

www.theagiot.com

Tel: (0030) 6974932408

The Agiot

121st Edition



October 17
Dawn over
Garitsa

This Month

Cover Photo. Page 1	Hilary's Ramblings. Pages 11-12	Village and Island News. Pages 20-22
Aunty Lula's Love-Bites. Page 2	Simon's World Page 12	The Way Things Were. Page 22
Saturday Walks. Page 2	Nick the Clock's World. Pages 13-14	Letters to the Editor. Page 23
Corfu Trail : Ocaj Properties. Pages 3-4	OCAJ Villas. Page 15	Gooner's Gags Pages 24-25
Bespoke Property. Pages 5-7	Advertising. Pages 16-17	Video Corner. Page 25
Tickle ties the knot. Page 7	Agiotfest. Page 18	The Heroes of Lefkimmi. Pages 26-27
The Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal. Page 8	An Englishman in Italy. Page 19	
Nature. Pages 9-10	Weather. Page 19	

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

POTATO & LEEK SOUP



Ingredients:

750 ml leeks
1 tablespoon oil or butter
1 teaspoon fresh thyme chopped or one quarter dried
2 litres of water or chicken stock
950 ml potatoes, diced
2 bay leaves
Salt and pepper to taste
Cream to taste [optional]
Croutons for garnish

GO: -

1] Wash leeks and finely chop white parts and enough green to make up 750 ml.

2] Heat oil or butter in a pan. Add leeks. Cook, stirring frequently for 6/7 minutes or until leeks are soft. Add thyme and cook for a further minute.

3] Add water, potatoes and bay leaves. Stir briefly. Increase heat to bring to boil.

4] Add salt and stir a little. Reduce heat and simmer, partially covered, until potatoes are very tender, about 20/25 minutes. Remove bay leaves and discard. Use a blender to puree the soup. Do not over-blend as this will give the potatoes a 'gummy' consistency. Pour in a little cream, if required. Stir. Add salt and pepper to taste.

5] Garnish with croutons.

Καλη ορεξη



Leek & Potato Soup
Mary Berry

Saturday Walks

Saturday, 4 November. DAFNATA - STAVROS: The 'Vouno' and Pantokrator Church (2 hours ***). Meet at Kostas Bar, Dafnata, by the viewpoint, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Aretis Place, Agii Deka Village.

NOTE: We always do this walk in early November because of the autumn flowers.

Saturday, 11 November. PORTA: The Oak Forest, Mengoulas and the High Tracks (2 hours **). Meet at the Old Schoolhouse, top end of Porta (large old stone building next to church), 10.15 for 10.30 start. Lunch TBA.

NOTE: Very atmospheric woodland, stunning views.

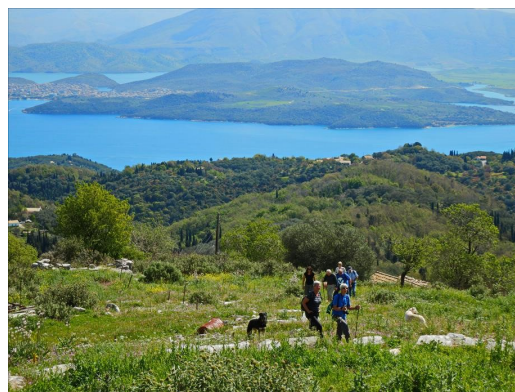
Saturday, 18 November. LAKONES: Old Footpaths to Makrades & Krini (2 hours ***). Meet at Dolce, west side of Lakones, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Elizabeth's, Doukades.

NOTE: We return along the road, but it's quiet at this time of year.

Saturday, 25 November. GIANNADES: The West Coast Hills (2 1/2 hours ***). Meet in Giannades Square, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Tristrato. **NOTE:** Perennial favourite with glorious views.

Saturday, 3 December. STAVROS: Woodland Ways (2 hours ***). Meet at Coyevinas, the junction for Stavros 2 kms after Agii Deka, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Areti's Place, Agii Deka.

NOTE: The walks where you think you will meet Oberon and Titania!



Mengoulas
and the
High Tracks
<

Corfu Trail : Ocay Properties

- * Property for sale in Corfu's best walking areas, on or near the Corfu Trail, the island's premier hiking route
- * Ideal holiday homes for enthusiastic hikers, nature lovers, and get-away-from-it-all Corfu devotees
- * Potential rental income stream from Corfu Trail trekkers
- * Productive business opportunities
- * All types of property available, from little old cottages to potential hostels, modest hotels and land for development
- * Become a Corfu resident in one of the island's loveliest areas.



Candy Cottage

Corfu Island

While Corfu is best known for its holiday resorts and beaches, for its nightlife and spectacular monuments, it is also recognised as a tremendous island for hiking. It's endowed with a huge variety of landscapes, from rocky mountains in the north, to bucolic plains in the centre; villages untouched by modern life, juniper-studded dunes, deep-cut ravines, salt pans and sea marshes, and everywhere rolling hills covered with an eiderdown of silvery-grey olive groves. The island's size gives scope for a lifetime of exploration.

The Corfu Trail

Corfu's distinct regions with their characteristic hikes are linked by way of the Corfu Trail, described as 'the famous Corfu Trail' in an August 2017 travel article in the Daily Mail. The Trail, initiated by private enterprise in 2001, is a 220 kilometre snapshot of the best that the island can offer walkers. Taking approximately ten days (different programmes may be shorter or longer), it only touches on clamorous mass tourism at one point, mainly taking in traditional villages and other low-key residential areas.



Casco Villa

The Corfu Dream

As creator of the Corfu Trail, my dream came true - for the Corfu Trail is now renowned worldwide. But a secondary dream is being realised. I had hoped to see a day when the 'tourist drachma' (now the euro) was spent elsewhere other than in busy resorts, spent in places where it would go directly into the hands of the locals, instead of into the maws of multi-national travel giants. A day when village tavernas and local shops would earn from slow-ambling visitors, instead of gaining nothing from those quick-passing in an air-conned hire car. Some of these businesses are now earning, thanks to the Corfu Trail.

I also saw the Corfu Trail as an artery, a 'route one' link between its regions, especially ones blessed with fabulous countryside. This too is happening, with a number of villages waking up to their hiking potential, and clearing and marking in some way their local footpaths and trails. Stavros and Agii Deki, Sokraki, and Vatos, all on the Corfu Trail, are among them.



No1 Front

Corfu Trail : Oçay Properties
Continued from Page 3

Corfu's Villages

Unlike in many places, where villages have been urbanised and gentrified out of all recognition, where the countryside is a vast industrial unit, the old life has not been sucked out of Corfu's rural communities. Yes, many of the young people have moved abroad or to the environs of Corfu Town for reasons of work, education and social life, but their heart remains in the village, and the villages still possess a heart. Many have a taverna, a coffee bar or two, and generally a well-stocked store, a bakery, and some even a butcher. Fast broadband is widespread. Decent bus services link the settlements with Corfu Town. Many villages have a cultural department which organises local events, from the annual fiesta of the local church to a children's carnival party. New residents from overseas are always welcome to join in.

The Problem

So popular has the Corfu Trail become, with hikers arriving from as far afield as Israel, Hawaii, Tasmania and Alaska, as well as from all over Europe, that those using it often experience difficulties finding on-route accommodation, especially during early spring (February to April) and late autumn (late October and November) when the island is at its best for walking. These are weeks when most tourist accommodation is not open. During hiking 'high season' (May and early June; September and early October) most of the accommodation is pre-booked via local agents on behalf of overseas tourism companies. We'd like to make sure walkers can find somewhere to stay at all times.

At present, the Corfu Trail Guide recommends a set programme of ten days with stopovers at certain designated locations. But not everyone wishes to follow that programme; they might prefer to take the Trail at a fast pace, or go more slowly. We want to offer that option too.

The Solution

So, our answer is to identify property on the Corfu Trail which may potentially serve as accommodation for Trail hikers, whether it be Airbnb style, private cottages, or of a guesthouse/pension type. We are looking for investors to join us in this success story, which is becoming, indeed, a victim of its own success. Investors who will help themselves, and also help us.

With this in mind, we have, as a start, picked out six on-Trail villages which are suitable for hikers to overnight in - or indeed stay in for a wonderful extended walking holiday of a week or two.

Preferably, these locations would offer lots of other walks in the vicinity; and in-village facilities such as eateries and shops. The villages are (from south to north, just as the Corfu Trail passes through them) Stavros, Sinarades, Vatos, Giannades, Makrades and Sokraki.

Properties on the Corfu Trail

We are offering for sale tiny individual cottages as well as groups of them for conversion, modern houses, successful ready businesses with pension facilities, and the odd large old mansion to make a characterful boutique guesthouse. An investor might buy a home plus a number of small cottages to rent out, either to overnight Trailers, to longer term vacationers who wish to spend some time hiking, or to non-walking holidaymakers who just prefer to immerse themselves in peaceful rural life. Or they might wish to develop an out-of-village plot both for hikers and additionally as an increasingly fashionable - agro-tourism business. All the properties on offer are directly on or very close to the course of the Corfu Trail. The in-house Trail creator can advise.

Resident on the Corfu Trail

Of course, there's is no obligation at all to buy as an investment in order to accommodate Trail hikers. The villages have been chosen as ideal spots to reside in full or part-time, and to enjoy living in Corfu; as places where one can achieve a lifestyle change, either during regular holidays or on a more permanent basis. You don't have to be a hiker to love these locations. From prices starting at just a few thousand euros, you can live out your Corfu dream.

BESPOKE PROPERTY

We take things seriously at Bespoke property.

It is your dream so it has to be right.

Here is a series of photos taken in October for the pool construction and the underfloor heating installation at Villa Daphne in the valley, Agios Ioannis.

The final photo of this selection is a picture of beautiful Brook Meadow in the early morning, an earlier build just a stone's throw away from Daphne.

If you want a villa built with love and professionalism, you might well give us a try.



A harmless slab



Premature filling by rain



It is a fallacy that Greeks don't work in the rain



In preparation for concrete



Away we go



Lots of steel



Shuttering



Concrete pouring



Let's sort it

Bespoke Property - Continued from Page 5



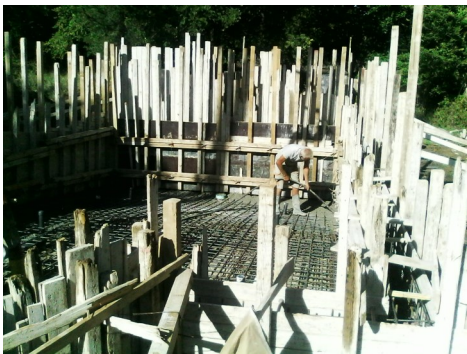
10 Elephant's trunk



11 Serious plant



12 four lorries deliver



13 Compressing



14 Customer photo



15 Every nook



Gang at work



They work fast and focused



Good teamwork



A shell is formed



Exactly where would you like your steps



Awaiting underfloor heating

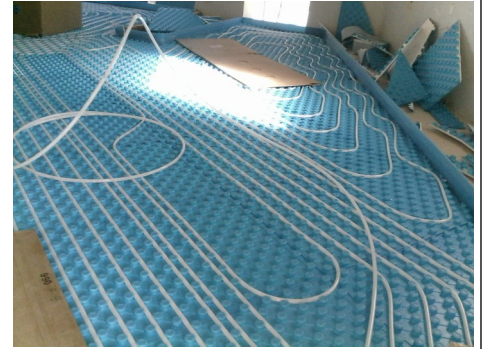
Bespoke Property - Continued from Page 6



Grid



Awaiting pipes



Piping



Explanations



Flow valves



Brook Meadow at dawn
<

Tickle Ties the knot

*G.TICKLE APOLOGIES FOR THE LACK OF INSTRUCTION THIS WEEK
BUT STRESSES TO SAY THAT HE HAS BEEN TIED UP.*

THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION POPPY APPEAL – 2017



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XVM-tFAdADg>



This year Remembrance Day falls on Saturday, 11 November and the Collection Boxes, and a wide variety of Supplies, have now been distributed to many locations around the island: North; South; East; West and Central Corfu.

There will be the Wreath-laying ceremony at the British Cemetery on Sunday, 12 November, commencing at 11.45am and for those of you who have been unable to obtain your Poppy, I will be present at the cemetery with a full range of all available items.

I do understand the ongoing financial difficulties we are still living with. Bearing this in mind I, once again, ask you; our regular and reliable supporters of The Royal British Legion, to donate what you can reasonably afford and I can assure you that every penny will be put to the best possible use.

If anyone would like to have their own Home Collection Box, or to help with the sale of supplies to the public, please don't hesitate to contact me on: 6975 833654

**Let us not forget those who gave their all so we could be free and let's stand
'Shoulder-to-shoulder with all who serve'**

Lucy STEELE, M.B.E.
Poppy Appeal Honorary Organiser

IMPORTANT NOTICE THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION POPPY APPEAL – 2017

Anyone who has the small Poppy Home Collection Box may, if they wish, leave the cash contents of their box with me at the British Cemetery on Remembrance Sunday.

All they need do is empty the cash into a plastic bag, then write their name and box number on the bag. They can keep the box at home for it to be added to over the next year.

Many thanks and I look forward to seeing you at the Cemetery on the Day!



**The first verse from the WW1 war poem
written by Major John McCrae:**

*In Flanders fields the Poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

Nature

Corfu is truly blessed with some great photographers, and here you can see more stunning shots by Ralph Frank, Bert Rossum and Giannis Gasteratos.



A roving we must go



Corfu Jungle



Dream



Praying daily
<

Silver Sea Thread
>



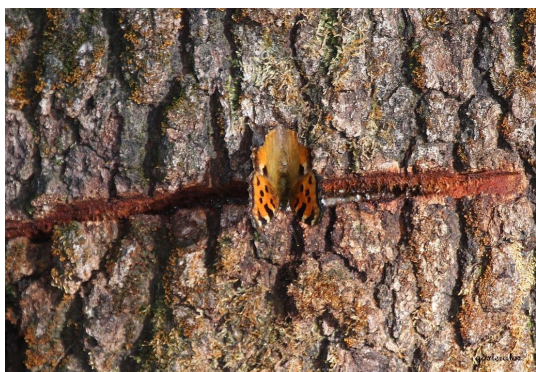
Photos by Giannis Gasteratos



Sea Needle or Garfish off Antipaxos 3 days ago



I think a Great Banded Grayling with a European Hornet and Large Tortoiseshell on the same scar from chainsaw near Old Perithia.



Large tortoiseshell
<

Goldfinch in the Ropa Valley>



Nature - Continued from Page 9

Photos by Ralph Frank



Photography by Ralf Frank

Harvest the life like a fruitful ear. Euripides



Photography by Ralf Frank

Today we've seen our first moray here for years!
Thank you [Panorama Vagias](#) for this wonderful experience.

Hi there! Today no spell, no quote, nothing more than our supergeiles experience. Unfortunately, I haven't been looking forward to these photos today, because completely unexpected... a female moray with a child... unfortunately can't show everything, maybe I can make something visible in the edit....

More Nature Contributions



© Stephen Young



This photo of a dangerous horned viper was sent in by Kasey Round

Dalmatian Algyroides May 17
by Steve Young
<

Hilary's Ramblings Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

Look Who's Faking!

FAKE NEWS IS IN THE NEWS - maybe it IS the news, who knows? And piles of people are claiming that they invented it. Well, they didn't. I did.

No, actually, the most famous - and maybe the first - fake news item was broadcast about 60 years ago - the Spaghetti Tree. In this short 1957 BBC piece for Panorama, the journalist jokers attempted to persuade viewers that pasta grew on Swiss trees, from where it was carefully hand-picked and dried in the sun. Since at that time pasta only ever hit the table in the form of Macaroni Cheese and similar, and Spag Bol was almost unknown (I didn't eat it until well into my teens, even through my mother was regarded as an 'adventurous cook', at least for those times), no-one knew very much about the product.

But I could have been the first to place a 'fake news' item in a serious news broadcast, in about 1993, when I was presenting the news in English on Corfu Channel. In those days, before even Euronews hit the airwaves, unless you could afford an expensively imported daily newspaper, or managed to tune into the fade-in fade-out BBC World Service, it was hard to keep up what was happening on the international scene; Greek channels tended to concentrate on Greek news, and unless you spoke the language well enough to read the papers, you couldn't obtain even local news. Thus, my five-minute daily broadcast, designed to inform, contained a mix of snippets from the BBC and translations from Greek newspapers, as well as announcements about what was going on locally. Our ability to access news these days is just one of the positive changes ushered in by rolling news channels, and more lately by the Internet...

So one April the first, amongst serious items and with a seriously straight face, I dropped in the following (portentous voice): 'As part of its efforts to improve tourism standards in Corfu, the Greek Government announced today that every British visitor will be subject to a strip search on arrival, and if they are found to have a tattoo they will be immediately repatriated.'

Nowadays, tattoos are so widespread that full planeloads would be sent back at once if this policy was implemented, but they were not so prevalent in those times. Nevertheless, in parts of Corfu, severe panic broke out amongst ex-pats of a certain type... Even when they realised what the broadcast date was...

Look Who's Talking!

OUR BRAMBLE, known to readers of this column as an (unintentionally) comic dog *, has a wide range of vocal expressions, of which the least employed is the bark. He usually directs his comments on life at me, and the other day he looked me in the eye and declared: 'Aye ma wuff wuff!' (Say it out loud.) To which I replied, 'Yes, I know you are!'

* One of his best antics was when he fled, yelping, from his own image in a discarded mirror.



Naughty Bram
<

Look Who's Racing!

IF YOU ARE NOT INTERESTED IN HORSE-RACING, skip this section. But you might like to continue if you think that coincidence does not happen by chance....

Outstanding winner of the recent Champion Stakes at Ascot, Cracksman (by seven lengths! That just does not happen in this most competitive of races!) has just been elevated to a rating as equal best racehorse in the world, up there with the American runner Arrogate. By the same rating, Cracksman is officially the best horse in Europe, better than his stablemate Enable, who earlier this autumn won Europe's top race, the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. Cracksman is from the first crop of the peerless Frankel, his dad.

Now for the 'coincidences':

* Cracksman's win in the Champion Stakes was the first 'G1' (designating a top-class race) for a Frankel progeny. The Champion Stakes was his sire Frankel's last race. It was also the last race of Frankel's superb full brother Noble Mission, Cracksman's 'uncle'. Both won.

* The owner of Enable and Arrogate, which Cracksman knocked off their top rating spots, is Prince Khalid Abdullah, owner of Frankel and Noble Mission.

* Cracksman and Enable are trained by John Gosden and ridden by Frankie Dettori, who shall both have some hard decisions to make next year, when the two horses will at some stage surely race head to head, the number of really top races for four-year-olds being limited.

* The sires of Cracksman and Enable, Frankel and Nathaniel respectively, were exact contemporaries on the racecourse. The two horses met on several occasions (Frankel winning them all), but both horses began and ended their careers running in the same race. Their last meeting - their last race - was... the Champion Stakes. Nathaniel was third. All through the early racing season, as Enable dominated the best races (never against Cracksman, though), racegoers were pointing out that her success was Nathaniel's revenge on his old rival Frankel. Success in the breeding shed if never on the racecourse, though against all but Frankel Nathaniel won top races. Then Cracksman came along.

Hilary's Ramblings
Continued from Page 11

Does this all begin to seem a bit creepy? Even in the limited arena of horse racing too many connections and circular narratives are evident for me to be entirely comfortable with the term 'coincidence'.



News - Frankie-Dettori on Cracksman wins 2017 Qipco Champion Stakes at Ascot

And more coincidences... What's in a name?

1) As a travel rep in 1982, I had to handle weekly arrivals, checking visitors in on the coach and making sure they got

dropped off at the correct accommodation in locations between Kontokali and Barbati. One Sunday, my arrivals list prompted surprise and laughter. For, all staying at the same pension in Ipsos, were: Mr & Mrs Black, Mr & Mrs White, Mr & Mrs Grey, Mr & Mrs Brown and Mr & Mrs Green. It was a blast when I read out the names. The passengers rocked the coach with hilarity. Amongst them the coloured ones.

2) The father of a friend, surname Abbott, once worked in an office where his colleagues were called Mr Nunn, Mr Bishop, Mr Pope and Mr Monk.

3) When I was a small child, we lived between a Mr & Mrs Moore and a Mr & Mrs Meadows. On the road were also a Miss Gardner, a Miss Fish and a Mr Hollinshead (derives from 'holly' and 'hillside'). The teachers I mainly remember at primary school (same timescale as the above) were Mr Marsh, Mr Greenwood and Miss Dale. No wonder I like the countryside!

Personally, I don't think it is coincidence. I think it's a Grand Designer having a laugh. And chuckling even more when, naively, we call it 'coincidence'.

Simon's World

This ruddy scale insect infestation of citrus trees on the island! Lin studied the problem on the internet and selected her choice of spraying recipe - dissolving, in a gallon of water, a bar of olive oil soap, bought in N.Theotoki Street, with which she mixed two tablespoons of corn-oil for leaf adherence, a teaspoon of wine vinegar and a teaspoon of ground red pepper to deter future pests. We spent a couple of days laboriously sawing and lopping away excess and dead growth from the centre of our trees and off the ends of longer branches - the leaves, thousands of them covered in scale insects and mould, bagged and disposed of; twigs and branches cut up for kindling.

Our neighbour lent us a back-pack sprayer, pressured by hand, with a reaching-wand. After the heat had gone out of the sun the other evening, we began spraying the underside of every citrus tree, working upwards on a stepladder, and by sitting on the apothiki roof and eventually reaching from the balcony where we let a helpful breeze carry liquid to the furthest leaves.

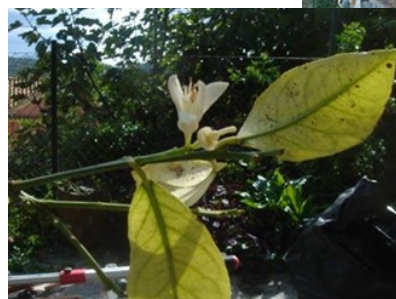
"We have to try to kill the lot in one go" said Lin.

The soaked leaves dripped soapy insecticide onto the ones below, and on us. Testing the effect on a couple of soaked leaves, the insects had turned into a black paste. Our lemon trees and one orange are treasures; not fruit that for all their proliferation here, we, from north of the olive belt, could ever take for granted.

"This mix only works while the leaves are wet"

"They should stay that way at least overnight" I said "I sort of want these little bastards to suffer as well as die"

I wrote that back in May 2017. In October these pests are still about and we've been spraying again with the same recipe - and we have a few green lemons and blossom is appearing



Nick The Clock's World (The Comic With A conscience)

fr/the idealist

A friend is someone who listens to your bullshit, tells you that it is bullshit and listens some more.



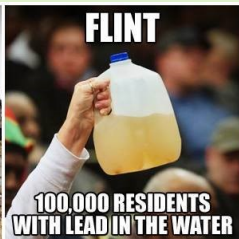
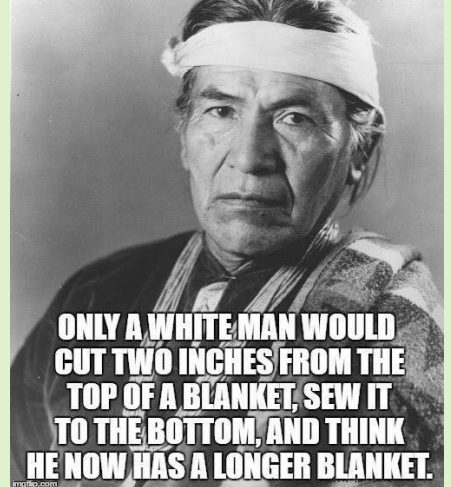
This could be the MOST important docu-series that you watch!

VACCINES REVEALED



Free Replay - tinyurl.com/FullAccessHere

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME?



Hi, my name is Iqbal Masih

Truth Inside Of You



I was sold into bonded labor for less than \$7 & was forced to work 12 hr days, 7 days a week for pennies. When i was 10, i escaped a carpet factory & helped free over 3000 kids from slavery. I then toured various cities in Pakistan asking masses to stand with me against child bonded labor before i was murdered.

I died standing up for my beliefs at the age of 12, but most people have never heard my name.

SINGLES AD THAT APPEARED IN THE ATLANTA JOURNAL:

SINGLE BLACK FEMALE SEEKS MALE COMPANIONSHIP, ETHNICITY UNIMPORTANT. I'M A VERY GOOD LOOKING GIRL THAT LOVES TO PLAY. I LOVE LONG WALKS IN THE WOODS, RIDING IN YOUR PICKUP TRUCK, HUNTING, CAMPING, FISHING TRIPS AND COZY WINTER NIGHTS LYING BY THE FIRE. CANDLELIGHT DINNERS WILL HAVE ME EATING OUT OF YOUR HAND. I'LL BE AT THE FRONT DOOR WHEN YOU GET HOME FROM WORK, WEARING ONLY WHAT NATURE GAVE ME.

CALL: xxx-xxx-xxxx AND ASK FOR DAISY.

OVER 15,000 MEN FOUND THEMSELVES TALKING TO THE ATLANTA HUMANE SOCIETY ABOUT AN 8-WEEK OLD BLACK LABRADOR RETRIEVER.

Global warning

<https://www.naturalnews.com/2017-10-30-all-the-biggest-lies-about-climate-change-and-global-warming-debunked-in-one-astonishing-interview.html>

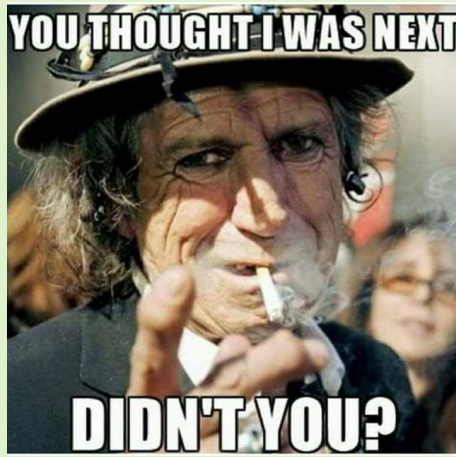


Continued on Page 14

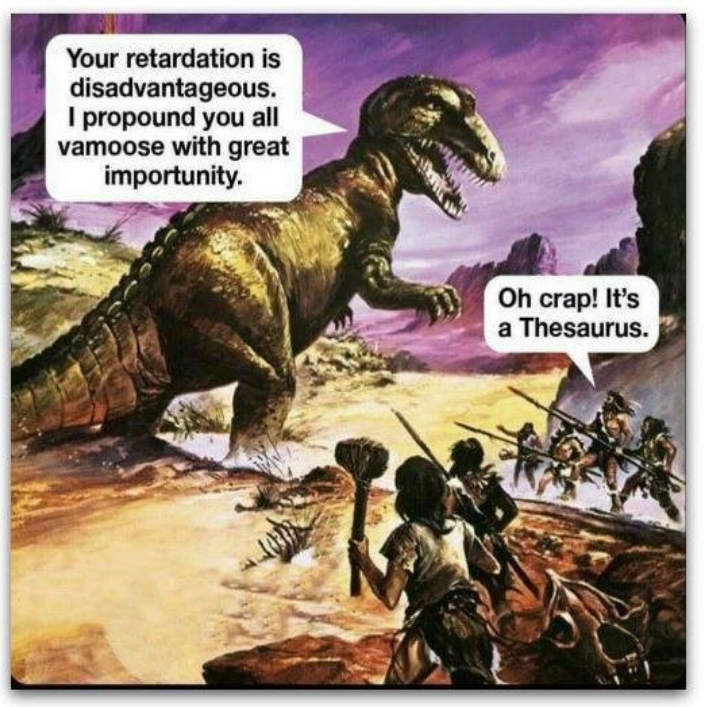
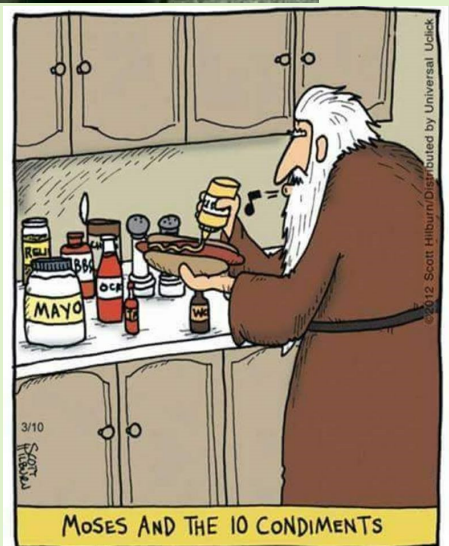
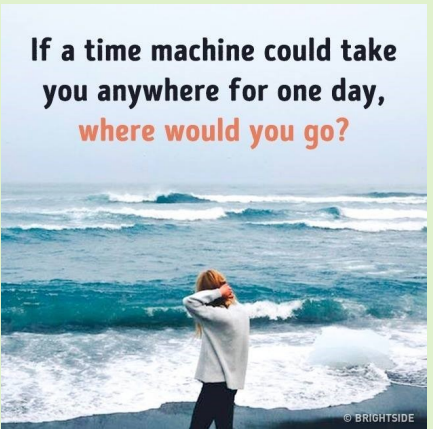
Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 13

I saw a woman walking towards a door, so I opened it for her to be nice. Instead of thanking me, both she and everyone else on the plane started screaming.



"All the other women in the office are suing you for sexual harassment. Since you haven't sexually harassed me, I'm suing you for discrimination."



ocay villas

Views like this are available for villa construction in Central Corfu. At not at Kensington-on sea prices for inferior tracts.

Contact us at info@ocayvillas.com

Winter rentals are always available here for the discerning visitor. All you need to do is mail.



Build a dream in Central Corfu

SUMMER 2018

Go to: <http://www.ocayvillascorfu.com/>

To view these and other villas available for next summer.



Villa Theodora



Villa Aphrodite

If you advertise here it will cost nothing. We have a modest but growing circulation. It is our pleasure for our friends to advertise their wares without charge.

Corfu Golden Paste

A MESSAGE FROM KATRINA GICA.

If you have heard about the benefits of using Turmeric, have discovered that the best way to take it is Golden Paste, yet you haven't got around to making any yet. Then this is for you.

One jar 200g of Fresh - Homemade - Organic- Golden Paste is €6. –
 €5 for 54 Frozen Golden Turmeric Bombs - T-Bombs.
 For Orders please message me, call 26610 58090 or 6948 547 663.
 Or email gicas@otenet.gr .



ED: I use this excellent product myself and can thoroughly recommend it.

Talking with a friend just the other day, she told me she had been the victim of a sudden onset of Bell's Palsy. She was quickly diagnosed and sent away with the instruction to return in two weeks to be monitored. When she went back the Doctor was amazed, as he had never seen such a reduction in inflammation so quickly. He quizzed her as to what supplements she may be taking and she answered that she took turmeric every day. He

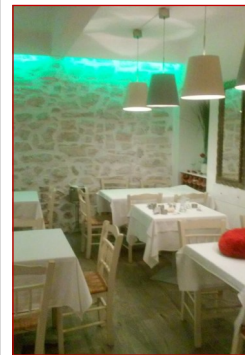


The Furniture Workshoppe is set in the heart of Norfolk.

We have huge showrooms stocking hundreds of items and accessories.

We deliver nationwide. (now to Corfu to!) check out our website

www.furnitureworkshoppe.co.uk



[P.Giotopoulou, 10 -12
Corfu Old Town](#)

[Tel for reservations on :
_2661 044480 or
6998345630](#)



La Tavola Calda

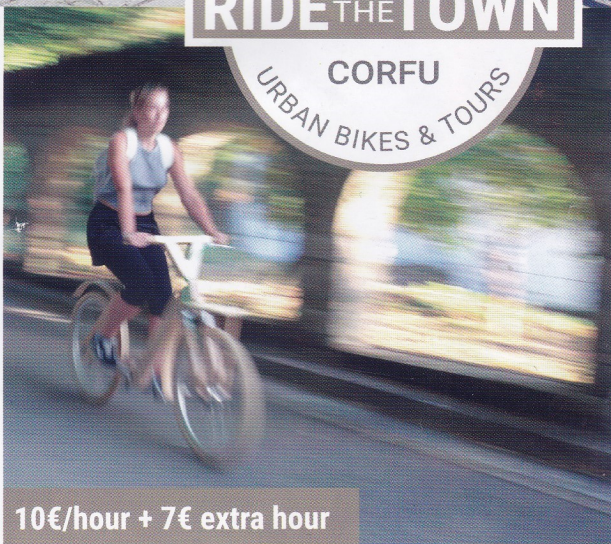


Roadhouse Music



**Sally's Bar, Ipsos
alive and rocking all winter**

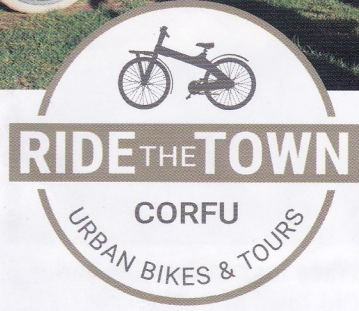
**Advertise
Here**



10€/hour + 7€ extra hour

Handcrafted wooden bikes for comfortable and stylish cycling in the Old Town of Corfu

Passport or ID-card requested



18, VELISSARIOU Str
CORFU TOWN
(by Patatomania Fries & Bans)

TEL.: 2661 038678
6947 449466

E.: ridethetowncorfu@gmail.com | www.ridethetowncorfu.gr



The way to see town



Agiotfest 2018 News

THE PLACE TO BE LATE AUGUST IS **AGIOS IOANNIS**

10 YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY FOR THE CORFU PATHFINDER

AGIOTFEST 18 WILL BE BACK IN AGIOS IOANNIS ON AUGUST 31ST AND SEPTEMBER 1ST

YOUR FAVOURITE BANDS WILL RETURN

THERE WILL BE A [NEW TO US] TOP UK ROCK BAND HEADLINING ON THE SATURDAY

2 DAYS CLIMAX TO A WEEK THAT IS ALWAYS ROCKING IN AGIOS

IF YOU HAVEN'T DECIDED YET WHAT'S KEEPING YOU?

SPONSORS WILL BE CONTACTED IN NOVEMBER

VIDEO FOR 2017 HERE AT CHRISTMAS



Agiotfest 18 Swedish Branch

<

Rob the video king on his electric toy

>



The Lion in Winter

>



Cuban army stands behind Agiotfest 18

<



An Englishman in Italy

Corfu and Italy: My Back Boiler of Blessings

I have to say, I had a splendid time
 In Corfu, but now I'm back. I seem to
 Have a back boiler of blessings, if you
 Know what that means. Boilers have been a theme
 For three weeks, as their non functioning forced
 Me to shower in a hot saucepan for
 Most of my stay. On the last day I did
 Luxuriate in hot baths and showers,
 But, despite boiler problems, I loved each
 Day, because the sun was warm, the sky was
 Blue, apart from one fearful gale, People's
 Hospitality far outweighed any
 Occasional frustrations, so, with a
 Heavy heart I took an Aegean Air
 Lines plane back to Rome. Aegean is so
 Comfortable. They gave me sweets as
 We took off. Eye easing Air Hostesses
 Issued keftedes, beautifully boiled
 Potatoes, chocolate and then coffee.
 On arrival, I was received warmly
 Back into the fold. Three week's absence brought
 Back sweetness, and the Italian dusk
 Bathed all in grandeur; Caractacus came
 Home! The banquet of chicken, fish and grapes
 Kissed taste buds and has been ravenously
 Received. I am back in Italy, and
 Count my back boiler of blessings quickly.



Chris and Maria La Dolce Vita



Maxres default

Corfu Weather Statistics - October 2017

	Max	Avg	Min
Temperature			
Max Temperature	28°C	24°C	19°C
Mean Temperature	21°C	18°C	14°C
Min Temperature	16°C	13°C	9°C
Heating Degree Days (base 65)	7	1	0
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	4	1	0
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	19	15	8
Dew Point	20°C	13°C	5°C
Precipitation	11.9 mm	0.6 mm	0.0 mm
Wind			
Wind	47 km/h	6 km/h	0 km/h
Gust Wind	64 km/h	47 km/h	29 km/h
Sea Level Pressure	1026 hPa	1017 hPa	1002 hPa



A lenticular cloud



The rain

Read more at:

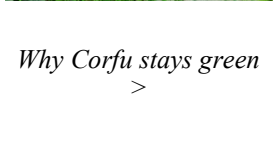
http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statename=NA#PFq1VRYHlbugcTGf.99

Village and Island News

The pictures in this chapter give a flavour of our October 17.



Stella can't believe it rains in Corfu
<



Why Corfu stays green
>



Pussy Conveyor Belt
<



There were some heavy rains in the early part but the hot sun soon evaporated that assault, leaving us with a spectacularly beautiful Little Summer of St. Demetrius, as Lionel once told me the Greeks called it.

The Strange Affair Of 'The Table That Does Not Belong' grabbed the interest of the central villagers and the tittle-tattlers among us, for the entire month. A war is in full swing between the Taverna and its Associates in the Blue Corner and the Mayor and her Associates in the Red. Nobody can win this war but both sides believe they will. At least it provides entertainment for bemused foreigners in this lulled and Dumfounded Town.



The Private Table
<

The New A Table
>



Timber for winter
<

Police came on regular occasion to inspect papers, to object that the table is a public obstruction; the owner of the taverna at one point fainted under this onslaught and retired to the hospital for a day. The Blue Corner retaliated with a petition to the Authorities, and chairs in a striking green hue proclaimed their own neutrality.

Tragedy struck at our traffic-light junction. Spiros the Dancer's brother Vasilis, who was visiting from Germany, and who owns the Time Out building, knocked over a young gypsy on a motorbike, killing him instantly. Police advised Vasilis to leave the island, fearing family recriminations. There is no light controlling the small lane leading off this junction, so both drivers were assuming green. Perhaps the Mayor would be wiser to divert her attention from tables to life and death.

Our friends Barry and Stella are here for an extended period this month, and they are experiencing a three-centre holiday in the village. Not many get to do that! Society is high and it is mixed in good measure with work. Lula and I are invited by Sonia and Gerasimos for a fine six-course meal in their elegant Potamos spiti, with an Anglo-Austrian couple making up the party. There was a lot of humour-and good food-at the table and afterwards we were entertained to some very classy piano playing by Sonia; Lionel would have loved this!

Continued on Page 21

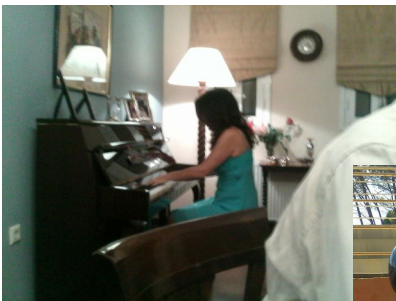
Village and Island News -
Continued from Page 20



60 years together



60 years monos



Sonia entertains us
<



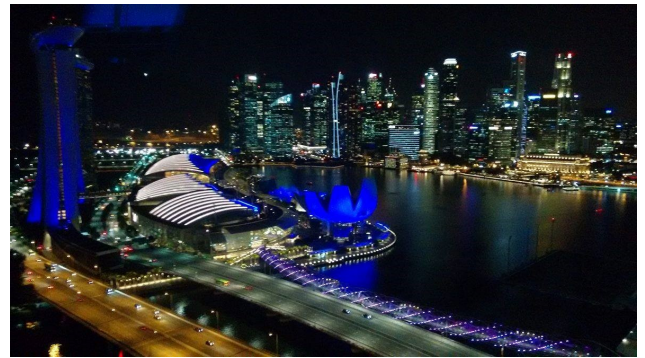
*A Four-Legged Friend will
Never let You Down*
>



*Natassa,
Melina and
Esmeranda
play in our
lane*
<

Kostakis is off to the Far East for the winter, mainly to visit Ai and her family in Tokyo. So, one day I went out with him to the Crossroads Taverna near Pelekas and we whiled away such pleasant time over a grill. The merry meeting was tinged with the sadness of his imminent departure but heartened by the joy of seeing a son fly off for adventure and experience. The very same day I was in Kontokali with Peter, Elina, Lula, Danae, Barry and Stella, watching Arsenal lose at football-not on the plan- and then a fine-if hot- Indian in Gouvia.

I witnessed a beautiful dawn and sunrise at Garitsa bay, having dropped Kostakis at the airport in the dark. This new dawn was as if the red-pink-silver-streaked Rising Sun was beckoning my son to his Oriental destiny.



Some go East

Hard on the heels of son number two's departure is son number one's 31st birthday, so our clan gathers for such a pleasant span at the Argo at Gouvia Marina and a fine lunch, all the time being entertained by the antics of our little comedienne, Danae.

The month drew to its conclusion with some further splendid company and much amusement especially at the house of Simon in Korakiana.



*A Late
October
Pelekas Grill*
>

Village and Island News -
Continued from Page 21



Dear Friends
in Lincolnshire

October sea
and sky by
Ralf



On a Drive in
North Corfu

La Strada in
Town, a Lunch
Retreat

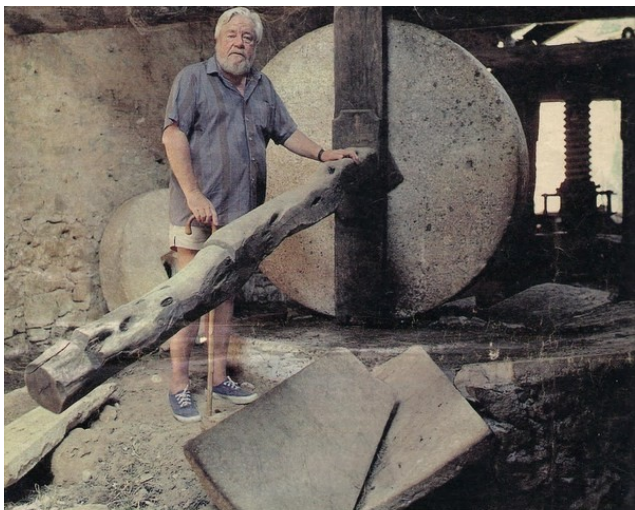


Robert
Sherratt in
Albania



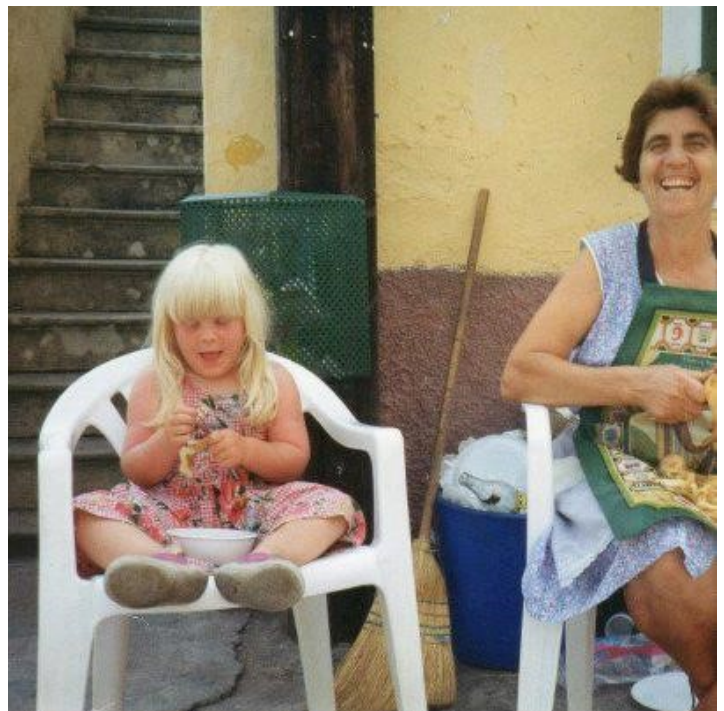
Now November beckons, and for this family, at least, a month to drop the portcullis and pull up the bridge, to reorganise, re-charge and be in fine fettle for the Yuletide.

The Way Things Were



An old olive press is a poignant reminder of Corfu as Gerald Durrell once knew it

I have had a most extraordinary affair of the heart. It started when I was eight years old and I fell deeply and irrevocably in love with a ravishing creature who was mature and beautiful. She gave me joy, brightness, freedom back many times and suffered as I watched her demise. Tourism is a curious modern disease. It attacks the shoeless man, the man of meagre wealth and the blasted man of affluence, whereas it becomes an epidemic like the Black Death that stalked through Europe in the Middle Ages. It now ranges all over the world.



Gerald Durrell visits Corfu in 1987 courtesy of Luko Manaris

Simone and Nitsa share a joke

Letters to the Editor

Hilary Paipeti states;

Had a quick look prior to reading tomorrow, and Jan has made an excellent job of the layout! Looks great. Please let her know.

Jan [assistant Editor];

Thanks Hilary, appreciated.

Dear Sir.

I am sad to see that the curse of 'fake news' has spread even to The Agiot. The 'news' that a 'scalextric' tram route is being constructed to ascend from Ano Korakiana to Sokraki and descend again to Zygos to join a 'southern' to a 'northern' Corfu Light Rail route between stations at Ano Korakiana and Zygos Station is inaccurate to say the least.



REAL FUNICULAR

For a start there are no plans to abandon the projected tunnel between Skripero and Zygos - already part completed. Secondly there never was going to be an attempt to use the CLR or any of its subsidiaries to service the transport needs of Sokraki. The works currently under way between Ano Korakiana are to provide, not some enormous and absurd scalextric vehicle but a new kind of funicular elevator- funicular NOT scalextric - that will allow people of limited mobility to travel more easily between Sokraki and Ano Korakiana, both villages having ageing populations. The main funding for the project is from Stannah International Corp who have purchased rights to all significant gradients in the centre and north of the island connecting ageing population centres - 'Υπηρεσίες Παλαιάς Λαϊκής Κινητικότητας (ΥΠΛΚ)' - for a period of 20 years or until all those involved have died.

This has absolutely nothing to do with a project first muted by Scalextric Corporation (EU Division) in 2002 to work in partnership [with CLR to connect all villages not directly served by the CLR but within three kilometres of the CLR route, or 2k in the case of gradients over 1/4. Please will you correct any announcements about a scalextric tram up to Sokraki that may have been published - mischievously we suggest - in previous editions of The Agiot. I remain yours sincerely, SB (Stannah rep for North and central Corfu)

Ed:

Thank you, SB,

But a scoop from our undercover reporter maintains that not only is a ST under construction as we debate, but also a far more ambitious plan nominated SE [scalextric express] is having trials in the most inaccessible part of Anti Paxos, far from the madding crowd.

I am sorry if you have your lines crossed on this one.



*Cab front jig under construction
in Alikes*

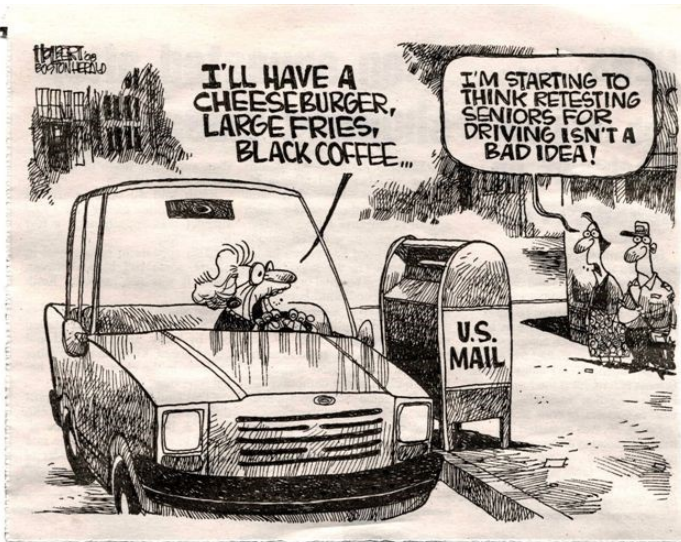
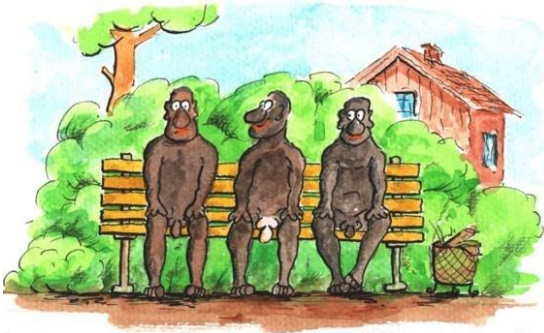


*New Construction beyond
The Falls of Nimfes*

Gooners Gags

3 Black Men

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UhGSYvub9R4>

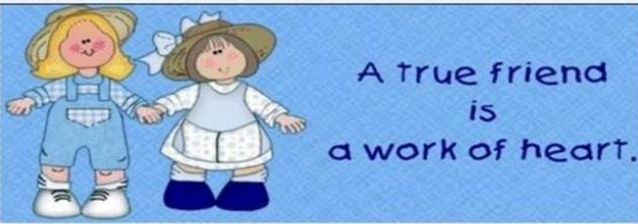


Then I said; "the hell with it & dug out my old bikini....."



Gooners Gags -

Continued from Page 24



A true friend
is
a work of heart.

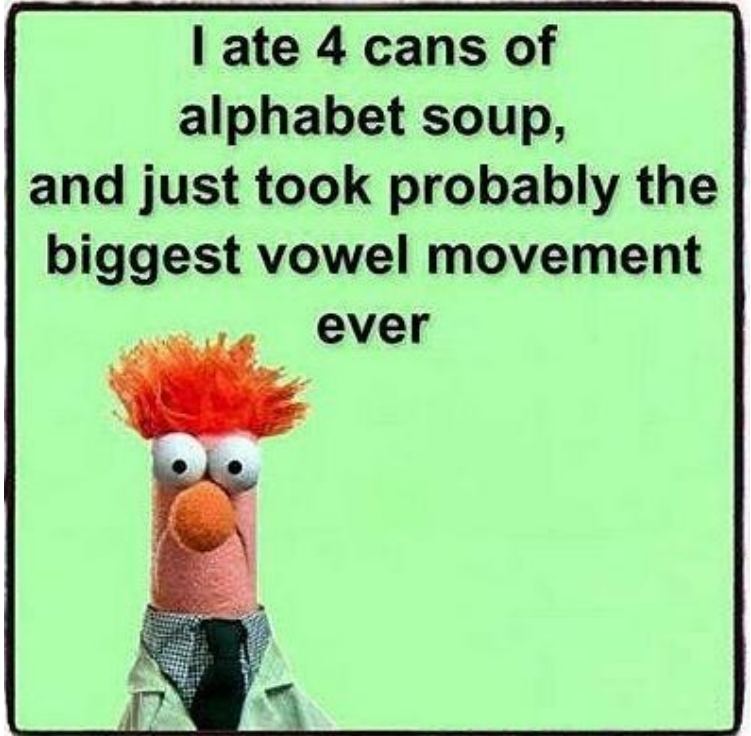
To all my friends and relatives who have sent me best 'wishes', chain letters, 'angel' letters or other promises of good luck,
NONE OF THAT SHIT WORKED!

Could you please just send cash, vodka, chocolate, Italian food, wine, or airline tickets instead?
Thank you!



If my memory gets any worse I'll be able to plan my own surprise party.

If we meet offline and you look nothing like your pics you're buying me drinks until you do!



I ate 4 cans of alphabet soup, and just took probably the biggest vowel movement ever



"Lately, I've been feeling lethargic, listless and apathetic, and if I stand up too suddenly, I get dizzy. My daughter says she has to smoke two joints to feel like that."

Video Corner

Morgellons Disease

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HS9TFnI6U4s>

The Heroes of Lefkimmi

- Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

If you turn left just before reaching the coast at Alikes near Lefkimmi, a pot-holed lane leads you to a wide, dusty road junction. Here, amongst the paper and can litter of the roadside, stands a pristine monument in slate-grey granite and white marble. In dazzling full sun the inscription is hard to read, but what it reveals is an almost forgotten episode of World War II, during which the Corfiots - and especially the Lefkimmiots - showed their courage and integrity:

'In memory of the event that took place on November 18 1943 during the German Occupation, in which an American B-17 War Plane Bomber with a 10 men (sic) crew on board crash landed in this area.

'Local Lefkimmi patriots courageously rescued them, hid them and safely led them into the hands of the allies.

'Municipality of Lefkimmi'

It was the morning of 18 November, and the massive Flying Fortress had just completed a bombing run on German-occupied Eleusis Airfield just west of Athens. For all but the rookie co-pilot Joe Cotton, it was the crew's 32nd mission, and it looked as if it would be a routine one. But even as they watched the explosion of their twelve 500 pound bombs before heading home, flak hit. Initial damage assessment showed two engines on fire and useless; they would have to make it to safety in Brindisi on just the two remaining ones.

The crippled plane made its way westwards. But as they reached the Ionian coast, another engine failed. They would have to bail out.

Whitecaps roughed the sea surface, and just as they realized they would not survive in the water, they spotted an island. They identified it as Corfu, and pilot Dick Flournoy prepared for a crash-landing on flat land near the shore.

The landing was perfect, and the plane slid to a halt just short of a row of trees, with no harm to the crew. It was 1.30. Following procedure, they tried and failed to destroy the craft to save any equipment falling into German hands.

Within minutes, locals began to arrive, and the crew had to abandon attempts to set the B-17 on fire when some climbed inside. Soon, others arrived with items of clothing, and indicated they should put on the clothes and follow them, before some of the many Germans in the area showed up.

Flournoy followed a small boy to a tool shed in an olive grove where he spent two days. A young lady who was hoeing a nearby field took gunner Fred Glor to a shepherd's hut, where he was to sleep the night. The others were led to similar accommodation.

When the Germans arrived 15 minutes later, they were all gone, and the locals were busy stripping the plane. Disingenuously, they put the Germans off the scent by claiming that the five-member crew had already escaped in a boat. A bogus report that they had been sighted in the north of the island put an end to the German's search of the crash area, and within the next day or two, the locals led the crew to Lefkimmi, where they were put up in various houses.

Joe Cotton was the first to reach the town, later in the afternoon of the crash. Having changed into local clothes, he was guided to an olive press, where the miller indicated that he should pretend to work the mules. Soon two Germans walked in, evidently searching for survivors, but ignored the terrified co-pilot. Cotton spent his first night in a church with four other crew members, and then was billeted in the large three-floor house belonging to Harry Pappas, formerly resident in the United States. At this point, Cotton was not aware that he was also head of the local resistance. The rest were hidden by townsfolk in various houses, except for Fred Glor, who bizarrely ended up in the town's hotel.

Bombardier Ernie Skorheim's host was wheelwright Josephus Montezago, whose wife Tina had to eke out already meagre supplies to feed the fugitive. He lived mainly on bean soup and coarse wheat-and-corn bread dipped in olive oil, though there was often fish and the occasional tiny wild bird. He grew very friendly with the couple, and even managed to communicate adequately in a mixture of English and newly-learned Greek.

Like the others, Skorheim developed malaria from the mosquito bites he had suffered on their first night in the marshes. He was lucky; the Montezago's son had died of the disease, and they were terrified for their charge. Thus, Skorheim received quinine from the local pharmacist, while the remainder of the crew had to suffer through the fevers, with their only treatment blood-letting by leeches.

A month later, they all had more or less recovered, but the situation on the ground was deteriorating. Their hosts were increasingly hard-put to feed them, and - worse - the Germans were becoming convinced that the flyers were still in the area; periodical searches were conducted, during which some were nearly caught.

Just before Christmas, an event occurred that ruled out further accommodation in the town. Flournoy's host was a smuggler by trade - and he was caught red-handed. Germans questioned him, and he hot-headedly told them to look for the Americans instead of victimizing a poor smuggler. Fortunately, the interpreter informed the underground and, at the same time as a unit of Germans approached, the Americans were evacuated to a shack in the hills. The next day, 19 December, the Germans surrounded the town and conducted a door-to-door search. But the Americans had vanished.

The crew, now together for the first time since the crash, spent Christmas 1943 in the shack, supplied with food by the locals and foraging for themselves. On Christmas Day, they risked lighting a little stove, and feasted on wild onions, olives, tangerines, fried fish and bread dipped in olive oil. Between Christmas and New Year there were many rumours of rescue, but none materialized. Finally, on New Year's Eve, they were told to get ready to move.

Continued on Page 27

The Heroes of Lefkimmi

Continued from Page 26

The plan was to transfer them to the north of the island, where the coastlines of Corfu and Albania were only two miles distant. The problem was that they had to travel by main roads, and would have to pass through Corfu Town, as well as by a German army camp and an air base.

On the first day of 1944, after emotional goodbyes, they set out on five donkey carts which were carrying olive oil, pretending to be Greek workers and warned not to talk under any circumstances.

The carts set out at intervals, and made slow progress towards Town. Two of the parties had very close calls, one when their cart had to stop where Germans were clearing a fallen tree from the road, and another when co-pilot Joe Cotton dozed off and allowed his pistol to be exposed; fortunately, no-one noticed.

The carts reached the south of Corfu Town in the early afternoon, and could safely go no further. The Americans set out on foot in small groups, each accompanied by several silent Greeks. Pilot Dick Flournoy, at six foot four, was very conspicuous amongst the short locals, but since it was a holiday, many people were out walking.

The groups had to pass right through the army base, which was built on both sides of the road. Several of the Americans were obliged to use their newly-learned Greek to greet Germans strolling in the sun. The next obstacle was the air base, where Cotton was tempted for a foolish moment to steal a plane!

They walked on northwards out of Corfu Town. From time to time, one of their Corfiot escorts would call 'Off road' and they would all hide behind bushes or in a ditch. A few minutes later, a German truck would pass. The Americans were constantly amazed at the excellent organization of the locals, who always seemed aware of a problem before it emerged.

They arrived after dark in Kontokali. Exhausted, they followed their guide to a large three-floor house in the edge of the village, where they were served an excellent meal of chick pea soup, spaghetti, bread, olive oil and wine, and they slept well through what proved to be a stormy night.

Next day they had to keep a low profile and get plenty of rest, for they would travel during darkness. After nightfall, they were taken to a warehouse on the shore, and then to a deserted beach. Locals piggybacked them to two fishing boats to avoid leaving footprints. The night would be fraught with worse dangers, since the waters of the strait were constantly patrolled by the German navy, and their hosts would certainly be shot if caught.

The fishermen of Kontokali rowed through the night, and as the sun rose, they could see the Albanian shore ahead. They had reached the Bay of Butrint and an hour later turned into a small river where passwords were exchanged. The exhausted fishermen had rowed for twelve hours, avoiding the many patrols and navigating in darkness to the destination. The Americans were now in the hands of the Greek guerrillas. [One of the fishermen who rowed the Americans to Albania was the uncle of Christos Gerekos, owner of Gerekos Fish Taverna in Kontokali – Ed.]

The next two and a half months proved an ordeal. Inadequately clad and shod, sick and debilitated, they were marched from camp to camp and back again, and between marches spent long periods of inactivity, while various plans to evacuate them fell through. One incident that raised their spirits took place as Pilot Dick Flournoy and gunner Fred Glor, holed up in with a shepherd, were discussing life after the war, and their intention of making lots of money. Soon afterwards, the shepherd disappeared into the snow and returned with a young woman in uniform, who produced a bottle of ouzo and began to get fresh. They were too tired to take advantage of the puzzling situation; but later they found out the word money in English sounded like the Greek word for prostitute, and the shepherd had been striving to be a perfect host!

Finally, on March 15, together with the seven-man crew of a British Lancaster bomber which had joined them in January, the Americans were evacuated from the (now) Albanian coast by an Italian submarine chaser that was delivering supplies to the Greek partisans. Even then, the plan was nearly scuppered at the last minute when an argument broke out between the Italians and Greeks over payment for the supplies.

The ship reached Italy on the morning of March 16, and the crew made the final leg of their journey to the American base in Bari by truck. During the trip, they reminisced about their experiences on Corfu and in Greece, with the common thread their great admiration for the courage and cleverness of the Greeks, 'ready to do whatever was needed to see to it that we survived.'

Many of the crew members kept in touch. Some revisited Corfu during the 80s and 90s and met again the Lefkimmi folk who had helped them. Gunner Fred Glor returned for the first time in 1988. While visiting the crash scene, Glor saw a woman hoeing a field nearby. He walked over to talk to her through an interpreter. She was the same woman who, forty-five years earlier, had been hoeing the same field and had helped him escape.

The information contained in this article was edited by Hilary Paipeti from the book *Aircraft Down! Evading capture in WWII Europe* by Philip D. Caine. ISBN 1-57488-234-1



The memorial near Alikes, Lefkimmi, where the B-17 went down

>