing raid on 14 September devastated the town, and much damage was suffered in the Jewish Quarter as it was close to the town centre. Even today many empty spaces and ruins remain where homes and shops once stood.

Two weeks after this raid, on the 27 September 1943, the Germans occupied the island, and thereafter the Jews were subjected to every kind of oppression and humiliation. However, because of the previously lenient Italian attitudes, and because Germany was clearly losing the War, the Corfu Jews felt safe from the fate of similar communities elsewhere in Greece and in Europe. Unfortunately, their optimism was misplaced, for on 8 June 1944, the ghetto population was ordered to return to their homes, and before dawn the next morning they were rounded up, to be incarcerated in a squalid holding area in the Old Fortress on the other side of Town. It is worth noting that, in an unprecedented move, the German territorial commander intervened unsuccessfully to prevent their deportation, on the basis that it would distress the gentile community.

After they were taken captive, the Jews were held in squalid conditions in the Old Fortress, whilst the Germans confiscated their personal possessions and looted their homes. Around 200 managed to escape the seizure, among them some members of the Soussis family. The nearly two thousand captured deportees were taken by sea to Athens. On 20 June they were piled into railway freight cars with minimal food and no water, arriving nine days later at Auschwitz. The selection process began immediately, with the two hundred strongest picked for heavy work, and 1,600 sent straight to the gas chambers. Only 120 survived the death camps: Corfu's Jewish community was devastated.

*A Symbol of Survival: Celebrating Rosie's Bakery -
Continued from page 11*

Appropriately, Rosie's Bakery is located at the 'gateway' to the former ghetto, in the corner of the narrow square which forms the top end of Paleologou Street, which runs down to join Nikiforou Theotoki Street near the Spilia Gate (Old Port). To find it easily, stand with your back to the electronics store Public (on Georgiou Theotoki Street near the National Bank). Looking across the street and slightly to the left, you will see the blackboards that advertise Rosie's wares, on the corner of Paleologou Street. A sign here indicates the way to the 'Jewish Community'. Just a few metres along the paved square, Rosie's is housed in the ground floor of a beautifully proportioned six storey Venetian house. More blackboards persuasively announce what awaits.

'Do not forget to try our crunchy phyllo pastry filled with creamy feta cheese, poured with deep flavour honey and spread with golden crunchy sesame seeds mmm...' And it's a 'mmm' from me too. Or how about '...the famous Corfu yoghurt ... with walnuts and pure honey, with the traditional Kum Quat fruits, OR PERHAPS the other special was GREEKS PREFER!!!' Intriguing to say the least!



The windows are packed with goodies, a feast for the eyes prior to the devouring. My own preference is the right-hand window, showcase for the Rosie specials, an array of gluten-free delights. In fact, they are free of almost everything that can be bad for us. Rosie explains.

'Clients who have problems with their health can eat these, because they are made with special care, being prepared without eggs, butter, milk, sugar and gluten. They are free from soya traces, flavour enhancers, colourings, preservatives and additives. They contain no palm oil.'

Since they contain almost nothing that's found in normal confectionary, just what DO they contain?

'We use coconut and almond oil, and plant-based butters, like pistachio butter.' I tried one little cake (or was it a soft biscuit?) made with fresh almonds flavoured with the zests from oranges, kumquats and lemonchino, the last a small local lemon that resembles a lime because of its colour. Sugar-free, the cakelet was topped by a walnut half and was absolutely exquisite. I also sampled one of her 'almond paste turmeric balls', coloured bright yellow from the wonderful and miraculous spice. The latter does contain some sugar, but is far from over-sweet, which this sugar-phobe appreciates greatly.

Vegans can also indulge, since excepting the items that contain feta cheese and yoghurt, no animal products are used. Essentially, most of the merchandise is kosher - not officially, but in the sense that - as Rosie puts it - 'they are made the way we make them at home: with love, and as if our customers are family members.'

Certainly that must be how individual customers feel while Rosie takes them on a 'guided tour' of her shop window, describing the ingredients and provenance of her product range (warning: don't expect to be in and out of this place in seconds). She's done this on a world stage, having appeared on NBC's 'Voyager with Josh Garcia' series, in which she was filmed introducing viewers to baclava. When she's got a minute, she also acts as a local information centre (in place of the one that the authorities have failed to provide), directing dithering visitors to their desired destination from this location at the confluence of a confusion of alleyways. Many take advantage of one of the little tables laid out in the square, where they can sit down and sample a selection of sweet things.

All of which fixes this establishment in reality. Had the past taken a different course, it might not have existed. But it does, and is extant today as a beacon of hope for the victims of unjustified prejudice. Rosie's Bakery should be celebrated.

Hilary's Ramblings Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

Scrumptious September



"I don't think re-living your childhood means you can go apple scrumping in next doors garden."

FEW CITY DWELLERS THESE DAYS will know the word 'scrump'; indeed, in a time when urban and rural cultures are converging, many of those resident in country districts will only be aware of it as an activity from the past.

For those of you who are unfamiliar

with the expression, 'Scrump' means to pilfer (some would say 'steal') fruit from an orchard or garden. It's a term that has no meaning in Greece, for any fruit tree that was not within an enclosure was and is fair game to passers by. In the days of hunger, fruit was to be shared. Even today, when fruit is something you buy in the shop, you see the odd car at a standstill beside a fig tree, passengers gorging.

Last September, 2022, saw in Peak-Scrump, and I never left the house without a bag stuffed in my pocket, to be deployed at every scrumping opportunity, from simply gathering wild blackberries to swiping the odd reachable apple over a neighbour's fence. Most breakfasts consisted of a 'scrump-platter' containing a variety of the following:

* Blackberries. They don't ripen all at the same time as in the UK, so you rarely can pick enough to justify a place on the platter. Best scooped on site.



* Jujube. I obtained my favourite fruit both from scrumping an untended tree, and as a gift from a neighbour. Sophie Atkinson writes: 'In October the

gingelly-trees are stripped of their pretty strings of yellow, red and mahogany-varnished fruit, and their dainty green foliage is soon golden as a birch-tree's.' (An Artist in Corfu). Jujubes (tzinzoles or tzitzifes, officially *Ziziphus jujuba*, hence the English and Greek names) are the fruit of an attractive small tree which grows both cultivated and wild. The fruit, the size and shape of an acorn, ripens in October from green to mahogany. Eat directly off the tree while still hard - it tastes like a spicy green apple - or pick riper fruit that have softened to taste wonderfully of toffee. Locals used to preserve jujubes by drying them in the sun, then baking them for a short time in a low oven. They would keep them wrapped in cloth. It is easier to dry them on a baking tray in a very low oven, turning them from time to time until they are hard and wrinkled. Then put them in a glass jar and cover with brandy or tsipouro, which they will soak up. They keep well and a make a delicious nibble on a chilly midwinter evening.

* Apple. A neighbour had a tree (it died in the winter) that produced the best apples I have eaten since leaving the UK. I can't abide the commercial apples on sale these days - they are far too sweet, and woolly as well. These apples were crisp right through, juicy and a little bit tart. As the neighbour did not pick them - only gathering the windfalls for her sheep - I asked if I could have some. She shrugged and said they were full of worms (not in my experience of the few I'd already scrumped). I told her I was going to cut them up for chutney and would remove any wormy bits. She gave me around two kilos of fruit, with not a single worm. And a very nice chutney was born, in addition to the regular breakfast munch.

* Pear. On the hillside amongst the olives stands a solitary pear, a cultivated variety, but left alone now, having outlasted its use as a snacking tree for the olive workers clearing the land for the nets. The pears are smallish and hard, but I picked a couple of bags. Another neighbour donated a large basketful from her cultivated tree ('We won't eat them.'). Another chutney.

* Fig. Sticky. If scrumping them, you will need a plastic bag. Do not put them in your pocket if you value your clothes! And if you plan to eat them directly off the tree, make sure you have wet-wipes to hand. My scrumping-season figs were sourced from a tree in the garden, so being near a tap I largely avoided sticky fingers. The fig tree was not a great producer last year, but the adjacent hedge bush that was stealing its light and its share of the soil was blown down in a winter gale, and the fig is now thriving.

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from page 13

Editor's Note: *Hilary, you remember you visited us last at the cottage on the 14th August, bringing us a lovely present from Rosie's? That morning, I had counted the remaining figs on our tree, in our back yard: 81. Imagine my surprise the next day, when I counted 59! Now you have solved the mystery in this fine article!! Capital!!!*

* Walnuts. The opposite is the case for this year's walnut crop. Last autumn I gathered over five hundred, mostly from the huge old tree that overhangs the top of my lane. But in the spring, the owner pollarded it, even though if he had hankered to cut down a tree he had plenty of rampant nuisance poplars to satisfy his craving instead of a productive one. It is growing back, but will not produce any walnuts this year. I'll have to scump from various less prolific trees around the fields, but this means I shall have to exercise all my cunning to get the better of rapacious fellow scumpers.

* Grapes. Once they were ready, I obtained a daily bunch from a vine growing beside the (largely empty) road, thinking that it was ownerless. I felt pretty bad when someone turned up to harvest the grapes. Still, there were plenty to go round.

* Quince. On an early summer dog-walk I had discovered a quince orchard in a nearby field (not telling where!). I had not noticed it before because the trees had never carried a decent crop. Last summer, for some reason, there were thousands of fruit. Harvesting them had to wait for November, when they indicate ripening by turning slightly yellow. With the aid of my trusty 4x4, I gathered innumerable crate loads (no-one else was interested, and no-one inhabits these fields except for an itinerant shepherd and the autumn Corfu Trail walkers), some of which went off to friends whom I knew would make good use of them. I used my biggest pot to cook as many as I could fit in, and finished up with several giant jars of delicious claret-red paste, excellent as a marmalade on toast, or as a condiment. Unfortunately, this year's crop is dismal.

* Tomatoes. My neighbour across the river is a friendly Albanian lady who keeps several hundred head of sheep and grows a vast acreage of commercial summer vegetables, including tomatoes. By late November, in diminishing sunshine, they had stopped ripening. So I asked Olga if I could pick the remaining green tomatoes. More chutney, spicy with chilli, and the best of all.

* Olives. Surprisingly, I've never pickled olives before, but I have an expert set of instructions, and they didn't let me down. The process is fairly long, but takes only a minute every other day for a while - and then you just have to be patient. Last year's olive crop was colossal, and I have the benefit of several extensive groves just a few minutes walk away. It's easy to spot which trees are going to be harvested by their owners, so I only took from obviously unloved ones. Olives for pickling have to

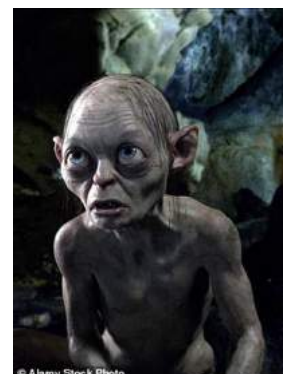
be taken by hand off the tree, not gathered from the ground; it's a process that requires time and diligence, but is another excuse to be out in the open and at peace with nature. Once ready, a handful with some chewy local bread made a regular light lunch from midwinter onwards, a great money-saver!

Have a scrumptious autumn. But not in my territory, please!

THE GREAT MAIL ON SUNDAY COLUMNIST Peter Hitchens has pointed out how the Blair Creature is coming to resemble Gollum: both are pictured below for purposes of comparison. You will notice that the photo of Antony Blair features a long finger - one might imagine that the ex-PM is perhaps wishing for a ring of invisibility that will render him free of the hatred directed his way; but we all know that the man responsible for the deaths of several hundred British soldiers and hundreds of thousands of civilian Iraqis does not possess the self-awareness that will enable the development of a conscience. Nevertheless, Evil has consequences in the end, as the pictures show. Gollum's first evil act as Smeagol was the murder of his cousin for possession of the One Ring, and it caught up with him, in the end. Looks like the echoes of Tone's evil-doing are gathering around him. To the Crack of Doom with you!

TALKING OF BLAIR, the Mail recently credited the monster with possibly the only responsible remark in his political history. The Mail wrote: 'Normally, Hell would freeze over before this paper agrees with Tony Blair. But the ex-prime minister is right to warn politicians not to risk impoverishing and handicapping the country with a mad dash to net zero. Pointing out that the emissions China belches out dwarf our [UK's] CO2 output, he said: 'Frankly, whatever we do in Britain is not really going to impact climate change.' Will wonders never cease. For once, Mr Blair is not spouting hot air!

Could he be forgiven? It's far from enough, methinks.



August Procession



The August Saint Spiridon Procession will take place on the 12th of the month in Corfu Town. Here is a brief history about the Saint, from Sophie Atkinson's 1911 book 'An Artist in Corfu'.

MORE important to the Corfiotes than any other feste are the great feast-days of St. Spiridione, patron of all Corfu, and a saint most potent and revered throughout and beyond the island.

Saint Spiridione was a shepherd, who after the death of his wife became a monk, and finally Bishop of Trimythos, his birthplace in Cyprus. He was one of the fathers at the famous council of Nicaea, a.d. 325, and it is recorded that there he gave miraculous testimony to the disputed doctrine of the Holy Trinity; for a brick which he held in his right hand was suddenly hurled to the ground and from it a stream of water and fire burst forth, thus demonstrating the Trinity in unity.

Other miracles are recorded of him later, so that when he died in 350, at over ninety years of age, it is natural that his relics were greatly treasured. He was buried in Cyprus, but after a hundred and one years

his body was exhumed because of the sweet-smelling evaporation that came from the tomb, and was kept for two hundred years in his church at Trimythos.

When Cyprus fell to the Saracens, the holy corpse was transported to Constantinople, and when that city also fell to the Moslems in the Turkish conquest of 1453, 'George Kalaicharetis, a priest, and a wealthy and honoured citizen of Constantinople, thought how to preserve the bodies of St. Spiridion and of St. Theodora Augusta, which were then both reposing in his church. He put the bodies into two sacks of straw, placed these on a mule, and led them safely through the devastated Greek country, easily persuading any people he met on the way, that his mule's burden contained nothing but the animal's food.'

George remained with his sacred charge at Paramythion on the opposite coast of Epiros till 1456, when he brought the two bodies to Corfu and placed them in the church of the Archangel Michael.

During the siege and subsequent alterations in the town the relics were always carefully guarded from harm and risks, and finally in 1595 S. Spiridione was installed in the newly completed church bearing his name, where he has been worshipped with due honours ever since; while S. Theodore was placed in the Cathedral, where she also is still enshrined.

When the priest, George Kalaicharetis died, his property - the embalmed saints, for we hear nothing of other riches - was divided among his three sons, the two elder sharing St. Spiridione, while the youngest took St. Theodora. The last, however, subsequently gave his relic to the community in 1483.

George's eldest son, Philip, a priest, inherited his younger brother's share of S. Spiridione in 1489, and was then commissioned to take the body to Venice; but the tears and entreaties of the Corfiotes prevailed and the project was abandoned.

August Procession - Continued from page 15

When Philip died, a half share of S. Spiridione fell to his widow and his little daughter Asimene, and the other half to his brother Luke (the youngest, who had possessed and given away S. Theodora). The latter subsequently gave his share as a wedding gift to the said Asimene, who thus became sole heritress of this so carefully bequeathed saint.

Asimene, with no other dowry than the saint, was in 1527 wooed and wed by Stamation Boulgaris, a noble Corfiote, and by her will left the sacred relic to the children of this marriage and to their descendants in perpetuity, so long as one in the family should be a priest.

Thus it happens that S. Theodora belongs to Corfu, but S. Spiridione belongs to the Boulgaris to this day [Ed. Written in 1911; not true today: the saint was gifted to the island]. And, in taking the dowerless Asimene Kalaichairetis, Stamation gave to his heirs the most precious possession in Corfu, and the church of the richest offerings.

For, shortly after his arrival in the island, S. Spiridione began to manifest his special patronage of the Corfiotes by miraculous cures of his suppliants, and the shrine became a famous place of pilgrimage, and rich in thank offerings.

One of the first records is that of a blind boy pilgrim, Thomas, who fell asleep in his church, where the saint appeared to him and restored his sight. Soon followed other and greater miracles, till S. Spiridione was recognised as the undoubted patron and faithful protector of all the island.

The casket of S. Spiridione rests in a richly wrought silver sarcophagus within the shrine of his church; and the very magnificent and varied lamps of gold and silver which hang from the church roof testify to a wide appreciation of the saintly powers. For these lamps have come from Venice and even from Turkey, as thank-offerings for help given or, in some cases, as propitiations for offences against the saintly power. They are splendidly wrought, unsparing in weight and workmanship. Other treasures there are, too, not usually shown: a chalice ascribed to Cellini, massive gold altar vessels and censers of exquisite Venetian craftsmanship, and strange old holy cloths and rich vestments.



When Nitsa Was Young

by Paul McGovern

Chapter 3: Transition



One day the Italian soldiers performed a search in the village and they herded several political suspects towards a van, for they were to be interrogated in town. Nitsa's little brother Prokopis (now retired but formerly Landlord of Time-Out) fainted during the commotion. His mum Sofia called to her husband, who was being led away. He tried to get to his son, and the Italians raised their rifles, but were sympathetic to the plight of the child. After one day of interviews all the suspects were released unharmed. On another occasion in 1942 Ioannis was sleeping outdoors at night, in the heat of the summer. In the dawn, he noticed a haystack afire. Everyone awoke and scurried to get the nearby children away. The flames spread quickly and it took all the villagers and the Italians, with buckets of water drawn from the well and a spray machine, to subdue the inferno. Part of one home was burnt out but nobody was hurt. This incident frightened young Nitsa greatly. It was suspected that the fire had started from a discarded cigarette butt, tossed by a worker sleeping in the haystack.

Continued on page 17

When Nitsa Was Young - Continued from page 16

In September 1943, the Germans became the new masters of Corfu. On the 13th of that month, they bombed the theatre, then came their army. They landed near Lefkimmi. Nitsa's father Alekkos and a few villagers went down as far as Benitses to repel the invaders, but the size and power of the incoming tanks made them beat a hasty retreat.



The Italians had changed teams, and the Germans were not amused. 4095 Italian troops were taken off the islands to be drowned in a storm at sea.

Ioannis was always in the thick of things. One day the Germans roared in to search the houses. They were not as easy-going as the Italians had been. However, luckily for Ioannis he happened to have a framed photograph of the Kaiser (from the Achilleon) on his cabinet. The soldiers soon spotted this and immediately stopped the search of his home.

Finally, the Germans too departed, as the tides of war changed. There were celebrations over their retreat but they were short-lived. A civil war was brewing, which extended hostilities in this small corner of the globe for another three years.

In 1946 Nitsa's father died, so young, from appendicitis. She remembers her and her siblings trundling off to the rich estates to gather olives to supplement their shrunken income.

There were no nets so each fruit was grasped from the ground by dozens of nimble fingers. The reward was a princely 10 drachmas per day for each girl. In the summers Nitsa was back to Agios Ioannis, tending the vines, harvesting the wheat and corn, and looking after her young siblings. She handed over her winter wages to her Mum, who put a portion away for Nitsa's dowry. Such thrift enabled

Nitsa to end up with 10,000 drachmas by the time she was married. Much of this 'fortune' was from the sale of a calf, which could fetch 5000 drachmas. Sofia, her mum, despite being a widow with nine children, even managed to acquire tracts of land along the main road where now stands God's Garage. Sales of excess milk were a handy bonus but purchases still had to be made: sugar, macaroni, rice, pepper, salt, coffee and tea.

The Civil War was gripping Greece. Luckily, most of Corfu was not directly affected, but there was a darker side. The off-lying island of Lazaretto was a killing ground for captured Communist agitators, political activists and criminals from the mainland. Up to 200 men met their ends here, some as young as fifteen. They were shot for their values, and many were heard crying out for their mothers prior to their execution.

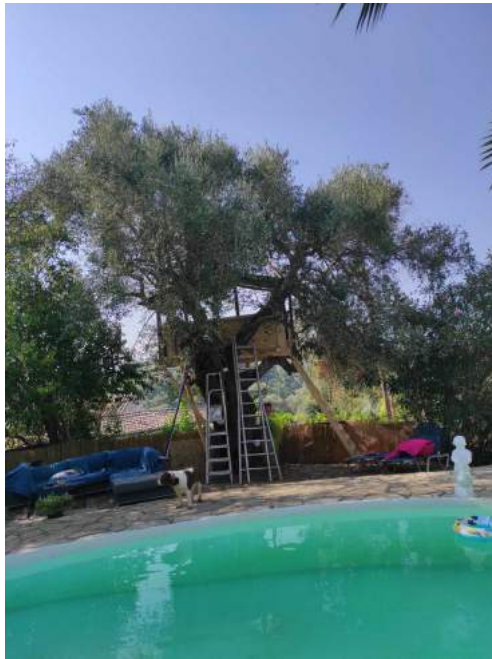


In 1947 'responsibility of Corfu' passed from the British to the Americans under Paul Porter in Athens.

When Nitsa was 22, she worked in the river by the current Bridge Café at Triklino, hauling large buckets of sand up from the bed each day, to be sold road-side by a builder. She managed about 100 lifts per day. People would come in their carts to carry away the sand. Near Pelekas she was employed carrying large rocks from the Potamos, also for building purposes. At the Ropa Valley she cut clover and grass at the Botis Mansion. When dry, she would carry these bales uphill for animal feed.

In those far-off days spraying of the olive trees was done with a mixture of water and molasses. Fifteen or twenty girls would draw water from the well at the Moscos mini-market and carry it up to Yalinas (near the late Dr. Stephens' house). The whole locale was treated in this way.

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals



Nearing completion



House of fun

Always try to check out <https://travel.ocaycorfu.com/> for some super rental opportunities for your summer vacation.

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals is pleased to announce the new construction of a tree-house at Villa Sofia.

Always trendsetters, rarely followers, this may catch on in the neighbourhood, we shall have to see.



The Yitonia from a never been photographed before angle

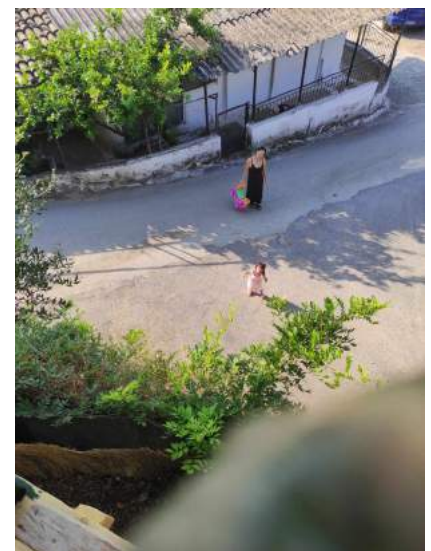
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Under construction

Bird's eye view of prospective borders

>



Global Warming

By Sonny Carboni

The Warming Narrative goes: We have to give up our cars. We have to stop eating meat. We mustn't take foreign holidays anymore. We have to forego all life's little comforts and pleasures. And if we don't WE ARE ALL GOING TO DIIIIIEE!

According to Gutteres, the UN Sec. Gen., we are now in the era of 'Global Boiling'.

First it was the coming Ice Age. But no ice arrived. Then someone discovered the 'Greenhouse Effect'. Which led to:

'Global Warming'. Which, when it got slightly cooler, became:

'Climate Change'. Hum. Not very alarming... Cue to: 'Climate Emergency'. But 'people aren't scared enough' (where did you hear that recently?). So, with no evidence, we got:

'Climate Breakdown' and 'Climate Crisis'. Then a three-week heatwave in July prompted: 'Global Boiling'!

Do they have a team of people locked away in a small room being prodded with electrodes to make them come up with this tripe?

Blatant propaganda from the Guardian. I cannot begin to say what is wrong with it (I'll have a go, though).

The steady rise in global average temperatures, driven by pollution that traps sunlight and acts like a greenhouse around the Earth, has made weather extremes worse.

(There has been NO consistent rise in average global temperatures for nearly 30 years. The culprit blamed for this non-existent warming is CO₂, which far from being a pollutant, is a benign gas, vital for plant growth. The 'received wisdom' that CO₂ traps heat and leads to global warming is a theory and is not provable in the real world; it will remain, forever, just a theory.)

"Humanity is in the hot seat," Guterres told a press conference on Thursday. "For vast parts of North America, Asia, Africa and Europe, it is a cruel summer. For the entire planet, it is a disaster. And for scientists, it is unequivocal - humans are to blame.

(This is just hysterical language designed to provoke fear: hot, vast, cruel, disaster, blame. Far from being to 'blame', humans cause only 4% of CO₂ emissions, the remaining 96% deriving from natural causes. And by no means all scientists are in agreement - many of those who endorse the warming view are mathematical modellers, and we know how accurate that lot are.)

"All this is entirely consistent with predictions and repeated warnings. The only surprise is the speed of the change. Climate change is here, it is terrifying, and it is just the beginning. The era of global warming has ended; the era of global boiling has arrived."

(More emotional language from Gutteres.)

Guterres urged politicians to take swift action. "The air is unbreathable, the heat is unbearable, and the level of fossil fuel profits and climate inaction is unacceptable. Leaders must lead. No more hesitancy, no more excuses, no more waiting for others to move first. There is simply no more time for that.

(Unbreathable? Unbearable? Really? How is it that we are just fine?)

'Global Lockdown' is coming. Expect it soon.

The Guardian, by the way, manages to dribble climate propaganda into every article, however unrelated and innocuous: 'Italian Tomato Salad Recipe' ... 'We'll have to get used to eating tomatoes instead of sprouts now Global Warming is getting worse.' OK, I made that one up, but it's typical of how the Gaurniad exercises the squeeze.

Some definitions:

Climate Change: The Weather

Climate Change Denier: Knows that CO₂ does not affect temperatures

Climate Emergency: Be afraid of normal weather

Conspiracy Theory1: Any alternative explanation, often involving basic evidence, that deviates in any way from what is presented in the media

Conspiracy Theory2: A way of thought that questions the official version of events

Conspiracy Theorist: Ad hominum-style insult for someone who thinks the government may be lying

Global Warming - Continued from page 19

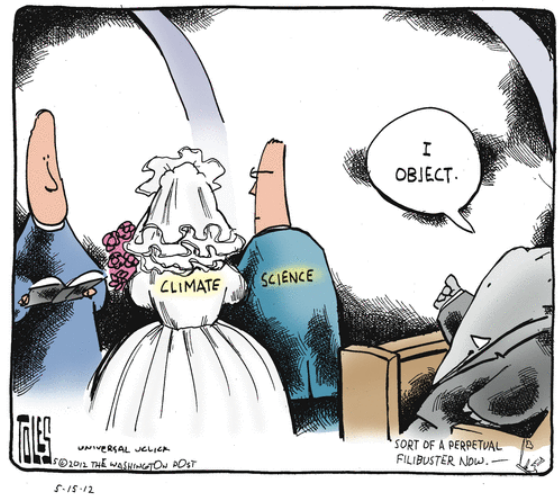
Conspiracy Theorists1: People who retain critical thinking, ask questions and do their own research
 Conspiracy Theorists2: People who won't do what they are told or believe what they are supposed to
 Weapons of Mass Destruction / Terror / Covid / Putin / Climate Emergency: The Du Jour Bogeyman

It's NOT burning!

I think we mostly learned basic weather recording in elementary school. I did. Instructions: 1) Take a thermometer and put it in a shady spot. 2) Leave it for a while. 3) Read the temperature and note it down for the purpose of comparison.
 So when warned of a 'heatwave', that's what I did. The thermometer sits on the windowsill of a north-facing room, in the shade of a deep veranda, so it gives a genuine air temperature reading. I noted the temperature at around 13.00 to 14.00 hours every midday, and it consistently read around 34 degrees centigrade. Average daily high for July in Corfu is 32 degrees, so the 'heatwave' was all of two degrees hotter than normal (though admittedly the midday sun was brutal for three or four days one week). Where were the record killer temps in the upper 40s that were being reported? As an experiment, I put the thermometer in the full sun and within five minutes ... bingo! ... it registered upper 40s. It turns out that weather data is

no longer collected by a bloke with a thermometer and other empirical paraphernalia, but (surprise, surprise) via satellite. The satellite measures GROUND temperature (which absorbs heat), not AIR temperature, and due to the way the satellite functions, NEVER the temperature in the shade. So ... those hyped temperatures are entirely false.

Did you know that in 1303, at the very middle of the Medieval Warming Period (clue's in the name), the Rhein went dry. The. Rhein. Went. Dry.
 It gets worse. The same year, the Seine and the Loire ALSO went dry (which means their tributaries did too). And then, in 1304, IT ALL HAPPENED AGAIN.



Remembering Agiotfest by Paul McGovern

I'm putting this small section in because, of the many questions I am asked, since starting this magazine, none are as persistent as ones about Agiotfest.

So, it is nice to walk back down memory lane to those happy days-and nights.

Here is a picture of Bruce Homewood entertaining the Mexicans after the show in 2015.



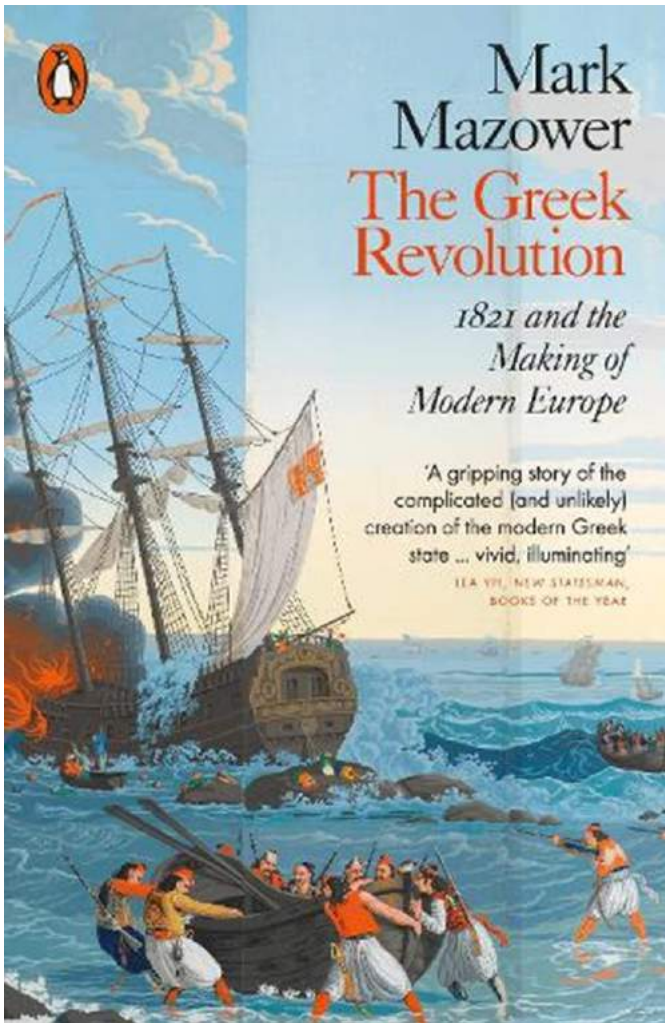
Jeremy from Leatherat is in the picture too. Here is a link to that Mexican band, for you consumers of musical knowledge.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Los_Jaig%C3%BCey

From 2019 Chrisbenny Benson sent this snap in of a chess game he at Fest Camp in 2019. His opponent, just in the picture, was the late Paul Fennell.



The World of Simon



I'm working into my third reading of Mark Mazower's book on the Greek Revolution, as well as dipping into pages and chapters and the index. This is an incomplete, as Mazower admits, and contested history.



Marietta Giannakou 1951-2022

In 2007, conservative New Democracy Party Education Minister Marietta Giannakou had to resign after approving a school text book on the revolution which mentioned that it was not just one side who'd committed atrocities during the struggle for independence.

Prof Mazower's book describes truths that were once politically unacceptable in Greece. In 2021, Mazower was awarded an honorary Greek citizenship by a Conservative government for 'the promotion of Greece, its long history and culture to the international general public.'

I asked a Greek friend recently "Do you call the events that brought about modern Greece 'The Greek War of Independence' or 'The Greek Revolution'?"

Alex reflected for a moment on the direction of my query and answered, indisputably, "'The Greek Revolution' "

Mark Mazower titles his history 'The Greek Revolution', but unfolds a more equivocal account. This comes much later, but it's clear that the allied Navies that defeated the Turks and the Egyptians at Navarino in 1827 would not have fought to save a 'revolution'. Mazower's book has managed to come, as near as a work of historical scholarship can, to being a 'cliff-hanger'. Of course, the Greeks were victorious. The Hellenic Republic exists. It's on the euro-currency! But reading Mazower's history I was wondering to his last chapter who was going to win.

Insurrectionary talk was widespread across Europe in the 1820s. Rebellion against the old orders had been sparked by the American War of Independence; then the French Revolution and revolts across South America and the other parts of Europe. Metternich and the Tsar had convened the Congress of Vienna - nearly wrecked by Napoleon's escape from Elba and his 100 days...

The World of Simon - Continued from page 21



Napoleon returns from Elba to disrupt the Congress of Vienna (George Cruikshank)



The Congress organised by Metternich was dominated by Austria, France, Prussia, Russia, and Britain.

The Congress's agreement was signed just nine days before Napoleon's final defeat at Waterloo on 18 June 1815. This magnificent gathering of 100s of conservative - some would say reactionary - monarchs, emperors and ministers welded an alliance designed to maintain the peace of the continent, suppress rebellion and share intelligence on all signs and symptoms of insurrection. This was not a good time for a revolution against the mighty Ottoman Empire.

Yet the great Greek event - the 'Romeiko', the 'ethnogesea', began, in so far as there's a 'once upon a time', on 21st Feb 1821.

Encouraged by a vastly distributed and secretive 'friendly' society founded in Odessa in 1814, full of commercial travellers on land and sea - the [Filiki](#)



Prince Alexandros Ypsilanti

[Etaireia](#) - required oaths of loyalty, coded messages and secret signs on meeting a stranger. Their black uniform, when they surfaced, bore the symbol of a skull and crossbones below a crucifix.

Trade is a good cover for subversion; the language of commerce camouflaging the planning of revolt - price lists, inventories, consignments, cargoes, weights and measures, transactions, deadlines - protected by normal business discretion. In 1820 the leaders of *Filiki Etaireia* asked Prince Alexander Ypsilanti to be their leader. Given the omens - not least the profound opposition of Ioannis Capodistria, to become first Prime Minister of Greece (more of him later), this aristocratic soldier was probably an excellent choice to start a dangerously impossible rebellion.

On 21st February this impulsive, bold, one-armed veteran of the war against Napoleon, falsely claiming the support of the Tzar, led a small and ragged force across the river Pruth from Russia into Ottoman Moldavia, far north of the land that would become Greece. Ypsilanti's expedition turned into a debacle of confusion and desertion, and, as others more cautious had warned, provoked bloody reprisals against Greeks from Sultan Mahmud II in Constantinople. The most prominent was the public hanging of the Ecumenical Patriarch, Gregory V, in front of The Saint Peter's Gate of the Patriarchate of Constantinople just after he'd celebrated Easter mass.

The World of Simon - Continued from page 22



Easter Sunday 22 April 1821

With implicit approval of the Sultan, surrounding streets ran with the blood of Christian residents of the city. If this story were a Netflix series I'd end this first episode at this moment. The next episode would be about Greece in the early 19th century opening on a dramatic panorama of mountainous stone with glimpses of distant blue sea "Rumeli - mainland Greece 15 years earlier" and perhaps we'd open at the court of the rebel potentate Ali Pasha in Jannina.



Audience chamber at the court of Ali Pasha in Jannina

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

For something completely different, Lula has received this unusual gastronomical tip from Jimmy Pagkrakiotis, up in Geordie land.

That's 175g equal Butter Sugar Flour 3eggs If loula lovebites is slacking

Καλη Ορεξη!



Who is brave enough to take on the Magician's Assitant?

I could blather on 8 million ways of being the magicians assistant actually cut into in to two .. but instead just carry on chopping cake(s) slices 😊 Made a mars bar one for my mam and it was mega

And, as a bonus, Lula threw in this link for you, should you suffer from that 'orrible overnight indigestion. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=T99Kf79beWI>

Video Plus Corner

The second part of this really good video on Corfu
by Tasos Dousis

Corfu 2

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ISNHuvSzFyc&t=169s>

Eric Cantona the poet

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?app=desktop&v=2PUD55EhIAg>

The Rise of BRICS

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uUa21dJKCwI>

This Cultural Life; Melvyn Bragg
[file:///C:/Users/Paul/Downloads/Melvin-Bragg-interview-link\(1\).html](file:///C:/Users/Paul/Downloads/Melvin-Bragg-interview-link(1).html)

JB wanders in Thailand.

(This link was sent in by Gentle Reader Willie Seymour, who lives permanently in Bangkok Sathorn district.)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q4NYvwo_BYI

The Corfu Channel Incident Remembered

By Hilary Paipeti



THE 22ND OCTOBER 2023 marks the 77th anniversary of the 'Corfu Incident', in which 44 sailors lost their lives when two Royal Navy vessels, Saumarez and Volage, hit mines off the shore of Albania while establishing right of passage through the Corfu Channel. The incident is commemorated at the British Cemetery in Corfu Town, where the Commonwealth War Graves Commission have provided simple engraved headstones on the graves of the twelve sailors whose bodies were brought ashore the next day. The names of 32 sailors whose bodies were never found are inscribed on a monument.

On the 60th anniversary of the incident in 2006, and speaking exclusively to this author, Saumarez survivor Bill Atkinson remembered the funeral service at the British Cemetery for those recent dead. 'I had lost everything. My locker was in the section of the ship which was hit, and all my possessions went down. I attended the burial in my overalls.'

W. E. B. Godsall (later a Royal Navy Captain) was on the bridge of the Saumarez when it hit the mine. 'It was a total shock,' he reminisced after the ceremony.

The incident sparked a long-running row between Britain and Albania, whose government refused to pay the compensation set by the International Court of Justice in The Hague. Diplomatic relations were restored only after the fall of the communist regime in 1991, when, in a deal which upset many of the survivors, Britain agreed to release confiscated Albanian gold in return for just over a million pounds.

But for the injured and relatives of the dead, this compensation was no compensation. Though the incident occurred in peacetime, those disabled and bereaved received no more than a normal 'civvy-street' pension. The compensation that was eventually paid to survivors and relatives, once the matter of the gold was settled, has been described as 'inadequate.'

'The government told us that these men were no different to those killed in the war,' said Doug Francies, who was on the crew of Saumarez and afterwards founded the Corfu Channel Association to assist survivors. 'Therefore their dependents were not entitled to compensation, they said. But this was a peacetime incident! [1946 - Ed.] And the government refuted their own argument when they paid extra money to the widows of the Falkland War.' Mr Francies worked for many years through the Association to support the rights of those involved, and to bring together the scattered survivors and relatives.

Continued on page 25

The Corfu Channel Incident Remembered - Continued from page 24



Their shabby treatment is underlined by the indifference with which officialdom treated relatives of the dead at the time. The widow of Leslie Bevan, killed on the Saumarez, waited 36 years before any official person called. Winifred Winter, whose son Brian also died on the Saumarez, recalls that a young naval officer visited two days after they received the telegram. 'But I wasn't home so I couldn't speak to him, and he didn't come back. No-one else from any official body ever called back.' It was forty years later, through the Corfu Channel Association, that she learned from a shipmate that blast had killed her son instantly, and he had not suffered.

Even at the time, the government appears to have suppressed the news, perhaps embarrassed that a blatant attempt at gunboat diplomacy could have gone so disastrously wrong. Accordingly, they played down the incident into one of comparative insignificance, releasing to the media in dribs and drabs the barest details of a story which would normally have dominated the headlines. It was left to the media of Plymouth (home base of the Cruiser Squadron), which had learnt first hand from survivors, to broadcast the outrage throughout that corner of England, though it never received prominent coverage nationally.

THE TALE BEGAN in May 1946, when two cruisers, HMS Orion and HMS Superb, were fired on by Albanian shore batteries whilst steaming south through the Corfu Channel (the narrow point in the north east of the island where Corfu and Albania are only a mile or two apart), a recognised international waterway. It was subsequently

decided by Whitehall that 'right of passage' should be established by example, and four ships, Mauritius, Leander, Saumarez and Volage, were sent to prove the point.

After a five-day stopover in Corfu, at 14.00 in the afternoon of 22 October, the ships set off on their mission. Rear Admiral Sir David Scott, a lieutenant at the time, was on board the Volage. This is his account of events:

'At 14.47 the silence on the radio telephone was broken by Mauritius ordering a routine alteration of course to port to bring us onto the final leg of our passage through the Channel. At the time I was looking through my binoculars at the Mauritius and the Saumarez, and I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the Saumarez engulfed by a sheet of flame and black smoke. Then the radio telephone came to life again with a signal from the Admiral saying 'Volage, proceed to the assistance of Saumarez.'

'The Saumarez was burning fiercely and down in the bow to the extent that the water was actually lapping her foc'sle. She had many casualties, both killed and wounded, and scarcely had enough hands to take our tow. The tow was eventually passed, and we set off back towards Corfu at about four knots, towing Saumarez stern first, as her bow was so deep in the water she couldn't be towed ahead.

'All went well until at 16.15 an enormous explosion occurred at Volage's bow. The ship was brought to a stop, and for over an hour we fought the fires and the flooding. It soon afterwards became apparent that our boiler rooms and engine room were intact and that we could still steam. While we were deliberating on this, the whole ship shuddered and a sixty foot section of the bow fell off the front and sank. Fortunately, the watertight bulkhead immediately behind the devastation held firm, but it was clear that the Volage could not steam ahead. However, we could steam astern, so once again we approached the Saumarez and we passed a tow over what remained of Volage's bow. Then, with both ships proceeding stern first, we headed back to Corfu. It wasn't until shortly after one in the morning that we finally passed a line to Leander, who was anchored once again in Corfu Bay.'

Continued on page 26

The Corfu Channel Incident Remembered - Continued from page 25

David Mulcahy was on board the Saumarez, and helped rescue survivors. Also speaking exclusively in Corfu to this author, he submitted his story, never before told in this form to a newspaper:

'We were steaming behind the Mauritius when this terrible explosion occurred. The ship burst into flames and everyone was thrown into chaos. I was in the ASDIC compartment. We came to a standstill. The foc'sle deck was awash and we had taken on a terrific list. Everything forrard of the bridge was a raging inferno. We knew that our lads in that part of the ship had no chance whatsoever.

'I was helping with the injured. It was pretty horrific, because some of them were so badly burnt. We rescued one lad out of the radar office. The mine had exploded 20 feet below the chair he was sitting on. He was flung out of his chair against the bulkhead and landed in a heap outside the radar office. He was on fire from head to foot. We got the water pump and put out the fire. We rolled him in a hammock. We couldn't put him on a stretcher, because we were afraid he would fall apart.'

This man required eight years of hospital treatment, including 30 orthopaedic operations, his bones being burnt. He was discharged from the Navy in 1954 with only a disability pension, and not a penny compensation. 'He lost eight years of his life,' said Mulcahy. 'And for what?'

For a piece of ill-thought-out gunboat diplomacy patronisingly aimed at putting the Albanians back in their subservient place, that's what.

A version of this article was first published in The Corfiot Magazine, November 2006.



Village and Island times

by Paul McGovern

It has been a busy August in our famous old square. I should better say, the whole of the village, not just the plateia. With less obvious Governmental hindrance, the community has been able to get on with its life, at the same time providing a welcoming haven to visitors old and new.

Despite the shambling chaos in the world at large, this ancient backwater has been a hive of industry of late.

Early one morning I took a stroll around the village 'block' at dawn, with my furry mate Mandy, and here below is a collection of photos, which I know will be of interest to you Gentle Readers, especially those, who for one reason or another, have not visited for a while or are unable to do so.

The photos are in sequence, starting at the plateia, proceeding to the traffic lights at Bey, turning right and continuing as far as the petrol station [God's

Garage]. About turn at that point and come straight back down the main road as far as Vasilakis' winery, turning left into McGovern's back passage [ouch] and thence up the winding hill where so many feet have trod, into the approach to the New Cactus Hilton, and back to the square through the narrow back lane. [There is an omission. Oops. I forgot to photo Pizza Nostra Takeaway. They will kill me. I'll make up for it next issue!]

Please excuse the dimness of these shots, so early were they taken. It is also difficult to *not have* my dear friend in every photo, but the little Diva is sneaky, and loves the camera.

This walk with us will guide you to new eating places and developments, various shops, the sadness of Ingrid's cat sanctuary having been levelled by a bulldozer, and photographic angles of dear old Agios less photographed than the ones you know so well.

Continued on page 27

Village and Island Times (Walk photos) - Continued from page 26



A new wall for the old plane tree



Ioannis a-sweeping



Archontiko swimming pool



George and Betty's fine villa



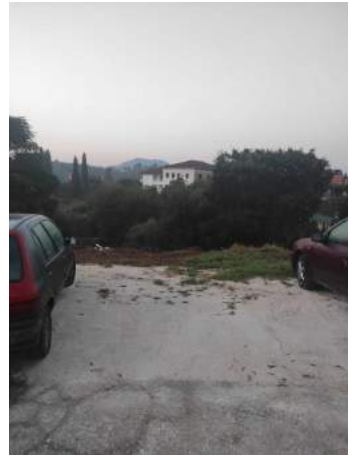
Lydia's villa changes hands



Maisonettes



Little legs long walk



Village centre with surprising view



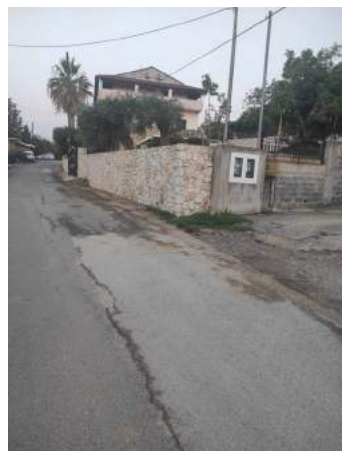
New walls in Agios in vogue



Development afoot



Lesser known to the masses



Nikoletta's new wall

Village and Island Times (Walk photos) - Continued from page 27



A future home for a young Halikia



The Primary school



Kounos bar and Bunny Burger



Dr. Sofia's surgery



The main kids' playground being redone



Water for the Community



George the carpenter



Approaching traffic lights



Spider Bar for the village young guns



The Kitchen lovely food



Babis' Grillroom takeaway Seven



Builder's Merchant

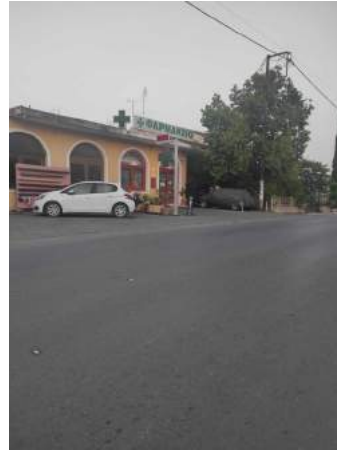
Village and Island Times (Walk photos) - Continued from page 28



Work in progress



Coffees and confectionery



Zoi's friendly pharmacy



Stones and slabs for sale



Big new extension for Dourou's Super Market



The village at sea



Divia



God's Garage



One for posterity



Aqualand apartments



Meeting Natassa on her way to Aqualand



Notice the Ent on the skyline

Village and Island Times (Walk photos) - Continued from page 29



Playschool



TimeOut run by Olga and Tony



Paint Shop



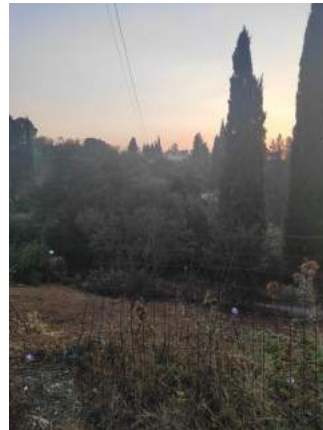
Home with business



Bakery has some scrummy stuff



BBC once ran a bar here



Here comes the sun



Ingrid's poor cat colony



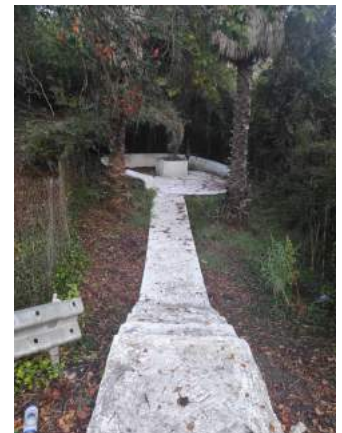
Sunrise for a better future



Luxuriant verge



On a bend



Cactus Hilton people showered here

Village and Island Times (Walk photos) - Continued from page 30



A grove in the village centre



Vasilakis store



To Theodora and Sofia



To Walter's



Tree House Villa Sofia



Road to New Cactus Hilton



Villa Theodora



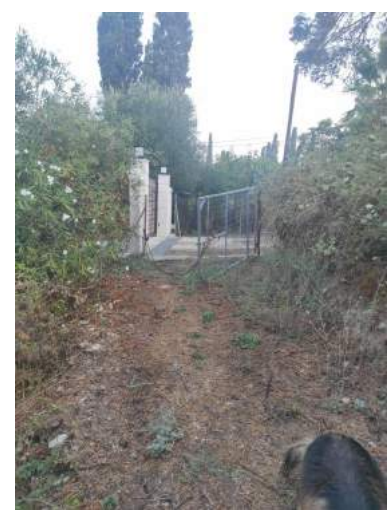
Helgy's old trailer



The New Cactus Hilton



Bang smack in the middle of Agios



An old right of way re-established

Village and Island Times - Continued from page 31

For the plateia itself the influx of visitors to the Archontiko Hotel, combined with the new paving the square has been furnished with, has been a 21st century boon. The taverna tables, restricted as they are in number for now, are mostly full in the evenings, the happy, polyglot babble of diners and drinkers wafting upon the breeze, to find this scribe in his cosy eyrie.

Aqualand goes from strength to strength, and thus our village shops, tavernas and commerce are obviously benefiting from those more curious Aqualand residents who venture outside their gilded cage.



Conny says goodbye

Conny Großmann has been coming to the heart of Agios for 29 years straight. She possesses that heart inside of her own. This summer may well be her last visit here for a long time. She has boldly accepted a totally new challenge in her life. In December she leaves her home and friends in Bavaria, and takes up a teaching career [Maths and Physics] i Guatemala City [atlastes out please!]. Her Contract will be for three years, with an option to extend a further five.

Everybody loves Conny, we wish her happiness and success as she bravely steps into the unknown.

Being unorthodox by nature, why not ourselves take a very mini-break right in the middle of summer, something we were never able to do achieve in former years, because of village commitments. So, we packed our bag and spent a couple of days in Garitsa Bay. What fun! Here are yet more photos, to give you a taste. One night the Visigoths [our two older Grandchildren] slept over with us.

Only six miles from where we live, yet were far, far away in our minds. Dawn one morning-you will have gathered I like dawns-I had a conversation with darting swifts over Mouragia, as their squadrons blazed incredible aeronautical feats across the bay and through the gaps in the Venetian buildings lining the shore.

If I was an American, I would have said ‘Awesome’!



A helping hand



Best years of life



Card school



They are so swift you can barely see them

Village and Island Times - Continued from page 32



Danae the athlete



Dawn



Focus boy



Fun at the park



Garitsa pre-dawn



I counted 60 craft afloat



Mini playground



This place got really busy later



This thing frightened me and I wasn't on it



Trunky enjoying his holiday

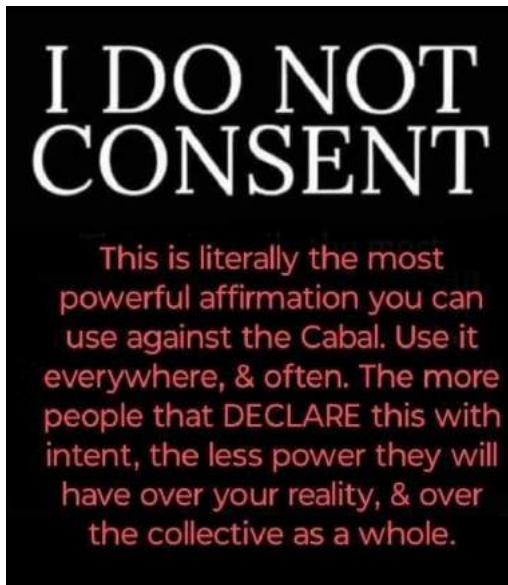


Youngest pole dancer



End of the day

Little Brother is Watching You



Introduction By Paul McGovern, Editor

It is obvious we are living through the demise of Western Civilisation, is it not?

Or, is there an unstoppable force which will rise and throw off the Demonic tyranny, for that is what it is?

The next year will be a roller coaster, as the Evil ones try harder than ever to push the rest of us into a Dystopian landscape. Remember, the Nazis decorated the Auschwitz railway platforms with pretty geraniums in tubs, luring the innocents to their extermination. Sounds a bit like all the new gizmos the Demons are bribing the current masses with.

I leave you with an article, a jumble of memes and stirrings and opinion.

Remember, go out of this world as you came in.

The Vegan Killers



"It's your lucky day. I just went vegan!"

How they are destroying the planet, meal by meal

By Verity Green

A committed and principled British vegan spent some months on a farm in Normandy for work experience. At first he found it incredibly hard: cows milked; animals raised for food; little lambs slaughtered at a few months.

But after a while he came to recognise the bigger picture.

The farm, run under ecological principles, operated a system of ley farming, an ancient system whereby animals are run on land some years, and the same land is planted with crops in between. Under this system the animals fertilise the land, and there is no need to use chemicals to feed the soil. No vast monocultures of a single crop, planted year after year, and requiring organophosphate insecticides for the inevitable pests, as well as the fertilisers whose run-off causes havoc to rivers. This is similar to the three- and four-crop rotation which was in use before farming became industrialised.

He also noticed that the male young of the sheep, not required for future reproduction (sorry guys!) were mostly slaughtered and eaten at a fairly young age. And he realised that this was part of the process of keeping the land and its produce healthy. The fact is that grazing animals are vital for the health of the soil and the food that it yields, and the superfluous progeny are a by-product that also provide nourishment. This has worked for thousands of years, ever since Neolithic Man began to farm.

In view of his revelation, the former vegan switched to sometimes eating meat.

Vegans would be happy for all farm animals to go extinct, rather than be 'exploited' for meat. Really extreme vegans want all domestic animals banned (dogs, cats, horses etc.) because they are not in their natural state. Thus, crops would never be fertilised naturally, but instead purely with chemicals - those chemicals requiring extraction, processing and distribution, leading to pollution and CO2 production at all stages in the process (which vegans tend to be vocally opposed to). Alternatively, you can run some sheep on the land, and from time to time eat the resulting offspring.

So, vegans, if their desire to ban grazing animals is granted, will be responsible for 1) destroying the sustainable fertility of the soil 2) causing pollution of soil and ground water by dangerous chemicals 3) preventing ecologically grown vegetables from being produced 4) adding to pollution and CO2 levels resulting from industrial processes and transportation.

THEY are the killers.

(To be continued)



Continued on page 35

Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 34

Messenger 09:57 48%

Angelikh Koutsourh 13 h

But the mountains that ... they will burn in the coming weeks.

24 thousand wind turbines by 2027...

The death of the two firefighters was NOT an accident!

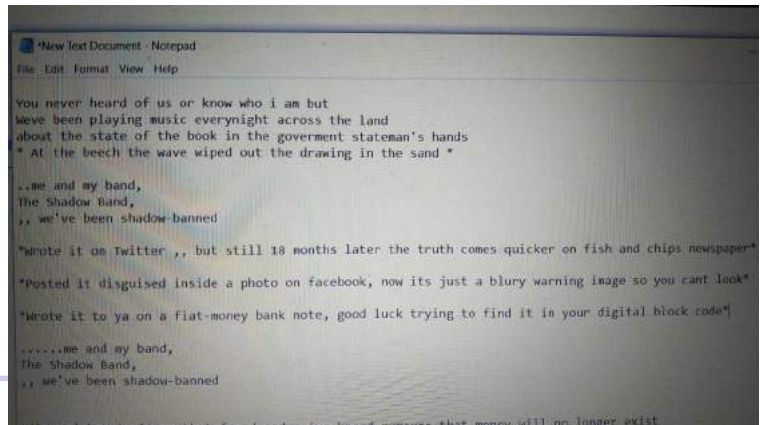
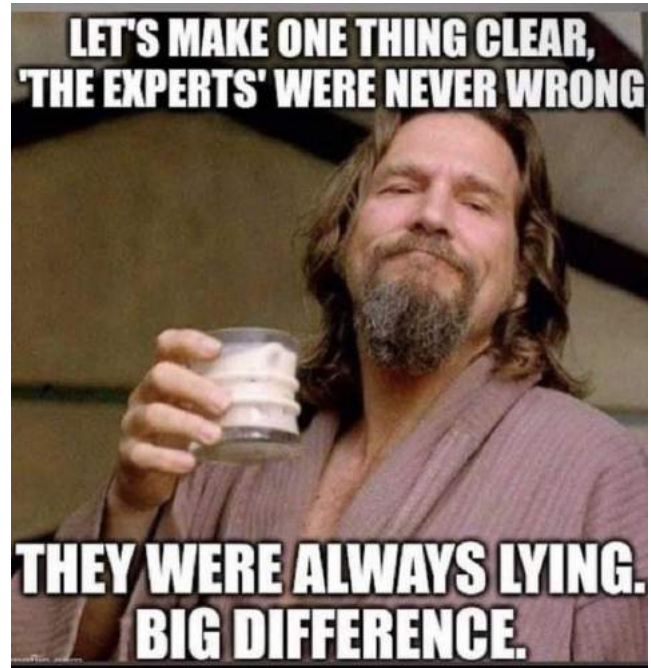
YOU killed them !

Master with canisters - coffins,

and especially because you send them with them to put out fires ... planned.

MURDERS !

Rate this translation



Connect the dots

<https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=830200968681777>

B.B.C. lying. Again.

<https://odysee.com/@WEGOTAPROBLEM:f/the-media-continue-lying-about-the-greek:c>



Vobes on Kissinger

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

The Way Things Were and Are



From Michelle in England



I saw a lot of this thirty years ago



Willie Symour's Bangkok neighbourhood

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.

Nobody recognised last month's victim.

It was Robert Bennett, on his way to the taverna tables.

This month features one of the cats who owns us, descending George and Antigoni's steps, following a raid for food. Note well the quick getaway.



Nature

Usually, the Nature section carries beautiful photos of the diverse and beautiful Corfu flora and fauna.

However, this dramatic scene so traumatised me-the photographer-that I did not have the stomach to show anything else this month.

Here we see a rare southern Corfu banded parrot taking down and killing a small tree bear.

Discretion should be shown if you are viewing this in the presence of children.



High & Low Weather Summary for August 2023

	Temperature	Humidity	Pressure
High	38 °C	100%	1016 mbar
Low	20 °C	22%	1004 mbar
Average	27 °C	64%	1011 mbar

* Reported 1 Aug 00:20 — 31 Aug 23:50, 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](#)

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.

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.

Lecture Series

We are pleased to attach details of a lecture series "It All Began Here" to be given at the SOLOMOS MUSEUM* in Corfu Town on Tuesdays in September (5, 12, 19, 26) at 7.30pm.

*by courtesy of the Society of Corfu Studies

The lectures, as the attached brochure explains, will describe the ways in which 4 artists:

GERALD DURRELL
THEODORE STEPHANIDES
NIKOLAOS MANTZAROS
LAWRENCE DURRELL

were uniquely inspired by Corfu to create their life's work and achieve international significance and recognition.

Each of the lectures will be given by an expert in their subject and will be designed for subsequent publication.

The lectures will be ILLUSTRATED with visual and aural material.

WE WOULD BE GRATEFUL IF YOU COULD BRING THIS TO THE ATTENTION OF ANYONE WHO MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN ATTENDING THESE LECTURES.

And if you can display the attached POSTER in a place where it might be noticed by others, please do so.

We hope you will take the opportunity to enjoy at least some of the lectures.

With best wishes

DURRELL LIBRARY OF CORFU
www.durrelllibrarycorfu.com

N.B. The Editor apologises for the late publication of the September Edition, which has led to the first of these lectures, on the 5th September, not being advertised in this publication in time.

“IT ALL BEGAN HERE”

Four lectures at the Solomos Museum* in September

Celebrating artists of international importance whose time in Corfu inspired their lifelong achievements

*courtesy of the Society of Corfiot Studies

The lectures will be in English, and will describe in each case the main events/publications in the careers of **Gerald Durrell, Theodore Stephanides, Nikolaos Mantzaros** and **Lawrence Durrell**, emphasising the fact that Corfu – its culture, flora and fauna, intellectual history, folklore, society – was a principal stimulus to their achievements.

Gerald Durrell: 5 September (19.30h), speaker: Lee Durrell.

Gerald Durrell (1925-1995), as a child in Corfu, wrote that he saw his future life as “a voyage round the world capturing animals with my family.” His career, as a zoologist and environmentalist, can be traced in his books *My Family and Other Animals, Birds, Beasts and Relatives* and *The Garden of the Gods*, and in his BBC travelogue of 1968, also entitled *The Garden of the Gods*. He wrote: “I too got born in Corfu ... I would confer two gifts on every child – the enchanted childhood I had on the island of Corfu and to be guided and befriended by Theodore Stephanides”.

Lee Durrell is a distinguished zoologist, working particularly in Mauritius and Madagascar. She became the honorary director of the Durrell Wildlife Conservation Trust after the death of her husband, Gerald Durrell, in 1995. She is the author of *A Practical Guide for the Amateur Naturalist* (with Gerald Durrell), *Durrell in Russia* (with Gerald Durrell) and *State of the Ark – an atlas of conservation in action*. She is also the editor of *The Best of Gerald Durrell*. Lee Durrell was awarded the MBE in the 2011 Birthday Honours.

Theodore Stephanides: 12 September (19.30h) speaker: **Vera Kondari.**

Theodore Stephanides (1896-1983), like Gerald Durrell, came to Corfu as a child. His professional career as a radiologist (he studied in Paris with Marie Curie) began here, but it was also in Corfu that his scientific work *A Survey of the Freshwater Biology of Corfu* was conceived (and continues to be cited in the international scientific literature).^{*} Moreover, he was mentor to both Gerald and Lawrence Durrell, both of whom dedicated books to him. His memoir of his friendship in Corfu with Lawrence Durrell was published 2011 by the Durrell Library of Corfu, with his poems, as *Autumn Gleanings*. He published extensively on the shadow-theatre of Karaghiozi, the history of the microscope, and the wartime experiences in Crete.

^{*}The Durrell Library of Corfu is proud to possess the original typescript of this treatise, donated by Stephanides' daughter, Alexia Stephanides-Mercouris.

Vera Konidari has lectured in Audiovisual Studies at the Ionian University (2004-2011) and is currently a teacher of English at the 1st High School of Corfu. She co-edited *Islands of the Mind: psychology, literature and biodiversity* (2020) and *Borders and Borderlands: explorations in identity, exile and translation* (2021). Her many translations include Theodore Stephanides' poems *The Golden Face* and Lawrence Durrell's *The Magnetic Island* (both 2019). She has recently completed her PhD dissertation on Theodore Stephanides at the Ionian university.

Nikolaos Mantzaros: 19 September (19.30h) speaker: **Konstantinos Kardamis.**

Nikolaos Mantzaros (1795-1872) was the only one of our subjects who was born in Corfu, of a noble family. Due to the situation of Corfu at the time of his birth (1795), the Italian dimension to his musical education (as in many other aspects of Corfiot culture) was significant. He declined the directorships of both the Milan and Naples Conservatory of Music! As the composer of the music for Solomos' "Hymn to Liberty" he achieved distinction, not least when it was chosen in 1865 as the national anthem of Greece. But he has a much more extensive significance as the "father of modern Greek composition" and the founder of the Philharmonic Society of Corfu – the first of its kind in modern Greece.

Kostas Kardamis is Associate Professor of Music at the Ionian University and an internationally renowned expert on the history of Greek classical music. He is the author of the only book in English on the life and work of Mantzaros: *Nikolaos Mantzaros – Emergence of a Greek Composer* (2022).

Lawrence Durrell: 26 September (19.30h), speaker: **Richard Pine.**

Having written his second and third novels in Corfu (*Panic Spring* and *The Black Book*), **Lawrence Durrell** (1912-1990), in a notebook compiled in Corfu,^{*} conceived his entire life's work: *The Alexandria Quartet* (1957-60), *Tunc-Nunquam* (1968-70) and *The Avignon Quintet* (1974-85) – an arc of literary inspiration over a 50-year period, beginning here in Corfu when Durrell was aged 23-26. He also wrote here *The Magnetic Island* – a fiction which begins with a journey from Corfu to Ithaca. Like his brother Gerald, he also celebrated his experience of Corfu in *Prospero's Cell: a guide to the landscape and manners of the island of Corfu* (1945) and in a chapter of *The Greek Islands* (1978) and in two essays in journals published while he lived here. His lifelong devotion to Corfu is reflected in his many return visits here.

Richard Pine is the Director of the Durrell School/Library which he founded in 2001. He is the author of the definitive study *Lawrence Durrell: the Mindscape* and has edited the "Durrell Studies" series and many other volumes, including Lawrence Durrell's previously unpublished novels *The Magnetic Island*, *The Placebo* and *Judith*.

^{*}A facsimile of this notebook and other of Durrell's writings made in Corfu is in the Archive of the Durrell Library of Corfu.

IT ALL BEGAN HERE

4 ARTISTS INSPIRED BY CORFU

Solomos Museum, Corfu*

Tuesdays: 5, 12, 19, 26 September at 19.30h

Gerald Durrell



by Lee Durrell



5 September

Theodore Stephanides



by Vera Konidari



12 September

Nikolaos Mantzaros



by Konstantinos Kardamis



19 September

Lawrence Durrell



by Richard Pine



26 September

Celebrating 4 artists of international importance whose time in Corfu inspired their lifelong achievements

Presented by the Durrell Library of Corfu

***courtesy of the Society of Corfiot Studies**



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

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:



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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:

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www.patounis.gr

Traditional Olive Soap

Throughout modern history soap has been a necessity in developed societies, as the primary means of hygiene and cleanliness. It also found application in medicine and pharmacology for its healing and antiseptic properties. Though things have changed, traditional soap still has the benefit of having passed the test of time: It has offered its services for many successive generations, improving the quality of life while being environmentally friendly throughout production and use. Furthermore pure soap is considered the most thorough skin cleanser since it unblocks the skin's pores by effectively removing dirt, oily substances and dead cells.

The "PATOUNIS Soap Works" with a history of over 150 years, still make handcrafted soap by traditional methods from locally produced olive products. The Corfu plant built in 1891, preserved with its functioning tools and equipment, constitutes a living memory of a splendid old local tradition.

The following soaps are made here:

- **Olive Oil Soap** is made totally of pure virgin olive oil. It has limited lathering capacity but is distinguished for its mild action on sensitive skin.
- **The Green Olive Soap** is made of olive pomace oil which contains the olive chlorophyll, is acclaimed for its disinfecting properties and wide range of applications (also good for hair and scalp, provided you use it with soft water).
- **Olive-Palm Soap** is made of 80% pure virgin olive oil and 20% edible palm kernel oil thus a mild soap with rich smooth lather.

The above soaps are made using only the basic raw material of traditional soap manufacture, i.e. naturally occurring oils, soda, sea salt and water.

THE NEWSLETTER OF HTC - Sept 2023

We always welcome contributions to our publications; however, we will not publish any material which infringes copyright. When sending in items for inclusion please state your source and the name of the author.

We are happy to accept prayer requests for inclusion in Pulse or in the morning service. If you are requesting prayer for someone other than yourself please make sure you have their permission to be mentioned publicly.

*Please remember the submission **deadline for PULSE is 25th of each month.** Articles, news, information etc. received after this time may not be included and will be carried over to the next edition if appropriate. Thank you.*

THE YEARS ROLL BY...

PULSE PRAYERS

Links

<https://europe.anglican.org/prayer-diary/prayer-diary>

<https://enimerosi.com/en>

<https://www.ics-uk.org/Pages/Category/prayer-diary>

https://www.facebook.com/groups/CorfuForum/?ref=group_header

<http://www.theagiot.com/>

WHAT'S ON at HTC

Keep up to date with what's on at Holy Trinity Corfu by visiting our website calendar.

<http://holytrinitycorfu.bravesites.com/whats-on>

OR

SUDDENLY CHALLENGED

LOOKING BACK

In the beginning was the word...

EMPOWERED

To book an appointment:

email Trish: trishmariawilson@gmail.com or phone: 0030 6986644271

<https://sites.google.com/view/trish-wilson-christian-counsel/home>

The Safe Space is an informal Christian counselling setting where you can receive one-to-one confidential on-line space to explore your feelings

THE NEWSLETTER OF HTC - Sept 2023 - Cont..

Dear Friends,

Well, it was a real treat on Sunday to be surprised with champagne and chocolate cake (Emeral cake shop no less - this will mean something if you know Corfu) to celebrate another year of life!

Having reached the ripe old age of 40, ~~50~~, OK... 59, it surprises me how many decades there are to look back over. And there are also so many photos to remind me of how I used to have more hair, less wrinkles, less... well just less of me!! Having a large family, of course, means that most of those photos have pictures of the children in them. So where as I can see how much I have changed over the last decade, it's really nothing in comparison to how much the youngest has changed! From a mere lad to a young man. Clearly growing older is all about changing - inside and out.

It makes me think about the last eight years here in Corfu too... how much has changed. When I arrived, Greece was in a debt crisis with limits on cash withdrawals; Britain was in Europe and travel was so much easier and we could order things through the post without outrageous import duties (!); the church was going through the legalisation process and was effectively still living in a cash economy - not scary at all! Some things are definitely better now... and some things are definitely worse!

So, the years roll by and we cannot help but to look back to see where we were and where we are today. Is it the same with our faith? There is that wonderful Bible verse from 2 Corinthians 3:18 which promises that "...we all, who with unveiled faces contemplate the Lord's glory, are being transformed into his image with ever-increasing glory, which comes from the Lord, who is the Spirit." Ever increasing glory... from glory to glory. Looking back over our Christian walk, is that what we see? And how would we assess this "glory" we journey into?

It's not easy, is it?

One way may be to look at our faith as how we have come to trust in the Lord. We will have all been through things that have encouraged us to trust in Jesus, and strangely they may well be very difficult times where we have been surprised by His grace and presence. Or it may be with the benefit of hindsight we are able to compare the times of our lives when we have felt close and trusted in Him to other times when we have consciously drifted away. We have learned the difference - all the difference in the world. How are we doing in trusting Him now?

Another way may be to look at the fruit of the Spirit in our lives and to see if we can recognise that our characters have developed according to His influence. Are we more patient and forgiving than we were? Are we a source of love and peace to others in a way we couldn't be in the past? Are we kinder or able to exercise self-control in a way we couldn't have done before?

And I imagine that we have all at some point considered what spiritual gifts have been given to us in His service. We had the verse from Romans 12 last Sunday... "We have different gifts, according to the grace given to each of us. If your gift is prophesying, then prophesy in accordance with your faith; if it is serving, then serve; if it is teaching, then teach; if it is to encourage, then give encouragement; if it is giving, then give generously; if it is to lead, do it diligently; if it is to show mercy, do it cheerfully." How are we doing with these? Have we discerned these and grown in them over the years? Do we "own" our gifts and ask our teacher to develop them in us?

If only life were simple and the line on the graph was just a steady increase on all the good things and the other way with the negatives. But I imagine that, for most of us, it isn't. We have our ups and downs. Low seasons and high seasons. There was a lovely quote from the prayer course 2 that really stuck with me from a man who had struggled with a particular condition for many, many years. He said that Jesus is an author and he doesn't write short stories! *** This is a huge encouragement to us that wherever we are in our story, we are still being written! Jesus is the ultimate encourager too, and is never interested in regret or condemnation, only that we take ourselves where we are, move closer to Him and allow the Holy Spirit to release in us more of His image.

We often sing the hymn, "Be Thou my vision" and really this is what we are praying when we do so. We are praying that as we look forward, not back, we will catch His vision for us, personally; who we are in Him, our true identity and that in doing so will see where He is leading us. For all of us, the journey will always be ongoing, at least until we get to sing the last verse of that wonderful hymn from a place of completion in Him... "High King of heaven, victory is won, I have reached heaven's joys, O bright heaven's Sun! Heart of my own heart, whatever befall, You were my vision, O ruler of all."

With every blessing,

Jules.

HORSES FOR COURSES

With cooler weather around the corner, it is now a good time of thinking about getting those youngsters out riding again.

At Anna's stables and paddock your children will have fun, learning how to ride and interact with a pony, from a lady who loves, truly loves, her horses, who is also ably assisted by some charming stable girls.



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.

GREEK AND ENGLISH AND DANISH SPOKEN.



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Κέρκυρας**

Τηλ. 697 674 6692

https://maps.app.goo.gl/i1MrCM387AGu1yr97?g_st=ic



Dear Members

Recently we purchased 76.98 euros of goods to make food parcels to cover the 3 x week closure of the social kitchen at St John's Church in Mantuki. Each year, around this time the ladies who cook the daily meals take a break. The church during the summer months receives help from a number of hotels, donations of food which reduces their reliance on groups like ourselves. Also the daily numbers of people needing help drops as some are able to find seasonal work.

The 100 Club has been supporting this initiative/charity for over eight years, predominately in the winter months.

In addition;

The 100+ Club purchased 60 small bottles of water to the value of 7€, which was donated to North Corfu Municipality for the fire service and helpers.

Thank you as always for your support.

©The 100+ Club Corfu.

(now near to 150 members).



"Grammatikos"

Insurance agency, family firm.

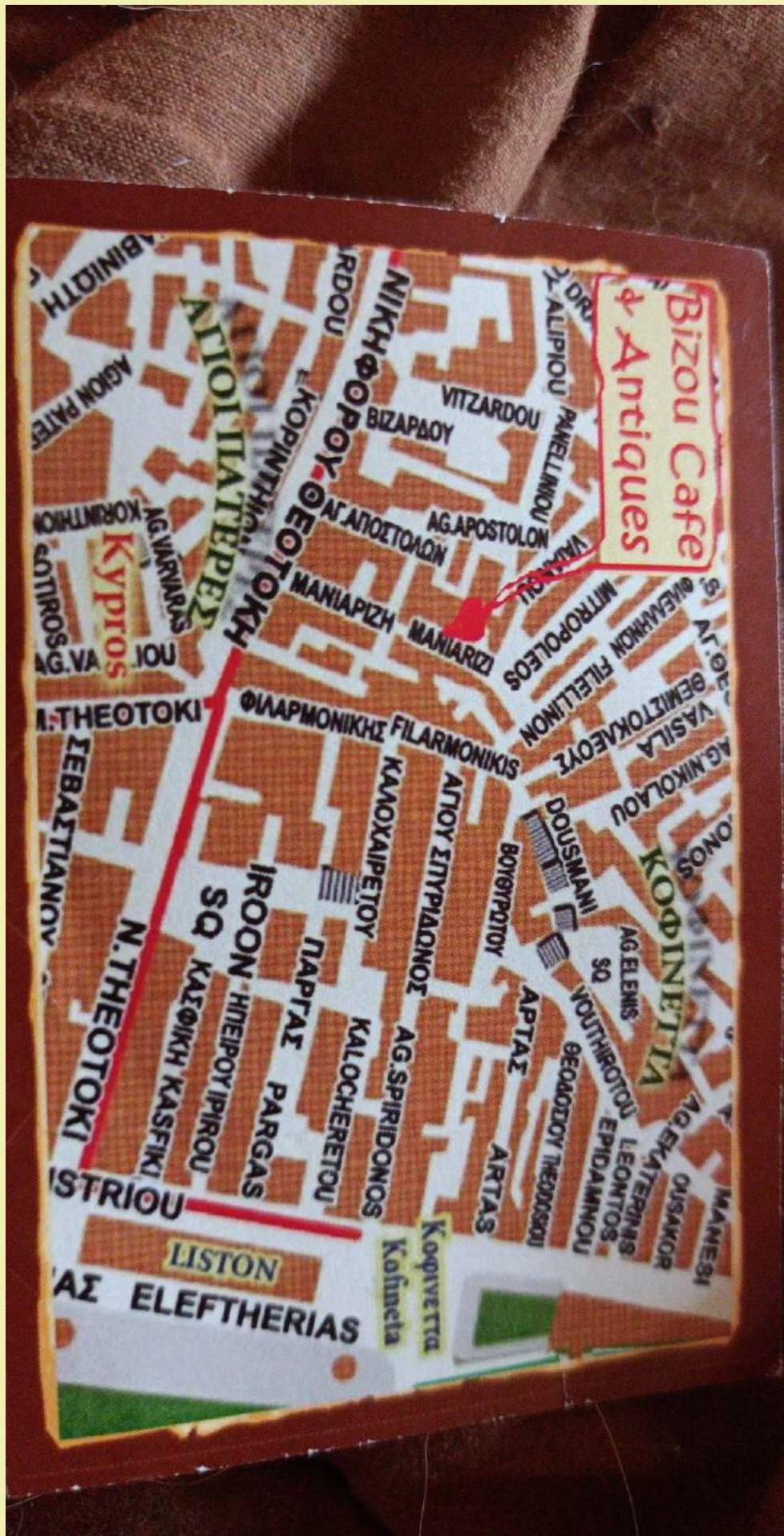
**Fifty two years of experience with insurance of all types -
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We care.

**Drop in for advice and quote
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Iakovou Polyta 24, 1st floor, (pedestrian street),

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Bizou Cafe



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!

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Solar energy is for free! Why not get advantage of it?
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A collage of various embroidered items. On the left, there are several aprons and shirts, some with names like 'CHARLIE' and 'eliv'. In the center, there are several car-shaped keyrings in different colors (red, blue, black). To the right, there are more aprons and shirts, some with names like 'Mel's Kitchen'. Below the car keyrings, there is a grid of circular patches with various designs. At the bottom, there are more patches, including one with a butterfly and another with a clock face.



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

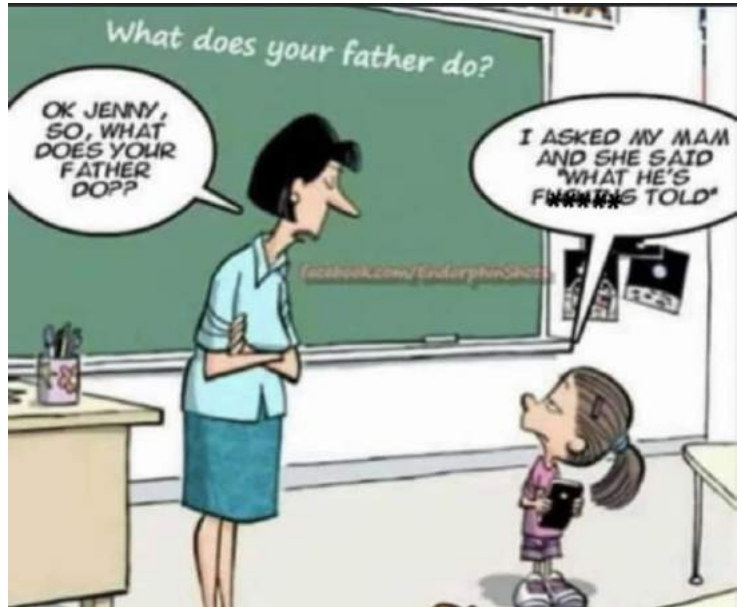
**Car Keyrings are
BESPOKE and designed using a photo of your car**
(I am able to ship Keyrings Worldwide for a small postage cost.)

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



Gooners Gags

Pre internet chat room using
An old version of windows...



Scanned by Fayebe
A1Fun@onelist.com



"Actually, Fred, that's not what I meant when I ask you to come over and eat my pussy tonight."

A blonde just texted me saying,
"What does idk stand for?"
I texted back saying,
"I don't know"
and she replied,
"OMG, nobody does!"

**FOR ALL THOSE PEOPLE
WHO WORE A MASK
WHILE DRIVING ALONE**



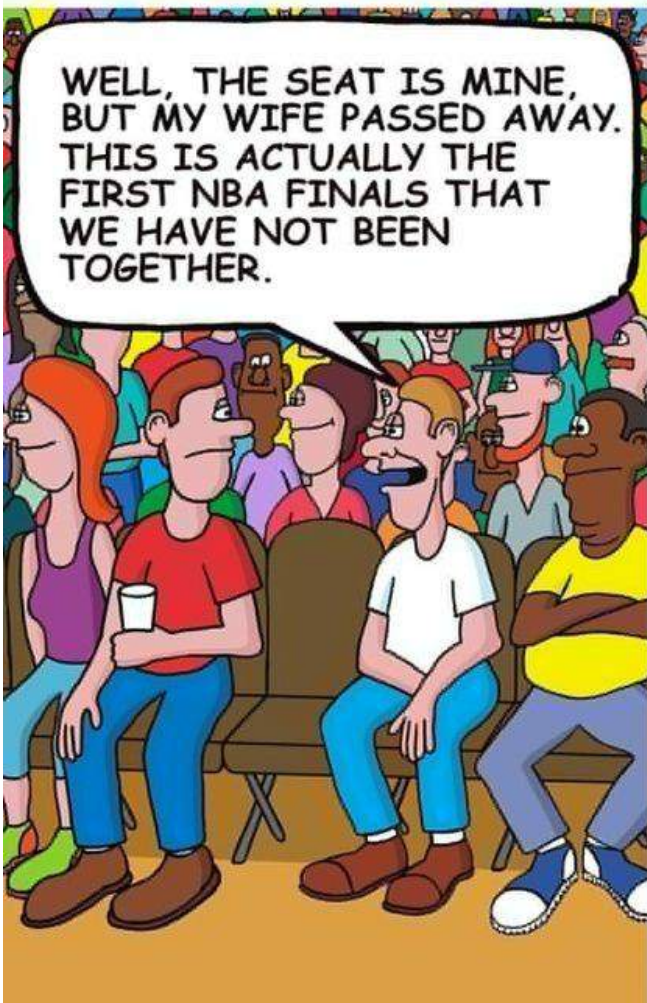
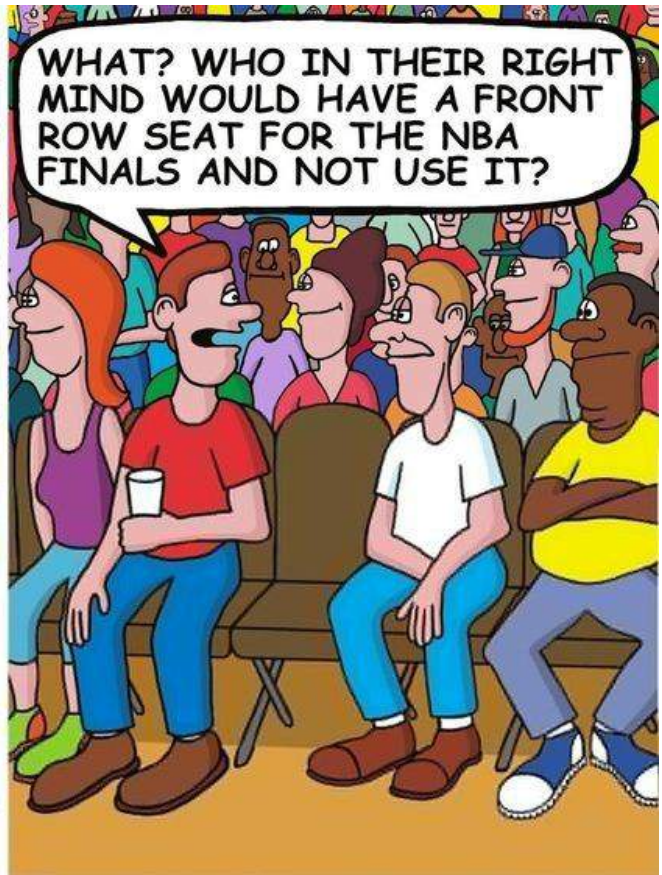
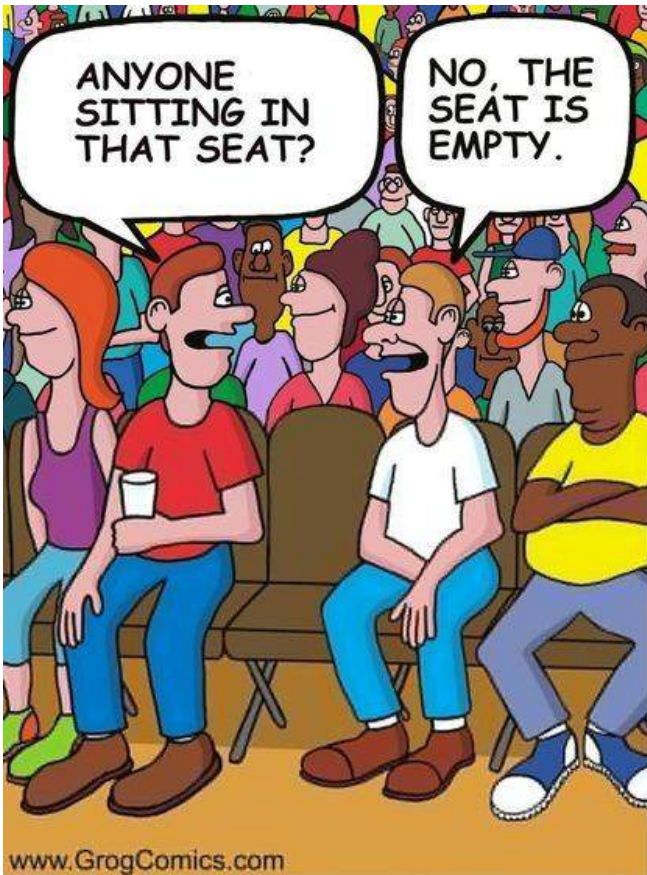
**THE NEW OUTDOOR SEATBELT
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ITV News 8 m ·

! BREAKING !

British man killed by shark whilst honeymooning in Australia. Reports say he didn't suffer for too long as he'd only been married 5 days.

Gooners Gags - Continued from page 43



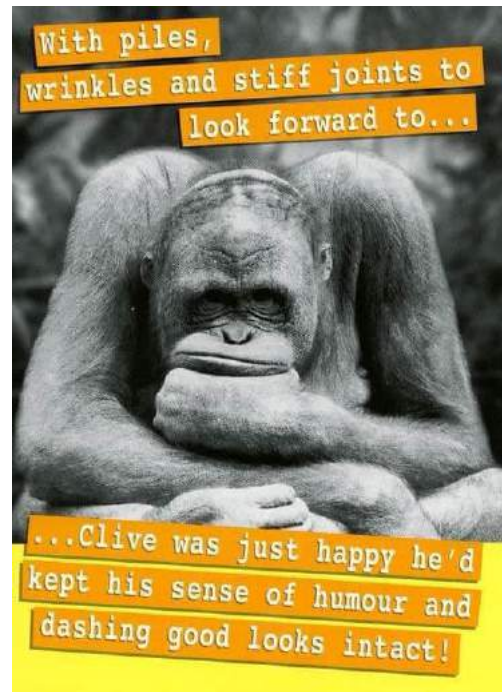
Gooners Gags - Continued from page 44



House for rent. 5 minutes from the beach. 8 seconds if you fall.



I'm selling this glass door. Just needs to be assembled.



I deserve the seat because...
I am a woman !



Xavier
I gave my seat for an old lady in the bus. Next day i lost my job as a driver. This world is cruel.

Thanks to the people that said its fine to allow your pets to sleep on your bed. My goldfish is now dead.