

# The Agiot

61st Edition

## This Month

Agiotfest 2013.

**Page 1-2**

Village News.

**Page 3**

Good Wine, Good Food, Good Company.

**Page 3**

Corfu Weather.

**Page 3**

Aunty Lula's Love-Bites.

**Page 4**

Garden Maintenance - Advert.

**Page 4**

The Corfu Adventure - Part 3

**Page 5-6**

Hiraeth: The carnival season - Part 2.

**Page 6**

Military Manoeuvres.

**Page 7-9**

Action Dogs!!!.

**Page 9**

Ark Article.

**Page 9**

Monthly Joke.

**Page 10**

## Agiotfest 2013



*"Just one reason for visiting Corfu"*

By  
The Minstrel

Subject to God's approval, the Agiotfest 2013 will occur on August 31<sup>st</sup> 2013.

After four hard but wonderful years I think it is time to say, with caution, that the annual event is well and truly launched.

Not for the first time must I firstly thank our loyal band of Agioteers [you all know who you are] for giving of their free time and energy, to put us well and truly on the map.

The audience grows each year [in excess of 300 in 2012] and what is particularly pleasing is the increased percentage of Corfiot Greeks coming along, and underlining the dream to produce a

truly mixed and international flavour.

At the time of this article the exact venue for 2013 is uncertain, but watch out for surprises. It will certainly be in Agios Ioannis!

There is a short-list of acts for 2013, but we encourage any suggestions, as everybody has a say in the final line-up.

Three things will conspire to grow this great event; [1] an ever-larger audience, [2] voluntary helpers-our team is going from strength to strength- and [3] fund raising through serious sponsorship and share-holders and through other affiliated events.

Here below are two ideas set forward already, which will be honed pre-Christmas. In fact, the 500-club is al-

ready afloat. Anybody wishing to join or take part should contact us through either the Agiot magazine or [www.agiotfest.co.uk](http://www.agiotfest.co.uk) or [www.facebook.com/agiotfest](http://www.facebook.com/agiotfest) or ring

North Corfu:  
KEN HARROP on  
6946949545

South Corfu:  
LUCY STEELE ON  
6975833654

All ideas and suggestions are welcome. For would-be sponsors it might be of interest that the Facebook page alone was reaching 2000 readers just prior to the evening itself this year, and even now post-event, and in our dormant state, 400 people are regularly following the page. This can but only grow as we start to seriously address the next big night.

Don't forget, an appreciable and growing number of Island Charities are benefiting from our fund-raising. It is a tenet of our group that money is poured back into the places on the island it is most needed. Ken and Lucy are both happy to provide details of our beneficiaries

Continued on Page 2

Agiotfest 2013  
Continued from Page 1

Following on from the fourth successful Agiotfest in August 2012 which was attended by 300+ and supported by several sponsors, we are beginning to plan for Agiotfest V on the 31st August 2013.

Our aim has always been to provide a music festival, with truly talented musicians and artists, and we will ensure the festival will remain true to its roots by sourcing both Internationally recognized bands and up and coming young talent who give a versatile selection of musical genre.

This year for the first time we wish to attract a main sponsor, which will allow more freedom to develop and expand the total event. The envisaged sponsor/partner will share equal billing on all advertising mediums, which will include;

Agiotfest website:  
[www.agiotfest.co.uk](http://www.agiotfest.co.uk)  
Agiotfest facebook:  
[www.facebook.com/agiotfest](http://www.facebook.com/agiotfest)  
Agiot monthly magazine :  
[www.theagiot.net](http://www.theagiot.net)  
Poster and Banner advertising  
Radio and media advertising  
Pre and Post promotional evenings

Plus an open invitation to be present on the night, to personally promote "the Sponsors" main "product" USP.

We are looking for a figure in excess of 5000 Euros which would enable us to attract larger acts and hope you might consider investing/marketing yourself through the growing potential of Corfu's only truly fun outdoor versatile and international music festival.

This is not boasting I hope but please read these following testimonials, a very small percentage of what our audience had to say.



## The 100+ Club.

Anyone interested in becoming a member of The 100+ Club,  
in support of the Agiotfest.

Each year a donation of 500€ will also be made to The Smile of The Child.

Membership 52€ per year paid in quarterly amounts (in advance).

There will be 12 monthly draws, 10 of which will be a minimum of 60€.

The remaining 2 draws, one pre- Easter and one pre- Christmas ,  
the lucky winner will receive a minimum of 100€.

Each draw will be on the 27th of the Month.

Donations to other charities and organisations will be considered.

For further information please contact \_\_\_\_\_

**This is a non-profitable organisation.**

**Ant Pennington wrote:** "Hi Paul. A big thanks to you and all the other organisers of Agiotfest 2012. Enjoyed the evening especially Omega 5 who really got the crowd singing, clapping and dancing and could have listened to them all night, my kind of music. I see Steve Dell is a fellow Wallasian (Sheen Rd) like myself. "

**Elizabeth Clifton wrote:** Excellent night! Lovely sitting under the olive trees with our picnic listening to great music.... Fully worth the money for 6 hours of music... Looking forward to next year! Well done

**Sue wrote:** "Had a wonderful evening at 2 different venues, learning the art of being in 2 places at once! Congratulations to the special couple Eleftheria Papadopoulou & Thanos Metallinos on your marriage and thank you for inviting me to share your celebrations, thanks also to Nelly Grenon for the great company, it was a truly fantastic occasion. 2nd venue Agiotfest 2012 really rocked, thanks for organising once again a superb event."

Carol Stroud posted on Agiotfest Music Festival's Wall

"Agiotfest does it again!!! a night to end all nights!!! so much thanks to the main man Paul McGovern who again gives up so much of his time and all the stage crew working in 50C heat and everyone who sells tickets and to all the performers-you gave us a special musical evening-unique in every way. Special thanks to the 13 year old star in the making-you were amazing-so much confidence and a pure, note perfect voice xx Sad its over now for this year but already looking forward to 2013a xxx"

**Richard wrote:** "Yet another great night had by all who came ....those that did not sadly missed a great night of music"

## Village News

Visitors in October included Brenda and friends, Ricky, Nick, Paul Grove and Micky. The season ended with quite a bang, as is often the way in Agios in our Indian Summer, or as the locals say 'the little summer of Agios Dimitriou'.

Now our summer birds have flown we have the beauty to ourselves, before the rains set in. The taverna has closed for the winter; it is always bitter-sweet to see the plateia bare of table and chairs.

Nitsa spent some days in the Hospital under observation, but has now been released. We have said our farewells and the taverna has closed for the winter; it is always

sad to see the plateia bare of table and chairs.



*"The party is over"*

## Corfu Weather Statistics

### October 2012

Max. Temp: 31°C

Min. Temp: 11°C

Precipitation: 40,14mm

Wind Speed: 50km/h

Gust Speed: 64km/h



*"Villa Theodora-Agios Ioannis"*

*How about here for your 2013 Summer treat*

## Good Wine, Good Food, Good Company

By  
Simon Baddeley

Last night we were round a table at Elizabeth's in [Doukades](#) Δουκάδες, 8 kilometres west of Ano Korakiana, down a winding country road beyond Skripero - a turn off the Sidari road that's tricky to see in the dark, but I'd cycled along it a couple of times. You rise on a zigzag towards lights, park below a sharp corner, and walk into an inviting platea surrounded by tavernas - two including Elizabeth's used by villagers. The road passes unobtrusively through it toward the **P a l e o r o a d**. Tim and Henry and Mark sat one end of our table, Cinty, Paul, Sally and Lin, the other, me in the middle, getting to switch between conversations. I was immediately greeted by Elizabeth as I looked for the WC, wandering towards the kitchen

"Hullo, Good evening. That way, unless you want something to eat"

A moment later I said "How do you expect me to learn Greek if you speak such perfect English? Ego, meno apo stin Ano Korakiana" I have prepositional dyslexia, which is another way of saying I've yet to master the art of inflexion - where the preposition must match the gender of its reference. "Posa kronia?" she asked. She meant I realised later how many years had we lived in Ano K, but I answered with my age. "Eimai enenenda kronia" She looked surprised and stood at our table told them how good I looked at ninety. "Oxi, oxi, evdominda, eimai evdominda, kai exei kronia stin Ano Korakiana. Mitera mou einai enenenda! Eneninda pende." But it was too late and I'm now 90 and target for a good teasing.



*Elizabeth, Tim, Cinty, Paul, Sally, Lin, Simon and Henry (photo: Mark Jacks)*

Cinty and Paul were back from two weeks holiday on the northern mainland beyond Epirus, in the north west corner of Greek Macedonia, where Greek, Albanian and Republic of Macedonian borders meet below the waters of [Lake Prespa](#); intensive bean farming country, hence the green waters of the lake - over-rich with nitrogen run-off.



# Aunty Lula's Love-bites

## Cream of Tomato Soup

### Ingredients

1 kg Tomatoes  
 1 Red Onion, chopped  
 1 Clove Garlic, chopped  
 1 tbsp of Olive Oil  
 300 ml of Vegetable Stock  
 1 - 2 tbsp of tomato puree  
 1 tbs chopped basil  
 Salt & Pepper  
 1 - 2 tsp of Sugar  
 25gr Butter  
 2 tbsp of Flour  
 500ml mixture of Milk and Cream

### Go

1. Peel the tomatoes and lay out in a baking tray. Bake in the centre of a moderately hot oven at 200°C for about half an hour, turning the tomatoes once.
2. Once the tomatoes are done, heat the olive oil in a saucepan, add the onion and garlic and fry for a few minutes.
3. Add the tomatoes, vegetable stock, chopped basil, salt, pepper and sugar. Cover and simmer gently for half an hour.
4. Blend the soup until smooth.

5. Meanwhile in a second saucepan heat the butter then stir in the flour and cook gently for 2 - 3 minutes.
6. Gradually blend in the milk and cream mixture. Bring the sauce to a boil while stirring until it thickens.
7. Stir the tomato mixture into the cream mixture and let it simmer for a couple of minutes.
8. Garnish with a teaspoon of chopped basil.

*Bon appetit!*



FOR ALL YOUR GARDEN MAINTENANCE

SECURITY SERVICES

GARDEN CLEARANCE

LANDSCAPING

PATIOS AND CONCRETING

REPAIRS

TREE CUTTING

PLASTERING

PAINTING AND DECORATING

GENERAL BUILDING WORK ETC.

PLEASE RING WITH YOUR PREFERENCES

Telephone Tony on (0030)6989871916 or submit your request through this site.



# The Corfu Adventure - Part 3

By  
Martyn Clark

We are now back in the UK and this is being written on a damp foggy Monday afternoon so it doesn't take a lot to guess where we would rather be.



Firstly though we must say thank you to everyone who made our stay in Corfu possible and then so enjoyable. Special mention should be made to Anna and Nicos for renting us their house in Dassia and also to Paul for arranging it. Our trip home was quite easy with the only real hold up was going through the Gotthard Tunnel. What the hold-up was has never come to light but it took nearly two hours to drive the last two kilometres to the start of the tunnel.

From our thirteen weeks in Corfu what were the highlights and the low points. To be very honest there were no low points but there are a few things that we would change if we could. Firstly the sanitation and secondly the mosquito's, both though are part of life in Corfu and are a small price to pay to live on an island so beautiful. There is one other grumble and that is the road from Corfu town to the south of the island. In comparison to other main road routes it is a disgrace and considering the amount of times it has been dug up over the past two or three years you

would have thought that it presented the ideal opportunity to get it right. So what did we learn after staying on the island. The main thing is that it is not as cheap to live in Corfu as we imagined. Fresh vegetables and fruit are cheap but once you start buying imported food so the costs start to escalate. People have said to us shop at Lidl it's the cheapest place on the island. That it might be but unfortunately you find it hard to buy the healthy options food in Lidl. With it being possibly the hottest summer in living memory we had no real problems with the heat but what we did find was we were spending an astronomical amount of money on cold drinks in the early stages of our stay. Back in the UK you do not need the same amount of liquids but I would still plump for the Corfu heat any day. I think the thirteen week stay has certainly given us a good insight into what it is like living on the island. My car is a diesel so it was good news that the diesel was cheaper in Corfu and by a considerable amount, around 20p per litre. We tried hard not to act like holidaymakers and generally I think we succeeded so what is the verdict. We are both in total agreement that we would like to live in Corfu but now we have to sort out the logistics. We did spend considerably more than we expected to but that was not a major surprise but we did live very close to what we budgeted for over the second half of our stay. It was originally our idea to live six months in Corfu and six months back in England and that is probably the route we will explore first. Unfortunately due to the change in the rules for drawing pension in the UK it has

thrown a bit of a spanner in the works. I retired in May this year and Jo was supposed to retire September next year. That was until someone decreed that women of Jo's age would now have to work until they were sixty five before they were entitled to their pension. To lose any form of income for six years makes life difficult so we now have to explore other options before we can make any decisions. There is an easy option and that is to sell our house in England and move out to Corfu lock, stock and barrel. That was an option we did not want to consider but it may be the best way in the long run. Since we have been back home there are lots of things that we miss about Corfu and now and then your mind starts to wander and you think what would we be doing now in Corfu. It used to be nice to go into Corfu town shop for your fresh produce in the market, wander around the town and have a coffee. It would pass about three hours and the cost of parking would be three euros or less. There is no enjoyment in doing the same thing back home, everyone is in such a rush, the surroundings are generally drab and you nearly have to take out a mortgage to pay the car parking charges. Probably the thing we miss the most besides the weather is the scenery it's virtually a case of nearly every bend you go around you are presented with a breath taking view. Now I appreciate that there are spectacular views in the UK but in Corfu they are condensed into such a small area which makes it all the more spectacular.

Continued on Page 6

The Corfu Adventure—Part 6  
Continued from Page 5



*Where can you see spectacular views like this in the UK*

One thing that we did get a lot of pleasure from was helping art the Corfu Donkey Rescue. Judy Quinn the lady who runs the centre does an absolutely brilliant job often in the face of adversity. The animals considering they have generally been mistreated by humans really do like human company especially when you are feeding or grooming them. I urge anyone who has a little bit of time to spare even if it is only a few hours a week to become a vol-

unteer. It was one of the most gratifying things we have ever done. In conclusion our time in Corfu gave us a real insight in what it is like to live on the island and it was probably the best or very close to it time we have spent in many years. All we need to do now is work out how to make the Corfu Dream a reality. It probably will not happen in 2013 but it does give us plenty of time to put things into place for the year after.

## Hiraeth: The Carnival Season Part 2

By  
Dai the Nant

Our Carnival was one of the first to be held every season and occasionally we would have Visiting Queens in the Procession. Usually there was a competition for the Best Visiting Queen after the crowning had taken place. After the Carnival was over, the parents of our New Queen and her retinue would then spend part of the summer driving round the north of Wales taking part in other Carnivals, competing against other queens.

One year, our eldest daughter was the Queen's Lady in Waiting and she and the Queen were invited to attend a carnival at a small village just outside the local market town. We made up some mats of paper flowers and tied some ribbons to the car and went along. We were directed to a car park and discovered that we were just one of about 20 Queens, some of whom were sitting in large trailers being pulled by tractors. One of these, which ended up just behind us, was in the shape of a large swan.

The Queen was seated on a throne in the swan's back, wrapped around by the wings. Leaning over her was the Swan's head, on a very long neck, facing forward, looking over the Queens head. It all seemed to have been made of wire and papier mache and looked

splendid. She was surrounded by tiny girls dressed as Rosebuds. Lovely.

In addition to the 20 Queens, there were about 10 "Jazz Bands". These are troops of teenage boys and girls with Kazoos, all dressed up in bandsman's uniforms. The Kazoo is a sort of paper and comb contraption which requires no musical ability whatsoever. There was only one tune between them "the farmers got a wife" and they were relentless in honing their art in the car park. The noise was deafening. Also in the car park: eight troops of teenage girl Morris dancers who didn't look to be enjoying the music much or anything else for that matter

Eventually we all moved off in procession and proceeded to do a tour of the village. This took the form of going down a single lane road into a housing estate. When we got to the point where we had to turn round (because there was no other way out), we found that the organizers had planned for the whole procession to go around a large oval park at the end of the estate and then take the same road back. Unfortunately the organizers hadn't calculated on so many vehicles and troops in the parade.

Of course we had more vehicles than could be accommodated around this park so the returning traffic had to mount the curb on one side and the in-

coming traffic had to mount the curb on the other. The effect of this change in procedure was catastrophic for the Swan. The Swan's head and neck had no brace to stop it bobbing forward with every bump in the curb and after about a mile had lost about three feet in height.

It was now bashing the Queen and dislodging her crown. She for her part had a very strong voice and insisted on some help from the driver of the tractor. He, of course couldn't hear her above the noise of his engine. People lining the route obligingly pointed back to her and shouted at him, but not being able to hear them he nodded, smiled, and did nothing.

Eventually The Swan Queen took her Crown off, grabbed the Swan's head and wrestled it to the floor of the trailer and then sat on it weeping copiously. For the remainder of the journey to the Carnival Field, the head and neck of the swan proceeded to jerk up and down in a desperate attempt to free itself. Pretty soon the eight rosebuds were wailing as well.

Behind the Dying Swan, the sullen faces of the Morris Dancers waving their Pom-Poms and the piercing chorus of "The Farmer's got a wife" played on 100 Kazoos perfectly complemented this celebration of Village Life in North Wales.

# Military Mannouvres

By  
Dr. Lionel Mann

"You can't possibly march with feet like that." A Medical Officer noticed my unusually small feet, 'deformed' by having been 'confined' in custom-made shoes throughout childhood. Conscripted into the army early in 1945, I was not keen on pursuing a military career so, although I was used to briskly walking miles in the company of sturdy grandfather and uncle I did not challenge the M.O.'s diagnosis. Medically downgraded, excused marching, guard and similar duties, provided with civilian shoes in place of boots and gaiters, I never the less participated in drill, which I enjoyed, to keep the platoon intact.

"Sergeant, why is this man wearing shoes?"

"Excused boots, sir."

"Then why is he on parade?"

"Volunteers to keep up platoon numbers, sir."

"Oh, I say, jolly good show, what?" Do they teach officers to burble like that?

After our passing-out parade at the end of our primary training, at which we had been commended for our smartness, our platoon sergeant took me aside. "Private Mann, you're no more a cripple than I am." He grinned. Obviously he had noticed that whenever the platoon had marched anywhere and I had been told to 'fall out and follow at your own pace' I had dawdled to avoid overtaking them.

I made to show him my Service Book with its medical endorsement.

"Oh, I know what that says. This war is about over. Get what you can out of this man's army while you have to be in it. Dis-

miss." He chuckled.

Along with fifteen others I was sent to live in comparative comfort in a requisitioned mansion at Clapham Common with a sergeant in command and an army cook, a former chef, who made very appetizing fare of our rations. Every weekday for three months we went by Underground to Tooting Broadway where we attended Tooting Technical

College to be taught Shorthand and Typing by a pair of old

Spinsters as well as Army Administration by our sergeant. From Saturday midday to Monday breakfast we had weekend leave and I was able to go home to Norwich using a rail warrant that nobody ever clipped or collected. On VE Day we were given leave to go to the West End and join in the celebrations.

All met the required standards and we were sent to a holding unit at Cirencester to await postings. Mine was to the Royal Army Service Corps attached to the Judge Advocate General's Department, War Crimes Branch, Singapore, but I never went there. On our last evening together we went into town to an inn and each ordered a round of sixteen half-pints of cider. That was my first experience of drinking; my upbringing had been strictly non-alcoholic and pubs regarded as abodes of the Devil. Seated at an end of the table, I contrived to exchange surreptitiously some of my full glasses for my neighbours' empty ones, yet I must have consumed at least half a gallon of the potent brew. I was the only one able to walk back to camp, but in the middle of the night was seized with severe stomach pains, rushed

to the camp hospital for observation and missed my posting to the Far East

There followed a few weeks of living in luxury with the camp permanent stall while I worked daily as clerk to the Quartering Commandant, an elderly captain, at his office in town or mainly being taken by my boss all around that beautiful countryside and lunching in hotels at the army's expense. My luck held and I was next posted to J.A.G. Branch, Northern Command at York.

I was met at the station by a major. No less. He helped to carry my baggage and laughed as he placed my rifle in the boot of his car. "You'll find here that the pen is mightier than the sword. We'll get rid of this."

Because we dealt with court-martial as well as war crimes we did not live in army accommodation but in civilian lodgings. The officer drove me to my new home and stayed, chatting convivially, for tea and cakes. I was to be his clerk. "You'll need these. Sue will sew them on for you." He handed me a pair of lance-corporal chevrons.

Promotion as far as sergeant was automatic for J.A.G. clerks so long as one were efficient; if one were not then one was posted elsewhere. Our officers, captains and above, were lawyers, civilians in uniform. I lodged in the suburbs with a family of husband and wife with a thirteen-year-old cricket-mad son who welcomed the arrival of someone who would bowl to him, and I went by bus every weekday to our office in the city.

Continued on Page 8

Military Mannouvres  
Continued from Page 7

Every Saturday evening our Colonel entertained his staff, four more officers and six clerks in the private bar of a pub near my lodgings. The arrival of a pianist was considered a great acquisition. I also became organist of the church on the opposite side of the road where my lodging's boy was a chorister

Then came V.J. Day and the year ended. Northern Command was being run down. Last in was first out and I was posted to J.A.G, Head Office in London. I found lodgings in Wembley that later became my home when I attended London University. In our office near Trafalgar Square I was clerk to the Administration Officer, the only truly military man in the place; there was none of the happy informality of York.

I did not last long. Part of my job was to apply for air passages around the world for officers of the department and civilian lawyers attending courts-martial and war crimes trials. In applying for flights to British Army of the Rhine in Germany for Brigadier Lord Russell of Liverpool and Major Lord Rathcreeden the mixture of rank and peerage addled my brain; I typed Lord Russell's next-of-kin as Lady Rathcreeden and Lord Rathcreeden as Lady Russell of Liverpool. Our Brigadier signed the applications, then read them and nearly died laughing. The Admin Officer was not so amused and within a week I was at J.A.G., B.A.O.R. myself.

Although the rest of the army was being relaxed to peacetime conditions the War Crimes section of J.A.G. on Germany was bustling with activity as daily more sworn depositions came in to be added to the mountain already received

From all over Europe and fur-

ther afield from survivors and witnesses to the mass slaughter that had been perpetrated in the Nazi concentration camps. We had even been sent statements from former members of camp staff in the hope of avoiding or mitigating this punishment. We also had evidence of war crimes committed by Allied personnel but nobody was going to prosecute those! 'Justice' is rightly said to be blind.

As well as members of our staff responsible for bringing to trial S.S., Gestapo, Wermacht and civilians who had committed war crimes, we had eight three-man teams of officer-lawyer-prosecutor, his sergeant-clerk, his servant-driver, each with responsibility for bringing to trial the staff of a specific concentration camp or two in the British Zone of Occupation. A similar system operated in the French and U.S. Zones, while in the Russian Zone the staff employed was more than twice as large because, great as had been the massacre in the West that in the East had been far greater.

I had been sent out to replace the demobilized clerk of Captain Potts, our responsibility Ravensbruck Concentration Camp, the women's camp. Our office hours were from 9a.m. to 6p.m., but when a trial impended we all helped the team involved, working until late at night, fortified by delicacies brought in by our officers. A great sense of purpose motivated the entire office; we were determined to bring to justice perpetrators of the greatest crime in history. We had an unofficial 'League Table' scored by the number of death sentences that a team gained.

Whenever we received evidence implicating an individual all that we knew was passed on to a unit whose job it was to hunt and detain suspects. Every document needing

multiple copies had to be typed cutting into a wax stencil that was then fitted on to a duplicator fed with a thick oily black ink and cranked by hand, a messy business.

Trials in the British Zone were held in a courthouse in Hamburg. I went there with my boss when he prosecuted at the Ravensbruck trial. The case was heard by a panel of five judges, a very senior officer of each of the four occupying powers and a Judge Advocate appointed by J.A.G. whom the four might consult for advice. The accused were a nondescript crew whom one would have passed in the street without particular notice except that I knew that they had committed horrible cruelty. The verdicts took us to top of the office league table!

That trial marked the end of my time with J.A.G.; I was kidnapped by Royal Army Chaplains Department to become Administration Sergeant (second-in-command alias hotel manager) and Organist of 5th Division Church House near Alfeld in the foothills of the Harz Mountains, but even there I could not escape the Holocaust. My German secretary, my liaison with the large German staff, had lived near Sachsenhausen Concentration

Camp. "There was a tall chimney that was always giving out thick black smoke and when the wind blew towards us there was a horrible stink of burnt meat. We did not dare to say anything. There were Gestapo spies everywhere; even a child with a grudge or wanting a taste of power could denounce anyone including its own parents."

Beware today; Big Brother is watching you. Every internet communication, every phone call is scanned.

Continued on Page 9



Military Mannouvres  
Continued from Page 8

I have told of my time at Church House earlier in these Newsletters. I was having such a good time that I was tempted to sign on, but university beckoned and common sense prevailed.

Then more that twenty years later in New Zealand one of my colleagues, a sweet gentle kind quiet ex-Austrian lady, had her Auschwitz prisoner number indelibly tattooed upon her arm. Her parents, brother and sister had 'gone up the chimney' but she had survived more than two years in that hell-hole through having been trained as a dental nurse and therefore had been used to remove gold fillings from the teeth of corpses before they went into the ovens.

It is utterly ridiculous for brainless oaf to attempt to deny the Holocaust when survivors and witnesses are yet alive. For a long time I was rather proud of having helped to bring its perpetrators to trial, but no longer. When I see today the nation that suffered to terribly and some of those 'democracies' that so relentlessly hunted down the guilty now themselves with immunity committing exactly similar crimes with the compliance of populaces dumbed down through inadequate education and brainwashed by strictly controlled media, a legacy of Herr Doktor Josef Goebbels, I think that all our efforts were wasted.

So long as there are evil power-hungry power-crazed individuals and their lickspittle politician lackeys there will always be international crime. What we carried out was not justice but only mere revenge.

Submitted by  
Lesley Woolven

*Photographed inside her lounge !!!*



<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tbKejK2fDTo>

Click on the above link to view video:

"A bark worse than his Bite"

Who can mail in and identify this lovely I wonder?



#### **COLLECTIONS FOR CHARITIES**

Within The ARK Animal Welfare Shop in town I have set up the following collection boxes:

##### **Food items for the Poor and Needy**

All items will be collected and distributed to the Poor and Needy prior to the Christmas holidays.

We will co-operate with the local

##### **Red Cross Hellas**

Organisation and our aim is to provide as much food as possible for those less fortunate than ourselves

##### **Collection of plastic caps from water/soft drink bottles etc.**

Please do collect and bring in all your plastic bottle-tops.

This collection is in co-operation with

##### **Corfu Initiative – NGO**

a non-profit organisation whose pivotal role, amongst other benefits to our society, is to help improve standards for Needy People in Corfu

for more information on Corfu Initiative go to:

e.mail: [kerkyraionprotovouliamko@yahoo.com](mailto:kerkyraionprotovouliamko@yahoo.com)

web: [politonexousia.blogspot.com](http://politonexousia.blogspot.com)

**The ARK Shop staff will be happy to receive all items of food and plastic and will ensure that each and every item will be put to the best possible use.**

**Please, as is your usual custom, give generously to those in need.**

**Many thanks, Lucy STEELE, M.B.E.  
Former British Vice Consul  
Corfu**

## Joke of the Month

### 98-Year-Old Woman Writes Greatest Letter Ever to Her Bank

Posted by Chris Monty on January 7th 2011

Sent in by "Nick the Clock"



A 98-year-old woman in the United Kingdom wrote the following letter to her bank after they bounced on of her pension checks.

The manager of said bank thought it was amusing enough to have it published in the Times. We would have to agree.

Dear Sirs:

I am writing to thank you for bouncing my cheque with which I endeavoured to pay my plumber last month. By my calculations, three nanoseconds must have elapsed between his presenting the cheque and the arrival in my account of the funds needed to honour it. I refer, of course, to the automatic monthly deposit of my Pension, an arrangement, which, I admit, has been in place for only thirty eight years. You are to be commended for seizing that brief window of opportunity, and also for debiting my account £30 by way of penalty for the inconvenience caused to your bank.

My thankfulness springs from the manner in which this incident has caused me to rethink my errant financial ways. I noticed that whereas I

personally attend to your telephone calls and letters, but when I try to contact you, I am confronted by the impersonal, over-charging, pre-recorded, faceless entity which your bank has become. From now on, I, like you, choose only to deal with a flesh-and-blood person. My mortgage and loan payments will therefore and hereafter no longer be automatic, but will arrive at your bank by cheque, addressed personally and confidentially to an employee at your bank whom you must nominate. Be aware that it is an offence under the Postal Act for any other person to open such an envelope.

Please find attached an Application Contact Status which I require your chosen employee to complete. I am sorry it runs to eight pages, but in order that I know as much about him or her as your bank knows about me, there is no alternative. Please note that all copies of his or her medical history must be countersigned by a Solicitor, and the mandatory details of his/her financial situation (income, debts, assets and liabilities) must be accompanied by documented proof. In due course, I will issue your employee with PIN number which he/she must quote in dealings with me. I regret that it cannot be shorter than 28 digits but, again, I have modelled it on the number of button presses required of me to access my account balance on your phone bank service. As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Let me level the playing field even further. When you call me, press buttons as follows:

1. To make an appointment to see me.
  2. To query a missing payment.
  3. To transfer the call to my living room in case I am there.
  4. To transfer the call to my bedroom in case I am sleeping.
  5. To transfer the call to my toilet in case I am attending to nature.
  6. To transfer the call to my mobile phone if I am not at home.
  7. To leave a message on my computer (a password to access my computer is required. A password will be communicated to you at a later date to the Authorized Contact.)
  8. To return to the main menu and to listen to options 1 through to 8.
  9. To make a general complaint or inquiry, the contact will then be put on hold, pending the attention of my automated answering service. While this may, on occasion, involve a lengthy wait, uplifting music will play for the duration of the call.
- Regrettably, but again following your example, I must also levy an establishment fee to cover the setting up of this new arrangement.

May I wish you a happy, if ever so slightly less prosperous, New Year.

Your Humble Client