

# The Agiot

171st Edition



*Courtesy of Angela Jones*

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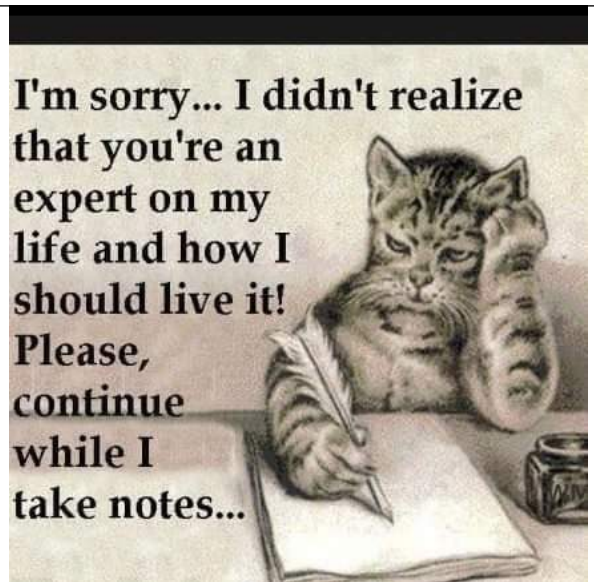
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# Letters to the Editor

Dear Gentle Reader,

This is the first Edition since the Christmas one, so I thought it apt to put in these lovely photos sent in during Yuletide.



*Jan and Ken*



*Simon and family*



*Juie and Joe*



*Freddie*



*Lin and Frank*



*Sabine and family*

Letters to the Editor - Continued from page 2



*Erica's tree in Sweden*



*Lucy*

Thank you all very much for taking the time. This is quite a big Edition, to make up a bit for the hiatus.

In the Time that Land forgot things are happening. Lots of them. I can't cope.

Never mind, Ed, calm y'self and settle with a nice cuppa tea and get this writ.

On a serious note, Lionel would have offered D sharp possibly, I'm not sure when the next Agiot will fly off to you. I'll do my best.

It seems strange doing an Agiot without Nick's page on board. There is a hole in the magazine to match the one in my heart. Maybe, in the future, I can conjure up some classic Nick stories. Perhaps you have one or two yourself you might let me know about.

Thank you for continuing to read us, and a special thanks to our magnificent contributors. I should mention them individually, but I have forgotten their names.

I am off now to soak my feet in brine before attempting the next page.

Continued on page 4



*Tom and Bett*



*Graeme restricts himself to one glass of beer only*



*Juanita*



*Letters to the Editor - Continued from page 3*

**Dick Mulder** says;

A letter to the editor. what a great commercial of a Video Game Kick A Celebrity in The Balls! It fulfills a great need to get rid of aggravation and stress of modern life. but..., how disappointed i am that the celebrity only seems to be male! how female unfriendly! you might have the male idea that female celebrities are all nice, friendly, perfect and not irritating at all. well mister, you are wrong! in the next edition of your magazine i expect an upgrade of this game!

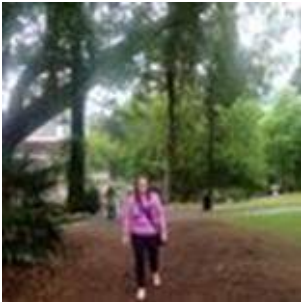
but serious, great edition man, in more than one aspect. Nick would be proud that he is the cause of a 50+ page edition, wouldn't he?

but you and your associates did a wonderful thing, and Nick and Christmas are well presented...

**Ed:** Thank you, Dick, for your heartwarming words. Much appreciated! As for the video game, I didn't get where you are today by kicking ladies in the balls. They don't have them! Or, maybe, in our reset world, they do! I will research further and see what I can find.

From **Ginny**

Good morning, what a wonderful tribute you wrote about your friend Nick. I love the nativity in the square, so beautiful. The history of your forts was an interesting read. Love the jokes, almost as if you wrote them all yourself. 🍷



Love to all especially Lula

**Ed:** - Ginny, you are very welcome. I resemble your remarks.

**Patricia Stach**

Merry Christmas to all Agiot Readers and all my friends and family on Kerkyra. Thanx Paul for sharing the pic from my lovely Kyra. She is now 12 years old; we took her from Korfu with us 2013 ❤️ yes, she speaks to languages, but she loves that if I speak a little bit Greek with her... 🇬🇷 🇬🇷 🇬🇷 🇬🇷

Merry Christmas and wishing you the best for the coming year

📧still following the newsletter I find it interesting

**Ed:** Thank you for enjoying the ride with us, Patricia. Big kiss for Kyra!

**John Donaghey from Erith** mailed;

Dear Paul, Crikey you were up early today, was it your prostate? I am taking the advice of the very wise guru in the video and doing f -all at the moment but will soon burst into action and spend the rest of the day eating ,watching TV and stroking the cat sounds good eh? I must have somehow missed your phone call which I was waiting patiently for, but never mind it hasn't completely spoilt Christmas! Good to see that you are still producing the news letter , the humour is great and the conspiracy stuff is very interesting ,but there is sadly a lot of friends that are no longer with us. On that note 76 years is not far away and I have just taken up a new sport -pickleball .I stopped tennis in 2019 and PB enables you to hit a ball without much running and is good fun ! I wish you and your lovely family a beautiful day ,just remember to behave yourself ! Johnxx

**Ed:** - John, sounds like my type of game, Pickle Ball. How much do you have to drink before they let you on Court? Here is John's video, in case you missed it.

<https://www.youtube.com/shorts/MNFwxDMpjVE>

Letters to the Editor - Continued from page 4

Julie sent in this tree. What can you see lurking in its depth?



## Gooners Gags



**I never run with scissors.**

**Those last two words were unnecessary.**

Continued on page 6

Gooners Gags - Continued from page 5



The teacher sent a note home with the student asking about the odd drawing and a note accompanied the child the following day explaining the drawing's meaning:

Dear Mrs. Jones,

I wish to clarify that I am not now, nor have I ever been, an exotic dancer.

I work at Home Depot and I told my daughter how hectic it was last week before the blizzard hit. I told her we sold out every single shovel we had, and then I found one more in the back room, and that several people were fighting over who would get it. Her picture doesn't show me dancing around a pole. It's supposed to depict me selling the last snow shovel we had at Home Depot.

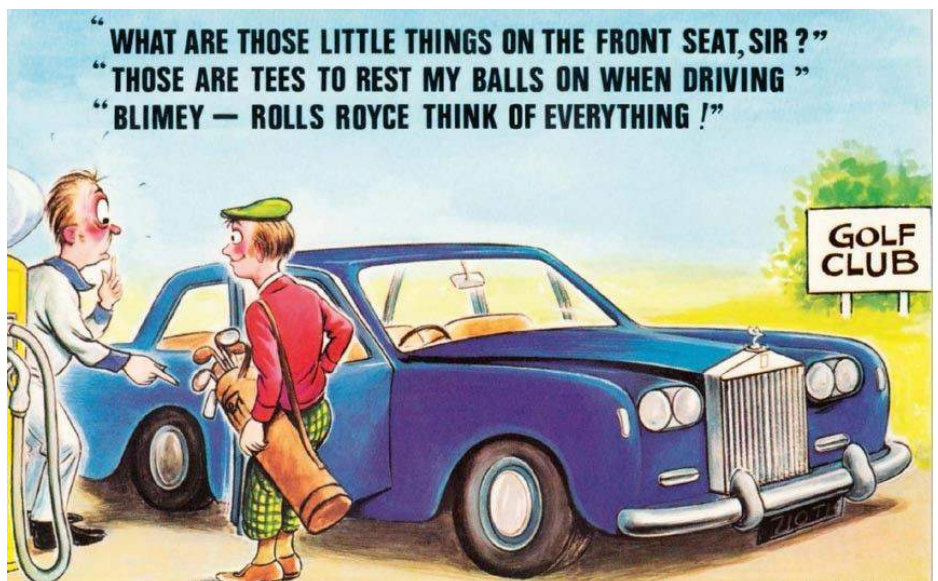
From now on I will remember to check her homework more thoroughly before she turns it in.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Guelkam.com

A man sees his wife is busy in the kitchen and says "Can I help?" She says, "Sure, take this bag of potatoes, peel half of them and put them in a pot to boil."

No matter what men do, somehow, we still get yelled at...



Continued on page 7

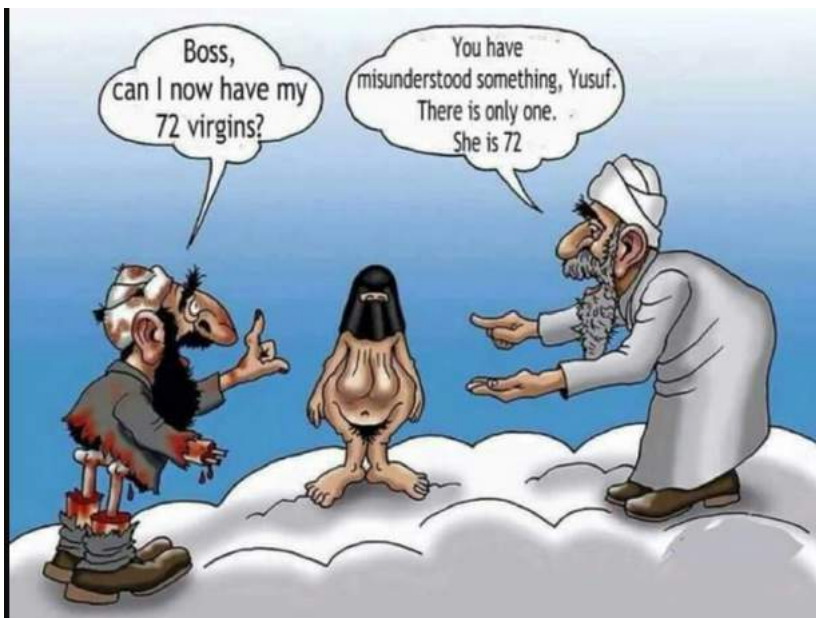
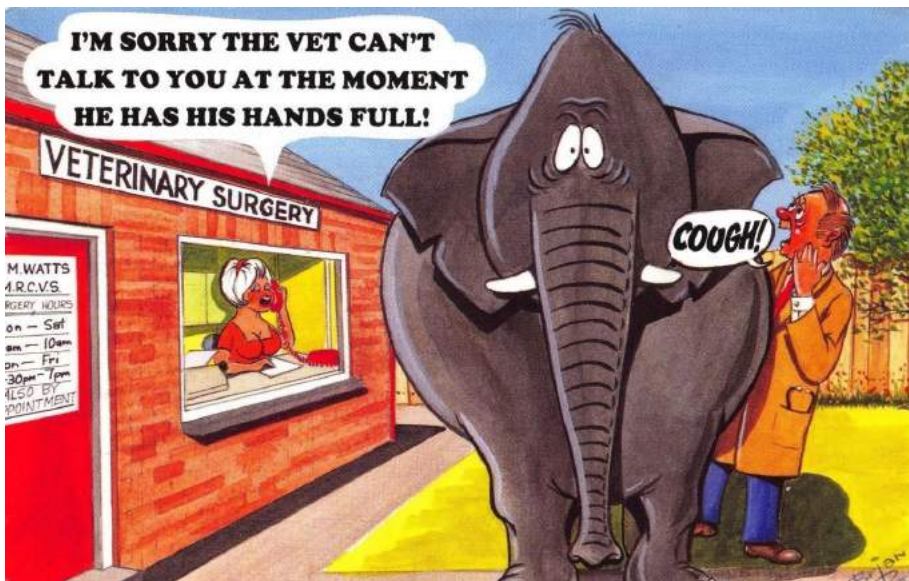
Gooners Gags - Continued from page 6



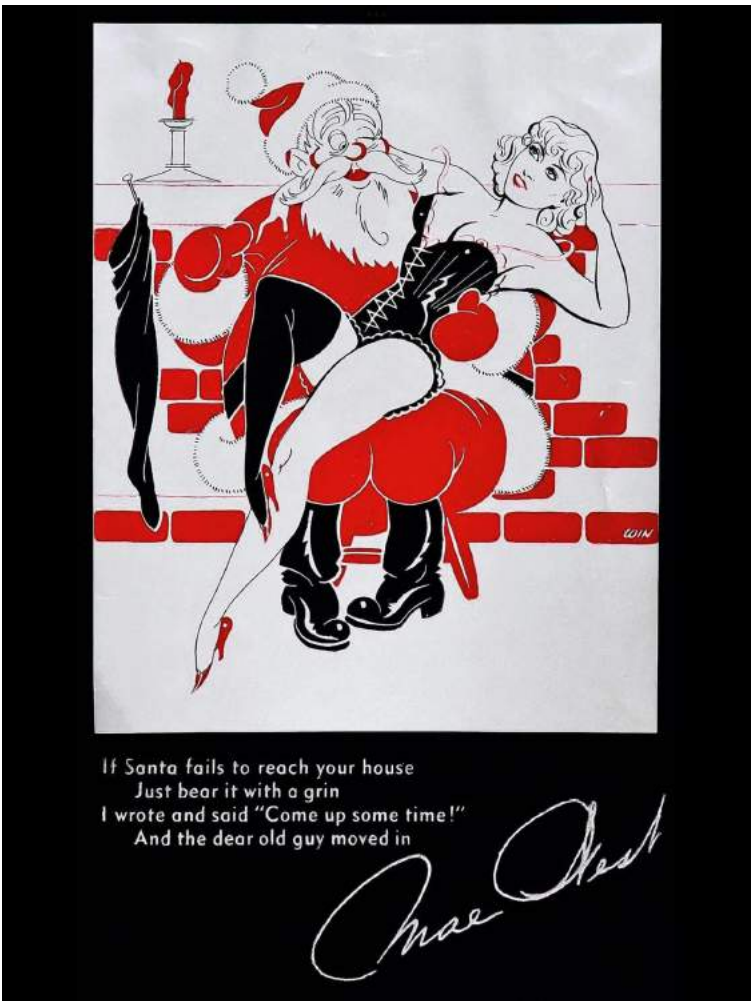
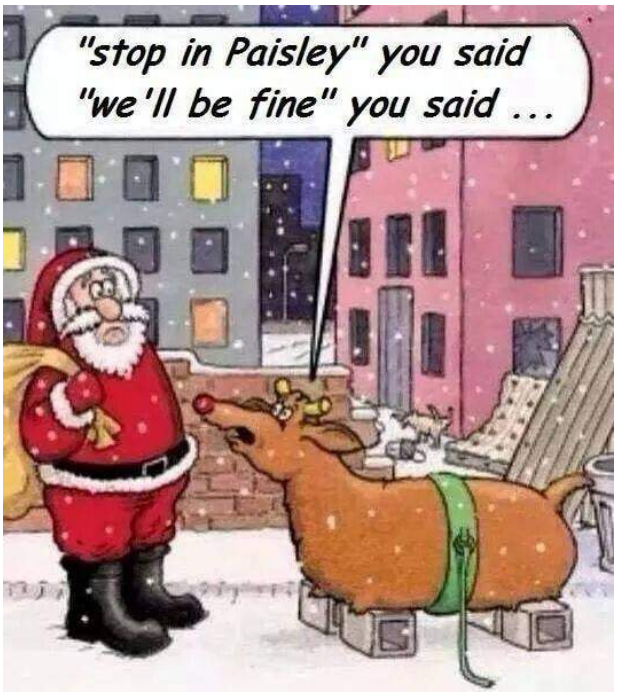
*Under magnification, this is what water looks like?  
Another very good reason to bring wine.*



**Holding her hand in public is very important. It looks super romantic, but it's really just to keep her from wondering off and buying things we don't need...**



Gooners Gags - Continued from page 7





Gooners Gags - Continued from page 8



# LIONEL *The Lifetime Gift*

We know of no other gift that offers so many years of fun, excitement, and happiness as a LIONEL Train. Thousands are passed on from father to son! They are so real, so true-to-life. Watch them puff smoke! Hear them whistle so realistically. Note the scale-detail

perfection of their manufacture! For that boy you love—let it be a LIONEL this Christmas.

Do send for the catalog and read all about them—and ask your dealer to show them to you. LIONEL Train sets priced as low as \$15.95.

## *Send for special offer*

**This entire package costs you only 25¢.**

- 1** We send you beautiful 36-page Full Color LIONEL Train Catalog.
- 2** Set of 3-Dimensional Views of LIONEL Trains in Action.
- 3** Pair of Stereopticon Eyeglasses for viewing scenes.
- 4** Special KIT of 6 cut-out colorful buildings for your Train Layout, to create realism.

*It's a wonderful package. Send for it today*

# LIONEL

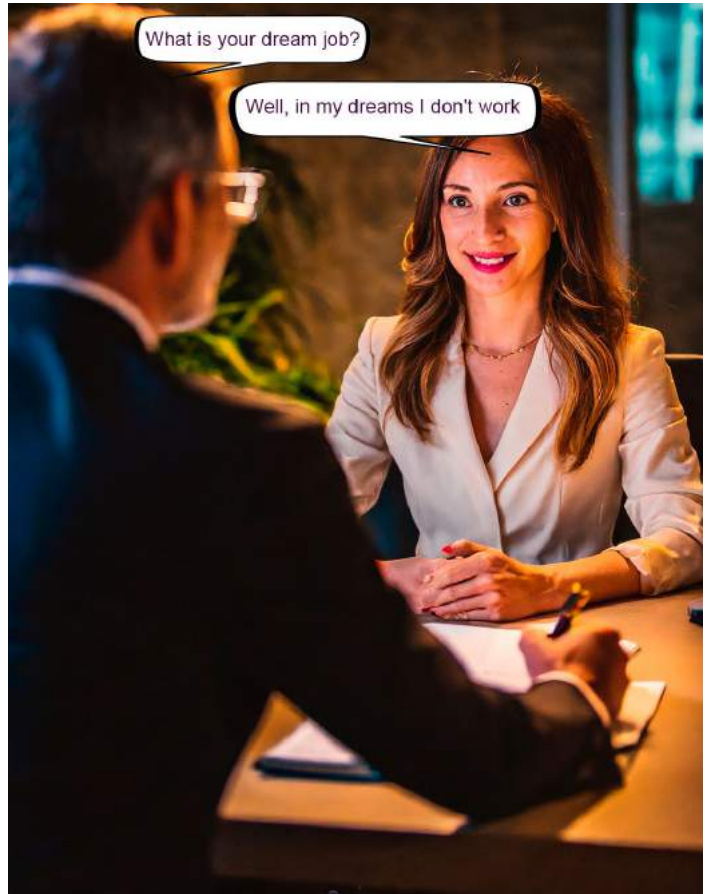


LIONEL TRAINS, P. O. Box 332  
 Madison Square Station  
 New York 10, New York

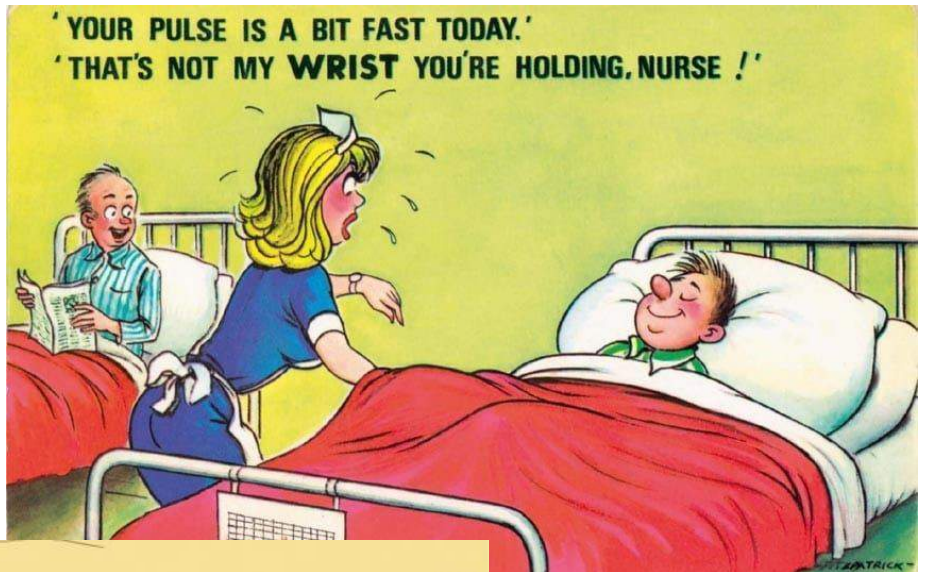
I enclose 25¢. Please send me special offer of 36-page Full Color CATALOG, Stereopticon views of LIONEL, Stereopticon Eyeglasses, and Kit of 6 building cut-outs.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Gooners Gags - Continued from page 9



Saw my physio last week re my knees, he gave me some orthopedic shoes to wear, I didn't think they would help.... But I stand corrected 😊



Continued on page 11

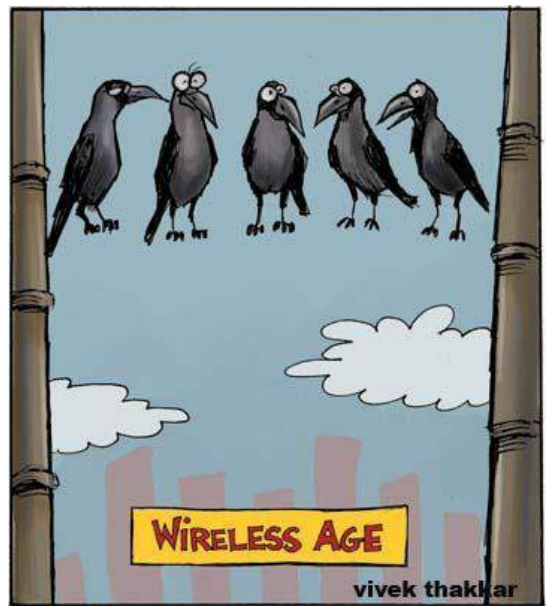
Gooners Gags - Continued from page 10

Hey, Beardy, I could do that if the Church let me go.



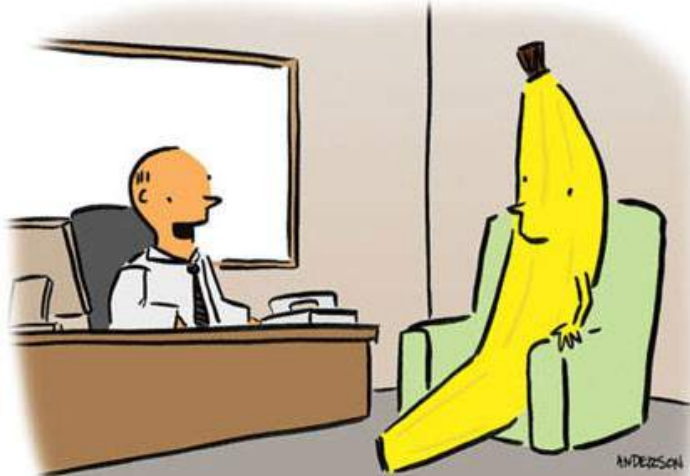
Picture courtesy Robert Evans

An elderly man visits a doctor for a checkup. "Mr. Smith, you're in great shape," the doctor tells him when the exam is over. "How do you do it?" "Well," says the patient, "I don't drink, I don't smoke and the Good Lord looks out for me: For weeks now, every time I go the bathroom in the middle of the night, he turns on the light for me." Concerned the doctor heads out to the waiting room, approaches Mrs. Smith and tells her what her husband said. "I don't think that's anything to worry about," she says. "And on the bright side, it DOES explain who's' been peeing in the fridge."

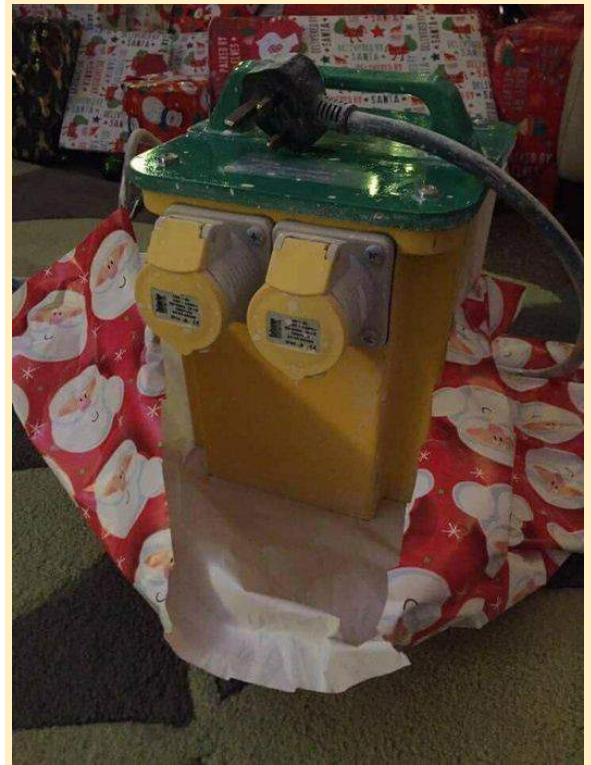


"My doctor told me to avoid any unnecessary stress, so I didn't open his bill."

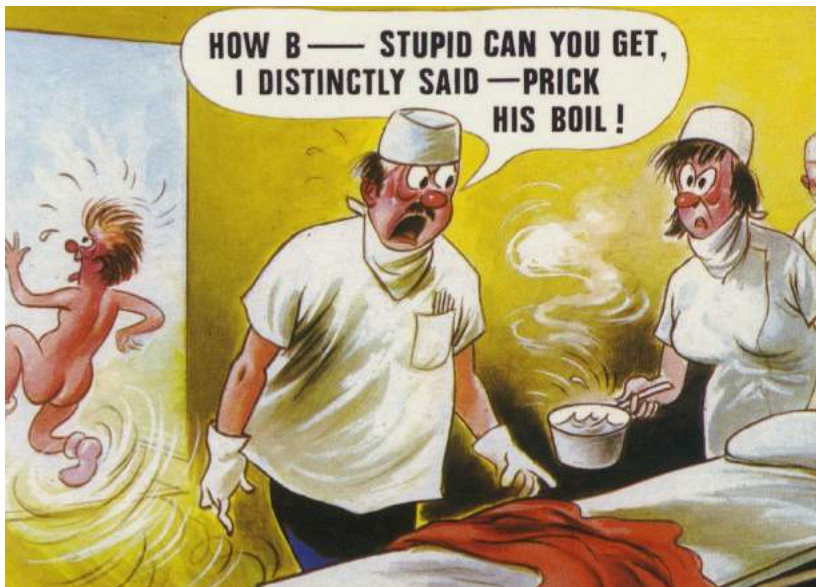
Gooners Gags - Continued from page 11



"I like you, Thompson. You're smart, a hard worker, and you're full of potassium."



*Have to take this Christmas gift back tomorrow, apparently, it's not the transformer that my grandson wanted 😬*

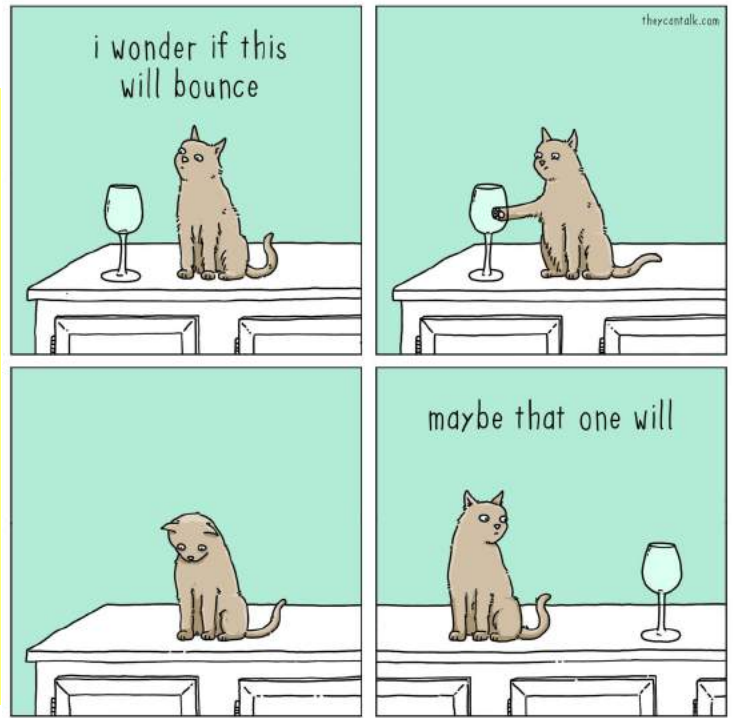


Jimmy Tarbuck, 83, once at school with John Lennon, recalled a teacher asking what they had learned today. 'It's amazing, Sir,' Lennon replied, 'Sir Francis Drake circumcised the world with a 40ft clipper.'



Gooners Gags - Continued from page 12

Myself and a few friends have just formed a band, we are called Blanket..... We are a cover band 🤪👁️



Just watched a documentary on how ships are kept together , it was riveting



# On Sedan Chairs



## *Fanny*

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson was travelling in France with her famous husband and their family in 1884. He was recuperating from a near-fatal illness. It was on this visit that he wrote 'The Black Arrow'.

Here is an interesting item from his wife Fanny, who was a magazine writer.

'The beginning of the road leading to the Puy de Dome, to us the main attraction of Royat, ran along wooded ravines and cliffs where the sound of waterfalls was almost continuous. In the centre of the old town, a little above the hotels, stood an ancient cathedral, part of it in tolerable preservation, and still used for the services of the Catholic Church. Its walls were loop-holed for purposes of defence, there were hooded projections on the towers for sentries, or perhaps archers, and the iron-bound doors were solid enough to withstand a battering-ram.

The baths were more or less arsenical; some so strongly impregnated that they were dangerous, and only given out to drink, in limited quantities, by virtue of the doctor's prescription. One *source* had a flavour that reminded you of weak chicken broth, and another effervesced, when you plunged into it, like champagne.

There were two ways to reach the baths from our hotel; we might choose an exceedingly steep street, or go more directly down an immense flight of precipitous stairs. As it was our stately, though uncomfortable, custom to be carried in sedan chairs, we generally went by way of the street. There had already been accidents on the stairs; should a bearer slip or lose his hold the consequences would be disastrous. It was against the law for chairs to be taken down the stairs.; but if the bearers had several fares in view, they were very apt to ignore the regulation. When you ordered a chair, unless ordinary directions were given, it was brought into your bedroom. You stepped inside; usually in your dressing-gown; the door was closed and the curtains drawn until you arrived at your destination, where you alighted in front of your bath-tub. The privacy was absolute and the discomfort extreme. As you could not see out, you were always nervously uncertain what route your bearer had taken, and you might unexpectedly find yourself in the middle of the forbidden stairs. The air space was limited, and in warm weather the interior of the chair became very stuffy. There were two bearers to each chair, who went at a jog-trot, purposely refraining from keeping step, which would swing their burden from side to side. The uneven movement gave a jolting effect that was the most tiring thing imaginable.



# A Poem



At Christmas.....from Sylvie.

Man is at his finest  
 towards the finish of the year;  
 Almost what he should be  
 when Christmas season's here;  
 Thinking more of others  
 than he did the months before,  
 and the laughter of his children  
 is a joy worth toiling for.  
 Less a selfish creature  
 than at any other time;  
 When the Christmas spirit rules him  
 man comes close to the sublime.

At Christmas man is bigger  
 and better at his part;  
 Keener to give the warmth  
 that is prompted by the heart.

Petty thoughts and narrow mind  
 seem to vanish for a while,  
 and the only reward he's seeking  
 is the glory of a smile.  
 To other's wellbeing dedicated, and  
 somehow it seems to me,  
 that at Christmas man is almost  
 what God wanted him to be.

If I had to paint a picture of man  
 I think I would have to wait;  
 Till he'd fought his selfish battles  
 and put aside his hate.  
 I wouldn't catch him at his labors  
 when his mind is occupied  
 by pursuing wealth, riches, and  
 making money on the side.  
 I'd not take him when he's grumpy,  
 angry, scornful or depressed,  
 No, I'd look for him at Christmas  
 when he's shining at his best.

Man is ever in a struggle  
 and often misunderstood;  
 There are days the worst that's in him  
 is the master of his mood,  
 But at Christmas kindness rules him  
 and he puts himself aside.  
 Then his petty hates disappear  
 and his heart is opened wide.  
 Man becomes so different,  
 it is easy just to see  
 That at Christmas man is almost  
 what God sent him here to be.

Inspired by Edgar A. Guest

## Video Plus Corner

Dance of the Spartans

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XC-7o6jZ2iE>

Andrew Schulz in Australia

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=55K\\_ZtvPkt0](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=55K_ZtvPkt0)

Fear of Cold

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Pp2wbyLoEtM>

Southern Lights

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t57DPnH06V0>

Young English Soldier Describes BRUTAL  
 REALITY of Napoleonic Battle

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=33zAdhrhdJA>

This is why German Shepherds are the FUNNIEST  
 DOGS

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pwNqOkkdry4>

In Class with Brian Cox

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1rQzq5t44Q8>

The British and Irish Lions 1971 in New Zealand

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HijChmhe9A4>

Scientists Proved The Universe Is Not Real

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kZ94dauuibU>

# Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

## Why I avoid social media

### And it's all due to olive trees

IT ALL STARTED WHEN A NEW SUPERMARKET CHAIN, a foreign one, set up shop in Corfu, in the premises which remain their main store. We were delighted to find real Italian products that we'd never before had access to: Cotechino sausage, ready-bleached frozen tripe, cheeses and specialist pork products. And of course, Italian brand pasta, at a third of the price of its Greek equivalent in the other supermarkets.

Pasta was not the only bargain. Tinned tuna also substantially undercut the price of local brands, as did numerous other products. Housewives enthusiastically shopped there, cutting their bills on many essentials. As did I, while puzzling in my monthly magazine, *The Corfiot*, how it was possible that imported goods, transported in huge container trucks down Italy's boot and across the Ionian Sea, should cost so much less than their equivalents sourced in our own country.

We eventually found out why. The containers were not returned empty to Italy. They went back full - of local olive wood. That was how the company could discount their goods and still profit.

The 90s saw a strange economic shift in the island. The tourism model was adapting to a top-down model led by the major tour operators, with less money remaining in locals' hands. At the same time, a new generation, educated and urban, had lost touch with the land that their parents and grandparents had cultivated. Not least, they were no longer prepared to spend time and energy working their olive groves. After all, they could pick up inexpensive olive oil at that supermarket, without the effort of clearing the land and harvesting over many months of the year.

What to do with the abandoned olive trees? How to earn some extra income to compensate for the diminishing tourism returns? Word got around that the foreign supermarket was buying.

It was never advertised (as it was illegal), but we started seeing the supermarket trucks (logo not disguised) parked in unusual countryside locations. Teams of migrant (and aggressive) Albanians were loading them up with logs. On our walks, we started seeing remote olive groves empty of trees, hacked to ground level by increasingly rapacious loggers. Some obviously abandoned olive groves were cut down without the owner's knowledge, the cash all pocketed by the gangs, who with the cooperation of the trucks could move in and out within a day or two.

The wood, incidentally, was sold at a pitifully low price, and we heard that it was used to fuel pizza ovens, or pulped for loo paper ('What happened to our four million olive trees, Dad?' asks the child of 2030. 'We flushed them down the toilet, son.').

The olive groves were gradually denuded. Cut olive trees will recover in time. Prune the branches, even viciously, and within a couple of years they will grow out into a bushy form (but never back in the tall, sinuous manner of unpruned trees, as painted by Edward Lear). Even those reduced to ground level will come back in a crown of saplings, given a decade or two. But in the light shade of the fully grown trees a whole ecological system thrives. Precipitation in the shadow of the greenery has time to soak into the soil before the sun works its evaporation. Wild flowers and undergrowth can flourish and propagate. With the canopy gone, conditions change. In the full sun, the ground parches, and the wonderful vegetation fails, parching the soil further.

With enough olive trees destroyed, Corfu's famed micro-climate would be modified. The trees encourage rainfall and provide the right conditions for the rain to soak into the ground. Without water the island would no longer be the verdant paradise of esteem, the one promoted in tourist guides and holiday brochures as the 'Green Island'. Witness the bare mountain slopes of the mainland shore, grazed by goats and never olive-planted.

The consequence of unrestricted chopping might herald the end of tourism as we know it.

With this realisation, the reaction began.

Have I left you in suspense?

*We'll tell you what happened,*

*and how it relates to my social media phobia, next time.*

*Continued on page 17*



*Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from page 16*



## The Olive Story Continues (in a more positive way)

TWENTY YEARS DOWN THE LINE FROM THE ABOVE, Corfu's olive trees have come back into fashion. New devices and techniques mean the olive harvest is not the backbreaking chore it was in the past. Olive oil is riding the wave of the Mediterranean Diet craze.

As a result, we have noticed the establishment of several eco olive businesses, mostly family run, which produce and bottle their own olive oil instead of selling it as before at a knock-down price, to be added to the vast lake of Italian oil for which farmers there receive subsidies (according to some reports, the number of registered and subsidised trees would cover the entire Italian landmass and more, if they existed). Many of these enterprises are working in parallel with the tourist trade, owners having set up their own olive oil museum to entertain and educate visitors, with the added benefit of marketing their product directly. (While it might seem that olive museums fall into the category of 'seen one, seen them all', that is not the case. Each of Corfu's facilities presents its displays in a totally unique manner. It's worth seeing them all.)

Sorry if I miss anyone out; more of these are popping up every year: Enotis in Vistonas; The Governor's Olive Mill in Agios Mattheos; Dr Kavvadias at Tzavros; Lithari in Sokraki; Mavroudis at Vranganiotika. Nyssos (Family Stamatelos) has a product shop in Moraitika, and a few other brands are to be spotted in the smaller village supermarkets (the one in Giannades boasts its very own label). A few proprietors also offer holiday accommodation at their eco-establishments.

At the same time as this development, some locals are working to register ancient trees (ones existing before the great plantings of the Venetian years, before the 16th century). At least three have been flagged and labelled so that visitors can admire them and learn more. We wrote about one in Strongili named Evdokia in the August 2019 edition of *The Agiot*. Dendrochronologists (how I love an opportunity to drop that word!) have dated her at over a thousand years. The Governor's Olive Mill has identified another 'thousander', and has installed a low fence around it as well as an information display. If you are driving between Gardiki Fortress and Paramonas, you will spot it beside the road.

A short distance along the same road, another tree has recently been added to the list. This one is called 'Mitera', and is described as the 'Mother' of all the trees in that area (this I presume, is meant symbolically; trees don't have babies as such). She is dated at 1500 years old. I'd like to see the huge tree by the Acharavi Roman Bathhouse similarly honoured - it may be two millennia young.

As I asked in August 2019: What is the lifespan of an olive tree? The answer is that we just don't know. While it is difficult to kill an olive tree, some do die - often victims of human activity. But when the trees' lifespan is so much longer than our own, how can we measure it? The first olive trees ever cultivated may still live.

## Perturbing Encounter

A FEW WEEKS AGO, we were walking near Agii Deka, and as we usually do when in that area we went for lunch in the excellent Areti's Place, in the village centre and open all year. Simple, honest and good value. Squashed in a corner by the bar was a stranger all dressed in black - layers of black, the outer one somewhat resembling a cloak, with a black homburg-type hat pulled well down over a very pale visage.

As we ate, he peeled himself from the corner and asked: 'Which one of you is Hilary?' I pleaded guilty. He then started a conversation. Of course, as one does, we asked where he was from. England of course, Hull to be specific, but he also lived sometimes in Staithes, near Whitby. 'Ah, lovely Whitby,' I remarked, though I've never been.

'I've discovered,' he observed, 'that many people who visit Whitby think it's where Dracula's coffin was actually landed!'

*Continued on page 18*

*Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from page 17*

I laughed a bit. He was referring to the Bram Stoker novel *Dracula*, in which this event was an element in the plot. The operative word being 'novel'.

Back home, glass of wine in hand, it occurred to me that the abrupt and extraneous introduction of *Dracula* into the conversation may have been a test.



I was reading at the time (and not for the first time) the novel *The Historian* by Elizabeth Kostova (highly recommended but requires concentration). The identity of the titular historian is ambiguous, but may be *Dracula*. The storyline skips backwards and forwards between three periods and the related characters that inhabit them - the thirties, the fifties and the seventies: father, daughter, mentors and lovers - and involves much searching for historical documents, maps and obscure Turkish and Balkan locations. Most of the non-vampire characters are historians, and all are hunting for the truth behind the *Dracula* legend. For various reasons, they are in search of *Dracula* himself. As they get closer in their hunt, they receive warnings - first verbal or damage to property; then harm to a person or animal close to them; then they may be the recipient of a vampire attack.

In a bit of a panic, I wondered whether I just had a warning to 'Back Off' the book. Perhaps, had I responded to his introduction of *Dracula* into the conversation by saying 'that's funny, I'm reading a book about *Dracula*!' I might have got a VISIT. Did my giggle assure the Man in Black that I did not take the Vampire-in-Chief seriously?

So many pointers, my wine told me: Black clothes, cloaked, pale, suddenly mentions *Dracula* out of the blue - and just happens to share a first name with the main narrator of *The Historian*! By the evening, I was so worried that I rang Areti of the midday taverna to ask whether she knew him, or whether he'd just turned up out of the blue. She said he was staying in Agii Deka and was a frequent visitor to her place. Phew!

Then my thoughts went on another stampede. Maybe the Man in Black had PLANNED IN ADVANCE to intercept me, and gone to stay in Agii Deka beforehand, made himself known to Areti a while ago, to make me think our meeting was fortuitous...

Just because I'm paranoid doesn't mean they're not out to get me...



-----  
IT'S OFFICIAL - Global Warming is about to cause a new Ice Age. Didn't you just know it was going to happen? Apparently, melting ice (due to heating) in the Arctic will cause a slow-down in the Atlantic Meridional Overturning Circulation (a name carefully curated to form the scary acronym AMOC), known to you and me as the larger global current circulation of which the Gulf Stream is a part. Computer models (as they do when you feed in the 'right' modelling data) have predicted a tipping-point collapse perhaps within the next year or two (or maybe several decades, or in a couple of centuries, so confident are the Warmers in their data), resulting in a freeze of unspecified length in Northern Europe. Where did I hear all this before: computer models, tipping-point, collapse, etc.?

I've got a good idea! If the UK gets too chilly, come and live in Corfu. There are plenty of old houses standing empty here.

# Pine Leaves

## Greek tourism is being strangled by its own success

*With increasing multinational hotel chains, minimal consideration has been paid to the impact on landscape, history, culture, or the lives of people*

Richard Pine's column in the Irish Times:  
Published here with his permission.

It is official at last. Parts of [Greece](#), including the islands of Santorini, Mykonos, Corfu and Zakynthos, were last month designated as “saturated” as far as over-building is concerned.

A new Spatial Planning Framework divides the country into five zones, based on saturation levels and sets development limits. Also included in the “red” zone are parts of Crete, Rhodes, Kos and Tinos. In addition to the red “saturated-controlled” areas, there are blue zones which are “developed” but not yet saturated, light-blue (“developing”), green (“mild development-supported”) and grey (zoned for “special selective support”, whatever that may mean).

There is no question of banning building in the saturated zones, and there is some ambiguity about what will be permitted. The emphasis seems to be on high-grade hotels with plenty of ambient land. Cynics would say that the momentum towards large-scale developments will turn the designated blue, green and grey areas into red ones.

The entire planning – or lack of it – in Greek tourism is, indeed, a grey area. Illegal building, tax avoidance and tax incentives, the “fakelaki” or “little envelope” to facilitate planning applications, have made a mockery of good intentions.

The minister of tourism, Olga Kefalogianni, has said that the aim of the five-zone plan is to “create conditions for a more sustainable tourism product”. Sceptics would say that we have heard all of that from many of her predecessors.

“Product” puts the emphasis on the conveyor-belt aspect of business, rather than a skills- or people-based experience. Niche markets for a more “discriminating” clientele, such as skiing, wine and food culture, or mountain-walking, have remained just that: minority pursuits with little or no planned investment incentive or other forms of encouragement.

Despite the undeniable fact that tourism is Greece's biggest industry (in terms of income generated and the size of the workforce), an almost total lack of national planning has created conditions in which a free market has been allowed free play. With the increasing trend towards foreign investment from multinational hotel chains, minimal consideration has been paid to the impact on the raw material: landscape, history and culture, or the everyday lives of ordinary folk.

In 2018 the then mayor of [Santorini](#), Nikolaos Zorzos, warned: “If we do not do anything, the success will return as a boomerang against us. So we have to see what we can do to protect and preserve our uniqueness. The challenges we face are many. We are an island with urban problems.” With increased leisure and cheaper air travel, mass tourism was going to happen anyway, but in Greece, as elsewhere, tourism is being strangled by its own success.

On the tiny island of Ios, people who are struggling to ensure that the island remains viable for small businesses have warned that favouring large-scale developments will not only push smaller operators out of the market but will damage the environment on which the attraction of tourism depends, especially with the exponential growth in marinas and the damage they can cause to marine biology.

*Continued on page 20*

*Pine Leaves - Continued from page 19*

It is not only the Greek islands that are experiencing saturation. A special report on Athens by Kathimerini newspaper last month acknowledged that Airbnb had been hugely beneficial for households struggling in the wake of the economic crisis, but has led to “entire neighbourhoods overrun with tourists dragging their luggage from one apartment building to the next”.

A Grant Thornton study showed that such rentals account for 14 per cent of all Greek tourism. Measures have been announced to bring the Airbnb industry more effectively within the tax net, but this does not solve the problem for students, since the price increase has pushed it beyond their reach. While the government struggles to achieve a balance in this type of accommodation, Kathimerini wryly points out that “until all this becomes law, there is widespread mistrust, because tourism is regarded as the golden goose of the Greek economy, and you don’t mess with the golden goose”.

In Athens, as in many other smaller cities, and particularly on the favourite islands for tourists, the fabric of social life and the quality of that life for its residents has been imperilled by worship at this shrine of the golden goose.

The anguish local residents feel at the way their areas are becoming magnets for tourists is palpable. When I recently wrote about the situation in Corfu, where I live, people spoke to me in the street to thank me for voicing their fears and anxieties. One owner of a traditional craftshop (the type which is being squeezed out by exorbitant rents and replaced with trendy coffee bars) said: “We have no way of saying these things. Not even at the ballot box, because we cannot trust the politicians.”



# When Nitsa Was Young - Chapter 6: Civil War

by Paul McGovern



After the German retreat of October 1944, Greece was immediately enmeshed in political turmoil erupting into a cruel civil war, which rattled on for three years. The vacuum left by the occupiers was quickly filled by those who would replace them.

The prelude of the civil war took place in Athens, December 1944, less than two months after Germans had retreated. A bloody battle (the 'Dekemvriana') erupted after Greek government gendarmes, with British forces standing in the background, opened fire on a massive unarmed pro-EAM rally, killing 28 demonstrators and injuring dozens. The rally had been organized against the impunity of the [Nazi collaborators](#) and the general disarmament ultimatum, signed by [Lieutenant-General Sir Ronald MacKenzie Scobie](#), which had excluded the left-wing forces. The battle lasted 33 days and resulted in the defeat of EAM after the heavily reinforced British forces sided with the Greek government.

Athens was divided, the [ΕΔΕΣ](#) forces occupying the Acropolis and firing their cannons down on the city and the EAM supporters below. The British were horribly entangled. Scobie had been sent in 1943 to expel the Germans, but he ended up mixed up in this new war, which dragged on. [ΕΔΕΣ](#) had superiority, backed by British arms, but their opponents would not relinquish their guns despite many being killed.

It was a bitter conflict. As the right-wing forces gradually asserted themselves many of their opponents were incarcerated on barren Aegean islands, many fled to the mountains, and from

Northern Greece as many as 70,000 emigrated to Eastern Europe.

Corfu was affected along with the rest of the country. There was destruction of property in town, beatings and killing.

Agios Ioannis was mostly spared these horrors, but occasionally police came to the square to check for guns, as Kostas' family were EAM supporters. (The gun which Kostas brandishes on selective Holy Day celebrations in the village, he acquired 30 years ago, but he has a couple of older side-arms which the family had at the time of the Civil War.)

Life here continued much the same way, with the working of the olives at Capri, and the keeping of sheep and cows. Economically, things were tough but improved after the implementation of the Marshall Plan. The Kafenion - now the Taverna - never sold beer in those long-off days, but a koupa of wine could be had for half a franka (drachma).

Poor economy or not, in 1948 Kostas was taking a shine to young Nitsa, who he said was a 'hard case' (maybe she meant a hard nut to crack) and in 1953 they were engaged. His expenses were further increased by the need for him to assist his father in providing a dowry for Kostas' sister Sofia in 1950; 12,000 drachmas were amassed and she was purchased a house in Anemomylos. This was a larger investment than in Koula, another sister, who ten years previously had been given twelve gold coins for her marriage in Kontokali.



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<https://effrosyniwrites.com/>

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# HORSES FOR COURSES

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

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Good morning, Everyone,

Two pieces of information. We donated this week 182 euros worth of food items to the St Johns Mantuki meals program to cover them/their people over the Christmas period.

As always Papas Dimitris sends his thanks to all the members of the 100 Club for the continuing support.

Plus, the winners from the December Draw below.

The 9<sup>th</sup> draw of year 11 was held today Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup> December 2023 at Nautilus Garitsa Bay Corfu Town.

The winner of the 100€ was number 141, Jane Barry, drawn by non - member Marcos.

The winner of the 50€ was number 83, Karen Murphy (welly boot) drawn by non - member Valeria.

Congratulations to both winners.

Number of people present 14.

Members present 12.

Thank you to all who attended

A big thank you to the 142 members who support The 100+ Club.

Also, a Big Thank you to,

Paul & Jan Scotter Central area Team Leaders.

Sandra Klouda & Louise Taylor, north area Team leaders.

Business Supporters.

Agiotfest, Ag. Ioannis, Triklino.

Mediterranean Corner Market, Roda. Hovoli Kafe neon, Acharavi. The Agiot. Navigators Kontokali.

The Corfu Panto Group. Matts Bar, Sidari. Old Barrel, Kontokali. Tiffany's Bar, Ipsos, Fever Bar Megali beach Sidari, and Apomera, Ropa Valley.

So sorry for being late with this information, the Draw for January took place on 23rd and Tammy Ginis No 107 won 100 euros. Rob and Pat Evans NO 149 won 50 euros.

In the year 2023 we collected 6.525 euros and distributed 4.725 euros (with 1.800 euros monthly prizes).

Thank you for all the help you give.

Also, this last week vouchers (food and sports goods) to the value of 200 euros were given to "Smile of the Child" Magoulades.

The 100+ Club, representatives, present Ken & Jan Harrop (Project Leaders), Jan & Paul Scotter (Central area Team Leaders).

If you are interested in supporting the 100+ Club and Charities/Organizations of Corfu, please contact us Tel 6944131853.

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/the100plusclub/>

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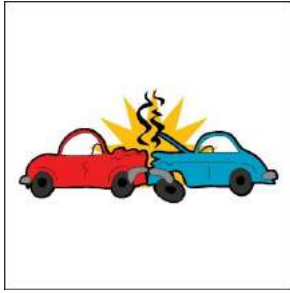
The 100 Club today donated 150 euros to Share a Smile, for the purchase of food items, the charities stock level is/was very low following the Christmas time. We were thanked by Maria the coordinator for once again helping.

Thanks, you all, as always for your support  
Jan and Paul x

On Behalf of the 100 Club







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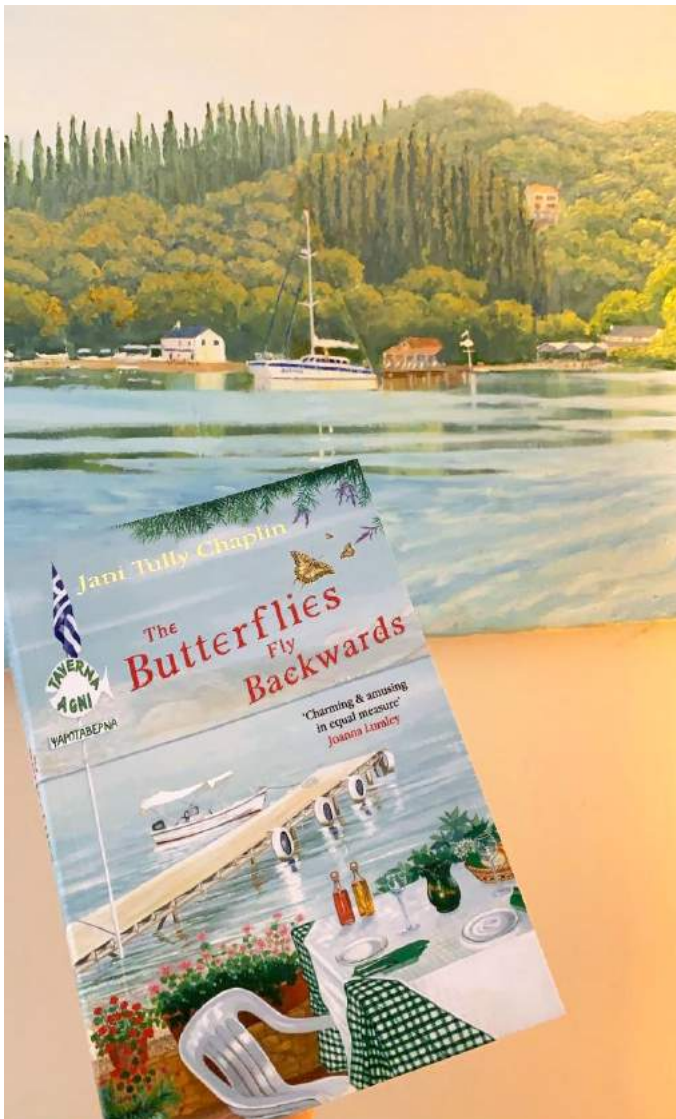
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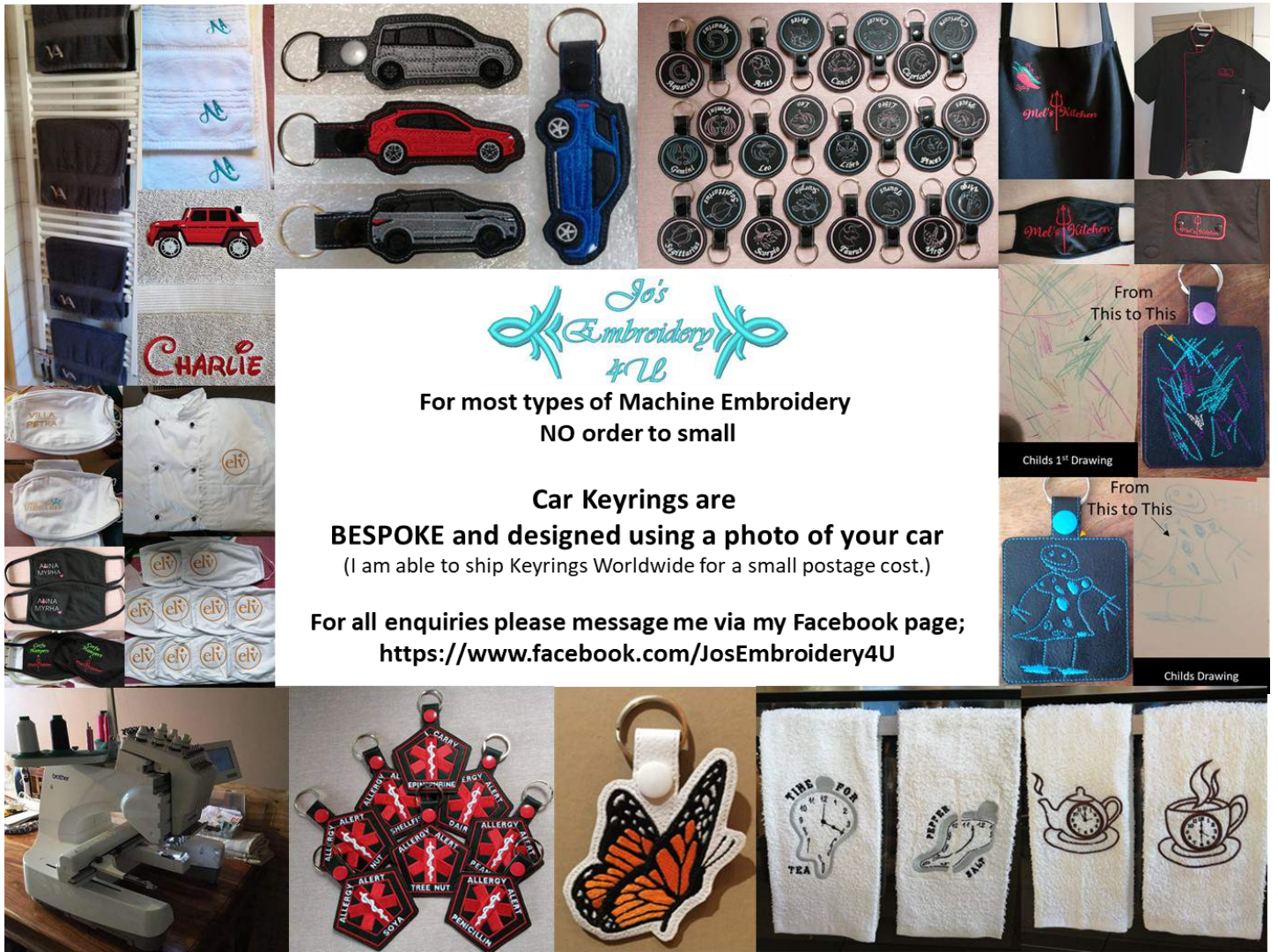
## Butterflies

by Jani Tully Chaplin:

The Corfu Trilogy is only available from

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Right in the middle of the main highway passing through Agios Ioannis, on the traffic lights, on the right-hand side driving from town, stands the Kitchen Taverna.

It is open for lunch and in the afternoons, closing on Sundays.

For those of you who wish to eat real home-made Corfiot dishes, this is the place to try.

Katerina and her family are sure to give you a warm welcome.

Just look at some of the fine food on offer.

Yet another reason to put Agios Ioannis on your map! The Kitchen also offers a takeaway service.



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<https://corfutourist.com/corfu-travel-guide>



# Remembering Agiotfest by Paul McGovern



*The Pied Piper*

Here is a look back to Agiotfest 16, with another set of great photos from friend Dick Mulder of Green Island.

Do you remember?



Continued on page 29

Remembering Agiotfest - Continued from page 28

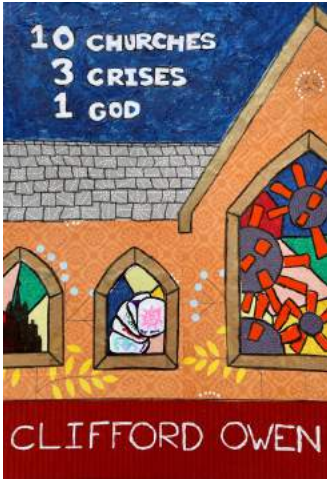


Continued on page 30

Remembering Agiotfest - Continued from page 29



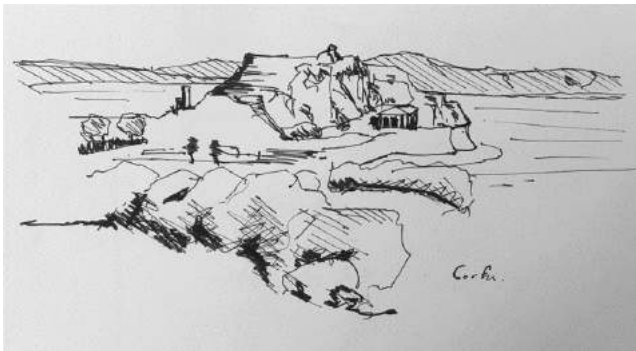
## An excerpt from Chapter 9 Of Clifford Owen's book '10 Churches, 3 Crises, 1 God'



The Revd. Dr Clifford Owen enjoys watching *The Vicar of Dibley* and *Father Ted*. He has also in the past laughed at the sketches of *The Dave Allen Show*. But how far do TV sitcoms represent the realities of life as a vicar or priest?

In *10 Churches, 3 Crises, 1 God* Clifford 'tells it for real'. This is his story of 50 years from first call through to retirement and up to the present day.

He had no blinding light revelations that called him to be a vicar. It was just a growing conviction as he got on with the business of training as an engineer in the Royal Navy. Eventually he had to test the call.



### *The Corfiot*

I have mentioned Alpha, the worship, the lively social life. What did I feel was my main contribution to the mission? Apart from the expected routine leading worship and visiting (Avis and I always visited as a pair) I majored on writing. *The Corfiot* was a monthly English language magazine for the island. Its circulation was not vast: about 700-800 among an expat group of around 8000. But the Chaplain had a monthly slot called 'Chaplain's Chat' which I was delighted to fill. Its Editor, Hilary Paipeti, had lived on the island for many years and also led the Saturday morning international walks. Her knowledge of Corfu's off-road tracks and secrets seemed unrivalled and she had mapped out and pioneered *The Corfu Trail*, a long-distance footpath running the length

of the island. Bishop Michael Baughen with his Mastersun holiday group always included a couple of sections of the trail in his programme. Hilary was fit! She was difficult to keep up with on the Saturday walks which would draw in forty or so people who would soon be strung out like marathon runners. She waited at different check points for people to catch up but often people got left behind. It happened to me on one occasion when in some remote part of the island. I had popped behind a bush, and when I re-emerged no-one was in sight! I remember having to navigate across unknown tracks back to where I thought I had left the car.

But *The Corfiot* was read. I believed this kind of writing for the people 'just over the border of faith' was important. Often, I would be in a supermarket, hear English voices, introduce myself and get the response: 'Oh, so you're the chaplain from Holy Trinity. Well, we don't go to church but we found what you wrote very interesting'.

### Pilgrimage

On Hilary's walking tours she always tried to include Orthodox churches and at one point she pointed out the Michael-Apollo axis line which runs from Skellig Saint Michael off Ireland, St Michael's Mount, Cornwall, Mont Saint Michel in Normandy, through France, Italy and comes onto Corfu island at the peak known as Angelocastro and then on to Delphi etc. (see article by Hilary Paipeti., *The Corfiot*, November 2007) I have mentioned Ley Lines in connection with Bordon; to most readers this is New Age phenomena to be rather cautious of but as I mentioned in a previous book (*Baptise Every Baby?* Chapter 13), as Christianity spread and churches were built, the pagan sites were not disregarded as locations, but were overlaid with the new Christian church, effectively a re-consecration of the site.

The Saturday walks, with their short stop-offs at Orthodox church sites and the questions they raised, touched on an important issue for me as an advocate of evangelism. What is the connection between tourism and pilgrimage?

I had noticed with the 1997 Augustine pilgrimage in Worcestershire that the level of interest generated by these trips aroused people's spirituality. Similarly, when Hilary pointed out features of the churches there was an interest engaged. It went beyond just looking at the architecture of a building and asking why the building was there and what it symbolised.

**1 For those inclined you might like to take a ruler and an atlas and you will see how there could be a straight line passing over Corfu, the Pyramids etc.**

# My Island of Dreams

Contributed by Jani Tully Chaplin



**1980 Jani, Jeremy and our first Cavalier King Charles Spaniel, Oliver, on 'Aries' at our mooring at the bottom of our land near Salcombe, about to set sail for Cyprus.**

*Travelling leaves you speechless, then turns you into a storyteller*

Ibn Battuta, 14th century Moroccan explorer

August 1998

Italy disappeared over the horizon as night fell, the thin ribbon of Calabrian shoreline replaced by menacing clouds and a stiffening wind. Thunder cracked and rumbled overhead as a curtain of rain bit at our heels and lashed into the rough seas just yards astern. Alone on my watch at the helm, I strained my watering eyes beyond the red glow of the compass into endless darkness, pierced at intervals by dazzling shards of lightning. Knowing there would be no landfall before dawn, I wondered for the umpteenth time why I had come on this journey; yet I knew if I stuck to the set course it would take us to our final destination, the magical island of Corfu.

Eventually the storm gave up its chase and by the time the soft silhouette of Corfu showed itself, crouching low against the first glimmer of eastern twilight, we were once again sailing beneath moon and stars. Too excited to sleep I found myself recalling Gerald Durrell's poetic words from *My Family and Other Animals*, so fondly and perfectly remembered since the day I had first read them:

*The tiny ship throbbed away from the heel of Italy out into the twilight sea and ... somewhere in that tract of moon-polished water we passed the invisible dividing line and entered the bright, looking-glass world of Greece.*

\* \* \*

July 1987

The smart villas had gone, every last one reserved in the autumn of the previous year by those in the know; my family, the new kids on the block, would have to make do with whatever was left. Actually, although it was positively the only accommodation available, the little house turned out to be charming. It was central, clean if decidedly spartan, with French windows in each bedroom that opened onto a long balcony from where one could lob an olive pite into the shimmering sea, beyond which the parched foothills of Albania rose beneath distant mountains. Our apartment soon became the envy of all and my husband was quietly delighted it had cost a quarter the price of our friends' luxury villas up in the hills above Kassiope, where the swimming pools were constantly patrolled by hordes of angry wasps that year. The heat also seemed to collect in parts of the countryside where the evening sea breeze did not blow home, sometimes persisting well into the night. Cocktail parties up in the hills could be uncomfortably hot, the mercury on a shaded terrace still obstinately stuck at a debilitating thirty-five degrees at eight in the evening.

Despite coinciding with a fierce heatwave, we enjoyed a wonderful week, swimming and lazing on white pebble coves just two minutes walk around the headland from our house. At sunset we would amble back to shower and change before meeting our party of friends at a taverna for supper. With three courses followed by coffee, and a score of us at two tables, the meal would take most of the evening; sometimes we would drift to one of the harbourside bars for nightcaps – a Greek brandy or an exotic cocktail. Jeremy and I rarely visited pubs in England, but the prospect of drinks served by a friendly and attentive waiter at a waterside table beneath the stars, where children were not only welcome but expected, was difficult to resist. As the nights were almost as hot as the days my family often returned along the rough path to the beach where, by the light of a brilliant moon, we would cool ourselves in milk soft sea; it was so clear we could study the texture of every pebble beneath our feet, marvelling at the phosphorescence sparkling around us like glitter as we disturbed the sleeping water.

**Corfu was beginning to cast its gentle spell.**

*I knew when I met you an adventure was going to happen.*  
Winnie the Pooh, A.A. Milne

Continued on page 33



*My Island of Dreams - Continued from page 32*

During these few days fond memories of our two years living amongst Greeks in Cyprus came flooding back. Jeremy and I had bought our first catamaran less than a month after our March engagement; it was as if she had been waiting for us. I was modelling in London when Jeremy telephoned to tell me about her; the first thing I asked him – by far the most pertinent in my expert opinion – was her colour. I choose my cars in very much the same way and have rarely been disappointed.

“Her hulls are dark chocolate and the decks are cream,” he replied with a tinge of disapproval.

That just happened to be my favourite colour scheme at the time and was very much in vogue. Then I asked her name.

“Aries,” he answered. “Buy her!” I said without a moment’s hesitation. “Are you sure? You haven’t even seen her yet.” But I was so certain she was meant for us, both being Arians; moreover, she was lying close by in Plymouth and was a rare, much sought after example of a brand-new design.

The first time I saw her I fell in love; she looked so elegant and distinctive with her spacious decks and tinted windows. Below decks I marvelled at the roomy accommodation and well-equipped modern galley, its long windows giving a panoramic view of the water outside; at least I would have interesting views as I did the washing up. But I began to feel decidedly seasick, despite being securely moored to the jetty in a flat calm. This was slightly worrying, but we were not yet married and I couldn’t possibly let on to Jeremy.

We had married in May, giving my poor mother just six weeks to organise the wedding; but as my future husband explained, we needed to catch the weather window for the journey to Cyprus. I had originally intended to fly out to join Jeremy and Aries in Larnaca, having never sailed before in my life; I preferred my horses to boats and would even feel seasick on the Dartmouth ferry. However, all the rest of my family had been keen sailors, so when Jeremy showed my parents the route, he had planned on the charts, I began to be tempted by the wonderful places he would be visiting on the three-thousand-mile voyage, not to mention the countless shopping opportunities. Since I was a very tiny girl, I have always loved buying things – any little souvenir –

whenever I visit somewhere. I am even satisfied with a handful of postcards, as long as I have bought *something*. The traders of Gibraltar were renowned for silk pyjamas; in Spain and her islands there would be beautiful leather handbags and belts; Sardinia would be awash with fabulous shoes and silk scarves. I could buy lace in Malta and Crete would offer delectable Byzantine style jewellery, while Rhodes would be stacked with convincing copies of designer umbrellas and high-end fashions at astonishingly reasonable prices, as there was no tax on luxury goods on Greek soil. My resolve was starting to slip.

Mummy made it plain she would think me very feeble if I did not accompany Jeremy all the way; it would be our honeymoon after all. In truth my parents’ encouragement was extraordinarily selfless; they had lost their only son, my older brother Christopher, when he was drowned in Torbay at the age of fifteen. His body was never found, but his sailing canoe had been washed up in a cove near Brixham a year later. I’m sure she must have regretted her words when we were crossing the Bay of Biscay, out of contact for five days until reaching a telephone in La Coruña. During our third afternoon at sea a Nimrod long range reconnaissance aircraft had swooped low over us, a figure in the cockpit waving enthusiastically. Jeremy remained convinced it was my mother.

We had set sail from Salcombe in July 1980, taking just six weeks to reach Larnaca. Could it have been a premonition of this journey that I had dreamt one night when, as a young teenager, I had stayed at Jeremy’s family home near Salcombe? My schoolfriend Denise and I both lived twenty miles away in Torbay, so Jeremy’s mother had invited us to stay after a party in one of the farm’s barns, rather than have our parents collect us after midnight. Denise and I shared a beautiful Regency four-poster bed in one of the spare bedrooms; the large Georgian window next to the bed enjoyed uninterrupted views over the fields to the estuary below. That night I had dreamt most vividly (five years before the Disney film *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*) that the bed had magically flown out of the open window with me in it, landing on the estuary and slowly sailing away towards the sea ... Fifteen years later Jeremy and I sailed away from the very same spot below our land; in all the 3,000 miles to Cyprus I never felt seasick.

*Continued on page 34*

*My Island of Dreams - Continued from page 33*

We had loved the way of life in Cyprus for its climate, the friendliness of the Greek Cypriots and the variety of its food; but most of all we had enjoyed the freedom afforded by living on a boat. From early spring to late autumn, we could cast off for days at a time on trips to deserted bays where, surrounded by everything we possessed, including our wedding presents which had been geared to life afloat, we were utterly self-contained and self-sufficient. I had succeeded in getting quite a lot of modelling work in the thriving Cypriot fashion industry and Jeremy had taken various skippering jobs. Thus, we lived extremely well on a fairly meagre income, only returning to England two years later for Rory's imminent arrival.

Being on Greek soil once more in Corfu after fifteen years was like awakening from a long sleep, reaffirming our love for this corner of the world and its people; the remoter parts of Corfu resembled the Cyprus we had loved so much before its idyllic coastline was blighted by the march of reinforced concrete. The sight of the boats in Kassiopoli harbour and the yachts at anchor in neighbouring bays and coves reminded us how much we missed Aries,

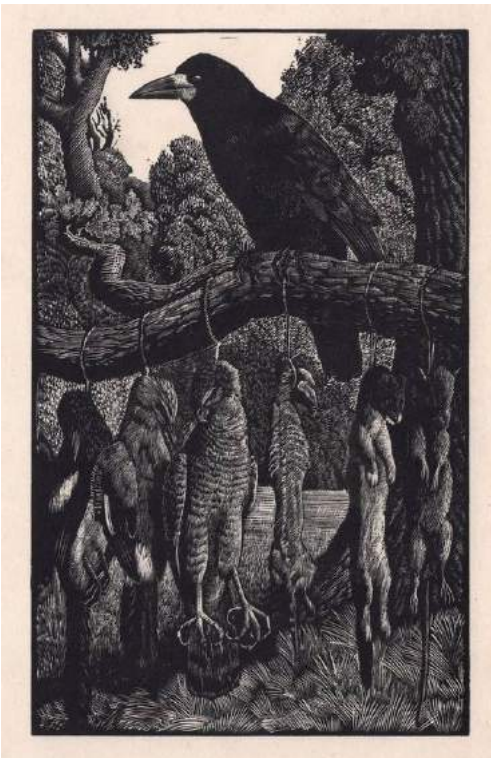
especially as we had not owned a boat since our year's sabbatical in Spain. Back then, in the late 1980's, we had bought a forty-foot motorboat of the tinted patio door variety – much against all our instincts – which nevertheless was an eminently practical craft for a family with a small child and a baby on board.

\*\*\*\*\*



***1980 Cross-eyed Jani at the helm on Aries in a storm in the Bay of Biscay - wondering why on earth I had come on this voyage!***

## The World of Simon



Alfred Tennyson's referred to 'Nature, red in tooth and claw'. Thomas Hobbes described human life as 'solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short'. The great

natural history novelist Henry Williamson made regular use of the image and motif of the gamekeeper's gibbet in his writing: "In autumn the leaves fell from the hazel-wands and the ash-poles, from the elderberries and the oaks, exposing against a drab sky the squirrel dreys and the birds' nests – deserted tokens of hope. ... In places only a whiskered skull – grotesque caricature of life with its empty eye sockets – hung grinning on a rotten string. Dishevelled crows dangled from other tiers, with sparrowhawks and kestrels, hedgehogs, rats and poaching cats. This was the gallows-tree of the failures, of the wood rogues, of the beasts and birds unrepentant in life and in death. When spring came again nothing visible remained of Raskil (a rook, also called 'the wood rogue'). His skeleton had fallen and broken up, his bones were hidden by grasses and by the tender sweet violets that grew at the base of the oak. After two more springs had come and gone not even a bone remained. All were merged into the earth which embraces with tranquillity the forms of those who, after toil and endeavour, are discarded by the spirit." From "A Boy's Nature Diary", Williamson's earliest work (1913), illustrated in 1934 as 'The Wood Rogue' by Tunnicliffe who called his woodcut 'Gallows tree of the Failures.'

## The Way Things Were and Are



*Courtesy of Jack London;  
supply vessel approaching ISS*



*Two mates from the Golden years*

### LOOK THROUGH ANY WINDOW

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

*Ed:* - Every month from now, here, will be a secret snap from my cottage eyrie. All the world will pass here, given enough time.

*This month featured snaps.*



*Naughty little bears*



*Naughty little girl*

# Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals



*As Villa Theodora was before the alterations.*

Thanks for this original painting go to Silke, Yvonne and the artist, Yvonne's brother-in-law.

There is a lot to occupy us in the early part of 2024.

Kostas, Ai and family have moved into their new home; Villa Theodora.

It has been a hectic time since the end of last year, now they are in residence, and enjoying their new home very much, though there is still lots of work to do before the end result.

Kostas was in charge of the alterations, which were designed by him, Ai and Lula.

I know that many of you who hold the 'old lady' in your hearts will be interested to see her getting some well-deserved loving tender care.

There has been considerable alteration downstairs, the bathroom has been enlarged and modernised and separated from the new toilet, the chimney has come down, to be replaced by a wood-burning stove, a new floor has been laid, and triple glazing has replaced the former wooden doors and windows. Fresh kitchen bases and sink are installed.

New wardrobes and cupboards are in, floor insulation to the upper storey, and lots and lots of painting.

Here are a few snaps of the progress of work over the last weeks, in no particular chronological order.

When all is done, I hope for some photos of the finished article.



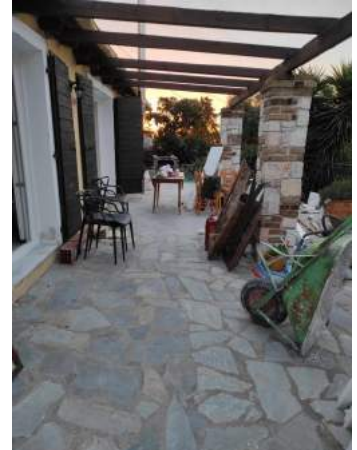
*Coverings*



*Creating storage space*



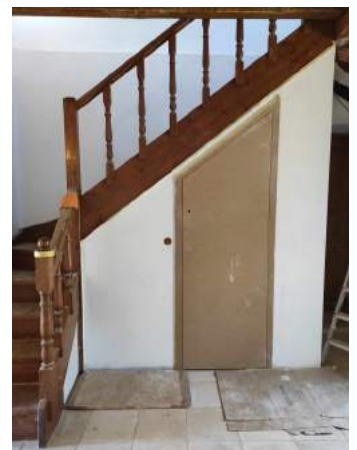
*Flat packs*



*Gradually clearing*



*New bath*



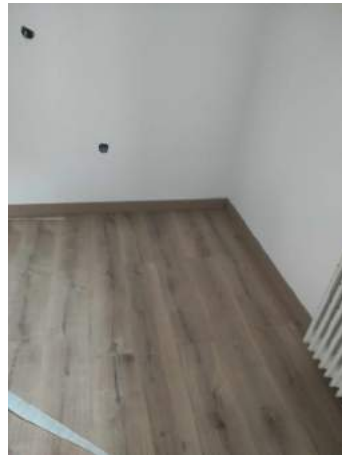
*New cupboard downstairs*

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -  
Continued from page 36

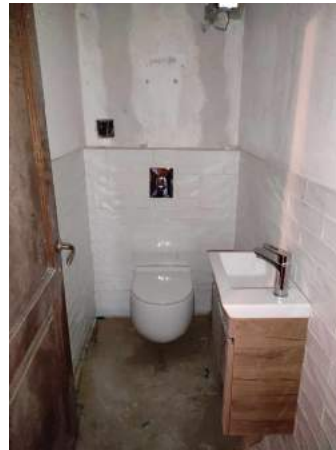
Villa Theodora cont.



*New door*



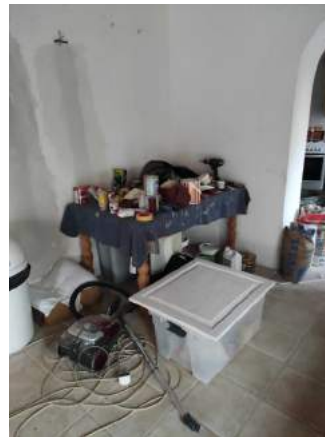
*New floor covering*



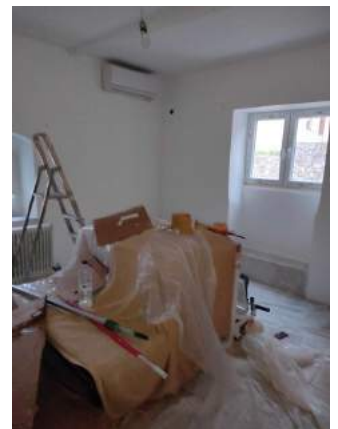
*New toilet*



*Out with the old*



*Paint station*



*Painting a bedroom*



*New shower*



*New sink area*



*Painting original cupboards*



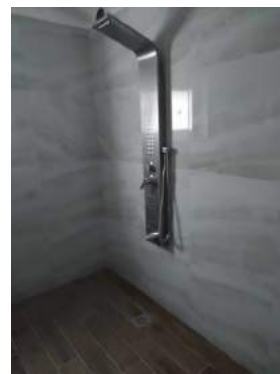
*Rubble from chimney mostly away*



*New stove pipe*



*New surface and windows*

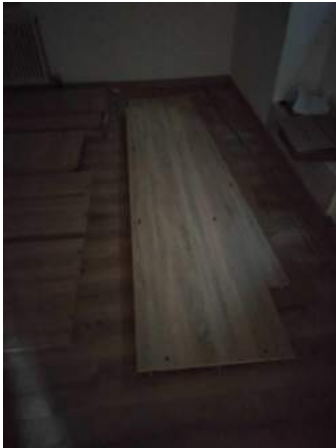


*Shower head*

<

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -  
Continued from page 23

Villa Theodora cont.



**Wardrobe construction**



**Waterproofing**



**White ceilings**



**Working in kitchen area**

Not a stone's throw from Villa Theodora, the development of villa with pool at Panorama West ensues.

Here are a few random snaps.

**Base >**



**Levelling patio**



**Mandy instructing worker**



**Drainage at wall**



**Infilling**



**Pouring concrete <**

**Pouring >**



**Workers arriving early <**



**Strong retention <**

*Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -  
Continued from page 24*

We are very lucky to have a third development in Agios at the moment; unfortunately, photos for that are not available, as yet.

In the north of the island is number four, a serious improvement. Here are a few photos for the start of this project.



*Northern villa*



*Balcony work*



*Old equipment to be replaced*



*New stone walls started*



*Trenchwork for patio extension*



*Long walls*

And, finally, the work we have been involved with at the Retreat, Ano Korakiana, is getting close to the end. Next phase will be the grass.



*All grouted*

<

*Area to be developed*

>



*Awaiting grass*

<

*Lovely sweep of pool*

>



*The Border*

<

# Village and Island times by Paul McGovern

Bono was a real character. Smart, Opinionated. Heterosexual. Discerning. Elegant. Clean. A Picky Eater. Faithful. An Entrepreneur. You had to ask him; he didn't like being told. We miss him.



**Bono**

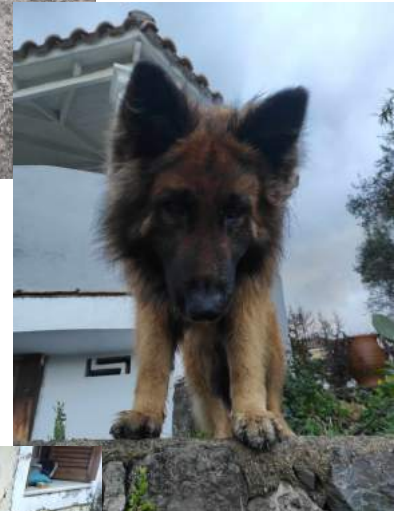


**Mr Shepherd with his apprentice**

<

**Naya**

>

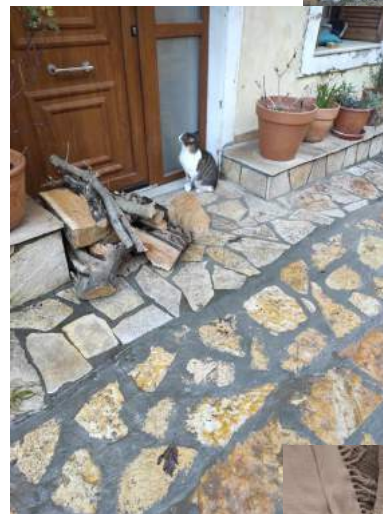


Our animals are not actually animals to us, they are our friends, and they permeate our life and times on a daily basis, come rain and shine.

And they don't need to belong to us, or, in the case of cats, we don't need to belong to them. We have furry friends dotted about the village.

My personal favourite outside our family was Mr. Shepherd, pictured here, as he was in the last Edition. I think he has earned a repeat mention. Unfortunately, he died in his field earlier in the year. I saw him on his last day, lying listlessly near his fence, his soft, brown eyes telling me a sad goodbye. His Apprentice disappeared shortly before. The sheep and chickens look lost, attended to only by a single cat.

Mr. Shepherd was a fine dog. Both Mr. Knight and Mr. McGovern would have happily adopted him, if he had been available.



**Open up it is breakfast time**

<

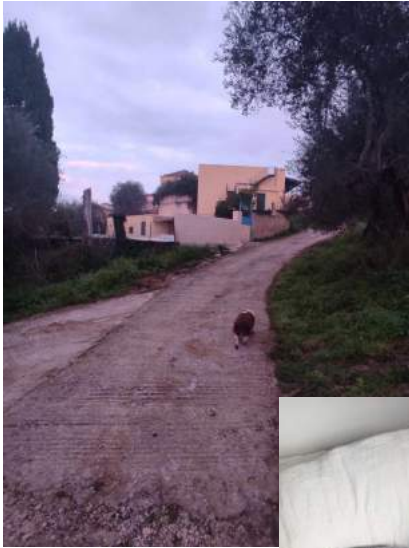
**Tiddles and Ginger, sisters from Anne, their mother, one of Lionel's Pride**

>





Village and Island Times - Continued from page 40



*It is a long way home when you are ten*

<



*A quieter corner*

<

*Love*

>



*I can't remember*

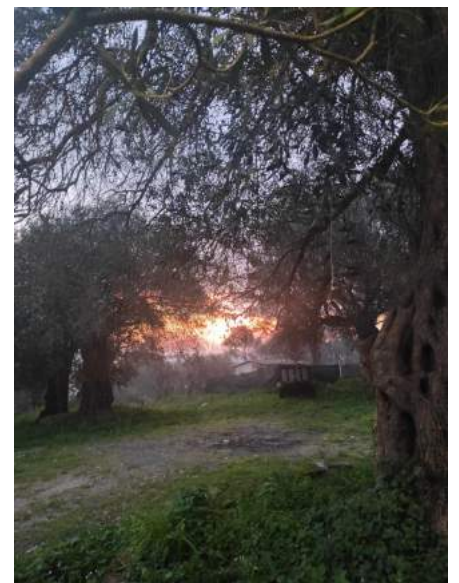
Christmas reverberates in some of the photos here, none more so than the splendid night pre-New Year, where we joined the locals at Kounas bar for the celebration. I can't remember too much about it so it must have been good. So there!

Since Christmas it has been all go hereabouts, with the firm busier than I can remember for many a year, Kostas and Ai moving to their new home at Villa Theodora. Lula and I are supposed to be retired again; we last did that in 1990. But this time around there is a clan of us, so we are suitably used as support. I can barely support myself; how can I support others?

Nonetheless, we press on in an exciting year, waiting to see what rolls in on the next tide.



*The throng*



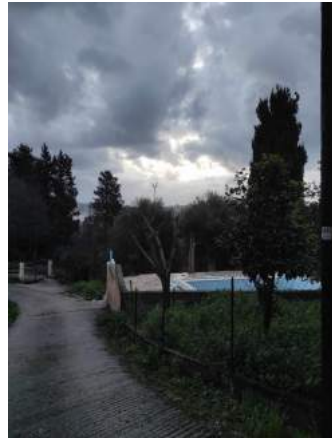
*Agios sunrise*

Continued on page 42

*Village and Island Times - Continued from page 41*



*Agios sunset*



*Angry clouds over village*



*Experimenting with fire demons*



*I am the newest*



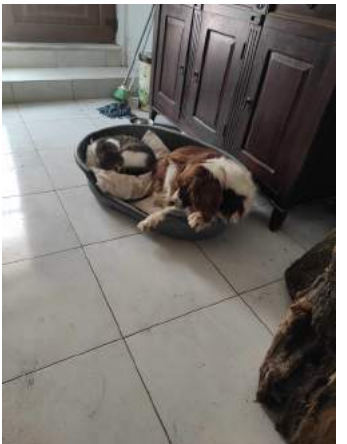
*In vogue*



*Our main playground has had a makeover*



*Practising her winking*



*Sleeping partners*



*The Wild Bunch*



*Work stopped temporarily*



*World's smallest Christmas tree*

## A Trip for Effrosyni Moschoudi



**I visited Kerkini Lake during my stay in Salonica last month.**

This beautiful lake with the sparkling still waters is artificial – made in 1932 when a dam was constructed on Strymon River.

Situated in the prefecture of Serres, the lake is near the famous Fort Roupel, and the border to Bulgaria.

It is 17km long, 5km wide, and quite shallow – about 35m deep.

The lake is under the protection of Natura 2000. This beautiful natural habitat is the home of wolves, wild boars, wild cats, jackals, ferrets, and other feral creatures. The lake is graced by many Great White Pelicans (*Pelecanus Onocrotalus*), Dalmatian Pelicans (*Pelecanus Crispus*) and a few thousand flamingos too!

Water buffaloes are farmed in the area, making Kerkini a famous location for sampling high quality buffalo meat products.



We got the first glimpse of the lake from the coach about 1 hour after leaving Salonica. Once we drove past the dam, we began to travel along a country road beside the lake to get to the boats our guide had booked for us beforehand.

As we cruised beside the lake, our guide informed us about the water buffaloes being farmed there. A few moments later, a lady on the coach suddenly exclaimed: 'There they are! I can see them!' which was followed quickly by the guide saying, as tactfully as she could, 'Erm... no, actually, these are cows!'

The whole coach erupted in loud guffaws, which set us off perfectly on this wonderful fun adventure on the lake in the company of magnificent winged creatures...



**They look serene enough but try and feed them...**

*A Trip for Effrosyni Moschoudi - Continued from page 43*

We had a lot of fun on the boat as the captain had brought a bag of fish to throw to the pelicans. The ploy worked. They rushed towards the boat and followed us throughout our ride. Two of the passengers were a little boy and a little girl, and they had a go throwing the fish to the pelicans too. Their squeals of joy and their excited faces only enhanced the fun experience.

Naturally, the pelicans were fighting for every fish, watching intently, it seemed, as each fish drew an invisible arc in the air before landing in their midst. Most of the time, they would scrap amongst them. Sometimes, they nipped at each other or even chased the pelican that got the fish into their mouth.

I have posted a couple videos on Facebook, all of them short, to share with you the fun we had feeding the pelicans, but most of all to show you their smooth gliding, and the even more mesmerising smooth landings they performed on the water. True poetry in motion!

Do take a look: [Video1](#) [Video2](#) [Video3](#)

It was all very entertaining, and the pelicans were evidently very accustomed to the company of people. I was amazed by how daring they seemed to be, floating peacefully, so close to us. At some point, one of the pelicans was floating right behind the side of the boat where I sat – just a sheet of wood between us, and it hit me how amazing it was that I should be so close, gazing into the face of such a majestic winged creature. I perceived it as a great honor and these moments will forever hold a dear place in my heart.

I often see cormorans in my town of Nea Peramos in Attica, seeing that the Natura 2000 area of Vourkari (a marshland) is close to it. The cormorans that live there often fly over to town. I've seen them perched on top of the fishing boats in our marina many times, and they sometimes swim close to me in the sea in the summer. But I'd never seen a non-domesticated bird so close to me before. As I said, it was an exhilarating first experience for me.



**I wish I could say the same for the flamingos, but no such luck...**

According to the local boat captain, who was amazing and really informative, there were a few thousand flamingos in the lake, but they were very timid. Indeed, we tried several times to move closer to them to take a better look and every time they moved further away.

In the end, we gave up and just killed the engine to gaze longingly at them from a distance.

It was fun, mind you, watching them flee. They seemed to be running on water on their spindly legs, something that set the little kids squealing, and all the passengers, in general, marvelling at the sight.



**More new experiences awaited us at the restaurant nearby...**

*Continued on page 45*

*A Trip for Effrosyni Moschoudi - Continued from page 44*

The restaurant, Elodia, was decked in beautiful wood and stone and the whole setting with the big property around it made it feel like a ranch-type-of-place, which was enchanting. The property featured a body of water and an enclosure where they kept deer too.

In the above picture, please don't get fooled! This is not a real water buffalo. Not a cow either haha ☺

Still, there are living creatures in the water. I'll get back to that in a minute...

I wanted first to report on the buffalo meat, which both my husband and I tried for the first time.

I had buffalo meatballs in tomato sauce with linguini pasta and Andy went for buffalo bifteki with rice and fries. And he was glad he chose that because he originally wanted a steak, but the waiter warned us buffalo meat is a little harder than pork or beef. Andy was glad he didn't go for the steak as he found the bifteki a little too chewy for his liking as it was.

I found my meat soft enough, since it was cooked in tomato sauce, and even though I can appreciate it was tasty, I wasn't too enamoured with it. It had too rich a taste for my liking, just like the deer meat I tried many years ago. In a way, I am glad, as if I'd loved it I'd have had a hard time finding it at the butcher's in Nea Peramos ☺

Apparently, buffalo meat is a lot richer in iron and protein than beef. It is also very healthy as it is low in calories and fat. So, if you haven't tried it, it's well worth a go.



Back to the creature dwelling in the water outside the restaurant...

It wasn't just the pelicans, it seemed, that we were accustomed to humans in Kerkini. As soon as we

approached the water buffalo sculpture, we saw two heads bobbing in the water. One of the creatures rushed to come out and go behind the fence where a family had just arrived.

I didn't even know the area of Kerkini had otters! It was a delightful surprise. I left that place feeling absolutely chuffed and well connected to nature.

## Irish Derby by Hilary Whitton Paipeti



Until some sixty years ago, the English Thoroughbred racehorse was mostly the product of owner-breeders: that is, the horses were raced under the ownership of the breeder. One of the

greatest of all breeders was Lord Derby, whose stud in 1930 produced the great Hyperion, the pony-like horse who ran away with the Derby in 1933. Lord Derby's stud also bred Phalaris (foaled 1913), who is the tail male-line ancestor of almost every Thoroughbred on the planet. His son Sickle (who shared his dam with Hyperion) was exported to the States and in turn is tail male-line ancestor to a very large proportion of American racehorses, mostly through his fifth generation descendant Mr Prospector (1970).

*Continued on page 46*

*Irish Derby - Continued from page 45*

Mr Prospector's birth marks a crucial year for the breeding of racehorses, because it was in that year that English Triple Crown winner Nijinsky kicked off a feeding frenzy of (at first) Irish buyers snapping up American-bred yearlings at the sales. This in turn led to the commercialisation of the breeding industry, as traditional owner-breeders were replaced by a combination of for-profit breeders who realised that they could generate quick cash from selling a young, unraced horse rather than waiting a year or two for it to compete, together with wealthy businessmen purchasers, who fall for the hype of fashionable pseudo-scientific theories of breeding.

Though still with its share of breeders and followers who simply love the Thoroughbred, horse-racing today has virtually become the 'shop-window' of the huge breeding industry. Top auction houses can nowadays gross over 200 million on a four-day sale of yearlings.

The result is that breeders large and small raise youngsters for the sales, rather than looking to produce a horse that will run and win. A fashionable sire, a mare with a good produce record, and these young horses change hands for hundreds of thousands and even millions.

Many buyers, having parted with large wedges of cash, are anxious to recoup their investment and thus they prefer horses who will race early in their career (as two-year-olds). The demand therefore is for fast horses, especially in America, where races are mostly run flat out at distances of mostly around a mile. A race of one and a half miles (the English Derby distance) is regarded stateside as a 'marathon'.

Fast, early-to-race horses run over short distances, and will not encounter races of a mile and a half until the June of their three-year-old (second) season. By that time, many will have been categorised as 'milers' or 'non-stayers', sometimes just because they are naturally quick, and they are never tried over true middle distances. The great Frankel (foaled 2008) was so designated, as was his close relative Baaeed (2018). Until the back end of their four-year-old season, neither ran over a mile. In August of that year, both competed at York in the Juddmonte International, a race of mile and a quarter. In both races, the commentator's words were exactly the same when the horses hit the mile

point: 'We're now in unknown territory...' But horses as good as these two could probably hold their own at any reasonable distance, and I have absolutely no doubt that Frankel for sure would have stayed the full mile and a half by the age of four.

The fact is that the breeders want to put their mares to fast stallions, because buyers will pay for the product, while they won't for horses regarded for whatever reason as stayers. The result is that the most prestigious races are increasingly those up to a mile and a quarter. If your future stallion wins at a mile and a half and no shorter, he is regarded as 'slow' and either relegated to being a National Hunt (jump races that are all at two miles plus) sire, or exported to Japan where racing still respects staying power. Even the great Coolmore Stud, which has had more than its share of Derby winners, has struggled to find a place at their stud for their champion mile-and-a-halfers since 2014.

Four of the best horses to have raced in Europe in the last three years have suffered this fate. Adayar (2018) won the Epsom Derby and the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes, both at a mile and a half. Hurricane Lane (2018) won the Irish Derby, the Grand Prix de Paris and was third in the Epsom Derby and the Arc de Triomphe, all at a mile and a half. He also won a second classic, the St Leger, at a mile and three quarters (this now spells doom to a flat race stallion career). Westover (2019), the great trier, won the Irish Derby, was a fast-finishing third in the Derby after having been almost pulled up a couple of furlongs out due to being closed in behind a wall of horses. He also won the Grand Prix de Saint-Cloud and was close second in four other top races, including the Arc. All at a mile and a half. Hukum, full brother to the aforementioned Baaeed, won two top races over a mile and a half.



*Continued on page 47*

*Irish Derby - Continued from page 46*

Hurricane Lane was immediately put to National Hunt duties in Ireland. Adayar and Hukum are in Japan at their owner-breeders' studs in that country. Shamefully, Westover's owner-breeder, one of the top in the world, sold him to Japanese interests and instead of putting that great horse to stud has another, Chaldean, newly installed at its UK base. Chaldean (2020) won the Dewhurst Stakes (under a mile) and the Two Thousand Guineas (a mile), but is a much inferior racehorse to Westover. As a miler, however, he is a better commercial stallion prospect.

As a consequence of the fall from fashion of mile and a half races, owners in possession of a potential stallion are increasingly hesitant to run them in races of this distance, for fear no commercial breeder will use their stallion once he goes to stud. In a recent letter to the industry-leading on-line publication, Thoroughbred Daily News (TDN), the head of racing in Ireland has called for the Irish Derby distance to be reduced to a mile and a quarter to make it more appealing to top horses (the French 'Derby' is already 300 metres shorter and is therefore regarded as a 'stallion-making' race). 'The present format makes no sense for owner, breeder, fan or even for the breed in Europe,' he wrote.

I replied, and my letter was published in TDN in full, without changes:

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*To reply to Patrick Cooper's call to reduce the distance of the Irish Derby (TDN January 8 2024), this is absolutely the wrong action to take.*

*I am not involved in the thoroughbred industry, but I am writing as a 'follower' of nearly sixty years, and also from a background in PR, having been headhunted by local government to lead international promotion for a major tourism destination (it worked).*

*The solution (albeit in the longer term) is not a shorter distance, but a more prestigious race, a race which owners will clamour to enter.*

*I haven't been to any meeting at the Curragh [Irish Derby venue], but I am sure there are ways to turn the day into an event, into a party to supplement the racing. Make it the Irish Arc for three-year-olds. Increase the purse and provide incentives so that international owners cannot pass*

*it over. Provide riches for breeders in the form of supplements.*

*Since the rush for faster horses is a growing concern for all races of a mile and a half (except the Epsom Derby and the Arc - so far: but Adayar went to Japan as well), create some sort of 'Super League' for races at the distance, with a Kentucky Derby buzz attached to it, to appeal outside the racing industry. Perhaps an early- and mid-summer 'Triple Crown' comprising the Epsom and Irish Derbies and the King George, with points for placing going back to, say, sixth (with 4+ year olds excluded from the points). Get everyone interested in picking their own competitor, or more than one. Promote this as a good-time story in the mainstream media. Similar ideas are needed to encourage owners and breeders to return to genuine middle-distance pedigrees, if they are rewarded, if interest and excitement are generated in the general population so that middle-distance sires become celebrated again. So that breeders will be proud to stand one.*

*What would happen today to a Hyperion, winner of the St Leger and third in the Ascot Gold Cup in addition to his Derby? Discarded instead of becoming one of the greatest sires of all time?*

*And what happens if you reduce distances to ten furlongs, and then owners and breeders demand MORE speed and LESS distance? Will you pander to them down the line? Will seven furlongs become the benchmark for a top European racehorse?*

*Fortunately, the Japanese are taking a different path. How long will it be before Europe is obliged to raid their bloodlines?*

**Hilary Whitton Paipeti**

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In her own reply to Mr Cooper, TDN editor Emma Berry asked how long will it be before calls come to reduce the distance of the Epsom Derby. Those who might ponder such a move should heed the words of Federico Tesio (1869-1952), the greatest genius of all Thoroughbred breeders.

'The Thoroughbred exists because its selection has depended, not on experts, technicians, or zoologists, but on a piece of wood: the winning post of the Epsom Derby. If you base your criteria on anything else, you will get something else, not the Thoroughbred.'

If that's not an endorsement of the Derby distance, I don't know what is.

# Little Brother is Watching You

Introduction By Paul McGovern, Editor

When you land on this page you may, already, have a preconception.

You may agree with what is shown or discussed below.

You may disagree, in which case it is easy for you to move on to the next article.

You may be somewhere in the middle, in which case why not give it a go?

Whatever you choose, that is the point. *You*, and you alone, have that freedom of choice.

This page, primarily, is about those freedoms being stripped from you as you read this, at an alarming and increasing rate, in the World beyond this

current screen. This is happening regardless of which of the three categories above you are in.



FROM EFFROSYNI MOSCHOUDI

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

## WHO WAS BEHIND 911?

Hint. It wasn't the Arabs...

Do you remember where the president at the time, George W. Bush, was that fateful morning of September 11, 2001?



He was in The Booker Elementary school in Sarasota, Florida when he was informed of what's happening at the Twin Towers in N.Y.

At the time, the teacher was reading words with the kids. The words read by the whole class were: "KITE HIT STEEL PLANE MUST!" i.e. 'Kite Plane Must Hit Steel!' Because, as I told you many times, The New World Order have a code and they have to tell you, albeit in a concealed way, what they are doing to you.

Watch this short video of the children reading the words, if you don't believe me! <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rhWqfPeerbo>

Yes, The New World Order was behind 911. Orchestrated by the Bushes.

Search and you will find why they did it and how. And the TV lied to us then too, like it always does. It served us lies about bad Arabs and aeroplanes hitting buildings... Like an aeroplane that is so light and fragile, being made of carbon fibre, could ever demolish a building of reinforced steel!!! Seriously? They fooled us all. But we were too shocked, too traumatized at the time, to employ our critical thinking. That's how they operate! By shock and awe! Sound familiar?

*Continued on page 49*



*Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 48*  
 The Bushes were behind this heinous attack on American soil that took the lives of innocent Americans. The New World Order has used almost every president to push their agendas, to carry out their crimes.

But none of the crimes they have committed will remain concealed much longer and they will all be punished in the end. Everything will come into the light and we will all know the truth.



Seek the footage from the funeral of G.W. Bush Sr, and the envelopes the wives of the Bushes, the Clintons, the Bidens and the Obamas received. Look at their faces when they read the note. They knew right there and then that their days were numbered. I told you many times. We have mighty protectors that are fighting The New World Order. Our united militaries around the world.

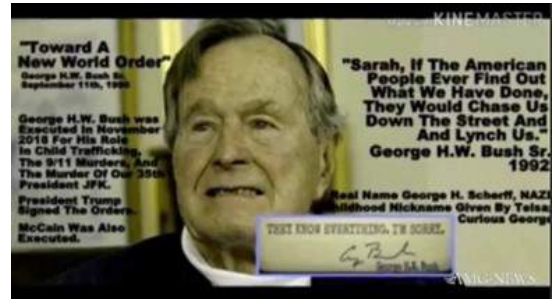
All the criminals and all the traitors will be punished and we will be freed from their reign of terror and genocide. Forever.

Go to the time mark 13:25 on this video and see their faces as they read the note... The whole video is a gem, by the way. You'll learn a lot if you watch the whole thing... <https://rumble.com/v3dv29m-charlie-ward-trust-the-plan-with-jan-halper-hayes-credit-to-a-anon-.html>



Shall I tell you what the notes in the envelopes said? It was a message from the deceased. George Bush had confessed to the 'good guys' before his death. The note said: "They know everything. I'm sorry."

This man was once quoted to say, "If the American people ever find out what we've done, they'll chase us down the street and lynch us!"



Seek the truth, my friends... and never stop. The truth is out there for you to find, if you only look! And the more you find out, the more empowered you will feel. The more peaceful, the less afraid. Now, isn't this a much better way to live?

Does anyone else think it's weird that Jeffrey Epstein had a painting of George Bush playing with paper airplanes, sitting in front of two collapsed Jenga towers?



*Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 49*

It was all scripted ahead of time... The BBC got the timing wrong. They reported the demolition before it actually happened! How awkward was that for them, but what a gift to the truth seekers!



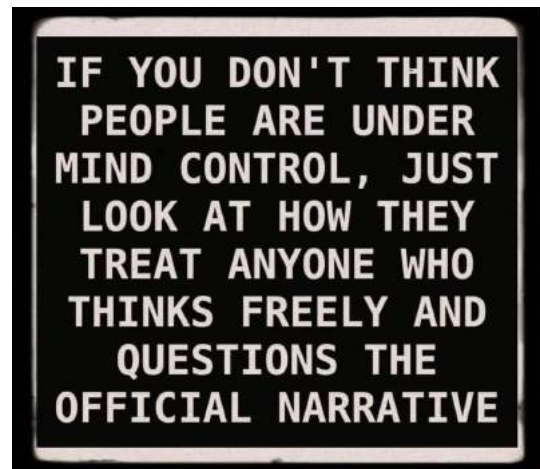
**For more eye-opening truths:**

**Join Effrosyni's new Facebook group, TRUTH SEEKERS UNITED:**

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/361111602908713>

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

<https://t.me/TruthFreedomJustice5D>



## Killed by the NHS - punished because he refused the covid vaccine

**REGISTERED nurse Elena Vlaica, 46, speaks out about the alleged murder of her husband Stuart in hospital in 2021.**

She claims that 54-year-old Stuart, who had been admitted to hospital with a possible chest infection, was bullied, humiliated, overdosed and experimented on before he was finally killed.

On his admission into hospital on October 26, 2021, Elena claims he was put on a CPAP machine (a pressurised mask that blows out air) at 100 per cent pressure which, she says, destroyed his lungs.

She said: "They could have easily given him oxygen but they didn't. He didn't need to go on a CPAP."

All necessary medication was stopped, she said, adding: "Stuart was on blood pressure tablets and antidepressants. But these were stopped as soon as he was deemed end-of-life. Sudden withdrawal of antidepressants can cause dramatic side effects, so once these started up,

the doctors started treating them with other medications."

Stuart was put on a 'nil by mouth' regime. Elena wasn't aware of this at the time, but found out months later after she managed to get hold of her husband's medical notes with the help of a solicitor.

"He had no food or water for 11 days," says a tearful Elena. "He was crying. He said he was hungry. It's all in the notes."

Without informing Elena, medics then put Stuart on an end-of-life care pathway. "I had no idea this was happening at the time, no one at the hospital told me, and I wasn't allowed to visit because of covid rules."

Elena discovered from Stuart's medical notes after his death that the 120kg dad and grandad had tried to escape from the hospital FOUR times. "He was a big man and it took four medics to pin him down and sedate him. It breaks my heart thinking about this. He wanted to go home and they stopped him by physically restraining him and drugging him."

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*Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 50*

A consultant started calling Elena on FaceTime every day. "He called me every day for ten days at the same time. The language he used was strange. It was as if he was MK Ultra brainwashed. He'd always start the conversation saying that Stuart was unvaccinated. He'd say three things over and over - covid, unvaccinated, end of life. It was like some kind of NLP (neurolinguistic programming). He told me Stuart would not be leaving the hospital alive. I argued and fought. I'd seen his blood test results; they were normal. My Stuart was not a dying man. He just had a chest infection. I wanted him home."

Elena later discovered that in order to prevent Stuart leaving the hospital, nurses sedated him with midazolam and morphine - two drugs that, together, repress the respiratory system enough to kill many individuals, but had started being used simultaneously as a covid protocol.

Elena said: "All this to stop him running away. To humiliate him further they cut off his clothes and catheterised him. He was kept naked. He didn't need a catheter, he was able to use a toilet, although obviously not after they sedated him."

To keep him under control, Stuart was given regular large doses of benzodiazepine sedative, midazolam, and the opiate, morphine. He was given over 100mgs in total, enough (according to one expert) "to take down an elephant".

It is well documented that these drugs are used as lethal injections in the US to execute death row prisoners.

As a nurse, Elena knows that Stuart had been given a deadly dose. "I'm amazed he stayed alive as long as he did. He was a fighter and he wanted to come home."

As if all this wasn't horrific enough, the doctors were also testing out new covid treatments on Stuart. Again, Elena knew nothing of this until after his death.

"They started giving him several on-trial covid medications, unapproved in the UK - they tested Remdesivir on him, which is known to destroy the liver and kidneys, and has killed thousands in the U.S., where Anthony Fauci recommended it as a covid treatment.

"They pumped him full of monoclonal antibodies, on top of antibiotics. It was like a Nazi experiment. No consent. The Nuremberg Code was not adhered to. To be used as a human guinea pig without giving any consent is a violation of human rights. How did they get away with it?"

The day of Stuart's death is the stuff of horror movies. On November 6, 2021, at 1pm, Elena had a call from the

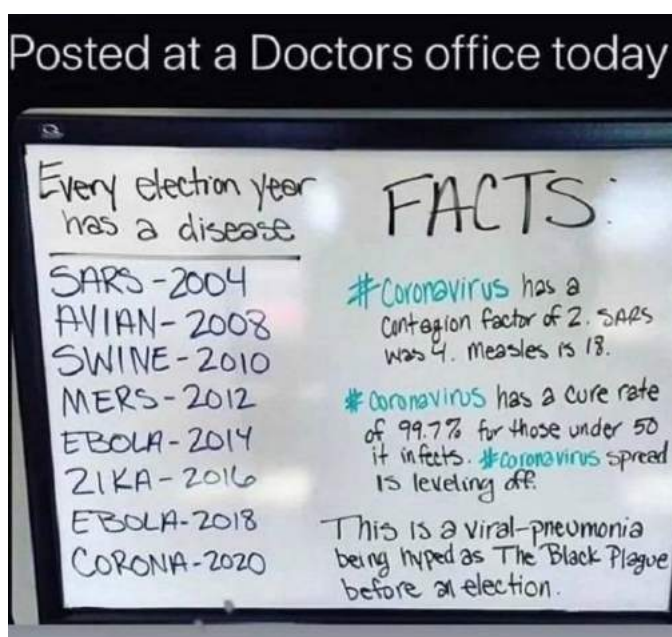
hospital to let her know that Stuart was dying. When she arrived, Elena could see he was heavily sedated. "He looked like he was in a coma. I know now he was in a midazolam coma.

"I was kissing him and I could see his saturation levels improving. He knew I was there and I knew he was fighting for his life. When the junior doctor saw me looking at the monitor, she switched it off. At that moment a nurse appeared with five 10ml syringes on a blue tray. She pushed two of them into Stuart's canula, he took three breaths, then died in my arms. I shouted: 'She's killed him!' then broke down. I don't remember getting home that night."

Looking back at everything Stuart suffered, Elena believes that he was being punished for not having taken the experimental jab. "Every day, they mentioned it. They seemed very judgmental about it. Stuart and I had decided together not to get the jabs because we felt they were too new and there wasn't enough information about them. I told the doctors this but they didn't like it. I'm 100 per cent certain that my Stuart was punished for being unvaccinated. And his punishment was death."

The police and a coroner were asked to investigate. They refused, she said. "It's hard to know where to turn and what to do," said Elena. "These psychopaths need to be held accountable and I will not stop seeking justice for my Stuart."

*This is a slightly edited version of an article published in The Light Paper, July 2023. [thelightpaper.co.uk](http://thelightpaper.co.uk)*



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*Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 51*



## UPDATE ON IHR DEBATE + INVITE TO WORKSHOP TONIGHT

**Wednesday 20th December**

Good afternoon Agiot Readers,

I was in London on Monday to attend the Petitions Committee "debate" on whether Parliament should '**Hold a parliamentary vote on whether to reject amendments to the IHR 2005.**'

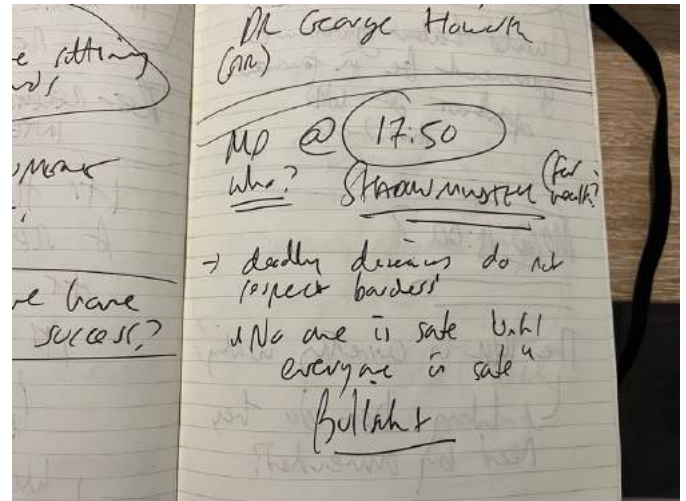
I was part of a PACKED viewing gallery (including Dr Tess Lawrie and team who initiated the petition) which unsurprisingly was not matched by the number of MP's in attendance!

The debate was attended by 7 x conservative MPs, 1 x labour MP and Andrew Bridgen.

The good news is the vast majority were on the same page in voicing concerns over some of the key amendments which represent potential threats to national public health policy and our sovereignty.

It's positive that at least some MPs understand the risks of transferring greater decision making powers to the WHO and the possible binding nature of these powers.

Unfortunately, Labour MP and Shadow Minister for Primary Care and Public Health, Preet Kaur Gill (who spent most of the debate on her phone) caused a stark reaction in the gallery when she recalled the tyrannical idea that "no



one is safe until we are all safe" and completely towed the one global health line, signposting Labour's position on the matter and COMPLETE lack of opposition:

Similarly, the final speaker Andrew Stephenson, conservative MP and Minister of State for Health, gave full support to the Pandemic Treaty and the International Health Regulations and essentially made it clear that there will unlikely be any form of transparency in the UK's negotiation process, nor reveal who is involved in negotiating the UK's position.

This is a clear pressure point to work on in our campaign efforts - **to ensure democratic transparency and accountability in the process** - given the almost total lack of understanding and appreciation of the concerns raised by the majority of the political system.

We also need to raise public and political awareness of the most critical and high risk amendments to the IHR and ensure that the UK has veto capabilities.

It's also worth calling into question the way the initial IHR amendments were voted on given scant attendance to the WHA meeting.

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*Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 52*

Ultimately I believe that the biggest opportunity to push back against both the Pandemic Accord and the proposed International Health Regulations is by undermining the credibility and trust in the World Health Organisation by scrutinising:

- **WHO track record** - exposing corruption, conflicts of interests and failings of the WHO during and prior to Covid, including links to China and Wuhan labs.
- **WHO Covid Response** - scrutinise the lack of scientific basic for the WHO's pandemic policy recommendations including suppression of Covid treatments and policies that directly contravene Universal Human Rights, plus WHO's role in shutting down scientific and public debate through censorship.

**WHA Election and re-election of Director General** - scrutinise the undemocratic operation of the World Health Assembly in recruiting Tedros as Director General, including an examination of his track record and associations with political and private interests. In terms of the wider public there is much work to be done but there is an angle that I think could get some attention is the tax burden given the extortionate amount of funding being requested by the WHO, raising awareness of the tax burden could bring further public scrutiny

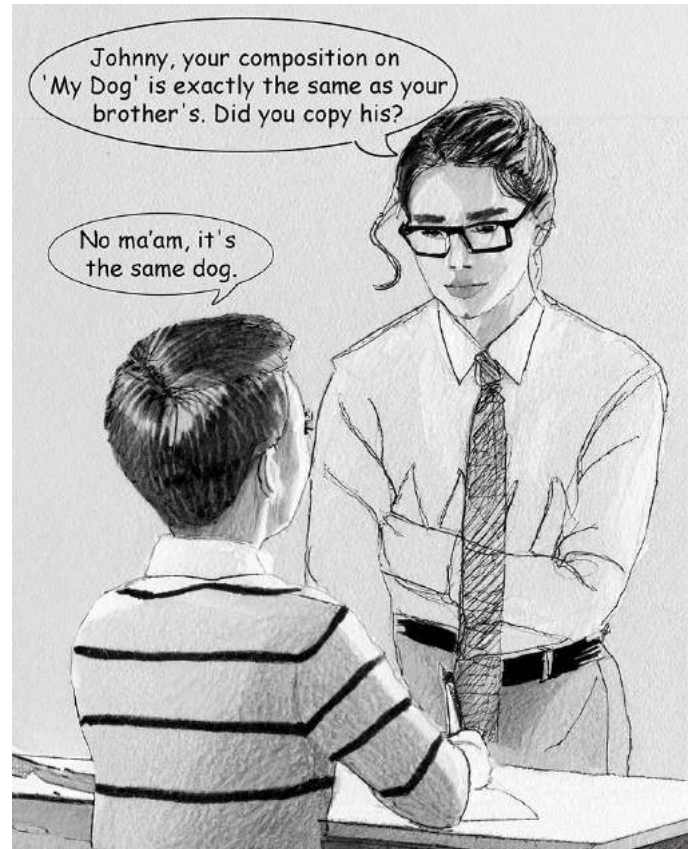
In summary, there are glimmers of hope but I'm in no doubt whatsoever that this is a train in rapid motion and the possibility of an early General Election in May will greatly overshadow this issue so we MUST act fast.

I've do have some clear ideas on how we can move forward based on the above points and will put some campaigns in action after immediately following the Christmas break.

**ACTION:** In the meantime here's what you can do - write to your MP to ask WHY he / she was not in attendance to relay the concerns of their constituents on this matter and request their support in calling for full transparency on the UK's negotiations regarding the International Health Amendments.

With gratitude

Dan Astin-Gregory



*Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 53*

## Neil Oliver: Davos

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9Q9hBO-cQKA>

### Sometimes Youtube accidentally gets it right



## The Spider's Web: *Britain's Second Empire - The Secret World of Finance*

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=np\\_ylvc8Zj8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=np_ylvc8Zj8)

Michael Oswald's film *The Spider's Web* reveals how at the demise of the empire, the City of London's financial interests created a web of secrecy jurisdictions that captured wealth from across the globe and hid it in a web of offshore islands. Today, up to half of global offshore wealth is hidden in British jurisdictions and Britain and its dependencies are the largest global players in *The Secret World of Finance*.

This film was privately made on a small budget. It presents facts and not propaganda.

## Vidos Island: The Key to the Island's Defences

### And a Great Day Out: Hilary Paipeti



The first time I came into proximity with Vidos Island (an islet, as I shall be calling it) was in 1981 when I was steering a day-trip caique from Kassiope. Does that get your attention? Saturday was my day off from work as a travel rep, and rather than twiddle my thumbs at home, or sit on the tiny, scruffy patch of Kontokali beach we were 'allowed' on (a bullying sentry was posted on the

hotel section of the beach to chuck us non-residents off. This was illegal, but we didn't know that at the time), I had decided to be pro-active and spend each free day on a boat cruise.

George's Boat operated out of Kaiser's Bridge, and was such fun that I recommended it to my clients in that area. Since almost everyone took at least one trip, George invited me to come along any time I wanted as a gesture of thanks (the generous commission he paid me was extra).

Saturday was Kassiope day, and after a marvellous (also gratis) lunch of garlic prawns near the harbour, we would set off back. By this time George was yawning, so after getting us round the exposed Eremitis Headland and past Agios Stefanos, he would go below for a snooze, giving me the tiller (!!!) and telling me to head for the point at Kouloura, where the seafront Venetian fortress/mansion was a landmark; then, he told me, I had to alter course to aim at Vidos. When we were within spitting distance of the islet, I was to give him a shout to come on deck and steer us back to port at Kaiser.

*Continue on page 55*

*Vidos Island: The Key to the Island's Defences*  
Continued from page 54

None of the punters seemed worried that their fate depended on a female barely out of her teens, but most of them were dozy from George's free ouzo. And there was very little on the sea at that time - only one tripping caique (ours), and few barely-in-control first-time outboard drivers, nor any errant jet-skis (they hadn't yet made it to Corfu).

Fortunately, I never came into actual contact with Vidos.

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I think the first time I actually set foot on the island was in the company of Slobodan Milosovic (!!!) before he became an international pariah (not entirely deserved imo), to lay wreathes at the resting place of WW1 Serbian soldiers. And thereby this history begins, for the tale of Vidos embraces almost entirely the story of Corfu's military past, which in turn defines its history.

The islet of Vidos lies five minutes sail off Corfu Town's Old Port and New Fortress. Extending across 131 acres (500 stremmas approx.), it is today blanketed with vegetation, including olives, eucalypts, fruit trees and statuesque pines. Flora and fauna are rampant, and rabbits and pheasants roam fearlessly (which is why you can't take your dog, though it would be a perfect place for a romp). Paths lead past imposing walls, now broken and in ruins. Few visitors inquire as to their provenance. Read about it in the coming months!

Its name in ancient times is recorded by Thucydides as Ptychia. The discovery of a mosaic floor and some ancient copperware items under the ruins of a later church suggest the existence at some point of a pre-Christian temple. The Christian version was built around 80 AD by the Saints Jason and Sossipatros, who converted Corfu to Christianity. They dedicated the church to Saint Stephen, and until the Venetians took over Corfu in 1386 it caused the islet to be informally known as 'Insula Santi Stephani', or the equivalent in whatever language was spoken by the rulers du jour, who would grant ownership of the place to rich and aristocratic families for hunting and leisure pursuits.

The new Venetian overlords duly followed their example, and bestowed it on the noble Pietro Malipierro, who passed it on to his son Guido. It is likely that Vidos is a corruption of that latter name. Later, the islet became the property of the Pierr-Halikiopoulos family (does the second part of that moniker ring any bells? Halikiopoulos was the surname of Spiro the taxi driver in Gerald Durrell's books).

History had not been kind to Corfu, which was raided or taken by just about every outfit that had an interest in the Mediterranean, but it was the next half millennia of

intermittent bloodshed which would transform Vidos from a place of recreation and serenity to one of military muscle.

In 1453 the Ottoman Turks had taken Constantinople, and they were now on their mission to overrunning the Balkans. (The Yugoslavian Wars of the 1990s were in part a consequence of Ottoman rule, hundreds of years earlier.) In 1537 the Turkish commander Barbarossa besieged Corfu and, understanding that the position of Vidos constituted a key to the capture of the town, installed a large cannon on the islet to bombard the walls of the Old Fortress. It failed spectacularly, and neither did the siege meet with ultimate success - but it did demonstrate the crucial strategic role that Vidos would play in the future defence of the town.

The 1537 Turkish incursion prompted the construction of walls around the town, and the Venetians would soon add the massive New Fortress, also within sight of Vidos. But they made no attempt to build fortifications on the islet itself. That had to wait nearly another 200 years.

#### How to visit Vidos

The history of Corfu Town is the history of its defences, and the offshore island of Vidos was their key. Five minutes by boat from the Port, Vidos is now a protected wildlife sanctuary, but in the past it boasted three major fortresses, the remains of which are still extant. Follow this app-based, mapped and audio walking tour around the island, taking in the ruined walls, two beaches, and a few surprises. And learn all about its history, as well as its role in protecting Corfu. In the lovely forests that cover the island, you may also encounter pheasants, peacocks and wild rabbits.

#### What To Expect

An immersive experience of the history of Vidos Island  
Views of dramatic military structures and a different perspective of Corfu Town  
A heart-rending insight into Serbian history from the First World War  
A gentle walk-through forest and along a lovely coast, surrounded by nature and wildlife

#### Top Sights Include

The Ruined Fortresses  
The Secret Hidden Treasure  
The Serbian Mausoleum  
The Abandoned Mansion & more

From early summer, a regular caique service runs from the harbour between the old and new ports.

The app will be available soon.

## High & Low Weather Summary for February 2023

|                | Temperature | Humidity | Pressure  |
|----------------|-------------|----------|-----------|
| <b>High</b>    | 21 °C       | 100%     | 1028 mbar |
| <b>Low</b>     | 2 °C        | 34%      | 1002 mbar |
| <b>Average</b> | 12 °C       | 78%      | 1017 mbar |

- Reported 1 Feb 00:20 — 28 Feb 01:50, Corfu. Weather by CustomWeather, © 2024

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](#)



These two photos contradict each other. Taken hours apart they show summer and winter on the same day in Agios Ioannis.



## Nature

Contributed by Peter Hardiman



Just as I was going to bed last night, I saw what I thought was a big Tick on a curtain. On closer inspection, I couldn't believe my eyes as it looked like a moving pile of dead insects. It turned out to be the larvae of a Green Lacewing (*Chrysoperla mediterranea*) which feed on small insects such as ants, spiders, aphids etc. They then 'display' body parts piled up on their backs, and this has made them known as Junk Bugs.

<https://www.nhm.ac.uk/.../collectors-and-hoarders-of-the...>



# Aunty Lula's Love-bites



## Lahanodolmades

*Ed: - Lula cooked this last week. In my opinion as good as any I have come across in any Corfu establishment.*

### INGREDIENTS:

1 cabbage  
 500G mince beef  
 1 onion chopped  
 1 leek  
 2 carrots grated  
 3 Tbs parsley chopped  
 3 Tbs dill chopped  
 250g Karolina rice  
 5 Tbs olive oil  
 5 Tbs water  
 Juice of one lemon  
 Salt and pepper  
 1 beef cube  
 Extra water for boiling

### For lemon the sauce:

2 Tbs olive oil  
 2 Tbs white flour  
 500g beef stock  
 Half a lemon  
 Salt and pepper

### GO:

Scour out as much of the top of the cabbage core as you are able.

Boil the cabbage in a pan with the core at bottom for about 10 minutes until the leaves soften a bit. Remove cabbage and put on plate to cool.

Meanwhile, in a separate pan make the mixture; put in the olive oil and sauté the onions and the leek, and brown the mincemeat.

Add the carrots, rice, parsley and dill with 5 Tbs of water and the juice of lemon, and salt and pepper.

Separate the cabbage leaves and remove the two outside leaves, and put them at the bottom of a new pot. Separate the remaining leaves and discard the thicker stalks.

Take the mincemeat mix and place 1 Tbs in each cabbage leaf. Fold the bottom border first, next the sides over the filling, then roll as you would a Swiss roll.

Place the roll seam side down in the pan atop the large leaves.

Cover the rolls with beef stock until it just covers all the rolls.

Add a little olive oil.

Cover with an inverted plate and cook low to medium heat for about 45 minutes. When cooked take 500ml from the beef stock for the sauce.

### The sauce;

Heat the olive oil in a new pan, add the flour, stirring, gradually add the stock and lemon and salt and pepper to taste.

On plates pour sauce over your Lahanodolmades and serve.

Καλη Ορεξη!



tasteatlas AWARDS 23/24

# 100 Best Cheeses in the World

|    |  |      |    |  |      |
|----|--|------|----|--|------|
| 1  |  Parmigiano Reggiano          | 4.68 | 26 |  Oaxaca Cheese                    | 4.46 |
| 2  |  Mozzarella di Bufala Campana | 4.64 | 27 |  Picodon                          | 4.46 |
| 3  |  Stracchino di Crescenza      | 4.64 | 28 |  Délice de Bourgogne              | 4.46 |
| 4  |  Graviera Naxou               | 4.64 | 29 |  Beaufort                         | 4.45 |
| 5  |  Queijo Serra da Estrela      | 4.63 | 30 |  Stracciata                       | 4.45 |
| 6  |  Burrata                      | 4.62 | 31 |  Krasotyri                        | 4.42 |
| 7  |  Saint-André                  | 4.61 | 32 |  Kalathaki Limnou                 | 4.42 |
| 8  |  Reblochon                    | 4.55 | 33 |  Manchego viejo                   | 4.42 |
| 9  |  Pljevaljski Sir              | 4.55 | 34 |  Njeguški Sir                     | 4.42 |
| 10 |  Mont d'Or                   | 4.54 | 35 |  Provola                         | 4.42 |
| 11 |  Grana Padano               | 4.54 | 36 |  Golka                          | 4.42 |
| 12 |  Crottin de Chavignol       | 4.53 | 37 |  West Country Farmhouse Cheddar | 4.42 |
| 13 |  Pecorino Romano            | 4.52 | 38 |  Selles-sur-Cher                | 4.41 |
| 14 |  Melichloro                 | 4.51 | 39 |  Saint-Marcellin                | 4.41 |
| 15 |  Brillat-Savarin            | 4.51 | 40 |  Burrata di Andria              | 4.41 |
| 16 |  Saint-Félicien             | 4.51 | 41 |  Kefalograviera                 | 4.41 |
| 17 |  Pecorino Sardo             | 4.51 | 42 |  Queso Payoyo                   | 4.41 |
| 18 |  Bryndza Podhalańska        | 4.50 | 43 |  Picón Bejes-Tresviso           | 4.40 |
| 19 |  Queijo de Azeitão          | 4.50 | 44 |  Miročki sir                    | 4.40 |
| 20 |  Pecorino Toscano           | 4.50 | 45 |  Livanjski sir                  | 4.39 |
| 21 |  Provolone del Monaco       | 4.49 | 46 |  Kefalotyri                     | 4.39 |
| 22 |  Comté                      | 4.48 | 47 |  Gorgonzola piccante            | 4.39 |
| 23 |  Graviera Kritis            | 4.48 | 48 |  Manchego curado                | 4.39 |
| 24 |  Canastra                   | 4.47 | 49 |  Taleggio                       | 4.39 |
| 25 |  Ryzdyk                     | 4.47 | 50 |  Redykolka                      | 4.38 |