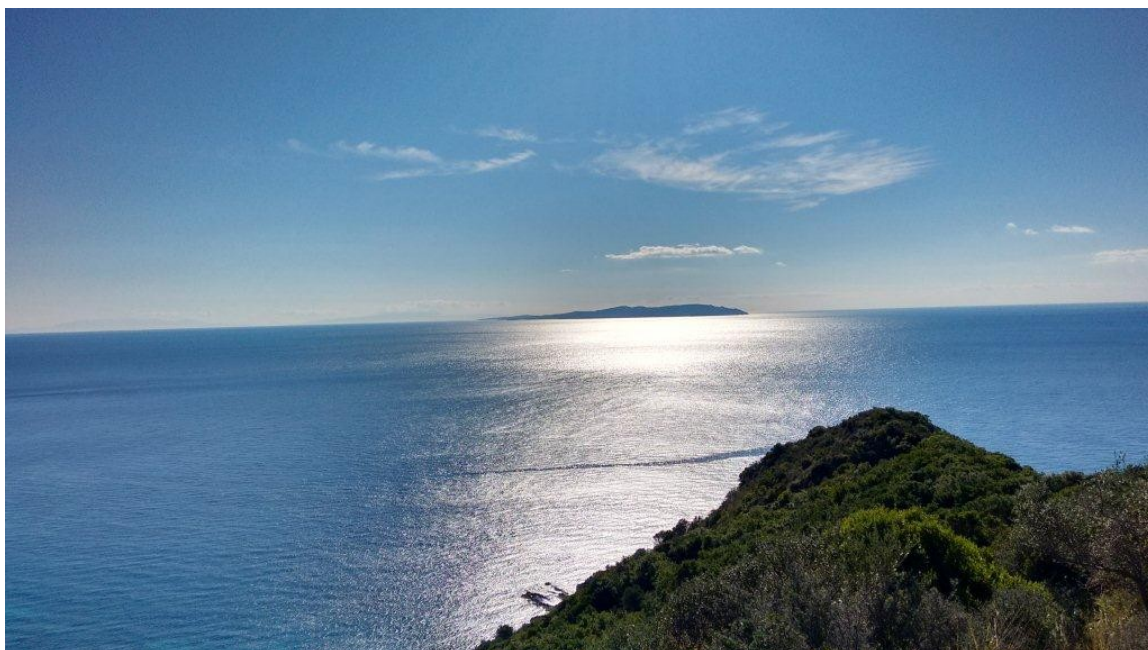


100th Edition

The Agiot

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'Paxos from Corfu'

Agiotfest 16



PURE GENIUS

[https://soundcloud.com/pure_genius/
build-me-up-buttercup](https://soundcloud.com/pure_genius/build-me-up-buttercup)

MOTOWN/SOUL/DANCE
MUSIC

CONFIRMED DATE AUGUST
27TH

AGIOS IOANNIS, CORFU.

8TH STRAIGHT YEAR.

THIS ONE WILL KEEP YOU UP
AND DANCING!!

Floyd Arissol of Pure Genius sends
this message:

*'It sounds like it will be great and we can all
relax, soak up the place and atmosphere and
then hopefully get the town up off their feet
and dancing 'til early hours :o)*

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Agiotfest 16
Continued from Page 1

**SUPPORTING ACTS TO BE ANNOUNCED
DURING THE COMING MONTHS.**



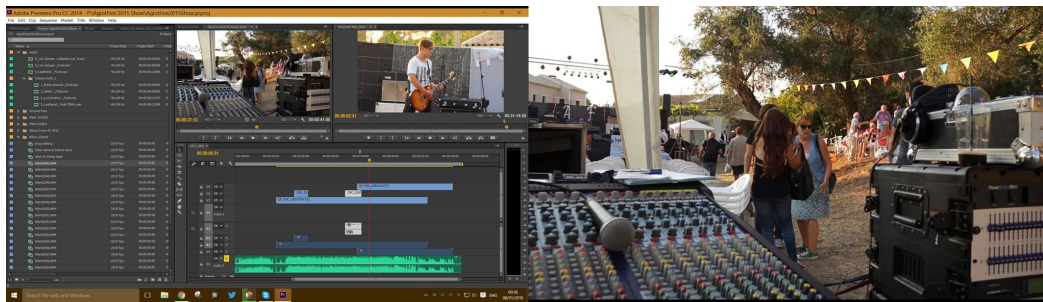
Frank Bloomfield, part of the Agiotfest story.

**ASK YOUR DISTRIBUTORS NOW FOR EARLY-
BIRD TICKETS OR MAIL IN TO THIS WEBSITE.**

**LOOK OUT FOR FURTHER ANNOUNCE-
MENTS NEXT MONTH!**

**SPONSORS WILL BE CONTACTED DURING
FEBRUARY.**

**AGIOTS OF OLD, DON'T FORGET TO GET
DOWN HERE AND HAVE YOUR REUNION
DURING AGIOTFEST WEEK!**



'Warming up 2015'

The 100+ Club.

The 10th draw of year 3 was held today Wednesday 27th January 2016 at Mediterranean Corner Market/ UKimports, Roda

The winner of the 100€ was Number 52 Sandra Klouda, drawn by non member Linda.

The winner of the 50€ was Number 08, Susan Peacock. Drawn by non member Lindsey.

Number of people present 25.

Members present 16.

A big thank you to Hosts of the afternoon Sandra Giannis & Amalia

Thank you to all who attended

A big thank you to the 105 members who support The 100+ Club, also a big thank you to,

Paul & Jan Scotter central area co-ordinators, North area Co-ordinators, Louise Taylor & Sandra Klouda.

Agiotfest, Paul & Lula McGovern.

Business supporters

Hovoli Acharavi, Mediterranean Corner Mkt Roda, Sally's Bar Ipsos, Scoobys Bar Sidari, Oscars Roda, AK Travel agents Sidari, The British Corner Shop,

Perama, The Agiot, JJ'S Sports Bar Roda, Corfu Gazette, The Corfu Panto Group & Navigators Kontokali.

The 100+ Club, representatives present, Ken & Jan Harrop, (Project Leaders). Paul & Jan Scotter Central area co-ordinators, Sandra Klouda North area Co-ordinator.

If you are interested in supporting The 100+ Club please contact us Tel 6946949545

The 100+ Club supports Corfu Charities
the100plusclub@groups.facebook.com

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

we are looking for businesses to support The 100+ Clubs advertising material, please support us.

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[The 100+ Club](#)

85 Members



Agiotfest Sponsors



Ocay Villas



Daylong have been working in the compression hosiery market for over 50 years and have a wealth of experience in providing the right solution for their customers. They stock one of the widest ranges of products available in the UK including specialist medical products, sports ranges and a full range of fashionable support stockings and tights.



Vrionis With us since 2009, every year Bill Vrionis supplies the best of sound and lighting. Visit his excellent shop on town

If you are looking for a travel agent who will spend the time to come up with the exact holiday that you want, in the right place and at the right budget for you, and knows what they are talking about as well, Spear Travels can provide a huge choice and offer holidays with the smaller tour operators that are often not available on the High Street.



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.



Green Island

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



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

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
Barry & Stella Knight
Spyros Kouloudis. Dentist
Dimitris Krokidis
<http://corfuwall.gr/>
La Tabernita Mexicana
La Tavola Calda
Mickey & Jack Lowe
Lionel Mann
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
Sephora Shop
Jo & Mel Sperling
Michael Spiggos, Firebrand Radio
<http://www.firebrandrr.co.uk/michael-spiggos/>
Star Bowl
Lucy Steele
Martin & Tracey Stuart
Sanna Ternald
Sue & Terry Thompson
Henk Van Der Does
Eleana Vlachou
Mary Walker
Adrian Ward
<http://realcorfu.com/>
Miri Widdicombe
Les & Chris Woods
Sarah Young
Steve Young
Nick & Penny Zajak

South of Kavos; the last frontier

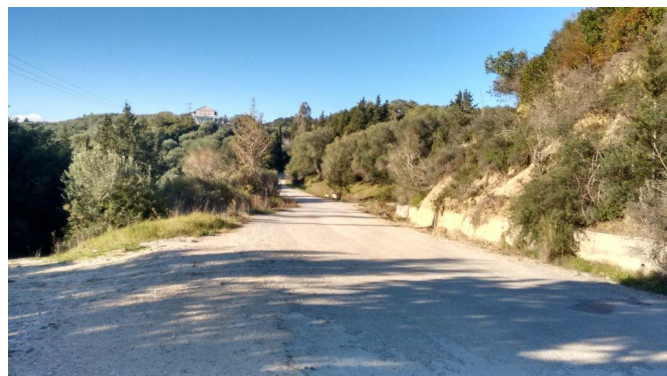
By
Paul McGovern
The Editor



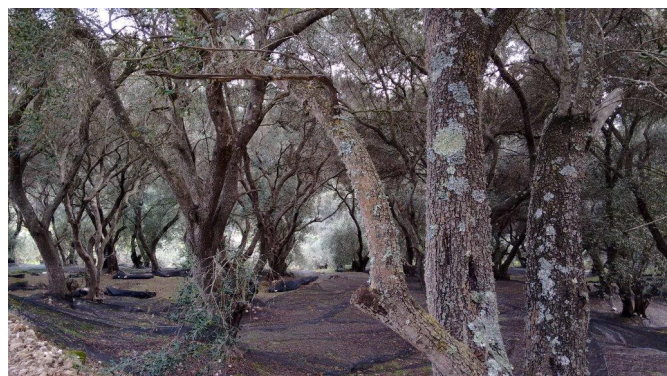
Up at six o'clock for a little camping expedition for my younger son Kostas and me, and our canine companion Bono. We are soon sorting our gear in the kitchen.

After experimenting with our packs for a bit we are out of the door

by about eight, and drive two vehicles to Glyfada beach, where we drop one off and continue south in the jeep. Reaching Kavos, we quickly find some unmade tracks and lanes on its outskirts and go in search of the sea.



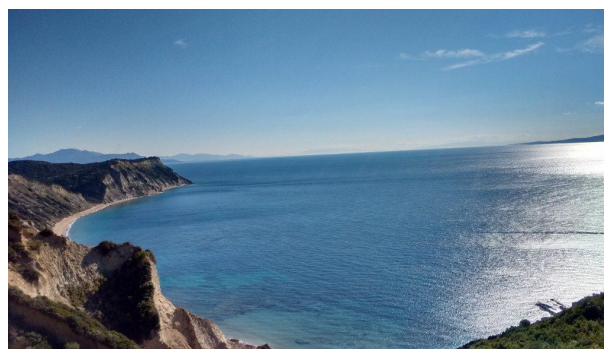
'Start of the walk.'



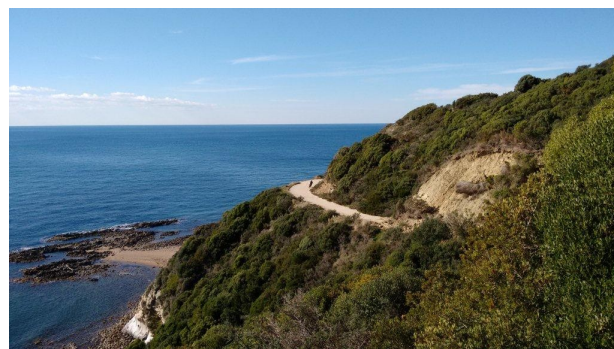
'Magnificent groves'

We park in woods as Kostas starts to experiment with the GPS on his phone. We proceed in a circular fashion, consulting with a couple of olive pickers, before Kostas susses his science and heads us into the

hamlet of Spartera and thence to the coast. This preamble takes an hour or so and some sharp climbs before we emerge overlooking the beautiful golden, unspoilt beach Arkoudilas running south of us, fringed by majestic cliffs, a more-than-sufficient reward for our exertions.



'Perfect South Corfu coastline with Paxos to the right.'



'Motocross'

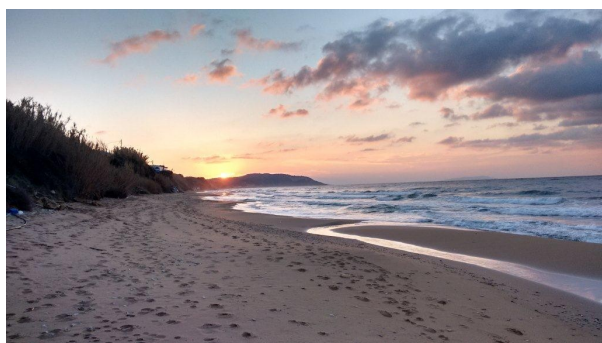
On the way we encounter two hunters with a pair of gentle dogs. Kostas is telling me interesting facts about the Japanese language, which apparently has three forms of writing and some two thousand characters. He goes on to tell me of a categorized table of the varying difficulty of main languages to learn for English-speaking people, starting at the base with French, Italian, Spanish, then graduating up through German, Polish, Russian, Greek, to Arabic and then Japanese, the hardest of all.

Meantime, Bono is having the time of his life, running and exploring, weeing, sniffing, wagging his tail and generally gamboling. Sometimes we need to leash him but mostly he is able to run free.

Finally we are down on to the soft and yellow sand of Agios Giordis [south]. To our left, away over the sea, rises Paxos, mysterious in the haze.

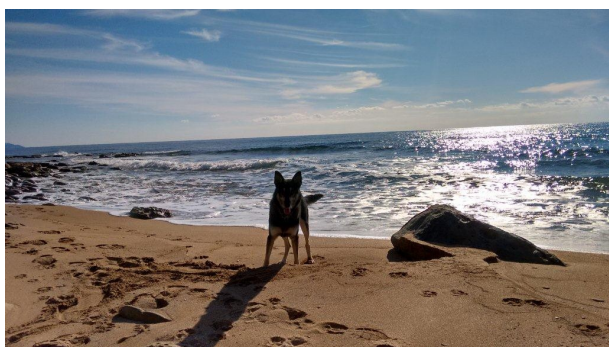
Continued on Page 5

South of Kavos; the last frontier
Continued from Page 4



'Deserted beaches'

For the rest of our walk today we do not leave the seaside. The way is flat, naturally, but the different consistencies of the sand packed, soft, damp, semi-damp and dry make for more or sometimes less comfortable walking. Unless one happens to be Bono, who appears to be undeterred by any medium.

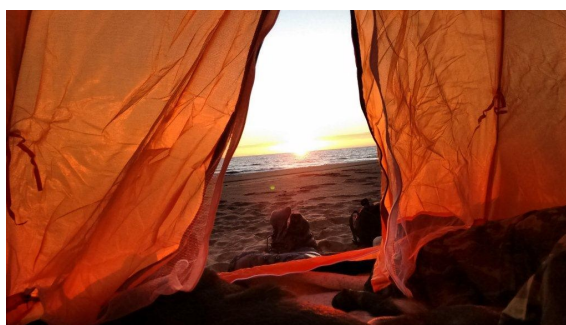


'Bono'

Luckily, and unlike my previous doggy friend Sandy, he is not given to drinking seawater. We carry bottled water which we share with him on our way. He doesn't enter the sea either, being quite content with the sand and the rocks. On a personal note I'm suffering a little physically, not being used to hiking with a pack for a few years. On different occasions, and sometimes simultaneously, my legs are achy, my ingrowing toenail chafes, my left eye is runny and its vision blurry, shoulder gripe at the shoulder straps of the back-pack, and from time to time a nip of stitches gets me in the left side. Oh, the joys of ageing!

None of this minor aggravation is spoiling my enjoyment of walking with my son and our playful companion. Having said that I'm not unhappy when, a little short of three o'clock a tumble of beachside habitats breaks the unending nature. Kostas scouts ahead, to report back with 'Ghost town', but there is a tap where he replenishes our bottles. The spot we have reached is Gardeno beach. Here we set our tent right

on the beach, securing the pegs with heavy rocks. Earlier we'd had to cross quite a belt of their cousins, which was a little tricky when trying to balance with the heavy-ish pack. I brewed up while Kostas sorted blanket as groundsheet and stored two sleeping-bags inside. The tea we drank was pure nectar, though the boiling took an age. Biscuits and fruit supplemented our supper. Remarkably, we were in bed by 5.30 pm, as night was drawing in fast and the wind was picking up. The frail-looking tent with its two crossing spars proved sturdy throughout. We slept fitfully, however, not being accustomed to such lengthy stretches abed.



'Pitched at sunset'

Bono had proven a first-class extra blanket during a cold night, where the temperature dropped to just above freezing. Emerging from our igloo we are thankful for hot tea and the remaining biscuits. Finishing our toilet and packing up, we are soon moving between the deserted buildings and heading inland. Today we have swapped packs. I must say, this feels a lot better. Kostas has become swiftly adept with his GPS and very soon we reach the sweet little village of Vitoulades, with its Corfu-familiar lanes and homely campanile.



'Vitoulades'

There stands a small bakery, right in the main lane. And very smart and cheery it appears to hikers bent on repast. There is a little table and chairs outside; our croissants and water are taken at leisure and we buy some ham, cheese, bread chocs and soft drink to carry on with us. In this little village a man on a moped, with a shotgun slung over his shoulder, takes a shine to Bono.

South of Kavos; the last frontier
Continued from Page 5

He does a u-turn, parks up at his nearby cottage, goes inside and comes out again with a young pit-bull, which he wishes to give away. He even takes Kosta's number. Then we are away, out of Vitoulades and rising up through small-holdings, to find our way onto a well-kept and meandering cliff-top path. More, spectacularly empty beach winds away below us into the west.

There in the distance we can see clearly the mob of buildings which represents Agios Georgios South. Having spent some hours beach-trudging yesterday, we were happy to spend time on high, overlooking the beautiful coastline. Our progress was adorned by gentle olive groves and farms. There, at one point, was a lady gently tilling the rich soil with a tsapi, oblivious of all but her careful task. A little way off was her husband, making a fine and deep drainage trench by the side of the way. We interrupted his toil by asking him prospects of the route ahead.

Skirting some noisy dogs at a hillside farm, Bono secured, we lost the path at one point, and reverted to GPS to descend through groves and outbuildings quite easily, into the heart of Santa Barbara. We sat on the step of an empty shop to slake our thirst. We are back on the customary yellow beach and picking our way across the small stream winding there. To my sons relief, he soon realises that the black water emanates from a nearby olive press; nothing more sinister!

A bird of prey darts into the sanctuary of cliffs at Marathias beach, too rapid to be identified. Further along on an outcrop of rocks, lies the sad, dead form of a young terrier, with socket-less eyes; its fate known only, maybe, to the Greek Gods, who surely must play hereabouts.

Another pull and we reach the next 'ghost town'. But wait. Rising up a short slope to the street we immediately encounter a taverna; 'Kafesas'. It appears closed on first inspection, despite a sign loudly boasting 'open all day, every day, all year'. But round the corner is an open door where appears a young, Anglo-Greek man. He enquires of his father and confirms, yes, he will stay open until seven. It is now about three. We immediately return to the beach to pitch tent and return for some hot food. Bono can come too yet remains somewhat agitated as there is a pretty little lady terrier at the taverna, to flirt with him.

Sardines, salad, pasta, meat for Kostas, and wine are more than appreciated by us rovers, in a ramshackle but incredibly 'real' taverna, complete with genial host

with English wife, lifebelts of long-sunken craft and photos of long-dead musicians on the walls, and not a table or chair to match anywhere. Not to mention the Wurlitzer and friendly, gap-toothed Swiss card player Perfection.

We got later to bed this night- it must have been about eight, so we fell asleep easily, to the swish-thud song of waves on shore, and tales of alien spacecraft which even now might be hovering above us in our cocoon.

I'd tried the sea yesterday afternoon. Me no like- too cold!! Now we are up to our best breakfast; the bread and cheese and ham bought yesterday. Not for me the latter as I've become a born-again vegetarian, well for this year anyhow. Bono is pickier with his food today. He has travelled with his own supply- this morning he dropped his slice of ham on the sand, only make it sandier still as he tried to retrieve it daintily with his paw.



'Pantokratas south from the dunes'

We pack up and leave, bound for Korission, through the eerily quiet Agios Giorgios with zero rubbish bins, then into broad sand dunes be-spread with bushes and trees. We leave the last of Bono's dried food on a plastic plate outside the taverna, where it is gratefully received by his girlfriend. Has she waited up all night for him?

Today should have been a good walk, but gradually the in-growing and tender nail has graduated from an E on the pain scale to a B.

So, by the side of Lake Korission we decide to lower the curtain on this jolly play. We ring my other son Peter and he drives over to meet us and deliver us back to the jeep in the woods. It seems such a short way we have come, from the speeding benefit of a car. When we reach Kavos Bono is very happy; the jeep is definitely his favourite transport.

We have walked 25 kilometers and had a great time, and been reminded yet again of the deep and under-rated beauty of the south of Corfu.

ocay villas

For 16 years Villa Theodora has been receiving visitors from around the world. For many of you it has been a special retreat in these modern times.

We are welcoming you again for 2016 and being quietly confident you will find the peace and serenity here, which you and yours seek.



'Villa Theodora in winter through the lens of Pantaxidis Panagiotis'

At Villa Aphrodite, just outside Agios Ioannis, we have been receiving similar souls for seven years spoil yourselves here among the serene groves.



'Villa Aphrodite Pool'

We are particularly excited for this year, as the lovely villa that Lydia's is open to receive its first travellers. Situated just a spit away from the old plateia and taverna, with a 50 square metre pool, this villa accommo-

dates six, but the integral annex next door takes another four, making Lydia's the place to stay in the area for an extended family or small group.



'Lydia's (small apartment)'

If you read, more importantly see the photos in this issue of the southern walk, you will imagine-if you don't already know- what the great secret of the island holds for you. The true beauty of southern Corfu can be opened for you with a stay at the little gem we love as MouseHouse.



'Mousehouse-Penthouse'

VISIT www.ocayvillascorfu.com and enquire of our sensible prices now.

Letters to the Editor

From the Editor:

Today marks the 100th Edition of the Agiot.

Thank you all so much for the fun and you Contributors down the years.

Most of all I'd like to thank Jan, without whom this little treat would not have been possible.

Let's see if we can make 200.

As a small thank you to our readers we will be giving a selection of wines to the first reader to mail in and supply the answer to the question;

What was the exact date the first Agiot went on-line?

Paul Scotter, Ken Harrop and Lucy Steele write:-

THE WANDERING STAR

As far as can be remembered the 'Dog/Bear' story goes as follows:

Prior to the Agiotfest Raffle 2015 Mary Walker had donated a Giant Teddy Bear and it was put into the raffle as First Prize. Chas & Brenda Clifton won this prize, and money raised went towards helping with the festival and the good causes the festival supports.

Due to the cost of feeding this lovable beast..... Chas and Brenda kindly returned the Dog/Bear to be raffled again, another chance to raise some funds, and he was passed to Ken & Jan Harrop (who are the + 100 Club organisers), to be raffled for the Widge appeal, a fund.....helping a very poorly man to be repatriated and medically treated in England.....Jan and I were surprised when the still unnamed "Rover" appeared on our drive as we had won first prize and he was back to the village. But not for long !!

Lucy then became the proud owner as we asked her if she wanted to use "Rover" for charity, again raising money, Lucy happily accepted and this time, he supported the ARK Animal Welfare Charity and this

loveable character was, once again offered as First Prize; a much-deserved title, to say the least.

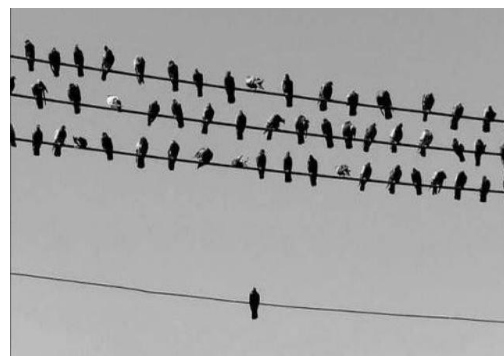
Our furry friend was won by Niko Halikopoulos, the Vet, and he happily took it home for his young daughter.

So ends the tale of our travelling/very mobile furry friend, bless him. His travelling days are over; he now lives with an animal doctor so will be well cared for and never abandoned. He's one very lucky Large dog or Large Bear !!

Not sure how much he has raised.....but he has touched many lives....

(This story as remembered by Lucy...Paul and Ken)

Ed: _ ah, thank you, the tail of the dog has been lain bear.



Letters to the Editor - continued from Page 8

Cliff Reader writes;
 Is Lionel Mann still with you? He was my choirmaster at Hampton Church, England in the 1950s-1960s.
 Best regards, Cliff Reader
Ed:- Oh yes!! The maestro is alive and kicking Cliff, and I have passed on your message Expect a reply from him here next month!

David and Judy McGovern write:
 Hi PAUL.
 All O.K. over here in wet and windy England. Wishing you and your family clans, a VERY MERRY XMAS, and BEST WISHES for 2016. Thank you for the OCAY letters of 2015.
 David & Judy
Ed; It is my pleasure cousin David! x.

Hilary Paipeti writes;
 Loved Christmas with you all. One of the very best.
Ed; Hic!

Edel Connaughton from Dublin writes;
 Thank you Paul. I will give my feedback in due course. Regards to all the family. Kali Xronia
 Edel
Ed: _thanks for joining our readership Edel!

Dick Mulder writes;
 We wish you and your family also all the best Paul! And a prosperous 2016!
 I'm not so into Christmas, so I don't have an attractive image in my e-mail, but the message is from the heart.
Ed: Ah....thanks.

Piki writes;
 Hi Paul and Lula and the clan,
 Just in from Glasgow and found, I think, Lula's Corfu card please to all of you thank you sooooo much it was really nice arriving to find that waiting for me nice warm feeling.
 Love you all as I always do.
 See you Easter I hope.
 Piki xxxxxxxxxxxx
Ed; Rikkiiiiiiiiii!!!!

Nostalgia



'Bad Boys'



'The young Princesses'

Saturday Walks

Saturday, 6 February. Ano Garouna: Ascent of Mount Agii Deka (**** 2 hours). Meet at the bar at the start of Ano Garouna village, just before the road finishes (park lower down and walk up), 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch to be arranged. NOTE: This is the steepest ascent of the mountain, but has the advantage of being short, with level bits in between the uphill.

Saturday, 13 February. 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 Al's at Pyrgi. NOTE: A relatively easy exploration of the hills above the NE Coast, plus a taste of the famous coastal path.

Saturday, 20 February. Giannades: Three White Churches (** 2 ½ hours). Meet in Giannades Square, 10.00 for 10.30m start. Park in the designated area below the square. Lunch at Tristrato. NOTE: An extra unknown church, plus a little tour on the plain.

Saturday, 27 February. Agii Deka: The Classic Ascent (**** 2 ½ hours). Meet in Agii Deka Village, just after the bakery/coffee bar at the southern end of village - parking at wide roadside. NOTE: Descent is on a good track and not slippery. Lunch to be arranged.

Saturday, 5 March. Lakones: Circuit of Mount Arakli (2 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: We are doing this the opposite way round from normal for a change. If wet underfoot, we have another option.



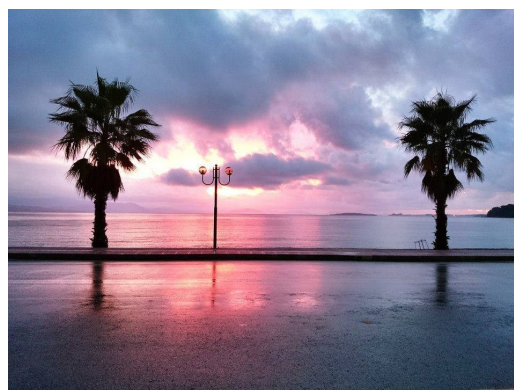
Village and Island News

By
The Editor

January here was a month of blue skies and little rain; now is the winter of our content made glorious by this sun of Corfu.



'Ouch'



'Ipsos'



'West Coast'

The year began as the last one finished, with more feasting. Are we becoming decadent? January 1st is Kosta's birthday, and he headed the table for our family celebration. The best of times and the best of times.

Continued on Page 11

Village and Island News
Continued from Page 10

A time for Resolutions, most of which can easily be broken.

A couple of days in and I'm in the kitchen, listening to the advancing and increasing tattoo of the rain on the roof tiles pre-dawn, a sound of great beauty. Or, as visiting Viking Lennart tells me; 'good for ti tatis'. Did you know? Viking means 'visit'?



'Agiot Charlie proving that some Agiots possess brains.'

Our Swedish friends were away to Kastoria for a few days and then later in the month they had further guests staying with them at Villa Theodora; Panna Pantazidis and, later, Lynne Cahill for her re-Nuptials. As they left for Kastoria our last feast hove in sight-the feast at Epiphany. A quieter and so peaceful a meal together, only twelve of us this time. Kostas was in particularly fine fettle and Les and I put the world to rights over a bottle of Eradour-thank you Martin Stuart! Lionel was telling me he does not eat much these days, just before diving onto the last piece of cheesecake.



'Party-goers at Dick and Mirjam's house-warming'



'Big snake at party'



'Spiti Mulder'

More fun times were had with friends as the month unfolded but the calorie intake gradually declined and there was at last a cold snap in the village and the valley. Several of us rotated colds and sniffles.



'Cold snap much colder on the high mountain'

I was awoken rudely one morning by the unholy din being made through a loudspeaker, somewhere in the lane, by a travelling salesworm. Indubitably, he sounded uncannily like a demented Dalek. Imagine..

'Chairs, chairs, bargain, chairs. You WILL buy them or I WILL exterminate you!!!'

Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by
Hilary Paipeti

More Food Memories

FOLLOWING DECEMBER'S 'BREAD MEMORIES' ARTICLE, some folk might like to learn more about the old days.

Eleni [not her real name] was born just before World War 1 in a central Corfu village, into a self-sufficient, cash-poor society where life revolved around the production of food. Indeed, survival depended on it.

Monday was always the busiest day in her household. Eleni and her sisters would get up at three in the morning, shape loaves from the dough that had been rising since the previous evening and then bake the bread. Once it was done, they heated water for washing and did other chores, then set off for work. More often than not, it was not yet light.

There was no water on tap, so the girls would bring a supply from the well, three or four tins a day each, more on washing days.

Most households had a domed wood-fired oven where the week's bread was baked in a batch. The bread was 'barbarella' or 'borbota', made from a mixture of cornmeal and wheat flour in the case of wealthier families, while the poor made it solely of cornmeal, bulked out sometimes with bran. Families grew maize for the bread, and would have it ground at the local mill, which would also supply them with wheat flour.

'Often in the small hours when I was doing the washing,' remembered Eleni, 'I would boil some milk and throw in cornmeal and sugar to make a sort of sweet polenta, and I'd eat like a queen.'

'Before we set off for work, we filled a pinta [a big tin mug of a pint capacity] with roast barley coffee, added plenty of sugar and soaked a good chunk of barbarella in it. This breakfast was called papara.'

Eleni's father practiced animal husbandry and kept milk cows, bullocks, sheep, goats and pigs. He brought nothing to his marriage except some land, but with hard work and thrift he built a large family home. By the time his daughters were wed, he was able to give them a handsome dowry, including lots of clothes and gold jewellery, and a splendid reception after the ceremony.

The family produced most of their own food - all of their vegetables, maize for cornmeal, and enough potatoes to last all year, also beans, lentils and chickpeas. They grew lots of tomatoes, which they

dried in the sun to use in winter. And of course they had olive trees for oil.

'My father liked meat,' said Eleni, 'so we ate it more often than many families. When he sold an animal - and our bullocks were as big as a room - he'd keep something back for us, perhaps a couple of feet to make soup, with all the glutinous bits to suck off the bones. Or we would boil up half the head, just enough to loosen the meat, and we'd cook it kokkinisto-style, with potatoes and dried tomatoes. Sometimes we'd make a soup of the intestines, boiled with lots of selino [pot celery].'

Three times a week Eleni's father would drive the cart to Corfu Town to sell surplus vegetables. Then he would do the shopping, in bulk for economy, only buying what they did not produce themselves, like pasta and sugar. The pasta wasn't packaged, but was measured out of a sack with all different shapes mixed up. One of Eleni's favourite dishes was jumbled pasta cooked with salt cod or stockfish. They bought fresh fish from a fisherman who periodically came over the hills from Benitses.

The girls also brought money into the household. Often in winter they were employed by a landowner to gather olives, but in summer when there was a lot to do they mostly worked their own fields. In May they dug the potatoes, about 40 sacks, then there was maize, sweet potatoes and pulses to gather for storage, as well as the seasonal vegetables that they ate fresh.

When the vital maize harvest was ready, they would stay on the land for days at a time, husking the cobs and stacking them to dry. They had built a cane hut from, where they slept, and for cooking dug a pit where they would light a fire, resting a casserole on two iron rails over it. Mostly they ate stews of vegetables thickened with potatoes or pasta, and they would always have barbarella and tomatoes. Whenever they could, they would supplement their diet with eels caught in the ditches, or cockles from the lake. 'At midday there'd be maybe 50 people gathering cockles and crabs in the shallows, and sometimes I'd wade right over to the Kanoni side to pick them,' remembered Eleni.

In winter, if they were working their own fields, they would get lunch together before they left, whatever was left over from the evening meal, or perhaps just some manouri cheese and olives, and preserved herrings from the local shop. If they were working elsewhere, they would take something more makeshift, in the hope that their employer would provide a meal.

Hilary's Ramblings
Continued from Page 12

In the winter, their great perk for picking olives was wood, which they needed for all household tasks like cooking and heating water. So when the midday break came, the girls would gobble their lunch so they could spend the rest of their free time gathering sticks to carry home, on their head.

Whatever the season, as soon as dusk approached they would quickly get their possessions and produce together so they would make it back to the village before dark. Once home, they would stable the donkeys and take care of the other animals, then go indoors to eat. 'Mother always had something hot ready for us - a vegetable soup in the summer and in the winter maybe some pasta, or beans, fried potatoes, chick peas or lentils, something different every evening. We often ate polenta with lots of sugar on top; sometimes Mother would make a paste with dried tomatoes, to mix into the polenta with lots of black pepper. After the meal, my parents would go to bed, but we girls sat up under the oil lamp crocheting items for our dowry.'

On Sundays they ate salt cod or stockfish with potatoes, rice or pasta, while Pastitsada was reserved for feast days.

'We ate much better than many families in the village,' reminisced Eleni. 'The poor used to mix cornmeal and water, wrap the paste in leaves and bake it on a hot stone. One day, my future mother-in-law made one of these, a kouloura [baked in the shape of a hoop], and left it on the kitchen table. Someone entered the house and stole it. It threw her into a panic. "What are we going to eat today, now my kouloura's gone?" she cried.' Because that was all they had.

WALKING

FOR A PERIOD OF ABOUT FIVE DAYS LAST MONTH we enjoyed proper winter weather. Early morning temperatures of five below morphed my little valley into a freezing wonderland, and our pre-sunup ablution stroll of ten minutes along the lane extended into a half hour or more through the frozen fields, with footsteps sounding 'scrunch-scrunch' on the icy grass.

As the disc of the sun appeared over the ridge, the hillside opposite lit up with an umber and russet glow, the swathes of different forest plantings - olives, oak and cypress below the mountaintop garrigue - refracting different shades. Tramping the valley flats still in the sun's penumbra, we progressed over pasture seemingly sieved with a thick powder of mint-green icing sugar laced with glitter, a rare rime frost which also stuck to blades of coming asphodel and even the bare branches of shrubs.

The dogs were delighted. Instead of the usual plod along the asphalt, with looks that said 'OK, mum, I've done my business, can we go home now?', they leapt and bounded, with youngster Bramble almost achieving vertical lift-off at times. And I felt I could too.

But now it's gone dull and damp again. And my socks are soggy.

BEST SIGHT OF THE WEEK: Pre-walk Saturday morning in a mountain village, population about 20; local coffee bar with roaring fire; owner, aged about eighty, sitting by said fire, crouched over a tablet, swiping away merrily. It's catching on everywhere.

RIP



The final picture of [David Bowie](#) taken on his 69th birthday, the same day his 28th studio album was released. Two days before he died.



Also, sadly, the passing of one of the most underrated actors; Alan Rickman.

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

SURPRISE WEDDING OF THE YEAR

Lynne Cahill and Richard Collier are getting married on the 15 August in Corfu island Greece for Tax reasons.

The wedding will be held at the Scottish Chapel behind the Train station in Afra Village.



The reception will be held at Costas tavern in Ag. Ioannis Live music by Lionel With his organ and his pussycat choir, with Micky Clark on drums.

Best Man is Alex Porteous. [BUT HES NOT ALLOWED TO TELL ANY JOKES!]

Bridesmaids are Sanna and Margareta.

All security arrangements will be handled by Robert Bennett.

Greek dancing will be performed by Walter, Antonio and Christina Ramage.

The bar will be run by Colin Wallace and Tony Tracey.

Kostas will beat the crap out of anybody he wants to.

Anna has invited two good friends of hers, Queen Elizabeth and David Icke.

DONATION AND PRESENTS

The Queen will confer an O.B.E. to any baby who can drink her under the table.

David Icke is giving his summer villa for the honeymoon in North Korea. Paul and Sally Grove will donate a bottle of Champagne to anybody who wears a quilt and votes for Ipswich football team.

And Ian Ramage will be bringing his taxi for ferrying people from the chapel to the taverna for free.

Until then love and peace from Lynne and Ricky.
God bless all FFFfeta lovers everywhere!

WOODS CONCERNS ABOUT WOODS

<http://www.the-open-mind.com/one-third-of-ecuadors-rainforests-to-be-auctioned-off-to-chinese-oil-companies/>

Singing Dog

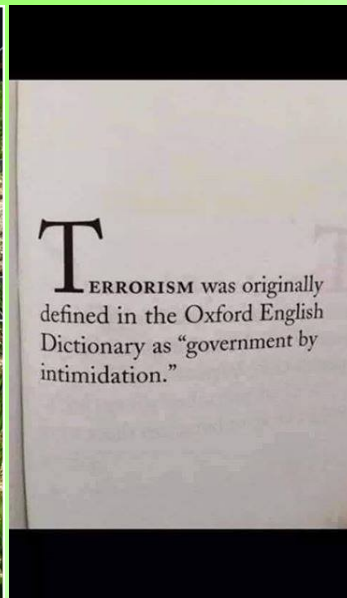
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pv4QO9KGQwE>

A real star

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i0ckkclWLSs>

AGING MUSICIANS STILL WITH US IN 2016

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| CHUCK BERRY-89 | JOHN FOGERTY-70 |
| WILLIE NELSON-82 | DEBBIE HARRY-70 |
| JERRY LEE LEWIS-80 | BOB SEGER-70 |
| TINA TURNER-76 | ERIC CLAPTON-70 |
| GRACE SLICK-76 | PETE TOWNSHEND-70 |
| SMOKEY ROBINSON-75 | LINDA RONSTADT-69 |
| RINGO STARR-75 | BARRY GIBB-69 |
| BOB DYLAN-74 | IGGY POP-68 |
| DAVID CROSBY-74 | JOE WALSH-68 |
| PAUL SIMON-74 | CARLOS SANTANA-68 |
| NEIL DIAMOND-74 | ELTON JOHN-68 |
| BRIAN WILSON-73 | STEVIE NICKS-67 |
| ARETHA FRANKLIN-73 | ALICE COOPER-67 |
| PAUL MCCARTNEY-73 | ROBERT PLANT-67 |
| ROGER WATERS-72 | ALAN PARSONS-67 |
| STEVE MILLER-72 | STEVE WINWOOD-67 |
| BARRY MANILOW-72 | BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN-66 |
| MICK JAGGER-72 | LIONEL RICHIE-66 |
| PETER CETERA-71 | PETER GABRIEL-65 |
| ROD STEWART-71 | BILLY SQUIER-65 |
| DIANA ROSS-71 | TOM PETTY-65 |
| BOZ SCAGGS-71 | BILLY JOEL-65 |
| JEFF BECK-71 | PETER FRAMPTON-65 |
| RAY DAVIES-71 | STEVIE WONDER-65 |
| CARLY SIMON-71 | ROGER HODGSON-65 |



Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 14



Sometimes I sit quietly and wonder why I'm not in a mental asylum. Then I take a good look around at everyone and realize... maybe I am.

This is the most dangerous animal in the world. It is responsible for **MILLIONS** of deaths every year. By its side, a great white shark swims peacefully.



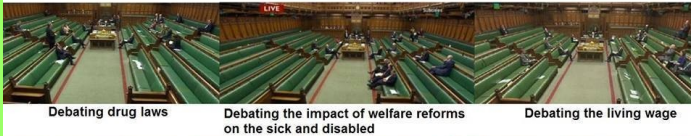
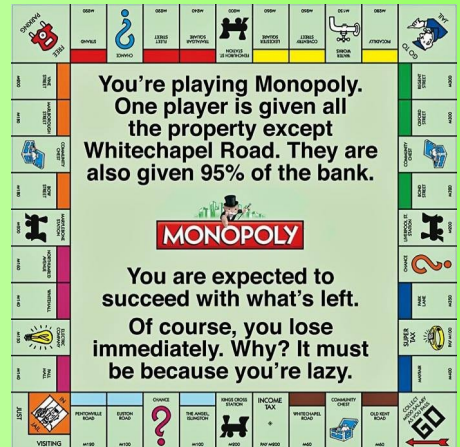
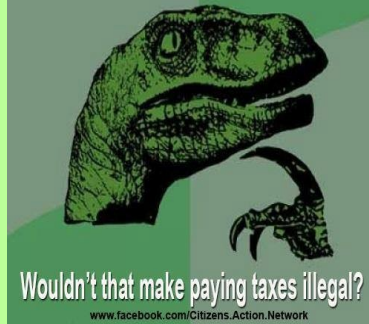
DID YOU KNOW?



THE SACKLER FAMILY HAS BUILT A \$14 BILLION FORTUNE SELLING OXYCONTIN, A DRUG THAT KILLS MORE PEOPLE THAN HEROIN AND COCAINE, COMBINED. THEY LITERALLY KILL MORE PEOPLE THAN DRUG CARTELS, AND THEIR DRUG IS FDA APPROVED.

A man died and went to Heaven. As he stood in front of the Pearly Gates, he saw a huge wall of clocks behind him. He asked, 'What are all those clocks?' St. Peter answered, 'Those are Lie-Clocks. Everyone on earth has a Lie-Clock. Every time you lie, the hands on your clock move.' 'Oh', said the man. 'Whose clock is that?' 'That's Mother Teresa's', replied St. Peter. 'The hands have never moved.' 'Incredible', said the man. 'And whose clock is that one?' St. Peter responded, 'That's Abraham Lincoln's clock. The hands have moved only twice.' 'Where's David Camerons clock?' asked the man. St Peter replied, 'We're using it as a ceiling fan.'

Since I know government uses my tax money to finance terrorism



Debating MP's expenses



Debating MP's pay



That's All Folks!

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

VEGETABLE SOUFFLE

INGREDIENTS:

1200 gr. Potatoes
 500 gr. Pumpkins
 [as an alternative; use courgettes and carrots]
 2 onions chopped
 1 leek chopped
 250 gr feta cheese
 250 gr. ricotta [Italian whey cheese]
 4 large eggs
 Half cup fine semolina
 500 ml cream
 2 Tbls. dill
 2 Tabs. parsley
 Half cup olive oil
 Salt and pepper



2] In a medium bowl, beat the eggs with the cream. Add egg mixture to potato mixture. Then mix all the ingredients well and pour into greased Pyrex dish. Sprinkle with olive oil.

3] Bake in a pre-heated oven at 180 degrees for 45 minutes or until browned and well set. Allow to cool slightly before cutting.

GO:

- 1] Into a large bowl coarsely grate the potatoes and the pumpkins. Add the chopped onions, leek, semolina, feta, ricotta, herbs, salt and pepper. Set aside.

Καλη ορεξη

Corfu Weather Statistics - January 2016

Read more at:		Max	Avg	Min
http:// www.wunderground.com/ history/airport/ LGKR/2013/9/1/ MonthlyHistory.html? req_city=NA&req_state=N A&req_statename=NA#PF q1VRYHlbugcTGf.99	Temperature			
	Max Temperature	18°C	15 °C	9 °C
	Mean Temperature	16 °C	11 °C	3°C
	Min Temperature	15 °C	6 °C	-2°C
	Degree Days			
	Heating Degree Days (base 65)	26	14	4
	Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	0	0	0
	Growing Degree Days (base 50)	10	3	0
	Dew Point	16°C	7°C	7°C
	Precipitation	32.0 mm	2.6 mm	0.0 mm
	Wind			
	Wind	45 km/h	9 km/h	0 km/h
	Gust Wind	45 km/h	37 km/h	27 km/h
	Sea Level Pressure	1031 hPa	1017 hPa	995 hPa

Obnoxious AI

So here we are once again well into the New Year 2016, Austerity biting everybody skint except the fortunate few, I did see some prune on the Grapevine claiming that to eat English food here in Corfu costs two thirds more than eating Greek!!! What a load of codswallop, All basic food ingredients are the same, wether Greek or English, ie potatoes, onions beans tomatoes etc. they are simply cooked in a different way, but cost the same when you buy them you pay no more. Okay, If you wish to go to the English shops and buy English bread or Sausages or similar it costs a fraction more due to importation cost, but "Two Thirds", Rubbish, Fifteen percent maybe on your budget as what you is only a fraction of your weekly shopping list.

I also saw a claim that every house in Greece is damp, This is based on what? The black mould we sometimes get, caused by condensation and poor ventilation normally, or is the claim that every house has rising damp, penetrating damp, what? Another ill informed statement!!!. why cannot people check their facts over here before spouting off. My old house is perfectly dry, but does get some condensation because like most people I hate opening windows in the Winter and letting the heat out!!

Dont you just hate it when your in the supermarket checkout line, and there is a person in front who does not start bagging the shopping as it comes but waits until it has all been checked out then pulls out a purse (man or woman) and only then starts rooting around for money instead of having it ready, then pays in small coins lost in the bottom of the purse, then waits for change and only then starts to bag up, what time wasters especially if you yourself only have a couple of items.

Maybe I am just an old grump, 'cos it ticks me off.

I read on the internet that this year all those receipts we have saved for the tax relief on shopping are no good on 2015 tax returns, and that in 2016 unless you have paid with a bank card and can produce card receipt and till receipt together then it will not be counted, and even if you have done that it is no good because they have made no provision on the tax return paper to declare the receipts. I do hope I am wrong and have mis-read it, but checked it twice. What garbage is happening now.

Paying 690 Euros road tax plus another 300 luxury car tax for my 8 year old banger, it makes my blood boil seeing those English plated cars here illegally with no Tax and Insurance running around. Get Legal you people, and going to Italy for a day does not make your vehicle legal.

On a brighter note isn't it great the cheap petrol and bottled gas, and where else can you get a damn good measure of spirits for Three and a half Euros ora large glass of wine for one and a half, that makes everything look rosier'

Well got all that off my chest, I feel much better!!!!

I am and always will be, Obnoxious AI



Bespoke Constructions

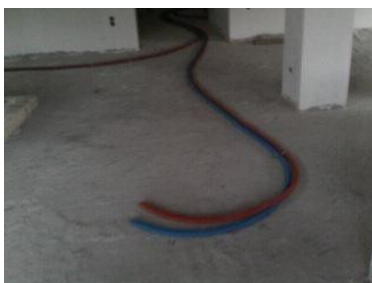
BUILDING HERE FOR 23 YEARS
USER-FRIENDLY AND REASONABLE
COSTS
CUSTOM-BUILT TO YOUR
SPECIFICATIONS
STEP BY STEP EASY TO UNDERSTAND
THROUGHOUT
REFERENCES AVAILABLE
STAGE PAYMENTS
ALL TYPES OF PROPERTY IN CORFU
HIGH QUALITY BUILDS AND
IMPROVEMENTS

Currently we are improving Lydia's Villa in the heart of Agios Ioannis. Follow the progress each month here as we take it from a shell to a fine villa available to let.



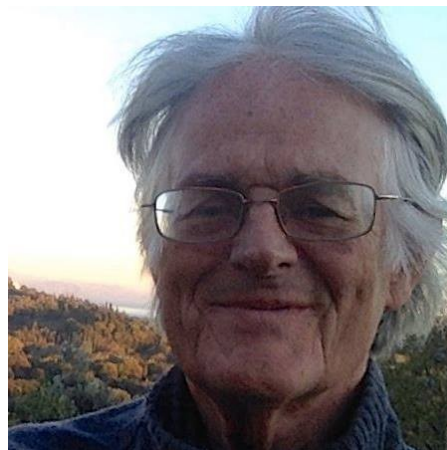
*aspect from upper
balcony*

*Central heating
pipes being laid*



*Pool cleaned out
and insulation un-
der way*

The World of Simon



*Simon
home from
home*

In the centre of Corfu, behind me cypress spikes and olive groves, a patch of the Sea of Kerkyra between the green island and Epirus in mother Greece, just next to the border with Albania.

Video Corner

Putin v Lucifer

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0CVc6j4uDow>

Underrated Larry Carlton

<http://www.bristoljazzandbluesfest.com/artis.../larry-carlton/>

Greece

<http://www.bristoljazzandbluesfest.com/artis.../larry-carlton/>

Rubik robot

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q8BYKwbwZSM>

Greek class

<http://www.theguardian.com/.../greek-match-delayed-players-si...>

Changes

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

I have been asked to describe the changes that I have observed in the twenty-one years that I have lived in Agios Ioannis. The most obvious is that the village has almost doubled in size in that time, with a great deal of new building. This has led to a considerable increase in the population and therefore in the facilities needed to serve it.

The infants' school has taken over the former Gymnasio. A new large Gymnasio has been built serving not only Agios Ioannis itself but also surrounding villages. New classrooms have been added to the Primary school in order to provide for the increased intake.

With the increased population has come a large swelling of the number of vehicles. The quiet narrow street through the old village now resembles the M1. [Ed: Lionel is losing it]



'Agios Ioannis at 8.45 a.m.'

. What was once a quiet backwater has become a major thoroughfare [Ed about 15 cars a day at least!].

There has been a great increase in the number of pets held by householders. Years ago few houses had dogs or cats; now there are few without some kind of pet.

The nature of the tourism has changed completely. The coming of Aqualand has not made much difference to the old village, but the nature of the tourism around the traditional centre has undergone quite a transformation with the increase in the number of villas serving visitors. For example, in 2000 there was one villa with pool only in Agios Ioannis; Villa Theodora. But today there are quite a number

accommodating holidaymakers. The character of the holiday has undergone quite a noticeable change; today there are far fewer drunken ex-hippies and far more family groups with children. The introduction of a Dutch cycling business has done much to influence that.

Kostas Taverna has had a facelift and is now run by Anna and Nikos. It still provides appetising meals. Part of the Rogues' Gallery which used to adorn its walls has vanished.

A number of the great personalities that used to provide zest to the place have now gone to their rest. Olga, Nikos who was Cantor in the church and used to practise singing outside his cottage, Lollos and Vallya, Polymeri, among others, are still missed.

However the old village still preserves its old-world charm although these days because of the increased demand when one boards a number eight bus in town one is asked if one prefers to be packed in olive oil or tomato sauce.



CORFU GOLF CLUB

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Athens Office: 1, P. Slavrou Str. • Athens 11524 • Greece • Tel. & Fax: 210 6923028

Special Golf Package for Villa Guests

€ 40 per person*

Including:
18 holes **greenfee**
½ set of **clubs**
½ lt. mineral water
330ml beer or soft drink

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



18-Hole International Championship
*One of the greatest courses in Europe Encyclopedia of Golf
TSAOUSOGLOU ENTERPRISES owners of CORFU HOLIDAY PALACE



Conversations with Dr McGoo

BY LANCE MAGNUSSON

Dr Magoo Shoots Down Conspiracy Theories

Someone told me that a school in Frankfurt, called the Frankfurt School, is running the world and trying to turn us all into communists. Which school in Frankfurt would that be? Given the population of the city, I am sure there are several schools, not just the one. Actually, since it's a German school, I think it has a perfect right to rule the world and force us to be communist, as everyone knows that the Germans are completely correct about absolutely everything, all the time.

What did you say? It's not an actual school where they teach kids; it's a Marxist institute for social research? You read that on the Internet, didn't you? Well then, it's self-evidently a lie. Must be one of those conspiracy theories you seem to like so much. I bet you believe that the CIA killed Kennedy, and Oswald was - what do you call it? - a potsie, and that the World Trade Centre twin towers fell down on their own! I've told you before, if it says so on the Internet it's certain to be a lie. Come again? You're telling me that more than 70% of Americans do not subscribe to the official story of 911? Well, that only goes to support my certainty - that all Americans are ignorant and uneducated.

What did you just say? I can't believe I just heard that! Let me get it straight: You think that the whole official story of 911 has more holes in it than Delia Smith's colander? And that the US government was behind it, not Obama Binliner? You're trying to tell me that the towers were brought down in a controlled demolition and not by airliners? Well, if you are going to read that silly Internet - where everything that ever has been, is, and shall be published is a complete and utter lie - you are sure to come up with these absolutely ridiculous theories. How can it be that the US government was the perpetrator? Everyone knows that all our governments, at every level and throughout the world, are caring and compassionate institutions which are in place for only one reason: to protect the interests of every one of their citizens. That's how the world works. Wake up!

Oh look! Here comes a very good friend of mine! Lives just round the corner. He comes to visit me at my house at least once a year! Used to work for MI5 and just like me really knows his stuff about how the world works, as I was only saying a second ago! Most clever chap, but it goes without saying not as brilliant as me, with my top degree in Theoretical

Particle Physics from that University whose name is always just on the tip of my tongue. You know, in my long career as a physician (theoretical, particle) I have always taken the trouble early to be highly competent at whatever I decided to turn my hand to. It's only by assiduously practising and being prepared to make the extra effort that one can always find satisfying employment, and ensure one is never at the mercy of the ignorant people who run big corporations. I did so enjoy my days back in Blighty stacking shelves in Tesco, while I ruminated on the physics of whether trees are not solid or not.

Here he is! Come and join us! Feel free to order yourself an ouzo, and one for me too. Cheers! We were just discussing conspiracy theories. My friend here reads about them on that Internet thingie! What? You do too??? You do realise the Internet's all a perfidious lie, don't you? Don't you??? What's that? You think the two most ridiculously made-up official stories you've ever heard are that Oswald assassinated Kennedy, and that Obama Binliner perpetrated 911? You think the US government did it? You KNOW the US government did it... But surely they couldn't have. Why would a kind and charitable government like the USA's kill thousands of its own citizens? I know they killed hundreds of thousands of people who are not their own citizens, but that doesn't count when you are truly gentle and humane at heart. How do I know the US government is caring and compassionate and kind and charitable and gentle and humane? Well, I visited York Minster once, and any folk who can place such a glorious building at the heart of their greatest city cannot be anything else but all of those and more. So I don't believe a single thing you say. Why should I? You don't agree with me!



I read on the internet there was not a moon landing. There there nice cat.

Gooners Gags

The power of Alcohol

A man is waiting for his wife to give birth. The doctor comes in and informs the dad that his son was born without torso, arms or legs. The son is just a head! But the dad loves his son and raises him as well as he can, with love and compassion.

After 21 years, the son is now old enough for his first drink. Dad takes him to the bar, tearfully tells the son he is proud of him and orders up the biggest, strongest drink for his boy. With all the bar patrons looking on curiously and the bartender shaking his head in disbelief, the boy takes his first sip of alcohol.

Swoooosh! Plop!! A torso pops out! The bar is dead silent; then bursts into whoops of joy. The father, shocked, begs his son to drink again. The patrons chant 'Take another drink!'

The bartender continues to shake his head in dismay. Swoooosh! Plip! Plop!! Two arms pop out.

The bar goes wild. The father, crying and wailing, begs his son to drink again. The patrons chant, 'Take another drink! Take another drink!!' The bartender ignores the whole affair and goes back to polishing glasses, shaking his head, clearly unimpressed by the amazing scenes.

By now the boy is getting tipsy, but with his new hands he reaches down, grabs his drink and guzzles the last of it. Plop! Plip!! Two legs pop out. The bar is in chaos.

The father falls to his knees and tearfully thanks God. The boy stands up on his new legs and stumbles to the left then staggers to the right through the front door, into the street, where a truck runs over him and kills him instantly. The bar falls silent.

The father moans in grief. The bartender sighs and says; 'He should've quit while he was a head.'



Two Woodpeckers...

A Mexican woodpecker and a Canadian woodpecker were in Mexico arguing about which place had the toughest trees. The Mexican woodpecker claimed Mexico had a tree that no woodpecker could peck.

The Canadian woodpecker accepted his challenge and promptly pecked a hole in the tree with no problem. The Mexican woodpecker was amazed.

The Canadian woodpecker then challenged the Mexican woodpecker to peck a tree in Canada that was absolutely 'impeckable' (a term frequently used by woodpeckers). The Mexican woodpecker

expressed confidence that he could do it and accepted the challenge.

The two flew to Canada where the Mexican woodpecker successfully pecked the so-called 'impeckable' tree almost without breaking a sweat.

Both woodpeckers were now terribly confused. How is it that the Canadian woodpecker was able to peck the Mexican tree, and the Mexican woodpecker was able to peck the Canadian tree, yet neither was able to peck the tree in their own country?

After much woodpecker pondering, they both came to the same conclusion:

Apparently, your pecker gets harder when you're away from home.

The Swedish experiment.

(Part 3)

January has passed and it was a good month, still with absolutely fantastic weather. Everyone warned us that Corfu has nothing but rain during the winter and we came well prepared with raincoats and wellies from home. But I think we had six days of rain since we came and we have been able to sit outside almost every day. The temperature reminds me of a normal Swedish summer, so no complains.



Panna and Margareta

After five days in Kastoria it was good to come home to Villa Theodora, home sweet home... Pana came to visit us for a couple of days and then both he and Margareta left. Almost the first time we been alone in the villa. But it did not last long, the following week Lynne Cahill came to see us and we had a lovely couple of days enjoying the sun on the patio.



An Agiot abroad

Margareta, Lennart and I took a trip to Kastoria and Ian Ramage came all the way from Scotland to visit our friend Panagiotis and experience the carnival.

Kastoria is a beautiful town situated by a large lake and with high snow covered mountains around it. The scenery is very dramatic, the road there is full of bridges and tunnels and breathtaking views. And I don't think I ever seen so many birds at the same time, varying from ducks and geese to pelicans and swans.



Colder than Corfu

We stayed in a nice little hotel that Pana had booked in good time, during the carnival every place is full. The carnival itself was three spectacular days with music everywhere and the streets filled with people in costumes and masks. We met some of Panas friends in town one night and had a great time (the volume in the restaurants was on full blast all the time)



Watching

And at last, the three most common lines in the villa this winter:

1. Good morning, have anybody seen my reading glasses
2. I can't do that because I don't have my glasses
3. We need more kindling wood

Love to all our friends out in the world.

At the keyboard
Sanna



Sparkling

Corfu - The Good Life, January 2016

By
Les and Chris

Weather-wise, the New Year started in the same vein as the old one left us, few frosty mornings but beautiful cloudless skies for most of the time.

Day temperatures have been amazing, we came to Corfu expecting our first winter to be cold and very wet but oh how wrong we were.

We have been thoroughly spoilt and the locals keep reminding us.

We had a marvellous time in experiencing our first Greek Epiphany Celebrations.

The day before Epiphany we had a shopping trip in to Corfu town, so many people still dressed in Santa suits and children still in the festive mood singing songs and playing little triangles (like the ones that you used to play at school)

Then on the 6th January we were invited to a meal at our friend's house to celebrate the baptism of Christ and his introduction to the Gentiles with their family and friends.

A day that is not celebrated in the UK much, such a shame.

The good weather has given us more opportunities to continue our exploration of the villages and the island in general.

We had previously been for a walk in the Giannades area but had never managed to find the small local beach on the far side of the village.

Parking up above the little village church and using our compass as a guide, we eventually found the little track that led to a wonderful little beach.

I can understand now why the little beach is not very well known, we had to virtually abseil down a very steep rocky track.

But by using a combination of ropes and ladders we eventually reached a wonderful, completely deserted little beach.

Well done Chris!



'Jewel'

After our exertions we retreated to the little tavern below the village of Giannades called "Tristratos" to quench our thirst with a well earned glass of wine - or 3!

We still continue to enjoy our Sunday walks out with Paul, Jan and friends and have been introduced to some nice people and places.

One such walk was up above Peliokonstritsa and the village of Lakones, followed by a nice meal and wine in a tavern in village of Doukades.



*'Above
Paleokastritsa'*

We had a nice experience helping Kosta and Nitsa harvest the olives from their trees.

The Olive trees had their fruit bearing branches cut off and our job was (by the use of a small hand rake) to separate the olives from the cut branches on to the

previously laid out nets, for the olives to be gathered up and bagged prior to transport to a local olive press.

Our efforts were rewarded with a nice litre and half bottle of the greenest, freshest olive oil.

Which would be labelled as "Organic" in the UK and cost a fortune.

Yummy!



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'Tree pruning.'

The good weather has brought the growing season forward by approx. 4 weeks.

This has allowed us to cut back the dead wood and wind damaged branches from our trees and the off-cuts left to season to be used as firewood for next winter.

It is also a good time to start getting ahead with our veg plot and budding fruit trees/ orchard in earnest this year after our experimenting towards the end of last year.

The Cabbages, Broccoli, Cauliflower and potatoes have all finished/ harvested.

The Leeks, Onions, Garlic and recently planted Broad beans are coming on well.

So our thoughts are now turning towards this year's summer crop and preparing the land and sowing our seeds in pots and trays to bring them on, prior to planting out when the warmer weather is here.

Our fruit trees have been sprayed just prior to leaf buds emerging, thus will hopefully prevent infections and attacks from flies, grubs etc.

And hopefully if things go well, we will be pretty self-sufficient as far as fruit and veg go.

Or if not, pretty well much on our way to it.

Like we have mentioned before, key to most things in the veg plot or in the garden is to "listen to the locals" Their years of knowledge of the conditions, planting times etc have proved invaluable.

After many hours of digging out the spent veg and digging the area over our veg plot is coming on.

One morning I noticed that a couple of Leeks appeared to be looking not too good, "maybe due to the recent dry conditions I thought?"

Give them a good watering and they should recover.

Next morning the reason became apparent "Moles"

Little darlings had been tunnelling under the leeks and

damaged some of the fragile roots!

And looking around there were a few other molehills we had not noticed?

OK Google, how to get rid of Moles from your garden? After a selection video's showing people gassing them via the use of a hosepipe connected to the exhaust of your car or filling the tunnels with explosive gas by the use of a welders Acetylene torch then igniting the gas and blowing the moles up in their tunnels - which I thought was amazing and I was planning to use the Propane bottle from the BBQ till Chris took it off me!

We just happened to mention our problem with the moles to our neighbour (who had previously had a similar problem, see "listen to the locals") and he informed us that you can buy some small tablets from a local garden centre that you simply drop in to a recently dug tunnel which he felt confident would help rid us of the pests.

So as we are still struggling with the Greek language and anticipating the conversation that would ensue in trying to explain "moles" at the garden centre I got out my Greek alphabet and wrote the word "Mole" - as I thought!

Thankfully Chris had the sense to google it prior to us leaving, "let me see what you have written"

Look "Mole in Greek" I said, showing her my piece of paper with my newly learnt Greek word on!

Nope, the official translation was nothing like my interpretation of the Greek language!

For your information, Mole in Greek is "Tyflopontikas" - work that one out!

So I hastily added the newly attained information to my piece of paper.

Anyway off to the garden centre and after a quite painless conversation, suitably aided by our piece of paper, we eventually came away with our little bag of blue tablets to hopefully see off the Moles!

So on our return and armed with my recently purchased tablets, off in to the garden we went and tracing the mole tunnels leading off from the molehills we carefully dug down making a series of small holes and carefully inserting several of the blue tablets in to the runs every meter or so. Job done!

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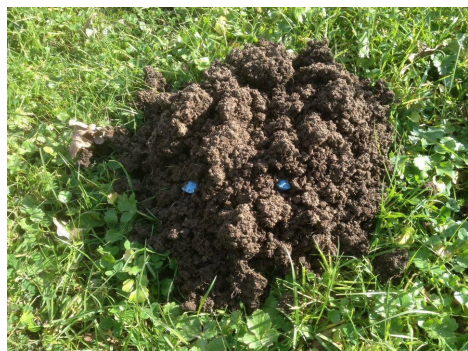
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Mixed feelings really, do not want to harm the little blighters but they will cause so much damage to the garden and items growing in our veg patch.



Fecking moles

The next morning revealed fresh molehills in the veg patch! Grrr! And to add insult to injury there were the blue tablets laying on the surface in the soil that had been evacuated overnight from the freshly dug mole tunnels!



Blue kill pills

So again tracing the fresh mole tunnel's we dug in to the tunnels and dropped the blue tablets back in to the mole tunnels again.

Monitoring the molehills over the day and checking again just before we went to bed, there were no signs of any fresh activity, so feeling quietly confident off we went to bed.

We have monitored the mole activity over the last 2 days and there are no fresh hills or signs of tunnelling, so hopefully they have moved on elsewhere. But looking at the fields at our boundaries and the amount of mole activity there, we think it will be an on-going battle. But our precious veg patch appears safe for now.

Our 4 young chickens are coming on well and are filling out, so we are hoping to have a fresh supply of our own eggs by the end of Feb, we will see?

Still living the "Good Life"

The Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal - 2015

Dear Ms Steele

Official Receipt Amount of Donation 2,539.44 pounds Sterling (3,289.68 Euros)

Thank you most sincerely for this contribution to the Poppy Appeal. Please accept this letter as our formal receipt for the amount shown.

The Poppy Appeal is the major single source of revenue for the Royal British Legion's Benevolent Fund. Each year more people come to the Legion for help and the cost of that help is continually increasing. Daily we see and read of young Service men and women employed in peace keeping duties in many parts of the world, often in considerable danger, and this means that there will always be a need to provide help for them and their dependants, when they themselves no longer can. That is why it is so important that the Legion can continue with its vital work.

Thank you on behalf of those who will now benefit from your support.

Yours sincerely,

Ray Sheppard
Head of Poppy Appeal
25 January 2016

Lucy Steele, M.B.E.
Poppy Appeal Honorary Organiser



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