

www.theagiot.com

Tel: (0030) 6974932408

116th Edition

The Agiot



*Goodnight
Corfu*

This Month

Cover Photo.
Page 1

Letters to the Editor.
Page 2

Gooner's Gags
Pages 3-4

An Englishman in Italy.
Page 5

Village and Island News.
Pages 5-8

At the Casino.
Page 9

Manchester.
Page 10

Jaywalker.
Page 10

Nick the Clock's World.
Pages 11-12

The Way Things Were.
Page 13

Bespoke Property.
Page 13

OCAV Villas.
Page 14

Testimonials for Villa Theodora.
Pages 14-15

Agiotfest 2017.
Pages 16-17

Auntie Lula's Love-Bites.
Page 18

Weather.
Page 18

Video Corner.
Page 18

Hilary's Ramblings.
Pages 19-20

Simon's World.
Page 20

Nature.
Pages 21-22

Advertising.
Pages 23-24

An article by David Orkin.
Pages 25-26

Letters to the Editor

Dave Dickinson mailed in from Colchester, in response to the inclusion of his 'Dickinson's Challenge' from last month

'Works well !! I think some of the answers could be hilarious - withering - scandalous - libelous. Love to see them XX'

Ed:- Thank you for this Dave. As much as I love our readership, and I do, you may be over-rating them. Fine people as they indubitably are, they are mostly a lazy bunch when it comes to things of this nature. So, don't hold your breath for an avalanche of responses. But your competition will be read and enjoyed, just the same, I have little doubt on that score!

Dave Dickinson responded;-

Hello Ed.,
It might be that all it ever achieves is that it keeps the Agiofest on the boil.

Ed:- Bravo Dave!

Editor's Comment;

Dickinson's challenge was too tough for you all last month! We introduce a gentle Italian perspective for June, Jaywalker and a look back to the heady days of the Corfu Casino!

A young girl is ill in hospital and she posted this lesson for all of us:-



From Brooke Stevens,
Essex

'I look far too happy stood in the garden... but I'm enjoying the sunshine!'

"Be the reason someone smiles.

Be the reason someone feels loved and believes in the goodness in people."

This is my 6th cycle of chemo & I'm not going to lie, I'm feeling it.

It seems that with every cycle I have, I tend to feel a little worse.

But it's important & it's saving my life.

This is my pomb so hopefully I'll be going home Saturday after blood transfusions, as it's a 4 day chemo my body retains the fluid & just makes me feel blahh.

Today I've done Dreams proud & I've slept for 18 hours in the past 24 hours (obviously waking up for toilet breaks every 45minutes...)

The doctors are arranging for me to have some scans to review the tumours which is amazing & shows the progress.

Today I was sat in bed (for the short amount of time I was awake) & I was thinking about my life since December, how much it has changed, how much I have changed. I was looking out of my window at a gorgeous view of London & i couldn't help but smile at how beautiful life actually is. The people, the places & the experiences that this world has to offer. Enjoy life, jump at opportunities & most importantly, be happy.

I have met some of the most amazing people whilst being on this ward & my perspective of life has changed forever.

Embrace every moment, laugh till your sides hurt, love yourself & always remember to smile.

Life is a blessing & you are blessed ❤️🖤🍁

Ed:- This letter leaves me speechless-for all the right reasons.

Gooners Gags

THE ANSWERS ARE AT THE BOTTOM.

1 and 2 are easy, 5 IS AMAZING.
IT SHARPENS THOSE GENES IN YOUR
BRAIN

1. A murderer is condemned to death. He has to choose between three rooms. The first is full of raging fires, the second is full of assassins with loaded guns and the third is full of lions that haven't eaten in 3 years.

Which room is safest for him?

2. A woman shoots her husband. Then she holds him under water for over 5 minutes. Finally, she hangs him. But 5 minutes later they both go out together and enjoy a wonderful dinner together. How can this be?

Answers:

1. The third room. Lions that haven't eaten in three years are dead. That one was easy, right?

2. The woman was a photographer. She shot a picture of her husband, developed it, and hung it up to dry (shot; held under water; and hung).

3. Charcoal, as it is used in barbecuing.

4. Sure you can name three consecutive days, yesterday, today, and tomorrow!

5. The letter "e" which is the most common letter used in the English language does not appear even once in the paragraph.

3. What is black when you buy it, red when you use it, and grey when you throw it away?

4. Can you name three consecutive days without using the words Wednesday, Friday, or Sunday?

5. This is an unusual paragraph. I'm curious as to just how quickly you can find out what is so unusual about it. It looks so ordinary and plain that you would think nothing was wrong with it. In fact, nothing is wrong with it! It is highly unusual though. Study it and think about it, but you still may not find anything odd. But if you work at it a bit, you might find out. Try to do so without any coaching!

DOMINO SOLDIERS;

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6UUFP64wAIk>

How did that Crow do that??.....This bird is remarkable!!! Crows are known to be smart birds. Inside the Animal Mind....Open full screen to watch with your speakers on.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AVaITA7eBZE>



Gooners Gags - Continued from Page 3

My wife and I went to the Youngstown Agricultural Fair and one of the first exhibits we stopped at was the breeding bulls. We went up to the first pen and there was a sign attached that said,

'THIS BULL MATED 50 TIMES LAST YEAR'



My wife playfully nudged me in the ribsSmiled and said, 'He mated 50 times last year, that's almost once a week.'

We walked to the second pen which had a sign attached that said,

"THIS BULL MATED 150 TIMES LAST YEAR'



My wife gave me a healthy jab and said, 'WOW~~That's almost 3 times a week!You could learn a lot from him.'

We walked to the third pen and it had a sign attached that said in capital letters,

'THIS BULL MATED 365 TIMES LAST YEAR'



My wife was so excited that her elbow nearly broke my ribs, and said, 'That's once a day ..You could REALLY learn something from this one.'

I looked at her and said, 'Go over and ask him if it was with the same old cow...'



For you who need to know everything:

The liquid inside young coconuts can be used as a substitute for Blood Plasma.

No piece of paper can be folded in half more than seven (7) times. Oh , go ahead ... I'll wait.

***** *

Donkeys kill more people annually than plane crashes or shark attacks. (So, watch your Ass)

***** **

You burn more calories sleeping! than you do watching television.

***** *

Oak trees doNOT produce acorns until they are fifty (50) years of age or older.

The first product to have a bar code was Wrigley's gum.

The King of Hearts is the only King WITHOUT A MOUSTACHE

American Airlines saved \$40,000 in 1987 by eliminating one (1) olive from each salad served in first-class.

Venus is the only planet that rotates clockwise. (Since Venus is normally associated with women, what does this tell you? That women are going in the 'right' direction...!

***** **

Apples, not caffeine, are more efficient at waking you up in the morning ...

***** **

Most dust particles in your house are made from DEAD SKIN !

***** **

The first owner of the Marlboro Company died of lung cancer. So did the first 'Marlboro Man'.

***** **

Walt Disney was afraid OF MICE!

PEARLS DISSOLVE IN VINEGAR!

***** **

The ten most valuable brand names on earth: Apple, Coca Cola, Google, IBM, Microsoft, GE, McDonalds,

Samsung, Intel and Toyota , in that order.

***** *

It IS possible to lead a cow upstairs ... but, NOT downstairs.

***** **

A duck's quack doesn't echo, and no one knows why.

***** **

Dentists have recommended that a toothbrush be kept at least Six (6) feet away

from a toilet to avoid airborne particles resulting from the flush.

(I keep my toothbrush in the living room now!)

***** **

And the best for last.....!

Turtles can breathe through their BUTTS!

(I know some people like that, don't YOU?)

So.....

Remember, knowledge is everything, so pass it on..... and go move your toothbrush! And stop folding that DAMN PAPER!

An Englishman in Italy

Brace Yourself

An Englishman with a Dutch woman in Italy and sometimes Corfu, found that, aged seventy three, his belt no longer held his bottom up. He was informed of this, in no uncertain terms, as sliding belts exposing ancient bottoms are frowned on when seen from behind.

"You need braces!" Emphasised his partner "You're not nice to Know!"

The purchase of these items varies, depending on the country. In Greece they are "tiranta" pronounced with a 'd,' while In Italy they're called "bretelle," so, when passing between Italy and Greece, it is nice to remember the exact word.

So much for the label, it is their function I shall now address.

Modern types of braces are clipped onto the trousers, two in the front, two at the back.

Adept braces users clip braces to their jeans, before putting them on; but braces have a habit of

unclipping, often in extremely public places, such as standing waiting in an airport queue, or while rising from the opera stalls at the interval, or even worse, as the bride's father, you have to proceed with the groom's mother from the church! Such public embarrassments are well known, and can be laughed about, while comforted with liquid lubrication; But there are many private moments when a man stands transfixed, attempting to clip the serrated edge of his posterior braces to belt or trousers, and finds them snapping open as soon as attached. To strip naked in some bathroom may resolve the problem, but there is always the last laugh from the braces' snap.

As a novice braces man, I must admit I'm intrigued by this phenomenon. I expect one Day, I'd be so expert, I could perform in public! Give lessons to beginners, but, at this stage, I am bemused, enraged!



Judgement Day is coming

'snap-fly-with-suspenders'

Village and Island News

By
The Editor

To lie in bed at early dawn and listen to the cacophony of chattering birdsong lifting up from the garden shrubbery is, indeed, a marvellous gift from Mother Nature. An unseen army stirs under those green canopies, rejoicing to greet the new, summer's day. To the casual observer in the cockcrow, they remain invisible, yet here birds are indeed, in their dozens, maybe hundreds, giving forth with great gusto. They sound at first as if they are all abiding in our magnolia tree whereas they could, conceivably, be in any nook or cranny. When I go to the toilet for that first, sweet relief, they have a different battalion in full voice outside *that* window, on the other side of the house. Who needs Movies or Facebook when this reality is at hand?

The day of the National strike was disruptive and half-shuttered, so what better way to enjoy the remainder of it than by escorting Miss McGovern once more to Ermones beach. It was a repeat of the adventure from the week before, but though the chords were the same, the melody was unique. Thunder rolled over the mountain, and increasing drops of rain hurried us from our beach games. We'd taken lunch on the fore patio of Nausika, looking over the beautiful bay. At this place, we could feed the semi-tame sparrows atop the low wall. Following her beach frolics Miss McGovern was in a parlous state of disarray, her nice clothes from top to tip smothered in wet sand, tiny pebbles, rain and miscellaneous debris. None of these disadvantages weighed upon her spirits, which remained undaunted on the way home, with her-for the first time-exploring the song 'Rain, rain, go away'.

Continued on Page 6

Village and Island News
Continued from Page 5



'Peggy'

So, to Kostas name-day, very big in these parts. Lula is busy in our kitchen, for the Exodus of food and wine to make the short trip to Villa Theodora. I'm off to Kokkini [instructed by Lula] with her father, to collect a butchered lamb. Kostas says no to Kokkini, we must go to the shepherd Giorgos on the hill above Moskos. We did but nobody was home. So, Kokkini it is, to the square below the church there. Nineteen kilos of roasted lamb was expertly cut up before us, and neatly place in the two tureens we had taken there. During these travels Kostas had a wee three times, including twice in the bushes. He told me that he had been eight times already this morning, and it was only eleven of the clock. Naturally, he was blaming Nitsa for the new pills she has him on!

The meal itself was splendid, with fifteen of us in total on one, long table. Our English friends Mike and Pat were witness to this very Greek affair. It was mid-night before we got to bed, so enjoyable we had to prise ourselves away from the table.



'Big Name Day Demand'

<

'Kostas at his name-day with Dimitris'

>



The month was a mix of work and fun, usually the method. It included a very enjoyable trip to the Mainland with Barry and Stella, a riotous BBQ at Dutch Alex's home, with some splendid busking by a Dubliner, another great BBQ at Theodora, with Simon and Lin, Pat and Gina, Chloe and Jack, Libby and Peter and our mob, and a trip to Sidari with Mike and Pat. Here are some photos to add flavour to what has been a very full-on month. Again.

Oh, and Arsenal won the Cup!

In Memory of Christina Ramage, who lives on in our plateia. Thanks to her daughter Sarah and her brother Ian for placing a plaque near the front door of the taverna.



Back row; John McCabe, Nkos Kaloudis, Ian Ramage, Andrea Sourianos

Front row; Big Chief and Anna Kaloudis

<

'Christina'

>



The village said goodbye this month to Kostas Ballas [83] whose land at the New Cactus Hilton has been at the heart of Agiotfest. We are always grateful to him for allowing us the use of his grove for free for many years. R.I.P.

Continued on Page 7

Village and Island News - Continued from Page 6



Alex with Miriam



Anemomylos at dusk



Des O'Crooner



Church of Jason and Sosipatros



Courtesy of Angela English



Durrells crew in remote spot



Andy with friend sunbathing



Courtesy of Vivienne Pittendrigh



Ellen with breakfast in Ioannina



Cash machine comes to town



Courtesy of Dick Mulder



Hotel Αρχονταρική

Continued on Page 8

Village and Island News - Continued from Page 7



Frederic



Greek village Sidari with Mike and Pat



Helen with Emily at Theodora



Hot-rod in Village



I wish I could talk



Noble Guard in AI



Pat and Simon solving World Crisis



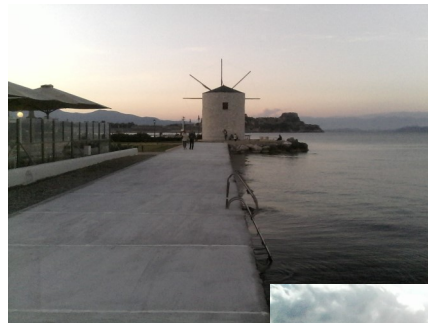
Roadblock at Vasilika



Tadek and Petra at Giannades



*The old Macaroni
factory*

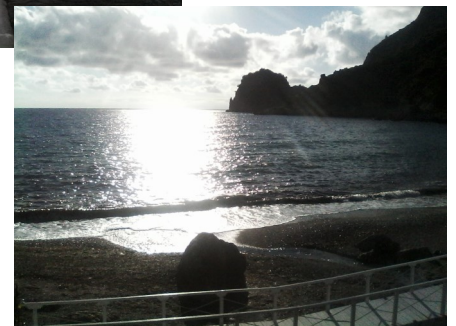


Sundown

*Villa Theodora
Northern Branch*



*Sunset over
Ermones*



At the Casino

From the *Corfu News*, April 1965



'Achillion, formerly the Casino'

Corfu is getting more in the news and with the Queen's future happy event [the coming birth of her first child - Ed.] taking place at Mon Repos, the town in a few weeks will be

bursting with tourists, journalists and the idle curious who are always prominent wherever Royalty and VIPs gather.

I'm happy to see the foreign community increasing in quantity and quality. Personalities like the Furses, the renowned British stage designer - Lord Glenconner, the Oldfields, the Quicks - one of the leading printers in the British Isles, Sir Antony Abel. Mr & Mrs H.R.E. Browne. It is a pleasure to have as inhabitants in this island and we very much hope that Vivien Leigh who visited us last winter will follow in their footsteps.

A tennis tournament will take place the 30th April at the Tennis Club. There will be an Italian team coming from Brindisi to combine sports and sightseeing and who will compete against the Club. I was told that some old-timers are making a debut after a prolonged absence of 6 years from the courts. I wish them luck which they fully deserve for being so brave to face the young and sprightly.

Talking about the Club, I went a few nights ago to the Casino where the Tennis Club dance was in full swing. The Committee did well in attracting a crowd from all spheres of life because our Democratic Mayor believes in popularizing the game which a few years ago belonged only to the 'elite' of the city. I saw the charming Prefect and his popular wife - Constanza wearing a smart 'lame' dress and jacket - having at their table the Bottis - Virginia in a chic short evening dress - Alex and Jeanette Kazantzis, she, looking attractive in black lace, Spiros Flambouriari dancing with pathos, John Tryphon from Athens and handsome Count Ernesto Azzalin who came to Corfu on a short trip to have a look at the beautiful villa he designed for the Bottis. At another table I saw the

Mayor of Corfu with his pretty wife, Pericles and Pat Karydis and the President of the Club, Alec Geronticos, who dazzled us all with his everlasting youthful personality. He excelled in 'shake' that evening!

A big table was holding fort for 24 'demi youngsters', a jeunesse dorée of Corfu and amongst them I spotted Andrea and Aspasia Bottis, Evie Courcoumeli vivacious and charming, attractive Ileana Ginou, John Trivoli with an eversearching look, Hector Koliacopoulos, the secretary of the Club and a good tennis player, and Mary Sclaveniti, looking lovely and smart in a beige two pieces lace.

The bar, as usual, offered its hospitality to all who prefer the cosmopolitan touch, sipping a drink while talking to friends and watching the dancers. I saw in a corner Max and Lily Lavranos talking in sotto-voce, Max being in town on a short leave, and a bunch of gay American girls, one of whom sang a few songs accompanied by her banjo, Grenville and Doris Cook, Stephen Manessis with a Toulouse Lautrec beard and, I was told, a number of gate crashers! The band was trying their best to deafen us and became a bit better when they decided to stop one of the 'micros' and concentrate on some of Edith Piaf's beautiful songs. What a pity we, in Greece, love noisy music...

The British Vice-Consul in Corfu and Mrs. John Forte, asked at Afra, the beautiful house of Mrs. Courcoumeli, a few friends for drinks to meet the Brigadier and Mrs Rogers, the British Military Attaché in Athens. The couple is enchanted with Corfu and hope to come again, though the weather has been rather unkind to them.



Roger and Ines Furse, Vivien Leigh, and Juli Damaskinos, Bentises, Corfu

<

And a selection from the advertisements:

'Only AEBEK pasteurised milk is guaranteed to be safe and bottled by the most efficient methods.'

'The Five Brothers speak five languages and sell fresh fruits and vegetables at Mich. Theotoki 15.'

'Avra, Benitzes, a small, friendly inexpensive hotels with its own beach, recommended by Elizabeth Nicholas in the Sunday Times. Good food, simple furnishings and running water in each room. Boat excursions for guests. Frequent buses.'

Manchester

These days little girls, accessorized with pink balloons and bunny ears, yearn to attend a pop concert.

Little girls in 1929 were not so very different, even though the music was by Henry Purcell and performed by the Halle Orchestra, rather than by the pop star du-jour.

The event took place at the Manchester Free Trade Hall (the Arena of the day) and centred on a performance by the Manchester Children's Choir of Purcell's 'Nymphs and Shepherds'. The Choir had been specially formed for the occasion, and its 250 members had undergone three years of training and rehearsals. The singers were mostly girls of elementary school age from poor, working-class families around Manchester, many eager to attain a better life, some destined to become medical professionals, teachers, scientists, writers...

If the Wahhabi fanatics had been spreading their repulsive creed at that time, I am sure they would have longed to target those Manchester girls, to stifle the emerging ambitions of a generation of free-thinking young women, perhaps the first encouraged to aspire to their potential.

As they did with the little girls snuffed out this week (not forgetting the adults and young male victims) in the same city, little girls whose only crime was daring to be what Islamists do not want them to be - in charge of their own destiny and FREE.

My mother was present on that day they sang in 1929.

Hilary Paipeti

The performance was recorded and went on to sell a million copies. You can listen to it here:

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



ManchesterChoir

Jaywalker

Let me lick my pencil.

Just got back from a few days exploring the west coast of Wales. Found both the delightful and the exceedingly drab. Fishguard was the worst; a struggling town - it is where Jackie's ex (Andy) grew up. The highlight of this short break took place yesterday. I had gone to a beach to walk the dog only to find dogs were banned, "f-- this Stella, let us go to that cute little cafe by the beach and have a coffee".

I tied her to an aluminum chair on the patio, walked in to order my coffee when there was an almighty series of crashes as the dog comes rushing in to find me. The Manageress is phased as the dog runs around dragging a chair which bashes into objects. I apologise, but the only customers carried on eating their full English without taking their eyes off the meal. I apologise saying "it is most out of character" and remove the offending chair from inside the cafe. To make up for this I ordered a takeaway coffee.

A little vignette I will always remember.



The Manageress did her best but Stella wwas not to be denied

Nick The Clock's World

(The Comic With A conscience)



*Sometimes you have to go with the flow, the leaves,
the water, the seasons, the events, the people...
And we have to wait and see the results...*

**THIS IS THIERRY BRETON,
CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF ATOS
FOR WHICH HE WAS PAID
£44,000 PER WEEK
FROM TAXPAYER
FUNDED CONTRACTS.**



**THIS IS LINDA WOOTTON.
LINDA WAS A HEART AND
LUNG TRANSPLANT
PATIENT AND RECEIVED
£130 PER WEEK IN
BENEFITS.
LINDA DIED DAYS
AFTER BEING
ASSESSED AS
"FIT FOR WORK"
BY ATOS.**



**We don't need Genetically
Engineered Food to feed the
world when we waste enough
food to feed everyone.**

#WASTENOT

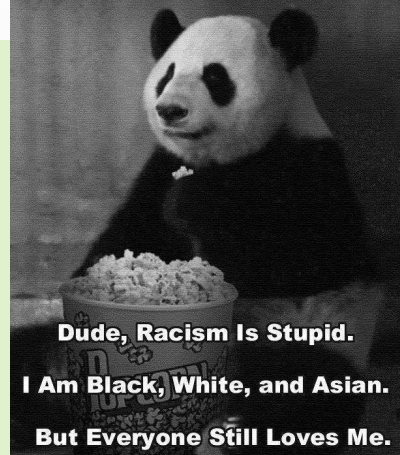
#TruthTeller



**APPROXIMATELY 1/3 OF THE FOOD WE
PRODUCE IN THE UK IS NEVER EATEN.**

**OLD PEOPLE AT WEDDINGS
ALWAYS POKE ME AND SAY
"YOU'RE NEXT."**

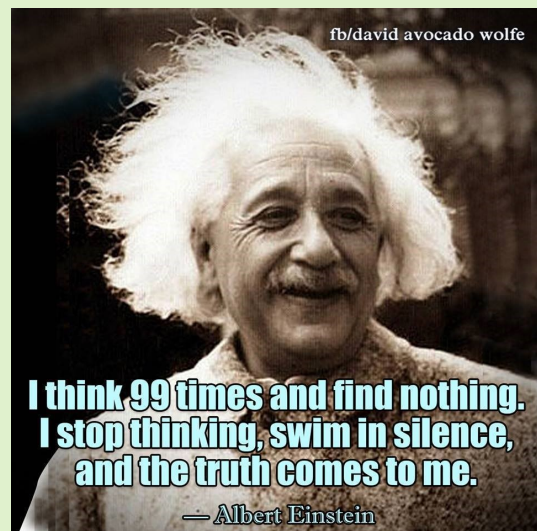
**SO, I STARTED DOING
THE SAME THING TO
THEM AT FUNERALS.**



**Dude, Racism Is Stupid.
I Am Black, White, and Asian.
But Everyone Still Loves Me.**

CRIMINAL BANKERS

**[http://www.wakingtimes.com/2015/12/30/
switzerland-follows-iceland-in-declaring-war-
against-banksters/](http://www.wakingtimes.com/2015/12/30/switzerland-follows-iceland-in-declaring-war-against-banksters/)**



**I think 99 times and find nothing.
I stop thinking, swim in silence,
and the truth comes to me.**

— Albert Einstein

Continued on Page 13

Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 12



I wanted Britain out of Europe to avoid laws governing media monopolies, I won

I am backing May for PM to keep it that way, so I get my media to rubbish Corbyn.

What are you gonna do about it?

Late one night a burglar broke into a house and while he was sneaking around he heard a voice say, "Jesús is watching you." He looked around and saw nothing. He kept on creeping and again heard, "Jesús is watching you." In a dark corner, he saw a cage with a parrot inside. The burglar asked the parrot, "Was it you who said Jesús is watching me?" The parrot replied, "Yes." Relieved, the burglar asked, "What is your name?" The parrot said, "Clarence." The burglar said, "That's a stupid name for a parrot. What idiot named you Clarence?" The parrot answered, "The same idiot that named the rottweiler Jesús."

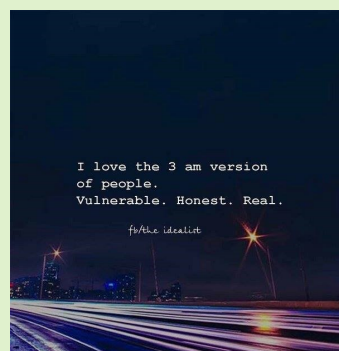
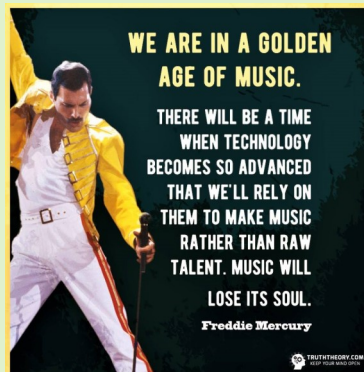
From the BBC – by John Cleese.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The English are feeling the pinch in relation to recent terrorist threats and have therefore raised their security level from "Miffed" to "Peeved."

Soon, though, security levels may be raised yet again to "Irritated" or even "A Bit Cross." The English have not been "A Bit Cross" since the blitz in 1940 when tea supplies nearly ran out. Terrorists have been re-categorized from "Tiresome" to "A Bloody Nuisance." The last time the British issued a "Bloody Nuisance" warning level was in 1588, when threatened by the Spanish Armada.

The Scots have raised their threat level from "Pissed Off" to "Let's get the Bastards." They don't have any other levels. This is the reason they have been used on the front line of the British army for the last 300 years.



Went to the gym and there's a new machine!

Keep Calm And Oh Fock It Enjoy Some Chaos

Used it for an hour and felt sick....

It's good though, it does everything Kitkats, Mars bars, Snickers!

paddy and mick are in a two-man plane that is spiralling out of control.

mick says, "If the plane turns upside down, d'ya think we'll fall out?"

"Of course not," paddy replies, "we've been mates for years!"

"...AFTER READING THIS MORNING'S TERRIBLE NEWS, it struck me my friends in the UK need to hear something many Brits may not have considered.

If the Manchester Arena bombing had happened in the US, every family with a dead or injured member would begin receiving bills in the coming days. Parents who lost their children would get a detailed and unadorned list of services provided by the medics that tried to save their relations' lives. And they would be expected to start making payments immediately.

While they mourned heartbreaking losses, American families would be billed for the ambulance rides, morphine, CPR, anesthesia. They would be expected to pony up for surgeries that were unsuccessful, medication that didn't work, and the time the anesthesiologist spent trying to keep their children comfortable during major procedures. They would continue to receive those bills for months after the death of their children.

Many families would set up GoFundMe accounts to pay for the medical expenses of their deceased child. The bills would run in to the hundreds of thousands, so even the best-funded account would only pay a fraction. The parents might have to sell their homes while trying to wrap their minds around the needless loss of their children. Ultimately, many would declare bankruptcy: who has time to pore over bills, fight the constant inaccuracies, totaling hundreds or thousands of dollars, when they're battling depression and anger?

Think about that. It's the kind of society you're really signing up for when you vote for a party that wants to privatise your healthcare. Please don't make that mistake.

Hannah Middlebrook (US social justice warrior, Oklahoma)

Just in case you are still confused **MAGNESIUM** not **CALCIUM** is the key to **HEALTHY BONES**



HealthyHolisticLiving.com

The Way Things Were



Airport in sixties



Weighing and selling fresh fish (sardines) in Corfu, 1964.

<



Prince Philip on Corfu

<

Not so long ago

>



Bespoke Property

Here are a few photos of work happening around the island.

If fulfilling property ambitions is what you need in Corfu, then please contact us through this magazine, or by mailing to mcgovern@otenet.gr

We have a solid reputation for building and improving villas with communication, quote and quality at the centre of operations.



Board meeting in the valley



Examining old house floorboards



Lovely timber ceiling



Ground-breaking at Kerasia



Russian Rotivation



Villa Daphne awning



Villa Daphne up to roof level

ocay villas



Villa Theodora

20% discount
on any bookings between
2nd & 11th July 2017

Contact us on: (0030) 26610 58177

www.ocayvillascorfu.com

Testimonials from Facebook for Villa Theodora

Comments



[Linky Macstardy](#) Any...fireflies of an evening...?

[Like](#) [Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

[1](#)

· [30 April at 11:16](#)



[Lilian Ongley replied · 3 Replies](#)



[Frank Paul Bloomfield](#) I remember that lovely place , the start of the Agiosfest ,great days !!

[Like](#) [Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

[1](#)

· [30 April at 11:28](#)

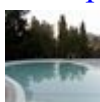


[Allen Heasley](#) thats a brilliant translation Paul,it must be your regional dialect they can't cope with?Time offs riget year knott.....brilliant

[Like](#) [Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

· [30 April at 12:19](#)



[Paul McGovern](#) Oh yes Allen, I didn't get where I am today by not practising with the peons!

[Like](#) [Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

[2](#)

· [30 April at 12:35](#)



[Ollie Aldridge](#) That view looks familiar...great memories 😊 :)

[Like](#) [Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

[1](#)

· [30 April at 12:55](#)



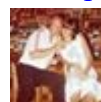
[Claire Sesay](#) What day is good next weekend [Paul](#) for meeting up for a drink?

[Like](#) [Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

[1](#)

· [30 April at 13:00](#)



[John Christie](#) My favourite swimming pool and villa 😎 😎 😎

[Like](#) [Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

[1](#)

· [30 April at 14:27](#)

[Richard Collier](#) How Much??? any special offers for the oldies kissy kissy

[Like](#)

Continued on Page 15

Villa Theodora Facebook testimonials
Continued from Page 14

· [Reply](#) · [30 April at 14:35](#)



[Paul McGovern](#) Yes, we offer too drain the pool so you cannot drown. And, as a bonus, we will install a diving board!

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

[2](#)

· [30 April at 14:59](#)



[Alan Jennings](#) Hi paul looks fabulous we will hopefully return. Take care

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

[1](#)

· [30 April at 14:38](#)



[Richard Collier](#) Nice one! at the shallow end?

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

[2](#)

· [30 April at 15:04](#)



[Paul McGovern](#) Where else?

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) · [30 April at 15:22](#)



[Sheila Lawrence](#) Aww love Theodora xx

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

[1](#)

· [30 April at 15:05](#)



[Paul McGovern](#) And Theodora loves you xxx

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) · [30 April at 15:18](#)



[Richard Collier](#) O Gawd!!!!

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) · [30 April at 15:20](#)



[Richard Collier](#) Over the balcony? Thinking about Damage Nick Anthony Sanna Lenny for a conference on human waste but water optional any chance sulphuric acid just for a laugh and a free return

ticket for anyone else 😊

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

[1](#)

· [30 April at 15:29](#)



[Paul McGovern](#) Why not.

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) · [30 April at 15:30](#)



[Richard Collier](#) OR you could make it a Japanese rock swimming pool = surprises the shit out of the kids diving in and good business for private clinics

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

[1](#)

· [30 April at 15:33](#)



[Susanne Ternald](#) And undertakers

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) · [30 April at 18:40](#)



[Susanne Ternald](#) Where is the pool stool?

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) · [30 April at 18:34](#)



[Susanne Ternald](#) Oh how I miss Theodora in the morning xx

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

[1](#)

· [30 April at 18:38](#)



[Mary Ann Smith](#) Wish I was there. Very cold today with rain. Love to

all. ❤️ ♡ ☐ 🇨🇦

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

[1](#)

· [1 May at 04:07](#)



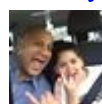
[Graeme Tickle](#) 4 weeks and we will be there

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

[1](#)

· [1 May at 23:30](#)



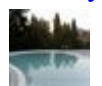
[Floyd Arissol](#) Miss it 🍺 ☀️ ☀️ ☐

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) ·

[1](#)

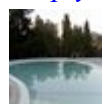
· [2 May at 13:25](#)



[Paul McGovern](#) Thank you all!!!

[Like](#)[Show More Reactions](#)

· [Reply](#) · [3 May at 05:19](#)



SPEAR TRAVELS- OUR SPONSORS



Agent
Achievement
Awards 2017

11th July 2017 • Park Plaza Westminster Bridge • London

Awards for Large Regional Agency of the Year:
Yorkshire, North Midlands and North-East England.

In 2014 we won 'Best Travel Retailer For Customer Service'.

In 2015 we won 'Best Local Travel Agency'.

In 2016 we won 'Best Local Travel Agency'.

I hope that we can make it 4 years in a row - wish us luck at the awards ceremony in July when we find out.

We are absolutely thrilled here at Spear Travels that we are a finalist in the Agent Achievement



Brendan Day brought drumming to the heart of Agios Ioannis at Agiotfest 2009, and inspired several of the young children here to take up musical instruments. Here is why:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1b1mONTgviQ&feature=share>

WE AWAIT DELIVERY OF TICKETS AT THE TIME OF PRINT.



Lin and Frank regal at a UK wedding. Frank also first played Agiotfest in 2009.



*Corfu street musicians
courtesy of Dick Mulder*



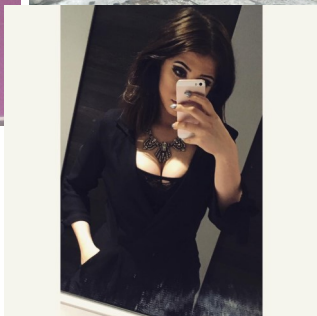
*Power Ladies
<*



Vrionis Rocks



*Busking Corfu
<*



*Zoe
>*



Visitor from Cuba!



*Ready
>*



*Richard Mulhall, formerly of
the Cukes*

Agiotfest Sponsors



**Ocay
Villas**



THE WORLD AS YOU WANT IT

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



Corfu Beer

daylong

Compression support all daylong

Flight socks available at www.daylong.co.uk

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.



VRIONIS
AUDIO VISUAL

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



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.

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!



Green Island

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



Sally's Bar
Ipsos

And:

Aqualand
Ray Bachan
Simon & Lin Baddeley
Bob Bakker
Robert Bennet
Big Bite Restaurant, Benitses
Lennart Bjorklund
Blue Bar, Gouvia Marina
Daniel Blom
Alex Boukis
Pat & Gina Brett
Bob & Jill Carr
Lyn Cahill
Micky Clark
Chas Clifton
Compass Café, Kontokoli
Corfu Gazette (Victoria)
Corfu TV
David, Cecilia & Jackie Dickinson
Sue Done
Dionysus Camping, Dassia
Eco-point
Evenos Woodcraft. Alykes
Mike Grice
Gouvia Marina
Rob Groove
Ken & Jan Harrop
Neil Hendriksen
Anne Hodgson
Hotel Telesillas, Kontokoli
Spyros Hytiris
In Action gym
Kafe Arkoutha, Corfu Town
Kafe sas Too, Ag. Georgios. South
Barry & Stella Knight
Spyros Kouloudis. Dentist
Dimitris Krokidis
<http://corfuwall.gr/>
La Tabernita Mexicana
La Tavola Calda
Mickey & Jack Lowe
Lionel Mann
Maria. Driving School
Nikolas's Taverna, Agni NSK
Clifford Owen
Hilary Paipeti
Vassilis Pandis Posidonio Restaurant, Agios Giordis
Peter Papageorgiou
Derek & Carole Pullen
Margareta Rodehn
Paul & Jan Scotter
Sephora Shop
Jo & Mel Sperling
Michael Spiggos, Firebrand Radio
<http://www.firebrandrr.co.uk/michael-spiggos/>
Star Bowl
Lucy Steele
Martin & Tracey Stuart
Sanna Ternald
Sue & Terry Thompson
Henk Van Der Does
Eleana Vlachou
Mary Walker
Adrian Ward
<http://realcorfu.com/>
Trevor Whybrow
Miri Widdicombe
Les & Chris Woods
Sarah Young
Steve Young
Nick & Penny Zajak

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Linguine with vegetables

INGREDIENTS:

Coarse salt and ground pepper

350 g linguine

450 g asparagus

1 medium courgette

120 g mangetout peas

½ cup heavy cream

1 tbsp. butter

2 tbsp. Fresh parsley leaves

GO:

1. In a large pot of boiling salted water, cook pasta 4 minutes short of al dente; add asparagus, courgette, and peas. Cook until vegetables are crisp-tender, about 3 minutes. Reserve 1/2 cup pasta water; drain pasta mixture, and set aside.

2. In the same pot, bring cream and butter to a simmer. Toss in pasta mixture and enough pasta water to create a thin sauce (it will thicken as it stands). Season with salt and pepper, and top with parsley.

Optional: sprinkle on some parmesan.



Καλη Ορεξη!

Corfu Weather Statistics MAY 2017

	Max	Avg	Min
Temperature			
Max Temperature	31°C	25 °C	20 °C
Mean Temperature	23 °C	20°C	17°C
Min Temperature	19 °C	14°C	12°C
Heating Degree Days (base 65)	3	2	0
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	8	2	0
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	24	17	12
Dew Point	19°C	14°C	8°C
Precipitation	5.1 mm	0.2 mm	0.0 mm
Wind			
Wind	37 km/h	6 km/h	0 km/h
Gust Wind	-		
Sea Level Pressure	1021 hPa	1014 hPa	1005 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



What dreams are made of
<

Video Corner

Dusty Young

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

The Gunfighter

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TXfltmzRG-g>

Gorillas

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xarwk2d5Jm8>

Whirlpool in Corfu

<http://www.ladbible.com/more/uk-viral-british-tourist-captures-huge-whirlpool-outside-his-hotel-in-corfu-20170527>

Nigel and Rachel

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZpDB1moFNkY>

Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by Hilary Paipeti

Travels in Place and Time

I USED TO THOROUGHLY ENJOY MY WINTER TRIPS from Corfu to the UK on the old Olympic Airways flights, especially on the 10am-ish service from Athens (old airport) to Manchester, which made for a total journey, door to door, of only six hours. Airline food, especially as OA was the proud (as they used to be then) National Carrier, was pretty tasty, and came served in solid, not throwaway, containers, with real metal cutlery. (Note to astounded Millennials: I can prove this; I have several sets at home.) Before the meal, you got a complimentary drink. I always chose whisky as it cost the airline more than ouzo - well, I WAS paying through the nose! For quaffing during the meal, they offered wine, and you could usually persuade one of the charming stewardesses to bring you a couple more bottles. Then you could go to sleep for an hour or so, as the flight lasted nearly four.

A quarter of a century down the line, flying as a mode of travel has been both slowed down and speeded up. Slowed down by the endless queues and security checks, obliging you to arrive at the airport much earlier than in the old, pre-WarOnTerror, days. Then more queues at the other end while immigration staff, manning only one booth, check the passports of half the world. At the same time, more efficient aircraft have drastically cut the actual flying time, so that just when you decide it's time for a nap... PING! 'We are now beginning our descent to XXX Airport, please return to your seats, fasten your belts and place your tray in the upright position.'

So they've curtailed what used to be the good bit - the flight - and made it less comfortable, while at the same time expanding the dreary hanging around parts, both with the extra queuing and by messing up those convenient timetables, which from my point of view meant only a wait of an hour and a half in Athens. What IS the point of the faster planes, when in practice the travelling time takes much longer? Last time I went to the UK (and I hope it will BE the LAST time) it took 22 hours to get back.



'Those were the days'

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE WE HEARD EXCUSES from British authorities that some planned project must be cancelled due to the presence of an exceedingly rare life form? Mustn't dredge that river, because it's the ONLY PLACE IN THE WORLD where the Greater Speckled Mussel hangs out (so houses flood after a rain shower). Mustn't build that bypass because it's the ONLY PLACE IN THE WORLD where the Morning Cloud Butterfly spawns (so a pretty village street continues to rumble with double-trailer traffic snarl-ups). And there's always a newt. Or a bat. Which is domiciled NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD.

Don't believe a word of it. I was once hired to guide a botany group in search of rare autumn flowers. One, the Biarum, especially got the botanists licking their lips. The leader, Simon, had come equipped with a map, just a rough sketch prepared by a previous leader, showing - you've guessed it - the ONLY PLACE IN CORFU where the Biarum grows. I managed to pinpoint the location to a particular olive terrace on a tiny lane leading out of Makrades, and along we went to find the elusive plant.

The Biarum might well be a candidate for the prize of Ugliest Flower Ever. I didn't know then what it looked like, so Simon guided me along the terrace, shouting instructions from the lane below.

'Left a bit. A bit more. There it is, just by your foot!'

I looked down. 'Simon, all I can see is a stick.'

'Yes, the Biarum looks like a stick!'

'Uh, Simon, I'm afraid it really is just a stick...'

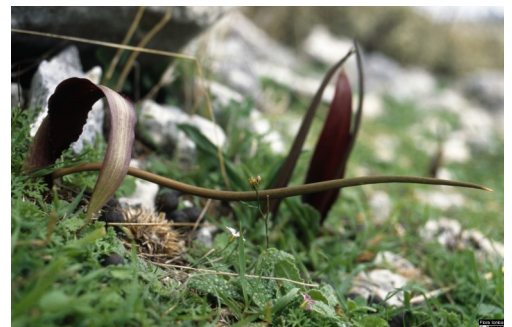
The anticipatory faces of the group fell like an express lift. We had failed to find the Biarum in the ONLY PLACE IN CORFU where it grew.

The next day, keyed up by the promise of a fleeting Autumn Narcissus, we climbed the hills behind Nissaki. Suddenly, I was stricken with a terrible head pain, as if something was simultaneously burrowing up my sinuses and driving a compass point between my eyes. We were surrounded by Biarums! Thousands and thousands of the damn things all over the olive terraces; it was the reek of them en masse which had literally browbeaten me. For the Biarum, not content with looking like a boring twig, attracts insects by stinking like a mixture of sewage and rotting meat.

So much for a single Makradean terrace being the Biarum's one and only habitat on Corfu. I've never got up that path and out of the olive groves so fast since. But at least the botanists were happy.

This is why I always am suspicious of those ONLY PLACE IN THE WORLD claims. Don't believe it.

It's a stick!
>



Hilary's Ramblings
Continued from Page 19

I HAVEN'T BEEN INTO THE HISTORIC CENTRE of Corfu Town for ages. And I mean ages as in YEARS. So it was nice to find, whilst undertaking a fact-check for a guidebook update, that very little has changed. (Not the case along the back streets of non-tourist areas, where three in four of the commercial premises are boarded up.) But one addition to the scene caught my eye: 'Corfu Living History'.

I'm always a sucker for a bit of history, so I joined a small group that was touring the attraction.

It knocks spots off many of Corfu's museums, not least because it is actually peopled by folk from the past - a Count, his wife and family, and their put-upon servants. Of course, they're actually life-size animated dummies - not quite up to Disney World standard but - hey - this is Greece!

For a modest entry fee, you get a guided tour of the accommodation, set up in a 19th century apartment, lasting nearly half an hour. The apartment is decorated, furnished and equipped in contemporary style, even down to the evil contraption used as a 'thunderbox' (looking at it, you wonder whether this particular object was responsible for the coining of that name). The commentary (in English) was amusing and very intelligent, but most charming were the 'back stories'

attached to the characters. They really brought the whole entity to life.

And I'll tell you something else - I even learned a few facts about the circle of aristocratic life in old Corfu; ones that made me thoroughly glad to live in the 21st century, for all the problems we experience! Coz it would have been just my luck to have been employed as a servant.

Corfu Living History is at N. Theotoki 16, just behind the Liston. In 2013 it won the Hellenic Entrepreneurship Award.

DRIVING INTO TOWN THAT DAY ALONGSIDE THE MARKET, I noticed my favourite sign has been taken down. In English, it was attached to the wall of a household goods emporium, now closed, and boasted: 'We sell electrical appliances from 1960'. This consistently provoked in me a desire to walk in and ask: 'Can I buy one of your 1960-model fridges, please?' I wonder what they would have said.

Talking of signs, the HOTEL IONION (sic) at the New Port sports a large sign designed, I suppose, to attract the attention of incoming backpackers. One day the first 'I' fell off, so arrivals were greeted by a notice inviting them to the HOTEL ONION. Serves them right for spelling Ionian wrong!

Simon's World

I concur with the view on Islamist ideology as expressed by the National Secular Society today, believing that politicians who refuse to talk about Islamist extremists aren't protecting minorities but treating all Muslims as if they were extremists. 'The Manchester bombing will not be the last Islamist atrocity in this country, to say nothing of the rest of the world. The struggle against the warped ideology which sustains extremism will likely consume generations of effort. There are, therefore, no easy answers. At the very least we offer our thoughts and solidarity to the victims and their families, and those who woke up in hospitals on Tuesday morning with life-altering injuries or to the news that their children or parents were dead.

Many have said that the attack, and the decision to target young children, was 'incomprehensible'. But it was not. There is no excuse for thinking that. Anybody who has been paying attention to Islamic extremism should know exactly why they do this. They are motivated by the worst possible interpretation of Islam, but it is Islamic.

We are not afraid of naming and confronting Islamist ideology, and we have no sympathy for those who obfuscate or deny the roots of jihadist terror. Our allies in this are many, and they include Muslim reformers and secularists. But there can be no denying the scale of the challenge. Terrorism is far from being the only problem Islamist ideology poses to our way of life and our values. Surveys of Muslim opinion both around the world, and

here at home, bring disturbing results, on everything from women's rights to suicide bombing. It is this entire spectrum of belief and behaviour that the secularist movement must confront.'

Richard Pine's latest letter from Corfu where he lives: ',,,TS Eliot, echoing Plato, wrote: "Between the idea and the reality, falls the shadow." If it were not for the resilience of the Greek people, and their capacity to tolerate confusion, their dissent would erupt into disloyalty of a dangerous kind. But loyalty to the "idea" of Greece, even if it nowhere matches the reality, allows dissent to inhabit this shadowland of unknowing.'



[Greece mired in vicious cycle of recession](#)

Greece Letter: Various announcements about progress merely public charades
irishtimes.com

Nature



COURTESY OF BOB GILES

Damaged Wall Brown spotted by Tricia late one afternoon



Fireflies

Courtesy of Giannis Gasteratos



Southern White Admiral in early sun on Oregano blooms.

Courtesy of John Denne



1 Κι άλλα χρώματα.



2 Η μωβ πλευρά του κήπου μου



3 Καμιά φορά σκέφτομαι πως η Κέρκυρα δεν είναι σωστά φωτογραφημένη...

From Sonia's garden

Continued on Page 22

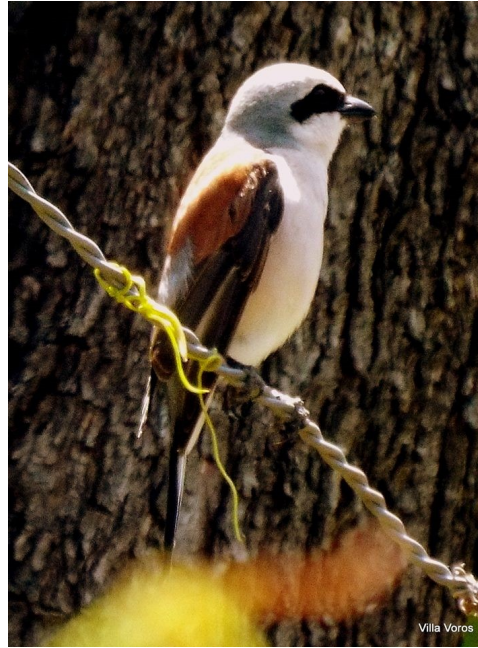
Nature - Continued from Page 21



© Stephen Young

Dalmatian Algyroides(male) Loutses

Courtesy of Stephen Young



Courtesy Villa Voros

<

A few moments respite and a pot of green tea before the rain starts again. The garden is a jungle but it's buzzing with pollinating thingies. They are attracted by the purple aquilegia and Mrs. Bowles, white strawberry blossoms, the blue/purple of wild campanula that clings into any wall crevice it can find and an arching ancient shrub rose, beautifully scented but so old that it's name is long lost. There's an open faced clematis all purplely with glowing maroon and pale gold painterly marks that the insects seem to enjoy, but they are drawn to and confused by the climbing rose Gertrude Jekyll that won the RHS best for perfume last year.

Every year this pocket handkerchief front garden makes me think 'this is truly the best time' but it then goes on to surprise me with lavender and a huge bright pink geranium (not the annual pelargonium), honeysuckle and a couple more clematis - a large flowering single blossom Hyde Hall and a wildly scrambling bell shaped Betty Corning that I've seen described as a bit of a brute. There's lots more to delight me as the year goes on but it still has to convince me that May isn't the best month.

By Zena Philips



Beware millipedes

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 is now recommending this for inflammatory concerns!

The Furniture Workshope 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.furnitureworkshope.co.uk



Dawn Purves at Avgerini

Avgerini
Catering
Corfu

[http://
www.avgerinicater
ingcorfu.com/](http://www.avgerinicateringcorfu.com/)



Nino's
Taverna.
Old
Town



Always a great
Welcome
in Ipsos

CORFU
BEER



ΣΑΠΟΝΟΠΟΙΕΤΑ
ΠΑΤΟΥΝΗ
1850

Apostolos Patounis,
9, Ioannou Theotoki Street,
Corfu 49100, Greece
tel.: +30 2661039806
fax: +30 2661020704
e-mail: info@patounis.gr
www.patounis.gr

Traditional Olive Soap

Throughout modern history soap has been a necessity in developed societies, as the primary means of hygiene and cleanliness. It also found application in medicine and pharmacology for its healing and antiseptic properties. Though things have changed, traditional soap still has the benefit of having passed the test of time: It has offered its services for many successive generations, improving the quality of life while being environmentally friendly throughout production and use. Furthermore pure soap is considered the most thorough skin cleanser since it unblocks the skin's pores by effectively removing dirt, oily substances and dead cells.

The "PATOUNIS Soap Works" with a history of over 150 years, still make handcrafted soap by traditional methods from locally produced olive products. The Corfu plant built in 1891, preserved with its functioning tools and equipment, constitutes a living memory of a splendid old local tradition.

The following soaps are made here:

- **Olive Oil Soap** is made totally of pure virgin olive oil. It has limited lathering capacity but is distinguished for its mild action on sensitive skin.
- **The Green Olive Soap** is made of olive pomace oil which contains the olive chlorophyll, is acclaimed for its disinfecting properties and wide range of applications (also good for hair and scalp, provided you use it with soft water).
- **Olive-Palm Soap** is made of 80% pure virgin olive oil and 20% edible palm kernel oil thus a mild soap with rich smooth lather.

The above soaps are made using only the basic raw material of traditional soap manufacture, i.e. naturally occurring oils, soda, sea salt and water.

Sunday Lunches will be served at

ΚΑΦΕΣΑΣ

Sunday afternoons throughout the quiet season

Lunch served from 1:00pm until
around 3:00pm



A choice of roast meats and seasonal vegetables

Followed by dessert

In the beautiful
Agi George South;
ring Harriet on
6944807933 to reserve
your place



Divino Italian Restaurant

BRILLIANT FOOD
FRIENDLY SERVICE
REASONABLY-PRICED
AND AT THE QUIET END OF GUILD-
FORD STREET

**Red
Penguin
Dassia**



Tranquil
Camping
Dionysus
at Dassia



Article By David Orkin

[sent in by Allie Stewart].

In 1974, at the age of 16, I bought a ticket for a two-week charter flight to Corfu and wrote to both of the island's youth hostels asking about availability for my chosen dates. Though I've yet to receive a reply from the Kondokali hostel, I did receive a friendly, positive letter from Vasili Combolitis, the manager at Aghios Ioannis. The hostel was housed in a three-storey villa built by the British in the 1860s and surrounded by fields, gardens and olive groves. At the top of a hill in the centre of the island, both the building and the adjacent palm tree were visible for miles. The beaches were well over an hour's walk away.

I immediately fell in love with the place: the hostel, the village, Costa's taverna where we ate every evening, the beaches (especially Pelekas and the unspoilt Myrtiotissa), the sunny days and balmy evenings, the life. So much so that I found myself going back year after year. Sometimes I camped in the garden. You could also pitch a tent below the village in Costa's fields (known as Strawberry Fields and Cactus Hilton). There was no charge, the understanding being that you would eat your meals at his taverna.

Costa's taverna was the centre of village life, especially in the evenings: the food was excellent and cheap, and he, wife Nitsa and daughters Lula and Anna were loved by everyone who passed through. There was a jukebox which, in addition to a few Greek dancing favourites, had the cream of late Sixties and early Seventies rock, including classics by Neil Young, Hendrix and the Doors. Outside wobbled a heavily used table-football game - in later years we'd buy souvlakis from Nikos the Kebab Man just so that we could use the greasy paper they were wrapped in to oil the table's metal rods and keep the wooden players spinning freely.

Brits, Germans and Swedes flocked to Aghios Ioannis. Long-haul air travel was fearsomely expensive in those days, and Greece was a much-used hub on overland and sea routes. Corfu was offered as a free stopover on all the ferries between Italy and Greece. Many travellers came to the island intending just to break their journey for a night or two and ended up staying at Aghios Ioannis for the summer - and returning the following year. In the evening, in the village, people would sit at the taverna's long tables and swap stories of their recent experiences in Goa, Malindi, Phuket, Bali, Kathmandu or Cuzco over dinner. They'd pause occasionally to feed a few drachs into the jukebox,

or to wander off for a discreet smoke. Local Greek guys would strut their funky stuff, dancing with a glass on their head or perhaps a table or chair clenched between their teeth. When they'd stopped eating the furniture, they would promise undying love to any passing female traveller. Eventually, in the small hours, Costa would turn off the jukebox and close the taverna. We'd adjourn to the hostel garden. Someone would produce a guitar and massacre the latest hit by Cat Stevens, James Taylor or Dylan.

Finally, a road down to Pelakis beach was started. The game was up. On my last visit (in 1981) I turned up to find that the hostel had closed. I didn't have a tent with me, much to the delight of the mosquitoes and sandflies. The Corfu bubble had finally burst.

For a few years afterwards I'd hear bits of Corfu news through the grapevine - the table-football game had fallen to bits, the jukebox had gone, the hostel had reopened as a hotel - but it eventually faded. More than 20 years on, I decided to go back. I disembarked from the ferry to Corfu Town's harbourside. After two decades would there be any remnants of how things had been?

I found the bus stop with ease but was surprised to see that its sign said "Aghios Ioannis - For Aqualand Water Fun Park". Though Corfu is a lush and verdant isle, the village had long been known for its chronic water shortages: coming back from the beach and going for a shower only to find the water off was a daily irritation.

On the bus ride I saw that the builders had not been idle. We passed Aqualand, an incongruous, multicoloured monstrosity that looked strangely like the Pompidou Centre. It had been built on the site of a marshy pond in a field about a mile from the village.

At the Aghios Ioannis bus terminus things were familiar: Dino's Taverna (our alternative to Costa's in the evening) had become "Dino's Supermarket" and looked to have closed down relatively recently. More new buildings on the 10-minute walk to the village proper: I paused before rounding the last corner.

Continued on Page 26

*Article by David Orkin
Continued from Page 25*

Amazingly it didn't look that different. The "hostel" was now the Hotel Marinda, freshly painted and with flags fluttering outside. The taverna had new white plastic tables and chairs, and there were a few more cars around. And there was Costa wiping down a table.

He saw me as I drew nearer, shouted to the kitchen and his wife and two daughters appeared. Costa was now well into his seventies. I asked about accommodation. Anna, his daughter, offered me a nice, simple room in her pension just behind the taverna, for £10 a night.

Over the next few days she helped fill in the missing Corfu years. The discovery of underground water had put an end to the shortages, and helped to create Aqualand.

The final nail was hammered into the coffin of the "old" Aghios Ioannis nine years ago when Costa stopped allowing camping in his fields.

Anna's sister Lula had brought her English husband back to live in the village. The two women, and Anna's husband, help in the taverna. Costa still works from early morning until midnight every day. The taverna's inside walls are covered with hundreds of photos of past revellers. A Dutch holiday company had "discovered" Aghios Ioannis and block books the rooms in the hotel (now managed once again by Vasili, and named after his daughter).

Pelekas beach has a big hotel and lots of apartment buildings: there still isn't a sealed road down to Myrtiotissa but a lot of cars and motorbikes bump down the dusty steep dirt road to the beach, where you can now hire sunbeds and umbrellas.

Virtually unknown when I'd last been there, Myrtiotissa was already busy in the middle of June. Anna said that quite a few "old-timers" still come back to visit, often bringing their partners and children to show them the mythical place associated with so many happy, faded memories.

Before the jukebox had been taken away, a bunch of Irish regulars had taped all the records on it and left the tapes at the taverna for posterity.

On the last evening of my pilgrimage, I sat with my back to the taverna building, persuaded Costa to play one of those tapes and looked around. The taverna's tables were occupied by quiet Dutch families with young children. The cicadas still buzzed and the evening air was full of remembered scents of jasmine and wild herbs.

It was great to come back, wonderful to see Costa, Nitsa, Lula and Anna again, to know that Myrtiotissa hadn't yet been completely ruined and that village life still meant tranquil mornings and lazy afternoons. Though I should have known better I couldn't help hankering after the crazy days I remember so well. Aghios Ioannis had grown up and mellowed, but I suppose I haven't.