

The Agiot

109th Edition

This Month

- Corfu Light Railway back on track.
Pages 1-2
- Saturday Walks.
Page 3
- Aunty Lula's Love-Bites.
Page 3
- Bandit Banks.
Pages 4-5
- Friends of Corfu.
Page 5
- Christmas is coming.
Page 6
- Corfu Postcards Past and Christmas Present.
Page 7
- Nick the Clock's World.
Page 8
- Village and Island News.
Pages 9-10
- Advertisements.
Page 11
- Weather.
Page 12
- Video Corner.
Page 12
- OCA Y Villas.
Page 12
- Letters to the Editor.
Page 13
- Too Much Traffic.
Pages 14-16
- Nature.
Page 17
- OCA Y Property.
Page 18
- Gooner's Gags.
Pages 19-20
- Agiotfest 2017.
Page 20
- The world of Simon.
Page 21
- The Way Things were.
Page 21
- Conversations with Dr. McGoo.
Page 22
- The British Legion Poppy Appeal.
Page 23



'C.L.R. Trials Kombitsi Woods, Corfu'

Corfu Light Railway back on track.

WORLD EXCLUSIVE
by Lakis Mikroteros:

Captain Tickle puts the 'Ionian' through its paces during secret trials in Kombitsi woods.

In the photo above our Northern correspondent test-drives the new locomotive for Corfu Light Railway.

Deep in the woods of Kombitsi he transports a handful of C.L.R. staff along the 1km track.

As many of our readers from years past will remember, the ill-fated launch of the first modern Light Railway was derailed prematurely. Beset by Political, Financial and Ecumenical disputes, plans ran out of steam.

Now, owing to pressure from interested parties, the project is now live again. This is a signal event. Funds will be sought, especially from the great Corfu Public. Much investment is required, especially for rolling stock.

Continued on Page 2

*Corfu Light Railway back on track.
Continued from Page 1*



'Make me new please'

It's not only passengers that may be transported on the CLR; we intend to branch out.



'Goods train being trailed'

As well as funding, of course the new railway will go under without volunteer help. Buffs and even the families of the few railway workers being hired are pointing in the right direction. So do not be a sleeper, join our train!



'Be a volunteer'

>

We hope that trials will be extended through to Christmas and in the New Year more track will be laid.

Letters have poured into our office and a small selection of them-without prejudice-is published here, rather than on the 'Letters' page itself.

Nick Zajak writes; Casey Jones steaming and a rolling Casey Jones you never have to guess When you hear the tooting of the whistle Its Casey at the throttle of the cannon ball express....Corfu style.

Vivienne Pittendrigh says; Look forward to more news.

From Agiot correspondent Simon Baddely; I sent you these draft CLR publicity shots on the express (!) condition you didn't go public with them, Laki. So much for secret trials!

Steve Kesterton messages; That needs a visit! Must book a flight to Corfu at some point.

[Ed: I understand from Mr. Mikroteros, Steve, that if you have the correct security clearance the exact location may be revealed.]

Mary Ann Smith from Ontario says; Maybe another time when we come over we will have to go for a ride. Love to all and again thank you so much for the wonderful day at the taverna.

Teal Jacks mailed; I think I heard today that the track would go right through to Paleokastritsa from Corfu town. I hope it's true I love trains me.

Frank Paul Bloomfield writes; Been saying for many years a light gauge railway is what is needed in Corfu for tourism!!

Doug Heath, from exile in the Philippines; Am I still in line for the driver's job?

Nick Goodwin, Corfu resident, says; If shoveling coal is like shoveling s*It then I will be number one fireman.

Saturday Walks



Saturday, 5 November. DAFNATA - STAVROS: The 'Vouno' and Pantokrator Church (2 hours ***). Meet at Kostas Bar, Dafnata, by the viewpoint, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Aretis Place, Agii Deka Village. NOTE: We always do this walk in early November because of the autumn flowers. The taverna is a new find.

Saturday, 12 November. LAKONES: Circuit in the Hinterland (2 hours **). Meet at the Kafenion/Supermarket at the traffic lights, southern end of Lakones, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Elizabeth's, Doukades. NOTE: A gentle walk on some of the old 'kalderimi' footpaths around the village.

Saturday, 19 November. VATOS: Mount Tsamourou and the Theotoki Valley (2 ½ hours ***). Meet at the 19th Hole Bar, beside the ELIN petrol station near the entrance to the Golf Club, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Ferma (Nikoletta's). NOTE: Only one steepish uphill of about 200 metres, then an undulating route through olive groves and woodland.

Saturday, 26 November. LOUTSES: Two Caves (2 hours **). Meet at the Anapaftiria Junction, far end of Loutses, 10.15 for 10.30 start (no coffee). Lunch at Thomas Taverna, Old Perithia. NOTE: No severe uphills, but rough underfoot. Descent into the second cave is optional.

Saturday, 3 December. GIANNADES: The White Churches (2 ½ hours ***). Meet in Giannades Square, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Tristrato. NOTE: Mostly on easy-to-walk small roads and tracks, one stiff ascent.

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

GUACAMOLE

[a request from Gina Brett].

INGREDIENTS:

- 2 avocados, peeled and stoned.
- 2 Tbsp lemon juice.
- 1 clove garlic, skinned and crushed.
- 1 Tbsp of finely chopped onion.
- Dash of chili powder.
- Half Tsp of sugar.
- Salt and pepper.
- 2 Tbsp mayonnaise.

GO:

1. Put into a blender the avocados, lemon juice, crushed garlic, finely chopped onion, dash of chili powder, sugar, salt and pepper.
2. Pour the mixture into a bowl and add the mayonnaise. Stir the mixture; Cover and chill.



'Guacamole'

Καλή όρεξη

Bandit Banks

An article by Peter Koenig

How long will this go on? How long will we see the photographs of a Mr. Tsipras and his Finance Minister in despair. Yet the blood-letting continues.

Already new austerity measures are being projected for 2018 – between 5.4 billion EUR asked by Europeans and 9 billion EUR requested by IMF – and the securing of the Greek debt sustainability through deep restructuring measures (meaning more selling of public assets to foreign corporations), as reported by journalist Yannis Kibouropoulos.



*'Tsipras
and
Juncker.
CC'
<*

Yes, € 9 billion by the IMF, of all institutions! The very organization that has ostensibly pledged with Greece's creditors to forgive some of the debt to let the country breathe. This noble idea seems to have given in to the abject, murderous greed of the banks, one among them, the Deutsche Bank, currently the most vulnerable and indebted in the world, not just in Europe, for its derivative exposure of almost € 66 trillion, or about the world's GDP. The globe's most criminal financial speculator is to be paid more of Greek blood to nurture its horrendous vampire thirst for more criminal acts, clubbing the weakest of this globe, sucking out the last drop of blood.

When does it stop? – When does the Greek People stand up and demand that the government stop unilaterally this bloodletting – which of course affects none of the 'leftist' SYRIZA's decision makers, to the contrary, we can only imagine how they are being compensated for allowing this monster theft of the peoples' assets to continue – apparently endlessly, until the last straw, the last drop of water, the last health clinique has been privatized by foreign corporations.

Greece's debt to GDP today stands at close to 200% in mid-2016, as compared to a mere 109% in 2008 when

the man-made crisis started, inspired by the FED-IMF-Wall Street- ECB-EC – instigated by the one big western criminal schemer organization. It was supposed to trigger the crisis in Europe for saving the dollar – and as a by-product steal European peoples' social assets, assets that belong to the people who paid for it. Greece was to be framed. Her debt was unsurmountable and would affect all of Europe. Greece – the EU country that contributed barely 2% to Europe's GDP, was 'guilty' of provoking a European crisis that eventually had and still has worldwide implications. How ridiculous!

A debt-GDP ratio of 109% was and is totally manageable, without outside interference. Incidentally, the US current debt today is about what Greece's debt was in 2008. Is anybody paying attention to it? – Of course not. The masters of the universe have all the rights. They make the law but are not accountable for any of them, not even the ones they make. That's the stupefied world we are living in.

But would it have occurred to anyone to discard the lie-riddled propaganda jargon from the IMF and Co. and ask the question how Greece could be targeted as the culprit? How was this possible? – Not even today this question is asked. The lies and manipulations of the nefariously criminal killer troika and its occult behind the scene corporate-finance handlers seem to be all persuasive. – *Killer troika* – yes killer – thousands if not ten thousands of people have died prematurely due to lack of access to medication, health services, proper housing – and by suicide through sheer despair.

From the very beginning, when this trend of purposeful destruction of an entire population and her country became clear, there was the one solution that would have salvaged Greece and make it a happy country again: Leave the Euro zone! – And if necessary even the European Union. But with indoctrinated fear of an uncertain future, with the proud notion of belonging to and remaining in the Eurozone – and with a purposeful neglect of the Syriza government informing the people with the truth about the debt-onslaught – nobody dared to question the government on why it defied the overwhelming people's vote against the austerity packages in July 2015. – Sorry, it wasn't 'nobody', but it wasn't a critical mass, it wasn't the *right* influential people to ask that question – and to oppose the government's handling of Greece's 'crisis', and why SYRIZA was working in connivance with the troika. Those who did ask were sidelined. They were not snotty enough wanting to stick to the fraudulent Euro.

Continued on Page 5

Bandit Banks
Continued from Page 4

As of this day, there is a majority of Greek – of middle-class Greek, that is – who after more than six years externally imposed annihilation still want their country (almost nothing of it is theirs any more), to remain in the fraudulent pyramid scheme called Eurozone. These people, who are also the ones who influence the Greek power elite, have apparently little regard for those Greek that can hardly survive, for those Greek, who have lost their pensions, their health services, their employment and have no time to think about politics, whose life is entirely dedicated to survive from one day to another – or eventually to commit suicide, as many do. Are the statistics of suicides for despair published in Greece? By now they have reached the thousands.

Have these middle-class hangers-on to power any idea and compassion for their fellow citizens whose head is more under water than above? Do they have enough compassion to discard their pride to belong to this illegal Eurozone and to associate with their destitute brothers? – Yes, *illegal*, because what the troika are doing thanks to the common currency, called Euro, defies any standards of international law, all of the agencies behind this economic killing are disobeying their one charters and constitutions. Take the IMF – one of its principal rules is no lending to countries whose debt has made them financially unviable. This rule is being broken in Ukraine, in Greece and elsewhere, just anywhere where the empire wants to suck blood and achieve total subordination – on its way to full spectrum dominance.

Do you know, People of Greece – that the EU as well as the Euro has never been a European idea? That both are actually constructs of the CIA? The EU was never meant to become a political federation with a common goal and with common development objectives. To the contrary,

whenever such a concept ‘threatened’ to become a reality, Washington pushed for admitting new countries, especially the former *Eastern Bloc* countries which were presumably due to their Soviet past all ferociously anti-Europe and pro-Washington. This was the age-old tactic of divide to conquer and it succeeded. It was pushed through via the UK which was Washington’s Trojan Horse in Europe – hopefully no longer after BREXIT.

Have you noticed, People of Greece, how there is an ever growing integration between the EU and NATO? – Do you want to continue being militarized by foreign forces that are every day more threatening world peace?

So – why stay in the EU and the Eurozone, when all indications point to another direction? The writing is clearly on the wall.

My appeal to the People of Greece, take BREXIT as an example; dare to say NO to the system that enslaves you. Greek – take back your national sovereignty, your national currency, make the Greek Central Bank Greek again, working for the Greek economy, with a public banking system and interest free loans, to re-launch the Greek economy! – And you will be fine and happy again in no more than 5 years. You – People of Greece – have all the stamina and resourcefulness to drive your country forward and into a prosperity ‘made in Greece’.



Friends of Corfu

This was the first project of FRIENDS OF CORFU. Thanks to you all we bought a caravan for a homeless man. It was not in good condition but Andrea and Garry Cromwell got it back together in no time. With the help of Paul Taylor who towed it to its site and FRIENDS OF CORFU really started. I hope we have improved some people's lives.

Martin Brindley





Christmas is Coming!

Reproduction sets of 14 of Giallinas Corfu Postcards are available from www.corfupostcards.com at a cost of 8 euros per set, payment via PayPal, postal delivery. **There will be a pick-up-and-pay service all of November for Christmas deliveries, at a reduced price of 5 euros per set.**

This service runs out of the 19th Hole Bar at Vatos, beside the ELIN petrol station near the Golf Club entrance, nightly between six and seven o'clock. Come over and pick up your Christmas present shopping, all in one go! Buy five sets, get one free! IDEAL GIFT for folk back home! Just stick in a jiffy bag and post off! And EVERYBODY loves them.

Corfu Postcards Past And Christmas Present

Hilary Paipeti

Commercial postcards are generally judged to have been developed by John P. Charlton of Philadelphia in 1861. The fashion spread to Europe, and by 1870 they were all the rage. These first postcards, usually bearing vignette designs, were not originally intended as souvenirs but were utilized for advertising purposes; the first ones printed specifically as souvenirs were the cards placed on sale in 1893 at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

At first, writing was only allowed on the picture side of the card, but around the turn of the century some countries began to permit the use of a 'divided back', allowing the front to be primarily for the picture or artwork and the back left for the address and message. In 1902, England became the first to allow divided back cards. France followed in 1904, Germany in 1905 and finally the United States in 1907. These changes brought in the 'Golden Age' of postcards, and millions were sold.

The first postcards featuring real photographs appeared around 1900. The hand-tinted type was produced in France and Belgium - photo postcards coloured by hand, giving them a realistic look. Many were true works of art, but production was quickly discontinued when it was discovered that the - mostly female - workers were falling ill due to ingesting quantities of paint. The artists sat in rows while the postcards were passed down an 'assembly line', with each woman responsible for a particular colour. The cards were small and the artwork detailed, forcing the women to wet the tip of their lead-contaminated brush with their lips as they worked.

Postcards declined with increasing use of the telephone as a way to keep in touch, and with movies as the new visual experience. With the growth of holidays by the sea, only the real-photograph card market remained strong, helped by new technology which allowed publishers to print thousands of cards of one particular image. Postcard racks began to spring up at every tourist attraction. Cards showing views, as well as comic ones, were the most popular, and travel destinations exploited this popularity as a cheap way to advertise. The slightly smutty postcards, full of innuendo, that were sold in Blackpool during the peak of its popularity, must have helped draw in the hordes of workers from the industrial North.

Images

But by the 1970s holidays abroad were starting to replace visits to Blackpool, Skegness and Weston-super-Mare as the preferred break of the masses. Imagine sitting in a chilly, bleak England and receiving through the post an image of blue seas and azure skies, with emerald hillsides dotted with little white-washed cottages rising from the water's edge! How many holidays have been booked since then, and destinations chosen, on the basis of such pictures?

Every destination has its trademark image: Jordan - Petra, Egypt - the Pyramids, Mykonos - the windmills, Lefkada - Myrtos Beach... and Corfu?

Well, that view of Pontikonissi from Kanoni, of course! A cliché? Sure, but it remains one of the most-visited spots on the island, instantly recognisable as Corfu.

What a shame, then, that the cards showing Corfu's stunning panoramas are increasingly in the minority amongst souvenir postcards for sale. Have a look at the stock as the first visitors arrive, prompting the shopkeepers to roll out their stands. That panniered donkey walking up the alleyway could be a native of any island in the Greek world, as could that old man with the wrinkled visage. But at least they are not vulgar, like the ones displaying naked bums on the sand, or painted nipples, today's equivalent of Blackpool smut.

Whom do these encourage to visit? Only beer-swilling youths to Kavos, I would guess!

Gorgeous Watercolours

The best postcards of Corfu ever produced were reproductions of Angelos Giallinas's gorgeous watercolours. They were printed in Corfu by the Aspiotis-ELKA printworks, which operated in a large building, now a school, located behind the Ionian University on Kapodistrias Street. The postcards featured mainly village scenes, and are now collectors' items.

Angelos Giallinas (1857-1939) is generally regarded as Corfu's foremost watercolour artist, and his paintings, immensely popular during his lifetime, command high prices. Transparent and full of light, they capture the charm of Corfu. Much imitated (though never matched), his work remains popular up to the present day. Giallinas travelled extensively in Greece and Europe, painting and exhibiting as he went. Among his most famous works are his views of Athens and its classical monuments, and a series featuring Constantinople; but his Corfiot landscapes remain the best loved. And it was these that he made into postcards.

Their publication, which date from the decade of 1910 and onwards, was a clever commercial move that netted the artist a good income. It was the heyday of the Angleterre Hotel (Bella Venezia), where Europe's aristocracy comprised the main clientele. The hotel was located above the Orpheas Cinema on Zambellis Street, next to the existing hotel of the same name (it was destroyed by German bombs on the night of 13 September 1943). The Aspiotis-ELKA printworks was just over the road (and the artist's town house faces the Esplanade nearby), so the Giallinas cards would not have far to travel to the individual who commissioned them! At the time, these cards carried the 'wish you were here' message out to Europe. How many people visited Corfu after receiving a card featuring one of Giallinas's lovely views? Vlaherena with Pontikonissi behind... Paleokastritsa's bays and hinterland from the Monastery... The Palace of Saint Michael and Saint George... a vista taking in Karoussades and the vale behind... rocks at Paleokastritsa... the Mourayia bathed in morning sunlight... the Peristyle of the Achillion with its statues... the Church of Agia Barbara in Potamos... view from the Pelekas summit... View of Pelekas village... the twin peaks of Pantokrator from the sea... the Old Fortress at dawn ...and many more.

Good Promotion

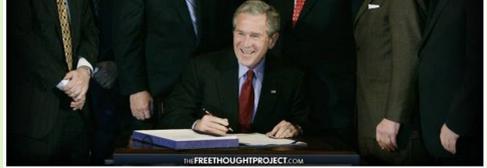
Originally, postcards were intended as advertising. But even when they developed as souvenirs, they still served as adverts that reflected their place of origin. Should Corfu, then, look to postcards to help transform its image - as the local authorities have been trying to do for years without much success? They ought to cut the smut, and bring back the scenery.

Perhaps we should ban any postcard that doesn't depict a picture-postcard-pretty view of Corfu - and that way put our own visitors to work promoting the island!

Nick The Clock's World

(The Comic With A conscience)

TODAY IS THE 15TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PATRIOT ACT BEING SIGNED INTO LAW



15 YEARS OF

SPYING ON AMERICAN CITIZENS, BEING GROPED BY THE TSA, FUNDING "REBELS" WHO BECAME AL QAEDA & ISIS, BOMBING WEDDINGS, HOSPITALS & SCHOOLS IN THE MIDDLE EAST. LETS BE COMPLETELY HONEST. THINGS ARE ONLY WORSE NOW!

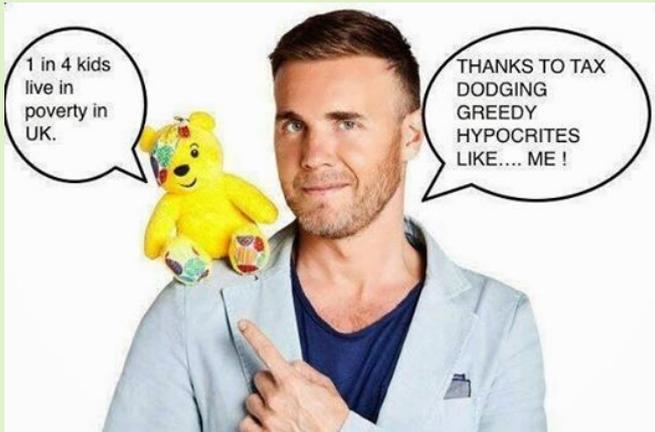
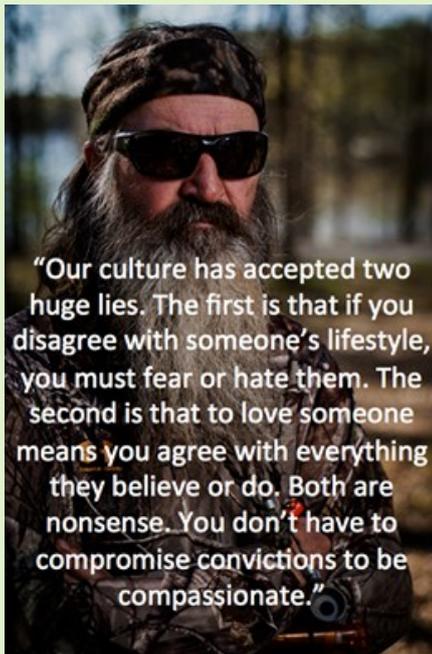
Let me make this clear:
if you are on my friends list,
I consider you a friend.

I WILL NOT copy and
paste shit just to prove
I pay attention to you.

If you need
attention that bad,
may I suggest
a puppy?



My wife just asked me
if her appendix scar
made her look
unattractive...
Apparently, "Don't
worry babe, your tits
cover it" wasn't the
answer she was looking
for!



Injecting babies?
<http://www.greenmedinfo.com/blog/200-evidence-based-reasons-not-vaccinate-free-research-pdf-download>
<https://truthkings.com/tennessee-medical-office-announces-no-vaccines-cause-autism/>
Peace to War
<http://wakingtimesmedia.com/barack-obama-peace-prize-worlds-biggest-arms-dealer-8-short-years/>

That's All Folks!

Village and Island News

By
The Editor

October is traditionally quiet in Agios. This year it is not. More fun times for sure, quite a bit of work and an old problematical chestnut resurfacing again; dumped dogs and cats.

A young bitch with four gorgeous puppies has been dumped outside the Agios Ioannis hotel. The hotelier has re-located them in the garden of an absent English homeowner. This is a bleak outlook. And three of Lionel's kittens are still seeking a new home.



'Please give me a home'

It has been a month of thunderstorms and lightning, with the odd earthquake and flashflood thrown into the mix. Check out the amount of rainfall in the weather section. On the mainland in Epirus the seismos measured 5.6. We were with friends Les and Chris at the Bridge, Afra bar when it went off. There was a rumbling as if we were passengers on a bench awaiting a tube train to emerge from its den. The day of the flashflood was the 10th. This is when the Brook dividing Afra from Agios burst its banks. Bearing in mind the depth of the stream-bed is three metres in places one can imagine the amount of water that dashed downhill, carrying large tree branches with it. I would not have liked to have slipped into that! The same friends who were at the Earthquake happening have their home in the front line here, and the rushing waters spread across their garden and almost reached quarter way up to their patio plinth, which stands 20 cm above the ground. The waters subsided in a few short hours so normality was returned. Now the stream is a shallow baby again.



'Lake Inferior in downpour'
<



'Shenandoah'
>

An Indian summer is following and interspersing with the rains and a row of London buses in the shape of late visitors is in sway; our little village centre sees Pat and Gina, Paul and Micky, Mark and Jenny, Ron and Lesley, famous Agiot contributor the Clock, Barry and Stella and old friend Trev, the latter back after some four years.



'Joe Stalin visits Agios'
<



'The Baron of Whitstable'
>



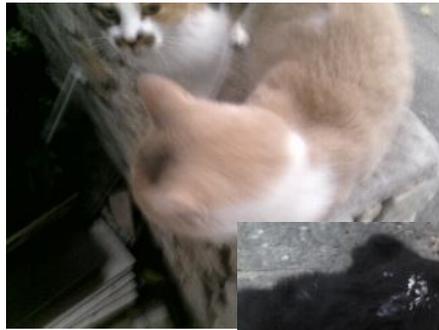
Absent friends are remembered at such jolly japes so we salute our northern brethren.

'Swedish branch Agios Ioannis'
<

Village and Island News
Continued from Page 9

Our son Kostas was off to Cyprus for a wedding and Russians were invading our village; Russians have bought Villa Persephone from Ron and Lesley. These are our first residents from east of the Urals.

We got up to the Corfu Beer Festival which we enjoyed-*too* much Corfu Beer[Hic!] and if you are reading this Maxine and Simon, thank you for putting us up!!



'Time for cats to paint'
<



'Time for dogs to paint'
>



'Time for menus to lie'
<



'Peaceful Arillas pool'

One lunch in town with Pat and Gina was hilarious, but modesty and tact prevent me from telling the tale in print. Nick, Trevor and I sat around the taverna one late Autumnal evening, supping wine and discussing philosophy and needlecraft, I introduced Ron and Lesley to the Mafia bar at Afra, there was a great Sunday lunch with Di and Steve at Boukari. We took Trev and they brought their friends Allan and Celia. With our mates Barry and Stella we had work, rest and play. Last month the Canadians visited and this month it is our next door neighbours, here in Greece from their home in Ohio, for an extended period.

Kostas came back from Cyprus and my Big Toe decided to flare up again. Oh, the joys of approaching middle age.

And now it is the end of our summer season, entering into that gentle, peaceful time of Autumn.



'Time for swans to hide'
>



'Time for the taverna to sleep'
<



'Time to talk'

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 .



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



Divino Italian Restaurant

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



*This is
the sort
of fun
they get
up to in
Sally's
Bar, Ipsos*

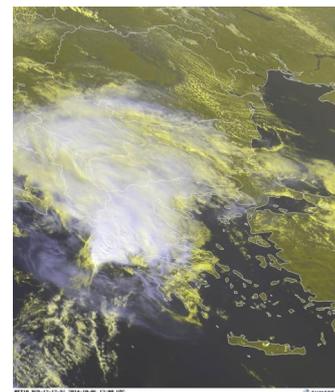


RobGroove
Photography

**Corfu
Beer**

Corfu Weather Statistics - October 2016

	Max	Avg	Min
Temperature			
Max Temperature	27°C	24 °C	19 °C
Mean Temperature	22 °C	19 °C	16°C
Min Temperature	18 °C	15 °C	10°C
Heating Degree Days (base 65)	4	0	0
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	6	2	0
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	22	17	11
Dew Point	23°C	16°C	8°C
Precipitation	37.1 mm	3.5 mm	0.0 mm
Wind			
Wind	37 km/h	8 km/h	0 km/h
Gust Wind	50 km/h	37 km/h	26 km/h
Sea Level Pressure	1025 hPa	1017 hPa	1006 hPa



Flashflood island

Despite Flashfloods, there had been much heavier rainfall in September, mostly at the beginning of that month.

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

Video Corner

SEPSIS

<https://uk.news.yahoo.com/mum-dies-blood-poisoning-scratching-211643327.html>

Tommy Cooper

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DfmgWUE60vE>

Ocay Villas



Villa Oleander Agios Ioannis

Villa Persephone



Casa Elisabetta



Successfully Sold by:

<http://www.ocaypropertycorfu.com/>

Real Estate

For more information and availability
Please go to: <http://www.ocayvillascorfu.com/>
Or contact us on: (0030) 26610 58177

Letters to the Editor



Ed: Thank you all who mailed or messaged in on last month's request to highlight your more or less favourite regular articles. Please continue to do so. It is giving us some good insight for future publications!

There is a further simple survey in the Agiotfest section which you may be interested in responding to.

Hilary's Ramblings have taken her far afield but will be returning next month!

Also, next month look out for a revisit to the world of Lionel's Christmases.

Dastardly Dick Mulder posted twice! Ay mate,

The fact that you sent me four attachments that are all the same, reminds me to a cartoon called Lucky Luke:



One escape tunnel for the Daltons would do, they dig four. The same for your enquiry sheet.

Ed: That is the Irish in me Dick!

And: Ay mate! All the time I wanted to compliment you for your remarks on my photos that you put in The Agiot, and then forgot it right away. Very funny and to the point!

I can print or send one to as many people I like!

Ed: We are but here to serve Dick.

Brynley Gooding from Wales mailed; Hi Paul, Came out just a bit too late for your 'gig' this year. Keep me up to date for next year ,look forward to seeing you again(with my new lady !)
cheers Bryn.

Ed: Hopefully we will be Rockin' and Rollin' again mate.

Jim Abbott from Essex has nothing better to do than send in this;

I read this and it reminded me of the letters we wrote at Sla-co...



NOT EVERYONE CAN READ THIS

fi yuo cna raed tihs, yuo hvae a sgrane mnid too. I cdnuolt blveiee taht I cluod aulacity uesdnatnrd waht I was rdanieg. The phaonmneal pweor of the hmuan mnid, aoccdrnig to a rscheearch at Cmabrigde Uinervtisy, it dseno't mtaetr in waht oerdr the ltteres in a wrod are, the olny iproamtnt tihing is taht the frsit and lsat ltteer be in the rghit pclae. The rset can be a taotl mses and you can siltl raed it whotuit a pboerlm. Tihs is bcuseae the huamn mnid deos not raed ervey lteter by istlef, but the wrod as a wlohe. Azanmig huh? Yaeh and I awlyas tghuhot slpeling was ipmorantt! If you can raed tihs **SHARE IT**

**Cna yuo raed tihs?
Olny 55 plepoe out of 100 can.**



Ed: Thank you for remembering Mr. Fox!!

Too Much Traffic

*From our roving correspondent,
Les Woods:*

Interesting problem for the economists and the manufacturers.



Fig. 1

THE WORLDS UNSOLD CAR STOCKPILE
Houston...We have a problem! Nobody is buying brand new cars anymore! Well they are, but not on the scale they once were. Millions of brand new unsold cars are just sitting redundant on runways and car parks around the world. There, they stay, slowly deteriorating without being maintained.



Fig. 2

This is an image of a massive car park at Swindon, United Kingdom, with thousands upon thousands of unsold cars just sitting there with not a buyer in sight. The car manufacturers have to buy more and more land just to park their cars as they perpetually roll off the production line. There is proof that the worlds recession is still biting and won't let go. All around the world there are huge stockpiles of unsold cars and they are being added to every day. They have run out of space to park all of these brand new unsold cars and are having to buy acres and acres of land to store them. It would be fair to say that it is becoming a mechanical

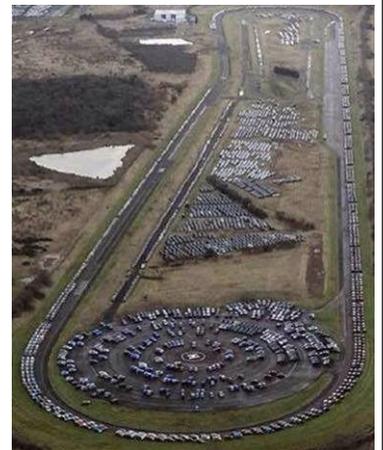
epidemic of epic proportions. If anybody from outer space is reading this webpage, we here on Earth have too many cars, why not come and buy a few hundred thousand of them for your own planet! (sorry but this is all I can think of).



Fig. 3

This shows just a few of the 57,000 cars (and growing) that await delivery from their home in the Port of Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A. The car industry would never sell these cars at massive reductions in their prices to get rid of them, no they still want every buck. If they were to price these cars for a couple of thousand they would sell them. However, nobody would then buy any expensive cars and then they would end up being unsold. It's quite a pickle we have gotten ourselves into.

Fig. 4 Shows an image of the Nissan test track. Only it is no longer being used, reason...there are too many unsold cars parked up on it! The amount of cars keeps on piling up on it until its overflowing. Nissan then acquires more land to park up the cars, as they continue to come off the



production line. The car industry cannot stop making new cars because they would have to close their factories and lay off tens of thousands of employees. This would further add to the recession. Also, the domino effect would be catastrophic as steel manufactures would not sell their steel. All the tens of thousands of places where car components are made would also be effected, indeed the world could come to a grinding halt.

Continued on Page 15

Too Much Traffic
Continued from Page 14



Fig.5

Here is shown just a small area of a gigantic car park in Spain where tens of thousands of cars just sit and sunbathe all day. Tens of thousands of cars are still being made every week but hardly any of them are being sold. Nearly every household in developed countries already has a car or even two or three cars parked up on their driveway as it is.

keep on being manufactured and keep on adding to the millions of unsold cars already sitting redundant around the world. As it is, there are more cars than there are people on the planet with an estimated 10 billion roadworthy cars in the world today. We literally cannot make enough of them.



Fig. 8

These are just a few of the thousands of Citroens parked up at Corby in England. They are being added to daily, imported from France but with nowhere else to go once they arrive. So, there they sit, brand spanking new cars, all with a couple of miles on the clock that was consummate with them being driven to their car parks. Manufacturing more cars than can be sold is against all logic, logistics and economics but it continues day after day, week after week, month after month, year in year out.



Fig. 6
This is an image of thousands upon thousands of unsold cars parked up on a runway near St Petersburg in Russia. They are all imported from Europe, they are all then parked up and they are all then

left to rot. Consequently, the airport is now unusable for its original purpose. The cycle of buying, using, buying using has been broken, it is now just a case of "using" with no buying.



Fig. 9

All nice and shiny but with nowhere to go. Red and white and black and silver, purple, pink and blue, all the colours of the rainbow and be they all brand new. Indeed, all the colours of the rainbow are down there on those cars, making pretty mosaics, montages of colour and still life. Maybe that is all they will now ever be, surreal urban art of the techno production age. Magnificent metal boxes, wasting space and saving grace, all sitting still, because its business at mill.

Fig. 7

An image of thousands of unsold cars parked up on an disused runway at U p p e r H e y f o r d airbase near Bicester in Oxfordshire. They are seriously running out of space to store these cars. It is a sorry state of affairs and there is no answer to it, solutions don't exist. So, the cars just



Too Much Traffic
Continued from Page 15

All around the world these cars just keep on piling up, there is no end in sight. The economy shouts out quite loud that nobody has the money anymore to spend on a new car; the reason being that they are making their "old" cars go on a lot longer. But we cannot stop making them, soon we will run out of space to park them. We are nearly running out of space to drive them that's for sure!



Fig. 10

Cars mount up in the port of Valencia in Spain. They will not be exported as there is nowhere for them to go, so they just sit and rot in their colourful droves. Gone are the days when the family would have a new car every year, they are now keeping what they have got. It may be fair to say that some families still get a new car every year but it's the majority that now do not. The results are in these images, hundreds of thousands if not millions of cars around the world are driven from their factories, parked up and left.



Fig. 11

Could we say that these cars have been left to rot?! Maybe, as these cars will certainly rot if they are not bought, driven and cared for. It does not look like they will be sold any day soon, many of them have been standing for over 12 months or even longer and this is detrimental to the car.



Fig. 12

Here, as far as the eye can see, right into the background, cars, cars and more cars. But what's beyond the horizon? Have a guess...Yes that's right...even more cars! All brand new but with no homes to go to. Do you think they will ever start giving them away, that may be the only radical solution? Who knows, you could soon be getting a free car with every packet of cornflakes. When a car is left standing idle, all the oil sinks to the bottom of the sump, and then corrosion begins to set in on all the internal engine parts where the oil has drained away. Cold corrosion is when condensation builds up in the cylinders and rust forms in the bores. The engines would then start to seize and would need to be professionally freed before they could be started. Also, the tires start to lose air and the batteries start to go flat, indeed the detrimental list goes on and on. So, the longer they sit there the worse it slowly becomes for them. What is the answer to this? Well they need to be sold and that just isn't happening. The epidemic is not improving; it is getting worse. Car manufacturers are constantly coming out with new models with the latest technology in them. Hence prospective buyers of, for example, a new Citroen Xsara Picasso want the latest model, not last year's model. Hence all the unsold Citroen Xsara Picasso cars from the previous year will now have even lesser chance of being sold. The problems then just keep on mounting up. In the end, the unsold cars that are say 2 years old will have no alternative but to be either crushed up, dismantled and/or their parts recycled. Some car manufacturers moved their production over to China, General Motors and Cadillac are examples of this. They are then shipped over in containers and unloaded at ports. However, they are now being told to put a big halt in their import into the U.S.A. as they just can't sell them in the quantities they would desire. Consequently, Chinese car parks are now filling up with brand new American cars. Well nobody in China can afford them on their meagre pittance wages, so there they will stay until our economy improves...which it might do in a few generations.

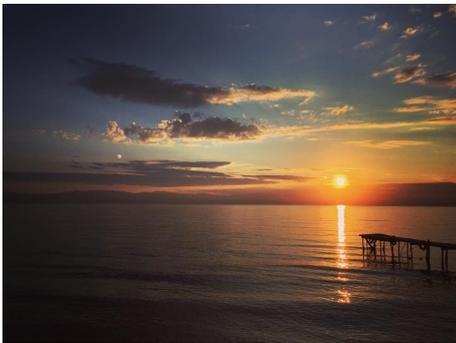
Nature



Agios Autumn Rose



Angry sky



Courtesy of Bruce Markos



Hidden treasure



Just doing a turn.



Oh yes it rained



The South



Wild sky wild sea Corfu



*Swallowtail
(Papilio machaon)
Upperwings*



Courtesy Dan Danahar

OCA Y Property



Villa for rent

€550
Karousades
north Corfu

4 bedroom villa fully
furniture, sea view, central
heating, near schools,
playground and football
court.

House for long term rent

in Mellissa, Moraitika area, south of the island
€300

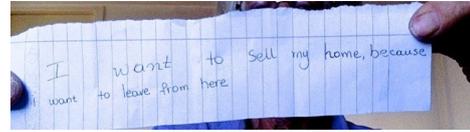
Corfu, Kerkira, Greece

These are some new photos of the two bedroom house.
entral heating, aircon, parking, garden.



For sale in Karusades

Dear Paul and Lula



An old lady
- Katerina- is
distraught
because,
having baby-

sat three girls for her son and daughter-in-law up our
village ever since we've been here, the last of her family are
all going off to live and work permanently in Germany this
month, leaving her alone.

She is of gypsy heritage as we understand, and has never
quite fitted in here. She is always polite and kind to us and
we let her have our lemons and oranges when we're away. I
wish we could help but I doubt we can.

She handed us a note translated into English by a
neighbour.

She says she wants sell her home and and live elsewhere on
the island - possibly Agros.

It's just across the road from the steps down to our house
(see photos). Two up and two down entered from the road.
With two small balconies on the side of the house, which
is attached to the larger property behind it. There's a
partial view of the landscape below the village from the
upstairs windows.



This property is in Ano Korakiana. Awaiting full
details, but if you have an interest then please
enquire at www.ocaypropertycorfu.com

Gooners Gags

SUBJECT:
AMAZING TALE OF THE SS WARRIMOO_

The passenger steamer SS Warrimoo was quietly knifing its way through the waters of the mid-Pacific on its way from Vancouver to Australia.

The navigator had just finished working out a star fix & brought the master, Captain John Phillips, the result. The Warrimoo's position was LAT 0° 31' N and LON 179 30' W. The date was 31 December 1899.

"Know what this means?" First Mate Payton broke in, "We're only a few miles from the intersection of the Equator and the International Date Line". Captain Phillips was prankish enough to take full advantage of the opportunity for achieving the navigational freak of a lifetime. He called his navigators to the bridge to check & double check the ship's position. He changed course slightly so as to bear directly on his mark. Then he adjusted the engine speed. The calm weather & clear night worked in his favour.

At mid-night, the SS Warrimoo lay on the Equator, at exactly the point where it crossed the International Date Line! The consequences of this bizarre position was many:

The forward part (bow) of the ship was in the Southern Hemisphere & the middle of summer.
The rear (stern) was in the Northern Hemisphere & in the middle of winter.
The date in the aft part of the ship was 31 December 1899. Forward it was 1 January 1900.

This ship was therefore not only in two different days, two different months, two different years, two different seasons but in two different centuries - all at the same time.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TFt5CJ7jd7A>

A woman in a supermarket is following a grandfather and his badly-behaved grandson.

He has his hands full with the child screaming for sweets, ice cream,

lemonade, all sorts of things.

The grandpa is saying in a controlled voice: "Easy William, we won't

be long, easy boy." The boy has another outburst and she hears the grandpa calmly say: "It's okay William. Just a couple more minutes and we'll be out of here. Hang in there, son."

At the check-out, the little horror is throwing items out of the shopping cart.

Grandpa says again in a controlled voice, "William, William, relax

sonny boy, don't get upset. We'll be home in five minutes, stay cool

William."

Very impressed, she goes outside to where the grandfather is loading

his groceries and the boy into the car. She says: "It's none of my business, but you were amazing in there. I don't know how you did it.

That whole time you kept your composure, and no matter how loud and

disruptive he got, you just calmly kept saying things would be okay.

William is very lucky to have you as his grandpa."

"Thanks," says the grandpa, "but I am William. This little bastard's

name is Kevin".

The second US Presidential debate between Hillary Clinton and Donald Trump has already inspired some offbeat reactions, but among the 68.8 million people watching some viewers had another idea - how perfectly the debate's "walking around with a microphone" format would lend itself to a stirring power ballad.

And so, Dutch talk-show DWDD obliged, syncing footage of the Republican and Democratic nominees with classic Dirty Dancing anthem (I've Had) The Time of My Life.

The result? Pure art.

See Full Screen ~ then ESC at the end

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jB2zoidUeLU>

Gooner's Gags—Continued from Page 19

I have a little Satnav. it sits there in my car.
A Satnav is a driver's friend it tells you where you are.
I have a little Satnav, I've had it all my life.
It's better than the normal ones, my Satnav is my wife.

It gives me full instructions, especially how to drive,
"It's sixty miles an hour", it says, "You're doing sixty-five".

It tells me when to stop and start, and when to use the brake
And tells me that it's never ever, safe to overtake.

It tells me when a light is red, and when it goes to green

It seems to know instinctively, just when to intervene.
It lists the vehicles just in front, and all those to the rear.

And taking this into account, it specifies my gear.

I'm sure no other driver, has so helpful a device.
For when we leave and lock the car, it still gives its advice.

It fills me up with counselling, each journey's pretty fraught.

So why don't I exchange it, and get a quieter sort?

Ah well, you see, it cleans the house, makes sure I'm properly fed.

It washes all my shirts and things, and keeps me warm in bed!

Despite all these advantages, and my tendency to scoff,

I only wish that, now and then, I could turn the damn thing off.

Agiotfest 2017

IMPORTANT REQUEST
AGIOTFEST 17

We have two possible dates for Agiotfest 17:

1. JULY 8
2. AUGUST 26

The date chosen will be by Democratic vote.
You can vote hereby mailing in to mcgovern@otenet.gr. Please make your vote count.



'Great deals on guitars at Roadhouse Corfu'



'Reaching for the stars'

The World of Simon



SIMON IS OBSESSED.

Simon: Linda and I have come across the track bed for what we believe is intended to be a branch line - between Paleocastritsa and Ag Georgious - of the Corfu Light Railway. Can you confirm?

Ed: Thank you, Simon and Lin. For reasons of National Insecurity I find myself unable to comment upon the undoubted veracity of your affirmation.

Simon: Typical bureaucratic response from Corfu equivalent of Railtrack - can't recall the name. OKRAIL? Gimme those shares you promised!

Ed: OCAY Rail; One Carriage And You.

Ed: I wish I could branch out but I have been sidelined and find I must return to a signal single existence . If you get my points. I do not wish to use Face-booking as a platform for my timetable but if push comes to shunt I will certainly seek alternative routes and cancel your efforts to derail me. Please choo choo on it..

The Way Things Were

*Sent in by
Les Woods*

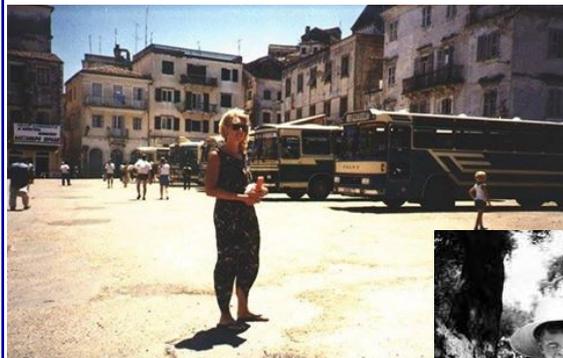


'Boys from the Hood'



'The same place extant'

*Sent in by
Luko Manaris*



'Bus station in Seventies'



'A young Durrell' >



'High Noon'

Conversations with Dr McGoo BY LANCE MAGNUSSON

Dr Magoo Expands His Female Circle

My new lady friend, whom I introduced in this column last month, brought along one of her friends to meet me. I suppose at this rate I shall have to upgrade the contents of my drinks' cupboard so it contains more than just my top-secret hoard of vodka, as I believe that ladies like sweet drinks such as Martini and Kumquat. So far, my lady friend has been bringing along her own refreshments, and I shall endeavour to hold her to that arrangement.

Henceforth, I shall refer to my lady friends as Zanna Dollas and Mora Mone since those are their names.

I did try to interest Zanna and Mora in a nice bite to eat - a small lunch, based of course on my DATFOM Diet, which as the name hints does not include any traditional local dishes (DATFOM = Ditch-All-That-Foreign-Muck in case you are not yet aware). But for some very strange reason they refused my offer of fish paste and pickled beetroot pie with sandwich-spread-and-breadcrumb sauce (my own recipe inventions!) on the basis that Zanna is gluten intolerant (at first I thought it meant not approving of men with muscular buttocks, but apparently it's something about not being interbred) and Mora is a vegetarian.

I never can understand these people who are so picky about what they eat. What is wrong with a nice tin of ham with curried piccalilli and some frozen pea ice-cream? Or corned beef-and-gherkin hash with frozen mixed veg (one of my more exotic combinations!)? Or fish fingers with baked bean and tinned carrot souffle? Oh, I see. Fish fingers, corned beef and tinned ham come from animals so vegetarians don't eat them. I never knew that! I thought that they came out of packets and tins. So what does this gluten thingy stop Zanna from eating? Pie crust and breadcrumbs? They contain flour that has gluten in it? Well, all I can say is that it sounds very complicated, and I'm glad I don't suffer from the same, as I would miss my sliced white bread and pastries. Think what life would be like without fish-paste pies, and sausage rolls made with tinned frankfurters! All of course accompanied by my signature sandwich spread sauce. I'll even give you the recipe if you ask nicely!

The last time she came over, Mora moaned about how difficult she finds it when she eats out at local tavernas. Well, I can sympathise with that, as most of them only serve foreign muck. These local cooks (I will not honour them with the title of 'chef' until they prove they know how to prepare edible mushy peas) take a perfectly decent piece of chicken, then ruin it by cooking it on a coal fire, after they've spread it with lots of sickening herbs like pepper and oregano, not to mention basting it with oodles of revolting oil and sour lemon juice (I'll only contemplate consuming lemon juice if it's fizzy, thank you very much!). What's wrong with sticking it in a microwave for a few minutes instead? And don't they realise that all those stupid coal cooking fires surely constitute one of the main drivers of global warming? (Secondary to the main cause - car engine blocks cooling down. This vehicular phenomenon and its effect on planet-wide weather systems will shortly be the subject of a scientific paper I plan to submit to the Royal Academy - wherever that is - for which I expect to receive my second Doctorate in Physicianistic Studies. Following on, of course, from my first award in Theoretical Particle Physics. Shall I enlighten you about how I discovered the tree in my garden was not solid?)

Mora moaned that most establishments can only offer her Greek Salad and omelettes or fried eggs with chips, but she's concerned that the eggs might not be compassionate. Funny, I thought that eggs were inanimate objects, and therefore incapable of experiencing human emotions like compassion. Oh! You say she means that the hens that lay the eggs are not treated in a compassionate manner... Why? Do we have to stroke them and tell them bedside stories? I thought hens were stupid, anyway; though they can't possibly be as stupid as the average Greek.

And she worries that the feta cheese on the salad may not be made with milk from cows that freely graze year-round in an ecologically managed clover pasture surrounded by hand-clipped heritage hedgerows, cows milked morning and evening by a vegetarian virgin's hands, washed with pure soap flakes and limestone-percolated mountain spring water. And she is concerned about the dressing of olive oil, possibly made from fruit grown on local trees that may have been rained on by clouds carried by wind perhaps blown from the Sahara, which is a non-Buddhist - and therefore non-compassionate - nation.

Well, Mora moaned that she daren't even eat spaghetti with tomato sauce in a taverna, as the pan the sauce is cooked in may be contaminated by having had some meat cooked in it at some point in the past. And she's worried about chips, as the fat they are fried in may have already been used to fry meatballs, and therefore thoroughly compromised as well. I commented that she must eat at home most of the time. She said she did, but she doesn't like cooking very much. Nothing that takes longer than ten minutes, she said. So I told her to follow my advice, and stock up on tinned carrots, baked beans, pickled beetroot and sandwich spread. And why bother to slave over a stove stirring a pot of risotto, when you can just add tinned mushrooms to some Ambrosia rice and melt a slice of Kraft cheese on the top? Even if you're a vegiwotsit, with a little imagination you can combine all these larder staples in various ways to create an infinite variety of gourmet dishes, in hardly more than the time it takes to open the tin or packet! Accompany with a couple of slices of packet white bread (that guy who invented the Chorleywood Process should have received the Nobel IMO), with margarine spread onto it according to the unique method contained in the special recipe for Margarine-spread Bread, as presented in my world-renowned DATFOM diet book. A book soon to be on sale in a bookshop near you. And one that is clearly destined also to be a hit amongst the vast world community of compassionate vegetarians!



THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION POPPY APPEAL 2016



This is a 'Gentle' reminder to all friends and supporters of the Annual Poppy Appeal – 2016.

As most of you will already know, there will be a wreath-laying ceremony at the British Cemetery on Sunday, 13 November 2016 and, prior to the ceremony at 11.45am, I will be 'on duty' with an ample supply of Poppy Appeal items:

Poppies (button-hole or self-adhesive);
Car/Van Poppies;
Enamel pins (dated and undated);
Adjustable Poppy bracelets;
Wrist bands in various sizes and colours;
Clip-on Poppy Reflectors;
8inch Snap-on rulers in various colours;
Wooden Crosses; etc.

So, don't worry if you haven't already got your Poppy supplies, you can obtain them from me at the cemetery prior to the Service.

NOTE: For anyone wanting to obtain a 'year-round' collection box (in the shape of a small poppy), I will have a supply of them with me.

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