

The Agiot

49th Edition

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OCAY VILLAS - A New Website

By Paul McGovern
Editor

We are very pleased to introduce you to our new site, at :
www.ocayvillascorfu.com

Please dip in and let us know what you think. If you can kindly go to the Contact page on any of the individual villas and send off a 'dummy' enquiry this will help to test our new systems and monitor response. Thanks for doing this for us.

Many have you have stayed at Villa Theodora, Villa Persephone, or Villa Aphrodite. Some of you have stayed at more than one, but you will not be familiar with MouseHouse, a brand new summer rental opportunity in the south of Corfu. This charming and well-finished coastal gem is well worth taking a look at.

Peter and Kostas are now involved with the day-to day running of our villas and we hope their youth and energy will help to improve our scope of villas and associated lets and improve our service to you all.

This Autumn and winter

we will be adding several more great places to stay at to this portfolio. Check out www.ocayvillascorfu.com from time to time to see these new opportunities, which will be in several different places around Corfu.

Villa Theodora is where it all started for us and for those unfamiliar here is a brief history of the villa which has been home to many of you down the years.

Villa Theodora has been in the hands of Kostas Halikia and his family for the better part of two hundred years. Mists of time obscure whether it was built by Lula's [the present owner] great-great grandparents, or their ancestors.

Theodora, Lula's grandmother, was born here in 1900, and spent her childhood sharing the building with her six brothers and sisters, her parents and her grand-parents. All eleven residents slept in the two bedrooms upstairs. Downstairs was the parlour [now the hallway] and the wine and olive store-room [now a bedroom]. The single-storey extension is new [completed in 2000] yet built on the an-

cient foundations. In Theodora's time here, stood the original kitchen, sheds and stables. There was no toilet; water was drawn from a nearby well.

Despite their privations the family thrived. They had their own wine and olive press on land adjoining the main road, close to where the 'Time Out café now stands, and fields for vegetables next to the lake, somewhat behind O Kokkoros Taverna at the traffic lights.

Theodora grew, married and moved away to another house in the village. She had seven children, one of whom, Kostas, inherited the local kafenion, and over the years with his wife he turned it into the much-loved taverna it is to this day, now run by Kostas' daughter Anna and her husband Nikos.



"Villa Theodora"

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OCAY VILLAS - A New Website
Continued from Page 1

Not long after the last of Theodora's siblings left home, around sixty years ago, the property became vacant, fell into ruin and in 1980 was sold outside the family for the only time in its history. In 1995 it was re-purchased by Lula and rebuilding and improving were started in February 1999. In May 2000 the villa was ready for the first of its many guests and has seen people from all over staying in its cosy environs ever since.

Many stories pertaining to this place have been handed down over the years and still greatly enliven wet winter Sundays in the taverna, where the extended family often gather to eat, warmed by the woodstove, mulled by the home-made wine.

One such yarn concerns a day in the life of Kostas, Theodora's fa-

ther, who had a reputation as a bit of a tippler. Many Greeks are quite temperate, so for the sake of appearances his wife, Katerina, tried to restrain his excesses and thereby, one morning before leaving early to work in the fields, she sensibly took the precaution of locking him in the bedroom, he was staying behind as he complained of being a bit out of sorts. She was well used to his games, so she left him in bed thinking she had thwarted any of his subterfuges.

He was too crafty and somehow he managed to prise up several floorboards. His plan was to gently lower himself into the storeroom below so that he could raid the wine supply. Unfortunately, he slipped and fell into an open barrel of olive oil. He clambered out and helped himself to copious quantities of the latest vintage, before locating the key to his bedroom and

staggering back upstairs to fall back into bed.

He was very fuddled when his wife returned from her labours but her suspicions were not immediately aroused as she thought it was his ague. She was alarmed at the sight of her supine spouse, yellowish in hue and sweating profusely. The sight of him caused her to panic, believing that his mysterious ailment had taken a turn for the worse. She rushed off for assistance.

History does not record Kostas' fate when his wife discovered the truth. However, should you be staying in Villa Theodora and be awoken one night by the sound of wine slurping, you may be witness to the return of a friendly spirit.

www.ocayvillascorfu.com

Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor



"Lionel making a great recovery"

Amongst last month's visitors were Uwe Behringer and family, Martin and Walter, Ricky, Colin and Micky. Paul Grove also came but Sally was unable to accompany him as she has fallen and damaged a foot; she will be on crutches for

about a month. We wish her a good recovery.

Old Sandros has fallen and broken a hip. The hospital operated successfully, but he has been moved to the clinic until he is able to walk. In the meantime the opportunity has been taken to clean thoroughly his apartment, removing the accumulation of 88 years, refurbishing and installing some modern conveniences. He will be absolutely furious when he returns, but by then it will be too late to put back the clock.

One of the cypresses by the bandstand has died, leaving a gap that will need to be filled.

Bono is growing fast and demanding a significant position amongst the canine hierarchy of the village.

The taverna will be closed most of the time during the winter. However, it will be open on some weekends. Please call 0030 26610 52304 to enquire. Together with Paul and Lula, Anna and Nikos are taking a well-earned holiday in the U.K. including going north to brave the predatory prowling haggis that haunt the heather-clad hills and the savage snarling sporrans that prey upon those, fortified by the local beverage, so unwise as to venture into the thick forests in search of the legendary Pictish pixies.



"Bono the Builder"

Agiotfest 2011 Raffles for Corfu and U.K.

By
The Minstrel

Subsequent to the September issue, we are pleased to say that all tickets from the U.K. raffle and the Corfu raffle have now been claimed, with the exception of the two Corfu prizes below;

Ticket No: 280 -
(Beechwood coffee table from Evenos)

Ticket No: 207 -
(Water filter machine from Eco Point)



"4 Square at the ERA Studio"

These two items if unclaimed, will be re-raffled and the two winning ticket numbers will be included in the January 2012 issue of this magazine.

We are still awaiting a few outstanding names so in January, when re-raffling these items, we will print a full list of both raffles winners.

Look out for the next update on Agiotfest 12 in the December issue.



"A possible contender for 2012"

Agiotfest 2011 Music Festival Raffle Donations.

The Raffle held at the event was a great success and, as promised, we have made a donation to two local charities:

- 1) **The Smile of the Child:** a very worthy cause as it deals with children from abused or abandoned homes. They care for twenty-eight (28) children at present and receive no government funding so every 'penny' comes in very useful.
- 2) **The Melissa School for children with learning difficulties:** this school caters for around twenty (20) who attend the school five days a week. They receive specialist care with varying programmes both in and outside the school. The school, also, does not receive government funding and has to make the most of each and every donation.

Both charities were very grateful and asked me to pass on their thanks and appreciation for remembering them during these present economically difficult times.

Many thanks to all and I look forward to being involved in the 2012 Agiotfest Music Festival and Raffle!

Lucy Steele, M.B.E.
Raffle Organiser

Thank You

From
Lucy Steele, M.B.E.
Former British Vice Consul
Corfu



In September Paul and Jan Scotter held their annual Pool Party and a good time was had by one and all. There were various games and, as in previous

years, the game of pushing your one euro coin nearest the bottle of Ouzo would get the bottle and the proceeds would go to the ARK Animal Welfare Charity.

This game raised the grand amount of 58 euros!!

As Paul, the winner, returned to bottle of Ouzo, I then approached the revelers asking for a donation and the highest would get the bottle.

This raised 68.80 euros; a great amount and this was given to the local charity 'Smile of the child' a very worthy charity caring for children from abused or abandoned homes.

I would like to thank Paul and Jan for their continuing support and everyone who joined in the fun and helped raise these amounts. It is very welcome, and much appreci-

ated by myself, The ARK Animal Welfare Charity and The Smile of the Child.



"Jan and Paul Scotter - partying"

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Vegetarian Curry with Pumpkin and Chickpeas

Ingredients:

- 1 tbsp Sunflower Oil
- 3 tbsp Thai Yellow Curry Paste
- 2 Onions, finely chopped
- 3 Lemongrass (or if unavailable use grated Lemon Rind and a small amount of grated Fresh Ginger)
- 6 Cardamom Pods
- 1 tbsp Mustard Seeds
- 1 kg Pumpkin
- 250 ml Vegetable Stock
- 400 ml Can Reduced Fat Coconut Milk
- 400 g Can Chickpeas, drained and rinsed
- 1 Lime or Lemon
- Mint Leaves

Go:

1. Heat Oil and fry the Curry Paste with the Onions, Lemongrass, Cardamom and Mustard Seeds for 2 - 3 minutes until fragrant.
2. Stir in the pumpkin and coat with the paste.
3. Pour in the Vegetable Stock and Coconut Milk.
4. Bring everything to simmering point and add the Chickpeas then cook for about 10 - 15 minutes until the pumpkin is tender.
5. Squeeze the Lime or Lemon juice over just before serving and tear over the Mint Leaves.

Bon Appetit!!

I.T. Concerns:

Our ADSL box blew up last week. Kostas has replaced it but unfortunately some interface problems with the network system have occurred. We hope to resolve these in the next few days but in the meantime please note some emails may reach you from one of our alternative email addresses.

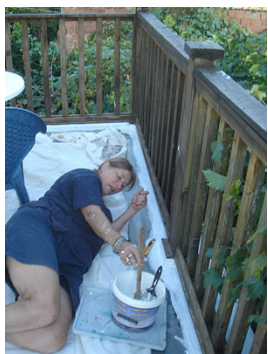
Obnoxious Al is unwell and unable to be obnoxious this month.

We wish him a speedy recovery and look forward to him re-appearing next month.

A Farewell To A

By
Simon Baddeley

Thursday morning, there was a sombre mood in 'the Bear' - our part of Ano Korakiana. Natasha as she said goodbye to us until early next year told me that it was the funeral of her friend and neighbour Maria that afternoon. "She was 62". Lefteris told me that Vasiliki goes again to Agrinio on Friday to comfort her sister, whose husband died only a month ago. We look forward to being home in Birmingham with many things waiting in our in-tray there, but I dislike departures - in proportion to my delight in arrivals. Over Wednesday Lin and I were tidying the house, working through a check-list to keep things in order in our absence, rolling up carpets, locking up and securing my bicycle, closing shutters, distributing the last of our cat food, and of course, putting finishing touches to our attempt to ensure the safety of our wooden balcony. Lin has painted Chromolac - a waterproofing product around the edge where

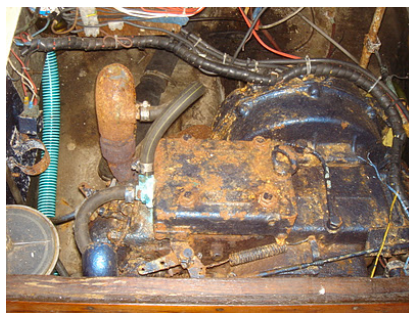


we can expect the weather to work its worst over winter. "We'll just have to see what happens".

Paul, Cinty's husband, said "Just be careful when you step out of those French windows next time" The implication was that rot will set in under our covering of waterproof paint, roofing felt, polythene sheet and fibreglass building membrane.



The day before our departure I checked [Summersong](#). She was as dry as a bone - no leaks above or below. Mark has been keeping an eye on her, while she sits unused on her mooring awaiting a new or reconditioned engine. How I hope one turns up.



Our cases were almost empty compared to the journey out, so room for cigarettes bought by Lin at the airport. Richard collected the car to take us down to Kapodistria. Lefteris and Fortis both warned us there were no flights because of the [national strike](#) across [Greece](#).

As we waited for the car, bags at the top of the steps to Democracy



Street, I phoned Yianni from whom we hire our car. "Airport's open" he said.

We'd left the kolokithia from our garden to neighbours and now, morose, we head to the airport. The weather's crisp, small white clouds, the coast of Epirus clear to the east. At Kapodistria checking in is straightforward. We wait in the sun before going through security. A thing I so like here is the way big old dogs hang about Departures, friendly and relaxed. Can you imagine them allowed at Gatwick or Heathrow or Eleftherios Venizelos in Athens?

Our plane arrived soundlessly it seemed. In little time we were sat on board with room to spread, thinking more about our next arrival than our departure. Our Captain, Phil Shaw, cheered us with a happy chat, persuading us to pay attention to his crew's safety guidance, earning a clap from passengers.



'Mtoto

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

During the five years that I was a guest at The Old Grange, Hampton, the wife of my host had a pet Siamese cat, 'Mtoto. Mrs. Muller, educated in a Belgian convent and whose grandparents had been the wonderful assortment of Irish, Belgian, West Indian and Italian, was a very proficient linguist, fluent in about a dozen languages and at that time learning Russian "to keep my hand in". During the war she had acted as a censor of foreign mail. Swahili, learnt while Colonel Muller had been Chief-of-Police in Tanganyika, was one of the assortment, and 'Mtoto means "baby" in that tongue.

Pampered 'Mtoto was a highly privileged member of the household. On my first evening there the three of us were listening to records in the Music Lounge when the cat entered carrying a mouse, which it promptly released and began to chase around the room. Eventually the poor rodent took refuge under the upright piano. (Mrs. Muller was also a very competent pianist.)

"We never had mice in this house until you brought them in with your damned incompetence." Colonel Muller addressed the frantic feline while he and I were struggling to move the piano so that matters might be brought to the inevitable conclusion.

The verdant garden of The Old Grange backed on to Bushy Park, a royal park extending from Hampton Court Palace. One morning when I was in the Music Room I saw a pheasant flutter over the garden wall to land on the lawn. Also

I noticed 'Mtoto crouching behind a hydrangea bush watching the bird with evil intent. Completely unconcerned, the bird strutted across the lawn and disappeared round a corner of the house. 'Mtoto bounded in pursuit.

There was an indignant squawk and the cat reappeared, hotly pursued by an enraged pheasant. He took a desperate leap through the cat-flap in the kitchen window. I hurried to the kitchen and found Mrs. Muller recovering from the shock of a furry projectile bursting through the window by the sink where she had been preparing a meal.

"Chased by a pheasant? Rubbish! I just remembered an urgent appointment." 'Mtoto was calmly preening himself in the middle of the floor.

Our neighbour complained that the cat was depleting the stock of goldfish in his ornamental pond, but Mrs. Muller would hear none of it; her beloved 'Mtoto, fed on the fat of the land, would never sink so low. From my bathroom, the only room in the house that overlooked our neighbour's garden, I had watched the cat dangle the tip of his tail in the water and wait. Presently a paw flashed, despite the netting supposed to prevent such action. A fish was flipped from the water, this time to fall upon the netting and luckily to slide back into the pool. Who was I, though, to sully the reputation of such a faultless feline? I told nobody.

One evening the three of us were having dinner in the kitchen, it being a rare occasion when no guests were present. 'Mtoto entered through the cat-flap, a large goldfish in his mouth.

Mrs. Muller was aghast, wordless.

"It's all right, dear," Colonel Muller observed casually. "He only wants you to fry a few chips."

"But what can we tell Bruce?" His wife found speech and was worried about contact with her neighbour.

"You could always buy him a shotgun." Delivered with calm aplomb.

I was convulsed with merriment.

'Mtoto engorged his supper in a corner of the kitchen; not a scrap was left.

It was arranged that from time to time the Mullers would replenish their neighbours' stock of fish. Such delightful agreements abounded in that happy, cultured community. The waste from my bathroom discharged through the neighbours' system, the fee being one rose from the garden of The Old Grange to be delivered every summer. Civilised living!

Corfu Weather Statistics

October 2011

Maximum Temperature - 29C

Minimum Temperature - 7C

Average Temperature - 17C

Humidity - 76%

Maximum Windspeed - 40km/h.

Rain - 69,4mm

Property Feature



Kafrolimni House

€110,000

This is a quaint small house for sale in the area of Kokkini and situated in one thousand square metres of land which is fenced and gated and set in quiet surroundings.

The house itself consists of an open kitchen and dining area next to a living area which features a lovely fire-place, one bedroom and a bathroom, all completely furnished. Also featured are Aluminium doors and windows with double glazing. The house also has its own water supply.

For more information on this and other properties please visit our website: www.propertycorfu.org

Photo Gallery



Fire Plane



Distant Smoke



"Is this our future in Greece?"

"Summer fires - a thing of the past"



"Woman with a Sheep-dog"



"Lionel and his Mates—enjoying Ice-Cream"