

73rd Edition

# The Agiot

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## Corfu Villas a New Era

By  
Kostas McGovern

Over the past 13 years we have been welcoming guests from all around Europe at our villas, and in some occasions, even from North America and Oceania. During these years we have been usually operating five to eight villas and apartments at a time and since we are based in Agios Ioannis it is therefore understandable that most of the properties we have been letting out for tourists are located in central Corfu. At the moment, we are in a period of expansion and are planning to add more properties, geographically distributed throughout the island in order to further diversify renters' options. Next year we will be advertising more than ten villas and apartments, a significant increase compared to the past. So, what new will we have to offer for next year?

To begin with, I'll mention what we've already had to offer in the past. The first house we ever rented out was Villa Theodora in 2000. It has been consistently booked during the summers ever since and is especially popular with returning customers, mainly because of its close proximity to the village square which has acted as a hub for tourists since the 70's. It has three bedrooms, sleeping seven, and includes a patio, garden and private swimming pool. Also in Agios Ioannis, we offer Villa Persephone, which sleeps five and is also quite close to the village square and Villa Aphrodite

which is remotely hidden on the outskirts of the village and sleeps eight. Both villas have private pools.

Mouse House is situated in the south of the island in the village of Agios Nikolaos, near Petriti. The main house sleeps six and has a pleasant, very spacious garden surrounding it. Also, the loft has recently been refurbished and consists of a bedroom/kitchen / lounge and bathroom with a veranda overlooking the fields behind the house. It sleeps two and can be rented separately from the rest of the house. On the other side of the island, on the north coast, in the village of Acharavi, Villa Noy sleeps four and has a private swimming pool.

At the moment, these are the only villas and apartments advertised on our new website: [www.ocayvillascorfu.com](http://www.ocayvillascorfu.com). However, we are planning to double the number before Christmas and then increase our portfolio some more before the summer. Some interesting additions include Villa Angelos near Sidari, Lydia's retreat in Agios Ioannis, Villa Helios and Villa Selena near Pelekas, a beach house with a beautiful view of the sea in Agios Gordis and a luxury villa in Arillas. Please have a look at the website and keep an eye out for some more properties to come very soon. If anything interests you just email us at [info@ocayvillascorfu.com](mailto:info@ocayvillascorfu.com).



## Lydia's Retreat



For those with a slimmer budget, why not try Lydia's retreat, right in the heart of the village, a minute's walk from the plateia and taverna?

Quiet, clean, two-bedroomed sleeping four persons with a sleepy balcony at the rear and inside a nicely-appointed kitchen, a perfect little hide-away.

We started offering this apartment only last summer and already the second visitors have rebooked

for two weeks in July, 2014, so much did they enjoy their stay.

The owners love this place and will be improving it as time passes. Definitely worth a try.

## Property Bargains in Corfu

By Peter McGovern



Lakeside- Villa

While Greece may be in the throes of financial crisis there do seem to be some opportunities ahead. Even though most people are affected by the stuttering economy there are some positives for a few who wish to invest here. Prices of villas, land and apartments are at an all-time low making properties valued at around 30% or more down on their original prices. Furthermore the Greek luxury real estate agency has a lot going for it as the country offers the cheapest land in the European Mediterranean

region. Considering all the above there won't be a more ideal time to invest in Corfu.

Before you purchase a property in Corfu you have to consider a few things. Most importantly you must be in love with the island, making sure you enjoy every moment of your stay here, either this is permanent or if you just visit your future home for holidays. You should thoroughly plan and research your property purchase which will make all the difference for a positive outcome. Make sure you have a clear plan of what you are after as to not waste your time for no reason. If you are a frequent visitor of the island you should have a rough idea of where you would like your property and how you would like it to look. If you can't find the perfect house and you have the available funds you may consider building your own property or renovating. Whatever your criteria is we are here to help, just ask for obligation-



Sidari Bungalow

free advice.

So, you can check out our properties on: <http://www.propertycorfu.org/>. There are many properties not constantly shown here so anyone who is interested in buying a property on the island should get in touch in order for us to search the perfect property for you. We are also in the process of developing a new site which will be constantly updated <http://www.ocaypropertycorfu.com/>.



St. Nicholas Beach-House

# Agiotfest Autumn Party

By  
The Minstrel

This was held on October 18<sup>th</sup>, and not for the first time this year, the weather stayed clear.



The X-LOVERS put in a great show poolside and enticed quite a few of the 60+ attendees to get up and dance. Yiannis the drummer was most concerned that nobody jumped into the pool during the band's performance. He went to great lengths to explain that water and electricity do not mix. Good job he told us.



Chas Entertains

The food was great, I know this cos there was no curry left for me next day.



"Three Generations"



"We're OFF"

There was a mini-auction at which two cases of Ginger Grouse were bid for, plus other gifts kindly donated by Chas and Brenda Clifton, and unclaimed or returned prizes from the Agiotfest raffle.

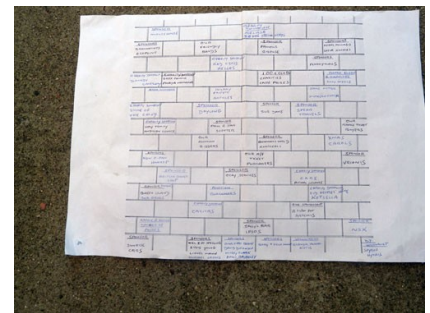


"Three Generations"

The 100+ Club had its monthly draw, this month the winning number was owned by Judith Forshaw and pulled from the hat by Alexia Mane, singer of X-Lovers. Judith won the 70 Euros. Several new members joined on this night so signs are encouraging for the growth of the club. The next monthly draw will be held in November at Scooby's Bar, Sidari. Please go here for further details; <https://www.facebook.com/groups/the100plusclub/?fref=ts>

At this night a 'WALL' was pinned on the wall, quite self-explanatory. You can see it here. All who contribute to Agiotfest, in one shape or another, can be added to this wall. This is but a crude tem-

plate, but will eventually tell its own story. We will build the 'Wall' over the coming months. It will include everyone who contributes, in any way to the advancement of the Agiotfest in general. We hope to come away from the once-a-year event and look towards monthly or bi-monthly events- all leading up to the peak of Agiotfest itself in August.



"The Wall"

A plea for Artemis [published last month] was heard. Two people have stepped forward with offers to help. Unfortunately, Artemis herself could not attend the evening, we hope her opportunity will remain.



"Rob Relaxes"

# Agiotfest 2013 Raffle

Once again we held a very successful Raffle and the response was just as enthusiastic as in previous years, if not more so! There were fourteen (14) good-quality prizes and all, with the exception of one prize, were claimed. The unclaimed prize was purchased by a visitor and, unfortunately, she must have left the venue before the raffle was drawn. We did mention this in our September edition of The Agiot Magazine but there was no response. One other prize was very kindly given back to be raffled again.

Again, this year, we maintained our lower ticket price of only 2euros and realized a very handsome amount.

We, as always, were very impressed with the high level of support we received from our friends, local and abroad, and it is very encouraging to know that, despite our present financial restrictions etc., we can always find some cash to help those less fortunate than ourselves!

In our continuing effort to support local charities we have again, this year, made three donations:

**Holy Trinity Anglican Church, Corfu town.**

**Greek Church Panayia Mantrakina, Corfu town.**

**Care Animal Welfare, Sidari.**

This year our donations were increased by 16.7% over 2013! It is very important to notice that these increases are only made possible by you, our friends, and your amazing support, for which we thank each and every one of you!

On Friday, 18 October, we had an 'Agiot evening' at Villa Theodora, which was very well attended.

We were entertained by **The X Lovers** (who played at the Festival on 31 August this year) whilst we all enjoyed Lula's very excellent curry meal, followed by a choice of dessert. We held an auction, which included the two unclaimed/returned prizes mentioned above and a good time was had by all!

At auction one British Corner Shop voucher went [who to?]

2 Red wines in presentation case successful bid by X-Lovers.

T-shirts; five successful bids.

Crate of Ginger Grouse to Sally Tinkler.

Crate of Ginger Grouse to Les and Chris Woods.

Anna -Lise and Nikos contributed to the Optimistic Bucket.

**Note for the future** - these get-togethers are not to be missed. Not only do we meet up with our 'Agiot Friends' but also we are very well fed, 'watered' and entertained! And it's all in a good cause!

We have some exciting new ideas for the future and advise you to watch our Website for regular updates.

We are looking forward, with much enthusiasm, to all the activities during the run-up to our 2014 Annual Music Festival - for the **sixth** year running!

Lucy STEELE, M.B.E.  
Raffle Organiser

## LIKES PLEASE YES PLEASE LIKE

The Agiotfest continues to grow and for sure it can get better and better.

### A CALL FOR HELP.

If you like Agiotfest, read this, belong to Facebook, but have not as yet liked our Agiotfest page, can you please spend a few seconds and LIKE it now on the link below. The more people who are attracted through actions such as this, sends a ripple effect through the ether and results in our advancement. We currently have 563 likes, which is double what it was in 2011. It would be great to push for the thousand by the time Agiotfest 14 appears.

On the subject of 14, a 'Letter to the Editor' on any subject connected with the Fest, is welcomed, especially any suggestions for next year's performers. Already we have a few in the pipe-line but the more the merrier.

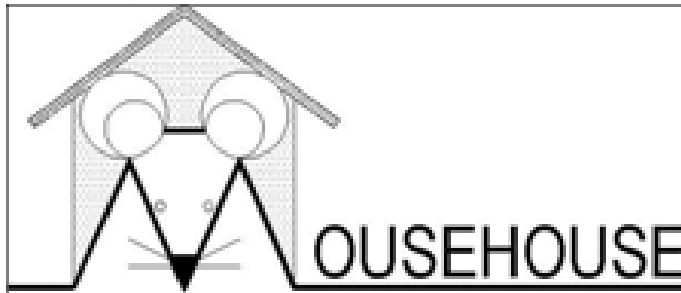
<https://www.facebook.com/agiotfest?fref=ts>

# Agiotfest Sponsors

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La Tabernita Mexicana  
Gina & Pat Brett  
David Dickinson

# Village News

By  
Dr Lionel Mann

Possibly because living locally are a number of ex-patriates, British, Dutch and German, reputed to care for animals, people abandon unwanted pets around Agios Ioannis. Cats join colonies at refuse bins, but dogs become a real problem. Over past months the canine population of the village has quadrupled; most families, including Greek and Albanian, now have a pet hound. Mainly toy, low-slung, pint-sized, yappy little things. Josephine, my smallest cat has taken to chasing them away from my place; back arched, spitting and screeching, she presents a frightening spectacle and then she comes back wearing a self-satisfied smirk on her whiskers. I had thought that I had brought her up to be more ladylike than that. By contrast Hedges, the dowager of my clowder is a snotty arrogant, Maggie Thatcher type, far too conceited to bother with any dog, even with Andy, Alfie or Bono when they pay a social call. All she lacks is a handbag; I am considering buying her one of those for Christmas,

Because his bed-redden master was unable to take him around Laki, Polymeris' big friendly old dog, used to come with me when I went for a walk. After Polymeris

died Laki disappeared and I thought that another family member had taken him away. Only recently I learned that when his master died Laki lay down, pined away and died a week later. Widowed Marika has adopted a stray.

Unwanted stray dogs are becoming pests, A few days ago two of them, driven to desperation by hunger, dug under the wire netting fence of Nitsa's hen enclosure to enter, kill and eat portions of a dozen of the denizens. Nitsa is not happy. Most men around here have shotguns. Before long birds may not be the only target. Later, the culprit was identified as Rika's new charge.

Amongst last month's visitors were Lester and Helen, Paul and Sally, Micky, Dimitri, Ricky, Walter, Martin and Tracey. All visitors have now left and may ex-patriates have also gone to winter in the icy north. Some people enjoy skating on frozen canals or scraping snow off their boots.

The taverna has closed for the winter. It is always a rather sad time when the tables and chairs vanish from the plateia although clearing the fallen leaves becomes easier.

The usual Ochi Day parade and laying of wreaths at the war memorial took place on 28<sup>th</sup> October and also as usual the National Anthem

was sung simultaneously in six different keys, an interesting sound. This year many fewer children represented their schools. Such occasions as that, no more than a half-dozen a year, are the only times that children were in school uniform. I wondered if the low attendance reflected parental unwillingness to buy expensive clothing to be worn so rarely.

Since moving into my present home more than two years ago I have never received any account for water. On Ochi Day, a national holiday, two men came round reading water meters. Now I brace myself to face a hefty water bill. Earlier this year I received a huge bill for electricity. My meter had not been read since I came in. Things are somewhat chaotic here at present.



*"Lionel & Andy"*

**When Nitsa Was Young returns in January. Sorry for the delay but Christmas will be a great time to interview Kostas.**



*Nitsa & Costas'  
allotment*

# Letters to the Editor

## Lula's Lovebites

Every Wednesday morning at around 11 I pick up Lionel from his home in Agios Ioannis and we head for Corfu Town. The occasion is the weekly 'Lunch Box' at Holy Trinity Church (our local Anglican establishment).

Though times are hard, it's far from being a 'soup kitchen', and meals are in general tasty and nutritious.

The cooks among us take it in turns to prepare the week's meal; we don't usually let on in advance, so that the menu is a surprise. But the last time my name was on the rota, I did let everyone in on the secret during the previous week's lunch, for I figured that telling everyone I would be serving 'Yiouverlakia' would leave it a mystery anyway (actually, one English gentleman knew what I was referring to as he is married to a Greek).

I have made Yiouverlakia many times before, but can no longer locate my Greek

recipe book. So when I saw Aunty Lula had provided a recipe in October's Agiot newsletter, I decided there and then on my next Lunch Box offering.

Of course, with ten or twelve lunchers expected - and possibly more as we don't know in advance who's coming - I had to prepare a rather greater quantity than in Aunty Lula's recipe. I found some mince on offer at Lidl, a mixture of beef and pork at only 3.50 euros a kilo.

Sorted: Two kilos would serve 16, and we rarely host as many as that.

Eight eggs; check. Lemons; check. Rice, onions, flour and olive oil in the pantry. Parsley from the market; fennel from a local hedgerow (it tastes similar to dill).

I adjusted the recipe slightly, adding two of the eggs to the meat mixture to ensure it held together, and since the mince contained 30% fatty pork I omitted the butter (in any case I don't think it is vital). I also let the finished dish rest off the heat before serving for about 15 minutes to allow the egg and lemon sauce time to thicken.

I served the dish with green beans and carrots, and the butter omitted from the Yiouvarlakia went, guiltless, on the veggies. You don't need potatoes as the rice in the meatballs provides starch.

In the end there were ten of us so plenty of seconds. The verdict?

Absolutely delicious! (Lionel ate seven.) A note about Lunch Box. While it is held in the church hall, the event is religion-lite (except for grace). We enjoy good conversation along with the food, plus plenty of wine. It's not an exclusive club, and everyone is welcome whether regulars or first-timers (12.30 start).

And all for just four euros: Best value in Town!

Hilary Paipeti

## FLESHPOTS OF THE NORTH QUIZ

Dear Editor,

Had a go at quiz and could not make connection between George Clemenceau & Cameron Diaz.

Think answer to second question is the losers' ribbons?

I will come to Corfu next July. May I collect my prize then if I have the right answer?

Les Woods,  
Ellesmere Port,  
U.K.

## Nick the Clock's World

### THE ELEPHANT'S JOURNEY TO PAY RESPECT, BUT HOW DID THEY KNOW ??????????



Lawrence Anthony, a legend in South Africa and author of 3 books

including the bestseller The Elephant Whisperer, bravely rescued wildlife and rehabilitated elephants all over the globe from human atrocities, including the courageous rescue of Baghdad Zoo animals during US invasion in 2003. On March 7, 2012 Lawrence Anthony died. He is remembered and missed by his

wife, 2 sons, 2 grandsons & numerous elephants.

Two days after his passing, the wild elephants showed up at his home led by two large matriarch.

Separate wild herds arrived in droves to say goodbye to their beloved 'man-friend'.

A total of 31 elephants had patiently walked over 12 miles to get to his South African House.



Witnessing this spectacle, humans were obviously in awe not

only because of the supreme intelligence and precise timing that these elephants sensed about Lawrence's passing, but also because of the profound memory and

emotion the beloved animals evoked in such an organised way: Walking slowly, for days, making their way in a solemn one-by-one queue from their habitat to his house.

Lawrence's wife, Françoise, was especially touched, knowing that the elephants had not been to his house prior to that day for well over 3 years! But yet they knew where they were going.

The elephants obviously wanted to pay their deep respects, honouring their friend who'd saved their lives - so much respect that they stayed for 2 days 2 nights without eating anything..

Then one morning, they left, making their long journey back home..... SOMETHING IN THE UNIVERSE IS GREATER AND DEEPER THAN HUMAN INTELLIGENCE.

# Indian Summer in Lefkada

By  
Paul McGovern

At the end of the summer season it is great to get away off-island, even for a few days. Brilliant sunshine- weather, it is a shame there are not many visitors to enjoy it in Agios, but as there are not, it gives us the chance to 'escape'. We have not been off the island since Spring 2012 so as beautiful as our home island is, island-fever has set in and the lure of uncharted places pulls us like a magnet.

We have not been to Lefkada before, it is not far and we decide to catch a slow-boat to Igoumenitsa and then drive down on a bright Monday afternoon, getting to Lefkada in the gloaming. Our friend Paul had suggested a near-to-the marina hotel, the Ionian Star, and we almost fell into it as we entered the waterside road.



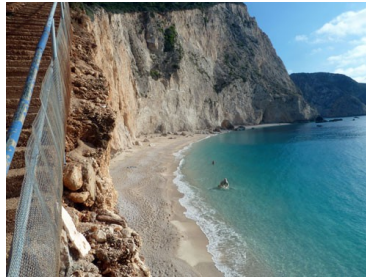
"Chicks on the town"

We found a great little taverna just off the marina plateia; the Seven Islands. We sat in the little alley, with tables bearing different coloured cloths. The window and door frames were pink, white, and brown. The external walls were dark blue, dark green. It sounds a mess but was totally enchanting. The waitress Anthula made you welcome and the dolmadas were the best we have had-anywhere. So this was a good start.

Next day we drove south, in no planned direction, and happened upon the west coast road. Lefkada is a bit smaller than Corfu, green like its Ionian sister. It is an artificial island-since antiquity- when the Ancients dug a

ship canal to divide the land. The island is reached by causeway and narrow bridge.

At Agios Nikitas we stopped for a little break and walk about the pleasant bay. Like Corfu, very few visitors to enjoy the wonderful sunshine, warmth and blue, blue sea. We drive further south through green-clad rolling hills. There are no magnificent olive groves, as in Corfu yet the scenery is charming and the traffic is almost unnoticeable.



"Porto Katsiki"

On the south-west peninsula is the little aqua-marine bay of Porto Katsiki; a perfect sand and pebble beach reached down a metal stairway. The late-October sun beats down and so it is time for a swim. And for Lula to catch some sun. I cannot remember a nicer beach. There were three other small parties on its cliff-backed strand.

We found Pension Holiday apartment overlooking the harbor of Vasiliki, clean room with a balcony view of the sea and mountains 60 metres off. The Kefalonia ferry runs daily from here. A fish meal we eat in the evening, by the sea. We liked this small town enough to stay a second night and during the day we did NOTHING except watch the vista from our balcony and breathe in the life and sounds of the tiny port and write a long journal describing as best we could the beauty before us. A description which failed, completely, to do justice to the reality. The sun went to bed over the western mountain, and as if an electric fire had been turned off, the temperature dropped instantly, and the sea changed to grey with silvery patches. I

must have been on the balcony the best part of seven hours. It is 5.56 p.m. The sky is still blue, but like a soft water-colour.

Next day we drive to Nidri, passing the gorgeous inlet of Vlichos, with its bobbing boats, on the way. Onassis' statue stands defiantly on the waterfront at Nidri. His Skorpios island stands off-shore, now owned by other rich folk. We have an ouzo in a nearby café, remembering that there was nothing the famous magnate enjoyed more than to sit in this port and sip ouzo, play tavli and gossip with his boyhood chums.

On to Ioannina, where we are to meet up with our Corfu friends Jan and Paul. They have booked us all into the Kastro Hotel, and very nice it is too. We have a lovely night and have to restrain ourselves with eating, as an earlier ouzerie owner had plied us with too-bigly mezees, and a shot or two.



"Rich Islands"

The next day is spent walking the lanes and streets and last-minute gift buying and a liquid lunch near Ali Pasha's. A leisurely drive back to Igoumenitsa and a gentle crossing. A great break was ended off at La Tabernita in Corfu town, Mexican food served by a Canadian waitress.

Lefkada I would totally recommend for tourers or sailors; a great little island.



# Fleshpots Of The North

By  
Mark Thompson

## CWIZZES AND COKES

In order to demonstrate that the quiz that appears as part of this column is totally bona fide and all is above board I detail herewith the winners thus far:

1. Henry Percival Urquhart and Liz Monyah.
2. Mr. & Mrs. Ken Dromadi jointly answered both questions.
3. Calvin O'Cary and Gertrude Polushka.

All of the above were present in Corfu when they correctly answered the quiz questions, they were able to prove their identity by documentation and thus able to claim their prizes.

Answers to a previous quiz are as follows:

*À la Mort Subite*-Sudden Death, address; Rue Montagne aux Herbes Potagères 7 1000 Bruxelles, apparently inspired Maurice Bèjart to create a ballet least according to Harry Pearson in his book 'A tall man on a low land' at page 171, Abacus edition, 2002.

The original owner of the bar, Théophile Vossen, also used this name for his brand of gueuze beers which continue to be readily available to this day. *Gueuze beer* is a type of lambic beer made by blending old and new lambic beers.

Lambic beer is a type of beer brewed traditionally in the Pajottenland of Belgium, SW of Brussels. This beer is produced by spontaneous fermentation: containers of wort (water, wheat and barley, but without yeast) are left under a half-opened roof in the brewery and exposed to airborne wild yeasts and bac-

*teria that are said to be native to the Senne valley in which Brussels lies. It is this unusual process which gives the beer its distinctive flavour: vinous and cidery usually with a sour after taste.*

Whilst the process thus described sounds unpleasant, not to say potentially injurious to health, the resulting beer is well worth the purchase. I can confirm that recently whilst in Brussels I undertook detailed and lengthy research on this very subject.

The origin of the name of the bar, the second part of the question, is subject to a degree of ambiguity. The excellent 'Eyewitness Travel' by Dorling & Kindersley tells us 'the name (of the bar) refers to a working men's dice game played there'.

Whereas 'Wikipedia has it 'that whilst the name means 'sudden death' in French the expression can also be used to refer to the final throw in a dice game'.

However the Wikipedia entry goes on 'the name derives from the bars' proximity to the law courts. Lawyers, their clerks and others would gather to play cards in their lunch break and a bell would ring in the bar when the courts were to resume, presumably akin to the division bell rung when the House of Commons divides that is to say votes. The hand of cards then being played would be subject to *sudden death* rules to decide the winner.

Suffice to say the essence of the answer is 'a card or dice game' and the rest is frippery and the committee when considering answers submitted proceeded on that basis.

What I found fascinating whilst enjoying many care-free hours in *À la Mort Subite* was the attitude and

behaviour of our American cousins. It was very much a case of 'if this is Tuesday it must be Belgium'. Our friendly visitors from the US seemed to much interested in what they insist on calling a 'pub' and are not really attuned to the mores and attitudes that obtain therein.

Whilst devouring history, at every turn, these US travellers don't know or recognise 'foreign' beer, so drink Coke© which rather defeats the object of visiting such an establishment quite apart from the fact that, amongst the ladies at least, they'll likely be on a diet so beer is out of the question anyway.

*À la Mort Subite* there is offered a raft of interesting not to say recherché snacks and 'light meals' but your American tourist, to a man, will plump for an omlette. Good as those no doubt are they hardly represent the pioneering spirit that made America what it is today.

As an aside I can thoroughly recommend the Dorling & Kindersley guide book series 'Eyewitness Travel', the books are attractively produced, easy to use, extremely informative and regularly updated with input from travellers.

More from the fascinating world of Belgium beer at a later date, now for a word about the quiz which, because of the nature of the prizes, is suspended for the next few months. The reason for this suspension is that all the 'old' local wine has been consumed and the newly fomented wine has yet to reach fruition. When further supplies are available the quiz will be re-instated. The answers to last months' quiz appear in next months' column, and I will devise a suitably festive prize for the winners.

Yours in the fleshpots,  
Mark Thompson

# WE'RE not English we are Scouse

By  
Scouse

It's the chant that irritates opposing fans more than any other. You can see the bewilderment; the disgust. You can almost see the thought process: "What makes you so different? What makes you special?" Even within Liverpool, there are people who think that the sense of uniqueness, the separate identity, is an affectation. It is similar, they believe, to Manchester United supporters adopting the Argentinean flag after 1998 and the demonisation of David Beckham.

They are wrong. They do not understand where the notion of Scouse came from - or where it's going. Sadly, the same is true of some of the most ardent proponents of the city's individual identity.

What is Scouse? Almost everyone knows it began as a cheap stew, lobscouse - a word with Scandinavian origins. What most do not know is how recently it came to describe the inhabitants of the city. The word only crept into the vocabulary of north Liverpool after the First World War. It came into use in the dense slums between Scotland Road and the Mersey. It probably made transition from insult - Scouser being originally those who struggled to survive on the most meagre broth - to a tag of pride.

The Oxford English Dictionary claims the first usage of Scouse to be in 1945. They were 25 years behind the times. But one thing is certain. People described as Scousers - like the great James Larkin - would not have recognised themselves from the term.

What would they have called themselves on the streets of Liver-

pool before the First World War? 'Dicky Sam' was one term, thought to mean 'imitation Americans'. The sea trade with the United States meant that American fashions were always to the fore in the city - in the 1950s the 'Cunard Yanks' set the stage for the Beatles - but this phrase sounds more like an insult.

Wack, or Wacker still gets used, most often by those from outside the city, but there is a sneering ring to the word. How would the likes of Larkin have referred to themselves? Simply as Irish.

If Scouse, the dish, is a stew, so is the identity. The seaport brought together myriad cultures which helped shape this character. But its main ingredient is Irishness. The Liverpool we know was formed in the half decade after 1847, when the Potato Famine funnelled millions of starving immigrants into the port - "the nearest place that wasn't Ireland."

Many used it a jumping off point for the Americas or Australia, but enough remained to change the nature of the town. Particularly in the North End - bounded by Tithebarn Street, Great Homer Street, Boundary Street and the river - the city became a different country. The Scotland Road electoral district voted TP O'Connor, an Irish Nationalist MP to Parliament between 1885 and 1929.

The relationship between Liverpool and the rest of the country was shaped and defined by this idea of an alien group of people within the body politic of England. This was the original enemy within. The people of Liverpool did not have to wait for Margaret Thatcher to be institutionally criminalised and regarded as outsiders.

Punch, with its cartoons of Irish as apes, captured the mood of post-Famine England with this satire from 1862:

"A creature manifestly between the Gorilla and the Negro is to be met with in some of the lowest districts of London and Liverpool by adventurous explorers.

"It comes from Ireland, whence it has contrived to migrate; it belongs in fact to a tribe of Irish savages: the lowest species of Irish Yahoo.

"When conversing with its kind it talks a sort of gibberish. It is, moreover, a climbing animal, and may sometimes be seen ascending a ladder laden with a hod of bricks."

The 'creatures' in London were outnumbered and subsumed by the capital city and became part of its fabric.

In Liverpool, assimilation did not happen. It took much longer. When, four generations on, the Famine families found their links with Ireland stretched beyond where it was reasonable to consider themselves Irish, they became something else: Scouse. They still did not feel English.

Citizens of Liverpool often feel the media treat the city differently to other places. Outsiders attribute this to 'self-pity syndrome'. In reality, it is rooted in the anti-Irishness that stretches back to the nineteenth century.

Crimes committed in Liverpool - like the Tithebarn Street outrage in 1874, where a man walking with his wife and brother was kicked to death while scores of people looked on - created a national sensation.

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WE'RE not English we are Scouse  
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Incidents like this happened elsewhere but Liverpool was always portrayed as wilder, drunker and more violent.

Salford's Scuttlers caused as much disruption as the High Ripper gangs of Scotland Road but the whiff of Celtic violence made it more sinister to the general public. It was easier to write off the violent confrontations that arose out of the crushing economic conditions as Hibernian wildness.

The transport strike of 1911, which brought Royal Navy gunboats on to the Mersey, was more palatable when dismissed as 'Pat-riot-ism' rather than recognising this was serious and potentially revolutionary social disorder on a grand scale.

Commentators still refer to Liverpool as 'the capital of Ireland'. It effectively says: "They're not English..." Yet the same pundits will sneer at the merest suggestion of Scouse particularism.

The notion of Scouse began to seep out of the Scotland Road enclave in the 30s and 40s and began to be embraced by those from outside the 'Irish Slummy' background. However, even in the Orange communities, where a picture of the Queen adorned every household, there was a knowledge that this culture was outside the mainstream of English life.

When Kenneth Oxford retired as chief constable of Merseyside Police in 1989, he said the most difficult part of the job was controlling 'the Celtic fringe'. Scousers, from all ethnic and religious background, were still outside the pale of English society.

By the 1960s, the accent was distinctive and projected to the world by The Beatles. The south Lancashire tones of the pre-Famine seaport and the Irish of the post 1847-North End had fused into something quite different. This was the high water mark

of Scouse culture.

The football teams, too, became flag bearers for identity. In Newcastle, Leeds and Birmingham, civic identity is overlaid by national pride. For many Scousers, the lack of connection to the state left a vacuum. This was filled by the football teams, Liverpool in particular.

For the rest of the world, the 1960s are the apotheosis of Scouse. Yet, the 80s saw it at its height. With a hostile government in power, the city showed its best qualities: resilience, unity, creativity and radical politics in the tradition of Larkin were all to the fore.

The forays to Wembley for the League and FA Cup finals gave Scousers a chance to display their identity and togetherness in the capital. There was a consciousness of heritage but the divisive components of the city's history had receded to the point that they were almost inconsequential. The accent would never be more distinct.

Now? As the Thatcherite philosophers predicted, history is over. Few know or care about the genesis of their identity. The bonds with Ireland are long gone and the influence of the accent is fading from Liverpoolian tones. Lancashire is creeping back in around the edges.

Town is a shadow of its former self. The pubs and drinking dens of the city - even 20 years ago - felt unique. Now, the bars have a cosmopolitan, international feel. You could be in Tokyo, Los Angeles or Sydney. And the bright young things love it.

Liverpool One is hailed as a triumph. Yet it could be Newcastle One, Manchester One or Milton Keynes One. It chewed up the oldest dockside pub in the world, The Eagle.

During World Cups and European Championships, crosses of St George abound and as many people are horrified by booing the God Save the Queen as try to drown it out. A hard core will cling on to their

Scouse separateness but more and more people from the city are marching in step with mainstream England.

Without a sense of tradition and a clear notion of distinctiveness, Scouse will become just like Geordie: a regional variation of Englishness.

That might be enough for some, but something special will be lost. Scouse is an accident of history. Its roots are not being nurtured enough. It will die soon and be replaced by something commonplace.

At least I'll be dead, too...



"Scouser"

#### Scouse Joke

A Liverpool girl goes to the welfare office to register for child benefit  
"How many children?" asks the welfare officer  
"Ten" replies the Liverpool girl  
"Ten?" says the welfare worker  
"What are their names?"  
"Nathan, Nathan, Nathan, Nathan, Nathan, Nathan, Nathan, Nathan, Nathan, Nathan and Nathan"  
"Doesn't that get confusing?"  
"Naah..." says the Liverpool girl, "It's great because if they are out playing in the street I just have to shout 'Nathan yer dinner's ready!' or 'Nathan go to bed now!' and they all do it  
"What if you want to speak to one individually?" says the curious welfare worker  
"That's easy," says the Liverpool girl...  
"I just use their surnames"

# Aunty Lula's Love-bites

## Pasta with Mushrooms a la carbonara.

### Ingredients:

250g Pasta (Tagliatelle, Spaghetti,  
Pennes or Fettuccine)  
1tbsp Olive Oil  
1tbsp Butter  
1 Onion finely chopped  
1 Garlic crushed  
200g Philadelphia Cheese  
1 Red Pepper  
120g Mushrooms  
50g Kefalotiri Cheese grated

Salt and Pepper to taste.

Fresh Parsley or Basil for garnish.

### GO:

1. Cook the pasta until al dente. Drain thoroughly, saving 300ml of the water, and turn into a warm serving dish. Add the butter and toss well. Keep it warm.

2. Heat the olive oil in a frying pan, Add the onions and garlic. Cook gently for a couple of minutes. Add the mushrooms and the pepper

without browning for about five minute until the mushrooms and pepper are just tender.

3. Add 200ml of the pasta water and the Philadelphia cheese with salt and pepper to taste. Stir until the sauce has the right consistency, neither too thick nor too thin using the remaining water if needed.

4. Mix the sauce and pasta and sprinkle with the Kefalotiri Cheese and garnish with fresh parsley or basil.

*Bon appetit!*

# Walter's Snuggery

By  
Dr. Lionel Mann

In 1977 Walter, one of the early hippies who 'discovered' Corfu, bought a tiny cottage from Henk on the end of a row near the bottom of the narrow street through the old village of Agios Ioannis.

The building, one of the oldest in the locality, was in a very run-down state, but it had running water and electricity and was certainly rather more weather-proof than a tent in the nearby fields known as 'The Cactus Hilton'. Over the years, as funds became available, slowly at first, Walter made improvements to his holiday home, working on it at every visit.

When I first saw the cottage in 1995 an upstairs bedroom had been added by a local builder. I was invited in for a cup of tea by Colin Wallace, another of the early visitors to the village.

The cobbled ground floor was in a grotty condition with a few pieces of rickety furniture. Access to the upper room was by a circular iron

stairway missing two treads and the ceiling of the dark dismal bedroom was so low in places that even I had to lower my head. Yes, the place was better than a tent, but not by much! Any Health and

Safety Inspector would have collapsed on the spot.

Since then I have often heard Walter talking of his improvements and wondered what they were.

A few days ago Walter invited me along for a cup of tea and I at once accepted the invitation, eager to see what work had been done.

Inside the front door, which was much as I remembered it, the cobbles gleamed from recent washing and there was no trace of collapsing chairs. Now a smart varnished wooden staircase was attached to the far wall and outside the back door was a wide concrete patio, its area equal to that of the interior.

There was now no risk in going to the upper floor and I was amazed at the transformation. The stairs now led into a comfortable lounge complete with settee, easy chair, television and CD-player. The roof has

been raised with a shining varnished timber ceiling and a window inserted into the wall to lighten the stairs. There was a carpet on the sealed wooden floor and a wall closed off a cosy little bedroom. A wood-burning stove at a gap in the wall would heat both rooms.

A double-glazed door gives out on to a large balcony that completely covers the patio beneath and as we were sitting on chairs in the warm sunshine on that balcony, sipping our tea, I admired the stunning view. The cottage stands at the top of a steep hillside overlooking a wide valley and from the balcony one can see to Pelekas in the west, to Agia Deka in the south, to the mainland mountains in the east, a wide panorama.

Walter, leaving the next day after a 'holiday' spent painting, pointed to the eaves and the beautifully rounded ends of the protruding roof joists; his last job this visit would be to varnish those. He is justifiably proud of what he has accomplished over the years in turning a hovel into a comfortable home.

# The World of Simon

By  
Simon Baddeley

On Tuesday Daniel Blom, *Corfu Transport Partners*, and his helpers arrived as scheduled in an estate car at the top of the steps down from *Democracy Street*. They man-handled a chest of drawers to the downstairs bedroom, and two heavier ones to the balcony and into our upstairs room, were paid, and departed.



The windvane from Brin Croft, protectively packaged by Lin before leaving Scotland, fitted Steve Lee's bracket. I raised the windvane, enjoying showing it off to the neighbours - though the Latin letters in sheet metal are puzzling, given that,

in Greek, N for North should be Β, *Βορρά*, while South should be Ν for *Νότια*, with Α for East, *Ανατολή*, and delta - *Δυτικό* for West. Our vane can be seen from both balconies as well as from the top of the steps on to *Democracy Street*, so we can say to visitors "Look for the house with the wind vane on the corner". One problem. The arm of Steve's bracket is rigid in the vertical but twists sideways in the slightest breeze "Take it down now!" says Lin "It'll either break the bracket or twist it off the wall"

I unscrewed the four coach bolts holding the bracket and strolled up to Steph's and Wesley's house beyond St George's Church. Steph guided me down winding iron stairs to Wesley's large workshop where I heard the crackle of an acetylene torch.



Wes pushed his goggles onto his forehead and paid me acute attention as I described the torque on the bracket with a photo and measurements.

"Leave it with me" He had in mind welding a supporting arm between the foot of the head of Steve's bracket that will fix to the house wall a couple of feet to its right. Steph made us coffee and I spoke a little about the amazing marble sculptures in the *Metallinos Museum*.

"It's not just the 'naughty museum'. There's lots lots more to the man" "How sad it would be if all that work had to leave the village" "That's the problem. No-one seems to know what to do with the collection. It's become a burden. Arrests had mixed feelings about his family and the village. He may have

## Corfu Weather Statistics

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

	Max	Avg	Min
Temperature			
Max Temperature	27 °C	24 °C	19 °C
Mean Temperature	24C	20 °C	17°C
Min Temperature	21 °C	15 °C	11°C
Degree Days			
Heating Degree Days (base 65)	2	0	0
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	10	2	0
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	25	17	13
Dew Point			
Dew Point	22 °C	15 °C	5 °C
Precipitation			
Precipitation	17.0 mm	0.9 mm	0.0 mm
Snowdepth - - -			
Wind			
Wind	42 km/h	7 km/h	0 km/h
Gust Wind	60 km/h	38 km/h	27 km/h
Sea Level Pressure	1029 hPa	1018 hPa	1001 hPa

# Something to Look Forward To

By  
Martyn Clark

With the thoughts of a long British winter ahead full of dark days and cold nights it's nice to have something to look forward to. In 2012 we rented a house from Anna and Nikos and spent three happy months in Corfu. Well we plan to repeat the adventure again next year and once again we will be renting the house in Dassia but for 2014 we will stay for six months.

Originally we wanted to live in the middle of a village but things conspired against us so we will have the sheep and goats as our neighbours again. One thing will be different and that is we are bringing our cat with us, he is fifteen years old now and a little bit set in his ways so it will be interesting to see how he adapts, especially if the two cats that "adopted" us last year are still around. Charlie cannot stand other cats but one thing in his favour is he loves warm, sunny weather so he may just make friends but I doubt it. We had a week in Corfu in late September with the idea of trying to sort out a house which was mission accomplished. One of the highlights of our holiday was a Magical Mystery Tour organised by a certain Mr McGovern. We were hoping to go out to dinner with Paul and Lula but with Lula laid low with a bad back that looked unlikely. That was until the Friday afternoon when Paul phoned to say that Lula felt a lot better and they had been invited to a party that night and would we like to join them.

After we had met at the Diellas store in Gouvia we were to follow Paul which we did so for the next forty five minutes without ever going more than a couple of kilometres from our starting point. We found the house eventually but not before we had driven into the same driveway twice, the first time some twenty minutes before. I did get a bit worried though when Paul stopped and asked us us "have we been past here before" to which my reply was "haven' got a clue I'm following you. It all turned out well in the end and it was nice to see Lionel again who was with Paul and Lula. It is rumoured that McGovern Mystery Tours will be up and running in time for the summer season next year. We have over the years

heard a lot about Greek festivities and in September we were invited to abaptism, it was quite a big affair with around 250 invited guests. The actual christening was held in Corfu Town,



with the festivities continuing at Luna d'Argento. The food and drink just kept flowing all afternoon and we were made to feel so welcome. The whole day was an absolutely brilliant experience and we would like to thank our friend Ilia, her daughter Elsa and son in law Kostas for their kind invitation. It is an occasion we will not forget. So it's now everything focused on our summer long sojourn to Corfu. Bringing the cat with us had brought

**SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO** one or two extra problems, we have had to book hotels that take pets so we have gone the Holiday Inn. With one exception that being our hotel booking in Switzerland there are some really good deals to be had by booking early. Our stopping off points will be Reims, Strasbourg, Neuenkirch and Reggio D'Emilia, the hotel in Reggio has cost us less then £60 which is a real bargain. We now just have to sort out the ferry from Ancona but the ferry companies are notoriously slow at sorting out the next years timetables, we are told they will be available sometime in November but I am not holding my breath. We will also be in Corfu for the Agiotfest so we wait with baited breath to see who will top the bill. That's about all for now so as it's probably my last missive of the year I would like to take this opportunity to wish everyone a happy and peaceful Christmas and a prosperous New Year. It's awful really mentioning Christmas this early it's a bit like going into your local supermarket in September and seeing selection boxes and Xmas biscuits on sale.

