

The Agiot

64th Edition

This Month

Agiotfest 13: How to Help You to Help Us to Help you.
Page 1-2

Agiotfest Sponsors & Partners.
Page 2

When Nita was Young: Chapter 5.
Page 3-4

Village News.
Page 4

Corfu Weather Statistics.
Page 4

OCAV Property - a New Beginning.
Page 5

News from the North.
Page 5

Good Bargains to be had.
Page 6

Aunt Lula's Love-Bites.
Page 6

Pieces of Gossip.
Page 7

Fleashpots of The North. (See Mark's kind prize.)
Page 8-9

Advertising.
Page 9

Ten things we like about Corfu..
Page 10-11

Intruders.
Page 11-12

The Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal.
Page 12

Agiotfest 13: How to Help You to Help Us to Help You

By
The Minstrel

We will help you to enjoy the Fest more each time simply by trying our hardest to make 2013 the best yet. We will try to improve the show, the venue, the caliber, the fun, and the facilities.

At present we have a shortlist of bands to head this year's event.

It never gets easier selecting the right choice. You can never please everybody. Some bands cannot make our date, some won't travel overseas from the U.K., and others are just too expensive. But we have been there before and are confident we will get a popular top-liner for 2013. We already have penciled in a strong supporting line-up. There is a buzz about our event which is growing like a snowball.

More than ever we now require your help. How can you help? Some of you already know, and give voluntary help, free time, are working with the Fest, are Sponsors or Share-holders. Some of you are Media Part-

ners. Some of you are musicians. And last but not most important of all most of you are fans. Here below are a few ways YOU can make this yearly Festival a truly great one down the years. Do any one of the following and you are pushing us a bit further towards the stars. Do more than one and your contribution grows apace.

1] A simple thing to help nudge us along is to visit; www.facebook.com/agiotfest, there you can register your 'like'. In this way we steadily have root growth and viral growth of our presence on the internet. Better still go on and vote for your favourite band. It is not too late to influence this year's choice. Vote for a local act or band. Simply visit the above and have your say. Say anything! It all helps. The response has been terrific already during the last week.

2] Join the NEW 100+ CLUB. It is the brain-child of Agiot Supporter Ken Harrop, from Nimfes.

Ken and his wife Jan have long been ardent supporters of local charities, especially

The Smile Of A Child, and have been fund-raisers for several years through such events as darts competitions on Corfu.

Now, in association with the Agiotfest, they have embarked upon the setting up of the 100+ club, which will have the aim of supporting local charities, providing much-needed funding for the Agiotfest, and returning a proportion of the contributions to members in the form of monthly draws, 100 Euros prize for the winning draw.

So far nearly 50 people on the island have signed up so we are asking another 50+ to enroll.

Subscriptions are 52 Euros per year payable quarterly in advance.



Continued on Page 2

Agiotfest 13: How to Help You to Help Us to Help You
Continued from Page 1

The first draw is scheduled for May 1st. We are looking out venues across Corfu for each draw to take place in. Step forward if you have a taverna, bar or similar that would like to be such a venue.

In the north of the island anybody wishing to sign up should contact one of the following;

Ken on 6946949545

Louise - Hovoli Bar, Acharavi

Sandra - Mediterranean Corner Market, Roda

Paul & Tina - Baze Bar, Sidari

Lisa - Chippy Chippy, Sidari

Paul Scotter is promoting in the Central area and can be reached on 6948701369.

Lucy Steele is promoting in the town and Perama area and can be reached on 6975833654

Anybody interested in becoming a promoter, especially in the south, should contact Paul on 6974932408.

Please visit Facebook Agiotfest for further information about how you can take part and make your

contributions.

3] Join us as a Sponsor. Shortly, we will be approaching our existing and loyal Sponsor's for their continued support. Look at our Sponsor's page below to see who is on board. We are upping our Sponsor's exposure on four websites now and will be including them on all relevant advertising material. This runs throughout the year. We strongly believe that Sponsorships associated with Agiotfest will increasingly benefit from their association with our growth.

4] Tell us of needy causes. We are not a charity but we hope to always be charitable. It is very pleasing that a growing amount of our revenue is diverted to those who need help most.

5] Buy a ticket before the day. There will be a discounted price for this. There will also be a discounted price for group purchases of tickets. AND we will not increase ticket prices for the 5th consecutive year. Children under 13 have FREE entrance. Feel happy to enquire. All questions of this nature should be sent via the official sites:

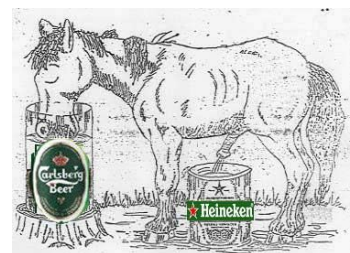
www.agiotfest.co.uk,
www.agiotfest.gr
or ring 6974932408.

6] Look out on the above sites for future fun and fund-raising events linked to the Agiotfest. We are having the World Famous Losers' Cup again this Spring-time, and part of the ticket entrance will go direct to the Agiotfest fund. Join this only if you are unfit.

7] We are planning a dinner-dance or some similar fun evening, for promotion of our unique annual party. Come along. This will be during the Easter period.

Help us in some or other of these ways and we in turn will help you with Bigger Bands, More Days, More Fun, More Goodwill, and More Years.

We love Agiotfest and we know a growing number of you do too. Let that love grow.



Our Sponsors and Partners

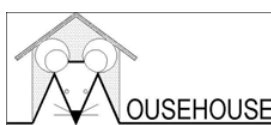
Once again our huge thanks and respect goes to these, our sponsors and partners.

Quite simply, there would be no Agiotfest without them.



Flight socks available at www.daylong.co.uk

Partners



When Nitsa was Young

By
Lord Biro

Chapter 5: The Prika



Our Nitsa has known her husband Kostas since she was seven. She is now eighty-two. They both attended the same village school, though Nitsa a

few years later. That school was in our current home, Villa Sofia. It occupied what is today our second son's bedroom. It is stretching the imagination to conceive all those children-and desks-in such a small space.

The pair started to notice each other when Nitsa was 20 and for two years their innocent meetings were conversational, usually in company, and ended with a polite peck on the cheek. Then Kostas became ardent and when Nitsa turned 22 they became engaged. Their entertainment in those far-off days was largely centred upon the various panigyris or, occasionally they would walk to Afra Cross, the closest bus terminal, and get a 5 drachma ticket to town, to go to the cinema. On the homeward journey they would navigate under the moon. Nitsa especially remembers a film 'Gorfo', the drama of a woman who falls in love, but is prevented from marrying her sweetheart by disapproving parents, and commits suicide. On these cinema trips they were often accompanied by Rika and her boyfriend Polymari, who

still live close by the Kostas Taverna.

Now, Nitsa's mum Sofia liked the bold young Kostas but was worried that her daughter would enter a married life of toil, as Kostas had three sisters whose dowries he was responsible for, and therefore he needed to work hard to ensure all three were satisfied. But love overcame, as it normally does.

In 1955 Nitsa had a form of cataract and needed to go to Athens in the October for an operation. Kostas went with her on the ferryboat Glaros [Seagull], in a very rough sea, she recalls, via Levkada, Zakynthos and the Isthmus of Corinth. It took 24 hours to reach Piraeus. Many people on this voyage were sea-sick.

In Athens they stayed with Kostas' childhood friend Lakis, now married with children and living in the Capital. Lakis was a builder who until a few years back owned part of the Cactus Hilton. For the time our sweethearts were in Athens, Kostas worked on the building sites for his friend and earned enough to pay the trip's expenses. Nitsa went with her blurred vision to the hospital, where she remained for two weeks. After four or five days she had a successful operation and was discharged a week or so later. There did not seem to be a bed shortage!

Back to Agios Ioannis and Kostas continued his hard work, transporting with a horse and cart many stones from the family groves at Capri to the plateia. The taverna which stands to this day then had but a small first floor storey. The job-in-hand was to extend this 'upwardly extension' in the direc-

tion of Rika's home. This building work was for the provision of a marriage home for our couple and took eighteen months to complete. The fashion here in the fifties was to clad the stone, to plaster it. A stone cottage undressed was considered a 'poor man's cottage'. This ideology persists on the island with many Corfiots.

Prikas were held traditionally on the Thursday before the wedding day. On such a fine day in August 1957, Nitsa had her Prika at her family home at Bay, close to the current-day traffic lights. The Mayor at the time was Rika's father Giorgos. He came to make an official Dowry list. All interested parties needed to sign this document.

The bride was required to provide two mattresses, the lower one filled with grass [tsiva], the upper with sheep wool, which was well washed. These mattresses were home-made but with purchased fabric and a mattress mistress to supervise the assembly.

Also part of this dowry were 12 sheets and pillow cases, one cotton-filled duvet, 2 cotton and 1 wool blanket, home-made carpets, curtains, 12 towels both large and small, 12 tea towels, table cloths for both summer and winter, a night-dress and underwear, and socks and pyjamas for the groom.

Continued on Page 4

When Nitsa was Young: The Prika
Continued from Page 3

This vast array was carried by a group of kopeles [unmarried girls] along the lane to the matrimonial home. It was fashionable to have open trucks for this procession [they had largely taken over from the more poetic horse and cart] but this distance was considered short enough to 'go with their legs'. These girls had helped to prepare the dowry items and sang merrily throughout two days of labour and the procession towards the taverna.

In the new bedroom awaiting these gifts, focus was on the 'making of the bed', which was traditionally prepared by virgins. Lots

of love and care was creating a special love-nest. The girls continued their singing and chirping as they laid confectionery and visitors placed small denominations of money upon the bed.

Three days later on Sunday 25th August Nitsa and her Kostas were married at the church under blue skies. Nitsa was given away by her brother Giorgos Analiti, and attended by two little bridesmaids. The priest was Papakinos from Potamos. He was newly -ordained and this was his first wedding. His first baptism some time later was for Lula, the first daughter. There were violins playing in the church and the reception was held, where else, the taverna. One hundred people

sat to roast spit lamb, roast potatoes, and rice [a custom]. Salata, cheeses, salami, bread and wine to wash down this feast, with the violinists now joined by a man on accordion and a guitarist. Nitsa says it was a lovely day in lovely weather with singing and dancing for hours.

I asked her where the honeymoon was. She smiled and said Capri [the olive groves]. I'm not sure if she was joking or not.

Village News

By
Paul McMann

Now that the excitement of Christmas, New Year and Epiphany has passed, although the plateia lights still shine, the village has relapsed into its usual winter somnolence, the silence broken only by the strident buzz of chainsaw-chewing firewood; the angry screech of passing scooters and the clamour of local canines resenting the incursion of stray dogs and gypsies, occasionally relieved by the rattling chatter of little Alexandros with his friends and the altogether more pleasant sonority of Sosipatros playing his French Horn. This year the 'quiet' season will be unusually protracted as Easter and therefore the carnivals, Clean Monday and Lent are exceptionally late.

Old Angelos Vasilikis, a local vintner, has recently gone to his rest. Is it possible that he may now be receiving lessons in turning wa-

ter into wine?

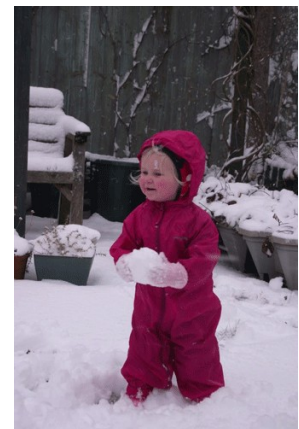
January was notable for a lot of rain, sometimes falling in great globules and buckets. The sound of water splashing roof-top in the gossippings was its own symphony of delight.

No visitors in this quiet month and a lull in the Great Fence War, which is bound to warm up with the weather.



"A McMann Disaster"

Corfu Weather Statistics



Emily Tickle from
Villa Theodora North

January 2013

Min. Temp: 10°C
Max. Temp: 17°C
Avg. Temp: 13.5°C
Max. Precipitation: 132.34 mm
Avg. Wind Speed: 12km/h
Max. Gust Speed: 85km/h

Ocay Property - A New Beginning

By
Peter McGovern



We are pleased to announce a new website for the Real Estate at www.ocaypropertycorfu.com.

This is a fresh look at desirable property around the island currently for sale. It runs in conjunction with the existing website at www.propertycorfu.org.



The new location has a handful of properties at present but these will be added to continuously. I am actively seeking and sifting the many properties for sale, with a special eye out for discounted values and genuine and ardent vendors.

Also, we are looking for and providing rental accommodation across the island.

If you think it beneficial to link to this new site then please let me know at



News From The North: *Uncle Bulgaria spots UFO*



“UFO”

Did anyone else see this !!!! ?

Just a quickie, (story of my life.) It is amazing the type of tourists looking to come to Corfu this year. Little Al and myself

just started filming another utube video, and Little Al saw something in the sky not right, I managed to get a few seconds on film before it disappeared. Is this Aliens thinking of coming for a holiday?

Did anyone else see the UFO over Troumpeta 24th Jan about 14.10 hours? I am sure THE Agiot would be interested.

Crappy weather continues, how to pass the time without getting piddled is the problem, it's okay being an alcoholic as one is never totally out of it due to the

enlarged liver giving a higher capacity for booze. BUT what about all you Brits that never drink? How do you all cope with this permanent yuk weather. Still, better than the UK isn't it!!!!

I am and always will be Obnoxious Al.

Good Bargains to be had

By
Kostas McGovern

After an incredibly sluggish start January saw a marked upswing in our villa bookings. Maybe the awful weather in the U.K. and elsewhere had something to do with it.

Now our three main villas are starting to fill, but there are still gaps and generous discounts for selective dates. And we have a large selection of other villas and accommodation across the island. Just ask.

You can check-out: www.ocayvillascorfu.com for availability and tariffs. But don't forget to enquire through the site. You may be very pleasantly surprised!

MouseHouse is a little gem of a retreat in the South of the island, near to the truly beautiful Notos beach. This is an idyllic getaway at incredibly good prices. Hurry before the best weeks melt away.



Agios Ioannis

Villa Theodora. Enough has been said in the past about our beloved Theodora. For those of you who have not visited its tranquil garden with beautiful pool, or sauntered the 100 metres to the enchanting village plateia taverna for drinks with your al fresco meal, then why not try it? You will not be disappointed.

Villa Aphrodite has stunning views with an infinity pool, and is but a short distance from the large and children- must www.aqualand-corfu.com It is as peaceful and relaxing as a villa can be, set in the olive-clad hills near the Ropa valley.

Villa Persephone is always popular. Again, it is quiet and with secluded pool, but only 300 metres from the village plateia, in a beautiful valley nestled below the village.

All three villas have modern appliances and are clean and welcoming. All have air-conditioning.

But this is just the tip of the iceberg. Enquire within.

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Nut Bread

Ingredients

450gr plain flour
200gr sugar
3 tsp baking powder
½ tsp baking soda
½ salt
1 egg beaten
400ml milk
50ml sunflower oil
80-100gr chopped almonds or walnuts

Go:

1. Grease 24 x 11 cm loaf tin. In a large mixing bowl combine flour, sugar, baking powder, baking soda and salt.

2. In another bowl combine the egg, milk and oil. Add the egg mixture to dry mixture. Stir just until moistened (batter should be lumpy). Fold in nuts.

3. Spoon batter into tin. Bake at 180°C for 1 to 1 ¼ hour. Remove from tin. Cool completely on the wine rack. Wrap and store overnight before slicing.

Bon appetit!

Pieces of "Gossip"

By
Simon Baddeley

On stepping into our bedroom we are reminded of the improvisatory confidence with which 'John the builder'; put that part of the 'improved' house together for our credulous predecessors. Tread over the threshold and the floor, sloping below the horizontal, sinks a little and creaks unreassuringly. Nothing serious, but yesterday we got round to rolling back the taupe carpet, unscrewing the chipboard just beyond the door, revealing the new plaster ceiling of the room below and the sturdy unplanned roof beams of the original one storey house on which our bedroom had been built. With a makeshift straight-edge we made a new – this time *level* - support, fixed it firmly between two beams, lowered and screwed down the chipboard and relaid the carpet.

"That was easy enough" Now we need to level one other part of the floor, fix and paint sturdy skirting board on each wall to fill the gap between floor and walls, install a fitted wardrobe – for which we already have the uprights to support a pair of recovered wooden French windows, add in shelves for books and clothes, and do some repainting
*** ** *



I can keep changing inner tubes suffering minute slow punc-

tures but I'd be more confident if I got a new tyre – road tyre 700 x 35c, but what's the other measurement inscribed on this tyre, made in China. 37 – 622? Yianni at the cycle shop next to the old hospital will have what I want. Thorns pierce cycle tyres so easily I always pause before setting out to check and scrub the treads, my specs off so I can peer closely at the rubber, knife tip poised to tease out embedded thorns, near invisible. One thing happens. Mud or excrement picked up on the tread will collect a thorn, which if undiscovered, works its way through the tyre. Removing a deflated inner tube at home I use a bowl of water to find the bubbles from the puncture. Beside the road I'll just use a spare new tube and mend the punctured later, or run the inflated inner tube past my lips to feel for a little stream of escaping air. I also run my fingers carefully round the inside of the tyre to find the culprit cause.

As it is Yianni convinces me, not to buy a new tyre - *yet*; but rather to spend €10 on a product I didn't know existed - a 'thorn resistant' tube. Let's see.

*** ** *

"P at the shop told me George the old man who sits outside the cake shop died a few weeks back. She showed me his picture on her phone. Seemed very matter-of-fact about it. He was 82" Mark told us Tony Blok who'd bought Dave and Fran's house at the bottom of the village at the end

of 2011 had died. "There's more to it" he said Tony Blok met me via email early last year, took me out for an excellent meal in town and invited me to join the croquet club he'd got going on spare ground next to Gouvia marina. We enjoyed several games...



.Gouvia last Spring: the late Anthony Blok on the right

..He was a generous coach, conceding points on purpose without making it obvious. I'd found him reticent - on how he'd come to Corfu, where he'd lived, what he did. Mark and I web-searched his name and found reports that he'd been several years in prison for perjury, money laundering and the theft of a rare painting, still missing, reputedly worth half a million pounds. There's a back story - in which this painting, 'knocked' in 1993 from an elderly lady on the Isle of Man, and misnamed *Girls on the Beach* (or in one text '*grils on a beach*') ended up cremated inside the wooden leg of Michael Underwood, a Brighton 'character' criminal. Tony Blok was accused trying to help Underwood to sell the Orpen. There must be more to this.

Fleshpots Of The North

By
Mark Thompson

Many seasonal visitors to Corfu seem, at least to me, inexplicably drawn to the dubious charms of Kassiope (or as it is often given during the summer *Cassie-o-pie*). Personally I don't find it difficult to resist the lure of this particular resort.

However today I wish to talk about a beach just up the road from Kassiope which is one of my favourites in this part of the island. I'm not saying it's the best or my only favourite rather one of the beaches I like. The beach in question is Avlaki (or as it is often given during the summer *Avlarki*).

At first blush Avlaki doesn't have much to commend it: it's well away from the main road so unless you're staying close by you need transport, whilst there 2 tavernas there is not much else by way of facilities, no shower or lavatories, this season even less of a boardwalk than before and possibly only one rubbish bin. Apart from a small area at the far end there is little sand, the majority of the beach being covered with pebbles and stones, so not ideal for kids.

Given its environs the air is often rent with the voices of British public schoolchildren, you know the type; those who can whisper across three fields! These children invariably seem to be lacking a volume control and appear convinced that everyone will enjoy hearing about the minutiae of

their existence.

However I don't want to paint too dismal a picture because the swimming there is a delight. Having negotiated the stones and pebbles once in the water you will find that the sand beneath your feet falls away sharply and you can swim unhindered in clear, deep water. The locals seem to favour swimming along the beach either from left to right or vice versa whereas many holidaymakers seem to prefer swimming straight out from the beach towards the open sea. Either choice has much to commend it.

Further given the lie of the land I calculate that visitors can enjoy/endure 12 if not 14 hours of sunshine per day at the height of the season. Though whether it's the beach's position, on the NE of the island, or its layout or simply the wind Avlaki seems to be particularly prone to litter. Indeed this seems to be the fate of many beaches on Corfu and I frankly doubt that efforts like the 'Keep Britain tidy' campaign would have much success here.

I'm not a great one for 'working parties' to collect litter, valuable as they no doubt are. I try to do my bit, taking my own rubbish home and within reason collecting what I can of other peoples, plus the inevitable flotsam and jetsam. Though given the presence of only one bin and that often being full this task sometimes seems 'Sisyphian' in nature, still I do what I can. Last summer I

was rewarded on 2 occasions when Greek holidaymakers followed my lead and collected the rubbish around them. Throwing down rather than picking up seems to come more naturally to my fellow countrymen.

One day, towards the end of last season, the gods of litter collection must have been smiling on me. Well do they say that 'no good deed goes unpunished'? Amongst the flotsam and jetsam I found a baseball cap bearing the legend 'Eton College' and also sporting the college crest. This suggests to me that we're either getting a better class of holidaymaker on land or by sea or the tourist shops are stocking a better class of 'hookey gear'.

Whilst I'll wear the cap with pride, see below, the college was most definitely not my alma mater. I did, however, go to a good school - well it must have good it was approved by the government.

In August 1927 in an effort to boost sales whilst people were on holiday the Westminster Gazette, now defunct, launched a daily competition based on English holiday resorts. Every day the newspaper would publish details of which town their representative, Lobby Lud, could be found and a description of what he would be wearing. The name comes from a truncated version of the paper's telegraphic address: *Lobby, Ludgate, London*.

Continued on Page 9

Fleshpots Of The North
Continued from Page 8

A member of the public recognizing Mr. LL had to challenge him with the words 'you are Lobby Lud and I claim my £5.00 (at the time worth about £221.00/€260.00). The competition generated considerable interest, sold newspapers and has re-appeared in many forms over the years, now it's the turn of Corfu.

As the snow has receded from around my village and generally here in the frozen north there are definite signs that spring has finally sprung, and after a long cold lonely winter we'll all, no doubt, shortly be in 'shirt-sleeve order'. Therefore over the next few

months I'll be wearing my newly-found cap around my favourite haunts in the NE of the island, if you like the fleshpots. Any reader of The Agiot who sees me thus attired and challenges me with the words: 'You are Mark Thompson from The Agiot and I claim my prize' will receive from me a bottle of local wine.

This diversion is offered without reference to the Editor and at no expense to The Agiot. I want to meet fellow readers of The Agiot and also to see how observant they are. However my decision on the award of prizes is final and no correspondence can be entered into.



Yours Aye

Mark Thompson in the fleshpots



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Ten Things We Like About Corfu

By
Martyn & Jo Clark

THE ISLAND - Many people call Corfu Paradise and who can argue. You visit virtually any Mediterranean Island and large swathes of it are brown and barren, that is virtually non-existent in Corfu. OK, you pay for it with extremely wet and damp winters but to see the island come alive in the Spring is surely a small price to pay. When we stayed in Corfu for the whole of last summer our son visited the island for the first time and like most first time visitors was absolutely gob smacked by how green the island is. Also the beautiful golden light in the evening just before dusk which looks absolutely brilliant when caught in photographs.

THE PEOPLE - It would be easy to say that the Greek people are friendly to holiday makers because they want them to spend money. In some instances that is true but we have over the past twelve years or so formed long lasting friendships.

THE WEATHER - For the summer months the climate is ideal for people on holiday. Last year was the first we have ever in in Corfu in the height of summer. It was quite hot but to be honest we did not find that to be a problem. WE did though on a few occasions wake up in the morning and hope that it was raining but it never happened. The climate in Corfu encourages outdoor living, something that the vagaries of the English weather do not allow you to do half as much as people would like to. Of course the climate does have a downside which is the mosquito's

THE FOOD - Ask most people of their take on Greek Food and they will say kebabs. For people who have never visited Greece the kebab from the chip shop is their only exposure to anything that vaguely resembles Greek Food. There is though a lot more to it but unfortunately many British visitors are reluctant to eat anything other than the good old standard British fare, they don't know what they are missing.. Even with all the beautiful fresh food we both must admit that when we return to the UK from Corfu there are certain parts of our body that are slightly larger than when we arrived. We have over the past few years acquired a few good Greek cookery books and regularly cook Greek, unfortunately it does not taste quite the same as it does in Corfu and that even goes for Greek restaurants in the UK.

VILLAGE LIFE

In our experience virtually every village we have visited on the island has a sense of community. The small taverna's that are the centre of the villages social life. I suppose it is similar to the village pub in the UK but in Corfu it just seems that bit different. Also the village panigyri there is nothing to compare that to, the only time something similar might happen in the UK is a major Royal occasion and complacency seems to reign so they are becoming things of the past. A stranger will soon be accepted at a panigyri and made to feel welcome which is all part of the proper Greece.

OLIVE TREES & OLIVE OIL

Like many people my first memory

of olive oil was when I was young and I had an ear infection. In those days in the UK olive oil was never really thought of in gastronomic terms. Olive oil has now become an integral part of our diet, not the cheap nasty stuff you buy in the UK Supermarkets but the home produced oil. What is quite amazing is the enormous girth and sinewy shapes of the ancient trees reaching up towards the sun and the dappled light that comes through the branches. If only the trees could speak of the events they have witnessed over many hundreds of years

FAMILY LIFE - There is certainly a stronger bond within families in Greece with much of life revolving around the family. For those of you shall we put it politely, a little more mature then you will remember the same in Britain, unfortunately in many cases those days are long gone. You actually feel safe when out at night and there is never the feeling of insecurity with large gangs of teenagers hanging about like in the UK.

CORFU TOWN - A real favourite of ours there is nothing better than spending time in town people watching whilst partaking in some liquid refreshment. It can be quite entertaining as well as being educational. The best thing though is the architecture, every corner you turn you find something interesting. Also just walking through the streets of the old town on the marble that has been worn smooth by generations of feet.

Continued on Page 11

Ten Things We Like About Corfu
Continued from Page 10

CORFU DONKEY SANCTUARY

Last summer we helped out once a day at the sanctuary after visiting numerous times in previous years. One thing we did learn is that each donkey has its own personality so each one had to be treated as per its personality. It didn't take long to find out the few bolshy ones they have and you invariably cautious when walking round the back of them to avoid being kicked. They are very much in the minority as the majority like nothing more than

a lot of fuss and attention and the occasional treat to eat. Judy who runs the centre does a fantastic job as does Maggie the one employee they have on site. If anyone has any time to spare then pop along they are always looking for volunteers. Even if you haven't the spare time you can always pop along with a few carrots or apples for the donkeys

ATTITUDE & TIME

When we first started holidaying in Greece we used to get exasperated by the laid back attitude of the Greek people. It wasn't so much as laid back as horizontal and the

Greek attitude to time. You do though get used to it as the years pass and eventually to start to appreciate and embrace it. Whilst we were in Corfu for last summer I stopped wearing a watch after the first month. There is no point because things happen when they happen and not at an appointed time.

Intruders

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

A couple of days after Christmas I was out walking when one of my trainers felt rather strange. Because of my weak eyesight I was unable to see what was wrong until I returned home and removed it. Around the toe the upper had become detached from the inner sole which had also separated from the outer sole. From having watched operatives at work in grandfather's shoe factory when I was a child I have usually been able to repair my own footwear, but my poor vision now makes that impossible. I had three other pairs available so I threw the faulty one into the bin and selected another pair from the shoe-rack in the kitchen where they had lain untouched since I had changed summer for winter footwear midway through November.

When I picked up one from the rack a little grey-brown mouse dropped out and scuttled quickly round the corner into the living-

room and under my organ.[Ed. Must have been a mouse organ]

I called urgently to Aspros alias Fatticatti alias Megamog alias Superpuss who was fast asleep on the settee.

He opened one bleary eye. "Can't you see I'm tired? What's all the fuss?"

I had dropped the first trainer and picked up its pair. A small black mouse fell out and scampered after its partner.

Previously I had thought Aspros to be perhaps rather overweight and somewhat lethargic. The mouse had needed to run only two feet from where the cat could have seen it more than ten feet away, but the rodent survived by the merest whisker; one instant Aspros was curled up on the settee and the next he was scabbling frantically under the organ pedal-board at the spot where his prey had vanished, an amazing split-second reaction.

He looked pleadingly up at me. "Help me to move this thing."

He had not a hope. The organ

and pedal-board weigh more than 400kg; at least four strong men and preferably six are needed to lift it. The cat gave up reaching under the pedals and tried to enter the instrument through the aperture around the three expression pedals in the centre of the pedal controls panel. He was too fat; only his head and shoulders could go through even when I kicked him and opened the pedals to their full extent. He prowled furiously around the organ.

Hedges, smaller and slimmer, was also indoors, asleep on my bed. I carried her to the organ and tried to persuade her to enter through the expression pedals gap.

She resisted violently and protested vehemently. "It's the Christmas holiday. I'm not working today." She is a rabid Animal Right activist and even swore at me. I do not know where she learnt such language for her parents, Alexander and Bubble, were very refined creatures. I suspect her of consorting with that vulgar ginger tom from the hotel although I have often warned her against him.

Continued on Page 12

Intruders

Continued from page 11

I shall need to have a word with Vasili about his cat's manners; they are lowering the tone of this respectable neighbourhood.

For days after this whenever Aspros came indoors he suspiciously inspected the organ, but I hesitated to remove the back panel that gives access to the interior; all the casing is of oak and therefore heavy. That panel is held in place by sixteen large screws; I was not sure of being able to manage because of my impaired vision. Until my sight went I always serviced the instrument; there were no Ahlborn agents in Greece when I bought the organ so the builders provided me with their Service Manual. Young Kostas has often ably assisted me; when still at gymnasio he did most of the work in renewing the key contacts on all three manuals. For the two years that I had been partly blind I had not opened the interior of the organ.

Increasingly worried by the thought of the damage that mice

might do to such a valuable instrument I eventually removed that big back panel. Only a few droppings and no mice were revealed; Aspros found nothing to interest him. Even removal of an inner panel to open the compartment housing the four larger speakers showed no trace of any intruders.

Where were those mice? I tried a little-used cupboard in the kitchen. There were a number of droppings in the bottom drawer and many more in the next above. The third drawer was thickly coated. Aspros, Hercules and Musty were all indoors; I called them into the kitchen.

The top drawer was fairly crawling with little black mice. I dropped it to the floor.

For some time I have suspected Misty of lacking drive; his only interest is being petted. Now he quickly leapt on to the top of the cupboard to watch while Aspros and Hercules, made of much sterner stuff, set about earning their keep.

I wish that pair were much bigger; I could make a fortune in

transfer fees. They gave a thrilling display of foot-mouse, intercepting, trapping, dribbling, passing and shooting with exemplary athleticism and skill that would gain them a place in any top-flight soccer team.

Some mice tried to escape into the living-room, but I seized a broom and swept them back into the kitchen. No mouse long survived such rugged usage and in little more than five minutes the pair of disappointed Mousketeers were closely searching every nook and cranny for further entertainment while I swept up dead mice and consigned them to the bin.

My sight seems to be slightly improving as a result of treatment at Corfu Hospital by Dr. Papadopoulos for I managed unaided with no more than a little struggle to replace the organ panels. I am also very relieved to know that I have a team here that can deal efficiently with intruders!

THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION POPPY APPEALCORFU & LEFKADA - 2012

I am very happy to report that the total amount collected for this year's Poppy Appeal amounted to **1,897.06euros** which reminds us all of our continuing generosity and support for our serving troops both at home and abroad.
This amount converted to **1,458.65 Sterling**

Once again I am humbled, and very appreciative, of your response to this annual appeal and, on behalf of The Royal British Legion, I would like to take this opportunity to thank each and every person both here in Corfu and our friends on Lefkada, for your contributions to this very worthy Appeal.

I am never disappointed

Yours very sincerely

Lucy STEELE, M.B.E.