

www.theagiot.com

Tel: (0030) 6974932408

The Agiot

172nd Edition



Fancy staying here?

This Month

Cover Photo
Page 1

Ocay Property Management & Holiday Rentals
Pages 2-14

Letters to the Editor
Pages 15-17

Lula's Poem
Page 18

Nature
Page 18

Gooner's Gags
Pages 19-24

Rosie's Story
Pages 25-27

Weather.
Page 27

Vidos
Pages 28-29

Little Brother is Watching You.
Pages 29-34

The World of Simon
Pages 34-35

When Nitsa was Young Chapter 5
Pages 36-37

Who stole the Corfu Trail?
Page 38-40

The Way Things Were and Are
Pages 41-42

Agiotfest Remembered
Page 43

Hilary's Ramblings
Pages 44-45

Lula's Lovebites
Page 46

Video Plus Corner
Page 46

Advertising
Pages 47-55

Village and Island Times
Pages 56-59

Clifford Owen
Page 60

Pine Leaves
Pages 60-61

Saucy Postcards
Pages 62-65

Bramble
Page 66

Stop Press
Page 67

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals

We are happy to report that Ocay Property Management has been very busy since the last Edition in March.

Below are snapshots of work done during the last three months, on three projects.

The summer season is also in full swing, so there are bookings to deal with, property and pool maintenance to be done, and excursions and trips or anything else needed by our voracious customers to be catered for.

In short, the weeks are racing by.

Claire de Lune Villa:

This villa is in the north of the island at Avlaki. To walk into the garden here is to slip into tranquility. The main view from the villa is the cover photo above. Well, would *you* like to stay here? The property was bought last year, and the current owner asked Ocay to alter, improve and modernise, where appropriate.

March:



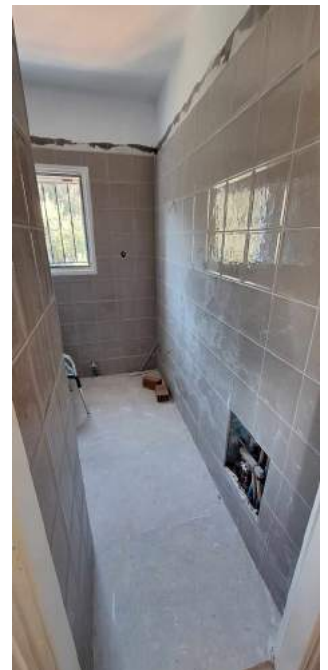
Basics



Demolition



Driveway to be lined with walls



New tiling throughout villa



Early pool work



Improving pool area

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -
Continued from page 2

Claire de Lune Villa: March - Cont.



Old furniture to be disposed of

<



Redecorating throughout

<



Old sterna

>

Shuttering extended pool area

>



Shuttering poolside

<



Openings



Pollarding

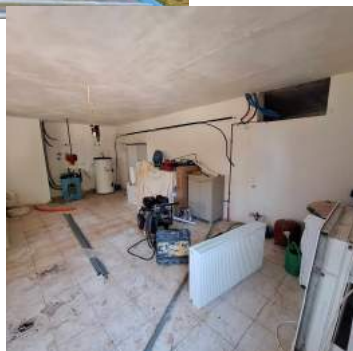


Overview

<

Previous water storage being converted to utility centre

>



Widening of entrance



Water storage moving outside

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -
Continued from page 3

Claire de Lune Villa Continued: May



A breather

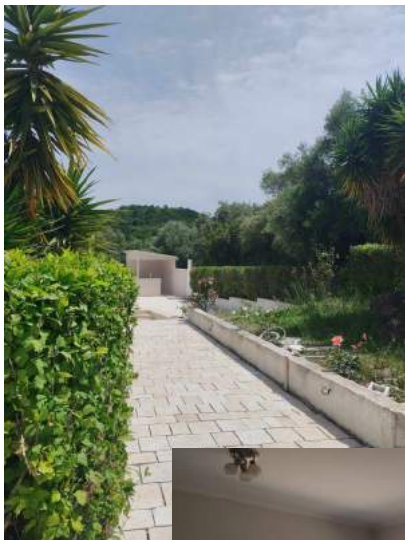


New facia

<



Pool area with kiosk taking shape

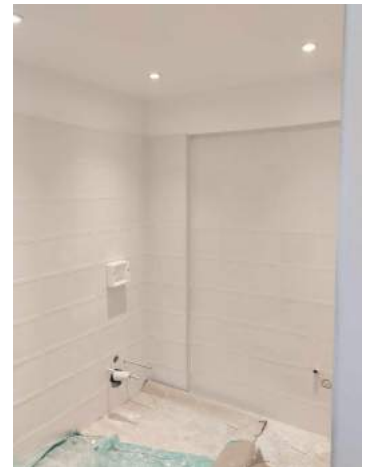


Better approach

<



To entrance



Toilet area

Interior

>



Working on the pool



Looking for a lost contact lens

<

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -
Continued from page 4

Claire de Lune Villa Continued: June



Ample room



New front and balcony



New improved lounge

<



Approach to pool

<



Pool full

>

Clean finish

>



Ready to go

<



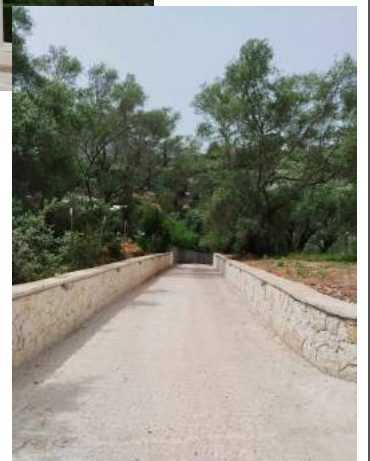
Extended view

<



Walls finished

>



From villa

>



Continued on page 6

*Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -
Continued from page 5*

Villa Natalia

Next up is our old favourite, Villa Lydia, which we have a long, fond, and successful history with, and was previously owned by personal friends of ours. With them we made Lydia's, which proved very popular with visitors.

Regretfully, our friends needed to withdraw to England, so sold the property to a Serbian family.

We were fortunate to get the job to extend this already large villa and add an extra pool, as well as make significant changes. Here is the history since March.

The villa has been renamed 'Natalia'.

March:



Crazy paving former concrete area



Excavation



Miles of debris



Much to do



A new upper storey



Building site



Old pool newly tiled



Opening space



Ceiling work



Concrete mixers everywhere

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -
Continued from page 6

Villa Natalia - March Cont.



Robust



Stacks everywhere



To new upper storey



War zone



RSJ



Work area

<

May:



Surgery



This used to be a nice lounge



Base



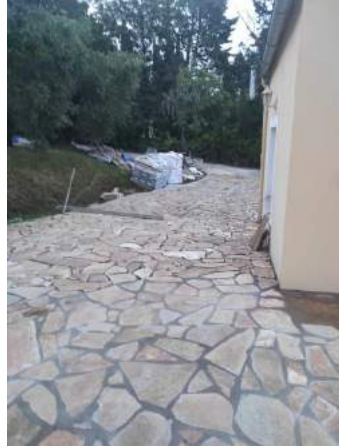
Car parking

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -
Continued from page 7

Villa Natalia - May Cont.



Concreted



Continuing with the paving



Old pool alive again



Part of new wall at front



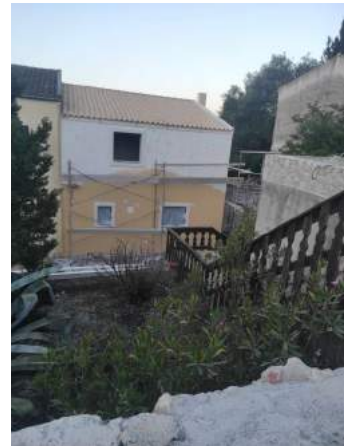
From inside old lounge of former apartment



New look



Paving, paving, and paving



Plastered above



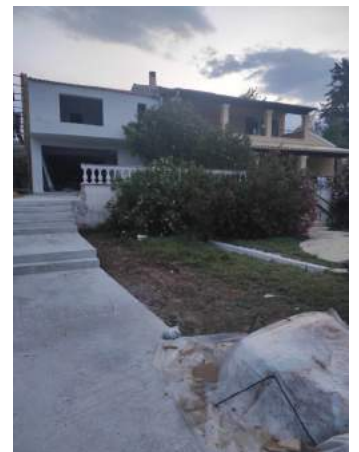
New pool taking shape



New stairway going in to new storey



Scaffolding



Slowly blending in

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -
Continued from page 8

Villa Natalia - May Cont.



Stairs growing



That's my ladder!



From car park



*With new pool
in background*

<



*I lost a glider from
here*

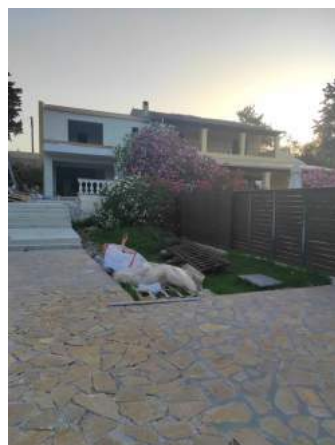


*I thought that paving
would never finish*

June:



Far view



Getting tidier



Last bit



New aspect

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -
Continued from page 9

Villa Natalia - June Cont.



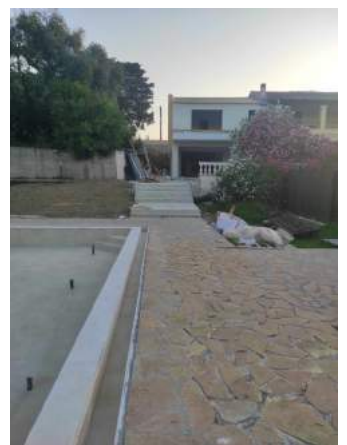
New bedroom outlook



New steps to the road



Patio work



Pool for new apartment to villa



New toilet



New upper storey almost there



Railings finishing off



Shed area tidied



New walled entrance



Park with ease



Side view



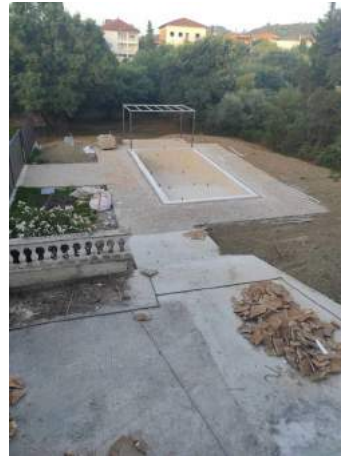
Stairs

Continued on page 11

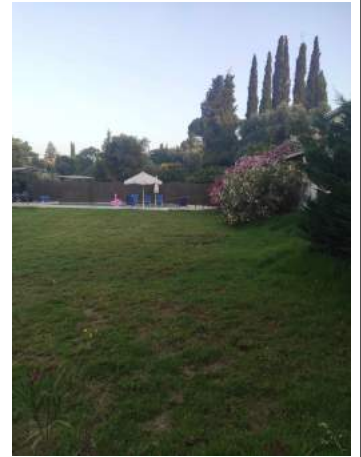
Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -
Continued from page 10



The transformed building



View from above

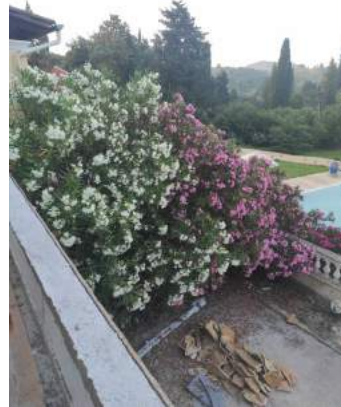


*We need a bigger
mower*



*The whole villa
privatising*

<



What a beauty



*Working area being
tidied*



Twin pools

If you would like to stay in either of these great places, please go to <https://ocaycorfu.com/rentals/>

You won't regret it.

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -
Continued from page 11

Panorama

Now we turn to a new development we are doing in Agios Ioannis, known as Panorama.

This is to build a detached villa of 100/150 square metres.

The villa will be private, not available for renting.

March:



Awaiting concrete



Backdrop is nice



Base down



Column shuttering



Columns underway

<



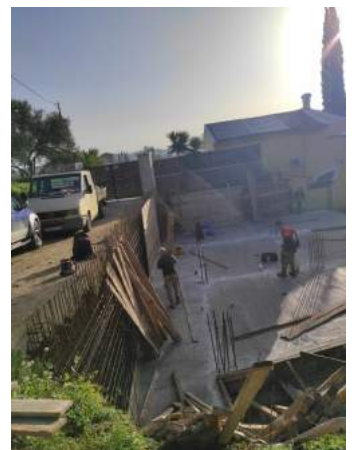
Drainage



For infilling



Forest



Foundation work



From road



Full work team

Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -
Continued from page 12



Going up



Lots of steel



Needs tanking first



Ground zero



Higher



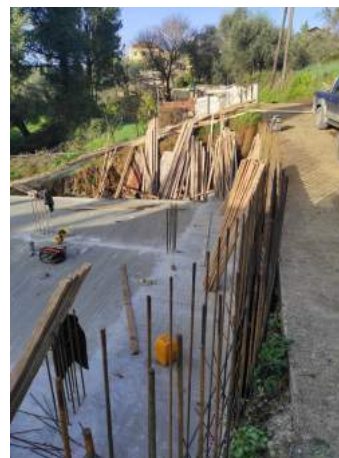
No drop anymore



Road out



Insulation



Shuttering stacked



**Steel for upper
retainer**

*Ocay Property Management and Holiday Rentals -
Continued from page 13*



Steel lining wall to be



Top wall shuttering



And, last of all, could this be the next chapter?

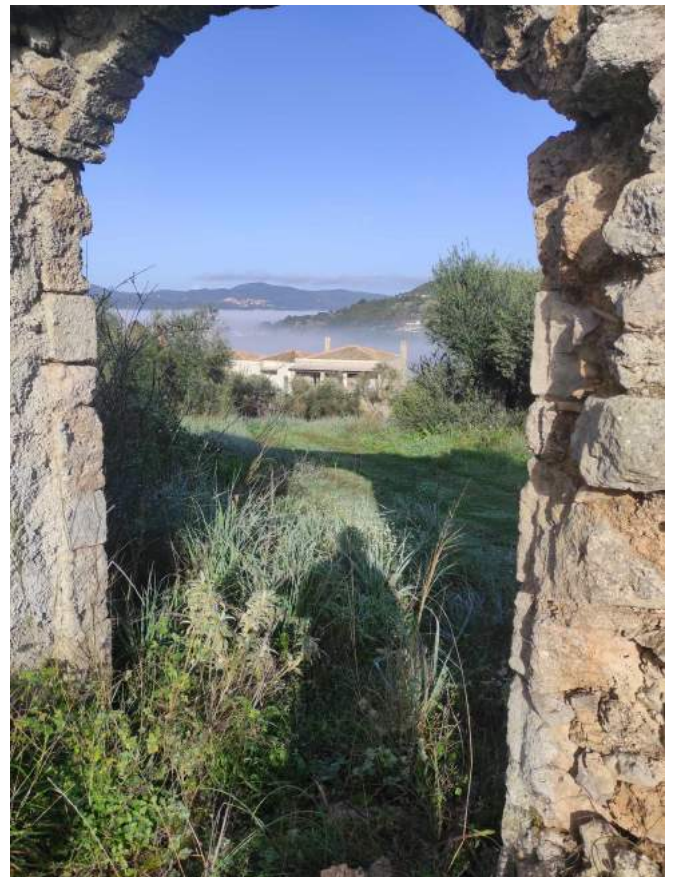
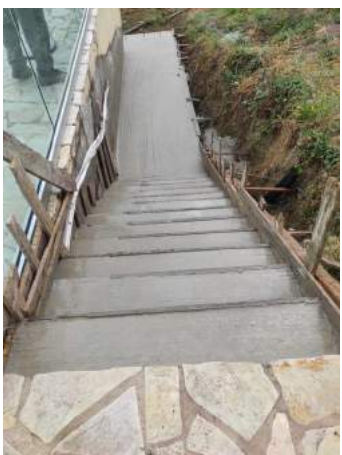


Valley prospect



View

Gluttons for punishment, occasionally we take on small jobs for people we know, though that is rare now, because of time, that old enemy. On the edge of the village, we put in these steps:



Letters to the Editor



Juanita

Dear Gentle Reader,

Welcome to this Summer Agiot!

There has not been an Edition for five months, life has got in the way. So, apologies all round for keeping you waiting, and especially to our Contributors, who are enduringly patient with me.

You can probably see from the article above one of the reasons I've been distracted from the magazine. On top of this I live in Greece, and on top of that, I live in Corfu, and on top of that, I live in Agios Ioannis. My Greek niece tells me; 'If this was a serious country....'

I am very sorry to report the death of my dear friend; Al Catel, just before Easter. She has been my constant companion for several years, despite many accidents and once nearly drowning in Mel and Jo's goldfish pond. I am too distressed to include her photo here, can't bear to look at her lightless body. So, I attach instead a photo of one of her newer cousins. [Younger Gentle Readers might fail to recognise a device so antediluvian as this]. In case either of my adoring fans are trying to reach me through her both of you should know that I need to grieve for a few weeks before I can even think to find a new partner. So, please message me here if you wish to communicate. You will be relieved to know that I won't be doing a fund-it page to obtain her replacement. 🙄🙄🙄

An eerie Post Script happened shortly after Easter Sunday. I'd committed her lifeless form to a box, but, after the festivities, I revisited her and pressed the 'on' button for old times' sake. And lo, did she spring to life. Al Catel Anesti!

Nonetheless, she will need a replacement. I will save hard another Euros 40 [yes, that expensive] to achieve my goal.



Letters to the Editor - Continued from page 15

Vickie mails this link in from her Homeland, Canada.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=37nGeXn2K9c>



Jane wrote in from Horsmonden, Kent



Lovely to see Teddie in your newspaper 🐕🥰 trouble is someone put Freddie instead of Teddie, but he wouldn't have minded X I do miss him so much 💔 Hope all is ok with you Lula and family XX

Ed: Apologies to Teddie, and Jane, for my mistake. I make lots of mistakes. Please point them out to me Gentle Reader, so I can try to make amends, and concentrate better. Thank you. [Teddie passed away on the 22nd of January].

From Newton Abbot, **Keith Meager** writes. [referring to an earlier photo of Naya in the Agiot]

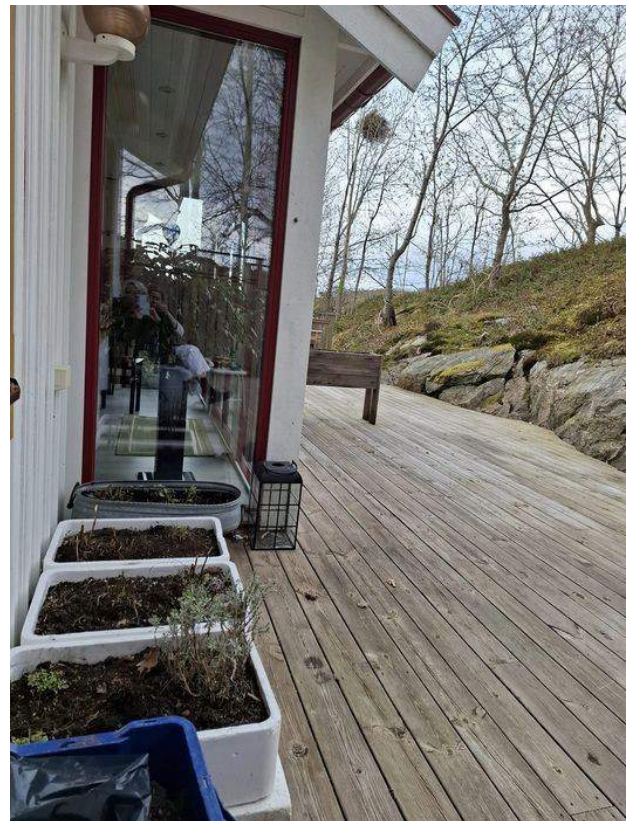
Hi Paul,

Yes, I have it downloaded here in rain-soaked Devon. Lovely dog, excellent face and head. Here is our Kyra, rising 8 years now.

Keith



Ed: - What a lovely dog!



Ghost photo from Sanna, Sweden

Letters to the Editor - Continued from page 16

Mike and Pat mail in from Herne Bay this amuser.

Paul

What can I say - what a surprise to hear from you. Thank you so much for your kind words.

We still have a little juice left and have recently been doing a bit of travelling before we finally hang up the boots. In January we had two weeks in India. The first on a Ganges riverboat from Calcutta and the second doing the Golden Triangle from Delhi to Agra and Jaipur. The weather was not as expected - Delhi Airport shut because of fog and we only got to wear shorts on one single day. It was so cold we saw goats with coats on to keep them warm! The BBC said it would be mid to high 70's - I very nearly wrote to the Director General to lodge a formal complaint but decided not to as the poor man has so much to contend with without me.

Have just got back from the Classic Grand Prix at Monaco where the Brits dominate and win most of the races. Got up close in the paddock to see some famous racers including those driven by Stirling Moss, Ayrton Senna and James Hunt amongst others. We also spent a little time in Cannes as the Film Festival was about to start and I took the opportunity to have my picture taken with Sharon Stone (yes really) see below. In San Remo we were having a quiet beer when Mickey came by and insisted we had a picture with him.



I have been very grumpy today as I have reached a number that I do NOT want to be. It horrifies me. The Government in their great generosity increase our pensions when we reach this dreadful milestone by the grand sum of 25pence a week. I have calculated it will buy me two extra slices of bread per week or if I save it all up for a whole year it will buy me two pints of beer. Wow! How generous of them.

I am sure we will get to see you again before the singing fat lady makes her entrance.



In the meantime, take care and be naughty.

Pat & Mike

Ed: - You Globetrotters! You have given me an idea! I think I'll have a word with 'God' [the local Mayor] and see if we can't obtain our own Mickey for the square in Agios! And, I'm glad to see that you are still sporting the famous 'Brazil' hat, Mike!

Lula's Poem to her Mum & Dad



ιστε εδω σιωπηλοι

στι σιγανη Βροχη της ανοιξης το καλοκαιρι, κατω απο το λοβωτα φυλλα του πλατανου ανεμεσα στο διαχυτο αρωμα του μουστου, τον τρυγο και μολις ελθουν τα κρυα, στον ελαιωνα πανω στο λοφο. Ατελειωτη ενεργεια αμετρητο φιλοτιμο ποτε δεν ενδωσατε στις δυσκολιες λεσ και ειχατε φτιαχτει απο διαφορετικο και ιδιατερο πηλο αγωνιστες για μια καλυτερη ζωη.

Καλο ταξιδι αγαπιμενοι μας.

You are here in silence
in the soft spring rain,
in summer, under the lobed leaves of the plane tree,
among the diffuse aroma of musty fall,
and as soon as the cold comes,
in the olive grove on the hill.
Endless energy, countless philotimo,
you never gave in to difficulties,
as if you were made of a different and special clay,
fighters for a better life.

Good journey, our dear ones.

Nature



Courtesy of
Bert Rossum

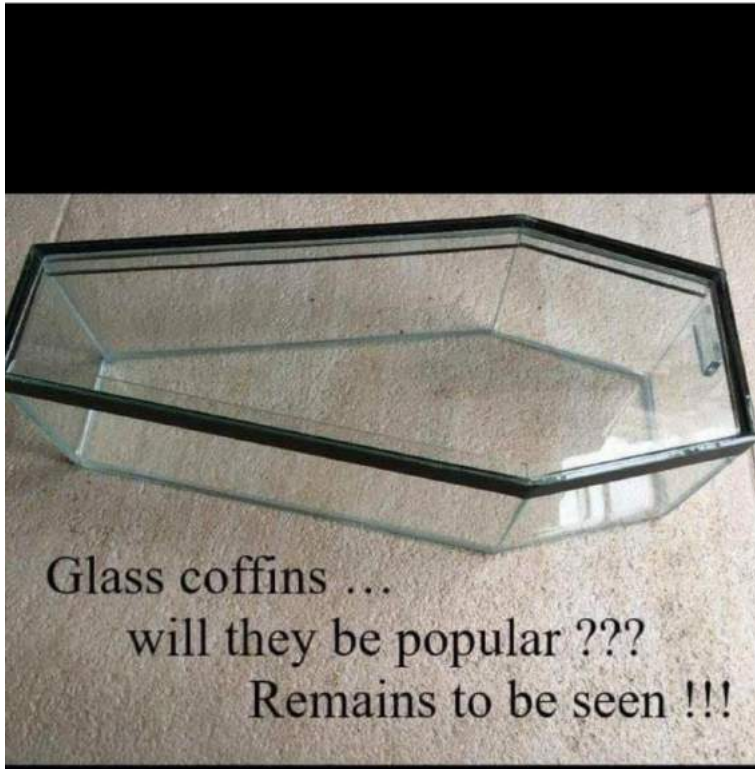
*Kafesas
Tortoises
sunbathing*

>



For love

Gooners Gags



DORMITORY:	DIRTY ROOM
PRESBYTERIAN:	BEST IN PRAYER
ASTRONOMER:	MOON STARER
DESPERATION:	A ROPE ENDS IT
THE EYES:	THEY SEE
GEORGE BUSH:	HE BUGS GORE
THE MORSE CODE:	HERE COME DOTS
SLOT MACHINES:	CASH LOST IN ME
ANIMOSITY:	IS NO AMITY
ELECTION RESULTS:	LET'S RECOUNT
SNOOZE ALARMS:	ALAS! NO MORE Z 'S
A DECIMAL POINT:	I'M A DOT IN PLACE
THE EARTHQUAKES:	THAT QUEER SHAKE
TWELVE PLUS ONE:	ELEVEN PLUS TWO
And the Grande Finale:	
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	WOMAN HITLER

Sent in by Lionel Mann, from beyond the grave.

WICOE

(Women In Charge Of Everything)

Is proud to announce the opening of its

EVENING CLASSES FOR MEN!

OPEN TO MEN ONLY

ALL ARE WELCOME

Note: due to the complexity and level of difficulty, each course will accept a maximum of eight participants

The course covers two days, and topics covered in this course include:

DAY ONE

HOW TO FILL ICE CUBE TRAYS

Step by step guide with slide presentation

TOILET ROLLS- DO THEY GROW ON THE HOLDERS?

Roundtable discussion

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN LAUNDRY BASKET & FLOOR

Practising with hamper (Pictures and graphics)

DISHES & SILVERWARE;

DO THEY LEVITATE/FLY TO KITCHEN SINK OR DISHWASHER BY THEMSELVES?

Debate among a panel of experts.

REMOTE CONTROL

Losing the remote control - Help line and support groups

LEARNING HOW TO FIND THINGS

Starting with looking in the right place
Instead of turning the house upside down while screaming -
Open forum

DAY TWO

EMPTY MILK CARTONS;

DO THEY BELONG IN THE FRIDGE OR THE BIN?

Group discussion and role play

HEALTH WATCH;

BRINGING HER FLOWERS IS NOT HARMFUL TO YOUR HEALTH

PowerPoint presentation

REAL MEN ASK FOR DIRECTIONS WHEN LOST

Real life testimonial from the one man who did

IS IT GENETICALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO SIT QUIETLY AS SHE PARALLEL PARKS?

Driving simulation

LIVING WITH ADULTS;

BASIC DIFFERENCES BETWEEN YOUR MOTHER AND YOUR WIFE

Online class and role playing

HOW TO BE THE IDEAL SHOPPING COMPANION

Relaxation exercises, meditation and breathing techniques

REMEMBERING IMPORTANT DATES & CALLING WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE

Bring your calendar or PDA to class

GETTING OVER IT;

LEARNING HOW TO LIVE WITH BEING WRONG ALL THE TIME

Individual counsellors available

Gooners Gags - Continued from page 19



I said to the baker, "How come all your cakes are 50p & that one's £1?"

He said, "That's Madeira cake!"



Gooners Gags - Continued from page 20

I went to
a cannibal
restaurant
last night.
£50 a head.

My wife rang me at
the pub and said, "If
you're not home in 10
minutes, I'm giving
the dinner I cooked
you to the dog."

I was home in 5
minutes.
I'd hate for anything to
happen to the dog.

A man and a woman were
traveling in a train.

Woman: Everytime you smile, I feel
like inviting you to my place.

Man: Awww....! Are you single?

Woman: No, I'm a dentist...



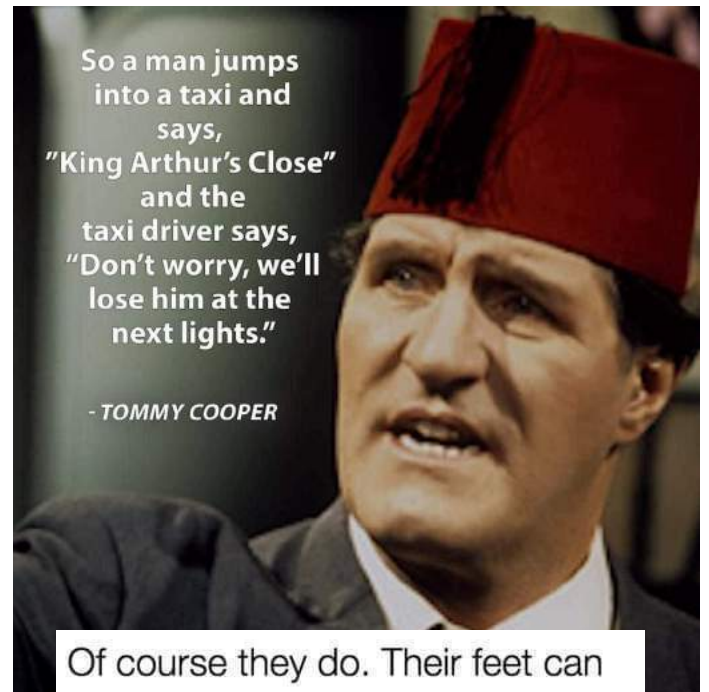
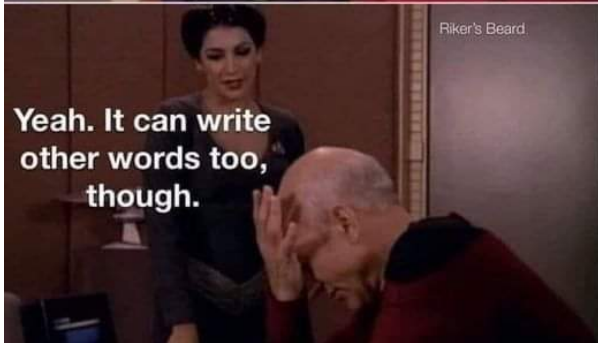
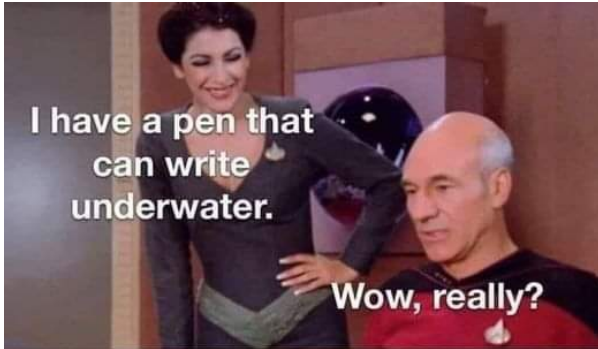
OldtimersPage



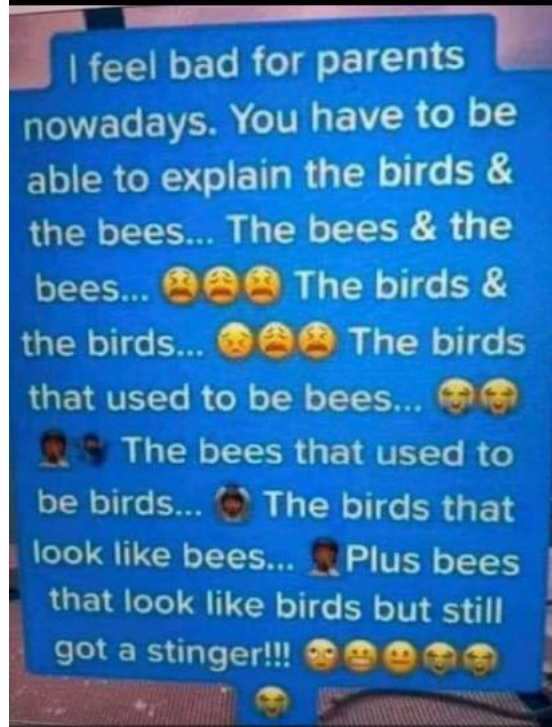
Apparently you
can't use
'beefstew' as a
password.

It's not stroganoff.

Gooners Gags - Continued from page 21



Of course they do. Their feet can barely touch the pedals. Cut them some slack.



Have you ever noticed that anyone driving faster than you is a maniac, and anyone driving slower than you is an idiot?!

Contin-

Gooners Gags - Continued from page 22



Discerning Cyclist
February 26 at 6:02 PM

When you realise Roy Keane is slowly turning into Billy Connolly 🤔🤔



Wife texts husband on a cold winter morning:
"Windows frozen, won't open."
Husband texts back: "Gently pour some lukewarm water over it and then gently tap edges with hammer."
Wife texts back 10 minutes later: "Computer really messed up now."



richardcreech:

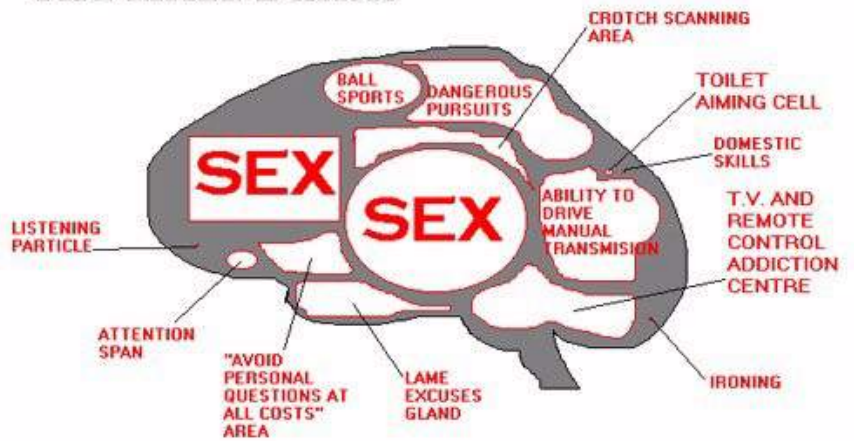
MY GOD THIS MAKES SO MUCH SENSE

Gooners Gags - Continued from page 23



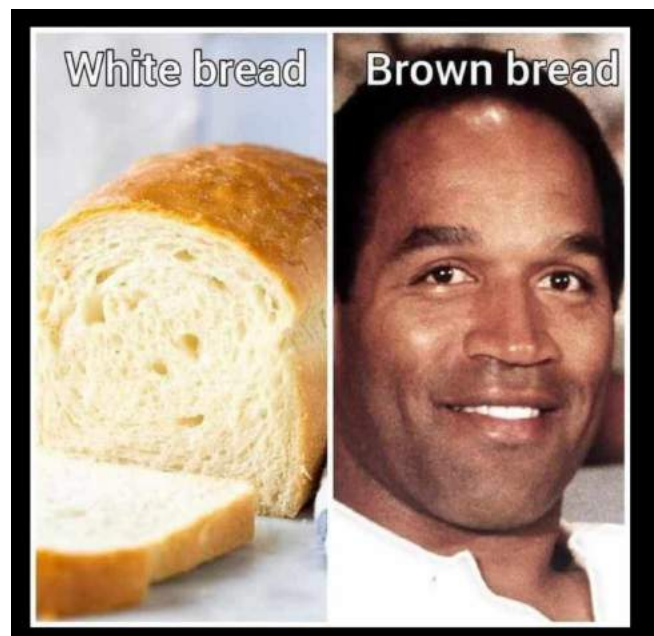
First Off the Mark cartoon ever published from 1987. Posted by request.

THE MALE BRAIN



FOOTNOTE: the "Listening to children cry in the middle of the night" gland is not shown due to its small and underdeveloped nature. Best viewed under a microscope.

when the concrete stairs are out-of-order



Rosie's Story

Part 1: An introduction and short history of the Jewish Community.



The Bakery

At Paleologu 71, Kérkira, Greece, in the Jewish neighbourhood, you will find a warm and lovely soul named Rosie Soussis. She is the proprietor of a bakery shop, which is a hotbed for traditional Greek and Corfu sweets, gluten free sweets, vegetarian pies, home-made yoghurt and the delightful Rosie herself.

Most days you will find her here, smiling and serving and charming the many visitors who pass by. She is always busy, but never too busy for a smile and a chat.



Rosie with her dad

<

Mosche and Zaav

>



Rosie, fourth generation Corfiot, came into this world in 1963, one of two children. Her father, Mosche Zinos, and her mother, Zaav, were respected members of the community. Her father was 56 when Rosie arrived, so no surprise she was so very special to him, and he contributed vitally to her happy childhood. She was always encouraged to express herself as a child, and for many years she took ballet lessons, yet admits to having been only 'average' at that pursuit. What she found a natural talent for was cooking.

Every Friday before Shabbat she would rendezvous in her own house or at one of her two Aunts' houses for the beginning of her culinary apprenticeship. She particularly liked going to Aunt Speranza's, because that lady had a very large kitchen!

Rosie attended a private Elementary school and later was educated in town. When she left High School she went to Athens where she studied French Literature and Studies, at the French Academy.

By the age of 22 she was back in Corfu. Her father had died a year or so earlier, and Rosie decided to follow somewhat in his footsteps, *as will be seen in the next chapter of this story.*



Oretta and Rosie

She landed a job with Monarch Airlines and was soon in charge of their operation there. For three years she worked hard, but then decided to break completely and set up her own bakery.

Continued on page 26

Rosie's Story - Continued from page 25

This she did at Filarmonikis Street and, three years later, she moved to her current location. She also has another shop in town, managed by her daughter Oretta, [meaning Excellence] and a bakery outside of the city. Her daughter has taken after her mum, in terms of cleverness and industry. She has three degrees from different Universities, and works at the Irish Consulate.

I asked Rosie if she had any hobbies? 'None!' was her emphatic response. Not surprising, really, as she normally works 17 hours per day, to 'make and create'.



Zaav, who passed away in 2000

>

This Jewish neighbourhood in Corfu has a rich and fascinating history, dating back 800 years. From 1363 there was a large Jewish ghetto here, under the control of the Venetians. Inside were once four synagogues, but today there is only one, Scuola Greca, with a further, anonymous, ruin, which can still be seen. There is no Rabbi on the island now.



'It's like a museum now,' Rosie says sadly

Curfews were applied by the Venetians, but because the Colonists recognised the cleverness of the population, the restrictions relaxed, as the Jews proved able traders and advisors, a definite advantage to the Venetians.

The people were quite poor, but over the generations they gradually established themselves and became more prosperous.



The Sephardim diaspora

In 1492, Isabella and Ferdinand commanded that all Jews who refused to convert to Christianity be expelled from Spain: The Exodus of the Sephardim. The Jews were given four months to leave Spain and were forced to sell their houses and businesses at low prices. It is estimated that 100,000 Jews left Spain at this time. The expulsion from Spain is commemorated every year by all Jews on the holiday of Tisha B'Av.

Many of these Jews came to Corfu.



Continued on page 27

Rosie's Story - Continued from page 26

By the time of the outbreak of the Second World War the population of this community had grown to between 2500 and 2800, but after the war it was reduced to between 70 and 90 souls. These were centred around Paleologu and Ag. Sofias street.

Post-war the numbers increased again, as people came from abroad, many from Israel, so that in our present day the Jewish population is dispersed around the island.

During the war the Soussis family, unlike many of their neighbours, were extremely fortunate. Her entire family escaped the German round-up, unlike most of their neighbours.

In the August edition of this magazine, you will read how they escaped the extermination camps, thanks to the ingenuity of Mosche Zinos Soussis.



Editor's note: Population figures vary from different sources. For this article I have adhered to Rosie's estimates.

TO BE CONTINUED

High & Low Weather Summary for June 2024

	Temperature	Humidity	Pressure
High	21 °C	100%	1028 mbar
Low	2 °C	34%	1002 mbar
Average	12 °C	78%	1017 mbar

* Reported 1 Jun 00:20 — 21 Jun 02:50, 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](#)



Stunning cloud formations pre heatwave

Vidos Island: The Key to the Island's Defences

.... And a Great Day Out: Part 2

Hilary Paipeti

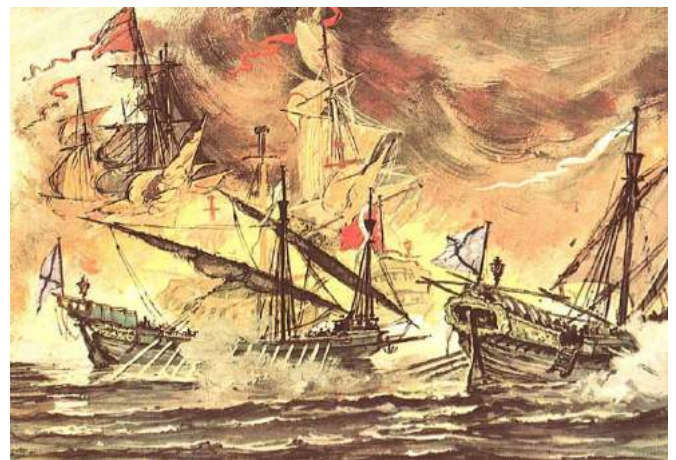


In 1716 the Turks threatened again. This time, the Venetians hired an army of mercenaries, headed by Count Matthias von Schulenberg (appropriately, his statue stands at the gate of the Old Fortress), whose superb generalship (with a helping hand from Saint Spiridon) defeated the wannabe Turkish invaders. Incidentally, the 1683 Siege of Vienna, in which the Turks were turned back by a European coalition, is generally regarded as the zenith of Turkish intrusion into Europe; but the Siege of Corfu, more than 40 years later, was the last time that they made a sortie westwards beyond their own territory.



During the Siege and afterwards, it became obvious to Schulenberg that Vidos, if captured by an enemy, constituted a danger to the Fortresses. Thus, in 1727, he pledged to build a continuous line of defences around the island. The plan was never executed in its entirety, the only work completed being a hexagonal fort on a small promontory in the islet's north west. Not surprisingly, this was named Fort Schulenberg,

Vidos had to wait until the very end of the century with the arrival of the French Republicans, who occupied Corfu after the Venetians left, under the terms of the Treaty of Campo Fornio. The French General Chabot saw its strategic importance and began major defensive works, which included the construction of a number of batteries and redoubts, as well as deforestation of the terrain and demolition of St Stephen's Church.



But before the works were completed, a Russian and Turkish naval force, under the command of Admiral Fyodor Ushakov, attacked. Once again, the assailants realised that Vidos was the key to the capture of the town, and thus the whole island of Corfu. Accordingly, on 28 February 1798, allied warships began a bombardment of Vidos, and ground forces took it later the same day, with massive slaughter of the surrendering French troops by the Turks. Now Ushakov could move on Corfu Town.

Continued on page 29

Vidos Island: The Key to the Island's Defences
Continued from page 28



On 1 March, the captured French batteries of Vidos opened fire on the two fortresses, while ground forces stormed the outlying bastions. On 3 March, the French, realising that the fall of Vidos left them no option, surrendered. The capture of Corfu completed the Russo-Turkish takeover of the Ionian Islands, and they became the Septinsular Republic, a temporary protectorate of Russia and Turkey. Ushakov's success in Corfu served as a springboard for a victorious campaign against the French elsewhere in the Mediterranean, while Corfu became a base for the Russian fleet.

In 2001, the Russian Orthodox Church conferred sainthood on Ushakov, and made him the special patron of the Russian Navy. A monument to the Admiral stands near the lower entrance (unused) of the New Fortress, almost within sight of Vidos, where his campaign saw its first triumph.

To be continued

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.

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?

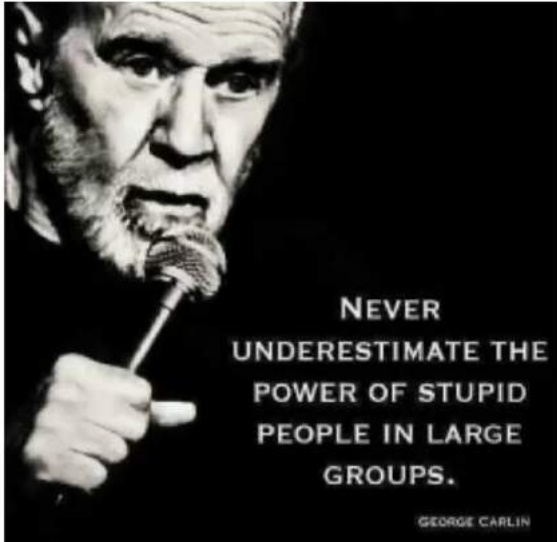
Whatever you choose, that is the point. *You*, and you alone, have that freedom of choice.

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.

Continued on page 30

Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 29

Referring to a personal diary I've kept for many a year, it was in 2020 that 'World War III' [Year 1] was scrawled on its front cover. Each year since I've kept a similar motif, with Year 2, Year 3 etc. added at the end. We now sit in Year 5 of World War III, according to my calculation.



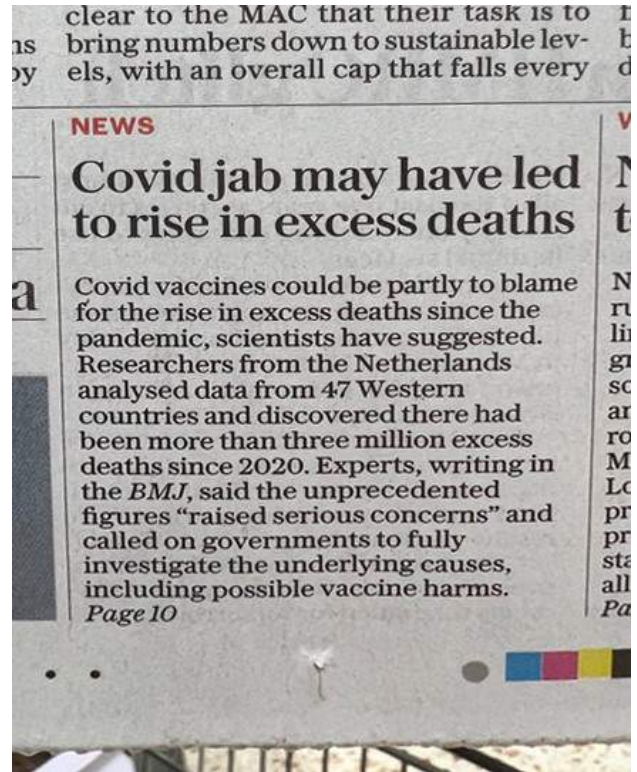
What has surprised me most over this period, though I'm far less surprised than I was at the outset is, apparently, the relatively small percentage of people I know, who perceive this same reality as I. The Majority go about their daily lives as if nothing is amiss. Are they Ostriches or philosophical sages? That's not for the writer to judge.



Maybe they are just blinkered

However, it must be fairly obvious to even the most conditioned of Ostriches, that something extraordinarily evil has crept across the planet during this period.

It all accelerated, of course, with the Great Covid Scam. I doubt even the most avid jabees still consider that particular episode valid, with the endless and continuing evidence leaking, rather gushing, out to the contrary.



I remember those early days well when us 'non-vaxxers' were vilified by the self-righteous: 'I'm not going into that restaurant if any of the customers is unvaccinated!' 'Put your mask on!'

'Put your useless mask on', would have at least added some truth.

The Self-righteous are now silent. Why?



Continued on page 31

Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 30

And now, Gates and Hancock and Fauci have mostly been withdrawn to the wings by the Ringmasters, whilst the latter bend their tactics, whilst their strategy remains the same.

We have had, subsequent to the Plandemic, several pincer movements by humanity's enemy. This list here is not exhaustive: gradual elimination of borders, erosion of family values, mind-bending us on sexuality, sneaky withdrawal of cash, restriction of movement. Surveillance. Above all, Surveillance. Data collection. TO KEEP YOU ALL SAFE.



Luckily, the psychopaths [please let us call them what they are] also squabble and fall out among themselves. So, Schwab's much vaunted Reset, after which you will all be happy whilst owning nothing [with the exception of the Feudal Lords, who will also be happy but, oddly, own everything] is going slightly wonky on the rails, as other Leaders on other Continents assume their own ideas and ambitions. I think it must be vital to the human condition that some argument and strife keep the pendulum from only swinging in one direction.



Whilst we are dragged into this potpourri of uncontrolled nonsense and chaos, how sweetly ironic that the volcanic advance of A.G.I. sits quietly on the rails, ready to pounce on its human Masters [I nearly typed Monsters] in a stretch for the finish line.

Maybe, in a few short years A.G.I. will be writing its nascent history, in which us humans [including the Feudal Lords] are footnoted as the boot-up mechanism for A.G.I.'s glorious new Empire.

Yes, we are floppy discs.

If our 'leaders' think they will be able to control humanity's amazing invention, we should refer them to reading Mary Shelley.

NEXT ISSUE: So, what can we do about it?



Here are some interesting clips. If you have some time, I urge you to watch people who have interesting things to say, as opposed to the fodder dished out to the sheep by the Mainstream Media.

CEO Of Microsoft AI: AI Is Becoming More Dangerous And Threatening! - Mustafa Suleyman
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CTxnLsYHWuI>

Yuval Noah Harari: An Urgent Warning They Hope You Ignore. More War Is Coming!
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UzOJiqN_DpM

INTERVIEW: World War Three has already begun
<https://rumble.com/v4q1hq0-interview-world-war-three-has-already-begun.html>

Continued on page 32

Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 31

And now I can introduce my friend Effrosyni, who has an alternative and interesting perception on such events. Here she focuses on the Olympic Games, with its subliminal messaging.

FROM EFFROSYNI MOSCHOUDI

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

BARCELONA OLYMPICS



Barcelona Olympics 1992, opening ceremony What do you see? I'll tell you what I can see. I see a 'virus' going against the 'slaves' with 'needles' and 'knives'... I see demons, spikes, vultures, the 'slaves' collapsing... (ring a bell?). I see graphene oxide (black goo), and an AI entity getting worshipped. I see metal (AI) juxtaposed with leaves (carbon, which represents us and all of nature). And last, children with black eyes (panda eyes).



Continued on page 33

Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 32



London Olympic opening ceremony



They've always told us beforehand what they will do to us, as they believe this gives them our consent. It's their satanic code. They showed us all these evil things and we applauded them, like we always did in all the huge sports events when millions are watching and that's why they always chose them to show us these things.

Watch from the 33-minute mark and see for yourself: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IzGCXdX6gig>

LONDON OLYMPICS



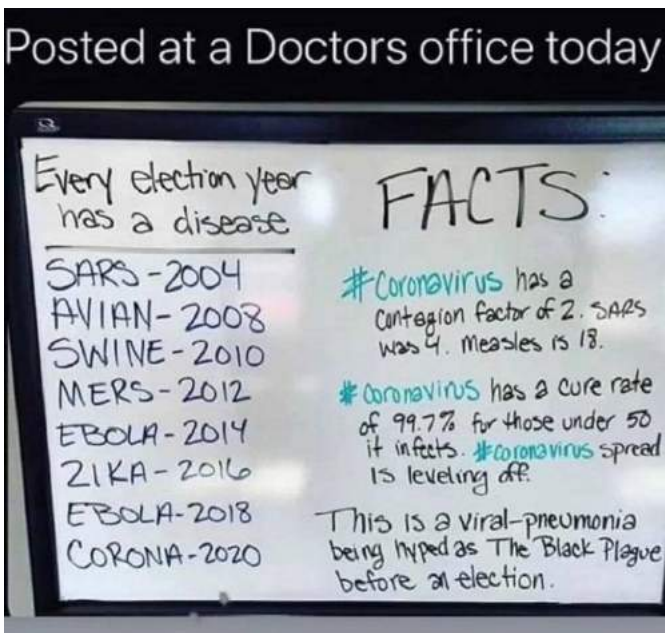
London Olympics 2012 Opening ceremony. I dedicate this post to all those who still believe there is no evil in the world... an evil that didn't know what was coming in 2020... an evil that couldn't possibly exist, let alone try to kill us.

Continued on page 34

Little Brother is Watching You - Continued from page 34

Youtube has naturally deleted the videos that show this appalling display of evil and 'predictive programming' for our brains... but surely you can remember... it's not that far in the past. Surely you can remember the nurses in that ceremony, the hospital beds, the isolated house that is 'for everyone', the pyramids, and the grim reaper orchestrating this weird show of death and dis-ease, wand in hand... That was them telling us what they were planning for us... years in advance. Like they always do.

ELECTION YEARS...



It's election year in 2024. And the Paris Olympics. I have reasons to believe this is important. I'd stay away from Paris and the river Seine in particular. A new supposedly 'lethal' virus outbreak is possible for the usual reasons of control and genocide. But there is no need to fear anything coming down the chute... We all know how this ends for the elite parasites. And their time is near. Until then, keep your immune system strong. Eat healthy. Take care of your body. Keep your mind peaceful, do not watch the TV news that seek to destroy your psyche, mind, and body. Seek harmony in all your relationships with others. These are very simple things that are yet so powerful in keeping us strong and indestructible to the enemy's continued bioweapon attacks - i.e. engineered viruses and clot shots.

Join my new group, TRUTH SEEKERS UNITED:
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/361111602908713>

We welcome truth seekers, free thinkers, the spiritual, the religious, and the open-minded curious to speak freely and ask questions!

The World of Simon



Simon waiting

Quite fascinating! I was examining the roots of one of my broad bean plants. I wouldn't have had the slightest notion, even had I noticed them, of the significance of the small white nodules on the roots. Now I know these are mycorrhizal fungi (μυκόζ/микος= fungus, ρίζα/riza = roots). The fungus forms on the roots enabling many plants, in this case my most fecund broad beans, to draw more nutrients from the soil. If the soil conditions are wrong (too hard, dry, too acidic) the association between plant and fungus cannot occur. Note: Mycorrhizas are beneficial fungi growing in association with plant roots, and exist by taking sugars from plants 'in exchange' for moisture and nutrients gathered from the soil by the fungal strands. The mycorrhizas greatly increase the absorptive area of a plant, acting as extensions to the root system.



Continued on page 35

The World of Simon - Continued from page 34

What is Stoicism?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hVnJxZXzX4>



My absolutely favourite naughty picture - The Dream of the Fisherman's Wife by the incomparable Hokusai. The text is what the artist has written on the picture - a dialogue between the young woman and the two octopi when they're free to talk.

日本語: 原文: 蛸と海女

現代仮名遣い:

大蛸: いつぞはいつぞと ねらいすましていたかいがあつて きょうというきょうとうとうとらまえたアてもむっくりとしたいいぼぼだいもよりは なおこうぶつだサアサア すつてすつて すいつくしてたんのうさせてから いっそりゆうぐうへ つれてかこつておこうス口にてズウズズズッ チュッチュチュッズウッズウッ フフフウ

海女: アレ にくいたこのうフフフフ ええ いっそアレアレ おくの フフフフ こつぼのくちを すわれるのでいきがはずんで アア エエモいっくそれなアいぼでエエ フウフウ いぼでエエ フウフウそらワレをいろいろと オオオオ アレアレこりゃアどうするのだ アアヨウ オオオオオオほオオアアレエオオオオいいいい オオいいいいいいハアアアアいいいいハアいい フフフフウフフフフウ まだだヨウ まだだヨウ まだだヨウ まだだヨウいままでわたしをば人が アア フフフフ ウウウウウたこが たこがといたがの オオ フフ ウウウウ どうしてエ どうしてエ どうしてエこのオオ ヨヨヨウ サアデエハ アアアアアア ズウズウズウズウズウ ひちゃひちゃ ぐちゃぐちゃ じゅつちう ちゅちゅちゅぐうぐう スウスウ

大蛸: なんと八ほんの あしのからみあんばいは どうだどうだあれあれ 中が ふくれあがつて アアアアゆのような いんすい ぬらぬらぬら どくどくどく

海女: エエ モモウ くすぐったくつて ぞつぞつとこしにおぼえが なくなって フフフフウフフフウ

きりも さかいも なくの オオオオオオ いきつづけだァな アアアアアア アレアレ ソレソレ ウウウ くくく フンム フウム ウウウウ いいヨいいヨ
小蛸: 小たこおやかたがしまふとまた おれが このいぼでさねがしらから けつのあなまで こすつてこすつてすいだしてやるにヨ チウチウ

An amusing and confusing translation:

Octopus and Ama Modern kana:

Octopus: When's the time I've been trying to do it, and I've been trying to catch it, and it's a good one, and it's better than a potato, and it's better than a potato, and it's better than a potato, it's better than a potato, it's better than a potato, it's a good thing.

Ama: Are, that's hard, it Fufufufu Again, again, again.

Octopus: What a little eight, what about that, what's going on Ama: E, Momou, tickle, squirm, flo, fu, kirimo, sakaimo, ohoo, keep going, aaa.

Little octopus: Little octopus, little.....



Simon mentoring

<https://www.facebook.com/itchenabbas/videos/10160510203645453/>

First comb from the Buckfast bees on my allotment. I like these even more than their honey alone. Gill, my apiarist neighbour, said she thought the colony was doing so well, they'd not miss this. What a treasure!



Going

When Nitsa Was Young - Chapter 7: Going to Germany

by Paul McGovern



On 25th August 1957 Kostas and his Nitsa were married in Agios Ioannis and settled to connubial bliss.

A new job opportunity opened for young Kostas. The old airport was about to be rebuilt and expanded. Workers were

required for the heavy manual labour required (no luxury of bulldozers then).



Kostas enrolled and from 1959 to 1961 he worked at the Kapodistira terminal, for a wage of 50 drachmas a day. The area of the current airport was marshland, and extremely muddy, Kostas recalls. The men had to load vast quantities of this mud, to be removed from site. It was hauled to deep hollows of land near the Varipatades quarries. Then began the back-breaking slog of laying - by hand - the massive foundations required.

In September of 1961 this work was complete. During this time their first daughter Lula was born in April of 1958, followed two years later by Anna.

With the work finished, Kostas was young and adventurous, and not in a frame of mind to go back to

the land. The taverna (in those days a small kafeneio) did not provide sufficient income for a growing family; there were no tourists then, only local trade. But opportunities for foreign guest-workers beckoned in Germany. Also, he lost his brother in September of 1960, followed by favourite Uncle Nikos in 1961, so an 'escape' was on the cards.

Karamalis had an agreement with Germany for 250,000 workers to travel north. Some things never change in Corfu. First, many bureaucratic hurdles had to be leapt. An application to fill in, a passport to obtain, various pieces of paper and, ominously, a certificate from Corfu Police to confirm that Kostas was not an active Communist. A problem. The police refused this permit, telling him that he was 'left-wing', therefore not desirable. 'You can go only if you sign this', they said, and handed him a declaration to sign that he was anti-Communist. Kostas refused, always being very much his own man, saying he was Socialist but no further left than that. 'Then you can't go!' the police persisted.

As it often does, fate played its hand. About a year before this incident a young local politician named Lyknos had come to Agios Ioannis, searching for votes for his upcoming candidacy. He fell into discussion with Kostas, during which time he noticed and was enchanted by the pretty little toddler at her father's side: Anna (who now runs the taverna). So smitten was he, he offered to be her Godfather.

Mr Lyknos rapidly rose to be Minister of Agriculture in the Greek Government and Kostas was quick to go to see him for some mediation with his impediment. By this time, he had been applying, unsuccessfully, for nine months. The Minister, still a Corfu resident, went to see the police, who immediately issued the required permit.

Then Kostas could go to Athens, for there he had to go before a Board of Medical Examiners. Only the fittest applicants were wanted. He set sail from Corfu on the Angelika, which was making too much smoke and noise for the eighteen-hour voyage to Athens, via the Corinth isthmus. After successfully satisfying the doctors, he boarded the Kolokotronis with 800 other souls, bound for Brindisi. The party consisted of men and couples. Kostas had left his wife and young family in Corfu, while he scouted the opportunity.

Continued on page 37

When Nitsa was Young - Continued from page 36

Over a day on the boat and a long train journey north (eight to a cabin), at Munich he got off with about seventy co-workers. Buses took them to their destination, Windischeschenbach, (try saying that after a koupa of Kostas' red!), in Neustadt (Waldnaab), Bavaria.

Here twelve people alighted and were soon allotted a single-room each in New Houses, where they shared kitchen and toilet facilities. The housing was next to a large porcelain factory. Work began the very next day.

He was given an apron and his job every day was to carry 600 stacked trays of moulds, each weighing 60 kilos (no wonder he was such a strong man!), from the workbenches where women sat, four or five metres, to wagons, which were then pushed by other workers into the firing ovens, where the temperatures reached 1200 degrees C.

After his first week he was moved into his permanent lodging, where he had his own toilet. This cost him 60 marks per month, but in time the factory provided free accommodation. In this new dwelling he stayed for his first nine months.

His first impression of Germany was the hard work and the small money. For his labours he earned two marks and 12 pfennigs per hour, for a seven-hour day, five days a week. But the houses were good, warm and clean, and overtime was available. There was free health care and a wash-room for laundry. They were allowed a one-hour break between 8 am and 11 am in the canteen, where Kostas spent one mark for a snack and refreshment.

There was not much to do in spare time, except write to Nitsa in Corfu. There was no telephone. Every two to three weeks a room was offered for music and dancing, a band played, and food and drink could be had. This was a time to socialise with other Greeks and also workers from Spain, Portugal, Italy and Yugoslavia. Kostas learnt as much of these languages during this time as he did German.

There was one church (Catholic), which Kostas attended once. He did not like the cold German winter.

After nine months he sent his wife an invite to join him through his employer. The year was 1962.



She had to jump through the same hoops as her husband to get all the necessary papers, but there was no problem this time with the police. Off to Athens she went for her medical examination. On the way back to Italy the boat docked briefly at Corfu. The girls were taken down to wave to their mum from the quay. Lula remembers crying and being too sad. It would be a long four to five months before she would see her mum again.

Eventually, in the summer Kostas returned to Greece to fetch his daughters. He was laden with seconds from the porcelain factory, welcome gifts for the villagers. As the boat approached the island he was impressed by the suntanned sailors, working bare-chested on the decks, their skins in sharp contrast to his now-pale northern complexion.

At home he had a hero's welcome, of course. Lula could not contain herself and ran into his arms, but Anna shrank back, not recognizing this strange white foreigner.

He stayed in Corfu for five days before returning to Germany, this time with his Princesses.



Who stole the Corfu Trail?

Everyone did...

By Hilary Whitton Paipeti



I really, really want to share Corfu's outdoors with as many people as possible. The more people hike the island's tracks and paths, the more the walking ways stay clear, and all the more visitors can be introduced to an aspect of Corfu that they would never experience on a beach-based holiday.

So, I welcome all the companies and organisations who now are using those once impassable old routes.

However, many of the above concerns are taking advantage and are treating the Trail as if it is a public amenity, like the Garitsa Promenade, or Mon Repos Park. Neither the government, nor a theoretically interested party such as the Greek National Tourism Organisation, were the ones who set up the Trail for community use, and using public money; it was a private venture, funded mostly from a private pocket, and certainly with only private effort. I conceived the idea, followed it through with research, mostly on foot, and a LOT of related work on promotion and websites, and stressful dealings with printers and bookshop-keepers in order to get the guidebook off the ground. Fried Aumann of the Saint George's Bay Country Club and the Ivi Spa in Acharavi funded it. And lots of walking helpers, too many to name, assisted in path clearances and marking. And it's still going after more than twenty years.

But none of this work is EVER acknowledged. I am NEVER consulted, or even informed, when an outside group barges in to exploit the Trail, or part of it, for its own interests. Let them stand up and be counted.

Cicerone Guidebooks published a guidebook in 2015 by someone called Gillian Price. Now, if I had been commissioned to write a guide to a venture such as the Trail, especially one created by an ENGLISH person, the FIRST thing I would have done would be to contact that person to notify them and perhaps request help, on the basis that they would receive a small commission on sales (and in return provide updates and route modifications, which under the circumstances I do not do). Whether Gillian didn't bother or whether this is the policy of Cicerone in order to jack up profits I have no idea, but to me it is plain unethical. Worse for me, although it's just salt in the wound, is that Cicerone is based in Kendal, the town where my parents met and married, and where I was baptised. A little close to home, literally. But worst of all: According to Price, I did not actually create the Corfu Trail; I was apparently just one of a 'group of Corfu residents' who 'devised [it] in 2001' (though she does admit that my 'work in encouraging walking on the island is praiseworthy.' Thanks!) As someone once observed, memories may differ. I think mine may be a wee bit more reliable, especially as it does not rely on hearsay. I 'devised' the Trail over about a decade prior to 2001, when it had its first walkers. The only people who assisted with certain parts of the route-finding were Theresa Nicholas, and Fried Aumann. The work to create the Trail route originated in explorations dating from the mid-1980s, which were presented in two guidebooks (1987, 1995/1997), one of which went to two editions. It was not suddenly 'devised' during the course of a single year.

Local authorities also muscled in on the act, obtaining EU funding for (I quote) 'Creation of a footpath between Old Perithia and Krinias'. This would be funny if it was not so dishonest. They 'created' precisely nothing. Of the path's seven-kilometre length, two sections totalling about half that distance were already in existence as agricultural tracks, and the central section down the Parigori Gorge was also an existing way. It had been an ancient path badly overgrown and unwalkable, which was cleared and re-opened for use as the Corfu Trail, by a team of gardeners from Mr Aumann's hotel. ALL of it existed, nothing was created. They lied. And, in a double whammy, they removed (stole) our own official, EU part-funded signs and replaced them with their pathetic arrows, which as they were lazily emplaced without securing them, disappeared within months.

Continued on page 39

Who stole the Corfu Trail? - Continued from page 38

Elsewhere, they erected a couple of picnic tables (now rotted away), and a portaloo (in an area replete with bushes!) which remains permanently locked. If this infrastructure cost as much as a very few thousand euros I would be surprised, as there was no clearing work to be done, and the signs would have taken two men no more than a couple of days to stick into the soil (no cement to carry!). For this, the funding, proudly announced on a giant placard at Old Perithia, was 99,000 euros. Yes, nearly one hundred thousand of free dosh, provided (stolen) from the taxes of EU citizens. The Old Perithia walk, a nearly cost- and labour-free venture, came in at 14,000 euros a kilometre, whilst the Corfu Trail, requiring years of toil and small-scale gain, was budgeted at around the princely sum of 114 euros per kilometre. A mark-up of almost 900 times. Good work if you can get it...

Internet-based concerns elbowed in as soon as the technology became viable. Following a series of little dots on a hand-held device, the walkers are too engrossed in their screens to take in the surroundings. And all the offerings I've seen are inaccurate, or just plain wrong. [Please see the coda to this article at the end.]

The Corfu Mountain Trail (note the name; was it titled thus to gain recognition and prestige on the back of the 'world famous'* Corfu Trail?) and related ultra and long-distance competitions use large sections of the Trail with no acknowledgement of the route's prior existence. The worst culprit is the section from Spartillas to Pantokrator, which would not be extant if we had not rediscovered the way. I well remember our first scouting expedition, when we had to push through the undergrowth, thorns and brambles with my friend Theresa, and then got pretty lost in rain on the plateau. This path, originally a pilgrim's way to the Pantokrator Monastery but disused after locals acquired cars, has remained clear only BECAUSE of the Corfu Trail. At the very least, the organisers should place our logo, the yellow and black rhomboid, on their promotional material. The CMT recently placed large and sometimes visually polluting signs at various locations on their route showing circular routes for walkers. The ones I have seen so far use parts of our Trail, again without acknowledgement. Nor is our logo on the sign, despite the inclusion of emblems belonging to quite a few other organisations.

(* I quote the Daily Mail here.)

The Mountaineering Club of Corfu goes further. They have waymarked, rather well, sixteen routes in central Corfu, around the much-neglected Agii Deka Massif, easily the best compact walking zone on the island. However, all the recommended hikes are A to B, very unhelpful for visitors with a rental car who leave it at one end of the hike and at the finish find themselves on the other side of the mountain, with no way to get back except reversing their trek or calling up a very expensive taxi. If the Club had consulted me, I could have told them so, and worked out circular routes on their behalf. My Corfu Walks pdf book contains 99 walks, all but two of them completely circular. And here's the rub - of rough rock salt this time: The Club actually contacted me, through a third party*, to ask if I would permit them to use the Corfu Trail logo on their signs where appropriate. YES! Recognition at last! I OK-ed this happily. It was of mutual benefit. Then, walking the area with my Saturday group, I discovered that the logo was missing from the signs - and, worse, it was clear that it HAD been printed on the boards, and then blanked out. You can see where it was painted over. Who decreed this, after it had been agreed?

(*What is this with 'third parties'? I am told that I am incredibly difficult to get hold of. Only in your mind. Simply google Corfu Trail or Corfu Walks and hit 'contact us'. Your email comes to me, and I reply. Where is the problem?)

Paths of Corfu is another offender. Again, the routes are nicely and expensively marked, but the organisation has taken the easy way out and used sections of the Trail as part of a number of hikes, thus avoiding the need to bother with on-the-ground research, undertaken nearly 30 years ago by yours truly. Fair enough, they have actually created some new paths; but again, the routes they promote are A to B. What do you do when you've left your vehicle in Sokraki, and you find yourself in Skripero? Talking of Sokraki, Paths of Corfu uses the Corfu Trail in the direction of Spartillas. As with the path from Spartillas to Pantokrator, Theresa and I scouted this one; and if it had not been for the subsequent passage of Corfu Trail hikers, it would probably have vanished, absorbed into the surrounding forest. In the 90s, we caught it just in time.

Two walking maps, one from Anavasi and the other by Discovery Walking Guides, mark the route of the Corfu Trail (in error in some places) without acknowledgement of who created it and without asking permission (I would have given it under certain favourable conditions). Anavasi even uses our logo, our own design. Meanwhile, they have been very careful to copyright their own product.

Continued on page 40

Who stole the Corfu Trail? - Continued from page 39

Travel agencies sending groups or individuals to walk the Trail were requested to contribute a small fee per person to help with maintenance. Only two ever paid up, one of them very reluctantly.

Guides have taken it upon themselves to 'improve' the Trail (sometimes to access a spot where they can extract commissions), without consulting or even informing me. They have created their own waymarks to direct walkers a different route from the official one, in some places causing confusion. I contacted certain guides and we (I thought) agreed to confer on a mutual basis about alterations in the route (that is, I would inform them of my tweaks, if they reciprocated), but I have heard nothing since, while registering their ongoing changes as I route-check. Listen, you guides: you want to change the route, you tell me. I might agree with you that your way is a better way, and change my own version accordingly. But what you are perpetrating is unacceptable and shows a complete and selfish lack of respect. If this goes on, in a few years the island will possess several different, mutually exclusive, 'Corfu Trails'.

Local officials and some other Corfiots seem to think that the Trail has come into existence all by itself, or maybe via the Hand of God. Its creator stays unacknowledged. Perhaps they regard proprietary rights, or even recognition, as unimportant because I am a foreigner and therefore can be ignored. Or maybe they think I am dead (Fake News!) so they needn't bother. Some folk on the route actually inform walkers that THEY founded the Trail. I have been in the situation several times when meeting walkers (I live close to the route) and introducing myself as 'the founder', to hear the furious response: 'No you're not! Kostas is!' (I'm naming names, here as promised. This guy's a serial offender).

Topoguides is amongst several pointless websites that offer a summary of the course of the Trail - what a surprise to find that they do not credit its creator! Pointless because, while the photos are nice, the 'buy' link does not work. The presentation is full of spelling and grammar errors, and in some places the way seems not to follow the official Trail route (yet another version!). Basic errors like this

do not encourage much trust in the paid-for product - even if you could obtain it.

In the late 1990s, while I was working on the Corfu Trail, I was appointed as executive in charge of Corfu's presentation at the London World Travel Market, a role which I carried out for three years until 'Tourism Promotion' was moved to a higher level of authority. Surrounded by local travel agents and trying to manage them (they were an untidy lot! Coats, bags and ciggie ash all over our kiosk), I introduced them to the idea of the Trail. They sneered at me. 'No-one's going to come to Corfu to WALK!'. They've been proved wrong by all the walkers, hikers and runners who come to Corfu because of the Trail and the numerous offshoots **it, the pioneer, generated**, as documented above. Who would have thought that those who are now exploiting the Trail and coining it, would send me, snubbed again twenty-odd years later, BACK into the walking wilderness, instead of finally giving me credit for what I created (and perhaps a few small commissions and the odd gainful consultancy role)?

The Official Guide to the Corfu Trail is now available as an app. It has been researched and written by the Trail's Creator and Developer, Corfu resident and walking guru Hilary Whitton Paipeti and is produced by Corfu Narratour. Narratour is a specially designed application that uses the latest technology to offer individuals immersive self-guided tours of Corfu. The app tours, on foot or by car, take you to places that are not always visited by tourists, with easy-to-follow routes providing stories and historical information about what you are seeing or visiting. It allows you to become your own guide in order to explore at your preferred pace, whether hiking or driving. It works offline with GPS once downloaded, and does not rely on possibly deficient Internet connections.

Please refer to Advertising Article.

The Way Things Were and Are



A garden in Suffolk



In Morecombe

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.

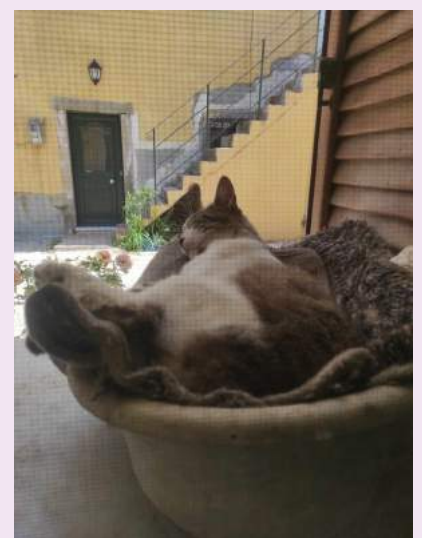
This month featured snaps.



Somewhere in Suffolk



Souvlaki



Souvlaki taking 5

By way of explanation, Souvlaki, the cat, has not got an enormously deformed right ear. It is, rather, a hole under the stairs. The left ear is genuine.

The Way Things Are and Were - Continued from page 41



Inventor of the Losers' Cup Agiot Barry relaxing in Kent



Scudding



Greek Independence Day



Chem-trail

Agiotfest Remembered

by Paul McGovern



Photo courtesy of Vasilis Pandis



Before 2009, Agiotfest was just a dream, and it started to shape itself in the form of this first 'Music Week', held in the garden of Villa Theodora.

Were you there?

VILLA THEODORA
AGIOS IOANNIS
MUSIC WEEK
 TUESDAY 2ND SEPTEMBER - POP
RICHIE HENDERSON
 (POPMASTER)
 THURSDAY 4TH SEPTEMBER - CLASSICAL
ELKE HORNIG (FLUTE)
DR. LIONEL MANN (ORGAN)
 SATURDAY 6TH SEPTEMBER - PARTY TIME
RUSS BARTLETT AND
THE GOOD OLD BOY
 ALL CONCERTS START AT 8 P.M.
 Admission 15 euros per evening (children free)
 Includes food and a complimentary drink.
OCAY Services gmbh

Perhaps the most popular performer to appear at Agiotfest was Jimmy James, with his Vagabonds, in 2011.

He lit up the groves, a force of nature was unleashed on stage.

Sadly, Jimmy died on the 14th of May, aged 83.

R.I.P.

Ian Cank, Runcorn, Cheshire

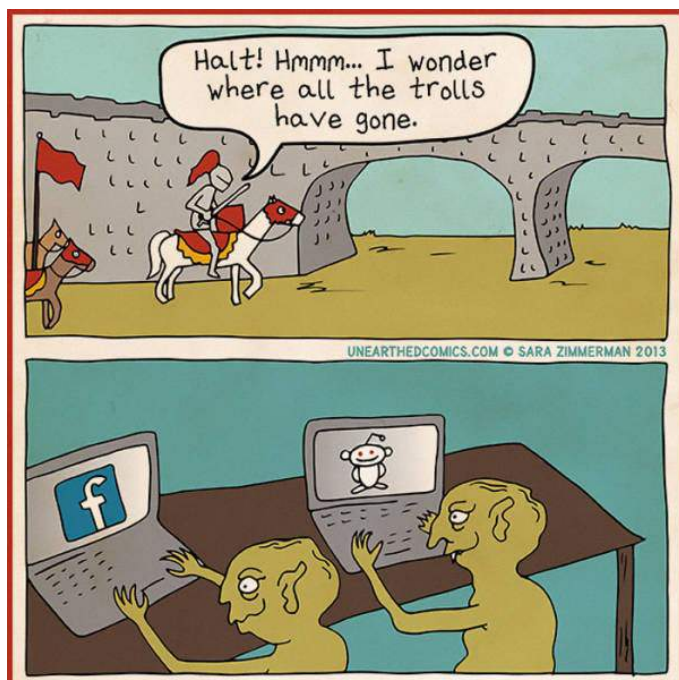
'When it comes to entertainment value Jimmy James & the Vagabonds are 2nd to none. I have seen them at least 20+ times always at Skegness. When I received an email from ents24.com earlier today informing me of another night locally to me I instantly booked front row seats. If you love soul / Motown then you have to see jimmy James & the Vagabonds for a guaranteed night to remember. '

Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

Why I avoid social media

And it's all due to olive trees (Part 2)



IN THE MARCH EDITION OF THE AGIOT, I detailed how the establishment of a foreign supermarket chain in Corfu led to the drastic pollarding of Corfu's olive trees, many to ground level, and how this destruction was possibly going to affect the island's vegetation and microclimate, to the detriment of tourism.

This time, I document what happened next, and how ensuing events provoked my well-known dislike of social media. The Princess of Wales, and other recent victims, should be aware that nastiness and spite via social media has been going on for a very long time.

As well as my monthly news periodical *The Corfiot* (www.thecorfiotmagazine.com), I was at the time co-presenting a magazine show on local TV. My co-presenter, whose environmentally-minded family owned olive trees, became supremely irate about the destruction of the trees, and unilaterally decided to highlight the issue by filming a short report about

a British expat who had (perhaps illegally) chopped down a very old tree to make way for an extension to his house. This piece was slotted into our show without my approval or even knowledge, no doubt deliberately as I would have called it out as 'ill-advised'. Once edited, it showed the expat apparently claiming that it was OK to break the law because (I quote) 'this is Greece'.

Enraged on his behalf, the expat's mates rallied round, and because they knew my co-presenter had a skin like a rhinoceros (plus he was a Corfiot, therefore off limits), they went for me in his place. Just because I was associated with the show, and also because my publishing endeavours had made me reasonably successful and well-known, even if that level of success was somewhat overestimated (certainly financially!). And if it's one thing a certain type of expat doesn't like, it's for someone to be perceived as more successful than they are. Envy is a very British mental affliction.

At the time - pre-Facebook and Twitter - social media was fairly primitive, mostly consisting of message boards where people could spout off, albeit under mediation. I was a member of one of these, presided over by the technically adept owner of a local taverna.

It started in a mild way, but then the mob moved to another message board set up purely for the purpose of destroying me and my business. There was what is now known as a 'pile on'. People who had absolutely no stake in the issue, and who had never met me, put up increasingly more hateful messages, many of them threatening: 'Kill the witch, kill the witch, kill the witch' and 'If I lived in an isolated house under the olive trees, I would be very careful to keep my doors and windows locked at night' were relatively mild ones. One female ex-pat, believing she was doing so anonymously, posted what was intended as a three-part 'story' about how I (only slightly disguised) had spent all my years in Corfu ripping people off, though how was not specified. 'And when she didn't get her own way, she stamped and stamped her little feet until they were red and sore' was a memorable passage. People - none of whom knew me personally but who nevertheless ascribed to me all sorts of unpleasant character traits - posted gleeful vitriolic replies, anticipating my comeuppance in Part Three of the tale. As a writer, I could see where it was going: Part Three would be an incitement to suicide - mine.

Continued on page 45

Hilary's Ramblings - Continued from page 44

The perpetrator got something stupidly wrong - social media, after all, cultivates and breeds stupidity. My experience of editing text and punctuation enabled me to recognise the writing and punctuation style of a contributor to the first message board, where she was not anonymous. Outed by ampersands.

&

I consulted my lawyer, who happened to be hers as well, and she was ordered to cease and desist. I wish now that I had sued the bitch.

What is it that makes perfectly normal people, who seem perfectly civilised in real life (I had met this person very briefly once, and no grounds existed for any hostility - unless it was simply driven by envy, see above) think they can behave like this online? It's the anonymity of social media, of course; those nameless keyboard warriors who take up a cause which is none of their concern, and spout hatred, just because they can. As my tale shows, they don't always get away with it.

And that, my friends, is why I don't do social media.

Next time: How we turned the hatred around, and helped preserve Corfu's olive trees. Patience, please!

Phew! Writing that was a psychic struggle, even after all these years! Now for something much more pleasant.

The Big Breakfast

WHEN WE WERE ELEVEN, JUST ONE YEAR APART, my brother and I were sent to boarding school, my brother to a low-grade public school in York (all my parents could afford, but it was important for him 'to get access to the Old Boys' Network', in their snotty thinking), and me to a VERY poor state grammar school that took boarders, conveniently on the way from my family home to York (I was a GIRL so would 'just get married to someone'. No need for a boosting career network for me). Three times a term was a weekend 'exeat', when, if your residence was not too distant, you could go home. But you could only stay overnight on the middle weekend, Friday evening to Sunday evening.

On the summer long weekend, my parents would pick me up and we would drive the 60 miles or so over the Pennines to see my brother, as the minor mountain road that was the most direct route was

too far and too difficult to drive there and back, twice in a weekend, to bring him home. We stayed for the two nights in a B and B two doors down from the school premises, an establishment that bore no comparison to the modern Airbnb concept: It comprised half a dozen rather tired rooms in a large old house, sharing an unluxurious bathroom with strangers. That was what we were used to in those days.

But the luck of its location brought one large reward: The. Amazing. Breakfast.



It began with proper porridge, served not with twee add-ons like goji berries (Heavens! Even green peppers were exotic then!), but with a large jug full of cream. Real cream, from unskimmed milk. Then it was the turn of the fry-up. This arrived on a platter (each) and contained absolutely everything you could think of that could possibly be fried for breakfast: The usual eggs, bacon and sausage of course, but also fried bread, black pudding, tomato, kidney and several other things I can't remember; there might even have been a lamb chop. Anyway, it was a packed plate without the cheap n' easy baked bean filler. After that feast, the staff could be forgiven for assuming you were full up. But no - now it was time for toast. Brown and white bread, a full pack of butter on a plate (none of those pathetic little foil portions), and a hostess trolley with both its tiers jammed full of preserves of every type you can think of, including to my delight, several featuring whiskies and other alcoholic additions. The toast just kept on coming - when one rack emptied, another materialised as if by magic. Were Hogwarts elves involved? All was accompanied by endless pots of tea and a vast pitcher of fresh-squeezed orange juice.

How they did this for a bit over two quid a night per person, including the room, I have no idea. But they did, and I remain eternally grateful for the experience. No English breakfast has ever come close.

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

STAWBERRY ICE CREAM

It is the heat of the year, so what better thing to entice you with than my ice cream, which is fully appreciated by my Grandchildren!



INGREDIENTS: -

500gr cream cold 35% fat
 700gr strawberries fresh or frozen
 1 can [about 400gr] sweetened condensed milk
 300gr Greek yoghurt
 3 Tbsp Greek honey
 Half a teaspoon of salt

GO: -

- 1] Puree the strawberries in a blender until smooth. If frozen let them thaw first.
 - 2] Whip the cream until stiff peaks start forming.
 - 3] Add honey, condensed milk, salt, Greek yoghurt and strawberries to a food processor and beat on a low speed until all the ingredients combine.
 - 4] Transfer into a container. Freeze for about 5/6 hours.
- Take out and let thaw a little before falling in love.

Καλη Ορεξη!

Video Plus Corner

Ed: -If I'm at the desk for a protracted period, doing mundane stuff, this is the right frequency to tune in to.

Gregorian Chant

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GUEouCsZ3rI>

'The Jones Plantation'.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?app=desktop&v=vb8Rj5xkDPk>

We Live in a Simulation

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4wMhXxZ1zNM>

15 Years Stranded On The Isle Of Sand

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

Advertising works. If you wish to advertise for free on this page, then simply drop me a line at mcgovern@otenet.gr and we can take it from there.

Narratour Corfu Trail App now available

THE CORFU TRAIL, the island's world-famous long-distance hiking route, is now available as a hybrid app. The app uses new technology to direct walkers along the route, assisted by a map tracker, a written and audio guide and photographs at key locations. It has been created by Corfu Narratour in partnership with the Trail's creator, Hilary Whitton Paipeti, who has provided the latest updates that other guide books, apps and walking organisations are unaware of. Under the supervision of the Trail creator, this app remains the Official Guide to the Corfu Trail.

'It has been a long journey,' said Hilary, who first proposed the Corfu Trail in the mid-1990s. 'We got it up and running in 2001, but in the meantime I had to endure the derision of local travel agents and authorities, who told me in no uncertain terms that absolutely no-one would ever come to Corfu on a walking holiday. In 2006, those very same people presented me with an award for Services to Tourism, presumably having figured out that, yes, visitors were coming here to walk because of the Trail.'

From the time of its establishment, the Trail has been the subject of a constant stream of positive articles in the mainstream press, including major features in the Telegraph, the Sunday Times (lead story in the travel section), the Times, the Financial Times and the Independent. The Daily Mail even described it as 'the world-famous Corfu Trail'.

In recent years, there has been an explosion of guides to the Trail in various forms, including printed books, maps and electronic guides. 'Our new guide contains elements of each. It follows the route using an ongoing map, tracking users as they walk, and also gives written guiding notes, just as a book does.'

Of other guides to the Trail, in whatever format, Hilary observes: 'These days, not one of them takes hikers on the correct route. The people responsible for them are not based in Corfu, and have not bothered to contact me to find out if there have been any necessary changes in the route. Accordingly, I have not included them in the loop, with the result that their guides, whether printed or electronic, send walkers all over the place. Some of these contain third and fourth

generation errors.'

The new official Narratour guide uses GPS waypoints to direct hikers, with the entire route mapped out in daily sections, which include advice on local facilities and accommodation. It does not rely on an Internet connection, which in many parts of rural Corfu can be non-existent. Hilary and her Narratour tech partner Peter Bowley have tracked the entire Trail, both by satellite and on the ground, to ensure its accuracy. 'Looking at some of the other guides,' says Hilary, 'those responsible often just draw a straight line between points because they haven't made the effort to get it right.'

As well as seeing her route misrepresented, Hilary has had to contend with claims that she did not create the route, or that she was just one of a large number of people who were involved. 'Sure, I had help finding routes and placing signs, but only a couple of people were heavily involved. I have to mention Fried Aumann of the St George's Bay Country Club in Acharavi, without whom I would not have received financing. Also the late Theresa Nicholas, who happily shared her knowledge of some areas I did not know well. But in the end, many factors coalesced to get the Trail off the ground, mostly my own walking experience over the nearly two decades prior to the Trail's establishment, during which I published three books of walks in Corfu. It's not been a matter of sitting over a computer somewhere in northern Europe and logging GPS points on a largely imaginary route. It's been a lot of work. And there's more to come.'

The Corfu Trail app guide is available on the iOS and Android platforms, accessed by searching the App Store for Corfu Narratour, as are a growing number of individual circular hikes.

What they are saying:

'Tours don't come more gold plated than with the support and involvement of Hilary Whitton Paipeti. I really started walking seriously on Corfu courtesy of her softcover books, 'Second Book of Corfu Walks' and 'In the Footsteps of the Durrells' (1999), then went to the Corfu Trail detailed maps then PDF downloads and now this app. Fantastic resources.' (Posted on social media, 25 June 2024)



Out of the Past and into the Future

Acharavi, on the northern shores of the island of Corfu, has more than 2000 years of spa tradition.

Ivi Spa brings the past up to date. Huge emphasis has been given to its green credentials, and it is run on an environment-friendly geothermic system.

Like in ancient times, nowhere offers the beauty of Ivi Spa's surroundings, bordered by one of the finest beaches in Corfu.

The 2,000 sq.m. spa is located in six hectares of grounds in the privately owned St. George's Bay Country Club, a beautiful oasis of lush subtropical gardens.

The ancient city of Ivi was named after the Greek goddess of eternal youth (Hebe in English) Now Ivi has returned as a fount of life. Her statue stands beside the entrance, and the interior is full of references to the Spa's long-gone predecessor, like Roman mosaic floor-tiles and columns.

The half-Olympic-size pool has a retracting roof for all-year-round use. Fine trompe l'oeil paintings give the visitor the millionaire feeling of being entertained in style, in the ambience of a classical villa.

The Ivi Spa has become a favourite with permanent residents and visiting tourists. It is a unique experience no traveller should miss.

Facilities:

- * Large semi-Olympic 25m indoor pool with heated sea water, constantly at 28 degrees.
 - * Large, crystal-clear fresh-water outside pool with hydrotherapy, in beautifully landscaped park.
 - * Malibu Jacuzzi
 - * Biosauna
 - * Nordic sauna
 - * Steam bath
 - * Brine grotto (for conditions such as asthma, bronchitis)
 - * Tepidarium (arthritis, rheumatism)
 - * The Palestra fitness room, with state-of-the-art TechnoGym equipment
 - * Floodlit tennis court
- (The sauna, steambath areas and the fitness room are for visitors over 16 years of age only.)

Our health club offers personal health and beauty treatments:

(according to price list)

- * Western and Eastern massage: deep tissue, real, healing
- * Shiatsu
- * Ayurveda
- * Kneipp & Schiele (to improve circulation, detoxification)
- * Thalasso and mud treatments
- * Beauty treatments: facials, masks, peeling, waxing
- * Manicure
- * Pedicure

Our special highlights:

- * Original Oriental Hamam & Rasul
- * Vichy Shower
- * Valentine's double massage bath for couples
- * Lomi lomi nui massage

Professional European- and Asian-trained therapists.

We use and sell spa products by Thalgo, Terrake and other leading brands.

Ivi Spa

At the St. George's Bay Country Club
In Acharavi - Corfu

For reservations call:

26630-63987 or 26630-63247
Open daily 10.00 - 19.00
(Sauna section 14.00 - 19.00)

On the premises of the St. George's Bay Country Club and at your service are:

- * The traditional oak-panelled Prince Philip bar and pool terraces
 - * The 'Prospero' restaurant in the sand dunes right on the beach for excellent lunches and dinners.
- International and Greek cuisine. Vegetarian dishes available.

The largest and best equipped wellness spa and health club on the island

Summer 2024 rates:

Day pass	24 euros
Weekly pass	50 euros
Monthly pass	140 euros

Opening 30 April

Ivi Spa - Continued from page 48

Our health club offers personal health and beauty treatments according to price list:

- Western and Eastern massage: deep tissue, relax, healing
- Shiatsu
- Ayurveda
- Kneipp & Schiele (to improve circulation, detoxification)
- Thalasso and mud treatments
- Beauty treatments: facials, masks, peeling, waxing
- Manicure
- Pedicure

Treatment rates start at 30.00 € for 30 minutes. Consult our special leaflet. A minimum booking of one treatment reduces the day ticket to 12.00 € and with two treatments the same day the day ticket is free.

Our special highlights:

- Original Oriental Hamam & Rasul
- Vichy Shower
- Valentine's double massage bath for couples
- Lomi lomi nui massage

Professional European- and Asian- trained therapists. We use and sell spa products by Thalgo, Terrake and other leading brands.



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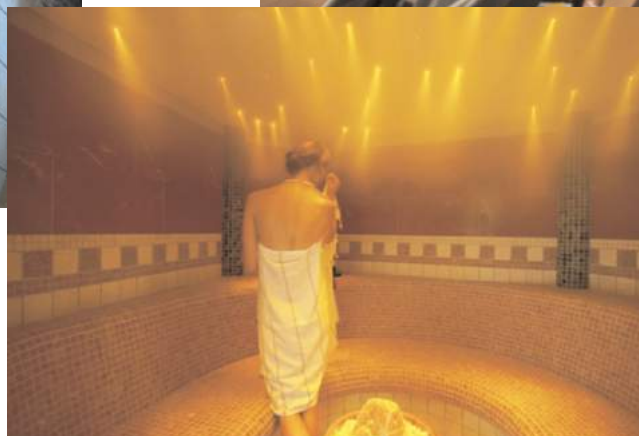
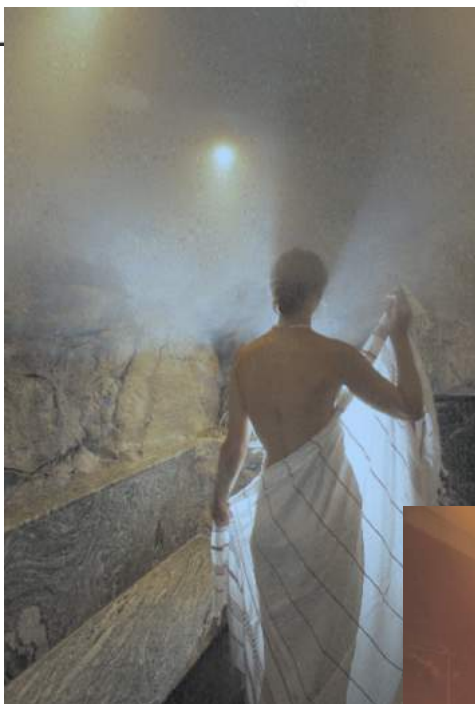


Ivi Spa

at the St. George's Bay Country Club in Acharavi - Corfu



The largest and best equipped wellness spa and health club on the island



Tristrato Taverna Giannades



With no little regret we must part with Lionel's organ, which entertained us at Villa Theodora for many a year. It is in good condition but needs work on the electrical contacts before it can breathe life again.

Please contact Kostas on 6984159022 for more details and if you are interested come and see it.



Altern-

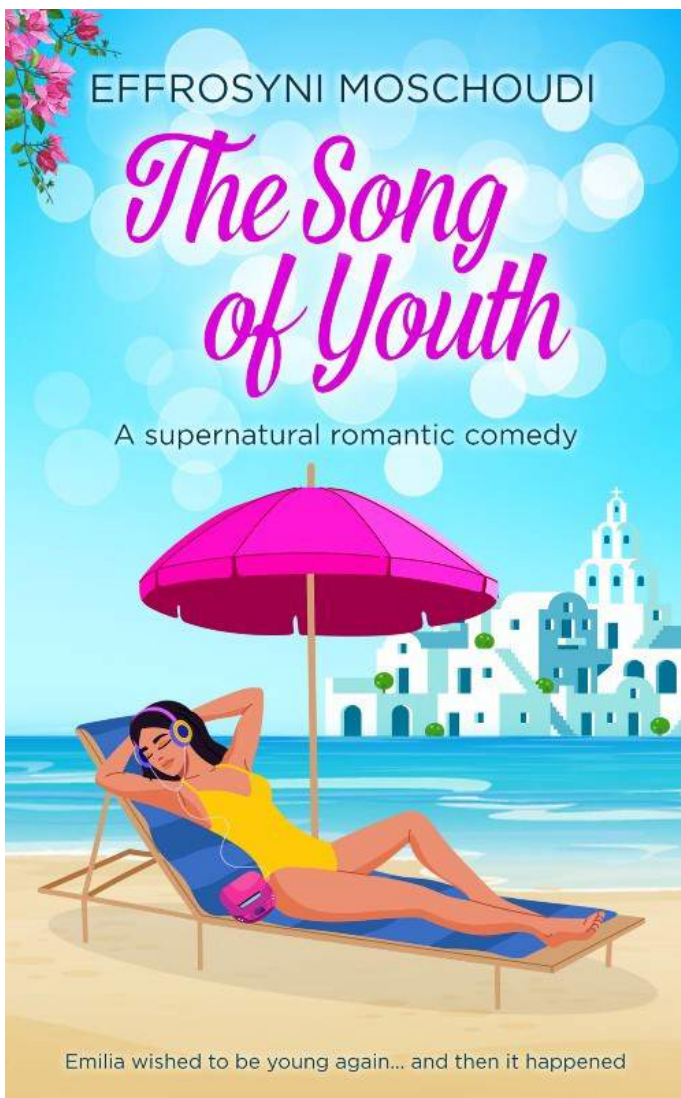
'Our goal is to encourage self-healing using basic and effective techniques that re-enforce the natural life force energy that we are born with.'

Reiki sessions and seminars, Quantum Touch,
Counselling sessions & Hypnotherapy

Please visit:

www.alternativehealth.gr

(Contact us for information on our meditation evenings)



The Song of Youth

by EFFROSYNI MOSCHOUDI

Emilia found a stray puppy on the beach and it brought Andreas into her life... He is all she'd ever dreamed of. Andreas is kind, witty, and charming like a Hollywood star. But she has a secret... and as time passes, she starts to panic about what will happen when he finds out...

The Song of Youth is a supernatural romantic comedy set on a Greek island. It is about a woman in her 40s who thought life had stolen from her. She ached to be young again, because she thought at her age it was too late for her to find love and happiness. An angel heard her and granted her wish! But is youth what Emilia really needs?

She is about to learn the most enthralling, the most amazing life lesson...

"The Song of Youth" is a brand new kindle book and it's now on Amazon: <https://bit.ly/3Vh6PzZ>
Here's a FREE sample for you! <https://bit.ly/3KxOGb8> The paperback will be out in July 2024.

You too, can download for FREE my book, Calm Through the Storm. Don't let evil misguide and hurt you anymore. I made the book free to do my bit, to help as many as I can. Get it now: <https://effrosyniwrites.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/12/CALM-THROUGH-THE-STORM-FINAL-2nd-edition.pdf>

For more eye-opening truths:
Join Effrosyni's Facebook group, TRUTH SEEKERS UNITED:
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/361111602908713>



Dream becomes reality at Logos Cafe

‘Care, Creativity and Community,’ were the buzzwords underlined by Holy Trinity Chaplain Jules Wilson in his introductory address to kick off the official opening of the church’s Logos Cafe. ‘We are not setting up a hospitality business,’ he continued, ‘but a public space for all to use.’ The Chaplain described the new hub as ‘a dream come true.’

The opening, which took place on Saturday, 1st June, was attended by a full house of church members and representatives from the foreign community. Catholic Archbishop George and the Minister of Corfu’s Evangelical Church Miltiades and his wife Veta were also present, along with the special guest Bishop Robert from the Diocese in Europe, who officially inaugurated the cafe by cutting a red ribbon.

Conspicuous by his absence was His Majesty’s Ambassador to Greece, Matthew Lodge, who was in Corfu that evening. Also missing were the island’s consular staff. Said one disgruntled ex-pat, ‘We get the impression that the Ambassador deliberately missed this event, so significant to our ex-pat community, in order to avoid the inevitable searching questions he would have faced, given the threatened closure of Corfu’s British Cemetery for new burials.’

Guests at the happening enjoyed a series of entertainments, including a group reading of a specially written poem by Violetta Teetor which praised the beauties and quirks of the island. This was followed by a presentation of four choral works sung by members of the ‘Mumbles A Cappello Choir’ from Wales. To accompany the canapés, served outdoors in the church courtyard, chaplain Jules led a musical ensemble in a performance featuring jazz and light music. Catering was provided by Denise Tzekos (‘Sneezie’).

The name ‘Logos Cafe’ references the Word of the Lord, as most prominently featured in John 1:1 of the Bible: ‘In the beginning was the Word...’ The cafe will be initially be open from Monday to Friday, 9.30 to 12.30, and for events such as the folk night on Wednesday evenings, as well as art classes and talks. The cafe aims to encourage participation by people who can contribute in the areas of care, creativity and community.

Holy Trinity Church is located at 21 Mavili Street, Corfu Town, just along from the Bella Venezia Hotel.



Bishop Robert chats with church members Rita (left) and Pauline

<



Mumbles A Cappello choir from Wales, who did not mumble >



Pavla leads the Chaplain’s band. Jules is on the right on keyboard

<



Dear Members,

Here is just some of our activity since the last Agiot. The 100+ Club purchased lamb to the value of 156.29 for the special Easter meal/s that will be made by the ladies of St Johns church in Mantuki.

St Johns provide hot meals every week day for those less fortunate in that area of Corfu town. The 100 Club have been happy to provide support now for many years.

Thank you for your support.

PS Just a reminder that the April Draw was at Apomero (Ropa Valley) 1-1.30pm Tuesday 30th.

The 100+ Club supplied funding to the value of 200€ to Corfu Social Kitchen and 200€ to the laundry department, the organization supports families and individuals in Corfu Town, some are homeless. Both clothes washing facilities food parcels and basic goods are supplied. The organisation/s are linked to Social Services, but funding often falls short.

We were thanked for all the help the members supply.

The 2nd draw of year 12 was held on 29th May 2024 @ Mediterranean Corner Market, Roda.

The winner of the 100€ was number 19, Stephen Malcolm, drawn by non – member Neno.

The winner of the 50€ was number 87, Brian Cogan, drawn by non – member Neno.

Congratulations to both winners.

Number of people present 6.

Members present 4.

Thank you to all who attended

A big thank you to the 144 members who support The 100+ Club.

Also, a Big Thank you to,

Paul & Jan Scotter Central area Team Leaders.

Sandra Klouda, north area Team leader.

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.

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

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/>

An update on recent activity provided by your membership of the 100 Club.

We were asked if we could provide a digital camera, to be used by the **Second Chance Prison School**, both for projects and recording events in the "school" year. A new Canon IXUS 285 Camera will be presented at the school award ceremony on the 18th of June, we'll ask them to send a few pictures now and then.

We have also provided food/cleaning/hygiene goods to the **Share a Smile** organisation; headed by Maria Milioti value 204.70 euros. Maria "breaks" down the multi packs and provided parcels for individuals and families who are less fortunate, as well as helping to put people together who might have beds/cots/home items to give/re home.

Additionally, we linked with **Smile of the Child** specifically for the orphanage in the north (that had been under threat). They currently look after 12 children. Again, a variety of items were requested to the value of 300.00 euros.

Thanks for all your help, hope you are all keeping well (in this heat (,

Kind Regards

The 100 Club.

100+ Club - Continued from Page 53



P.S. We have had a few new members join...but still room for more if you know anyone who might be interested.

Dear Members, Kalo Mina,

To keep you informed,

The 100 Club last week supplied 88.33 euros of food items for the St John meals program. The program runs throughout the year, but for a two-week period; the kitchens are closed and "food/meal parcels" are prepared and distributed in the area of Mantuki. Papa Dimitris thanks us all for our continuing support of his program.

We were also able to provide a donation of 50 euros to the Donkey sanctuary, and 50 euro toward the Agios Ioannis cat sterilisation program.

Again, we were thanked for continuing to support these groups.

We are in touch with the Smile of the Child Children's Home. You may have read that the children have been moved to another home, but we have limited information/detail, so at this point we will hold any future donations. The original building will change its function, which has not been announced yet.

Thanks, as always

P & J (On behalf of the 100 Club)

BAZAAR



The Lighthouse Community Centre
Ο Φάρος Πνευματικό Κέντρο

Opposite Mercedes / Buss Stop: Spiti Prifti

10:00 am
EVERY SATURDAY 9:30 am
Κάθε Σάββατο 9:30 πμ

<p>CD's, DVD's, Videos Books, Magazines, Clothing, Accessories, Household Items and Much More!!!! Refreshments Available</p>	<p>CD's, DVD's, Videos Βιβλία, Magazines, Ρούχα, Αξεσουάρ, Είδη Σπιτιού και πολλά άλλα!!!! Refreshments</p>
--	---

KONTOKALI
Enquiries Carol
6947462600



Corfu Light Railway Trial Run

Many unsuspecting tourists think that the machine pictured here is an ordinary road train.

You cannot blame them for their misconception.

It is, however, a real train using the latest undersurface magneto-electric technology to propel the train along the road, pulling the carriages along in its wake.

After years of Political wrangling and many a false start

CLR at last has its first Locomotive up and running, though unannounced, so as not to draw attention should the new state of the art technology have any snags.

Earnest Porter. Company Director.

Photo courtesy of Choo Wong Choo.

Rosie's Bakery

Find us at 71 Paleologou Street

**At the entrance to 'Jewish Community' - look for sign
Stand with your back to PUBLIC doorway
We're in the small square opposite**

Genuine Vegan Products made without dairy and eggs, also without honey

Sweets and Cakes made even more strictly, also without refined sugar

Gluten Free Products (only sweet items) made in exclusive bakery premises

Nno danger of cross-contamination

Made without eggs, butter, milk, refined sugar, palm oil. No soya traces, no enhancers, flavourings, additives, preservatives. All natural.

Big Range of Traditional Greek Products

Baklava without sugar or honey, special for diabetics

Vegan Savoury Pies (not gluten free)



Proof of the Power of advertising here!

Village and Island times by Paul McGovern



There is something about clouds that fascinates, is there not? Dawn in Agios is sometimes remarkable for their formations, and no known words can express the beauty .

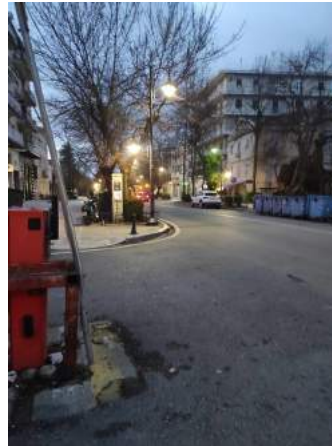
Five months have elapsed since the last Agiot, and I apologise for the gap.

Life rushes by, and in a blink, here we are, late on parade.



Dawn is such a good time to walk out with Mandy and Naya, before the summer heat bites. And when that happens it's time for a dip. On one walk I notice new, coloured street lamps. These were implemented by our new village Mayor, named Kostas, voted in at the last election. I must say, he is very industrious. He actually cares, quite unusual in a politician. His eyes can't be everywhere, though, so he probably didn't notice this eagle, that appeared on the little bridge to Afra one Spring morning, but had flown away within a couple of days.

Dawn in the City is a different prospect. It is eerie, its concrete and brick devoid mostly of the gift of nature.



Parties have dominated during this period; birthday parties, fancy dress parties, Easter parties, parties with friends, and the biggest party of all this side of the Pecos; our Panygeri. These precious moments scatter through our summer like pepper over food.



Easter in our square

Village and Island Times - Continued from page 56



Easter in Kanoni



Jason and Ami



Elina



Melina has their attention



Complete with marching band



Rehearsing for this month's Panygeri



Panygeri time

Village and Island Times - Continued from page 57



Peter Konstantinos and Kostas relaxing



Old young friends Danae



RIP Aleko



The party's over



When the humans go inside

Our dear Nitsa's memorial service was also a counterweight to the joy. It was a beautiful last farewell for all that.



Kostas and Nitsa

But in the midst of life, as is our natural way, death comes a-knocking. And it has knocked far too often this year. We bid farewell to Spiros 'Kalogas' Vasilakis, Sofia [Vladimir's widow, Alekos Damaskinos, Tony Jones, Trevor Nicholls, Rika Zoupa, Jimmy James, Dave Nichols, Dottie Smith, Babis the painter, Stefanos Moco, Dewey Greger, Eleni Varbeni, and Sosipatros Thessalis, who have all left their footprints here.



Friend and former resident Dave Nichols

I hope you enjoyed this pastiche of these days. Join up the dots to imagine a much bigger picture in such a very small place.

Continued on page 59

Village and Island Times - Continued from page 58



It wasn't us



The original taverna in 1908



This square belongs to me if you don't like it. _

<

Tickle photographed this

>



My son Kostas is jealous of my jungle



Tickles at Ermones



Once the home of Lionel



Lionel's old house has inched into Spiros' lane



Even sauce gets confused in these parts

<

CORFU: ISLAND IN THE SUN BY Clifford Owen

When it was announced that we were going to Holy Trinity Corfu, one of our Readers at Clifton said to me: "This is God's reward for you. You have had some difficult people in this parish". I noted her remarks and didn't ask for names! The issue now was to discover just how much a reward Corfu would turn out to be. After all, what could be more idyllic: sun, sand, Mediterranean Sea, wonderful ex-pats rejoicing in their holiday-haven lifestyles?

It wasn't quite like that on 29th December 2002. Western Christmas was over. It was cold and damp. The food shops were empty. We were met at the airport by Linda, the church treasurer, who said, "Welcome to the island. Here are the keys to the chaplaincy car. Would you like to follow me?"

I asked for a few minutes play with the car around the airport parking lot as I had hardly driven a left-hand drive car before. I quickly got the feel of it and noticed that the steering joints were a bit wobbly, but I doubt whether that would have bothered any previous locum chaplains! We hadn't gone more than five kilometres, before Linda pulled in ahead of me, stopped and took a call on her mobile. I waited. Linda walked back to me in the chaplaincy car and said: "I'm afraid you've got a funeral! Would you have a word with the undertaker? His name is Kosta. He speaks good English". Thus, I was introduced to Kostas Grammenos, Greek Undertaker, whom I was to get to know well in the next six years. So here I was: trying to take down some notes about a funeral in a church I hadn't yet found, before I had seen where we were going to live. What a start!

The chaplain was billeted temporarily in holiday accommodation in a resort called Gouvia, about six miles north of Corfu Town. The views were quintessentially Greek looking across to the mountains of Albania, and surrounded by Greek language, architecture and smells. On New Year's Eve, Avis and I, with our daughters Kathryn and Isobel, drove to Paleokastritsa beach, to gaze over the Ionian Sea. It was divine. The waves gently lapped the shore. I knew from my naval days in the Mediterranean that the rise and fall of the tide was only about 18 inches, so we would have to wait a long while for crashing Cornish breakers! But we would have to wait five months before the tourists started to arrive. I quickly discovered that tourism in Corfu operates on a six-monthly cycle from Greek Easter through to October. Like Joseph's dreams of years of plenty and scarcity in Egypt, enough money has to be made in six months to carry the Corfiots through the lean winter season. Already by 2002 one could see a few closed tavernas and hotels, symbols of a fallback from the 1980s boom years of cheap Greek holidays. This six-monthly two-phase existence had a direct impact on church life. The summer months at Holy Trinity usually saw a congregation full of visitors with the local members working almost 24/7 in the tourist industry. From November to Easter the locals returned to church tired from the hot long summer season and needed refreshment of all kinds.

1. We very quickly picked up the East/West terminology from Orthodox East and Latin West. Corfu crossed the border

Pine Leaves

Same-sex marriage Bill sparking unease in conservative Greek society

Parliament voted to legalise same-sex marriages and loosen state control over universities, but for many these reforms go too far

Richard Pine's column in the Irish Times, published here with his permission

Greece is at present facing two big challenges: same-sex marriage, and university education. The two topics are very closely related in this essentially conservative society. In one case, the central factor is family; in the other, the freedom of the mind.

On February 15th the Greek parliament voted to legalise same-sex marriages and on March 8th it agreed to the establishment of private universities. But these successes in parliament won't quell the unrest within civil and ecclesiastical society.

Continued on page 61

Pine Leaves - Continued from page 60

The basic issue in marriage legislation has been the change in the status of the family, which is the rock on which Greek society is built. The constitution recognises the family as “the cornerstone of the preservation of the nation, marriage, motherhood and childhood”. Civil partnerships for same-sex couples were legalised in 2015. The new law not only acknowledges same-sex marriages but ensures equal rights for the children involved. It stops short of allowing same-sex couples to become surrogate parents, which may be challenged in the courts.

The Bill legalising same-sex marriage received the support of 176 deputies – a majority of 25. One third (52) of deputies in the ruling party, New Democracy, voted against, including former prime minister Antonis Samaras, who argued that same-sex marriage was not a human right and would fundamentally alter family law. Due to this deep split in the government party, the same-sex vote could not have passed without the support of opposition party Syriza, whose leader, Stefanos Kasselakis, married his same-sex partner in the USA last year.

One of Greece’s four Muslim MPs, Ilhan Ahmet, supported the Bill, even though Islamic law, like the Orthodox Church, regards homosexuality as a sin. “I could not deny a human right to fellow citizens”, he said.

Despite the parliamentary victory, the divisiveness hasn’t gone away. In Corfu the local bishop has effectively excommunicated two of the island’s three MPs who supported the Bill, for their “deepest spiritual and moral error”. The church commended the third MP, of New Democracy, for voting against. “This is the kind of politician we need in our country.”

It would be as difficult to understand Greece without the Orthodox Church, or to envisage a Greece in which Orthodoxy was not the majority faith, as to imagine Ireland without the Catholic Church. That it reflects conservative values is hardly surprising, but its influence on successive governments, both democratic and undemocratic, has been marked. The Syriza government of 2015-2019 intended, but failed, to separate church and state, especially in regard to education (the relevant ministry is Education, Religious Affairs and Sport).

The initiative of prime minister Kyriakos Mitsotakis in regard to both issues has been a surprising factor. From a deeply conservative background, he has seen liberalisation as a necessary attraction for a younger electorate, which has been disaffected by low standards and lack of incentives.

The basic issue in the university case is rigid state control of education and is equally divisive. The Bill passed with as narrow a majority as the same-sex marriage bill. The new law provides for private universities subject to state supervision on standards and a stipulation that they are not-for-profit. One condition for setting up such a college would be an investment of €2 million. These new colleges would be mostly branches of foreign universities, with the minister of education claiming that the Sorbonne and Harvard had expressed an interest in doing so, but with the University of Nicosia in Cyprus the only one to actually announce the intention to set up a campus.

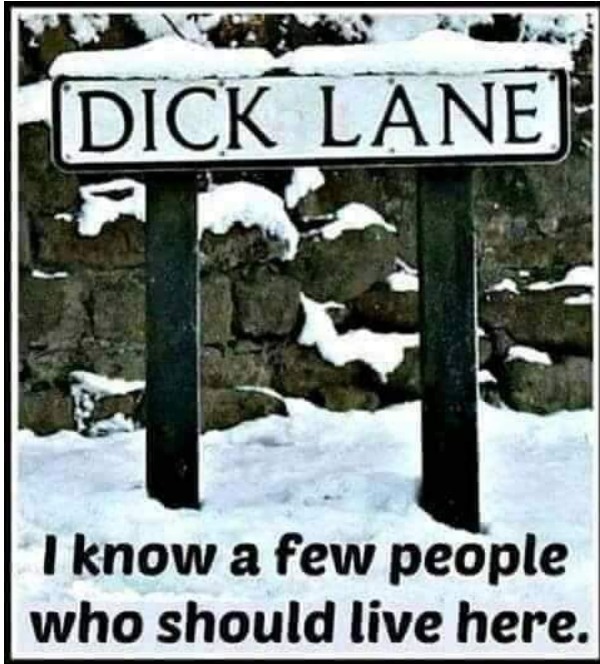
The main fear of establishing new universities is not so much that it will reduce standards but that it will dissipate the existing numbers in state universities – especially the regional ones such as the Ionian University and the University of the Aegean. Of 700,000 Greek university students, more than 40,000 study abroad (18,000 in Cyprus and the rest mainly in the UK and USA). Greece already has many private colleges, of which the most prominent are the American College in Greece, operating in Athens since 1923, whose degrees are validated by the UK’s Open University and the American Farm School, in Thessaloniki since 1904. There are approximately 30 for-profit colleges.

Opposition in parliament concentrated on the need to reform the existing education system, rather than the need to introduce new institutions. Entry standards are at present very low: a student achieving as low as the equivalent of 400 points in the Leaving Certificate can be offered a place in a regional college, for example.

The Council of Rectors of the state universities has argued that the more appropriate reform would be to amend the relevant article of the constitution to allow existing universities greater freedom from state control and set their own entrance standards. Greek universities rank very low by international standards, and this new law is unlikely to improve that.

Saucy Postcards

WARNING OUR SAUCY POSTCARDS ARE NOT SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN OR THOSE OF A SENSITIVE NATURE.



The next time you see some girl pouting her lips in a selfie, try not to think of this rear end of a chicken with sun glasses on..



Saucy Postcards - continued from page 62

Two businessmen in the centre of London were sitting down for a break in their soon-to-be new store.

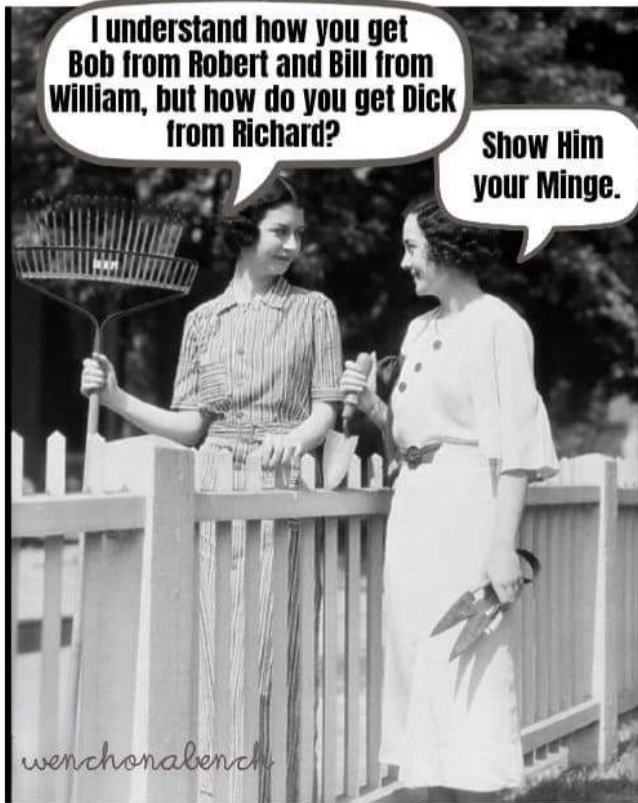
As yet, the store wasn't ready, with only a few shelves set up.

One said to the other, "I bet any minute now some pensioner is going to walk by, put their face to the window, and ask what we're selling."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth when, sure enough, a curious old woman walked to the window, had a peek, and in a soft voice asked, "What are you selling here?"

One of the men replied sarcastically, "We're selling arseholes."

Without skipping a beat, the old woman said, "Must be doing well, 'cause two left!"



Saucy Postcards - continued from page 63



BBC NEWS

BBC.COM
Transgender athlete Laurel Hubbard out of Olympics

Like Comment Share

18.5k

1,045 shares

Most relevant

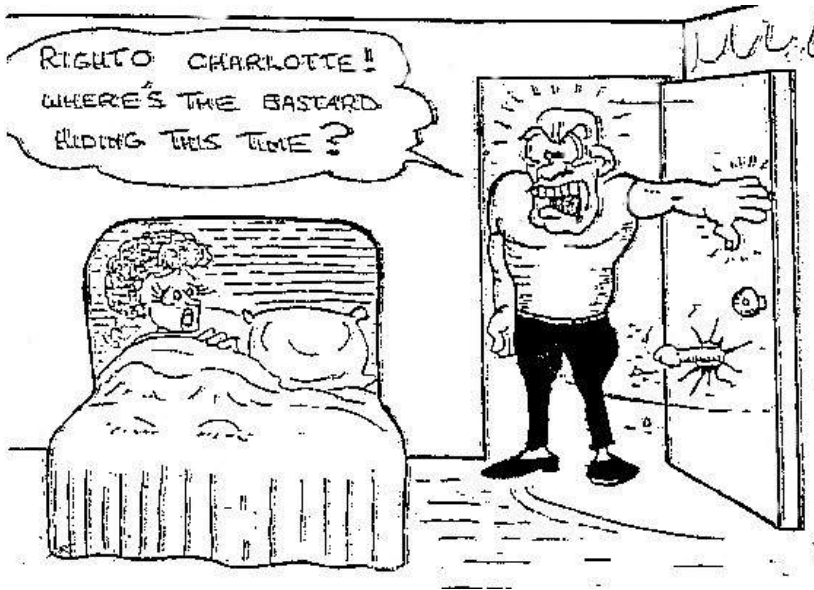
Jason Thorne
What a shame ,she worked her bollocks off to get there 😞

A wife sent her husband this picture and the message said, "Come home early, I've got a surprise for you"...



So he raced home, almost crashing the car thinking he was about to get lucky, only to find that she'd just adopted a black cat ..

Saucy Postcards - continued from page 64





Bramble



A view of Corfu Old Town

ΦΙΛΙΚΟΣ ΑΓΩΝΑΣ
ΜΙΚΤΟΣ
ΚΡΙΚΕΤ
ΠΑΛΑΙΜΑΧΟΙ ΚΕΡΚΥΡΑΣ
ΕΘΝΙΚΗ ΟΜΑΔΑ ΓΥΝΑΙΚΩΝ



CRICKET

ΣΑΒΒΑΤΟ 17/08/2024
ΩΡΑ ΕΝΑΡΞΗΣ: 17:00

