

102nd Edition

The Agiot



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Nick The Clock's World (The Comic With A conscience)

As reported earlier the Famous British couple Lynn Cahill and Ricky Collier were due to be married this summer in Corfu.

BREAKING NEWS

The lovely couple Lynn Cahill and Richard Collier have been struck down with a weird illness called rattle snake haemorrhoids.

They have been put in quarantine in the London zoo.

The doctor I spoke to said "this can be cured within 7-8 days, with two enemas a day, each."

The enemas consist of buttsfizz, small amounts of morphine and fermented kangaroo leg jelly.

I asked the doctor "why the kangaroo leg jelly?"

He told me because it gives a good kick to the enema.

We are all wishing them a speedy recovery.

For a progress report you can contact Dr. Piggy Cameron A.D.S at the anal disease unit, London zoo, any time in the morning except weekdays and weekends.

If you would like to know more about this illness David Icke has written explicitly in his new book called 'The back side of life', available on Amazon and the Scottish chapel in Afra.

Or you can ask Ricky.



'Trust me'

**Blessed are we who can laugh
at ourselves for we shall never
cease to be amused.**



'Another night at the tavern'

**IMAGINE, IF YOU WILL,
THE PLANET AWAKENING & EXPERIENCING
A SHIFT OF CONSCIOUSNESS SO GREAT**



**THAT GOVERNMENTS AROUND THE WORLD CONDUCT
PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE ON THEIR OWN CITIZENS IN AN
ATTEMPT TO CONTROL THEM BY LOWERING THEIR VIBRATIONS
& KEEPING THEM IN A CONSTANT STATE OF FEAR.**

'Bad vibrations'

Nick The Clock's World

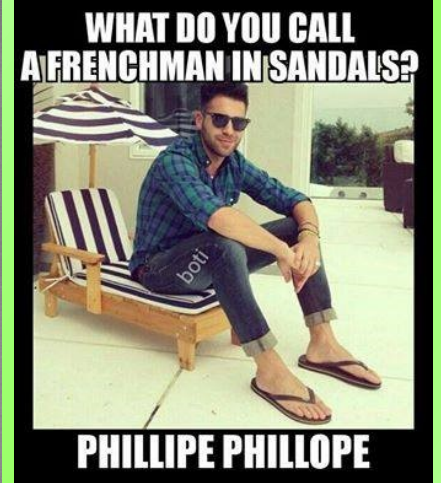
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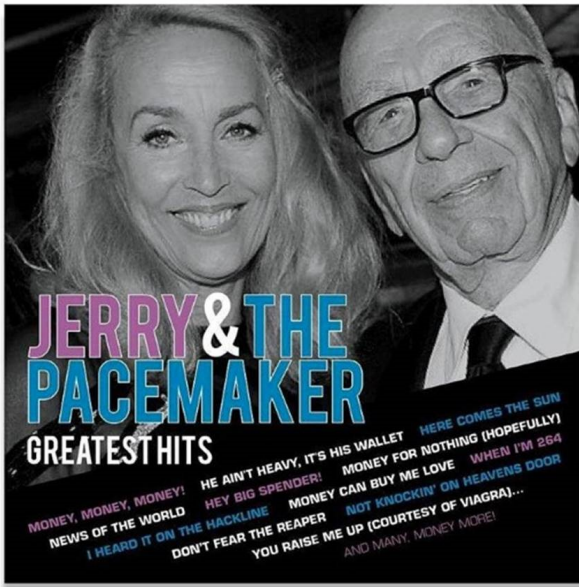
'Fish tail'



'If in doubt or insecure, join a clique'



'French footwear'



'He lied about his age; he said he was 95'



'Same old'



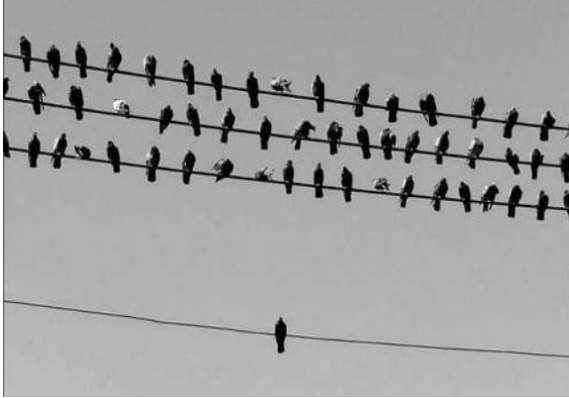
Reasons to Drink Greek Wine
www.ShopGreekWine.com
<http://ecowatch.com/2016/03/27/monsanto-glyphosate-wine/>

Magical Recipes For A Healthy Life
<http://magicalrecipesforhealthylife.com/?p=798>

Zionist take-over
<https://www.facebook.com/747419318721729/videos/758456647617996/?pnref=story>
 [Facebook only]

That's All Folks!

Letters to the Editor



Ed:-

A message to Cliff Reader [a former pupil of Lionel's], who wrote in February, asking if Lionel was still with us.

Cliff, Having passed this message to Lionel here is his response to you:

'Yes thank you Cliff, I am here and have been so for 22 years. Have you been throwing gravestones about since I last saw you?'

Monique Vincent from Corfu said;-

'omg i got the wine thankyou very much just saw it' [ref. to Agiot February Agiotfest quiz].

Ed: 'Yes Monique! On the night you will be presented with an almost undrinkable selection of fine wines!!'

Astrid Leusnik mailed from Holland;-

'By chance, I let Silke write her little story down on paper the week before you wrote us.

I only didn't had the time till now, to sent it to you, indeed my busy world..;)

By the way, Silke did show her photo earlier in the Agiot at school, with success! And soon, on April the 22th she will give her first lecture ever, about Corfu!! She is already excited about that, almost every day busy with thinking and writing about Corfu.

Here are two photographs I took during your nice visit at the Villa Theodora patio (you can pick the one or both you like the most) and also a photo of her writing about her summers at Corfu.



'Silke'

Ed:- Thank you Astrid, it is lovely to hear from you and the letter from our little Dutch Princess,' you will find on page 9.

Lesley Ann Hoy-Mouzakiti said:

Thank you for the latest news...'

Lesley

Ed:-

'It is our pleasure Lesley, we hope it brought you some smiles.

Edel Connaughton said;- 'Thank you ed for the great jokes!!!! Especially the Irish Dinner!!!:-)'

Edel in cold and wet Dublin



Ed:-'Jokes? What jokes Edel? I resemble that remark! Our Pub lication is 100% serious journalism. Everyone knows that.'

Letters to the Editor *Continued from page 4*

Graeme Tickle from St Helens said;-

'Hello Paul, thought I had to share this with you to show how A.I. has got under the skin of a certain 4 year old! While walking to school the other day E and I were having a discussion about where we lived and life in the countryside. E said she would prefer to live in Corfu as the sun always shines, the people are really nice and make me laugh, I can go swimming everyday and I can push Paul into the pool!!!'

Ed:- 'FANTASTIC NEWS: Peter told me that you are Tickling the underbelly of the Continent again next year!! Tell E [our English Princess] she will get the chance to put her money where her mouth is sooner than anticipated. Mind you, second thoughts, she will be five by then and she had me well-sussed at three!!! Footnote; we now have a Princess each from Greece, Holland AND England. How good is that?

R.I.P.

Agios Ioannis is very sad to report the loss this month of two long-term friends of the village, who both passed away following long illnesses.

Udo Trautner from Germany

Anna from the Taverna wrote; 'Loosing a friend is like loosing a part of yourself .A big man with a child 's hard. RIP Udo.' She went on to say;

'Udo 's wife Regina wrote me this: "We say Goodbye to Udo. The funeral is on the 23 th of April at 12 o'clock. Who wants to contribute something, is welcome. Please come in comfortable clothes, as you want. We will hand out some purple flower petals, nothing else is allowed zu leave there in this commemoration in the forest. We meet each other about 15-30 minuts before on the parking place here: Friedwald Lohmar-Heide. Rothenbacher Hof, 53721 Siegburg

(WGS_Länge: 7.236.681 / WGS_Breite: 50.811.360.'



George Doctor from Scotland

'George' [centre] with Piki and Jim

Anna said;

'One of my favorite person George Doctor left. He was a big fighter. RIP.

Living in La La Land

Contributed by
Petros Papageorgiou

[**Editorial comment**] This beautiful piece is written by our dear friend Peter. It soars from his heart like one of the kites his father made.

Σάββατο, 1 Μαρτίου 2014
Amola Kaloumba!

When I was young, Clean Monday meant three things to me. First a possibility that I would go hungry, or at best make do with a piece of "lagana" (the traditional flatbread with sesame baked specifically for the day...) and a piece of cheese that my mother would hide from Grandma (it was Lent and thus sinful to eat cheese...).

Second that we might get to have our first swim, and third, the flying of our kite!!



The first was due to the fact that I was a rather "difficult" child as regards food and practically all the "nistissima" (food allowed to eat when fasting for Lent) was definitely in the weird food zone to my eyes..shellfish, octopus, kalamari, taramas..there was something distinctly fishy about it all... no,no,no...

The swimming, what can I say, other times? Where we children are ready for everything? I dare say the swimming season then was like the tourist season...longer and it started earlier....

And I come to the third...the kite!

My father made his own. It was an art he learnt as a kid in Piraeus. He was a carpenter by trade, so very much comfortable with the wood, measuring and gluing required.

About a month before Clean Monday, he would organise his supplies from Piraeus. He used a kind of waxed paper, not unlike baking paper or the stuff used to wrap up cheese. It came in a few basic colours, and could not be sourced on the island. Thin pieces of

wood, glue, some special "decorative" papers, in silver and gold, kilometres of string and scissors completed the kit, and he was ready to start work.

The "tail" alone would sometimes take days, every little tuft of paper carefully cut to the same length, often many colours bunched together and all spaced out evenly. Where the bridle connected to the edges, he would add more tufts of coloured paper, to make for better balance.



'Ready for take off'

Every year he made a different one. He never made the same one twice, and he never kept one for next year. He would either take it apart and recycle the frame, or once it was high enough, he would cut the string and set it "free".

One year the plan was to get it as high as possible. Armed with 2000 meters of string, we proceeded to Kassiopi, our favorite kite-flying and picnic spot. Reel by reel, we joined the string, until the kite was so high we almost could not see it. A piece of string that went up to the sky, on its own, and we in turns, held on to it, happy and laughing. To my eyes the kite was flying somewhere over Albania, amongst the birds and clouds...



'The "smyrna" kite'

Another year he made a different one, a "Smyrna" kite as he called it. It had a very different shape, and it also was a bit more "technical" to fly.

The frame was made of bent bamboo strips. I think he had always wanted one, since he was a child, and he finally made one. His mother, my grandma, was a refugee from the Asia minor catastrophe in 1922.

Continued on page 7

*Living in La La Land
Continued from page 6*

Another "thing" about the kites was the matter of "size" (men...). Obviously, he wanted to make them bigger and bigger, but there was a limit. The size of our car. Or rather cars! My father had a car rental business at the time, so we had a choice... So one year he decided to make a really big one and use the company minibus. If my memory serves me well, that years design was a Sun. Golden rays, a bright smile, yellow and orange... but it was too big!! So he had to opt for putting it on the roofrack...

Getting near to Kassiopi, my mother was looking out the passenger window at the shadow of the car as it sped on its way. There was something wrong. Shadows were dancing on the roof... "Yianni, I think you had better stop, something is not right..."



The Picnic



*My cousin
Vasslis*



*Grandma next to
her son, and my
mum and sister
behind*



*'a typical Papageorgiou
kite'*

He pulled over and got out, took a look at the kite, and got back into the car, without speaking. The mood was not good. He stopped at a local "bakaliko" (grocery store) and asked to buy some of the brown greaseproof wrapping paper they used for the feta... We then proceeded to the port of Kassiopi where he set down to fix it. He

gathered the left over strips of paper, cut some patches, glued them up. The kite, even patched up, flew as high as ever. As well as ever.

**Moments from
Clean Mondays
past...**

*my little sister, looking
incredibly like her son
with long hair and a skirt
on!*



In the first photo at the top, and the previous four, did you notice something they have in common? There is something that "ties" them all together...

It is a piece of string.

This piece of string is something we all need to take care of. This piece of string may be something different to each of us, that doesn't matter. What is important is that it should be recognised for what it is. A connection to our past, a connection between us, a continuation, a feeling of consistency.

In the difficult times we are going through, it will be bits of string like this that will keep us connected, tied together, remembering our past so that we may have a future, and so that we may look upon this future in the same way that Yiannis the kite maker looks up at his kite in the next picture...

Attentively, with hope and with joy in his heart

Continued on Page 8

Living in La La Land
Continued from page 7



Looking at the future

PS I was intending to "tie in" the story of the kite that was damaged but was repaired and flew, with the ending, but it eluded me... so I will add the lesson as a

postscript. Against all odds, against all the problems and setbacks, we CAN make this world, this life, "fly"... The world and our lives are changing. The change is our very own kite. And as much as some people are intent on tearing it up into little pieces, we have to use our brains and ingenuity, to patch it up and get it off the ground...

And a little note on the title. Amola kaloumba, is a greek kite flying expression which means let more string out...

Αναρτήθηκε από [Petros Papageorgiou](#) στις [1:44 π.μ.](#)

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Δημοσίευση σχολίου

Saturday Walks

Saturday, 2 April. Kaminaki: NE Coast Hinterland (2 ½ hours ***). Meet at the bar opposite the petrol station at Kaminaki, on the Kassiopi road, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Roumeli, Nissaki. NOTE: A relatively easy exploration of the hills above the NE Coast, plus a taste of the famous coastal path.

Saturday, 9 April. Old Perithia: Down the Corfu Trail (2 ½ hours **). Meet at Almiros, on the road between Acharavi and Saint Spiridon, by the council work vehicle park, 10.00 for onward car journey. We are leaving half the cars here and driving with the other vehicles to Old Perithia. PLEASE DO NOT CAR SHARE TO TRAVEL TO THE WALK AS WE NEED SEATS FOR THE CAR TRANSFER. Lunch at Foros, Old Perithia. NOTE: This walk is downhill almost all the way, but the terrain is rough underfoot in places.

Saturday, 16 April. Lakones: The 'Ghost Village' and the 'Bella Vista Path' (3 hours ***). Meet at the coffee bar/shop beside the traffic lights, south end of the village, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Elizabeth's, Doukades. NOTE: Amazing views!

Saturday, 23 April. Lafki: The Roman Path and Nuns' Trail (2 hours ****). Meet in Lafki Square, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Stamatis, Strinilas. NOTE: The ascending path is steep, but mostly in shade. We each take it in our own time.

Saturday, 30 April. Sinarades: Two churches with a view (1 ½ hours **). Meet at Arhontariki Taverna, Sinarades Square, 10.30 for 11.00 start. Lunch at Arhontariki. NOTE: We shall catch the (very brief) 11am pot-throwing in the village Square.

Saturday, 6 May. Saint Spiridon: The Headland (2 hours **). Meet at Saint Spiridon Beach, 10.30 for 11.00 start. Lunch - Picnic. Please bring a dish to share with everyone (not your own sandwiches please), plus your choice of drink. NOTE: We shall picnic at a beach for swimming if the weather is nice.

Subsequent walks until end May will be advertised on a week-by-week basis on realcorfu.com

I am Silke, seven years old.
 I came already eight times to agios Ioannis.
 I always enjoy our stay in corfu and in villa theodora very very much!!
 Goodbye till next time!

'A letter from Silke'

ocay villas

We have been receiving guests at Villa Theodora since 2000, and still get a thrill when we get a letter from, especially, a small child. This small child in question is Silke from Holland, always smiling...as you can see from her photo in 'Letters'.

Villa Theodora has been the home this winter to friends Sanna and Lennart from Sweden, who depart in a few days. Then we prepare for the summer season.

Why not come to this special place, if you have not already done so? It is no coincidence that over 60% of its visitors are returnees. This year the percentage is even higher. Go to www.ocayvillascorfu.com to see her and other quality Corfu accommodation.

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This is our livelihood, as well as our labour of love. We are realistic in pricing and furthermore do not include on our site sub-standard lets. With sixteen years of experience and a book-full of testimonials, your Ocay experience may very well not be your last.

I need a time out!

Send me to the beach
 and don't let me come
 back till my attitude changes.



On the beach



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Including:

18 holes **greenfee**

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Please ask your **Local Agents** for more information.

Book your **tee time** and...

Pay the fee on arrival at the **Club!**

Pre-booking of the golf car is necessary

*Retail price, greenfee and clubs € 65. Buggy, €30



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Village and Island News

By
The Editor

We are racing toward another Corfu summer. My, how time races when you pass thirty! And, when your life is full to busting with stuff. This was never the plan. But plans are made to go awry. So much was happening this month I need to just do a skeletal here, and leave out the gory bits. Also, I may well have to rename this blog in future 'Immediate Vicinity News', as not much seems to reflect in this passage on the island as a whole; even the village as a whole. That is better left to other pens perhaps.

Sociability coiled like a snake about the periods of work, sometimes blurring the edges. I was thinking one day in our kitchen, 'it's like a railway station in here'.



'The Railway Station'

I could barely see the computer screen for the sound waves. That sociability spread to the celebration of Elina's 30th birthday and Lionel's 89th, Clean Monday, fun meals with chums, Independence day in the Taverna and two well-enjoyed sorties to the far-flung reaches of Agios Georgios [South]. At Kafe sas I tasted the best sea bass I have encountered in Corfu. [There, Island news after all!]



'Kafe Sas'

'Clean Monday lunch'



'Anna and George'

All this sociability is contending with a double-diet. First, no meat for me for 2016. Now, because of Lent, no dairy products until Easter. Actually, it is a double-double diet if you include Elina's Dad Prokopis. With her wedding coming up in July she has told him to go on a diet and lose weight; he has [what a wimp]. He is currently 103 kgs [Fatty] and has set himself a target of 83kgs [idiot]. Lula has told me to go on a diet too. I have [another spineless wimp]. I am currently 98.5 kgs [Cuddly] and have set myself a more modest target of 85kgs [idiot]-don't ask me to work it out in Stones. So, in theory, come the time of the wedding [July] we should be about the same weight; 96 kgs. I could do without this sort of competition this far up the Snakes and Ladders board.



'The Competition'

Lionel is 89 and is my second oldest friend. He took us and pals to the China Dragon in Alepou [excellent] to celebrate. [More island news then]. My oldest friend Mrs Donaghey was 102 in March. She lives in Erith. [International news covered there, job done].

Village and Island News
Continued from Page 10



'Warming up China
Dragon Saki'

did some garden planting and were encouraged in this by the sprouting of a little new foliage from our Phoenika, which seems maybe to be responding to its treatment.



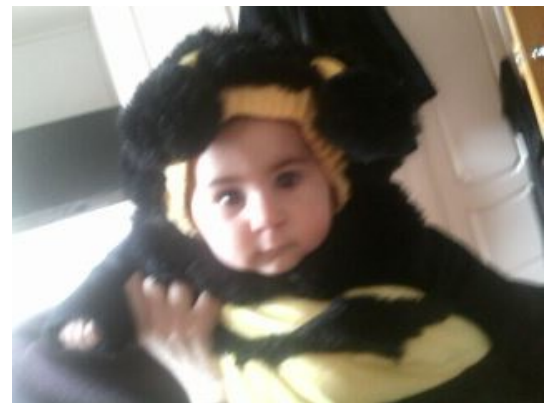
'Signs of
life'

Work kept getting in the way of this sociable run, as it tends to do. There was some serious wood chopping in the north of the island, to clear a plot for home-building. The Spring rains and blustery weather got in the way of this for a while, but



'Opening a sea vista'

What else? Got two different cars stuck on separate occasions; can't go into this for legal reasons. Did loads of Beba-sitting-she is six months old already!



'Buzz off
Grandad'

Did lots of dog-walking but Bono keeps escaping. I have discovered via my spies he has three different girlfriends; at Aqualand [he likes swimming], at the Gypsies [he has no taste] and at the school [always keen to learn].



'Log work'

when it cleared we had two heavy days of toil. On one day five of us were at it. Our reward was next year's home supply of firewood, now neatly stacked at George's, by the chicken runs.



'Provenance'



'Spring in Agios'

One day the wind brought African sand to our shores [more International news] but in the gaps we

Village and Island News
Continued from Page 11



'Exhaustion'

Through this potpourri of a frenzied life, second son Kostas has been in Cuba, talent-spotting for Agiotfest 16. He is just back on the cusp of April. 'Did you find me anyone good?' 'Yes Dad, a really good band.' 'Fantastic, Bravo! What are they called?' 'The Rolling Stones'. 'Really, are they interested?' 'I don't know, I couldn't get near them, they were busy talking to a black man in a suit'.

I don't care; what sort of name is that anyway? Ask Di Carden. We were making up much better names for bands on our third jug of wine at Kafe Sas. Cheers!

'Hotbed of Agiotfest acts'



The month ended with one of THOSE days in town; off to the Post Office to open an account. Ah. PROBLEM. Need Tax Clearance first. And need Identity Card. Ah, me no Identity card. Me Passport. Ah, ok. But still need Tax Clearance. Ah, Accountant not in. Ah, go to Nikolaos Ballis Surgery instead [the one with the solitary dying fish in its tank] to get prescription for Mum-In-Law's monthly injection. Give papers. OK WAIT. We wait.. AH, LATER. SHE CAN'T HAVE INJECTION UNTIL APRIL 3RD. YOU come back. AH. THANK YOU.WHY you no say half an hour ago when you read papers?....SMILE.

BREAKING INTERNATIONAL NEWS

READ NEXT MONTH'S FOR THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN THE GREAT FENCE WAR.

KAFE SAS AND KAFE SAS TOO: GATEWAY TO THE

We are very pleased to announce that a new distributor has joined our ranks; Harriet Lioumba of Kafe Sas and Kafe Sas Too from Agios George [South] has now availability of tickets. Long has Agiotfest needed a committed southern partner and she looks just the ticket.

<https://www.facebook.com/Kafesas-Too-Music-Bar-St-Georges-South-292592180760952/?fref=ts> Facebook
<http://www.kafesas.com/> website

Harriet says this;

We have two places;
'Our other place is at the other end of St George from the taverna, it's more a tourist restaurant rather than the traditional Greek taverna. I work wherever I'm needed but based in Kafe Sas Too, (that's what it's

called). Kafe Sas taverna is quite a famous little place, it was recommended in the brochure on all Aegean flights in 2015; there has been a lot of Greek TV and music stars visit, also a lot of doctors and lawyers are regular customers from town. The food is all homemade from scratch and all the fish is delivered daily from numerous fishermen.'

Harriet is in the perfect Geographic position to look after our Southern friends. As well as being a ticket distributor, she will arrange a Southern Coach for the event. In the summer Kafesas hosts charity-based events , which I'm confident will open a new, mutually beneficial, co-operation between the south and Agiotfest, similar to the one we enjoy in the north with our colleagues at the 100+ Club.
Thank you Harriet for your belief!





Breaking News



Zoe Unsworth is the second signing for this year's Festival.

Watch this brilliant young talent at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LPzkPrbrcXI>

'Zoe'



'The Gang in Corfu'

Paul Henderson will be flying in from Liverpool to comper this year's show.

2015 go here for highlights from the bands. <https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLaSp8FBgUQtwQPmkO8ZGALqESCHty0bS2>

Thanks to all of you who have already claimed your Early-bird tickets.
Thanks to those who have 'signed up' to the Junior Sponsorship programme.
My admin is behind. Apologies. You will all receive confirmation individually during this month!
The Early-bird option is now closed except for those of you who have made arrangements with your Distributor. Tickets are now 15 Euros.

Look here too for further acts as they join.

Agiotfest Losers' Cup

A new concept will unfold in the fields of Agios Ioannis in the latter part of May.

The annual Losers Cup will take place in the large garden of Brook Meadow, and be hosted by Chris and Les Woods. All sports will take place at the same venue on the same day, with plenty of food and drink on offer. There will be an admission charge with a discount to Junior Members, with proceeds going to the Agiotfest show costs.

As usual with Agiotfest, children come for free.

Full details of this great fun family day will appear here in the May edition.



'Nikos Sellas busking in Athens'



'Was Bruce, now Caitlyn; Agiotfest 16'

Agiotfest Sponsors



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Spear Travels



Boatman's World is a full service chandlery adjacent to Gouvia Marina in Corfu, Greece



100 + Club



Design of temporary structures in tube and fittings and various proprietary scaffolding systems including temporary roofs, facade shores and difficult access solutions all designs carried out in accordance with all current British and European standards and regulations.



British Corner Shop

The largest selection of British food in Greece.

Favourite leading brands including Waitrose

groceries and Iceland frozen foods.

Plus a selection of confectionery, ice cream,

soft drinks, beers & wine, dairy produce,

household cleaners, personal care, newspapers, magazines and greetings cards.



Corfu Beer



Sally's Bar
Ipsos

Sunrise Cars

Discover the hidden beauties of the island with the hospitality and security of Sunrise Rent a Car. Situated on the main road opposite the customs buildings at the New Port, this company has been operating since 1980 and due to its experience can offer the best services and prices



Green Island

Holiday Accommodation on the Greenest Island of Greece: Corfu. Specialized in the Dutch & the British tourist market



Nikos Pouliasis

A local and much-respected architect and Mekanikos, Mr Pouliasis has been designing houses across Corfu for many years. He is always kind, patient and fair-minded. Also, his rates are consistently competitive!

And:

Aqualand
Ray Bachan
Simon & Lin Baddeley
Bob Bakker
Robert Bennet
Big Bite Restaurant, Benitses
Lennart Bjorklund
Blue Bar, Gouvia Marina
Daniel Blom
Alex Boukis
Pat & Gina Brett
Bob & Jill Carr
Lyn Cahill
Micky Clark
Chas Clifton
Compass Café, Kontokoli
Corfu Gazette (Victoria)
Corfu TV
David, Cecilia & Jackie Dickinson
Sue Done
Dionysus Camping, Dassia
Eco-point
Evenos Woodcraft. Alykes
Mike Grice
Gouvia Marina
Rob Groove
Ken & Jan Harrop
Neil Hendriksen
Anne Hodgson
Hotel Telesillas, Kontokoli
Spyros Hytiris
In Action gym
Kafe Arkoutha, Corfu Town
Kafe sas Too, Ag. Georgios. South
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Maria. Driving School
Nikolas's Taverna, Agni NSK
Clifford Owen
Hilary Paipeti
Vassilis Pandis Posidonio Restaurant, Agios Giordis
Derek & Carole Pullen
Margareta Rodehn
Paul & Jan Scotter
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<http://www.firebrandrr.co.uk/michael-spiggos/>
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The Swedish experiment. (Part 5)

Now March is almost gone and the time for our experiment is running out, in three days we will leave Corfu and go back home to Brännö (Len has already started to pack, he's so efficient). I have mixed feelings about going home, of course it will be good to meet family and friends but I also know that I will miss Corfu and all our friends here. It also feels a bit strange to leave now when Spring is coming and the sun is getting really warm. Well, Spring is coming to Sweden too, but the warm weather is probably at least a month or two away.



'Visiting'

We had one visitor in March, Ricky (Collier) came to see us for a week. We had a good time not doing very much (something that happens more and more when you reach our age). We were invited to Nico and Anna though for a nice evening, eating very tasty homemade pizza.

What else? We went to Sally's bar in Ipsos for the +100 club (and some drinks). I bought two lottery tickets and won 50 Euro! Gave the money back to the charity, did not feel fair to take them. But it's always nice to win. Had a great day, ending up dancing in a taverna somewhere (can't really remember where...)



'Winning ad Giving'

Anna opened the taverna and treated us with food and wine the day Paul and Sally (Grove) and John finally made it to the island, was it three days delayed? They had to do a detour via Thessaloniki, spend the night there, trying for Corfu again and were redirected to Athens to spend the night. Long journey... But we had a great night again with a good gathering of friends and a lot of laughs.

*The Swedish Experiment
Continued from Page 15*



'Independence Day in tavern'

And I must mention our favorite Mini-market, they have been great. We wanted to buy bacon, but they had run out. What happens? They come up to the plateia to deliver it. It took a small detour to a somewhat confused Lionel's fridge, but we got it in time for supper. And then the next day they did not even let us pay for it. Service!



'Delivering'



'Stopping'

And our new red jeep kept the tradition and died at very end of the month, your great editor had to help us to start it again. Don't know why those jeeps don't

like us... Now we got a new battery so I hope it last until we leave...

Well, well, time to close this journal. Last thoughts:

We had a great winter here, just reading about the weather at home. Temperature been down to -20 c so it obviously been so much nicer to sit in the sun on our patio and in front of the fire in the evening. We have had lots of friends who has come to stay with us, a real blessing. It is something about this village, I came first time 1973 and still have friends from then. Paul Grove and Mr. Nick was here the very first year, and oh, what a lot of things has happened since then...

And I must write that I found both the greek people and the brittish that live here extremely kind, helpful and very very friendly. Going to miss you all so much (almost a tear in my eye now) but we will probably be back for a holiday in the end of the summer. Will we do this experience again? We will probably not be able to next winter, but maybe the one after that.

And at last, the most common lines in the villa in february:

1. Have you seen the car keys?
2. Have to check if the jeep starts
3. We need more kindling wood.

Love to all our friends out in the world.
At the keyboard
Sanna

Solar panels; any surface.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WdPOYZ7klSk>

Boy sells beer

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qu54js2JYGk>

Pesticides and people Uncle Ron gardening

<http://ejus.tc/25sB9GI>

Well you won't find this problem with Greek wines. Stay safe and Drink Greek Wine.

www.ShopGreekWine.com

<http://ecowatch.com/2016/03/27/monsanto-glyphosate-wine/>

Video Corner

Irish Slaves

<http://yournewswire.com/the-irish-slaves-what-they-will-never-tell-you-in-history/>

Uncle Ron gardening

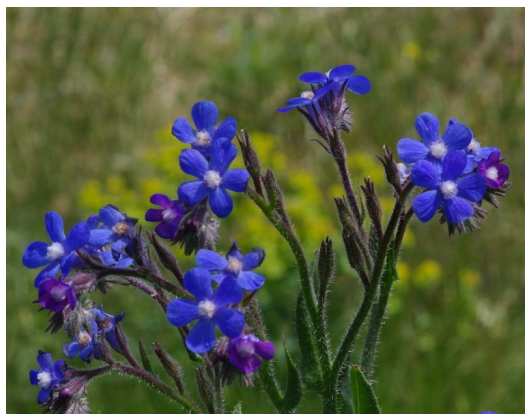
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rFkXmhnT5Jo&ebc=ANyPxKqWJO32Dg4vyvCfQG_U0Gdjp-b6mrBwdACIDyZWsj_IQs3uKrojMzkXIT4uk9xy

Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by
Hilary Paipeti

Spring Flowers

Early to mid April is perhaps the best time for Corfu's wild flowers. The early flowers still linger; new ones are blooming; but none have yet been swamped by the last phase of flowering before the summer heat. Here is a list of the flowers, by colour, spotted in the first part of April last year, with some random comments. Please note that week by week the mix may be quite different; some on this list will have finished flowering, and others not on the list will be in bloom.



Bugloss

Blue

Bugloss (*Anchusa arvensis*) - a lovely little flower of intense blueness.

Borage - flower and leaves are edible. Scatter flowers as garnish on a creamy potato and leek soup. Dip the leaves in a light flour and water batter and fry in olive oil until crisp. Serve at once.

Scarlet Pimpernel - No, it's not in the wrong category: It's a blue variety of the scarlet one; they are often found growing together.

Flax - The little wild precursor of the plant which gives linen (I wonder who first looked at it and thought: 'Hey, I can make a bed-sheet out of that!').

Bugle - In my vicinity, it grows in damp places under the olive trees.

Pink

Wood Sorrel (*Oxalis*)

Cranesbill - One of the dominant early flowers, it can carpet some plots so that no green shows through, with a particular liking for vineyards. There are several varieties.

Garden Pea - a wild variety with a large pink lip and deep purple centre.

Greek Sage (*Salvia triloba*) - The leaves are made into tea, and can also be advantageously used in cooking, especially with pork. Likes rocky soil.

Judas Tree - It's in its prime now, before the leaves appear.

Naked Man Orchid (*Orchis italica*) - Examine the petals in close up and you'll find out how it got its name!

Large Pink Cistus - It looks as if someone has pinned silk flowers (pink with a yellow centre) onto a rather

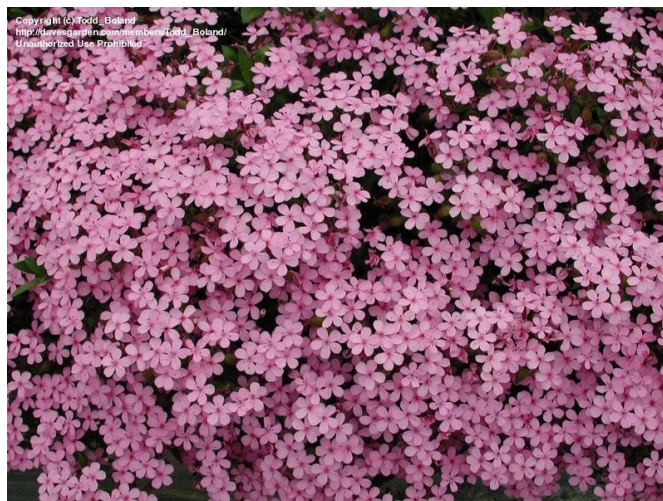
nondescript bush.

Broad-leaved Anemone - Still a few left from their great flowering in March.

Rock Soapwort - Grows spectacularly on high, dry ground.

Pink Hawksbeard (*Crepis rubra*)

Rose Garlic



'Rock soapwort'

Purple / Mauve

Scabious - A very handsome bloom structurally, but it suffers from possessing a wishy-washy colour.

Honesty - One of the first of the spring flowers and still going strong, with some of the characteristic seed heads now showing.



'Campanula'

Grape Hyacinth

Tassel Hyacinth

Milk Thistle - Unfortunately, some are already coming through. They will later dominate roadside banks and uncleared footpaths, and unpleasantly scratchy they are to walk through with bare legs.

Jersey Orchid or Loose-Flowered Orchid (*Orchis laxiflora*) - One of the tallest orchids, it blooms mainly in soggy fields.

Horseshoe Orchid - Seen near Porta on an April Saturday walk.

Tufted Vetch - Just starting to flower. Later, it will climb to swamp lower-growing plants.

Bellflower or Campanula

...Continued on Page 18

Hilary's Ramblings
Continued from Page 17

Red

Scarlet Pimpernel - The colour veers towards orange rather than being the pure scarlet that the name implies. There is also a blue version.
Common Poppy - A few have appeared on disturbed land.
Salsify or Goatsbeard - Just starting to open. Once fertilised, the flower closes and then reopens as a huge golden dandelion-style puffball. The root is an edible delicacy.

Yellow

Sow Thistle - A tall flower with a dandelion-style head. Before it bolts, the early leaves are the best of the winter wild greens for boiling.
Yellow Flag - It proliferates aquatically in the deep ditches bordering the Golf Club.
Jerusalem Sage (*Phlomis fruticosa*) - Though it has almost identical leaves, this shrub is only related to Sage in that they are both members of the Mint family. It is inedible. The flowers are large and fleshy.
Honeywort - Growing on disturbed land, it has a tubular flower, yellow at the lip and dusky purple towards the stem.
Yellow Bee Orchid - Small and difficult to spot in the grass. It likes open fields.
Field Marigold (*Calendula arvensis*) - They've been blooming since autumn, and still going strong.
Corn Marigold (*Chrysanthemum segetum*) - Blooming in great drifts by roadsides.
Tuberous Comfrey
Wild Mustard

Yellow/Green

Spurge (*Euphorbia*). One of the earlier flowers, it is now being engulfed by later growth.
Smyrniium rotundifolium - This has just taken over from Spurge as the most common yellowy-green flower in the verges.

White

Mediterranean Hartwort (*Tordillium*) - This delicate lacy flower has sweet tasting edible leaves. Amusingly, the seed-heads, in close-up, look like dentures



'Hartwort'

Orlaya - It looks like a better-cultivated variety of Hartwort, with more densely-growing petals, but is actually a wild carrot.
Krini Lily - A garden flower which also grows semi-wild.
Asphodel - In unbelievable abundance this spring, notably in the Ropa Valley.
Bladder Campion - A great drift grows along the bank near the gate of the Grand Mediterraneo Hotel at Ermones.
Star of Bethlehem - Now just about swamped by the long grass.
Daisy
Wild Garlic

For more information on Corfu's flowers, with photographs, please go to John Waller's excellent site 'Flowers of Corfu' at www.corfuflowers.com

Happy Easter, and may your summer be full of flowers.

This is an ice cream cone ordering an ice cream cone from an ice cream cone...



Summer is not far off
←

Spruce in A.I.
→



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Traditional Olive Soap

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

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

The following soaps are made here:

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

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

Bespoke Constructions

From Ocaj Property

Good progress was made in March on this latest venture.

The owners have been over and seem pleased. They have also been hands-on for the project, designing and fitting their kitchen.

Here you can see the latest photos.

Lydia's will be open for business for the coming season. Enquire at www.ocayvillascorfu.com

Please don't forget, our Bespoke builds are always flexible, catering for the individual vision and interaction of the customer with us.



A promising view



Flagging underway



New steps



Owner plans kitchen



Spacious



Taking shape

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

SARDINES IN OVEN WITH GARLIC, OUZO AND MUSTARD

INGREDIENTS:-

- 400 grams sardine fillets.
- 1 sprig of fresh rosemary.
- 3 cloves of garlic finely chopped.
- A single measure of Ouzo.
- 4 tbs of olive oil.
- 1 tbs mild mustard.
- 1 tbs Balsamic vinegar.
- Quarter tsp of Paprika.
- Pinch of chilli powder.
- Juice from one lemon.
- Salt and pepper.

GO: _

In a baking dish place the sardines. Sprinkle on them the chopped garlic, rosemary and salt.

In a bowl put the lemon juice, ouzo, olive oil, mustard, Balsamic vinegar, pepper, paprika and chilli. Stir well and pour the mixture over the sardines.

Bake in a pre-heated oven at 180 degrees cent. For about 10 minutes. Make sure the sardines are not overcooked.

Καλη ορεξη.

Corfu Weather Statistics - February & March 2016

	Max	Avg	Min
Temperature			
Max Temperature	22°C	17 °C	13 °C
Mean Temperature	20 °C	13 °C	8°C
Min Temperature	19 °C	10 °C	2°C
Degree Days			
Heating Degree Days (base 65)	20	9	0
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	3	0	0
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	18	7	0
Dew Point	15°C	10°C	6°C
Precipitation	19.1 mm	2.5 mm	0.0 mm
Wind			
Wind	52 km/h	12 km/h	0 km/h
Gust Wind	64 km/h	49 km/h	32 km/h
Sea Level Pressure	1029 hPa	1017 hPa	1003 hPa

February
2016

	Max	Avg	Min
Temperature			
Max Temperature	21°C	16 °C	10 °C
Mean Temperature	17 °C	12 °C	9°C
Min Temperature	14 °C	9 °C	4°C
Degree Days			
Heating Degree Days (base 65)	17	11	3
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	0	0	0
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	12	4	0
Dew Point	15°C	9°C	0°C
Precipitation	23.9 mm	3.4 mm	0.0 mm
Wind			
Wind	48 km/h	10 km/h	0 km/h
Gust Wind	77 km/h	49 km/h	32 km/h
Sea Level Pressure	1025 hPa	1012 hPa	990 hPa

March
2016

Read more at:

http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statename=NA#PFq1VRYHlbugcTGf.99

The World of Simon

Saturday, 19 October 2013

A perfect kind of ordinary day



A spinach pie would not taste the same in England, but a cup of tea in Ano Korakiana is as good as one in Birmingham. Come to Greece in October hoping for weather as blue and breezy warm as we've enjoyed the last three days, you risk autumn weather that we do better in England for the whole of a week's late holiday. Thus last Wednesday morning was deep grey with the promise of pouring rain. How skillfully the bus driver negotiated the bend at the bridge and the close pressing walls of houses in Agios Markos on the winding road to town from Ano Korakiana.

"I don't like the look of that crag" says Lin peering up from the bus at a place where the rocks of the trompeta ridge emerge as serrated cliffs from the hollyoak cover above the road to the sea at Pyrgi. "It looks as if bits of it could fall down at any moment" Lin always drives when we have the car. She misses the chances I have to gaze at the scenery. All the way to town on the 9.00am bus there was hardly a stop, but for traffic lights. We travelled with three fellow passengers.

"Why don't they run a minibus service between the village and the town?" said Lin

"Then there might be problems when I want to bring my bicycle"

"You can get a folder onto a minibus plus plenty of shopping bags"

We were visiting our new accountant in Ioann.Theotoki, just of San Rocco Square. On Monday while Lin was still in bed, I'd dropped the car, almost with relief, at the airport, unfolded my bicycle and cycled into town, wending through back streets to busy San Rocco, thence to the bank where I was in and out in an astonishing 10 minutes, having collected cash and the pink slips for three previous transactions – the paperwork seldom easily forthcoming but vital to showing none of our earnings come from wages in Greece. From there I cycled down N.Theotoki to Ploos Bookshop where, in their dark study at the back, immersed in the smell of books and coffee, I used their WiFi to do email and post images of Aristedes Metallinos' work describing village life on Democracy Street.

Near noon, the sun seeping into the narrow streets, I made my way to the bus station, via the seafront of the old harbour. Our neighbour, Katerina and, others from the village, were waiting for the 1215 bus, she, as always, chatting brashly about her day to all in hearing.



This Wednesday Lin and I visited the second floor offices up narrow marble stairways to see George Agious, accountant recommended by Cinty. We had, as we suspected, incurred fines for tax returns not submitted. We paid these plus an accountant's fee, signed the forms and emerged into sheeting rain, arguing about who held the umbrella as we walked gingerly along the slippery marble pavements towards Ploos where Lin needed to complete a form for the small claims court in England where she's vigorously challenging a opportunist claim for an absurd parking fee at Newtown Shopping Centre.

Continued on Page 24

The World of Simon
Continued from Page 23

We bickered about hiccoughs. How come our previous Corfu accountant had defaulted on submitting our nil Greek tax returns? How dare this UK company charge nothing for 2 hours then jump you with an £85 breach of contract claim for the next 5 minutes? Then an email from the Highlands

“Blimey look at this” I downloaded a statement of fees incurred during the selling of mum’s house “They’ve parlayed their take to over 5% of the sale price!”

We continued a Charles-and-Carrie row about human depravity as we strolled to the bus station munching a spinach pie and a cheese pie from the small baker by the quay. The sky had turned - it seemed quite abruptly - entirely cloudless, pools of rain quickly drying on the uneven pavements.

“You know that every year in Padstow they hold a Greek pastry eating competition?”

“No?”

“Every competitor gets to eat a spanakopita, a tiropita and one more pastry of their choice – a sausage roll, an apple pie, whatever. They stand on a small square of white cardboard. The idea is to eat all three pastries in under 7 minutes with no filo crumbs falling outside the square or on your clothes. It’s very popular with the Greek community in the West Country but loads of others join in. Since the event began about 6 years ago the Greeks have always walked away with the prizes.”

“Amazing”

“Sorry I was going on at you”

On Tuesday Daniel Blom, Corfu Transport Partners, and his helpers arrived as scheduled in an estate car at the top of the steps down from Democracy Street. They manhandled a chest of drawers to the downstairs bedroom, and two heavier ones to the balcony and into our upstairs room, were paid, and departed.



The [windvane](#) from Brin Croft, protectively packaged by Lin before leaving Scotland, fitted Steve Lee’s bracket. I raised the windvane, enjoying showing it off to the neighbours – though the Latin letters in sheet metal are puzzling, given that, in Greek, N for North should be Β, *Βορρά*, while South should be Ν for *Νότια*, with Α for East, *Ανατολή*, and delta – *Δυτικό* for West. Our vane can be seen from both balconies as well as from the top of the steps onto *Democracy Street*, so we can say to visitors “Look for the house with the wind vane on the corner”. One problem. The arm of Steve’s bracket is rigid in the vertical but twists sideways in the slightest breeze

“Take it down now!” says Lin “It’ll either break the bracket or twist it off the wall”

I unscrewed the four coach bolts holding the bracket and strolled up to Steph’s and Wesley’s house beyond St George’s Church. Steph guided me down winding iron stairs to Wesley’s large workshop where I heard the crackle of an acetylene torch.



‘Wesley’s workshop’

Wes pushed his goggles onto his forehead and paid me acute attention as I described the torque on the bracket with a photo and measurements.

“Leave it with me”

He had in mind welding a supporting arm between the foot of the head of Steve’s bracket that will fix to the house wall a couple of feet to its right. Steph made us coffee and I spoke a little about the amazing marble sculptures in the [Metallinos Museum](#).

"It's not *just* the 'naughty museum'. There's lots lots more to the man"

“How sad it would be if all that work had to leave the village”

"That's the problem. No-one seems to know what to do with the collection...Arestides may have been a simple artist. He wasn't a simple man."

EASTER

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

My earliest memories of Easter, when I was a child in the 30's, are solely of chocolate eggs, but when, a few weeks short of my 13th birthday I became organist and choirmaster at St. Leonard's church in Norwich everything changed. There starting with the ceremonial chanting of the Gospel on Palm Sunday followed by the Maunday Thursday and Good Friday observances, Easter burst upon us with First Evensong at six o'clock on the Saturday with the lighting of the Pascal Candle and the blessing of the Easter garden with its empty tomb. Easter Sunday was celebrated with choral services at eight in the morning, High Mass at eleven and Evensong at six. The church was always packed at choral services for the choir which I had inherited from my school Music Master. It was locally famous. At major festivals we opened the double doors at the back of the church and arranged chairs in the Parish hall increasing our capacity from 250 to 400 and yet services were standing-room only. My memory of those occasions is still vivid.

There followed an intermission of three years when I was in the army and then at Wembley and later at Hampton the greater festivals Christmas and Easter were celebrated with bright ceremonial, especially at the latter where I can still recall congregations of 800 or more bellowing the well-known hymns. Since then things have noticeably declined in Britain, the noble, majestic, dignified, erudite, Anglican Church of those days has degenerated into a three-ring circus with the Clown of Canterbury as Ringmaster.



'The Magic of Easter'

However, since I have come to Corfu and witnessed the Greek observance I have been greatly impressed with the various ceremonies that attend Easter, the processions in the previous week not only in Town but in the villages, including the unique pot throwing on the Saturday then the completion of the Liturgy in the crowded village plateia, everyone bearing a candle leading the cry of 'Christos Anesti' 'Alithios Anesti' on the stroke of mid-night and the subsequent firework display. The priests endeavor to sing their traditional Easter hymn but it becomes inaudible. Then there is the breaking of the Lenten fast. An elderly neighbour used to bring me traditional delicacy, Kokeretsi, but since she has died I have been unable to obtain any locally. On the Easter day there is a traditional meal of roast lamb served everywhere. The churches are packed, often with congregations overflowing outside; there is no gutless Political Correctness here. I always look forward to joining with the throngs in their happy celebrations.

Conversations with Dr McGoo

BY LANCE MAGNUSSON

Dr Magoo Tells Us More About His Family

I must say, I was very upset when I viewed my parents' Last Will and Testament after they passed away twenty years ago, and discovered that my little sister had inherited half their estate! Half!!! I had told her time and time again from when we were in our early teens that I should inherit everything. After all, not only am I the male sibling, I am also the elder, but

I am of course the high achiever of the family, with my first class Doctorate in Theoretical Particle Physics from that University in Wisconsin which for reasons I cannot fathom no-one has ever heard of. Whereas my sister (female and younger than me!) is only an ex Olympic Dressage medallist and a critically acclaimed novelist, and all she possesses as an academic qualification is a Masters Degree in English Literature!

Continued on Page 26

Conversations with Dr. McGoo
Continued from Page 25

Now, I'm no misogynist and I'm certainly not against academic qualifications (how could I be, with the one I have!), but I really feel that all this learning stuff is rather wasted on women. Look at my sister - her education was completely misspent on her. What has she done with it? If she'd wanted to carry on her education, she should have studied art at the local college of further education, then she could have made pots or something for a hobby. Or secretarial training if she really wanted a cerebral career. But she would fritter her time away with her horses! What did she ever get out of that? The sponsorship deal she wangled just before the Olympics from that riding paraphernalia company (who wants to wear HARNESS and TACK!? Perverts!!!) constituted in my view a huge squandering of the firm's money. And that first novel, which no-one read except for the critics, was a massive drain on arboreal resources. I seem to recall that it had a thriller plot based on horse riders at the Olympics (how on earth did she think THAT up?). I always wondered how it got to be top of the New York Times Bestsellers List. Still, that's almost certainly because, as people the world over are - like me - increasingly coming to recognise, all Americans are ignorant and ill-educated.

No, males should never have to compete against women. Their place is in the kitchen. That Hitler guy definitely had the right idea! Though sometimes I think women should not even be in the kitchen. Look at my cleaner. She comes once a week and throws me out while she does her work, and when I get back from loitering around the plateia, I find that everything in the kitchen has been moved around - cutlery put in the drawer and plates neatly stacked, that sort of thing. She's probably got some sort of lousy masters degree as well.

Qualifications are truly wasted on women. Once they get them, what do they do? They go out and get worthless jobs, such as in medicine or engineering or journalism, and we all know that all journalists are liars - especially women journalists! Or they become teachers, and pass on all that equality nonsense to their pupils - and sometimes they get to be headteachers! I remember the good old days when schools always had a headMASTER, and that's how it should be! I believe that some women are even going into finance and becoming investment bankers, instead of being happy with a clerical post as they should.

When she was studying for her useless Oxford first class degree in literature, my sister apparently used to get drunk all the time. I am reliably informed that she would go down the pub every Saturday night and consume a half pint of cider. At that time of course I was already in full-time employment, not ripping off the taxpayer to fund MY education, and all I ever had was a bottle of vodka every night! (I must say that this ouzo stuff is a very inferior product, but that's Corfu for you!) At the time I was just starting my

career trajectory as a shelf stacker - and Deep Thinker - in Tesco. I can boast forty years in the same job - quite an achievement in these tough economic times!

My sister came over here a few years ago on a month's holiday, and she called in to see me a couple of times. We went down to the plateia so she could buy me a few vodkas, and she got into conversation with the locals. I wasn't aware that she speaks fluent Greek! It's nearly as good as mine, with my fluent command of five words (plus of course the ubiquitously useful 'bah' and 'po po po'), so I can't understand why this local lot talked to her and not to me. After she left, one of them said to me that he'd no idea I had such an interesting and accomplished (and famous, I think he said) sister. I just groaned and rolled my eyes. What does he know? Next thing, he commented, she'll be writing a bestseller about Corfu, and it will really boost our tourist industry. I groaned again and rolled my eyes some more.

My ignorant sister praised the outdoor market in Corfu Town as one of the nicest she had seen anywhere in Europe, with its wonderfully fresh vegetables and fish (I quote her here). I went once, and amongst the stalls selling foreign muck, I found that there was not a single one purveying plastic toys! I find this quite remarkable, because I am reliably informed (by someone who has been in person to Barcelona) that in France all the outdoor markets sell plastic toys rather than rubbish foreign-muck food. Where else could I buy plastic soldiers and a plastic gun so I can recreate those wonderfully intense games I played as a child! Games that my sister refused to join in with, thus wrecking my childhood and for all I know my whole life too. That's women for you!



Gooners Gags

I keep getting the urge to purchase white bears from the Arctic.....
My Doctor thinks I might be 'Buy Polar'

*Doctor, Doctor, will this ointment clear up my spots?
I never make rash promises!*

I, for one, like Roman Numerals

*I was totally stumped when someone asked me what the word 'ham' would sound like with no vowels.
"Hmmm" I thought to myself*

Today's riddle for seniors...Here is the situation:

You are on a horse, galloping at a constant speed.

On your right side is a sharp drop-off.

On your left side is an elephant traveling at the same speed as you.

Directly in front of you is a galloping kangaroo and your horse is unable to overtake it.

Behind you is a lion running at the same speed as you and the kangaroo.

What must you do to get out of this highly dangerous situation?

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Quietly get off the merry-go-round and go home!

The French President is sitting in his office when his telephone rings.

'Hallo, Mr. Hollande!' a heavily accented voice said. 'This is Paddy down at the Harp Pub in County Clare, Ireland. I am ringing to inform you that we are officially declaring war on you! We voted to reject the Lisbon treaty!'

'Well Paddy, Hollande replied. How big is your army?'

'Right now,' says Paddy, after a moment's calculation, 'there is myself, me Cousin Sean, me next door neighbour Seamus, and the entire darts team from the pub. That makes eleven!'

Hollande paused. 'I must tell you, Paddy, that I have 100,000 men in my army waiting to move on my command.'

'Begorra!' says Paddy. 'I'll have to ring you back.'

Sure enough, the next day, Paddy calls again. 'Mr. Hollande, the war is still on. We have managed to get us some infantry equipment!'

'And what equipment would that be Paddy?' Hollande asks.

'Well, we have two combines, a bulldozer, and Murphy's farm tractor.'

Hollande sighs amused. 'I must tell you, Paddy, that I have 6,000 tanks and 5,000 armoured personnel carriers. Also, I have increased my army to 150,000 since we last spoke.'

'Saints preserve us!' says Paddy. 'I'll have to get back to you.'

Sure enough, Paddy rings again the next day. 'Mr. Hollande, the war is still on! We have managed to get ourselves airborne! We have modified Jackie McLaughlin's ultra-light with a couple of shotguns in the cockpit, and four boys from the Shamrock Bar have joined us as well!'

Hollande was silent for a minute and then cleared his throat. 'I must tell you, Paddy, that I have 100 bombers and 200 fighter planes. My military bases are surrounded by laser-guided, surface-to-air missile sites. And since we last spoke, I have increased my army to 200,000!'

'Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!' says Paddy, 'I will have to ring you back.'

Sure enough, Paddy calls again the next day. 'Top o' the mornin', Mr. Hollande! I am sorry to inform you that we have had to call off the war.'

Really? I am sorry to hear that,' says Hollande. 'Why the sudden change of heart?'

'Well,' says Paddy, 'we had a long chat over a few pints of Guinness and packets of crisps, and we decided there is no f****n' way we can feed 200,000 prisoners.'

Gooners Gags *Continued from page 27*

Even though we didn't realise it at the time,
most of the 50++++ generation
was HOME SCHOOLED.....!!!!!!!!!!!!

1. My mother taught me TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE.
"If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning."
2. My mother taught me RELIGION.
"You better pray that will come out of the carpet."
3. My father taught me about TIME TRAVEL.
"If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week!"
4. My father taught me LOGIC.
"Because I said so, that's why."
5. My mother taught me MORE LOGIC.
"If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you're not going to the store with me."
6. My mother taught me FORESIGHT.
"Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident."
7. My father taught me IRONY.
"Keep crying, and I'll give you something to cry about."
8. My mother taught me about the science of OSMOSIS.
"Shut your mouth and eat your supper."
9. My mother taught me about CONTORTIONISM.
"Just you look at that dirt on the back of your neck!"
10. My mother taught me about STAMINA.
"You'll sit there until all that spinach is gone."
11. My mother taught me about WEATHER.
"This room of yours looks as if a tornado went through it."
12. My mother taught me about HYPOCRISY.
"If I told you once, I've told you a million times, don't exaggerate!"
13. My father taught me the CIRCLE OF LIFE.
"I brought you into this world, and I can take you out..."
14. My mother taught me about BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION ..
"Stop acting like your father!"
15. My mother taught me about ENVY.
"There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don't have wonderful parents like you do."
16. My mother taught me about ANTICIPATION.
"Just wait until we get home."
17. My mother taught me about RECEIVING.
"You are going to get it from your father when you get home!"
18. My mother taught me MEDICAL SCIENCE.
"If you don't stop crossing your eyes, they are going to get stuck that way."
19. My mother taught me ESP.
"Put your sweater on; don't you think I know when you are cold?"
20. My father taught me HUMOUR.
"When that lawn mower cuts off your toes, don't come running to me."
21. My mother taught me HOW TO BECOME AN ADULT.
"If you don't eat your vegetables, you'll never grow up."
22. My mother taught me GENETICS.
"You're just like your father."
23. My mother taught me about my ROOTS.
"Shut that door behind you. Do you think you were born in a barn?"
24. My mother taught me WISDOM.
"When you get to be my age, you'll understand."
25. My father taught me about JUSTICE .
"One day you'll have kids, and I hope they turn out just like you!"

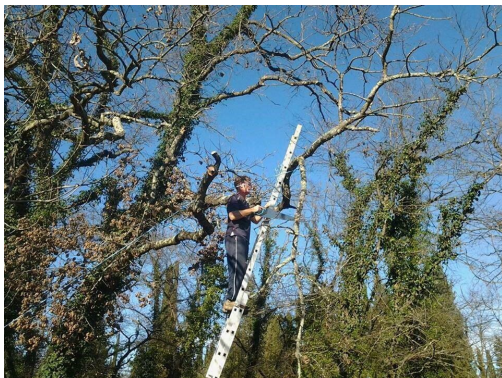
Corfu - The Good Life, March 2016

By
Les and Chris

Garden & Veg patch

Taking advantage of the mainly good weather over the last few weeks we have made good progress with the pruning of tree's and planting and seeding veg.

We have 3 large Fig trees on our land that have suffered from not being pruned for many a long year, so over a period of 3 days we pruned the Fig trees severely to the point that I thought we had gone a bit too far but thankfully over the last few days there is plenty of new growth showing, so we will feed and manicure them as they grow.



'Tree pruning'

Veg patch is coming on well, "First" potatoes have been in for over a month and every seed potato planted has sprouted and are looking good. The "second" potatoes have just gone in and are also coming along well so we should be pretty self-sufficient as far as potatoes go.

Broad beans have come on tremendous and we already have quite a few bean pods coming along well and should be ready for picking in the next month.

We have brought on from seeds, carrots, beetroots, cucumbers, aubergines, various types of peppers, peas. Tomato seeds did not do too well so we have just bought a few plant to help us along till ours come on.

Still having an on-going battle with the moles! But through a combination of digging up and exposing the tunnels below and newly formed molehill and planting of the blue "kill pills" we seem to be keeping the little blighters away from the veg patch and the garden but we will see?

Good news, our chickens have just started laying and we are getting a couple of eggs a day.

But sadly we have just lost one of the chickens to illness but the remainder are doing well.

It has been amazing to observe the onset of the Corfiot spring.

All our fruit trees have survived the winter and are starting to show an abundance of leaves and blossom so we will be looking forward to our first crop of various fruits.

All the other trees on the land and surrounding fields are coming on well and changing day by day.

The variation of local birds that are now starting to appear in the garden is amazing, we especially like the little "Hoopoe's" that appear now and then.

Blood Donations.

In early Feb, one of our friends had an accident and the system required several units of blood to be made available before the operation could take place.

So we both gave a unit of blood and donated it to the blood bank system to allow our friend's operation take place.

Which happened the next day and we are glad to report that the operation went very well and she is recuperating at home in the UK.

This was a big wake up call for us, as it was not something we were aware off but we both intend to make regular blood donations as a precaution for our future or to maybe help someone out again.

Corfu Carnival.

What an experience, had a few trips in to Corfu town to sample the atmosphere and the sights.

Although the weather was changeable we managed to take in the Venetian Ball and Opera, performed from the balconies at the town hall and the parades through the streets.



Quite unique.

'Carnival'

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Trip to Mainland

We recently made a four day trip to Ioannina and Zagoria, really had a nice time but was a little shocked at just how rundown some parts of Ioannina were.

But still had a nice time wandering around the towns sights and exploring the taverna's and restaurants.

Spent a whole day walking and exploring the mountainous area of Zagoria and its pretty little village's and unique style of bridges.

One of our walks took us to the little mountain side village of Kentriko, where you can visit an ancient Monastery and stand on a balcony overlooking the famous Vidos Gorge which is recorded as being deeper than the Grand Canyon in the USA.



Zagoria



Very close to Ioannina is a little village called Perama, which is famous for its caves.

One particular chain of caves has been opened up and you can take a guided tour, which takes approx. an hour, would highly recommend, well worth a visit.



'Caves'

As nice as the area was, it made us realise just how pretty Corfu is.

We have also been continuing with our exploration of the island via our walks and also with the local walking group mainly led by Jan and Paul.

Thankfully with the good weather over the recent months we have been able to explore plenty of the beautiful little villages and areas of the island.

Loved the little partly abandoned village of Mengoulas up North and out trip to the big cave at Loutses.



'Caves at Loutses'

In the village of Gastori we found what is meant to be the oldest and largest Olive tree on the island and its trunk has a circumference of 19 meters, said to be over 400 years old!



'Big tree' >

Our new addition to the family!

There has been a little stray dog hanging around the village and sleeping by the church.

The locals had been feeding him on tit bits and he appeared to be doing well.

He seemed a really friendly little thing and we had a few conversations about adopting him.

So when we were on our way home from Ioannina, we agreed that if he was still in the village and unclaimed we would offer him a home.

So scanning the village as we arrived back the little dog was nowhere to be seen, hopefully someone had taken him in?

A few days later as I was coming back in to the village, there he was in the village square, playing about and happily greeting anyone that crossed his path.

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So scooping him up I took him home and presented him to Chris who loves him.

We had some left over chicken and other bits we found to feed him then he settled down on an old blanket and slept for an hour.

'Jihadi Gip, the terrorist dog!' >



Leaving him tethered up at the house, off we went to buy food, collar, Flea collar, food bowl, lead, etc etc.

Deliberating over a name on the way back to the house, we decided upon "Gip"

When Chris was little, her family had a dog that looked very similar and its name was Gip.

So Gip it was! - Not that he takes any notice at all!

We have only had him a few days and he really is a lovable, playful dog, we think he is about 12 weeks old. Our peaceful, tranquil life in Corfu is over!

He is an absolute demon, very very playful, so much so you never get a minutes peace except when he is asleep or eating.

You will be waking by and he lays in wait for you and pounces out, nipping and playfully attacking you.

He reminds me of "Cato" and we take turns in being attacked like Inspector Clouseau in the Pink Panther movies!

Nothing is safe anymore, slippers, shoes or anything he can reach disappears out somewhere in the garden!

As you know we have several chickens and until the arrival of Gip our chickens were free range, they could wander around the land completely unbothered.

We have been trying to slowly introduce the dog to the chickens but he still sees them as play things and just wants to chase them.

We normally tether Gip up by the house for a couple of hour periods throughout the day to allow the chickens to roam free especially in the evenings.

One evening we forgot to close the chicken pen back up!

So waking up bright and early the next morning, still in my pyjamas I gave Gip his usual morning feed then I untethered him to allow him to roam about and all

appeared normal!

Until there was an unholy noise coming from outside. Upon opening the door, I was greeted by the sight of chickens being scattered in every direction and Gip spoilt for choice as to which chicken to chase.

I was trying to round the chickens up in an attempt to get them to the safety of their pen but Gip had set his sights on one particular chicken and was chasing her all over the place.

The chicken with Gip in hot pursuit disappeared around the side of the house, so after getting the rest of the chickens safely back in to their pen I ran round to the front of the house, following the noises of dog barking and chicken squawking.

To be greeted by the sight of the dog going berserk to get under the car to get to the poor chicken that had wisely taken refuge on the strut behind the passenger side front wheel.

Collecting the dog and tethering him back up I now had to attempt to coax the chicken out from behind the wheel, no chance.

So still in my pyjamas I had to almost crawl under the car to get a hand on her to pull the poor thing out and take her back to the safety of the pen.

Checking her over she appeared to be fine except for a few missing feathers!

But don't think we will be getting any eggs from the chickens for the next few days after their early morning shock!

Good News!

The village taverna has opened back up after a winter break for the owners and is being frequented again by all.

Our friends Lennart & Saane (who have been wintering in the village) are in their last few days of their stay and will be returning to Sweden in the 1st week of April.

I/ we will miss them as they have been good company over the winter months as we had spent a fair bit of time together especially over the Christmas and New Year period.

Have a safe journey home.

We were all invited to the Oxi day celebratory meal at the tavern which we thoroughly enjoyed a meal of Corfiot fish dishes and local veg all cooked by Nikos and served by Anna.

Big thank you to Nikos & Anna.

Still living the Good Life, Chris, Les and Gip.