

91st Edition

The Agiot

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Migrant boat crisis: the story of the Greek hero on the beach



One compelling image has come to represent all the Greek people who treated desperate migrants like fellow human beings: Boat migrant being rescued Antonis Deligiorgis saving Wegasi Nebiat: 'I was having trouble lifting her out of the sea, then instinctively, I put her over my shoulder.' [Photograph: Argiris Mantikos/AP]

It was an image that came to symbolise desperation and valour: the desperation of those who will take on the sea – and the men who ferry human cargo across it – to flee the ills that cannot keep them in their own countries. And the valour of those on Europe's southern shores who rush to save them when tragedy strikes.

Last week on the island of Rhodes, war, repression, dictatorship in distant Eritrea were far from the mind of army sergeant Antonis Deligiorgis. The world inhabited by Wegasi Nebiat, a 24-year-old Eritrean in the cabin of a yacht sailing towards the isle, was still far away.

At 8am on Monday there was nothing that indicated the two would meet. Stationed in Rhodes, the burly soldier

accompanied his wife, Theodora, on the school run. "Then we thought we'd grab a coffee," he told the Observer in an exclusive interview recounting what would soon ensue. "We stopped by a cafe on the seafront."

Deligiorgis had his back to the sea when the vessel carrying Nebiat struck the jagged rocks fishermen on Rhodes grow up learning to avoid. Within seconds the rickety boat packed with Syrians and Eritreans was listing. The odyssey that had originated six hours earlier at the Turkish port of Marmaris – where thousands of Europe-bound migrants are now said to be amassed – was about to end in the strong currents off Zefyros Beach.

For Nebiat, whose journey to Europe began in early March – her parents paid \$10,000 for a voyage that would see her walk, bus and fly her way to "freedom" – the reef was her first contact with the continent she had prayed to reach. Soon she was in the water clinging to a rubber buoy.

"The boat disintegrated in a matter of minutes," the father-of-two recalled. "It was as if it was made of paper. By the time I left the café at 10 past 10, a lot of people had rushed to the scene. The coastguard was there, a Super Puma [helicopter] was in the air, the ambulance brigade had come, fishermen had gathered in their caiques. Without really giving it a second's thought, I did what I had to do. By 10:15 I had taken off my shirt and was in the water."

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Migrant boat crisis: the story of the Greek hero on the beach

Continued from Page 1

Deligiorgis brought 20 of the 93 migrants to shore single-handedly. "At first I wore my shoes but soon had to take them off," he said, speaking by telephone from Rhodes. "The water was full of oil from the boat and was very bitter and the rocks were slippery and very sharp. I cut myself quite badly on my hands and feet, but all I could think of was saving those poor people."

In the chaos of the rescue, the 34-year-old cannot remember if he saved three or four men, or three or four children, or five or six women: "What I do remember was seeing a man who was around 40 die. He was flailing about, he couldn't breathe, he was choking, and though I tried was impossible to reach. Anyone who could was hanging on to the wreckage."

Deligiorgis says he was helped by the survival skills and techniques learned in the army: "But the waves were so big, so relentless. They kept coming and coming." He had been in the water for about 20 minutes when he saw Nebiat gripping the buoy. "She was having great problems breathing," he said. "There were some guys from the coastguard around me who had jumped in with all their clothes on. I was having trouble lifting her out of the

sea. They helped and then, instinctively, I put her over my shoulder."

On Friday it emerged that he had also rescued a woman who gave birth to a healthy baby boy in Rhodes general hospital. In a sign of her gratitude, the Eritrean, who did not want to be identified, told nurses she would name her son after him. While Deligiorgis's heroism has raised the spirits of a nation grappling with its worst economic crisis in modern times, he is far from alone. All week there have been stories of acts of kindness, great and small, by islanders who rushed to help the emigrés. One woman stripped her own child to swaddle a Syrian baby, hundreds rushed to donate food and clothes.

"They are souls, like us," said Babis Manias, a fisherman, breaking down as he recalled saving a child.

"We couldn't believe it at first. We thought it was a tourist boat, what with all the hotels along the beach. I've never seen anything like it, the terror that can haunt a human's eyes."

The incident has highlighted the extraordinary sacrifice people on the frontline of Fortress Europe will often make as the humanitarian disaster unfolding on the continent's outer reaches becomes ever more real. Last week close to 2,000 migrants were reported entering the

country with the vast majority coming through its far-flung Aegean isles. Most were said to be Syrian students and other professionals able to afford passage to the west.

"As long as there are crises in their own countries and desperation and despair, they will look to Europe," said Giorgos Tsarbopoulos, who heads the United Nations refugee mission in Athens. "And as long as there are no legal alternatives they will take these great risks to get here."

Like other passengers, Nebiat, who would spend most of the week in hospital being treated for suspected pneumonia, has no desire to stay in Greece. Sweden is her goal. And on Thursday she boarded a ferry bound for Piraeus, the continuation of a journey that began in the Eritrean capital of Asmara, took her to Sudan and from there to Turkey travelling on a fake passport. "I am lucky," she said as she was reunited with those who made the journey with her. "Very lucky to be alive."

Deligiorgis falls silent at the mention of heroism. There was nothing brave, he says, about fulfilling his duty "as a human, as a man". But recounting the moment he plucked the Eritrean from the sea, he admits the memory will linger. "I will never forget her face," he says. "Ever."

Hovoli Darts

Hovoli Charity Darts Competition Organisers, are proud to announce today we have donated a laptop to the Corfu Children's Orphanage, Analipsi, to the value of 350€, money raised from the singles charity darts competition and raffle 310€, 10€ donated by Michael Vlassis, 10€ donated by Lesley

Bourne- Mullen and 20€ by Eagles/Oscars darts teams.

A big thank you to all who contributed to this important donation and to Linda Kontomares for ac-

cepting the laptop on behalf of the Orphanage.

From,
The Hovoli Organisers.



Agiotfest 2015

ON AUGUST 29TH 2015 YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE BLOWN AWAY BY LEATHERAT



Jono, the band's spokesman and fiddle player sends you this message:

'Pete (our front man) has written the most fantastic tune that sounds very Greek! I have told him that it cannot be chance that you have invited us to Corfu and we plan to work on this totally new song especially for Agiotfest - it will be for you, I hope for Greece; certainly not for Merkel'.

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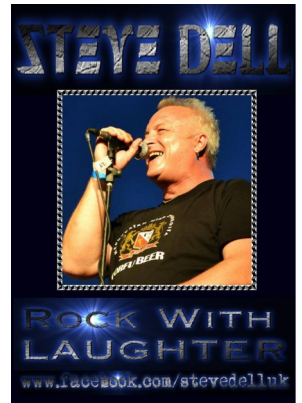


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Continued on Page 4

Agiotfest 2015

Continued from page 3

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The 100+ Club

We are proud to announce we have allocated the end of year 2014/15 final balance, donating 631€ to each of the 4 charities/ organizations: The Smile of The Child to provide heating diesel, St John Lazos Church, food purchased to help provide up to 100 meals per day, Agiotfest15 paying for the stage lighting at this years music Festival on 29th August and The Red Cross to purchase important CPR training which helps to save Peoples lives.

With your support we can make a difference.

A big thank you to all members of The 100+ Club for your support. Ken & Jan Harrop (Project Leaders)

The 100+ Club supports Charities of Corfu.

the100plusclub@groups.facebook.com

List of Members who won the draw in 2014/15

Lou Curry
Stephen Malcolm
Derek & Carol Pullen
Rose Belcher
Suzie Clarke
Barbara Williams
Duncan Schofield
Angie Hayward
Tony Jones
Suzie Clarke
Sotiris Vlachos
Louise Taylor

STOP PRESS TODAY

Winning No: 33 - 100 Euros

Second No: 50 - 50 Euros

Other Prize No: 81 - Meal for 2 at 'Old Barrel. Kontokali'

Agiot and Agiotfest Links

<http://democracystreet.blogspot.gr/>
<https://www.facebook.com/events/1427706954166861/?context=create&source=49>
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<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=61beYf24Ux0>
<http://realcorfu.com/?s=Agiotfest>
<http://www.the-green-island.co.uk/>
<https://www.facebook.com/corfugazette>
<http://leatherat.com/2015-an-exciting-year-for-leatherat/>

Agiotfest Sponsors



Fully licensed under Greek law, OCAY Property Services offers both land and property for sale, mostly in the central region of Corfu. They can also handle the entire design and construction of a home including all licences, taxes, etc.

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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.



100 + Club

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



Corfu Beer



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beers & wine, dairy produce, household cleaners, personal care, newspapers, magazines and greetings cards.



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Sally's Bar
Ipsos

Sunrise Cars

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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:

NSK

Paul & Jan Scotter

Ken & Jan Harrop

Steve Young

Jo & Mel Sperling

Lionel Mann

Sue Done

Tavola Calda

Nikolas's Taverna, Agni

Vassilis Pandis

In Action gym

Star Bowl

La Tabernita Mexicana

Barry & Stella Knight

David Dickinson

Sarah Young

Simon & Lin Baddeley

Bob & Jill Carr

Chas Clifton

Rob Groove

Michael Spiggos, Firebrand Radio

<http://www.firebrandrr.co.uk/michael-spiggos/>

Dimitris Krokidis

<http://corfuwall.gr/>

Tony Barker

<http://villaoasiscorfu.com/>

Adrian Ward

<http://realcorfu.com/>

Maria. Driving School

Spyros Kouloudis. Dentist

Martin & Tracey Stuart

Posidonio Restaurant Agios Giordis

Aqualand

Gouvia Marina

Hotel Telesillas, Kontokoli

Sephora Shop

Compass Café, Kontokoli

Big Bite Restaurant, Benitses

Pat & Gina Brett

Les & Chris Woods

Village and Island News

By The Editor

Well, what a month that was! The liver has been extracted, wrapped and sent away for analysis. It started with a bang, meeting dear friends Di and Steve in town-here on holiday- for lunch at Rouva's. His daughter Georgie and her amiable boyfriend Peter, joined us for this fine meal.



'All together'

This meeting served as a splendid hors d'oeuvre for the next day. It happened to be my birthday but that was of nothing compared with the main event; the Civil wedding of our son Peter to Elina. It was held in the beautiful building abutting the Anglican church, the private reception was at a closed taverna in Garitsa. I will not bang on about the detail here, suffice to say it was one of the happiest days of my life, rejoicing in this union with family members, the small staff of the taverna and two young musicians. The icing on the cake was the revelation of Elina expecting a daughter in September.



'Happy Day'

The following week was Big Week, the run-in to Easter. We tried to have some time off for visiting friends and getting festive. But by Friday, we were pacing ourselves, knowing Easter Sunday was going to be 'lively'. We were due to go over to Kanoni and a better article than I can manage is here in Simon's World, in which I believe he captured the flavour to a tee. Back home in Agios Ioannis the taverna was host to many visitors and friends for the traditional fare.



'Pot Smashing'

Barely had the excitement abated when new immigrants-to-be Les and Chris fly in for a week of fun. They were just in time for Lula's birthday the following day, celebrated in Garitsa-this time at an open taverna. Back to Agios Ioannis later where Paul and Sally, Tracey and Martin, Jackie and Dimitri were funning themselves inside the jolly taverna.

Two days later the Corfu Losers' Cup entered town, after which there was barely time to recover before the grand wedding in the Agios Ioannis church, followed by a very large reception at Luna d'Argenta, between Sofi Vasilaki and Spyros Poulis. What a happy and gay time. The music, the dancing, the smiling faces, the laden tables. Nobody does a better wedding than the Greeks.



'Spyros & Kristos'

So, in half a month enough sociability has been achieved for three months. Well, we just have to remain adaptable, don't we?

A change of pace the following week: after four years in the making, the court case for the Great Fence War actually took place in the Custom-built New Court House. In the red corner was Micky, supported by Lula, Paul Grove and the Editor-the Editor was there for journalistic motives only. In the Blue corner were George and Varna. After the case, which I am proscribed from reporting owing to judicial embargo, the lawyers for both sides have to submit depositions for final consideration. A ruling may be expected within the next few decades.



'It's all Greek to me'

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Village and Island News
Continued from Page 6

Sad news has arrived that Agiot Helgy Heine is in Athens hospital, being treated for prostate cancer. We wish him well!

Back on the social track, it was George's name day on the 23rd, fur-

ther excuses for revelry. No wonder the country is in a mess. At one George's we met for the first time Elisabet, daughter of Thora and you have guessed it- another George.

And now the month draws to a close. Spattered between the fun and games have been the preparations for the coming summer sea-

son. It is just upon us now as we all busy ourselves for the first 'swallows'. But always remember; one swallow does not make an Amstel.

The World of Simon

EASTER SUNDAY IN CORFU

Peter and Elena are married and she expects a child in September. Easter Sunday afternoon, a spotless blue day, Peter's parents, Paul and Lula invited us to a lamb roast at Elina's parents, Procopius and Xrysa's home on Filareto, beside the road to Kanoni. We're used to *filotemo* here, but here, if that's possible, the gift was amplified as we - strangers - were, from the first second of our arrival, drawn into the orbit of two Greek families joined in pride and happiness at each others' children's union. Starting with warm handshakes and kisses we were sat at joined up terrace tables under a veranda overlooking the narrow road from town. Between us already many plates spread with prosciutto, salami, feta cubes, slices of hard cheese and village rosé in jugs not allowed to empty, a bottle of tsipero circulating and Sunday toast. To the rhythm of songs whose lyrics all but I and Lin knew the company sang, now and then breaking off to clash our glasses and plastic cups in toasts to health up and down the tables.



'Procopius'

"Come" said Procopius "the spit" He gestured the turning. I followed him to a cooking space where glistening with fat a whole lamb turned above the charcoal, watched by Anna, Xrysa's mother.

"Here, baste!" he handed me a brush and jar of olive oil and then pinched off a piece of crisp skin and juicy flesh, piquant with rosemary, salt and the smell of the roasting beast.

"Ready?" he asked me

"Thekka lepta?" I ventured

"Thekka lepta" he instructed his mother, who smiled without a hint of indulgence.

Back at the table village sausages were added to the mezes, cut six or seven times, to make delectable

mouthfuls.

Lin began nudging me as I ate "Don't be so greedy"

We sang and hummed and toasted and drank, Paul, Lula, George, Lin, I, Procopius, Xrysa George, Rula and her daughter Eleni, Pete and Elina, his brother Kostas.



'Procopius and George ready to un-spit the lamb'

A plate of *kokoretsi* passed round - a delicacy some don't like because made of lamb's intestines turned inside out, washed, rubbed with salt, soaked in lemon juice, threaded onto a skewer, wrapped with the intestine to hold the roll together, crisped over the fire. It was time to prepare the lamb for the table, unshackle its neck, draw the spit from centre, lay the cooked carcass on wood and chop it limb from sizzling limb.

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The World of Simon
Continued from Page 7

Procopius and George prepared the feast. Chop chop chop. Bones and sinews gave way. Rich slivers of meat and crisp skin were laid in square platters for our table. I carried one, trailing the delicious scent of the roast to the table and so to our plates to be enjoyed with the help of fingers, fatty, hot and lickable.



Procopius filled the wine jugs, led the toasts amid the eating and the singing and dancing. Two plates were smashed followed by more, with Xrysa adding the regular clanging of dropped oven and baking tins “Oopa” “Oopa”.



When the younger people had gone the grown-ups continued the meal with two enthusiastic household dogs bounding under and around the tables. We played 'conkers' with dyed red hard boiled eggs - a game I still haven't the knack to win. As the sun sank and began to dazzle us Xrysa hung a cloth from the beams of the veranda. Procopius - or was it Paul? - threw more plates to smash in the road...



...and then we continued dancing there, waving to passing cars on their way to Vlacherna and Kanoni, some drivers and passengers waving back happily “Kala Paska” “Kronia Polla”. Music, dancing, plate smashing, ironware clashing continued, tables were swiftly cleared, more wine poured, sweet things served on

platters, and hardly consumed, before Procopius whipped the whole table cloth with all on the table to the floor “Oopa” - and danced amid the shambles swiftly tidied by Lula and Anna, who'd already swept our wreckage from the road. Then we were dancing, even I, on one of the tables. Procopius picked up the other and threw it over. Xrysa pulled a hollow brick from the garden and hurled it into the shattered debris of plates and glasses. Two girls passing outside were invited to join us. They too were soon dancing and singing, plied with food and wine “You realise where you are?” said Paul “we're all vampires!”



Then there was coffee. Slowly the party wound down, the terrace tidied, even as the music and singing continued. In the Greek way of enjoying a party eyes never glaze over, speech is never slurred, no-one gets drunk, for all the wine that flows, and no-one whispers “You know I really like you”. Wit stays sharp. Mickey is taken. Procopius and Paul, father to father “Me Greek bastard no English! You English bastard, no Greek”. At some point I went over to Paul; gave his shoulders a hug “Thanks for asking us to this. I couldn't be happier”. So when it was time to leave we all hugged, kissed, shook hands and went our ways.

Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by
Hilary Paipeti

> Some Random Thoughts

> I can't find a source which categorically affirms it, but I think > Monopoly must be the world's most successful board game. According to > Wikipedia (a decent source for verifying basic facts), it wasn't > invented entirely by Charles Darrow, but initially by one Elizabeth J. > Magie Phillips, who in 1903 created a game which was intended 'to > illustrate the negative aspects of concentrating land in private monopolies.' > It gave me pause for thought one evening recently when a friend who > once held down a high-powered and lucrative career (and who gave it > all up to relocate here) commented that the pay was never enough, > because the more money he earned, the more 'stuff' he wanted. It > occurred to me that Monopoly is a metaphor for this lifestyle. You go > round in circles, following a complicated set of rules imposed on you > by a higher authority, collect a regular pay check (at 'GO') and try > to avoid jail. In the meantime, you acquire as many possessions as you > can at the expense of everyone else. And when you manage to win, so > what? You start the cycle all over again. Rather sums it up, really. > It seems to me that Monopoly, sneakily sold as an educational tool to

> demonstrate the evil aspects of greedy Western culture, is in truth > intended to condition us to accept unquestioningly a clockwork routine > and a grasping consumer lifestyle. > > In the 80s as one of my previous incarnations I was a 'village girl', > tied to a now ex-husband and without trappings (not for nothing are > they called that - see above). Worst was having no books, especially > as TV was unwatchable, mainly comprising manic black and white > comedies starring the same four actors, drear variety shows and lots > of PASOK party political broadcasts - sorry, newscasts. I had about > three books, which I was forced to read in rotation, back-to-back. > There weren't many tourist businesses with British owners who had the > bright idea of running a book-swap facility, and even if they existed > I was without the means to reach them. The sole salvation was a tiny > dark second hand shop behind the Old Port, which opened only on a > Wednesday morning, and sold old books for the peanuts I could afford. > So on Wednesdays I would get the bus into town with some anticipation > of being able to amuse myself for a week. Some Wednesdays I arrived to > find it firmly closed, and returned to the village almost in tears. > Ex-husband was genuinely puzzled: 'You've GOT a book. Why do you want > another one?' > So be thankful that you inhabit this island in the days of Amazon, > Gutenberg Project (48,000 out-of-copyright tomes available as free > ebooks), the excellent Anglican Church library (anyone can borrow, not

> just churchgoers), books sales, book swaps, and kindly tourists who > leave behind their holiday bonkbusters. > My in-laws, incidentally, had 'a book' themselves! A copy of Elle > Magazine from 1985 (the first Greek edition), proudly displayed on the > dining table, and probably still there today. > > Talking of books, I have recently come across three of the best novels > Cloud Atlas by David Mitchell (obtained by book swap at a taverna). > Please persevere; the first part is extraordinarily hard to get into > because of its arcane language. I'll lazily turn to Wikipedia again > for a resume of the plot(s): > 'The novel consists of six nested stories that take the reader from > the remote South Pacific in the nineteenth century to a distant, > post-apocalyptic future. Each tale is revealed to be a story that is > read (or watched) by the main character in the next. All stories but > the last one get interrupted at some moment, and after the sixth story > concludes at the centre of the book, the novel 'goes back' in time, > 'closing' each story as the book progresses in terms of pages but > regresses in terms of the historical period in which the action takes > place. Eventually, readers end where they started, with Adam Ewing in the Pacific Ocean, circa 1850.' > Sounds weird? Yes, but it is an astounding work of imagination, which > examines Man's incredible ability to be nasty to other people. Some of > the stories are tragic, and one is farcically funny; another shows

Hilary's Ramblings
Continued from Page 9

> great prescience about the direction our world is going. I have just > obtained the film version on DVD (Church table-top sale), and was very > dubious about how such a complex book could be translated to film.

> Well, they managed it very well, though I think anyone who hasn't read

> the book will be rather bewildered by the changing plot-lines and time-shifts.

> Another good reason to read the book!

> I Am Pilgrim by Terry Hayes (bought inexpensively at Public Bookshop).

> The ultimate thriller, this novel combines detective work, spies and > international terrorism in a journey which takes you from a seedy New

> York hotel, to Red Square and the White House and locations all over > the Middle East. The first-person hero is in a race against time to > stop the anti-hero from perpetrating an act of terrorism which could > destroy the world, and at the same time he accidentally is obliged to > try and solve the perfect murder. Though this makes it sound like a > high-rolling James Bond type plot line, it is much more grainy, > sometimes sordid and frightening. There is some extremely clever > clue-solving, both in the terror-chase plot-line and in the parallel murder-mystery one.

> Remarkably, it is Terry Hayes' first novel, though he has had a very > successful previous career as a Hollywood scriptwriter, whose CV > includes Mad Max 2 and 3. I Am Pilgrim is likewise action-packed.

> 11.22.63 by Stephen King (Church table-top sale). An intriguing title,

> but one that does not resonate much with us Brits. Try it our way: > 22.11.63. Ring a bell? Yes, it's a return to the vintage story of the > Kennedy assassination, but with a thoroughly 'novel' take. Don't > expect any answers (or even questions) about the conspiracy theories; > Lee Harvey Oswald did do the deed in this version. But the twist is > that someone from the future is very much trying to stop him, while > the Present is desperately struggling to preserve its own Future. The > time-travelling hero, from our age, finds a very different America. > One reviewer wrote: 'For me the most interesting feature of the work > was King's elaborate attempt to recreate the wholly different America > of the end of the 1950s. King (by no means a crusty conservative) > almost (but not > quite) portrays this period as, yes, a Golden Age - especially of > trust, but also of food that tasted better, of money that was still > worth something, of an economy where people still made things, and > used the things they made in modest but comfortable lives.

> 'There's a particularly moving and telling part of the book where he > heads south along the unmodernised highways of the time, which I > recommend, not least because after some rather moving descriptions of

> a lost but recent past, at a Dixieland petrol station he follows the sign for the 'colored' > lavatories, and finds a pathway, flanked with poison ivy, leading to a > plank over a stream. There you have it. You have the one. You have the > other too, not to mention the endless smoking, the crude medical care > and the filthy, polluted air in industrial districts, and some harsh,

> disturbing evocations of slum life in the suburbs of big southern > cities.' (Peter Hichens, Mail on > Sunday)

> The book is worth the read just for this aspect, but the action, which > involves the protagonist's attempts to undo other tragedies as well as > the Kennedy one, makes it unput-downably riveting. And it raises many

> questions about the consequences of what we wish for. For instance, is > it better to live a long life as a cripple, or to be saved from this > fate and be killed young in Vietnam instead? (I'm not giving away any

> crucial plot twists

> here.) If you don't like the Stephen King horror genre (I don't), be

> assured that this book is a big departure. And perhaps only a > practised master such as King could have pulled it off.

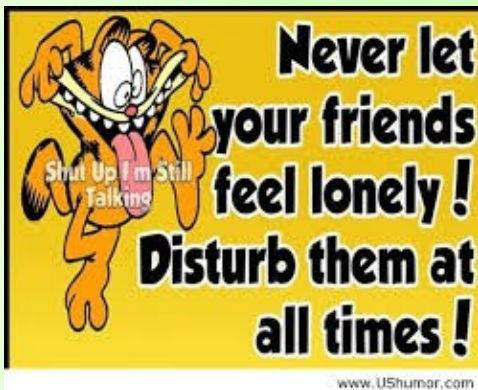
>

> Pity the poor beasties during this spring that never quite arrives.

> Out here in the fields, I nearly stepped on an inch-long tortoise > probably just hatched, and thinking 'Jeez, why did I bother?' At least > walking through the fields is no longer a prolonged squelch, but... at > this exact lovely point, the grasses overnight become too long and > dense to make it safe. For when tortoises are out, so are the snakes.

Nick the Clock's World

A man goes to a psychiatrist and says, "Doc, my brother's crazy, he thinks he's a chicken." The doctor says, "Why don't you turn him in?" The guy says, "We would. But we need the eggs."



A guy is sitting at home when he hears a knock at the door. He opens the door and sees a snail on the porch. He picks up the snail and throws it as far as he can. Three years later, there's a knock on the door. He opens it and sees the same snail. The snail says "What the hell was that all about?"

Perfect Son.

A: I have the perfect son.
 B: Does he smoke?
 A: No, he doesn't.
 B: Does he drink whiskey?
 A: No, he doesn't.
 B: Does he ever come home late?
 A: No, he doesn't.
 B: I guess you really do have the perfect son. How old is he?
 A: He will be six months old next Wednesday

"Honey," said this husband to his wife, "I invited a friend home for supper." "What? Are you crazy? The house is a mess, I haven't been shopping, all the dishes are dirty, and I don't feel like cooking a fancy meal!" "I know all that." "Then why did you invite a friend for supper?" "Because the poor fool's thinking about getting married."

A man receives a phone call from his doctor. The doctor says, "I have some good news and some bad news." The man says, "OK, give me the good news first." The doctor says, "The good news is, you have 24 hours to live." The man replies, "Oh no! If that's the good news, then what's the bad news?" The doctor says, "The bad news is, I forgot to call you yesterday."

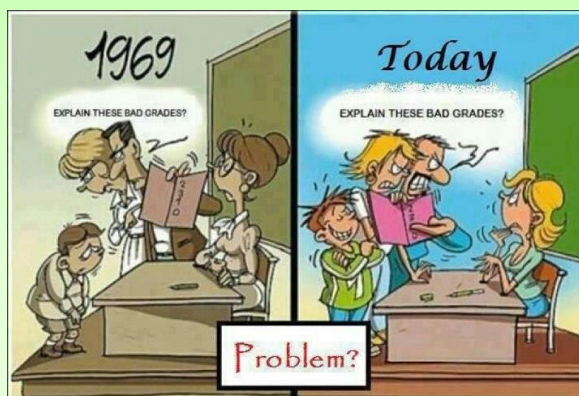
Police: Did you shoot this man?
 Man: No, a bullet shot him, and bullets are made of lead, and lead comes from the ground, and ground is a part of nature. He died of natural causes. Case Closed.

A farmer was driving along the road with a load of fertilizer. A little boy, playing in front of his house, saw him and called, "What've you got in your truck?"

"Fertilizer," the farmer replied. "What are you going to do with it?" asked the little boy.

"Put it on strawberries," answered the farmer. "You ought to live here," the little boy advised him. "We put sugar and cream on ours."

How those in power maintain control.
<http://www.wakingtimes.com/2015/04/03/how-do-those-in-power-stay-in-control/>



That's all folks!

Initiative

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

When I was four years old my father was made redundant during the Great Depression result of the perennial greed and stupidity of Manhattan and the City of London. We never starved as we had a large garden with a big hen run at the end, but from time to time articles of furniture would disappear 'to be repaired' though never to return. Do all parents think that their children are lacking in perception? Eventually we were reduced to sleeping on mattresses on the floor and sitting on packing-cases around a larger packing case for meals.

Mother's sewing-machine remained as did also the radio and the piano as father needed that for practice; he was organist for a couple of churches in the city and the meager pittance with which the Church rewards its musicians was the only money coming in to the household. At least it paid for our weekly meat meal, a Sunday dinner of rabbit except when one of the fowls was sacrificed on special occasions.

From my earliest days I had access to books. Until father lost his job he provided a nicely graded supply of infant material, but after that I needed to rely upon a plentiful supply of adult books that was stacked upon the floor as bookcases had long vanished. These included a beautiful twelve volume encyclopedia that held me enthralled for hours. It also served to keep me distracted from the hell that often engulfed us.

Mother, a sweet demure little thin in public, was an absolute vixen behind the doors of home. She would pursue father around the house brandishing knives, forks and razors. He could easily have overpowered her, but who would ever believe that the charming little thing was the aggressor? Today when I hear of domestic violence against women I wonder who is truly to blame. This vicious bitch would

also lash out at me and punish me for my sister's misdeeds.

Father would spend hours every day in all weathers trudging around the city seeking work. There was none as the Depression took tight hold. Even at that tender age I resolved that I would work to become so good at my job that I could call the shots and never be reduced to begging.

Because I suffered from every known childhood ailment and some that puzzled the doctors I did not start school until I was aged six, but then my progress was meteoric. I whizzed through the first five classes in the village school in a mere seven terms to arrive in the top class of tens and elevens at the age of eight. School was not only an exciting adventure on learning but also an escape from the hell of home. For three delightful years I enjoyed the teaching of Mr. Buck, an utterly dedicated teacher who was held in high esteem throughout the village.

By that time conditions at home had improved considerably. From time to time grandmother would pay surreptitious visits. Grandfather had given father our big house as a wedding present before he discovered that his son had brought disgrace upon the family by marrying beneath him and that therefore issued a "never again darken my doorstep" decree. We were sitting on our packing-cases having tea when grandmother came in the backdoor through the kitchen and into the dining-room. Nobody spoke and for a few moments the elderly lady surveyed us with manifest disapproval.

"Lionel, Pat get your coats. You're coming with me." An imperious command issued by the diminutive old lady.

I glanced at father who merely nodded and we followed grandmother into the hall.

The three of us were about to leave by the front door when mother came from the dining room screaming epithets and she made to strike grandmother. At once father seized her and literally threw her back into the dining room where she landed in a

heap on the floor. Inwardly I rejoiced to see her at last humiliated.

For a week or so we stayed with our grandparents while grandmother brokered reconciliation between father and grandfather who gave father employment as a carpenter in his building team. Carpentry had always been father's main hobby and within a year grandfather was entrusting him to direct building operations.

When we returned home things were quiet for a week or two but then mother became violent again and three times the neighbours called the police alerted by my sister's and my screams as she chased father around in the middle of the night. After the last police visit mother left and father employed a marvelous housekeeper-nanny who made home sweet home.

In those days the eleven-plus examination was taken only by those who wanted to go on to advanced education while the great majority were content to live lives of stultified mediocrity. In the year before my attempt only three boys of more than thirty pupils had sat the examination and all had passed. In my year only a girl and I sat and we both passed. I did so well that I was offered a scholarship at a very prestigious Public School. Father vetoed that; it would turn me into a snob. I would go to the grammar school that he had attended. That I had long expressed determination to become a professional musician too had guided father's decision. He did not know that the school had recently gained a fanatical music master!

In fact father had little control over my education from that time. I was to start grammar school in September 1938 and when we returned from the summer holiday that our improved finances now made possible there was a letter on the doormat requiring father to report to the local Ministry of Works depot in two days' time to take charge of a team of carpenters engaged upon construction work on the new airfields that were springing up around the county.

Continued on Page 13

Initiative

Continued from Page 12

In a hectic rush I went to live with my grandparents whose household also included an aunt and uncle while my sister went off to live with another aunt and uncle and their infant son.

At the age of fourteen grandfather had been apprenticed to his village cobbler and by dint of hard work had at the age of forty his own shoe factory employing sixty operatives. Throughout my stay in his household until I was called up into the army early in 1945 I would accompany him on his Sunday walk around the four miles of road around the village while he would expound his philosophy of life which I found to be very wise.

Under the ethos of the music master the grammar school had three orchestras, a beginners, an intermediate and a full symphony orchestra. I was soon learning to play the viola, although the smallest boy in the school and through assiduous practice within the year I gained entry to the top one. My mentor, Mr. Doe, was also organist and choirmaster of a suburban church that had become locally famous for its music and when one Saturday he was being rushed to hospital suffering from peritonitis he gasped, "Phone Mann. He'll play at St. Leonard's tomorrow." Having played the piano and been a church chorister from the age of six I was now some weeks before my thirteenth birthday promoted to organist and choirmaster of a choir of twenty-four boys, some older and bigger than I. I was greatly helped by the Head Chorister and his deputy being in the same form as I at school. They both addressed me as "sir" at church and made sure that the others also did so. What they called me at other time I shall not reveal!

The standard of education at the school was far higher than is common today, imparted by a thoroughly dedicated staff. It was taken for granted that all boys in the two top classes of each four in every age-group would go to university at the time when univer-

sity entrance was much more demanding than it has since become. Actually I gained a university scholarship at the young age of sixteen to Cambridge, but because of the war I did not take it up until I had completed my military service and then had it transferred to London so that I might attend the Royal College of Music.

Because I had announced my intention to study music and to pursue a career in church music father would not support me at school and apprenticed me to a firm of constructional engineers when I was sixteen. I bore with that for two months and then went to work in the city council offices which afforded me much more time for music and also paid much better, making me independent financially.

Grandfather was fully supportive while father completely opposed my ambition. "You don't want to get involved in church music, you'll always be at the mercy of ignorant parsons and even more ignorant congregations." It was yet twenty years before father was proved correct, but by then I was so well established that I could tell a young upstart what he could do with his church.

Early in my career I found that I enjoyed the thrill of seeing the light of enlightenments bursting into a youngsters eyes as much as I enjoyed making music and so I have ever since followed twin careers in music and education, mainly in the independent sector of education as being that in which pupils are more aimed at learning. However I have always avoided schools where social standing has been a consideration with the result that they often produce dimwits. Even when the Cold War was at its height I was advising pupils leaving for further education, "Get what qualifications you can in Britain and then go somewhere where learning is valued and rewarded, Switzerland, Austria, Germany East or West, Czechoslovakia, Russia." Before my sight became impaired I was receiving contact from former pupils scattered all over the world.

One of my chief aims has been to make pupils confident in their own

ability, self-reliant. I have never needed to work for anyone whom I could not respect and I hope that the same would apply to anyone whom I have taught. In my long career I have rejected four headmasters and no fewer than nine clergy including a couple of archbishops and every time found something better. Provided that one takes the trouble early to become highly competent one can always find satisfying employment. Never have I awakened in the morning with dread of the day's work but rather with new zest for the day's activities. It has always been possible in Britain to improve ones situation if one were prepared to make the effort. I have no sympathy with those who expect the government to cosset them throughout their lives. Let them get off their idle bottoms and make an effort. The manifestos of all parties in the forthcoming election with their pampering offers in order to gain support horrify me. For seventy years I have seen Britain in steady decline and descending into rabble-rule while increasingly it has need to rely upon imported labour because of a desperate lack of native skilled workers. Even our top politicians are losing credibility, huffing and puffing ignorantly, arrogantly and ineffectually around the world, arousing amusement, incredulity, pity or resentment. I knew Britain when it was Great. Much greater initiative, a lot more individual effort is needed.

Letters to the Editor

ED:

Word has leaked out that Editor has a bad toe. I was trying to keep this news underfoot but...too late

Here is part of a few feet of messages in on the subject.



Sally Grove' have you done anything about your toe yet before it drops off x'

ED: Hello Sally. Thank you. I have been soaking it in hot water and Betadin nightly. Well, it's a start x

Sue Topp 'Have you had your blood sugars checked?!!'

ED: Oh dear, yes Sue.

Karen Ongley hiya paul what you done to your toe?

Douglas Heath 'I told you all that grape tredding was no good for your feet'.

Jane Hewett 'Paul are you still leaving the healing process of your toe up to the poor dogs x'

Monique Vincent 'never leave anything know a person here hurt toe he left it in the end he had bottom of leg amputated'

Sue Topp 'Me too, nearly had it amputated, needed a bone graft when bone became infected. Poor Paul, are you feeling got at? X'

Sally Grove 'I return on the 8th so go to a doctor this Week or there could be consequences!'

ED: Oh I am getting into deep shit here aren't I?

Emily Picoulas 'should i come up to ay. yianni and beat you up, tie you up, throw you over my shoulder and drop you off at the hospital, and let them put you into a hospital gown with the tie at the back?.....

ED: You are the perfect Dominatrix Emily.

I used to be so footloose and fancy free. Now I will have to toe the line. Thank you all for your concern. Have to go now Jane, the dogs are queuing up!

MICKEY LOWE WRITES:

Hi Paul.

Thank you for sending this. I REALLY enjoyed reading each page. You have some talented writers all contributing unique ways of conveying the joy of being in Corfu.

This was such a joy to immerse in. You are so lucky to still be living in Paradise !

Big Hugs!

Mickey Lowe

ED:

You are very welcome Mickey. The Newsletter is exactly for people like you. We enjoy your enjoyment! Xx

Letters to the Editor - Continued from Page 14

Nick the Clock writes

Birthday Greetings from me and the Athens pearl divers have a great day and year also ordered 1 ton of elephant powder which will be delivered by the Rothschild courier service to kostas taverna.....tick toc the Clock

ED:

Thank you Mr Clock! And thank you also in your sterling efforts to galvanise impresario Micky Clark in arranging for the Soul Stomping Babes to world premiere at Agiotfest 15!

John Donaghey writes

hi ED ,

the wonders of modern tecnology-amazing,ive just bought a new computer ,about time in fact its a reconditioned i saw on one of these shopping channels on tv and was tempted . it was really good to hear from you ,so hopefully now on we can communicate on a more regular basis !going off to play some tennis – speak to soon john.

ED:

Thank you John.and welcome to our readership. I hope you have fun!

Paul Scotter write

Hi Paul,

Will you put me down for the “Losers”, and Russ also interested, but asking for a rough outline of what the day might entail.....any ideas !!! (if you do I'll let me/him know)

Hope you had a great Easter,

Love Paul....(& Jan)..... and Happy Birthday to Lula for tomorrow xx

Paul Scotter writes

Thanks for the info Paul, will see you and all aspiring athletes on the croquet lawns at 11.00..... Jan said she will come along for something to eat as might Pauline..... training going well, peaking at just the right time for dominoes and duck watching...love P

ED:

Thanks Paul and Jan [and thank you for the card].

We are booked for the croquet at 11.00.am. on Thursday so see you there, and hopefully Russ too.

As befits its status, very little planning has attended the event this year! So, probably it will be 10-pin, pool, maybe table-tennis and culminating in Duck Gran Prix, subject to conditions. Then we will have the presentation and meal, venue yet to be determined. Hopefully, Jan will join us there, wherever there is?

Hoping you put in a truly miserable performance, to keep in step with the rest of us.

Obnoxious Al, currently incapable of an article, does manage this page;

Hi dickhead How the !!?! do you expect me to remember. There was pete from cyprus wiv his missus Gerry, there was Sue and Dave just sold the house going back to uk, Me and Lynn you and your dick Malaysiann curry thai ncurry and indian curry with boiled rice and special flied lice variouis ancilolary doshes , I am not pissed . Just have a chemical imbalance of the body. and you was 2 houirs late and the curry had burned a hole in the table.

Dont keep it under the viel let the !!?lers know , obnoxious Al has at least 4 friends even if some are going back to switland, sorry brittland. Lottsa love to all including :HOW MUCH'

Al xx



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Here on this page is a selection of photographs of the property

provided.

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You are cordially invited to celebrate
Les Woods
Leaving Do
 At the Labour Social Club, (Behind the Shell Garage)
 Flatt Lane, Ellesmere Port, CH65 8DP
 Drinks and finger buffet will be available
 "Avtio"

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

CHICKPEA BALLS

Ingredients

500g of cooked chickpeas
 350 g of stale breadcrumbs [soaked in wine and water]
 1 large onion [grated]
 4/5 Tbs of chopped dill
 Salt and pepper
 Oil for frying

GO:-

- 1] Drain the soaked bread well and the grated onion.
 - 2] Mash the chickpeas in a blender, then pour into a bowl
 - 3] Add the remaining ingredients into the bowl.
 - 4] Mix them well and make your chickpea balls into any shape and size you want.
- N.B.** You may need to use all-purpose flour to handle the mix.
- 5] Fry the balls in hot oil until golden brown.
 - 6] Once fried place them on absorbent paper to drain the oil.

Bon appetit!

Video Corner Plus

Proof the Corfu Light Railway Still Exists
 Filmed by Agiot Undercover Agents M and J.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8wUsBw78qVk>

Rebetika by Giannis Papaioannou

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3iB15JHwg_Q

Moral Courage

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PvNZHfoLs54>

The Worst Man

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K0DmtmmFEVo>

NICK LIKES BENNY

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hJC4HvpWewM#t=167>

Corfu Weather Statistics - April 2015

	Avg	Min	Sum	
Max				
Temperature				
Max Temperature	24 °C	19 °C	14 °C	
Mean Temperature	18 °C	15 °C	10 °C	
Min Temperature	15 °C	10 °C	5 °C	
Degree Days				
Heating Degree Days (base 65)	14	7	1	352
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	0	0	0	0
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	14	8	0	115
Dew Point				
Dew Point	16 °C	9 °C	-2 °C	
Precipitation				
Precipitation	3.0 mm	0.2 mm	0.0 mm	48.51 mm
Snowdepth	-	-	-	-
Wind				
Wind	35 km/h	8 km/h	0 km/h	
Gust Wind	42 km/h	38 km/h	34 km/h	
Sea Level Pressure				
Sea Level Pressure	1028 hPa	1017 hPa	1005 hPa	

Read more at:

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

Corfu Losers' Cup

12th ANNUAL LOSERS' CUP

The 12th meeting of titans took place, under clear skies.

The ten contestants were equally split in numbers; five men and five women.

The numbers were supplemented during the day by Dick and Nico [who played in the Croquet as non-scorers] Lionel-in charge of catering, and in the evening by Miriam, Elina and a few wannabees in the Taverna. These are usually people who boast in later years of their athletic prowess but who do not actually compete. I digress.



'Raney Day'



'Hen Fight'



'Hoopla!'

Croquet was first up and the star was new entrant Sarah Raney, who strolled it and took twelve points. Without a blush she said; 'Ooer, I've never played this game before'.

Afterwards, the Municipal Band were organised to play for us.



'Why are your balls bigger than mine?'

And so to the presentation and a very good spread by Anna and Nikos. Lionel was so stuffed he had to retire. Good job, because I am sure he would have exploded.



'Anna's Taverna'

In keeping with the spirit and ethos of this noble competition the Losers' Cup was awarded to Sarah Ward, who accepted it reluctantly yet gracefully but said she could not keep it, as she had actually finished last in the points. The whole table voted Sarah the winner; after all, it IS the LOSERS' Cup! The leading lady scorer was Sarah Raney. The McGovern's took the first three places this year, but after all they did organise it, made the rules and scored it.

Many thanks to Adrian and Sarah Ward, Sarah and Alice Raney, Les and Chris Woods, Dick Mulder, Nico Vogels, Lula, Kostas and Peter for making the day such fun.



'The crowd goes mild'

Over to pool, where there was considerable controversy over the rules and scoring. This is quite usual. The table-football was very hard fought and ended in a tough final between Peter and Kostas McGovern, which Peter won in a well-fought match.



'Lionel sets Personal Best [Eating] at 10-Pin'

I have the bowling scores in front of me; Kostas 262, Paul 189, Peter 177, Les 176, Alice 175, Chris 169, Sarah



'The reluctant winner'

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