

85th Edition

The Agiot

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Village and Island News

The Editor



Today is November 3rd and we send birthday greetings north to our Viking friend Lennart from Sweden. As you read this he is no doubt in his Valkyrien Halls drinking with his friends and Celtic

slaves. We wish you from Corfu all the very best on your 60th Lennart.

October-what a month! It simply raced by with barely a blink.

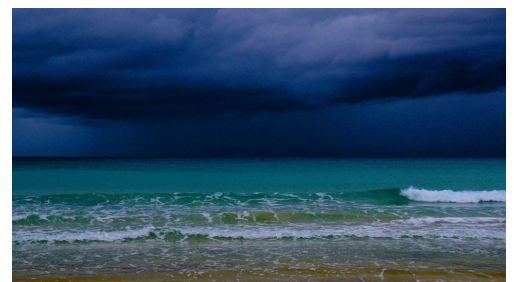


It started for ED. with a trip to the Doctor for an M.O.T. [see picture].

Things went pear-shape steadily from there, I am pleased to report.



October was significant for some absolutely fabulous weather with warm temperatures and picture-blue skies, with the odd Thunderstorm and torrential rain thrown in, should we get too complacent. The dry stream-bed at Brook Meadow in the valley became fairly full in a day. On the 24th we experienced one wintry day, after which normal service was resumed.



It was a season for visitors and guests and meetings with friends. On a rainy day at the 'Moon Juice' factory in Ano Korakiana we had a splendid lunch with Simon, Lin and their family.

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Village and Island News
Continued from page 1

The Knight family visited and their plane was struck by lightning, they were diverted to Athens. They recovered and managed to get their tans in-plus a few Corfu Beers-before heading home again.



Walter was here to enjoy his newly finished patio overlooking the A.I. valley, bathed in sun.



The Corfu Festival was on at Arillas and we went up and stayed over with friends at Kostas' Apartments. A great time was had and more Corfu Beer.

Pat and Gina arrived in the Willage, work a-brewing on their Lydia's apartments.

Chris and Les came also, their final visit before moving here permanently here next year.

Paul and Micky were over to extract the Grovey-Mobile and attend to the Great Fence War Trial; it never happened again, and is now set for April 2015. Paul had

at least the consolation of introducing the Editor to afternoon tea at Ermones beach. This was followed the same evening by a slap-up pie at Zorbas in Kontokali and a pit-stop en route home at the recently opened Nonna's taverna by the narrow little bridge leading out of the village toward Temploni, where Maria served up some unknown brew in tall glasses. My liver was floating by now.

Ron and Lesley were finally off after their several-weeks holiday.

During this Bacchanalian period further splendid interludes were spent with these friends at the Spider Bar and Nurnberg Taverna.



Just when it looked toward the end of the month-as if things were slowing down- along came an 11th birthday celebration at the British Corner Shop, with a late-night eat at Nikos grill room in Vrioni. Martin from Agios joined us there.



Two nights later was Halloween at Sally's. Ipsos, where the place was wall to wall rocking with another great show from 3 and the Cuckoo, with a quite stupendous drum solo

from Costas. Somebody, dressed as a monk, accused me here of not wearing Fancy dress. But I was wearing a tie; fancy enough I thought.



A moment of respite and personal joy was to see my eldest son on TV in the Corfu Super Cup Final- sort of equivalent to Combination League in England. They won on penalties, the match was screened on Corfu TV live and Start TV.

And as the month was closing there came a return to the regular winter past-time of dog walking in the valley. The pack of three-Andy, Mandy and Bono-is now complemented with Foxy, staying on holiday with us while owners Danielle and Waldo are off on theirs.

Many Octobers here have been a peaceful and serene interlude between the heat of summer and the quiet beauty of winter. This one was more like an electric shock, but none the less enjoyable for all that.

R.I.P.

It is with sadness we report the passing of Jim Skinner, in the early hours of 29th October, following a long fight with cancer. Jim was well-known-especially in the south of Corfu, and had been a staunch supporter of Agiotfest in 2013. He will be missed.

Too Wet Too Woo?

By
Alekos Damaskinos

Here are my findings after a research concerning this particular bird on the island of Corfu.

A while ago various members were concerned and wanted to know about the “eerie” sound of a bird at night which brought death in the village or at a particular house.

I thought I would solve the problem mathematically but unfortunately this was not the case! The problem is an anthropological/social one however though, I have learnt many facts and I would like to share them with our readers.

I interviewed villagers generally of advanced age at their homes in the villages/hamlets of Corfu.

Vitalades, Dragotina, Chlomotiana, Braganiotika, Strongili, Episkopiana, Psara, Stavros, Ag. Deka, Kastelani, Ag.Theodori, Kinopiastes, Kalafationes, Varipatades, Ag. Prokopios, Giannades, Ag. Markos, Porta, Mengoulas, Peroulades, Arkadades, Avliotes, Kavalouri, Nisaki, Strinilas, Episepsi, Petalia.

I chose these because most of them are still sufficiently removed from tourist and industrial inducements.

The bird is MOST definitely “Tyto alba” which in Greek has the following names : «Ανθρωποπούλι» (Human-face bird), «Χαροπούλι» (Bird of death), «Κλασποπούλι» (Weeping bird), «Νεκροπούλι» (Bird of the dead), Στριγγλοπούλι» (Screeching bird), «Πεπλόγλαυκα» (Veiled Owl).

After many sleepless nights at a village at the South of the island waiting to see one, eventually one

came and I saw its white silhouette disappearing in the darkness!

WHY IS THIS BIRD ASSOCIATED WITH DEATH?

In former times there were no public lights or any electricity at most villages so the nights were totally dark.

If some person was very seriously ill in their “death-bed” or indeed dead, the relatives and sometimes close neighbours stayed up all night with the person concerned with ALL available lights ON! These were usually paraffin/oil and gas lights.

These lights of course attracted owls and other birds who thought that they would find some rats or mice in the vicinity of the house.

It is for this reason that these beautiful “owls” were considered the “birds of death”.

We the humans are to blame and must NOT associate these birds with bad omens because of superstitions!

This “owl” has a very strange and eerie “screech” especially during the mating season (it’s trying to attract a partner!) and if you hear the sound of their young (I have)...it will certainly chill your blood!

Sometimes it will “hiss” like a snake and other times it will make a “snoring sound”.

I have written “owl” in inverted commas because strictly speaking it is NOT an owl! It belongs to another related family, the family of “TYTONIDAE” and not “STRIGIDAE” which includes all the owls we know, including the “scops” etc.

It has so many different names

in English : Barn Owl, Screech Owl, Hissing Owl, White breasted Owl, Monkey faced Owl, Stone Owl, White Owl, Silver Owl, Demon Owl, Ghost Owl, Death Owl, Night Owl, Church Owl and a few more...!

In conclusion I would like to say that after my extensive research : “DON’T BE AFRAID IF YOU HEAR IT”- Nothing is going to happen to you, your family or to any member of your village!

I know it can be very disturbing to hear it but it is because in the back of your mind you have the “picture”...of death!

If all else fails, please try this!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qZLBSu0sOpo&feature=youtu.be>

Sally's Bar Ipsos Corfu

LEARN TO SPEAK GREEK
WITH ALEKO !!

Greek lessons begin
tomorrow, Tuesday 4th
November, and every Tuesday,
11am at SALLY'S in IPSOS.

For more information contact
Aleko Damaskinos on
facebook, or just turn up at
Sally's.

Letters to the Editor

From ED.

This is the second month for the new format of the Agiot. So far the response has been very good, thank you, which encourages us to press on and to try harder still.

Please note that the Ocaj office officially closes between December 19th and January 8th, 2015.

But an eye is always kept on messages and e-mails during this period, so please do not be put off in contacting us in the least. You will be answered quickly in any event. Or in cases of emergency ring me on 0030 6974932408.

The next Newsletter [for December] will come out on the first of that month.

Like all new devices we have had a few technical glitches last month. Some of you may not have received reminders and some of you may

have received very belated reminders or two reminders. We are sorry for this and hope things will be smoother this time around.

The new Newsletter can be simply read, or downloaded for posterity by hitting the download tab on the top right corner of the frame.

N.B. Please be aware of the facility for you to make comments. Immediately below the main banner title THE AGIOT NEWSLETTER - OCTOBER 2014

You will see Comments [accompanied by a number]. This is in faint script I'm afraid. Please go here and send us your views on anything in the AGIOT or anything else that you believe may be of interest to our readers, or use the Contact facility on the menu.

We are always receptive of new contributions, so if you fancy it, give it a go and see your piece in print.

Also, if you want to add photos to the gallery please send jpegs to mcgovern@otenet.gr

From Sue Gentry Done

Hi Paul - went to the new Agiot site - looks great. The newsletter I can find is the October one - is this correct or should there be a November one somewhere?

ED: The November one will be with you today Sue. Happy reading!

From Geoff Missenden

going to corfu! next august. a friend lives there and they have a jazz and blues festival every august. supposed to be a great weekend.

ED: Looking forward to the Missenden Mission Geoff!

Video Corner

Living Man:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=06VzxxDTnB8>

Strix Owl Exorcism:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qZLBsu0sOpo&feature=youtu.be>

Tom Crean:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eXf93CEI4t0>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qjgy1jikPZY>

PROPERTY SITE

Our new website is still under construction-sorry about the delay! IT WILL BE UP AND RUNNING BEFORE THE 1ST OF DECEMBER

IN THE MEANTIME PLEASE GO MAIL US DIRECT AT mcgovern@otenet.gr OR CALL US AT 2661058177 OR 6974932408

THANK YOU.



Here is a recent photo of our build in the valley.

OCAY VILLAS

KEEP CHECKING OUT OUR SITE AT :

www.ocayvillascorfu.com

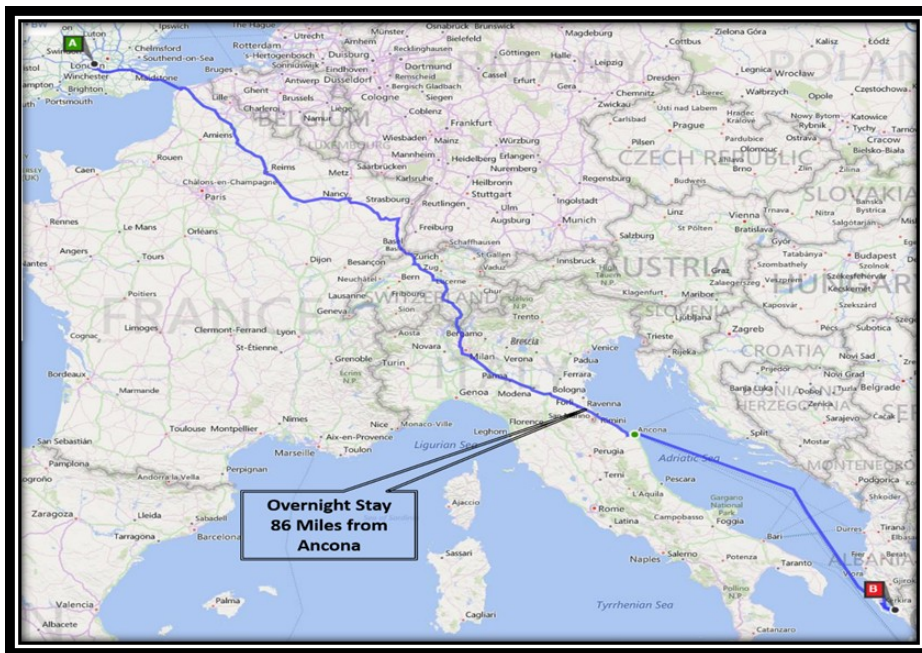
for your Corfu holiday next year.

There is an even wider choice of villas, apartments across the Island for you to dip into and choose the one that suits you and your pocket. Book early for Agiotfest 15.



"Silke"

Jo And Mel's Road Trip to Corfu 2014



NEED TO KNOW

HOW MUCH £?

Fuel £120
Eurotunnel £320
Total £440

HOW MUCH €?

Fuel €310
Tolls €220.20
Swiss Tax €40
Anek Ferry €1052.60
Local Ferry €180
Total Cost €1701.80

TOP TIP

Fuel is cheaper in France & Greece.

Expect delays at the Gotthard Tunnel in Switzerland as they only let a few cars in at a time & just past Rimini in Italy as they are still undergoing road works.

We found that on the European hook-ups the polarity was reversed so the light showed up BUT we were still able to use hook-up.

This trip was done in our 2008, 1.9TD with 104bhp

Well it's the eve of our trip and Lizzie who we have only owned since the end of March 2012, and when we got her was only a panel van is finally packed and ready to go on her 2nd trip to Corfu, the trip by road excluding the tunnel and ferry from Ancona to Igoumanitsa and then onto Corfu is just over 1,040 miles. We will be driving through France, Switzerland and Italy before getting on a ferry at Ancona for her well-deserved rest.



The Journey:

DAY 1:



Lizzie waiting for her call at the Eurotunnel

Well it's the morning of our trip and its 3.30am, my hubby is in the driving seat, our teenage son and his friend are chilling in the back along with our 3 dogs and Lizzie is ready to go, the PlayStation is rigged up so all are happy, Eurotunnel here we come.

We made it in good time to the tunnel as the roads were quite clear as you would expect for that time in the morning which meant we arrived in plenty of time as we were booked on the 6.20am to be able to grab something to eat before embarking on the train.

Lizzie relaxing on the train



Our Road Trip to Corfu 2014
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We arrived in France at about 8 am local time so which means we can or should I say my poor hubby can get a good days driving behind him before we stop for the night.



Dogs stretching Their legs

We decided to stop for our first stop since arriving in France as we had been driving now for about 4 hours, we stopped near a place called Nancy in France to give the dogs a chance to stretch their legs as well as us and a spot of lunch as it was about 1.30pm local time.



The husband & Lizzie having a well-deserved rest

After a short break we were soon on our way again, we were making good time even though we got caught up in queues at most of the French Tolls as it seems to always be a bit of a free for all as you approach the tolls and we always seemed to choose the wrong queue,

anyway we made it to the Swiss border before 4pm where we had to purchase our Swiss tax disc to allow us to use their motorways.



Swiss Border

The drive through Switzerland took us close to Zurich and Luzern and once again was very picturesque with mountains in the back drop of some large beautiful lakes, we drove through tunnels that are cut straight through the mountains, we saw small waterfalls cascading down the sides of the mountains where the snow had melted, in previous years we had seen the waterfalls a lot bigger but we were doing the journey a bit later this year so there wasn't as many to see. The sun was shining and the roads clear.

We had been driving now for about 4 1/2 hours since we last stopped to have our lunch, we were roughly 15 miles from the Gotthard Tunnel so we decided to pull into a Swiss Service station to give the dogs a drink and once again stretch theirs and our legs. It was about 6 p m

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worried about getting stuck in the queue to enter the Gotthard Tunnel and we wanted to make it into Italy before our overnight stop.



16,942m Gotthard Tunnel

Well we managed to get through the Gotthard Tunnel without any delays which enabled us to get well into Italy before our overnight stop, we managed to reach the Italian border at about 8pm local time, we managed to drive for about another 200 miles before stopping to have something to eat and settle down for the night at an Auto Grill about 86 miles from Ancona.



Views driving through Switzerland

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Our Road Trip to Corfu 2014
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DAY 2:

We woke quite early in the morning and was packed away and ready to start off again for about 7am even though we only had a short distance to go, which as it turned out was a good decision as we found out not long after we got back on the road, just after we passed the outskirts of Rimini we started to hit traffic and what should of only taken us 1 hr 30 min to get into Ancona took nearly 4 hours.

Well we have finally arrived at the port of Ancona its about 11am local time and we aren't due to sail until 4.30pm, which even though the last part of the journey took a lot longer than planned we still had plenty of time to book-in and relax before having to start queuing to board the ferry.

Our Overnight Stay at the Auto Grill between Forli & Rimini, Italy on the A14



Hubby, Lizzie and the boys relaxing after a long 2 day journey



The dogs lapping up the sun well two of them anyway!



Whilst the 3rd one chills out under Lizzie!

Well its nearly time to board the ferry where Lizzie and the rest of us will spend the next 16hrs camping on the boat before reaching Igoumanitsa.

Well we are finally on board Anek



All set up and ready to chill until we reach Igoumanitsa. Yippee!!



Ferries time for a tall glass of wine and beer for hubby I think before we have dinner.

Our Road Trip to Corfu 2014
Continued from Page 7



Hubby preparing and cooking tea does his job never end!!

We finally set sail 2 hours late but the crossing was good and we all had an enjoyable relaxing evening before turning in for the night.



DAY 3:

We docked in Igoumanitsa around 10am Greek time so by the time we disembarked it was nearly 11am, now for the 10 minute drive round to the old port where we could get the local ferry over to Corfu.

This part of the trip only takes 1hr 30min but this time all but my hubby had to walk onto the ferry which is good fun with 3 dogs as they cram the cars in with just about an inch between you and the next car, thankfully Lizzie survived this part of the trip unscathed.

We finally arrived at our villa mid-afternoon and by late afternoon Lizzie was unpacked, and had, had a little clean and was enjoying her rest in the shade.



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Our Road Trip to Corfu 2014
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The Holiday:

During our 2½ weeks in Corfu Lizzie took us to many of the Islands beautiful treasures, she drove through narrow roads, dirt tracks and amongst the many olive groves on the island, here are just a few of the places we visited in her.



Tempolini



Ermones



Arillias



Zorbas, Kondokoli
So far our favourite place for Sea food on the island, and only a short walk away from Gouvia/Kondokoli marina.



Just outside the village of Makrades

Our Road Trip to Corfu 2014
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Journey Home:

DAY 1:

On the journey home we had to leave Corfu about 4 pm to get the local ferry back to Igoumanitsa, once again poor Lizzie was crammed in like a sardine in a tin but once again she came through her ordeal unscathed, once we had arrived and booked in for our ferry home we had another long wait as the boat was late arriving which would mean we would be late docking back in Ancona.



Waiting for the boat in Igoumanitsa

DAY 2:

We arrived in Ancona at just after lunch which meant we would no-doubt get caught up in a lot of traffic in Italy which we did, as it got closer to tea-time and we still hadn't made it through Italy my son and I decided to swap places so I could sit in the back to make some sandwiches for us all to eat.

We finally made it through Italy, Switzerland and just into France before we decided to stop overnight.



Waiting to disembark in Ancona

DAY 3:

The following morning we got on the road early as we still had about 450 miles to go and we were booked onto the 6.20pm train home.



Driving through France the roads were clear so we were able to make good time which pleased the boys as it meant we would be able to go to our favourite pit stop for dinner in Calais before boarding the train home.

We finally reached home about 8.30pm.

Dinner at the Buffalo Grill before leaving France

Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by
Hilary Paipeti

Questioning the schoolbooks.

On the 100th anniversary of the outbreak of the First World War, and at a time when our Great Leaders persistently attempt to draw the West into conflicts (sometimes successfully, sometimes not - yet), I thought I would contemplate and research the reasons Britain went to war in 1914. Some people call this 'historical revisionism' or more plainly 'an entirely distorted impression of cause and effect'; I call it 'finding out the real story'.

The 'Schoolbook Version' tells us that 'treaty obligations' pulled us into what essentially was a continental conflict, which aimed to implementing Germany's key foreign policy - Lebensraum, or expansion eastwards towards Russia. But first, Germany had to remove France from the equation so as to avoid fighting a war on two fronts. Their priority, as in WW2, was not the Western Front, but the war in the East. Lebensraum was not a Hitlerian idea; it had been German foreign policy from the moment it became a nation state. It still is: Note Ukraine.

I did some research, which included reading relevant passages from Hansard (the minutes of Parliament), and came up with the following facts:

1) The treaty that took Britain into the war 'to protect plucky little Belgium' was signed in 1839, a full 75 years before 1914.

2) There was nothing in this treaty that obligated Britain 'to go to war' to protect Belgium. It only required signatories to RESPECT Belgian neutrality.

3) No war was provoked in 1864 when Germany invaded Schleswig Holstein. Why this time?

4) In 1870, on the eve of the Franco-Prussian War, Prime Minister Gladstone thought so little of the 1839 treaty that he signed NEW treaties with France and Germany to protect Belgium, overriding the 1839 one.

These treaties DID obligate a war in the event of an invasion of Belgium, but were set to lapse just one year after peace broke out. By 1914 only the non-obliging 1839 treaty remained.

So there are very good reasons to regard the relevant treaty a spurious pretext as the cause of the war. It was just a very old piece of paper.

In addition, I found that Germany had given a guarantee to Belgium that if the country allowed its army to pass unhindered on its way to take Paris (as required by the Schlieffen Plan) it would do no harm to people and property. Unfortunately for Europe, Belgium stupidly did resist, thus delaying the invasion of France. You could well argue that the curbing of the Plan's intended quick execution led directly to the armies' getting bogged down in Eastern France; and therefore to four terrible years of trench warfare.

Then I read selections from Hansard, and especially from the speech of the Foreign Affairs Minister Edward Grey. This was clearly a very mendacious effort, which included half-lies and omissions, designed to force a call for war. Tony Blair, anyone?

The Commons debate on entering the war lasted all of two hours, and NO VOTE was taken.

All the above has been examined in recently published books by well-regarded academics. But none of the above was mentioned in school history lessons or in set schoolbooks. We were just meant to swallow the 'we went to war to protect plucky little Belgium' mantra (despite the fact going to war DIDN'T protect Belgium at all), and we are expected to blindly accept this as justification for the most disastrous event in modern history.

If this is 'Historic Revisionism' (or 'distorted impression of cause and effect') I'm all for it. We should consider that there is plenty of evidence that we have been kept in ignorance as to the true nature of events. Now as much as then: WMD, 'beheadings', Putin's aggression, etc, etc. The 'Schoolbook Version' says one thing; real life is often different.

There's very good reason to question schoolbookery. If you don't question it, you are - to paraphrase the cliché - doomed to repeat the mistake, as the West seems intent on doing at present.

It is clear from the real events of 1914 that someone in authority wanted a war. People who join the dots understand that the propaganda that whipped up patriotic fervour was part of the same plan. Ordinary people called for war; trumped-up treaty 'obligations' got it for them.

Despite the propaganda, there is strong evidence from contemporary documents that a significant minority of the public did NOT want a war. But schoolbookery favours the sweeping statement that 'everyone wanted war'.

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Hilary's Ramblings
Continued from Page 11

It's often said that old men send young men to fight their wars; and that if the young men refused to go to war, there wouldn't be any. But it's our misfortune that young men have always champed at the bit that's offered. Look at those heading today for Islamic State.

So young men went to war in 1914 for excitement and adventure, at least as much to fight for King and Country. Imagine if you're a hefty lad whose life will be spent pulling up mangolds in a muddy field in Norfolk, or bashing rivets in a factory in Bolton. Of course you'll want to go; it's exciting!

And the said young men may well pretend, even to themselves, that they are going for some other reason - to free Jerusalem, to fight the dirty Hun, to promote Islam, whatever.

Folk who insist it was only 'patriotic fervour' that motivated them should check the written evidence. I'll offer two pieces here that just happened to be saved in my computer; I am sure a serious search would uncover more.

The first is an extract from an anthology of contemporary sources and memoirs. Note particularly the last paragraph:

One hundred years ago exactly, in the summer of 1914, teenager Len Thompson was thrilled by the prospect of war.

'We were all delighted when war broke out on August 4,' he would recall, 'bursting with happiness.'

It was not that the hardy, blue-eyed teenager from East Anglia was particularly blood-thirsty. Or politically minded. Or jingoistic. But soldiering for King and Country held prospects for him that were otherwise far beyond his poverty-stricken reach.

He was 'damned glad to have got off the farms.' No wonder that hundreds of thousands of young men like him flocked to the colours.

Thompson's account of his recruitment - included in a profoundly moving new anthology of memoirs and contemporary letters and diaries collected by Birdsong author Sebastian Faulks and professor of English Hope Wolf - reminds us that the eagerness with which a generation of young men offered themselves up for sacrifice was both appalling and fascinating.

In the beginning, the youthful wish for excitement was as important as the rush of bash-Kaiser-Bill patriotism. It would be over by Christmas

- everyone said so - so don't be left behind, get in quickly and grab your piece of the action.

The second comes from an article by columnist Simon Heffer, who wrote that his father joined up aged 16 in September 1914. This boy's own father encouraged him: 'It will be over by Christmas. Let the boy have an adventure.'

Adventure... It is no slander to admit young men's need for excitement.

In examining the causes of war, we should look at the full picture rather than reverting to the thought-free default mode of sweeping statements of 'patriotic fervour' and the schoolbook 'treaty obligations' excuse.

As the columnist Peter Hitchens recently wrote: 'The contrast between the myth of 1939-45 and the reality of history is so huge that most people, confronted with any part of the truth, just goggle, gibber and angrily refuse to believe demonstrable facts.' This could just as easily be applied to the myth of 1914.

And why do folk continue to gibber? I think it's because they are in denial. If the official version - the schoolbook story - is wrong, then they are forced (kicking and screaming, fingers in ears) to question the motives of those in authority, and possibly will have to reach the conclusion that our leaders are not the benevolent beings we wish them to be. And that would never do, would it?

Agiotfest Links

<https://www.facebook.com/events/1427706954166861/?context=create&source=49>

<http://www.pinterest.com/agiotfest/>
www.agiotfest.com

<https://fabrily.com/agiotfest14>

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/the100plusclub/?fref=ts>

<https://twitter.com/>

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

<http://corfuwall.gr/festivals/agiotfest-2013.html>

<http://www.robgroove.com/photography/agiotfest-2013/#prettyPhotogallery-5959|/22/>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=61beYf24Ux0>

<http://realcorfu.com/?s=Agiotfest>

<http://www.the-green-island.co.uk/>

Agiotfest 15

PLEASE PUT AUGUST 29TH 2015
IN YOUR DIARY FOR THE
SEVENTH AGIOTFEST

GO HERE FOR A TASTE:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jzH4nIRfl-M>

THE AGIOTFEST ROADSHOW
GOES ON THROUGH THE
WINTER.

SEPTEMBER WAS AT SALLY'S
IPSOS, IN CONJUNCTION
WITH THE 100+ CLUB.

OCTOBER WAS AT THE
BRITISH CORNER SHOP, IN
CONJUNCTION WITH THE
100+ CLUB

DECEMBER WILL BE AT VILLA
THEODORA, AGIOS IOANNIS,
IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE
100+ CLUB ON DECEMBER
19TH AT 7.00.P.M.

LOOK OUT FOR FURTHER
VENUES FROM JANUARY

The 100+Club

The 100+Club

The 8th draw of year 2 was held
yesterday evening, at The British
Corner Shop, Perama

Maria Voulgari a none member,
drew out the number.

The winner was Duncan Schofield,
winning 100€

Number of people present 30+

Members present 8.

Excellent evening thank you to all
who attended.

A big thank you to Richard &
Denise, for hosting the event.

A big thank you to the 74 members
who support The 100+ Club, also a
big thank you to,

Paul & Jan Scotter central area co-
ordinators,

North area Co-ordinators, Louise
Taylor & Sandra Klouda.

Agiotfest, Paul & Lula McGovern.

Business supporters

Hovoli Acharavi, Mediterranean
Corner Mkt Roda, Chippy Chippy

Sidari, Darryl Bill Butchers shop

Perithia, Sally's Bar Ipsos, UK

iMPORTS, Sidari, Corfu Barber,

Sofias 41, 49100 Corfu, Scoobys

Bar Sidari, Oscars Roda, AK Travel

agents Sidari & The British Corner
Shop, Perama

The 100+ Club, representatives,

Ken & Jan Harrop, Project Leaders
and Paul & Jan Scotter Co-

ordinators.

If you are interested in supporting

The 100+ Club please contact us on
Tel 6946949545

the100plusclub@groups.facebook.com

[https://www.facebook.com/](https://www.facebook.com/groups/the100plusclub/)

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Hi everyone

Looking for that well deserved night out

Come along and join us

@

Arabas Taverna, Roda

Wednesday 26th November 20.30 for 21.00

The evening starts with a meal, at 10€ per person
followed by The 100+ Club monthly draw.

Starter; Greek salad,

followed by a choice of Main course

Meat Mez'e (mixed grill).

Pork on the grill.

Chicken on the grill.

Stuffed peppers.

Stuffed tomatoes.

ALL served with chips and vegetables.

Drinks not included.

We would appreciate your company by joining us for an enjoyable even-
ing.

Please select your choice of main meal, closing date 12th November
2014.

Please book now to avoid dissatisfaction via Facebook PM (only) Tel
6946949545

Money to be paid in advance

You are under no obligation to join The 100+ Club.

Agiotfest Sponsors



Fully licensed under Greek law, OCA Y Property Services offers both land and property for sale, mostly in the central region of Corfu. They can also handle the

entire design and construction of a home including all licences, taxes, etc.

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



Design of temporary structures in tube and fittings and various proprietary scaffolding systems including temporary roofs, facade shores and difficult access solutions all designs carried out in accordance with all current British and European standards and regulations.

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



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

Green Island

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

Vrionis

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

British Corner Shop

The largest selection of British food in Greece. Favourite leading brands including Waitrose groceries and Iceland frozen foods. Plus a selection of confectionery, ice cream, soft drinks, beers & wine, dairy produce, household cleaners, personal care, newspapers, magazines and greetings cards.

Sunrise Cars

Discover the hidden beauties of the island with the hospitality and security of Sunrise Rent a Car. Situated on the main road opposite the customs buildings at the New Port, this company has been operating since 1980 and due to its experience can offer the best services and prices.

Nikos Pouliasis

A local and much-respected architect and Mekanikos, Mr Pouliasis has been designing houses across Corfu for many years. He is always kind, patient and fair-minded. Also, his rates are consistently competitive!

And:

NSK

Sally's Bar



Paul & Jan Scotter

Ken & Jan Harrop

Steve Young

Jo & Mel Sperling

Lionel Mann

Sue Done

Tavola Calda

Nikolas's Taverna, Agni

Vassilis Pandis

In Action gym

Star Bowl

Greg Zoxios

La Tabernita Mexicana

Barry & Stella Knight

David Dickinson

Sarah Young

Simon & Lin Baddeley

Bob & Jill Carr

Chas Clifton

Rob Groove

Michael Spiggos, Firebrand Radio

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

Dimitris Krokidis

<http://corfuwall.gr/>

Tony Barker

<http://villaoasiscorfu.com/>

Adrian Ward

<http://realcorfu.com/>

Maria. Driving School

Spyros Kouloudis. Dentist

Martin & Tracey Stuart

Posidonio Restaurant Agios Giordis

Aqualand

Gouvia Marina

Hotel Telesillas, Kontokoli

Sephora Shop

Compass Café, Kontokoli

Big Bite Restaurant, Benitses

Nick the Clock's World



A blind man walks into a bar, taps the man next him and says, "Hey, wanna hear a blond joke?"

The man said to the blind man, "Look buddy, I'm blond. The man behind me is a 400-pound professional wrestler, and he's blond. The bouncer is blond. The man sitting over to your left is also blond. Still wanna tell that blond joke?"

The blind man was silent for a moment and then said, "Nah, I wouldn't want to have to explain it five times."

There's more...

Joe enters the confessional and tells the priest that he has committed adultery.

"Oh, no," said the priest, thinking of the most promiscuous women in town. "Was it with Marie Brown?"

"I'd rather not say who it was."

"Was it with Betty Smith?"

"I'd rather not say," says Joe. So the priest gives him absolution and Joe leaves. While leaving the church, Joe's friend asks if he received absolution.

"Yes, and two very good leads!"

And more...

A woman meets with her lover, who is also her husband's best friend.

They make love for hours. Afterwards, as they lie in bed, the phone rings. Since it's the woman's house, she picks up the receiver. The best friend listens, only hearing her side of the conversation:

"Hello? Oh, hi... I'm so glad that you called... Really? That's wonderful... Well, I'm happy to hear you're having such a great time... Oh, that sounds terrific... Love you, too. OK. Bye-bye."

She hangs up the telephone and her lover asks, "Who was that?"

"Oh," she replies, "That was my husband telling me about the wonderful time he's having on his fishing trip"

And for you kind reader...

A lady comes home from her doctor's appointment grinning from ear to ear. Her husband asks, "Why are you so happy?" The wife says, "The doctor told me that for a forty-five year old woman, I have the breasts of a eighteen year old." "Oh yeah?" quipped her husband, "What did he say about your forty-five year old ass?" She said, "Your name never came up in the conversation."

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

STUFFED COURGETTES

Ingredients:

4 large courgettes, about 700g
 1 onion
 90g butter or margarine
 50g walnut pieces, chopped
 50g fresh white breadcrumbs
 10ml chopped fresh sage
 15ml tomato puree
 Salt and pepper
 2tbsp plain flour
 300ml chicken or vegetable stock
 2 tbsp chopped parsley
 Walnut halves and fresh sage sprigs to garnish

GO:

1] Wash and wipe the courgettes. Using a fork, score down skin at 1cm intervals, then halve each one length-wise.
 2] Hollow out the centres of the courgettes using a teaspoon. Blanch in boiling water for 4 minutes, drain, then hold under cold tap. Cool for 15-20 minutes.
 3] Make the stuffing. Fry the onion in 25g butter for 5-10 minutes until golden. Remove from heat and stir in half the walnuts, breadcrumbs, half the sage, the tomato puree, beaten egg and plenty of seasoning. Sandwich the seasoning with the stuffing.
 4] Place in a buttered, ovenproof dish and dot with a little more butter. Cover the courgettes and bake in the oven at 190 degrees C for about 30minutes.

SAUCE:

5] Meanwhile, make the sauce. Melt 50g butter in a pan, stir in the flour and cook gently for 1 minute, stirring.
] Remove from the heat and gradually stir in the stock. Bring to the boil and continue to cook, stirring until the sauce thickens. Stir in the parsley, salt, pepper and remaining sage and walnuts. Remove from heat and cover the sauce.
 7] To serve, reheat the sauce. Pour some over the courgettes and serve the rest separately.

Bon appetit!

Corfu Weather Statistics - October

	Max	Avg	Min
Max Temperature	27°C	23 °C	16 °C
Mean Temperature	22 °C	18 °C	12°C
Min Temperature	19 °C	14 °C	9 °C
Heating Degree Days (base 65)	10	2	0
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	7	2	0
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	22	15	4
Dew Point	21 °C	115°C	-16 °C
Precipitation	58.9 mm	5.2 mm	0.0 mm
Wind	37 km/h	5 km/h	0 km/h
Gust Wind	66 km/h	46 km/h	37 km/h
Sea Level Pressure	1025 hPa	1016 hPa	999 hPa

Read more at:

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

The World of Simon

Halloween at Sally's



[Photo: Rob Groove] A selfie

The Greeks - Τρεις κι ο Κούκος - did well at Sally's Bar on Halloween night, a band of four from Corfu played a spirited two hour set of golden oldies – *Knocking on Heaven's door, The House of the Rising Sun, Hi Ho Silver Lining...*

I shot the serif	Black magik woman
Knocking on heavens door	Another brick in the wall
Don't let me down	Layla
The house of the rising sun	
I need your love so bad	
Hard to handle	
Drum solo	Coming back to life
Hiho	Comfortably numb
Daydream believer	There was a time
Crazy little thing	Purple haze
Rocking all over the world	Sultans
Honky tong woman	
Money for nothing	
Feel like making love	
All or nothing	
Have you ever seen the rain	

...and an intense frenetic drum solo, complementing the preparatory work of Sally and her people creating the evening's Halloween atmosphere...



...blood stained floor, crime-scene tape, the trace of murdered corpses, stars and moons shading the candles, dancing skeleton and vampire faces on the big screen and prizes to cue creative horror costumes and grisly

make-up, a zip fastener on a face parting skin to reveal a bloody wedge of flayed skull beneath, Stephie as Ann Boleyn in full Tudor, a blood weeping ring around her neck, Wesley as William Wallace, ready to be hung and quartered by the English, a coven of witches, a gruesome zombie or two and Dave as Crocodile Dundee in dark glasses, not exactly scary but at he'd made the effort, while Lin and I came as a couple in black – our normal wear for a winter evening. "Imagine an English group being able to reel off as catchy a repertoire of Greek songs for a Greek audience" I said later "This group – 3 & The Cuckoo - really hit the old ethnic Brit spot!" Within minutes, Sally's guests were singing along, and lots dancing...



Halloween Party at Sally's Bar, Ipsos (photo: Rob Groove)

...mostly the woman at first, as is the way among the British. Deafened and disoriented, sitting under a big speaker, I nursed a soda water, ill-spirited among my fellow citizens, glimpsing bits of UK news ribboned under the screen over the bar. "Blimey the second appointee's resigned from that abuse enquiry"; 'Theresa May will be making a statement on Monday' it ran. Another nominee seen as too close to the great and the good. Isn't that the sub-text of this matter, *épater l'établissement?* We'd been invited to this event by our friends Paul and Lula who when they arrived at Sally's handed us a card..



*In the years that rush by madly,
Times we share are too short sadly,
But now we can rejoice so gladly,
By celebrating union Baddeley
Much love on their ? anniversary
To our dear friends,
Lin & Simon
Love
Lula & Paul
XXX*

"It was tricky finding words to rhyme with Baddeley" said Paul. He and Lula were at our table, also our fellow villagers Stephie and Wes, who'd kindly driven us down to Ipsos. Amid the amplified music, I tried to read lips and nodded understandingly, saved from being a complete kill-joy by my friend who'd come dressed in a white suit, distinctly himself, persuading me to switch to beer, tapping our glasses, grinning amid the enveloping sound, gesturing over the table mock-manically, thumbs pointing up? down? sideways? I nodded gamely but seeing him joining in so spiritedly I felt ashamed and heaved myself up to dance – if you want to call it that. Paul rose too. We stumbled and jogged around amid amplified cheery noise - the ghosts' high noon in Ipsos, Greece - laughing and yelling in the bouncing throng, while Lin stared at us wearing an "I'm saying nothing look". It was scary. "So how long have you two been married?" asked Lula. Amid the sound I guessed her question. "Thirty six years" we shouted, almost in unison "And if you count from when we met it's 40 years!" mouthed Lin I'd actually bought Lin a present on this anniversary which despite its coincidence with Halloween I seldom remember or celebrate. Amy had pointed out something in a window in

THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION POPPY APPEAL

As Remembrance Day, Tuesday 11 November, approaches the Collection Boxes and Supplies are available to one and all.

You will find boxes and supplies in various locations around the island: North, South, East, West and Central Corfu and I hope you will all do your usual best to support this very worthy cause.

I look forward to seeing many of you, our loyal supporters, at the wreath-laying ceremony at the British Cemetery on Sunday, 9 November at 12noon.

With so much happening in the world at present the need for our protection is great and the support for our brave serving troops (and those injured in active service) is of the utmost importance.

I know I can count on your support!

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



Meat

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

From the earliest days of the human race's evolution our complete diet has comprised meat, vegetables and fruit. Initially, in the times of the nomadic hunter-gatherers, life was very precarious as man was food for many of the animals that he hunted and his primitive weapons afforded little protection from attacks by savage beasts, but after some thousand years he settled, cultivated crops and domesticated animals to save going to hunt them. Too having ventured into colder climates, he had learnt how to light a fire and discovered that food often tastes better when cooked.

All animals, fish, birds and reptiles have at times formed part of the meat on Man's menu, from elephants to grasshoppers and indeed do so today; on a visit to a local frozen food emporium I was intrigued to see ostrich, kangaroo and python amongst the wide variety on offer.

In my infancy during the Great Depression my father was made redundant for four years when our only meat were rabbit stew on Sundays with a roast fowl from the large chicken run at the end of our big garden on birthdays and festivals. I still remember the occasion that he found employment and carved a celebratory roast leg of mutton for dinner.

In the army in 1945 I was stationed briefly in Kingston-on-Thames. Granted leave from midday to midnight on Saturday, I hurried to catch a train to London. With the restricted opportunities for travel in wartime I had never been there.

After crossing Waterloo Bridge from the station on my way to the City I saw a large notice outside a restaurant advertising "steak and Chips". Steak and Chips! I could not remember ever having tasted that after years of indignance and wartime rationing. The army paid me one shilling and two

pence a day but I neither smoked nor drank in those days so I was not short of funds. Having missed my midday meal at the camp I was feeling peckish so I did not hesitate to go in; steak and chips with a cup of tea at one shilling and sixpence was a very attractive proposition. To my surprise only two of the seven or eight tables were occupied. I seemed to recall that one was supposed to present a ration card when eating at a restaurant but the pretty young waitress accepted my order without question and I enjoyed a delicious meal of steak, chips and peas.

Sipping my cup of tea I noticed a small plaque on the opposite wall among advertisements for entertainment, "ONLY THE FINEST HORESEFLESH IS SERVED IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT". I was mildly amused; so my latest meal had failed to satisfy at Newmarket or Ascot, but it had certainly well satisfied me.

I went on to see the sights of central London, scarred by war, had a couple of sandwiches, a bun and a mug of tea at a "Sally's" Forces Canteen and returned to Waterloo Station to take the next train to Kingston. To my horror it was packed solid by Guardsmen returning to their depot, even the spaces between seats filled by standing passengers. I was walking disconsolately back from the end of the train when a door was flung open and I was seized by a big burley guardsman, lifted in to be placed lying in the luggage rack.

"Where're yer goin', mate?"

I told him.

"Righto." He resumed animated conversation with his friends.

At Kingston he lifted me down and placed me standing on the platform.

I thanked him.

"Cheers, mate." He jumped on and slammed the door.

Nobody had made any comment upon my unusual mode of travel and I realised that I had joined a very special club. The army looks after its own, even to the extent that the member of an elite regiment would help a newly-conscripted rookie assigned to a regiment.

About ten years later, when I was Assistant Scoutmaster with my local troop, a few days before Christmas the Senior Scouts invited us Scouters to a Christmas dinner at a camp they were holding in the woods at High Wycombe. They were living off the land, their vegetables, roots and greenery and on this occasion their meat roast hedgehog. The hedgehogs were gutted, seasoned, wrapped in clay and placed in a shallow pit beneath a fire. After three hours the fire was raked away and the hedgehogs retrieved. Spines and shin came away with the clay leaving a tender delicious meat not unlike rabbit, a very interesting experience.

Here in Corfu rabbit stifado is a very tasty dish served in many restaurants. Meat comes in many forms and varies widely around the world, cats and dogs featuring on the menu in some places.

In Germany in 1947 I was regularly indenting for rifle ammunition for "pest control". Themselves forbidden to have firearms the local villagers were often asking us to shoot the wild boar and deer that were ravishing their fields, the result was a very delicious addition to our and their rations. It had been suggested that the cows, sheep, pigs and goats that provided most of our meat should be turned loose and that we should adopt a vegetarian diet. Anyone who had seen the damage inflicted upon crops by straying animals would see how ridiculous that idea is. Three escaping sheep can destroy a vegetable garden in ten minutes.