

97th Edition

The Agiot

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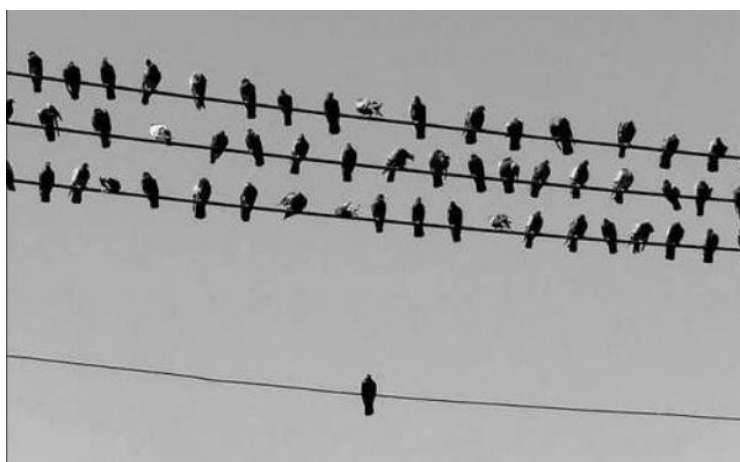
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Letters to the Editor

A CALL TO ALMS

My friend Cecilia asked me 'Hi honey, I just read the Agiot - are you still singing and dancing?'

THAT deserves a proper answer, I thought..

Ed:

So, we are eyeing up 2016 and this is the Open Letter promised previously. Individual letters will be sent to our supporters during the month, as our Deadline Decision Day is on December 1st.

Agiotfest is getting better and better, as many of you kindly testify. We want to make it even better, even bigger every year, without losing the intimate and friendly atmosphere which pervades the groves.

It is expensive to put on, that it is why the quality is good.

We need help. Unlike other events on Corfu, we are totally privately-funded, and do not use tax-payers money from local Government sources. Our strength is the

support of our friends and fans. To be able to give it our best shot and thereby light up Agios next August, we are requesting with respect, for those of you who believe that what we are doing, for the village, for the island and for Festival music on the island, and increasingly for local Charities, is a significant effort; for you to become Agiotfest members.



We are not profit-making; at least, not for ourselves. Ask my wife. Our profit is friendship and memories. But our island benefits financially, as the ripples of Agiotfest spread across Corfu.

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Letters to the Editor
Continued from Page 1

We are seeking a minimum of 50 Euros per year for this membership [or Sterling equivalent] from every couple [or 25 per person] who considers what we do to be worthwhile. Membership automatically entitles you to FREE admission at Agiotfest. So, as you can see, the cost is not so great if you come along on the night. But the commitment IS and will make all our work seem justified. Of course, some people may want to contribute more. Every penny collected is invested directly into the event. So, put simply, the more money we raise, the higher will become the standards.

At the same time we are taking early-bird ticket reservations for 2016. An adult early-bird ticket will cost 12 Euros. We need name pledges by November 30th and ticket money by February 1st. You can enquire through this site or ask your normal ticket distributor. You will note a significant drop in our ticket price from previous years; this is to encourage an increase in our audience size.

From February 1st ticket price per adult will rise to 15 Euros. Children will always be welcome free of ticket charge and there will continue to be no restrictions on anybody bringing their own picnic.

For 2016 we have arranged for the Headliners to be a top Motown 'live band' from the U.K. We listen to our fan base and they are in the mood to dance next year!!

HERE IS A SHORT POST-MOVIE OF AGIOTFEST 15

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5aPUyo68BQE>

Carol Flynn wrote: 'Just watched. Great memories of a great night x'

Christine Woods from Agios wrote:
'Well done all involved, amazing night bring on 2016 x'

'They [Los Jaigüey] Excellent!! Bravo! They were very popular here.'

Lolve Neyra from Mexico City wrote
Here too!

They were the second more mentioned mexican band in the mexican media on september.

Heather Skinner wrote:

"Play at Agiotfest - these groupies will be poolside"



Steve Hertel wrote:

'Hi Paul. great video, is there going to be any of individual band performances?'

ED: Yes Steve, after the New Year there will be videos of all the bands, no worries.

Bernhard Heppner wrote:

'please, please more or better - all!'

From our Agiotfest friend Sue Done;

'We are pleased to announce that so far the amount raised by selling the Agiotfest 2015 Charity Wristbands is 456.60 euros.

The money has been divided between Smile of The Child Children's Home in Magoulades and Spaying & Neutering Stray Dogs & Cats.

We still have some wristbands left so if anyone is interested please either message corfudogs@gmail.com or contact us through the Agiotfest Facebook page. Thank you to everyone who bought wristbands, it is much appreciated.'



The Way We Were

DO YOU RECOGNISE YOURSELVES AGIOTS?
MAIL IN AND IDENTIFY THE LESSER-KNOWN (TO US) DEGENERATES.

NEXT LATE AUGUST AGIOTFEST COMBINES WITH THE AGIOT REUNION.
COME AND PARTY WITH PEOPLE YOU KNEW IN THOSE CRAZY-HAZY SUMMERS,
IN A WEEK OF FUN FUN FUN AND HOT MUSIC.

SPECIAL TICKET PRICES FOR THOSE WHO CAN PROVE THEIR CREDENTIALS FOR THIS ELITE CLUB.

PICTURES COURTESY OF GERT DEPKE. THANK YOU GERT



Saturday Walks

November

Saturday, 7 November: Porta, the High Tracks and the Oak Forest (** 3 - 3 1/2 hours). Meet at the Old Schoolhouse, top end of Porta. 10.00 for immediate start. Lunch at Roumeli, Nissaki. NOTE: Only one steepish, shortish climb, but great views all the way!

Saturday, 14 November: Stavros Mountain and the Clifftop Chapel (** 2 hours). Meet at Kostas Bar, Dafnata - Stavros (top end of Stavros Village at the viewpoint), 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch to be arranged. NOTE: With a bit of luck, we see some rare wild flowers. Perhaps the best mountain walk away from the Pantokrator Massif.

Saturday, 21 November: Liapades and the Olive Way (** 2 1/2 hours). Meet at Liapades Square, 10.00 for 10.30 start (PLEASE park well down in the village and walk up to the square). Lunch at Elizabeth's, Doukades. NOTE: A slightly different version of this much-loved walk from the normal one.

Saturday, 28 November: Strinilas and the Karst Plateau (** 2 1/2 hours). Meet at Stamatis, Strinilas, 10.00 for 10.30 start, with short onward car journey. Lunch at Stamatis. NOTE: One of our top-rated walks, but rough underfoot.



ED: Hilary Paipeti has as good a knowledge of the highways and byways of Corfu as any I know. Well worth coming along and benefiting from her love of this island.

Video Corner

4 Nights with the Devil

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iFZ_iOlNaOs

Andy helping around village;

<https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/originals/62/c4/8d/62c48d75abd23ef7a212d97711ff3391.gif>

The Kerry-man

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?t=58&v=QvET1-e3aJl>

[Press the replay circle in the bottom left to replay]

What is really going on in Syria?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yMZnX4PnubI>

Putin it to you straight?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VbZDyr2LkdI>

4 Nights with the Devil

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iFZ_iOlNaOs



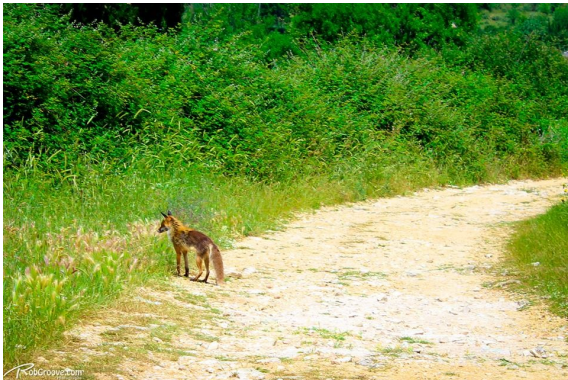
'A real Corfu Sky'

Village and Island News

By
The Editor

October here in Agios Ioannis; a month of beautiful skies and calm winds, olive boughs sagging with the weight of fruit, a rash of Autumn growth in the fields and gardens; a new life, a passing one, a wedding. It was not all fine weather. One evening in town we were caught out by a Monsoon. The streets raged with a torrent, the drains could not drink the sudden surge quickly enough. It looked more like Venice than Corfu for a while.

The last visitors are usually trickling away like sand at this time of the year but this season will be an exception, as we await hardier souls from Sweden and Lincolnshire to arrive during November, via Athens.



'They live among us.'

Foxes, once thought extinct on the island, are back; maybe jackals too. I have not seen our buzzard for some time. He will do well to escape the artillery starting up for its own season in the valley below. But at Vasilika one drove straight in front of the windscreen, gliding in silent majesty from the tree-line, to bank effortlessly away through the canopy when it spotted the intrusion to its natural world.



'These pups need homes'

So mild the weather, I took a last swim in the pool on October 1st; Skegness came to mind.

Beba came home from her hospital birth, to become the youngest person in our little street, into her first home two doors down from our oldest resident, Lionel.



'Beba comes home.'

The miracle of new life in our midst puts a spring into every step. At the same time we must mourn the passing of Eleni Skoura, who died at the age of 82 after a long struggle with Parkinson's, which saw her bed-ridden next door for many a month. She had been such a lively, vivacious woman when I first came here, always ready for a joke and tease. In later times she would walk the lane, crying out for a small girl who did not exist, if only in her own sad mind. Her funeral was at our little church, but her middle daughter Maria would not enter the building, being a Jehovah's Witness. Ah, Religion....

I bumped into Obnoxious Al in town. He looked Ancient. He probably thought the same about me. Two Ancient men discussing their pasts and their presents; but always with a laugh.



'New works despite the Economy'

Continued on Page 6

Village and Island News
Continued from page 5

There is a rat in the attic. This is not the first time. But hold on, this one has been playing with my Dinky toys!



'A wedding'

There was a wedding at the church of Agion Konstantinon and Elenis on the way to the airport. The Groom was one of our village's two bread-men, Spiros Moraitis, who was marrying Nina, the daughter of our former plumber Paniotis, who gave up working some years ago, after the tragic loss of his young son in a road accident. It was good to see Paniotis here with a ray of light entering his world. The well-attended reception was at the massive bike shed called Gloupos.

This month sees us observe OXI day, on the 28th; another great excuse for a public Holiday. How I love this country! Many times over the years we have been into the City for the parades and celebrations. This time we gathered in our own kitchen with the family and friends, and for the first time-at this table, though she was ignoring the food, we welcomed Beba. This was a most joyous occasion.



'The short and long of it.'

The month ended with the first stove fire, but it was NOT at home, and not really needed. It was at Elina and Peter's Spiti, as Lula and I had to check the new stove was working properly Phew! Yes! It was!



*'Chris and
Nikki Dartford
enjoying an
October
taverna'*

Corfu Weather Statistics October 2015

Read more at:

[http://
www.wunderground.com/
history/airport/
LGKR/2013/9/1/
MonthlyHistory.html?
req_city=NA&req_state=NA
&req_statename=NA#PFq1V
RYHlbugcTGf.99](http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statename=NA#PFq1VRYHlbugcTGf.99)

Temperature

Max Temperature

Mean Temperature

Min Temperature

Degree Days

Heating Degree Days (base 65)

Cooling Degree Days (base 65)

Growing Degree Days (base 50)

Dew Point

Precipitation

Wind

Wind

Gust Wind

Sea Level Pressure

Max	Avg	Min
26°C	23 °C	19 °C
22 °C	20 °C	16°C
20 °C	16 °C	11°C
4	1	0
8	3	0
22	18	11
22 °C	16°C	-15 °C
22.1 mm	1.6 mm	0.0 mm
64 km/h	8 km/h	0 km/h
64 km/h	42 km/h	27 km/h
1025 hPa	1015 hPa	998 hPa

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Sit around the fire with a cuppa, and dig in to some

GINGERED CARROT CAKE

INGREDIENTS

- 2 cups All-purpose Flour
- 2 cups Sugar
- 2 tsp Baking Powder
- ½ tsp Soda
- 4 beaten Eggs
- 3 cups finely shredded Carrots
- ¾ cup Dried Fruit pieces
- 2 tsp grated Ginger Root
- OR 1 tsp Ground Ginger
- ¾ cup Cooking Oil

Orange Cream Cheese Frosting

- 200gm Cream Cheese
- ½ cup softened Butter
- 5 cups sifted Powder Sugar
- 1tbs Orange Juice
- 1 tsp finely grated Orange Peel.

GO!

1. Grease and flour two 22cm round Baking Pans. Line the bottom of each with Greaseproof Paper and put them aside.
2. In a large bowl mix flour, sugar, baking powder and soda.
3. In another mixing bowl combine the eggs, carrots, dried fruit, ginger and oil.
4. With a spoon stir together the contents of the two bowls.
5. Pour the mixture equally into the Baking Pans.

6. Preheat oven to 180C.
7. Bake pans for about 35 to 40 minutes or until a toothpick inserted into the centre comes out clean.
8. Once cooked cool on a wire rack for 10 minutes.
9. Remove cakes from the pans and detach greaseproof paper.
10. Continue the cooling on the racks.

11. Prepare the Frosting

Beat the Cream Cheese, Butter and Orange Juice with an electric mixer until light and fluffy. Gradually add two cups of the Sugar and then slowly add the remainder of the Sugar. Stir in the Orange Peel.

12. When the cakes are cold, cover top and sides with the frosting. Cover and store in a refrigerator until required.

DO NOT HOLD BABIES WHILE DOING THIS.



Καλη ορεξη

Bespoke Constructions and Ocay Villas

In conjunction with www.ocayvillascorfu.com, and following on from last month's article, we are pleased to inform you that work is under-way right now on the further improvement on the splendid potential of Lydia's Villa, almost right in the centre of Agios Ioannis, and a stone's throw from the lovely plateia with the famous Kostas Taverna.

The villa will sleep six when complete, and will be ready and available for rent from Greek Big Easter week, starting on Monday, 25th April. It will feature a 50 square metre pool. Enquire please at the above link.



'The magic of the Plateia'

Ocay villas will have upward of twenty destinations from 2016, throughout Corfu, to choose from. So keep dipping into their new website and make your enquiry.



CORFU GOLF CLUB

Ropa Valley • P.O. BOX 71 • Corfu 49100 • Tel: 26610 94220 -1 Fax: 26610 94 22 1
Athens Office: 1, P. Stavrou Str. • Athens 11524 • Greece • Tel. & Fax: 210 6923028

Special Golf Package for Villa Guests

€ 40 per person*

Including:

18 holes **greenfee**

½ set of **clubs**

½ lt. mineral water

330ml beer or soft drink

Please ask your **Local Agents** for more information.

Book your **tee time** and...

Pay the fee on arrival at the **Club!**

Pre-booking of the golf car is necessary

**Retail price, greenfee and clubs € 65. Buggy, €30*



18-Hole International Championship
«One of the greatest courses in Europe» Encyclopedia of Golf
TSAOUSOGLOU ENTERPRISES owners of CORFU HOLIDAY PALACE



THE FURNITURE WORKSHOPPE

Come and visit the Furniture Workshoppe in Norwich.

We now deliver
Nationwide!

<http://www.pineworkshoppe.co.uk/>

Visit here at the Agiot next month for a full article by the owners.

A Letter From a Irish Mother - Contributed by Jan

Dear Son,

Just a few lines to let you know I'm still alive, I'm writing this letter slowly because I know you can't read fast.

You won't know the house when you get home - we have moved. About your father - he has a lovely new job. He has 500 men under him - he cuts grass at the cemetery. There was a washing machine at the new house when we moved in but it hasn't been working too good. Last week I put in fourteen shirts, pulled the chain, and haven't seen the shirts since.

Your sister Mary had a baby this morning but I haven't found out wether it's a boy or a girl, so I don't know if you are an aunt or an uncle.

Your uncle Patrick drowned last week in a vat of whisky in the Dublin brewery, some of his workmates tried to save him but he fought them off bravely. They cremated him and it took three days to put out the fire.

I went to the doctor on Thursday and your father went with me, the doctor put a small tube in my mouth and told me not to talk for ten minutes. Your father offered to buy it of him.

It only rained twice this week, first for three days and then for four days. Monday was so (PTO) windy one if the chicken's laid the same egg four times. We had a letter from the undertaker. He said if the last payment on your grandmother's plot wasn't paid in seven day, up she comes.

Your loving mother
Xx

P.s. I was going to send you five pound but I had already sealed the envelope.

The Good Life, Corfu.

By
Les and Chris



Glad to report that the lawn is coming along ok but due to the earlier ground clearance/ levelling, (which meant that any areas that were slightly higher than the lower level's had to be reduced to give an even playing field effect).

During this operation most of the soil was simply bulldozed over the lower

levels of the land covering the natural Corfu flora, not a problem unless you want a cultivated grassed area.

This did not appear to be an issue until suddenly after a few heavy showers of rain the whole grassed area began to change appearance?

Closed inspection revealed absolutely mass upon mass of every type of weed etc bursting through the ground

and taking over the grassed area smothering the grass we had loving nurtured and battled the ants over the grass seed!

Removing the biggest of the weeds coming through by hand made us realise the size of the task ahead of us in attempting to keep the weeds under control.

After again consulting some of the "sages of the village" as to where to obtain some form of chemical to help control the voracious natural weeds - only to be told "why do you want to grow grass, you will put so much time and effort in to looking after it, why not put your time and effort in to something that is useful - like vegetables or fruit?"

We explained, we already have an extensive veg patch underway and have planted many, many fruit trees, could not argue with their reasoning "but we want to have a lawn".

Only to be informed "people in Corfu do not cultivate grassed areas because of the problems with weeds" - oh great!

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The Good Life, Corfu
Continued from Page 9

Off to the garden centre on the Paliokonstritsa road, (where we bought the grass seed from) explained our problem with the voracious weeds to the guy there. And tried to explain that we required some form of week-killer that can be applied to grassed areas? "Ah I have seen you on the computer" the guy said to me! "What me on the computer" I thought? "Follow me" he said!

So we followed him to the rear of the shop to where he had a desktop PC set up. Still wondering what on earth he was going to show me on the computer? He brought up google and showed me pictures of ants? No been there done that, "not ants I explained to him"

It was obvious at this point that what he meant earlier was that he did not fully understand our problem but was going to attempt to help us by identifying the problem in picture form on the PC, good man! Next he brought up pictures of snails "these" he asked us?

"No not snails, weeds", we tried to explain, so I typed in weeds in the search box and hit search. It was at this point his mother came through to the back to offer us some coffee, just as the results of our search for weeds came up on the screen! Oops, the PC full screen was suddenly filled with naked women all smoking big joints of marijuana. We all looked at one another and thankfully all bust out laughing, even his mother, phew!

We then looked up a gardening site and we found the type of weeds we were having problems with in controlling. With our predicament now fully understood, we were supplied with the correct bottle of weed control chemical that could be applied to grassed areas. Waving goodbye and with everyone still chuckling over the PC incident, off we drove home to apply the weed-killer to the lawn.

Glad to report that after a couple of days the bulk of the weeds have disappeared but what we are left with are quite a few daffodil type flower leaves coming through the grass which we are having to dig out by hand but we (the lawn and us) are getting there. The wild flowers we are digging out are being transplanted to the areas of the land we have left to return back to meadow and hopefully encourage the return of local wildlife.



'What A Life'

After the abnormal hot period during July and August it is so nice to see the garden recovering and trees, flowers etc coming back to life.

Also after a few spells of rain – and one particular storm signalling the end of summer and the onset of autumn – the meadows starting to bloom with autumn flowers, crocus, cyclamen etc.

With the nights now drawing in and starting to feel cooler, our thoughts are turning to our first winter on Corfu.

Having always has the comfort of simply flicking a switch to bring the heating on in our previous home and never having to make a fire to heat the house since I was a very small boy in my Mums council house in Liverpool, we are quite looking forward to lighting the wood burner for the first time, memories of toasting bread in front of the open fire many, many years ago, quite exciting and all part of getting away from the everyday conveniences of modern living in our previous life.

While the autumn days are still bathed in sunshine we have had many successful outings foraging for wood, have also taken delivery of several tonnes of olive wood to hopefully see us through the winter months.

The recent storm brought a fairly large tree down - just missing our boundary fence – every cloud has a silver lining.

So the chainsaw I received from Chris for my birthday was put to good use and the windfall was soon carefully cut up and stored away to "season" for use next year.

That's it for now, as we are off to find a toasting fork!

THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION POPPY APPEAL - 2015

This year Remembrance Day falls on Wednesday, 11 November and in a short while the Collection Boxes and a wide variety of Supplies will be available to everyone.

You will find boxes and supplies in various locations around the island:
North; South; East; West and Central Corfu.

I understand the financial difficulties we are living with and, also, the possibility of more austerity measures to come. With this in mind I ask you, our very regular and reliable supporters of The Royal British Legion, to donate what you can reasonably afford and every penny will be well appreciated, I can assure you.

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's not forget those who gave their all so we could be free. and let's stand:
'Shoulder to shoulder with all who serve'

Just a gentle reminder that a wide variety of Poppy items are now available at many locations around the island.

This year we have some new items and a selection of all will be available at the British Cemetery on Sunday, 8 November prior to the wreath-laying ceremony commencing at 11.45am.

Let's hope we will have a sunny day for this very memorable occasion and I look forward to seeing many of you, our regular supporters and friends, on the Day.

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

Nick The Clock's World

The Comic With A conscience

Listen Rey, Check these out to see facts behind Media Headlines!

CHEMTRAILS

<http://www.wakingtimes.com/2015/07/08/aluminum-barium-strontium-the-new-manhattan-chemtrail-project/>

CITY STATES

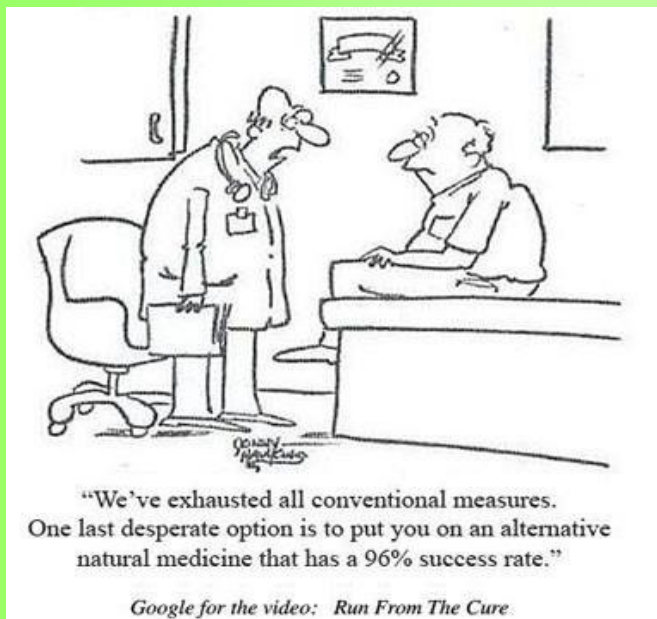
<http://www.wakingtimes.com/2015/07/08/aluminum-barium-strontium-the-new-manhattan-chemtrail-project/>

RICHEST PRESIDENT IN THE WORLD

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4GX6a2WEA1Q>

CHINA GREEN

http://www.trueactivist.com/11-pictures-of-an-abandoned-chinese-fishing-village-taken-over-by-nature/?utm_source



Stanley Livingston, in deepest Africa, finds a cannibal restaurant. The specialty of the day is brains - fried doctor brains for twenty bucks, sautéed architect brains for twenty-five bucks, and roasted attorney brains for two hundred bucks. Livingston, perplexed, asks the waiter why the attorney brains are so costly. The waiter snorts, "Do you know what a job it is to clean those suckers?"

Nick The Clock's World

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OH DEER

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CyyY05bSDMA>



Iceland has no army • Jailed their corrupt bankers • Economy is booming • Violent crime is rare • One of the lowest crime rates in the world



An aged farmer and his wife were leaning against the edge of their pig-pen when the old woman wistfully recalled that the next week would mark their golden wedding anniversary.

"Let's have a party, Homer," she suggested. "Let's kill a pig."

The farmer scratched his grizzled head. "Gee, Ethel," he finally answered, "I don't see why the pig should take the blame for something that happened fifty years ago."

That's All Folks!

Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by
Hilary Paipeti

Hectic Weekend

Phew! The weekend of 9-11 October was certainly a hectic one! It started with 'An Evening with Edward Lear' by 'National Treasure' Nicholas Parsons - an introduction to the newly-formed Edward Lear Society. Nicholas has a long-time interest in Corfu cricket, and 20 years ago I accompanied him on research for a BBC radio show on the subject, tracking down people and places and interpreting on his behalf.

Also as part of Nicholas' visit, Sunday morning saw a rare cricket match played in front of the Liston, which I was not able to attend (more of that later).

Anyway, back to the Lear event. It took place, as was proper, at the Reading Society, with its lovely atmosphere redolent of Edward Lear's times. Conveying this wonderful cultural institution, founded in 1836, into the present age has been a labour of love, and in the seemingly untouched rooms with their sculptures and paintings you hardly notice the state-of-the-art projector tucked beside the light fitting, the pull-down wide-screen, and the protective sprinkler systems.

Nicholas put on a tremendous performance, narrating the story of Lear's life with many incursions into his nonsense verse (and quoting his three nonsense recipes, which sounded rather like my Greek sister-in-law's culinary efforts!). He recited from memory a number of the poems (it's demanding verse, full of tricky repetitions and absurd words), including favourites *The Owl and the Pussycat*, *The Jumblies*, and *The Pobble Who Has No Toes*. The presentation was even more remarkable coming from a man who would celebrate his 92nd birthday the very next day.

I hope Nicholas had a most enjoyable birthday weekend; a combination of Lear, cricket and Corfu - his beloved favourites all in one go. (And yes, he remembered me.)

Membership of the Edward Lear Society may be acquired via the Reading Society, or the Cavalieri Hotel. The Society was founded recently by long-time Corfu resident Derek Johns and Spiros Flambouriaris, whose family owns the Cavalieri. Nicholas Parsons is the Society's Patron.

Our Saturday morning walk was overshadowed by

threats of bad weather that did not materialise (as it tends not to). Nevertheless, while some kept away, some new walkers joined us; they were frequent visitors and part-time residents so we hope to see more of them. We enjoyed lunch at Tristrato, an old roadhouse below Giannades that boasts one of Corfu's best year-round kitchens.

Then there was The Storm. I can sleep through the Apocalypse, but that one had me awake most of the night keeping hatches battered down, praying the roof tiles would stick, and comforting very anxious dogs. It was a shrieking, raucous, racketing, clattering, clanging, banging banshee of a wind. Remarkably, the power stayed on, though some villages had none for the whole of the next day.

After a doze from about five o'clock, morning awoke to scenes of damage. Branches strewn the yard and sadly most of my weeping willow was down. Bits of garden furniture and equipment had relocated to new and unexpected spots. My own little lane was fortunately clear, but the road was an obstacle course of arboreal wreckage. The large part of an old judas tree had blocked the thoroughfare, leaving just enough width for early cars to squeeze past (lucky it was Sunday; no way could the weekday service bus have got through). An ancient walnut had shed a giant branch, and a number of poplar boughs had crashed down.

But by nine the chain-saws were in full throttle, and by midday all the debris was stacked at the roadside. Here, we're not obliged to twiddle our thumbs while awaiting a team of hi-viz busybodies, accompanied by a tooth-sucking health and safety operative insistent on closing the road for two miles in each direction, for eight hours. Don't you just love the 'let's just get on with it' attitude of the Corfiots?

So on Sunday, what with a longish walk the previous day and my first sleep-interrupted night for years, I had to resist the 'Call of the Cricket', especially as a second evening visit to Corfu Town summoned me. This was a presentation entitled 'Corfu Remembers... the Pioneers of Corfiot Tourism'. Our island possesses endless venues ideal for indoor and outdoor events, cultural and of all other sorts.

Continued on Page 15

Hilary's Ramblings
Continued from Page 14

Just as the Reading Society was an exquisite setting for the Lear happening, so was the foyer of the Palace of Saint Michael and Saint George perfect for this one. Again, the classical architecture and decor combined seamlessly with modern technology in the form of a large-screen power-point display of the people and places featured.

It was quite (no, very!) frightening to register that of the twelve 'pioneers' whose work was chronicled, I personally knew eight of them, and a few were very good friends. All gone now. I wonder what they will make of us in forty years, when we too are long gone?

A last mention about the catering at these two events. The Lear one was followed by wine and canapés in the basement of the Reading Society, a warren of snug, warmly-lit vaulted rooms. A cheerful waitress made sure I got plenty to eat, after I pleased her by recognising the local products nouboulo and sikomaida, main ingredients of two of the nibbles. These refreshments were supplied by the Cavalieri Hotel.

Food after the tourism event, prepared by the Art Cafe, was served in the garden behind the Palace. Fortunately the rain only began as we left. Smoked salmon buns, and wraps containing the essence of Greek salad, were the main fare, with mille feuille topped with chocolate brittle as a sweet (I don't eat sweet things so I consoled myself with yet another salmon bun).

The rush did not stop; there was more catering, this time my turn to cook for Holy Trinity Church's Wednesday Lunch Box. A Monday of shopping, a Tuesday of cooking (specifically, occasional stirring for six hours of a pot of Bolognese sauce), then the Wednesday morning rush of putting it all together and delivering to the church premises - not easy nowadays since the council has closed off all the neighbouring parking areas for Public Works - so much for Austerity.

And on the seventh day I rested.

The funniest recent story in the press was not Cameron's alleged porcine antics, but the tale of the Iranian Women's National Football team.

I bet you didn't even know that Iran has such a team, and presumably a National Women's Football League to support it. But apparently they are quite good.

Being Islamic, the players wear a rather modest strip (not a good word in this context!). It comprises

leggings with a baggy mid-thigh tunic over the top, shaped high around the throat and with arm-covering sleeves. The head-dress is tight across the forehead and down the cheeks, presumably to grant peripheral vision for incoming tackles. It's well designed to allow full movement whilst enabling the girls to play the beautiful game with suitable decorum.

But it turns out that eight of them are men.

Oh, it's OK though, because these blokes are awaiting gender reassignment to become women...

More on this next month.



'Which three'

Here is a little amusement, written by some wit in reply to an article about cheese. You'll know which song to sing it to:

'Sweet dreams are made of cheese. Who am I to diss a brie? I cheddar the world and the feta cheese. Everybody's looking for stilton.'

And finally... a VERY un-PC joke:

What was the name of the first Afghan through the Channel Tunnel?

Amhere.

What was the name of the second Afghan through the Channel Tunnel?

Azwel.

What was the name of the third Afghan through the Channel Tunnel?

Azhim.

Now say the three names out loud, in sequence...

Living in La La Land

Contributed by
Petros Papageorgiou

Radio days: On the paths of the galaxy...

His voice was a more soft-spoken version of a Greek Christopher Lee. Deep and resonant, if a single malt whiskey could speak surely this would be what it would sound like. The show begun with the intro from "Also sprach Zarathustra" the pompous brass and drums preparing us for our mystical journey. For me, 13-14 years old and already heavily into scifi literature and "dinosaur" rock, this was heaven! I would be sitting at my desk late on Monday nights, often taping the show for posterity, learning about bands I'd never heard before (The Died Pretty for example) listening to amazing stories and excerpts by Edgar Allan Poe or William Blake, mixing UFOs and werewolves, young boys who aspired to become vampires...

At the time I would have been listening to the Alan Parsons Project "Tales of mystery and imagination" or "Pyramid". The show was called "Sta monopatia tou galaxia" and any of you who read greek and wish to find out more about it should go here:

[Στα Μονοπάτια του Γαλαξία - Ένα χρονικό ραδιοφώνου - μέρος 1ο](#)

and then here:

[Στα Μονοπάτια του Γαλαξία - Ένα χρονικό ραδιοφώνου - μέρος 2ο](#)

It is well worth reading. The greek radio program director who first heard the pilot, said to George, the producer: "you obviously know your radio, but there is no audience for this". George then went to another program where he got his slot, and from where he broadcast for years to come. after a month or so the first fan mail started arriving. The show became very popular. People used to get together to listen to him in company, like a party.

I fell in love with the radio then and there. Many years later, I would get my chance to do something similar... but more about that in the next "Radio Days" article...

For now I leave you with:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SLi7Ljcy6n8>

The World of Simon

He who shewed mercy

I find the words of Job's helpers timeless in decrying my own thoughts and - so help me - perhaps actions, when trying to think of something to say to someone who's suffered a great loss. Easier to keep a distance but wrong. The same applies to the motives, unmentioned, of the priest and the Levite who both saw the man lying injured beside the 17 mile route and passed by on the other side. 'Priest'

and 'Levite' - both people of a status and upbringing suggesting they ought to have known better. How pregnant is the silence of their excuses! I can fill in some of the spaces. "It might be a ruse. I wasn't born yesterday", "The man's drunk", "He has an infectious disease. My family!", "I'll go to the the authorities the moment I get to Jericho". These refugees. Innumerable. It is impossible to have a clear conscience except when in the midst of an act of kindness. Pause to allow reasoning. I'm in trouble.

- See more at: <http://democracystreet.blogspot.gr/#sthash.dLkhNOcb.dpuf>



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Comparisons

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

Why should anyone be surprised at the savagery of fanatical Islamists? Islam came into being nearly 600 years later than Christianity. 600 years ago Christians were regularly slaughtering each other, beheading, burning alive members of opposing sects and even today in some primitive societies hostility between Catholics and Protestants result in riot, mayhem and murder.

Remember too the barbarism of the Crusades and that spreading the 'Gospel' was often assisted by application of sword, lance, musket and cannon. So what's new?

It is interesting to see that 'air-power' is being employed in an attempt to suppress ISIL. From personal experience I know that air attack merely

enrages the attacked and strengthens their resolve to resist. Even the horrific attacks on Hamburg and Dresden did nothing to hasten the end of World War 11. Certainly the barbarism of Hiroshima and Nagasaki produced results but it is doubtful if even the U.S.A would again resort to such inhuman activity. For air attack to be effective it needs to be used in support of powerful ground force and it would seem that there is no well-lead, well-trained or well-equipped force operating in the Middle East against ISIL. How long will it be before the futility of the Western action is realised?

THE ARK ANIMAL WELFARE CHARITY

XMAS RAFFLE - 2015

As most of us are aware, there is an ever-increasing number of abandoned animals on the streets of Corfu.

Many of us, at our own expense, do our best to feed and care for these poor beasts. Also, the financial cost to the various Animal Rescue units in Corfu is considerable and funds are very, very low. There is never enough money and they do their best with the funds they have available.

On behalf of The ARK Animal Welfare Charity, and in an effort to raise some much-needed funds, a Raffle will be drawn on Saturday, 19 December 2015 in the ARK Shop at Ag. Dimitrio 11, at 12noon.

Please do come and join us. There will be a wide variety of good-quality prizes and I look forward to seeing many of our regular friends and supporters on the day.

Lucy STEELE, M.B.E.
Raffle Organiser

Conversations with Dr McGoo

BY LANCE MAGNUSSON

Dr Magoo Shares his Love of Literature

Apart from school text books, I haven't really read a great deal. I haven't had the time, since I've spend most of my life in profound philosophical thought, which has equipped me to deliberate in a far superior manner to the average, unintelligent person. Look at my doctoral thesis, accepted instantly by a Wisconsin university without my having to defend it at all, it was that good! My central hypothesis was 'All gardens have trees. I can't find a tree in my garden. Therefore the tree in my garden is not solid.' Such a degree of logical thinking defies explanation and, even though I say so myself, is purely due to innate intellect, coupled with lots of sitting and thinking! My ten minute research project in the said garden proved without any doubt that the tree in question was not solid, thus confirming my position as one of the great scholars of this century, whichever one it is.

Nowadays, I sit and think in the plateia, with a glass of ouzo at hand.

Now, where was I? Remind me. Ah yes, books.

I've never held with any of that stuff written by people like Agatha Christie and Sherlock Holmes. The characters in the books don't have mobile phones and computers, so the stories are completely unrealistic. Were they poor or something? I did read a thriller once, and it was so good I've never felt the need to read another one! It was called 'The Bourne Concoction' or something like that - some 'Con' or another, anyway. And as for adult literature, I started 'The Hobbit' once, but it was boring and way too complex. I just couldn't keep up with all those silly names. Who in this day and age would want to call their child Gloin or Ori? The Harry Potter series is quite good, though the books are only accessible to extremely literate grown-ups like me.

But the best books for me by far are school text books - and do you know, I've kept all mine! They're in a special glass-fronted bookshelf with climate control and dehumidifier. 'Third Year

Physics' is one I really couldn't be without, especially when I was completing my much-lauded dissertation on Theoretical Particle Physics (see above). And why anyone feels the need to read Shakespeare I cannot fathom, when you have in your possession 'How to Pass O-level English: Crib Notes for Macbeth'. The old Archbish can't tell me anything I don't know about religion, because I can consult that enlightening tome 'My Friend Jesus: From Cradle to Calvary' with its dozens of pictures to colour in. The grand sweep of history is covered, of course, by the famous 'Ladybird' series. They were in my school library, and after I left I tracked them down in book sales until I had collected the full set! My favourites are 'Richard the Lion Heart' in which the King has a sword competition with some Arab, 'Alfred the Great' in which the King burns his tea, and 'Christopher Columbus' in which the hero (not a king, by the way) becomes the very first human ever to step onto the soil of the United States. You see? I memorised them really well, and have total recall of every detail at all times.

No wonder the Greeks are so uneducated, with their poorly informed school books. In fact, the other day, when I was facing the difficult decision as to whether or not to buy a Beano, one local man I am acquainted with said to me: 'You've got a book. Why do you need another one?' Well, really, it just goes to show how bad the local education system is, because I counted my books, and I've got over twenty - plus the Ladybirds, of course!