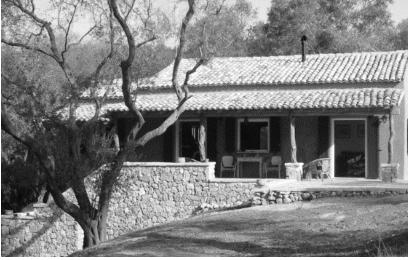


March 2008 2 euro No. 207







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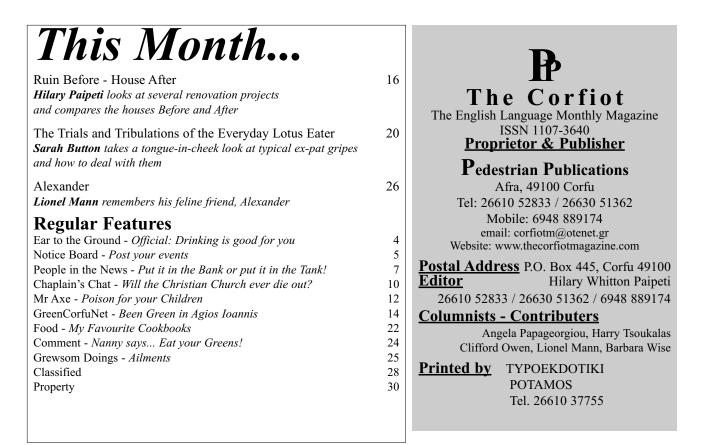


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Maybe those results should be waved in the face of all those Nanny-State UK politicians - but then they'd probably come up with a proposal to attach a gym to every pub and impose enforced periods of exercise per tot on drinkers...

So please enjoy your drinks without guilt, before the next study comes along to contradict this one...

THERE ARE LOTS OF REASONS TO BE THANKFUL YOU LIVE IN CORFU. One is lack of interest in studies like the above (you can't imagine any local paying attention, can you?), also the refreshing absence of Nanny-State directives and medialed health scares. Speaking of which, did you hear about the latest latest latest food scare in the UK? Burnt toast. No kidding. Any carbonization during frying or grilling of food will guarantee you'll die of an incurable, progressive disease. So toast has to be done a pale biscuit colour, chips have to remain cream, roast potatoes can't be brown and crispy, onions can't be caramelized to give a good colour to the gravy (is artificial gravy browning a healthier alternative?), and of course roast or grilled meat mustn't gain a nice flavoursome charred skin during cooking.

There's quite a bit pertinent to the above in this issue. In two articles, Sarah Button looks at ex-pat life from two sides, revealing on one hand a few more UK health obsessions, and comparing them with our laid-back lifestyle. In another article, she looks in a humerous way at the niggles of life in Corfu.

We also bring to your notice a way that you can help not only the environment but also your own pocket - yes, you can be PC AND save money at the same time!

CONTINUING IN THE FOOD VEIN, we take a look at three generations of cookbooks (Rick Stein's Mediterranean Escapes, reviewed last month, is one, and I can tell you that Rick has no time for PC cooking. He likes his roasties brown and crispy. One of the recipes in this book begins: '2-kg piece thick unskinned belly pork, from a nice fatty pig'. Hope PC Grub doesn't catch up with him!).

I DON'T THINK THAT ATTEMPTING TO TURN OUR ISLAND'S TOURISM INDUSTRY AROUND BY GIVING IT A 'GREEN' SLANT CONSTITUTES BEING PC. If you remember last month's issue (confusingly dated January by mistake), we announced a new initiative aimed at creating a network of locations and activities associated with eco- or alternative tourism and making them known and accessible. To this end, the magazine features the first of an ongoing series of articles which will each focus on a local alternative tourism project. This month, Lionel Mann tells us what's been going green in Agios Ioannis. And if you have anything to offer the GreenCorfuNet-work, email us on corfiotm@otenet.gr - and perhaps we'll feature YOU!

	Anastasia Skordou
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English - French - Greek	IONIAN UNIVERSITY OF CORFU MEMBER OF: THE INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF TRANSLATORS & THE PAN-HELLENIC ASOCIATION OF PROFINAL TRANSLATORS
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CHURCH NOTICES

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

The Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Clifford Owen, and his wife Avis are at the Church Monday to Friday 09.30 - 13.00. Tel: 26610 31467. Email: holytrin@otenet.gr Website: www.holytrinitycorfu.net

SUNDAY SERVICES

Sundays 10.30 Holy Communion 19.00 (1st, 3rd & 5th of month) Songs of Praise (Sunday School & Youth Group run same time as Services except Family Service) REGULAR EVENTS 10.00 Library & Coffee Morning Tuesdays Wednesdays 10.00 Coffee & Kids 12.00-14.30 Lunch Box Wednesdays Wednesdays 19.00 Scrabble Club (last Wed. in the month) Thursdays 10.30 Bible Study, the Old Testament (new series) Fridays 10.30-12.00 Informal Prayer Meeting

Revd. Dr. Clifford Owen, Chaplain of Holy Trinity Anglican Church, Corfu, will be terminating his ministry on the island in the autumn. The Bishop in Europe, Rt. Revd. Dr. Geoffrey Rowell, has accepted Clifford's resignation to take effect on 31st October 2008.

You are warmly invited (men and women) to The **Women's World Day of Prayer** (Interdenominational) On the theme: 'God's Wisdom Provides New Understanding' Prepared by the Christian Women of Guyana

Friday, 7th March, 2008 at 19:00 in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Kerkyra

Bishop's Visit to Corfu

The Anglican Bishop in Europe, Rt. Revd. Dr. Geoffrey Rowell, will be visiting Corfu for 'Western Easter' from March 20 to 23. He will be taking all of the services at Holy Trinity Church in Zambeli Street.

20 March, Maundy Thursday Holy Communion 19.00
21 March, Good Friday. Three Hours Devotion 12.00-15.00
23 March, Easter Day. 09.00 Holy Communion (Prayer Book)

10.30 Holy Communion (Common Worship)

The Bishop will be hoping to meet as many people informally and socially as possible. If you would like to meet him, please come to one of the services. There will be a communal 'bring a plate lunch' in church after the Easter Sunday service, during which you can meet him. After the Corfu visit, Bishop Geoffrey is hoping to move on to Albania for a short stay.

Holy Trinity Anglican Church, Corfu An Easter Service of Holy Communion will be conducted by Revd. Dr. Clifford Owen, Chaplain, on

Tuesday, 25 March 2008 at 14.00 in North Corfu (For venue see posters or contact 26610 31467) *Everyone and Anyone Welcome*

This month's name days

- 01. Evdokia
- 02. Evthalia
- 07. Evgenios
- 09. Smaragdos
- 12. Theofanis
- 17. Alexios
- 19. Chrysanthos
- 25. Evangelos

Name-day ritual dictates that you visit the home of the celebrating person, who will be holding an 'at home' - no invitation required. Take along a simple gift (alcohol, flowers, cake) and you will be offered a drink, nuts, cake, and possibly a meze. **NOTICE BOARD**

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Dear Member,

You are invited to the Annual General Meeting of the Ark - Friends of the Animals, which will take place on Wednesday 19th March 2008 at 19.30 at the Holy Trinity Anglican Church, Corfu Town.

If the A.G.M. should be inquorate, it will be re-convened on Wednesday 26th March at 19.30 at the Holy Trinity Anglican Church, Corfu Town.

Items on the agenda are: President's report on the Ark's activities for the year 2007; Treasurer's report; Planned activities for the year 2008; Financial budget for 2008; Auditory committee's report; Current issues ie neutering - poisoning - fostering - re-homing - fund raising - the Ark Shop - collection boxes - raising public awareness; Various announcements; Election of new governing Board and Auditory committee.

Only Members who have up-to-date subscriptions will be entitled to participate and vote in the A.G.M.

Memberships may be paid at the A.G.M.

Nominations from members wishing to stand as candidates for the new governing Board and Auditory committee are invited. Please send your full name, address and telephone number to the above address and state which committee you intend to be nominated for ie Governing Board or Auditory Committee.

Your attendance at the A.G.M. is considered vital not only to ensure successful elections but perhaps more importantly to support the Ark in its continuing struggle to help the stray animals of Corfu.

Yours Sincerely President: Sylvia Steen Gen. Secretary: Julia Hawes

Organised by and for the Council of Thinali Parents' Association. Held outside the Dimitra Supermarket in Acharavi between 9.30 & 12.30 every Saturday (weather permitting). All our books and handmade cards are 1.50 euros, and proceeds are used to enrich the lives of children attending Acharavi Primary School. Most of the books are donated by local residents, and local hotels and apartments are also encouraged during summer to recycle and donate books left by holidaymakers.



PEOPLE IN THE NEWS PUt it in the Tank or Put it in the Bank!

With the price of petrol edging up all the time, everyone is looking for ways to economize. Of course, the simplest way is to drive less, but that is not always an option. Now, with technology recently introduced to Europe from the US, you can drive the same mileage and still use less fuel. The same technology also reduces emissions, thus helping to protect the environment, as well as keeping your engine clean and running well. A neat and elegant solution to several modern problems!

Fuel Freedom International (FFI) is the company which distributes the product, called MPG-CAPSTM. They comprise a caplet about the size and shape of an antibiotic tablet, which you drop in your tank every time you fill up. For a tank that takes up to 40 litres, the dosage is a whole caplet the first time and a half thereafter. Tests indicate that the average fuel economy is 7-14%, though anecdotal evidence suggests savings may be even greater. So, for a cost of 1.5 euros (the price of half a caplet) and at 10% economy, you can save 4 euros, and if you fill up every week, that means 125 euros in your pocket at the end of the year!

But the benefits do not stop there. Because MPG-CAPS[™] work by causing fuel to burn quicker and more completely in your car's combustion chamber, exhaust emissions are cut by up to 75% (figures achieved in independent tests), meaning your car pollutes the environment less. The product is registered with the Environmental Protection Agency (USA).

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MPG-CAPSTM are designed and recommended for use in all petrol and diesel powered engines, including but not limited to cars, trucks, boats, agricultural machinery, motor homes, generators, heavy equipment, motorcycles, lawn mowers and jet skis. In summary, the benefits of using MPG-CAPSTM are:

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MPG-CAPS[™] are not available in shops. They are marketed by sharing with others. By personally using MPG-CAPS[™] and sharing them with others, you have unlimited potential to earn a large residual income in addition to saving money on your own fuel. With the escalating cost of fuel and pressures on every consumer to help the environment, this is a product that everyone needs and wants - convenient and easy to use. By joining the FFI network, you have all the ingredients for a successful home-based business at your fingertips.

If you would like to know more, please email corfiotm@otenet.gr or call 6948 889174.

FFI Presentation

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Fiendish Thoughts and Moral Dilemmas A Sarah Button

Last year whilst shopping in Corfu Town I found a wallet. It was laying right in the middle of the pavement in full view of passersby. I bent down, furtively looking around me, to retrieve it. I felt as though I was being watched. I was guilty already.

Opening it I found a large wad of cash, 'Blimey!' I thought and looked around me again to see if I was being chased by the owner or the police, but folk carrying their shopping bags just strolled past me, this bewildered English woman standing on the pavement with her mouth wide open. Searching through the wallet I found no means of identification, nothing. Not a clue to its owner. What should I do?

The budding horns on my head started to prickle, conjuring up nefarious temptation. 'Party time!'

Then I remembered years ago, when my children were babies and I was a single parent, how skint I was and how one Saturday afternoon, having struggled with a double buggy on the bus to a nearby town, I lost an entire week's housekeeping. I must have been careless stuffing it into the back pocket of my jeans as I left a supermarket. I was distraught. I retraced my steps, spoke to shopkeepers and burst into tears. I found nothing.

The desk sergeant in the police station regarded me with incredulity - how on earth could I expect someone to hand in cash? That moment of utter misery will stay with me for ever.

So, with my conscience firmly intact and temptation suitably admonished, I decided to deliver the wallet to the police.

The desk sergeant wore no uniform. In tight jeans and a pink Lacoste jumper, the slightly built young man took down the details, filled in a myriad of forms, wrapped the wallet in a large envelope and said if it wasn't claimed within 12 months it was mine.

'You're mad!' said some.

'Don't expect to get that if it isn't claimed,' said another, 'The police can't be trusted!'

Someone else told me off for not getting a receipt.

Last week, one year on, I went back to the police station and looked for the young man in the pink jumper. Had anyone claimed the wallet?

No, no-one had; it was mine. I was led into an office where a man filled out a stack of forms by hand and stamped each one of them twice. My residents permit was scrutinised and the wallet handed to me.

I was overcome with a mixture of elation and sadness. I wondered what had happened to the person who lost their money. Did they not claim it because they expected no-one would hand it in, did they not trust the police? Maybe they didn't care either way.

Whilst walking with Hilary last week I found myself chatting to an ex-pat and told him my story. He told me how a couple of years ago he'd been in Corfu Town on his way to settle a rather large bill, but somewhere between leaving the bank and arriving at his destination he lost his wallet. It contained several thousand euros. 'Long shot', he thought but went to the police. Little did he know that shortly before he got there a young, unemployed Albanian lad had handed in his wallet - intact. Enough said.

A Triple Achievement

After several years of hard work and study, Clifford Owen, Chaplain of Holy Trinity Church Corfu, was recently awarded a Doctorate in Theology.

In December, he attained the age of 65, and to celebrate undertook and completed a 280 mile bicycle ride from Corfu to Athens. Sponsorship from this epic journey goes towards church funds.

Congratulations to the Reverend Doctor for his triple achievement!

Barbara Wise

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PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

Spring Walks

SATURDAY, 1 MARCH Imerolia - Kelia - Kassiopi Headland - Imerolia *** NEW! (2 1/2 hours). Meet at Imerolia (Kassiopi New Harbour), 10.30. Lunch TBA

WEDNESDAY, 5 MARCH **Agios Georgios: Beach and Hinterland** *** **NEW**! (2 1/2 hours). Meet at Agios Georgios (Alkyon Hotel Beachfront), 14.30

SATURDAY, 8 MARCH **Agios Georgios - Dafni** *** **NEW!** (3 hours). Meet at Agios Georgios (Alkyon Hotel Beachfront), 10.15. Lunch TBA.

WEDNESDAY, 12 MARCH **Agros Village Trail * NEW!** (1 1/2 hours). Meet at Agros, Athini Junction, 15.00

SATURDAY, 15 MARCH **Ropa Valley - Kanakades** - **Giannades** *** (3 1/2 hours). Meet at Marmaro Bridge, Little Holland, 10.30. Lunch at Kostas Taverna, Agios Ioannis.

WEDNESDAY, 19 MARCH **Agros - Pagi** *** **NEW!** (2 hours). Meet at Agros, Athini Junction, 15.00

SATURDAY, 22 MARCH **Kaminaki - Katavolos -Viglatsouri** **** (3 hours). Meet at Kaminaki Petrol Station, 10.30. Lunch at Drop-In, Pyrgi.

WEDNESDAY, 26 MARCH **Arillas - Kavadades** *** **NEW!** (2 hours). Meet At Arillas Beachfront, 15.00 SATURDAY, 29 MARCH **Makrades - Kalderimi -Pagi - Vatonies - Makrades** **** **NEW!** (4 hours). Meet at Makrades, 10.00. Lunch at Doukades.

SATURDAY, 5 APRIL **The Grand Staircase** ***** (4 hours +). Meet at Spartillas, Asteras Cafe, 10.00 (Alternative descent available). Lunch at Stamatis, Strinilas.

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**** Difficult. Quite long with steep hills and rough terrain Everyone welcome on all the walks - participation is 2 euros. Alternative short walks can be suggested. Phone 6948 889174 for more information.



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The Corfiot - March 2008 9

CHAPLAIN'S CHAT Will the Christian Church ever die out?

🛋 Clifford Owen

.....

I am sure there are countless thousands who wish it would. Some may even be on this island! The first question has to be the theoretical one: is it possible for the Church to disappear off the face of the planet? In theory, yes. The basic reason is simply that at bottom, Christianity is a religion that has to be chosen. You cannot bully anyone into it, though it has been tried throughout history, mostly with negative results. One of the many hard words of Christ is found in Luke 18v8: '...when the Son of Man returns, will He find faith on the earth?' Is Christ acknowledging here the stark fact that every human being has the will and freedom to reject both Him and His message?

As long as only one person out of the whole human race chooses to follow Christ, you could say that technically the faith is still around. But if that one person were to die without commending the faith to anyone else then, like the Cornish language, the faith would be consigned to history. It would be of academic interest only. But before I drift down some academic backwater, let me re-phrase the question which is probably of much more interest to Corfiot readers: will the Christian Church become so marginalised as a minority persuit, that it ceases to have any real significance in society? Many would say that we are there already!

But is the church really down and out? The English media have been trying to talk us, write us, or bash us out of existence for well over half a century now, but still the Church persists stubbornly to be about. Let me put some statistics on the table. I have mentioned these before in The Corfiot, but they are useful:

There never really was a time when 'everybody went to church'. The first reliable census of religious practice in England, took place on Mothering Sunday 1851. I am quoting from memory of a key source (Owen Chadwick: The Victorian Church Vol.1) but two facts emerged from the census: 1) about 25% maximum of the English population got inside a church building on that Sunday in 1851. Many clergy may have fudged the figures to make them look better, so the real figure may have been lower. And 2) at least 40% of those who went to church were non-Conformists of various kinds. There were considerable religious/political implications of the survey; non-least in the matter of Catholic Emancipation and Religious Education. What was really threatened was the Church of England's claim to be the Church of the people. But staying with statistics there has been periodic and consistent research throughout the 20th century so a clear picture of religious adherence and attendance is now available. It was the First World War which shattered faith for many, but though the graphs have consistently edged downwards, Christian practice in the UK is still going strong. Thirty years ago many clergy were pleased to hear the headline that: 'more people go to church on Sunday than go to football matches on Saturday'. In 1990 I attended the premier of Graham Kendrick's 'The Cross' performed live at Hereford Football Ground (Edgar Street). It was a music-based worship event. I remember going up to the bar for refreshments and the char lady saying: 'I wish we had this number to watch the United on a

Saturday!' But of course it was a one-off. Statistically about 7% of the English population went to church at the turn of the Millennium. It has since edged down to around 5-6%. This means that in a population of 10,000 ex-pats in Corfu, 500-600 are likely to be familiar with the inside of a church! If we half that number, we still have about 300 who may have gone to church at some point in the past but no no longer do so. It means that Lionel Mann's '99% who never darken the doors' is not innacurate. (It may be 97 or 98%, Lionel!) But it is of great significance that many who have 'lapsed' churchgoing may not actually have given up the faith. It doesn't take too much to fan them back into flame. Neither have people lapsed because of the kind of music played in church, though music is significant. What is also inescapable, is that despite their own bashing, the media still like bishops on tv, and produce programmes like Father Ted and The Vicar of Dibley. They still run documentaries such as The Island Parish, portraying the life of the new vicar in the Scilly Isles; and much else.

Historically the church has survived every kind of persecution and attack. On the debit side it has acknowledged its many mistakes and sins, and lived through many divisions and theological controversies. In fact, persecution fans flames, and the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church. But what is God, himself, doing in all of this? Does He not have a vested interest in keeping the show on the road? This is a vast subject. The answer is

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Jimmy's * Alepou * Corfu Tel. 26610 20939 * 6932 670831 broadly 'yes'. Let me give you one Old Testament story: Joseph (of the Technicolor Dreamcoat). The account of Joseph combines pride, arrogance, hate, inheritance, famine and cunning, but in a miraculous way God over-rules, integrates and steers the events towards a moving reconciliation of Joseph with his brothers, the healing of the broken-hearted father Jacob, and the ultimate creation of a special nation. At each stage disaster

threatens, humanly speaking, but at each stage God turns the tables for good. And He does it without destroying human freedom. How God can be all powerful without taking away human choice is best illustrated from a supposed chess match between a novice and a grand chess master. Each has his choice of moves. At each stage the novice can move his pieces within the rules of the game, but the outcome of the match is virtually certain. Similarly, it is unlikely that the Almighty would simply let the Church decay inexorably out of existence. No less a person that the onetime controversial Bishop David Jenkins once said: 'People believe in God, because God keeps people believing in himself. And if He were to cease doing that, then that would be the end of the matter.' On that basis, even if the Church did die out, it is still possible (like the Cornish Language) to resurrect it.

But there is one profound reason, which keeps me going in the faith, and which is why I believe the Christian Faith and Church will go on through the centuries: *it just might be true*.

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OPINION Take That News

by Mr Axe

POISON FOR YOUR CHILDREN Coming Soon At A Supermarket Near You

Pavlos Metalinos is the vice-Mayor of Corfu City Council responsible for development. He is also a partner with a big shareholding in Dimitra Supermarkets.

So how come, if you're supposed to be looking after your fellow Corfiot citizens, along with their well being and better development, you are marketing on your supermarket shelves poison labelled as pure flower honey? When you look at the product label with a magnifying glass, you find out that the 'pure honey' is a mixed product, full of preservatives, only for use in patisseries (it says with the tiniest letters) and containing only 5% honey.

Meanwhile Chrysanthos Honey, a genuine ecological product with proper certificates which is produced by Panos Vasilakis in Vatos in a workshop in which he invested half a million euros, is collecting dust on the shelves of Mr

Metallinos' supermarket - this is the vice-Mayor whose function is to help people like Panos - because it is a little more expensive than the false product. I heard that Dopio - Made in Corfu plans to take them both, the vice-Mayor and the producer, to the

consumer court. In the meantime, choose your honey carefully. You only live once.

Don't Mention the War

The British have a love affair with Corfu which goes back centuries. In 1864, on the Union of the Ionian Islands with Greece, the British Empire acted to protect their beloved island - admittedly maybe partly from self-interest. Nevertheless, the terms of the Treaty of London, which provided for the Union, were put in place to protect us, the people of Corfu.

According to the terms of the Treaty, Corfu and Paxos should have been enjoying 'perpetual neutrality' ever since - so, like Switzerland, there should be no wars for our island.

This means that the damage caused by the German bombing of 1943, aimed at ousting the Italians, was illegal. Now one Corfiot heritage association is taking action in European courts, demanding that the Germans, Italians and Greeks pay for the historic buildings damaged in the bombing, like the beautiful old theatre. It's time we stood up for ourselves to demand our rights to be delivered NOW!!!

.....

My Mother-in-Law, Dearest

The second ruling of the Treaty compelled the Ionian Island to pay 10,000 pounds to the government of Greece to 'protect' the region. Ever since then we have been paying and paying. We pay taxes upon taxes - but no infrastructure for us. Only in fuel tax, the government gets 70 cents, while the fuel company and gas stations share 30 cents. And there are more taxes wherever you turn.

Epirus on the Mainland has incredible infrastructure, yet attracts only 600,000 visitors annually. The Ionian region has five million visitors every year, but is ignored by the government.

But the Corfiots have had enough. Action is been taken. And changes in the air are coming in a petrol station near you.

We used to call Greece 'mother homeland'. But she turned out to be a mother-in-law, and one of the worst around.



OPINION

DOPIO... means local and that is what you get in the Made in Corfu (Dopio) Shop near Perithia. Good clean filtered water, not from a borehole, untreated. Ice cubes that are crystal clear, not white with minerals .

The bar offers a choice of branded names, or second grade ones, like in English pubs. Fresh Corfiot products are on sale, ones guaranteed by Papaspiros, the retired priest of which Rick Stein said 'Fit as a fiddle at 83 years old!' The great chef's stamp of approval... And there's delivery to your premises. You can also find many good authentic Corfiot arts and crafts.

The shop in Perithia opens its doors for the season on Sunday, 15 March. You are all invited to the party, starting 14.00.

It's time to support our own people and not the factories of Asia that operate with slave labour.

Phone: 26610 21786... and soon on the internet at www.madeincorfu.net

Make a day of it ...with this lovely walk around Lake Antinioti



The 'Dopio' (Made in Corfu) Shop on the main Kassiopi-Acharavi road near Saint Spiridon and Lake Antinioti



Lake Antinioti and the reedbeds, near the 'Dopio' Shop

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A circuit, mainly on the level, of Lake Antinioti and its environs. Contrast the beauty of the Lake, the headland and the coastline with the encroachment in places of ugly 'development'. Allow a little over two hours.

Start at Saint Spiridon beach and take the road inland. Take the first asphalt road right and proceed to it junction with the main Kassiopi-Acharavi road. Go right. 50 metres along, head off right down a lane which soon is surfaced in gravel. At the first junction, go right (or take the optional deviation).

Deviation: Turn left and follow the gravel lane until you see a clear earth track leading up the hillside on the right. Climb to the top of the hill, where there is a large ruined building and a great view over the lake and its extensive reed beds. Return to the junction and bear left.

If you have not taken the deviation, keep going along the track, which closely skirts the reed beds. You may see wild birds, frogs and terrapins, and possibly an otter. At the next junction of tracks, beside a rubbish tip, go right and then bear right again at a sign which reads 'Athletics Centre'. Immediately, you cross one of the rivers which feeds the lake, running swiftly in a reed-bound channel. Continue into the car park of the football ground.

Head to the left of the car park, along the rear of a low building and towards the corner of the fence enclosing the pitch. Cross a small patch of derelict land (sheep have made a vague path) and jump a narrow ditch. You reach a large 'car park' with rough asphalt underfoot and gravel heaped around. Approach a large warehouse on the far side and turn right along a lane bordered shaded by eucalyptus trees. Where it meets an asphalt road, go straight on and continue to a crossroads (with Zephyros Taverna on the corner). Here turn right. Soon you reach the sea, where you go right and follow either the road (becoming a track after George's Taverna) behind the low dunes, or the beach. Flat, eroded rocks along the shoreline make for easy, if sometimes slippery, walking. Follow the road or the beach to the end, then cross the footbridge onto the headland. Having crossed the bridge, you may take a path straight on uphill and follow blue way-marks (this route is not described here), or turn left to follow the main track.

The sea is on the left and low shrub on the right. Amongst the shrubs are the remains of German gun emplacements dating from World War Two (take great care if you go exploring - there are unprotected holes). A British commando raid on the battery inspired Alistair Maclean's book 'The Guns of Navarone'.

Turn left at the first junction, taking an earth road to the rear of a small beach. A few metres on, look on the right for a less obvious track, and follow it through a gap in the gorse. The way becomes clearer, winding through a delightful pine plantation, then swinging inland to run alongside its boundary. The track hits the main gravel road which bisects the headland; here you go left. A few hundred metres on you reach a crossroads where the track on the right is blocked by a chain. Here turn left and take the earth track down to a lovely beach. At the beach (if you can bear to leave it!) head right to pick up a shoreline path leading across turf and sharp rocks. Eventually, you reach the lake outlet, where piles of grey sand are dumped. Here, take a track right. This quickly leads you to the bridge over the outlet and, a minute or two on, back to your starting point.

FEATURE Been Green Agios Ioannis and the <u>GreenCorfuNet</u>-work & Lionel Mann

There is no need for Agios Ioannis to go green; it has been green for at least forty years.

The first tourists of the modern era to visit the island - young 'hippies' - came here, found themselves welcomed by the traditionally friendly locals, pitched their tents in the olive groves (still referred to as 'The Cactus Hilton') by the square (plateia) in the old village, patronised Kosta's Taverna, and stayed for weeks at a time. Some of those original visitors have returned every year since then, and still meet here for their annual holidays.

Very soon an old mansion facing on to the plateia, dating from the French occupation, became a Youth Hostel, obviating the need for tents, while some of the cottages and houses along the village street were transformed into holiday apartments without noticeably changing their outside appearance.

More recently the Youth Hostel has become the Hotel Marida (pictured right). It provides a Continental Breakfast, but otherwise still sends its residents across the plateia to Kostas' Taverna to enjoy their good quality traditional Greek and European cuisine. Kosta's and Nitsa's younger daughter, Anna, and her husband, Nikos, have shared in running the taverna and more recently taken over much of the responsibility from their ageing parents. The taverna is celebrating its centenary this year.

Throughout the summer the taverna attracts visitors from all over the island, as well as catering for the families who spend their holidays in the village. Parents sit at the taverna tables scattered around the plateia, chatting, sipping, nibbling or enjoying a full meal while watching their children mingling with other kids, local and visitors, playing in absolute safety and in a magnificent mixture of languages that they all seem to understand,

A Dutch cycling holiday firm has chosen the village as its centre. To increase accommodation they have constructed an unobtrusive row of holiday cottages along a little side street. Their local office and cavernous workshop with storage space for more than a hundred bicycles is hidden beneath those cottages and therefore in no way detracts from the old-world charm of the environment. From April to October family groups from the Netherlands stay for a week or two to enjoy the novelty of cycling up and down the hills that their homeland lacks. Fifteen years ago Kostas' older daughter, Lula, returned from working in Britain, bringing her husband, Paul, and their two infant sons. They renovated for their own use Villa Sofia, an ancient family property, at one time the village school, that had become somewhat neglected. Nearby was another old ruin, at one time the residence of Kostas' forebears. It had been sold out of the family, but Lula and Paul recognized its potential, bought it back and set about restoring and enlarging it into a luxury holiday villa. Villa Theodora, its original four rooms now augmented by two bathrooms, spacious kitchen-diner, a very large lounge, all with modern conveniences, plus extensive patio and pool with attractive secluded garden, has been attracting visitors ranging from honeymoon couples to six- or seven-member family groups for the past eight years. Care has been taken that all renovations should blend in with traditional neighbours. For the



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last four years Villa Theodora has been the venue for the Agios Ioannis Music Week, which takes place in September.

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Such was the success of Villa Theodora that small Villa Spirithula, hidden amongst the nearby olive groves, without a pool and accommodating four persons, has been built, together with Villa Persephone, a new holiday-home in the valley below the old village, with pool and accommodating five; owned by regular visitors for whom we rent it out when they do not need it. Thus within the small compass of the old village there is now accommodation for visitors ranging widely from simple twinbed apartments with shared toilet and showers, through more spacious apartments with cooking facilities and hotel rooms, to luxury villas.

However, the old village has preserved its essentially rustic character and offers an 'away from it all' relaxing holiday. A sound-system has been added to the taverna, but it usually plays Greek folk music. There are a good minimarket, a bakery, a pharmacy, a number of tavernas, a gournet restaurant in the newer part of the village, as well as Aqualand within easy walking distance. For any visitor who wants discos or wild night-life, Corfu Town or a number of seaside resorts are a few kilometres' drive away, but those have no place in traditional Agios Ioannis. The villagers are very much involved in tourism; it affords employment to many of them.

The village 'mayor', Georgos, lives near the centre and is totally committed to the community's activities. He spends hours of time as well as personal expense in festooning the plateia and its trees with strings of lights for all festivities, setting up a crib at Christmas, organizing fireworks for Easter, and providing the adjuncts of the panegyri in June. A team of children from the local primary school in traditional dress gives a dancing display on one night of the panegyri and on the other an older group performs similarly. Celebrations here are really something! We have visitors for all such occasions even though some are outof-season. At one time we tried to attract visitors for walking holidays in the cooler months, but there were very few takers.

Following a few years of satisfactory association with a tour operator, we now operate independently. Most of our advertising is by word of mouth and many of our visitors return annually. Our office with its website handles villa reservations. Anna, who owns many of the apartments, deals with most of bookings for those, but all owners cooperate in finding suitable accommodation for prospective visitors. This system is working well without any detriment to the environment, and to the advantage of the 'green' village of Agios Ioannis.

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What is GreenCorfuNet?

GreenCorfuNet is an initiative inspired by Apostolos Petroulias of the DDikeoma Institute to provide an infrastructure for alternative forms of tourism.

The project will run over three years, at the end of which a network of sites will be registered and made available to the visitor. These will include: walking trails in the countryside and around villages; gastronomy trails in which kafenions and tavernas serving traditional food will be registered; cultural trails bringing in monuments and museums; and ecological sites whether natural (like the Natura 2000 ones) or created (like an ecological farm or animal sanctuary).

The recommended trails and sites will be available as a guided or self-guided route, or as a pick-and-choose menu for visitors exploring a certain area. For example, a visit to the Acharavi area might take in a coffee at the 'Made in Corfu' Traditional Kafenion near Perithia, a browse in the adjoining olive wood shop, a drive to the Natura 2000 site at Lake Antinioti, a walk on one of the Blue Routes, possibly passing the Dandalo Tower and neighbouring water mill, and lunch at a taverna that serves real local cuisine. The trip could be booked in advance and formally guided, or, using a directory, visitors could access whichever of the sites they want by themselves, in whichever order suits their programme.

The project launches many opportunities for the development of alternative tourism businesses. Some that come to mind are: holiday cottages in villages or inland countryside rather than in resorts, handicraft centres and art galleries, ecological farms (olives, herb gardens, produce shops), old olive presses restored to produce real virgin oil, horse- and donkey-riding centres, traditional B&Bs, cookery courses, and more. If you already have, or intend to establish, an activity or business which might qualify, please contact me on 6948 889174 or email on corfiotm@otenet.gr and we will discuss your participation, or call in at the DDikeoma Institute in the basement of the City Theatre (through the foyer and on the left).

Every month we shall feature a person or activity which will form part of GreenCorfuNet.

The first GreenCorfuNet volunteer day will be Sunday, 2 March when, with the help of Petra Traditional Constructions, we will clean up the area of the Dandalo Tower behind Acharavi. If you'd like to participate, please come along to Freddo Bar, Acharavi, 10-10.30.

Left: Manor House at Velonades - perfect for a traditional B&B - and a snip-at 90,000 euros.



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Ruin Before After by Hilary Paipeti

After, on this page last month, we published an article about two renovation projects in Varipatades which have been converted for 'village-style' rentals, a few people commented that it would have been nice to see pictures of the properties before renovation, in order to understand better how a **Petra** restoration project works. In parallel, such a comparison is of assistance to the many clients who enthuse over the idea of buying a derelict old house, but when faced with the reality of a tumbledown building, fail to conjure up the imagination needed to visualize its potential.

Accordingly, we have put together some 'Before and After' shots to show how a ruin can be reantiquated without throwing tons of concrete at it!



HILLSIDE HOUSE, HLOMOS

This house is on three levels staggered down a slope, apparently constructed in different phases and unconnected with each other internally. The top floor, beside the road, was in reasonable condition, and though the roof was replaced (with the original tiles), most of the beams and floorboards were salvaged. Lathe-andplaster room divisions were removed to create what was in the end a spacious lounge, and a veranda door was opened in the south-facing wall to give access to the concrete roof of the next level down, giving a huge veranda with a view over all southern Corfu and as far as Paxos. At the rear, squashed between the main house and the road, a storeroom with access from the yard was linked instead with the lounge to make a very large bathroom. The owner's wife insisted on a 'power shower', showing that the latest technology can be incorporated into old buildings without compromising their atmosphere! An internal stair was installed.



The next level down had three rooms in a row, one under the lounge and two under the concrete slab. The room at the rear, under the new lounge, had little light and became a bedroom (you don't need big windows and a view when you're asleep!). In front, a smaller room which gave access to this level was earmarked for a kitchen. Shelves were built into the interesting wall alcoves and much stonework was exposed. The access wall was built of very flimsy brick, waist high and with metal windows above, and had to be demolished. Here, project manager Yiannis had the bright idea of rebuilding in the same format, using reclaimed old stone, and timber windows, thus allowing a lot more light into the kitchen than if a more standard approach had been used. The front room, south facing and with three big windows, became a diner or second bedroom. The bottom level, comprising two rooms, will be renovated at a later date.

Outdoors, the garden terraces were shored up with new concrete and the trees trimmed. The outside of the house was rough-rendered, leaving some good corner stones exposed, and painted with ochre-tinted limewash paint.



ALMOND HOUSE, ROU

Located at the other end of the village from the Rou Estate, this house with attached stables looks out over a steeply sloping garden over the sea and into Albania. The building was a complete wreck, with the roof ready to collapse. But the walls, built of the lovely local hard limestone which quarries naturally into blocks, were generally sound.

In the main house, the upstairs accommodation consisted of an old kitchen at the rear and a very large room at the front. These became the kitchen and lounge of the new house. Veranda doors were opened in the sea-facing wall and a balcony constructed, using mainly reclaimed old timbers for authenticity. The access 'bodzos' with its lovely flagstones was rebuilt, providing a sheltered dining area. Downstairs, the large storeroom under the lounge (the kitchen rests on bedrock) became the master bedroom, with a smaller room under the bodzos providing a huge en-suite bathroom with wet-room shower and bath.



The attached stables, in even worse condition, were linked with the main house by lovely stone steps, reclaimed from another building. The owner wanted the stables kept as a semi-separate house; closing a door beside the stairs now renders it an independent unit with two bedrooms, a small kitchen and a bathroom.

The owner was totally committed to keeping the house as traditional as possible, while demanding modern comforts. Thus, underfloor heating was installed before square flags were laid on the lower storey and in the kitchen. Though the lounge floorboards were in poor condition, many were salvaged and the rest of the floor was repaired with boards reclaimed from another property. Everywhere authentic features were brought back to life. Wall alcoves were shelved with old timber cut to size; part of an olive press lever became a door lintel; walls inside and out were left unrendered, but were subtly pointed to retain the drystone effect; the low, wide stone ledges around the walls of the

Front view, work in progress. The drystone holding wall is complete. The stables are on the right.

main bedroom, once used to store olive oil jars, were retained and are now 'part of the furniture'.

descends in a series of terraces, a lovely drystone wall was constructed to shore up the first level and a little stone-roofed bothy was restored to its original state. Eventually, a pool is planned, well down from the house so not to interfere with the traditional character of the village. Part of the garden will be developed as a vegetable patch, for the owner plans one day to quit the rat-race of the London publishing scene, and hourslong commutes, to settle into a 'green' lifestyle.

VARIPATADES HOUSES

Featured last month as a prototype 'village rental' initiative, the large house in Varipatades (right) is mid-terrace and extends on three floors beside a wide alley. The ground floor has a twin bedroom and bathroom with walk-in wetroom. The middle floor comprises a large open kitchen, diner and lounge, while the top floor has a double bedroom and bathroom. Because in its original state the house had no balconies, the renovation team cleverly constructed an inset balcony on the top floor, which due to the large floorspace was possible without compromising the size of the bedroom. Thus, residents are able to enjoy the stunning view over the rooftops and over the valley to Pelekas - even in the rain! For outside living, the house comes with a yard on the opposite side of the alley. A pergola has been created on part of this to provide shade for alfresco dining.

Varipatades Cottage (below) is also on three levels. Entrance is to the middle floor, which comprises a lounge with couch and easy chair. Since the building is almost detached, there are windows front and back, so the house is full of light, and enjoys a view over the pantiled rooftops and valley beyond. A spiral stair leads down to the kitchen and bathroom, with small indoor diner and a step-out yard beside the descending alley. Timber stairs lead up from the lounge to a double bedroom, also light and airy and with an even better view.

In both houses, the renovation process has held with tradition. As much as possible of the original fabric of the buildings has been preserved, including the timber stairs and old floorboards. Wherever installations had to be replaced, materials recycled from other old houses have been used. In order to preserve the authentic feel of an old village house, irregular render has been applied both inside and out, finished with limewash paint containing natural ochre tint. Indoors, features such as wall alcoves have been incorporated into the decor.





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The Trials and Tribulations of the Everyday Lotus Eater A Sarah Button

Lotus (in Greek mythology): a legendary plant whose fruit induces a dreamy forgetfulness and an unwillingness to leave.

Definition courtesy of The Concise Oxford Dictionary.

We are all used to jealous responses when we tell our friends back in the UK what a great time we're having and how good life is here. For myself and husband Pete, the odd brag about sitting on the veranda supping wine in the sun merely provokes grumpy texts from our cheesed-off children who have to cope with the treadmill of keeping body and soul together in the cold and draughty north of England. As far as they see it we are just winding them up.

I got a mail from a friend last week congratulating us on our chosen life style; he finished by saying, 'There must be a down side, what don't you like about it?'

The downers are minimal and beat some of the depressing features of life in England like permanent damp, insidious bureaucracy, Health and Safety officials, Boris Johnson's ego, speed traps and the permanent whinging of the British press. But, in order to prove to my friend that we too had to put up with irksome national traits and bewildering red tape I sent my him the following list.

GREEK TELLY

In our remote corner of the island the reception is limited and the few channels that manage to hit our aerial are amazingly poor. We could always get a NASA sized satellite dish, but I don't want to turn my garden into a replica of Portandown, and quite frankly we are too tight to buy one. Instead we channelsurf and take what we can get. We have become closet fans of Jeremy Clarkson; yes on Saturday nights we watch the pompous petrol-head in re-runs of Top Gear. On Sundays we sit down for Simon Cowell being very nasty to young American wannabes on Pop Idol. Sad, aren't we?

After 9 there's often a movie but we've usually fallen asleep and lost the plot long before it ends because of the interminable commercial breaks. The ads give us more than enough time to make a cup of tea; if we could be bothered we could have a bath then pop down to the local kafenion for an ouzo or two.

Perhaps our evenings would be better spent reading an improving book - or nipping down the local for an ouzo or two.

OTE

You too? Well, there's a surprise! These guys exist to shatter nerves; it's a wonder we haven't been driven to shattering their windows. We waited for our phone and ADSL line and we waited some more. Each time we chased them up they said, 'Very soon, very soon.' Which we all know is Greek for, 'Haven't got a clue, but we might get around to it one day - if we can be bothered.' Following an interminable visit to their offices in Skripero to bang our fists on their desks, we were taken upstairs to meet someone in authority. Here we found a cluster of ancient desks wired to each other by trails of cable, phone sockets swinging from the ceiling into which more cables were plugged - this was not the state-of-the-art communications emporium one would expect to see. This was Heath Robinson meets Jamie Oliver on spaghetti night.

'We tried to call you but we don't have a number for you,' said a man with a cigarette hanging from his lips. Oh, For Pete's sake! But Pete had given up.

'We need to come out and decide where to put the poles,' said the man, taking a deep draw on his cigarette. He gave us a look that suggested this task was tantamount to sinking telegraph poles from here to the North Pole.

In the end we persuaded a neighbour with a landline to set up a wi-fi router. Then we told OTE where they can put their poles.

We downloaded Skype so we could stay in touch with family and friends back home. Problem solved.



NO DIRECT FLIGHTS ALL YEAR ROUND

Yeah it's a pain and something we all mutter about, and as Easyjet cash in on our desperation by charging a whopping £175 for a single ticket in April, our visiting friends apologise; they will not be bringing the Marmite, Earl Grey tea bags and Daddies Sauce because they won't pay the £8 for hold luggage. They are travelling light and - by the way - do we have a washing machine.

For us it's not that bad and we are lucky we have plenty of time. The ferry to Venice is pleasant, flight connections relatively straight forward and incredibly cheap if booked well in advance. Our last trip back to the UK cost us 90 euros each, allowing us time for a water taxi tour of Venice and a couple of pints of Guinness in Belfast on our way to Newcastle.

CLOTHES SHOPPING

I've never been one for fashion but the choice here is decidedly diabolical. I don't want to dress like a tart and I'm not ready for the donkey-riding widow look. OK, we've got Marks and Spencer, but somehow the Greeks have managed to persuade this traditionally conservative institution to bling the clothes up, and even the draw-strings on the tracksuits are studied with mock diamonds. The other shops dress up their window mannequins in clothes that wouldn't fit Victoria Beckham, draping them in studded leather belts, kinky boots and heavy gold chains. More S&M than M&S.

I don't bother now, preferring to shop on my trips to the UK.

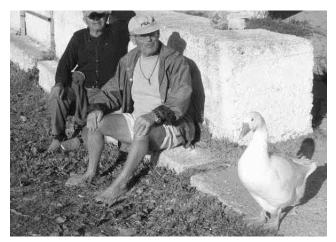
DRIVING

I am an Old Bird Cruiser and cannot cope with the Young Boy Racers on the strip past Tzavros on the way into Corfu Town. If it's not Master Hothead up your bum it's a taxi driver on speed. Not that these guys need amphetamines - they could survive on the adrenaline rushes they get from scaring the pants off the lady in the sedately driven 10 year old Cinquecento. Driving up Troumpeta tailed by a menacing maniac in a pick-up truck full of goats or worse going down the other side tailed by a truck full of concrete driven by the bloke you know has a penchant for half a bottle of Metaxa with his lunch is enough to drive the calmest of drivers for the valium - or brandy bottle.

We have to live with this one and, short of acquiring a Chieftain tank to nip down to the shops in, we just keep our eyes open and drive defensively.

There are a few other things that bug me but they are trivial; queuing for example. Try getting on a bus in San Rocco Square at school turfing-out time and you'll find yourself in a rugby scrum with a bag of books and a half-eaten pitta giros in your face. The elderly are forced to resort to violence to get a seat; I once saw a woman who must have been in her nineties (or was she only 34 and an employee of OTE?) slam her handbag into the crotch of a gum-chewing youth. The impact was so great the chewing gum shot of his mouth and landed in the neat coiffure of the well turned-out lady sitting in front.

When it comes to Greek etiquette and manners, Pete is phased; kissing blokes is not something a Geordie does. If he tried to greet a mate with a kiss on each cheek in Newcastle he'd be laughed at first then beaten to a pulp. But I think there is something endearing about the gregariousness of the Greeks. They are a passionate people and one thing's for sure, you always know where you are with them - it's a kind of easy honesty that makes a mockery of the British stiff upper lip, and I like it. We signed up to Greek culture the day we got our Residents Permit from the quaintly, but probably quite accurately named, 'Department of Aliens' in Corfu Town. The niggles? They go with the territory.



Be prepared for eccentricity: Peppina is a five year old goose, and every day she goes in her owner's car to Bouka Beach, Lefkimmi for a swim... Is she Corfu's most unusual pet?

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FOOD

My Favourite Cookbooks

I was probably the only person in the history of Domestic Science who managed, aged eleven, to burn some boiled eggs (don't try it - they truly stink!). My school's DS course was truly uninspiring; one lesson consisted of frying some onions and then throwing in a tin of baked beans and another of chipolata sausages - this was called 'Cowboy Casserole'.

So I suppose it was an unlikely outcome that in my late teens, I would develop an interest in cooking.

Having few basic skills, other than a marginal ability to turn out shortcrust pastry and chocolate-coated rice-crispies (plus a knowledge of how to heat baked beans), I first tried out a large format cookbook of my mother's, called something like '100 Dishes in 30 Minutes'. Naturally, I gravitated towards the easier recipes; one was Sausage Jambalaya, whose only major operation involved boiling rice to the right constituency. My favourite, though, was Russian Pie which, like most of the recipes in the book, was an adulterated version of an ethnic dish, written for English sensibilities. Nevertheless, it was pretty good, and I more or less remember how it was made (or at least this is how I would make it now):

Russian Pie

1 packet frozen puff pastry (450-500 gr approx.), 250 gr longgrain rice, parsley, 100 gr button mushrooms, 100 gr onion, large tin salmon, 2 hard-boiled eggs, black pepper, 1 beaten egg, butter

Thaw the pastry. Boil the rice for 12 minutes and drain. Mix with a little butter and a small bundle of parsley, chopped fine. Clean, trim and chop the mushrooms, peel and chop the onion. Fry the onion in more butter until softened, then add the mushrooms and continue to fry until all is soft and golden. Open the tin of salmon and flake. Peel and slice the eggs.

To assemble, lay the thawed pastry on a baking tray. One one half of the rectangle place the rice, leaving a couple of centimetres along the edges. Cover with the onion and mushroom mixture. Place the salmon on top and finish with the sliced boiled egg. Mill some black pepper on the top. Brush the edges of the pastry with a little water. Bring the free side of the pastry over the assembled ingredients and seal the edges, crimping them together. Brush with the beaten egg. Make four or five diagonal slashes across the top.

Place in a preheated oven at 180°C and bake for half an hour or until the pastry is risen and golden. Remove from the oven and pour some melted butter into the slashes. Serve immediately with a green salad. At college, I was faced with some hideously ghastly hall-of-residence cooking ('pizza' made with spongy bread dough, spreadwith unadulterated tomato paste and grated cheddar cheese, and served with tinned spaghetti and chips, was one of the most memorable nadirs); having worked one holiday waitressing in a Sicilian restaurant in my home town, I went out and bought myself Elizabeth David's *Italian Food*.

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Published in 1954, at the end of rationing ('We are all weary of cheese-paring,' wrote David), the book inevitably treats some of the recipes as curiosities rather than ones to be attempted; where at that time in the UK would you have obtained fresh sardines, for example? Even when I bought the book, olive oil was only obtainable in the north of England, outside a visit to 'Little Italy' in Manchester, in a tiny bottle from a chemist, with the assumption it would be used for questionable 'medicinal purposes'. Likewise, pasta other than the tinned variety and non-ready-grated Parmesan cheese weren't common. Thus, until I came to Corfu, many of the recipes were of only academic interest!

Here is one, a slight adaptation of David's recipe, that we have enjoyed many times in Corfu.

Chicken Risotto

A small chicken, olive oil, 1 small onion, 3 ripe tomatoes or a teacup of passata, 1 garlic clove, 1 red pepper, 10 gr dried mushrooms, 1 glass white wine, salt, black pepper, fresh thyme and/or basil

For the risotto: 25 gr butter, 1 small onion, 300 gr Arborio or other risotto rice (Carolina can be used at a pinch, but proper risotto rice is now quite generally available in large supermarkets), Parmesan cheese, extra butter

Soak the mushrooms in a mug of boiling water for 30 minutes. Drain, reserving the liquid, and rinse well.

Remove the skin from the chicken, take all the flesh off the bones and cut into fairly large, long slices. In a thick pan, saute the sliced onion in oil and when it is golden add the chicken and the vegetables (peeled and chopped as appropriate), including the mushrooms. Let them fry for a few minutes, then add the wine and allow it to bubble for 3-4 minutes. Add enough boiling water just to cover. Add the seasonings and fresh herbs.

Cover the pot and cook in a very slow oven for about two hours. You can prepare this in advance.

For the risotto, melt a finely chopped onion in the butter in a wide and heavy pan. Add the rice and stir, allowing it to soak up the butter. Add the reheated mushroom liquid and stir again. When it is all but absorbed, add boiling water just to cover and stir again. Keep adding small quantities of boiling water and stir gently but almost constantly until the rice is all but done. Tip in the contents of the chicken pan and stir for a few minutes more until the sauce is absorbed and the rice is tender. Add a good knob of butter and 2 tablespoons Parmesan cheese, stir again and serve immediately, either in the pan, or on a hot serving dish, with extra Parmesan on the side. After avidly collecting all Elizabeth David's books, I then discovered Marcella Hazan's *The Classic Italian Cookbook*. This was a gift from a then boyfriend - a rather self-serving one, since he liked his grub; it was inscribed 'Hoping this book will enable you to continue feeding me in the manner to which I have become accustomed...'

I have recently reverted to this and its sequel (*The Second Classic Italian Cookbook*) and find the dishes just as delicious as I remember them. Here is one of my winter favourites, great for cold weather.

Meatballs and Cabbage

For the meatballs: 1 slice good village bread (crust removed), 6 tablespoons milk, 450 gr minced steak, 1 egg, salt, freshly ground black pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 3 table-spoons grated Parmesan, 2 tablespoons very finely chopped onion, 100 gr approx fine dry breadcrumbs (home made), olive oil

For the cabbage: Olive oil, 700 gr Savoy cabbage (usually available in AB), 2 large cloves chopped garlic, 150 gr tomato passata

Heat up the bread and milk in a small saucepan over low heat. When the bread has soaked up the milk, mash it to a fine pulp. Allow to cool.

Place the mince in a large bowl with the bread and the rest of the ingredients except the dry breadcrumbs and mix thoroughly. With wet hands, shape into flatish balls about 3 cms across. Dredge on both sides in the breadcrumbs.

In a saute pan big enough to contain the meatballs in a single layer, heat enough oil to cover the base. When hot, slip in the meatballs and fry on both sides until nicely browned. Remove onto a plate lined with kitchen paper, laving the oil in the pan.

Remove the outside leaves from the cabbage and shred into strips about 6 mm wide. Discard the core. Into the pan in which the meatballs were cooked, pour a little more olive oil if needed and saute the chopped garlic until light gold, then add the cabbage and turn until it is completely coated with oil. Turn the heat down to minimum, cover and cook for about 45 minutes to an hour, stirring form time to time, until the cabbage is reduced to a third of its original bulk. Season well.

Raise the heat and, with the pan uncovered, cook the cabbage until it turn a light nut brown. Add the passata and cook for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Return the meatballs to the pan and cook for another 10 minutes, turning a few times. Serve very hot.

It goes well with a white bean soup as starter (cooked as for Fassoulada but without the addition of tomato). And my latest cookbook is *Rick Stein's Mediterreanean Escapes*. The David and Hazan books are right now sitting with Rick's on my worktable, and together they demonstrate 45 years both of cooking and of cookbook publishing. David's is a Penguin paperback with woodcut illustrations and no layout design to speak of, Hazan's a medium-format black and white hardback with basic layout, and Stein's a large-format, full colour, beautifully designed, almost coffee-table book. The recipes, too, speak of food history, with most of David's dishes avoiding the exotic, while in contrast, Stein's takes it for granted that you can get extra virgin olive oil, sun-dried tomatoes and vegetables like fennel.

Here's Rick's recipe for 'Baked Greek Omelette' which I tried out recently.

Baked Greek Omelette

3 tablespoons olive oil, 250 gr leeks, 250 gr mixed tender wild 'horta' greens, 8 large eggs, 3 tablespoons chopped dill, 3 tablespoons chopped mint (if available), 175 gr crumbled feta, 25 gr grated kefalotiri or Parmesan, salt and freshly ground black pepper

Trim, clean and thinly slice the leeks. Pick over, wash, dry and shred the greens. Lightly beat the eggs.

Preheat the oven to 160°C. Heat 2 tablespoons olive oil in a deep pan, add the leeks and cook gently for 10 minutes until soft. Add the remaining oil and the leaves to the pan and cook for 3-4 minutes until they have wilted down and are just tender.

Tip the greens into a bowl and add the eggs, herbs, cheeses, 1/2 teaspoon salt and some pepper. Oil a 20 cm round non-stick cake tin, pour in the mixture and bake for about 45 minutes until just set. Serve with a tomato and onion salad.

Below: Another Rick Stein favourite; Taverna Foros's Briam



The Corfiot - March 2008 23

COMMENT Nanny says you must... Eat Your Greens A Sarah Button

Imagine your favourite taverna dropping its chalkboard boasting juicy grills and cheese-loaded pastas; instead it produces a menu on which each item includes a long and tedious breakdown of the ingredients. Following your perusal and presuming you'd managed to digest it all before dying of starvation, the waiter delivers a monologue on the health benefits and otherwise of the pastitsio, including a list of vitamins and minerals and a calorie count per 100 grams, then he tells you how many of your 'Five A Day' fruit and veg units you've chalked up. As your concentration is lost and you drift off, he warns you about the arterybusting fat in the lamb chops and advises of the risk of sudden death following the consumption of a tiny portion of tiramisu. But you wake up abruptly when the waiter informs you that as you are eating with your children and for health and safety reasons you and your partner will not be served more than two glasses of wine each.

The wine scenario is not a nightmare - it is actually happening in England, courtesy of pub chain Wetherspoons. The dietary advice? That's on the cards too. As well as our fat, salt and sugar intake, the government is soon to require pubs, supermarkets and off-licences to display health warnings on alcohol at the bar or tills, as well as food labels. Can you imagine how all that would go down here? It is laughable. Bet no-one would dare try it. Reckon it would lead to civil war.

But the nightmare is real enough back In the UK. The government are encouraging retailers to label ALL food and give warnings about unhealthy contents; it nevertheless seems there is no legal stipulation on the accuracy of labels stating levels of fat, sugar and salt, but guidelines allow manufacturers a margin of error of up to 30 per cent on fat or salt content. Thus, many labels are misleading. A sample of Waitrose chocolate pudding contained 45 per cent more fat than was stated on the label, another sample exceeded the amount by 64 per cent.

A couple of Sainsbury's ready meals were much fattier than shoppers were led to believe. One had 91 per cent more fat. It's all a joke - what a waste of time!

But if we are such label junkies it serves us right.

Food labelling can be ridiculous. For crying out loud, do we need to be told that sausages can clog our arteries or that oranges contain vitamin C or that bottled water is suitable for vegetarians?

The English are ramming food awareness down our throats. The Scouts have introduced a 'Healthy Eating' badge. What happened to the good old scouts' supper of bangers and beans? NOOOOO! Cannot nosh on those anymore. To earn their badge the children will have to make a fruit salad, two different sandwiches and healthy snacks, as well as list some unhealthy foods; which I should imagine is a tall order when just about everything is bad for you.

Fact: British children are the fattest in the world. Source: HM Government.

A Government sponsored website thinks it is addressing the problem. On a page about childhood obesity it asks: What caus-

es it? What are the effects? Who's affected? How's it diagnosed? For goodness sake, It appears we have allowed them to treat us as if we are stupid. But it seems many of us are.

Rumour has it that inspectors lurk in schools and make spot checks on the contents of children's packed lunches. This leads to some mothers stuffing fish and chips and burgers through the school fence, to be greedily grabbed by their poor starving and ahem - 'fat' little children. These poor kids will later be collected from the school gates, driven home in an indestructible 4X4 and then installed in front of the TV with a plastic tray containing a burger, chips and fizzy drink full of 'E' numbers. They will not be allowed out because they are going to be abducted/murdered/molested, so instead are killed by kindness; 'safely' in-doors where they become bored, grumpy, unfit couch potatoes.

Fact: There are no more abductions these days than there ever have been.

Source: UK children's charity Kidscape.

I watch Greek families eating out: it's a civilised and relaxed affair, and the whole family sit down together. The children eat what they want and this includes many of the things which back in the UK are taboo, like lamb chops and chips. They also trough out on fresh fish and fresh locally-produced veg; they are never too squeamish - like English children can be - to eat a whole sardine, heads, bones and all. Once the youngsters have had enough they are down from the table and out playing; working off any excesses and building an appetite for supper. These children are much leaner than their English cousins, but more importantly they are fitter too; they are fitter because they don't live in a society driven mad by neurosis, and the potty paranoia put out by the tabloid press.

I think the Brits have asked to be treated like idiots. We've allowed the government to tell us what to eat and what to drink. Next, we won't be trusted to look at the weather forecast, so we'll be told what to wear. Imagine: 'For Health and Safety reasons you are advised to wear a vest when the temperature drops below 10 degrees.'

Now it seems we are no longer responsible for our own actions. Sadly, we are bringing up our children in the same culture and they are absconding their responsibility to look after themselves too. It's a poor show when the government feels the need goes to tell us there is sugar in our puddings and fat in pork pies.

If we are overweight, it's usually because we eat too much and don't exercise enough. Most of us know the answer; to lose the flab cut the calories and go for a walk. Yup, it's simple; some of us just need a little encouragement. We are lucky here in Corfuwe have an abundance of fresh local fish, fruit and vegetables, we are not tempted by acres of processed food, because Greek supermarkets don't have them, and we have a better climate that encourages us to walk, run or cycle. And anyway, we've got much better things to do than read ridiculous labels.

Fact: Corfiot lifestyle is good for you. Source: Pete and Sarah, nearly healthy ex-pats.

GREWSOM DOINGS



Over the years I seem to have acquired something of a reputation, at least in my Auntie Nora personification, as being something of a misery – carping and critical.

Oh dear. Well, someone has to do it; we can't all be happy little souls. Though come to think of it, how many people do you know who always answer 'fine' when you ask how they are, even if they are limping and high on painkillers or anti-depressants? What's the point in being brave, I say; why not wallow in a bit of self-pity?

Self-pity. Now there's something my Corfiot female friends do well, in the same way that they seem to have an unbeatable gift for cleaning a house, getting every last stain out of the laundry, and cooking a meal for twenty without turning a hair. None of that boring old British stiff upper lip. You go in for that meaningless opening exchange of 'Yassou! How are you? Fine! Me too.' And then you start to be bombarded by a list of symptoms, actual and imagined, completely drowning out any attempt you may be making to respond with your own little list - what's the point? You can't win in the Anglo-Greek contest of symptoms. It's a bit like the Eurovision contest - the result is usually a foregone conclusion.

Not even my current bout of bronchitis rates very highly when compared to my neighbour's vasana with her holi or her husband's polemos with his nefra - and you are probably better off not knowing what all that means or might turn into. So I am left to commiserate with myself and that usually involves slouching on the sofa watching TV and that in itself can bring on high blood pressure.

There is one particular advertisement that gets me going - it shows a family leaping out through the door of a holiday chalet they are presumably all staying in together. Now that's a terrifying thought for one thing. Grandpa is instantly recognizable, glinting white teeth set in a rictus grin, leaping around in his pristine trainers, pants with perfect crease and striped shirt. He's got all his hair, white though it is, and he looks ready for anything – paddling with the kids, chatting all day, ballroom dancing at night - but hang on, where is Grandma? Goodness, is that her, the slinky old broad with the perky boobs and Asda bikini?

As a grandma I am well aware this doesn't look anything like I do, and as for the Grandpa figure - my own grandpa memories are of a figure slumped all day long in an armchair, wreathed in clouds of pipe smoke like a subsiding volcano.

Where is this fantasy world the ad families live in? The kids that scoff their cereal with gusto, the mums that skip to work, the dads that go off to work every morning with a briefcase and a posh car?

Bah humbug. It doesn't do you any good to moan. And don't get me started on bottle-tops and opening tins or extracting light bulbs from their packaging... Life just gets more difficult when you feel ill. At least if your Greek neighbour won't listen to your woes, you can talk to yourself.

I hope you weren't expecting some enlightening piece about Corfu. You got your miserable old moan though, didn't you?

Maybe next month I'll feel better.

LETTER

GREEK CULTURE IS DIFFERENT

I first visited Corfu in the 1960's and have been an annual visitor since 1979, three visits a year when possible. My chosen area is the north-west (Avliotes/Agios Stefanos) where I have many Greek friends, now into the third generation of some families.

I love Corfu and the way of life of its people and I was irritated - to say the least - to read the litany of complaints and grumbles of Robert Sherratt, a newcomer to the island (January 2008 issue).

Apart from his opening paragraph about the lack of direct flights in the winter, I disagree with just about everything else in his letter. I am a countryman with many years experience of keeping dogs, cattle and poultry - and of having and using guns.

What Robert Sherratt needs to learn and to accept is that the Greek culture is quite different from ours and that if he chooses to live there, he should respect the differences. His attitude is offensive to the Greek community and can only lead to divisions between them and ex-pats.

'Poop scoops' in rural Greece - what nonsense!

My Greek friends - and I - ask the obvious question - if Rob

Sherratt finds life in Corfu so distasteful, why does he not return to where he is more suited?

Peter Skinnard, Cornwall, UK

No more replies to Mr Sherratt's January letter, please. Mr Sherratt has the right to respond to his critics - Ed.



TRUE STORY

Alexander

Where they came from I do not know - people often dump unwanted cats on my patio - but two little bundles of fur appeared on my doorstep one morning mewing to be fed. They were immediately accepted by my other five cats and named Alexandra and Emma until I discovered my mistake and they became Alexander and Emerson. The precocious pair quickly became very popular amongst my visitors for their unhesitatingly friendly approach.

My neighbours had two savage animals referred to around the village as 'murder cats'. Given a chance, those two would viciously attack any other feline, often fatally. One day when I arrived home, two local boys ran up to me to lead me to where Alexander lay shivering in a corner by the plateia bandstand. They had rescued him from an attack, but he had a broken leg. He even resisted my picking him up, but I took him indoors for the night intending to call the vet the next morning. However, as soon as I opened the door Alexander escaped, although hopping on three legs. He was missing for a week and I gave him up as lost.

Then he reappeared, terribly emaciated, and ate as though food were going out of fashion. The vet came and strapped up his broken leg and left instructions to administer a daily injection. Alexander did not like that latter part of his treatment, but we had staying at one of our villas a girl who had cats of her own; she gently gave the injections while I held the violently protesting recipient.

I was supposed to keep the invalid indoors, but has anybody ever succeeded in imprisoning a determined cat? Moreover, every time Alexander went hopping across the plateia he would be immediately spotted by the horde of tourist children playing nearby and subjected to pitying petting. He obviously greatly

enjoyed that! The strapping stayed on his leg for exactly a week before he managed to remove it. The vet came again and this time the strapping lasted a mere six hours. "Alexander, on your own head be it!" I left him to his own devices apart from keeping him in at night, the only one of my cats to enjoy that privilege.

In due course the leg healed perfectly, but whenever I let Alexander out he would start to walk normally across the plateia, then recollect the advantages of disability and start to hop, sometimes forgetting which leg was supposed to be incapacitated. It worked every time; children would come to pet the little crook!

In those days I was helping friends with the running of their rental villas, entailing rising early in the mornings to water the gardens before visitors were awake. Every morning, Alexander and Emerson would accompany me and would chase each other up and down trees, and in, out and around bushes, before settling quietly side by side to watch until I finished the watering and we went home to breakfast.

\land Lionel Mann

The pair came with me everywhere around the village, chasing each other all over the place until one terrible day when I gave a concert in Acharavi and had to leave my cats from midday until three in the morning. Although I fed them well before leaving, they later found food elsewhere - poisoned. Six died in agony and only Alexander survived; for a week he ate nothing and drank only water.

He became boss-cat of the village, seeing off all challengers (the murder cats disappeared) and leaving countless progeny, keeping an eye on the activities in my office, greeting all his human friends with a respectful mew, rising on his back legs to be stroked when he met me. He would sit on the top of my big classical electronic organ, listening critically while I practised and occasionally contributing by strolling along the third, highest manual or strutting from pedal to pedal. Too, he kept my toes warm on winter nights, even snuggling down with head on pillow and everything else under the duvet when he thought he could get away with it! However, he suffered from night-starvation, always waking me at about four o'clock to be fed and let out to patrol his domain.

He had one great weakness - roast chicken. Whenever that was on my menu he would go wild, strutting up and down the kitchen while it was cooking. I always cooked the giblets especially for him, but he would nevertheless sit on a chair next to mine while I ate so that I might pass little pieces to him. A chicken provided four meals for me and every evening for four days Alexander would arrive at my dinner time. I was very thankful that, despite many attempts, he never quite mastered the art of opening the refrigerator. Fortunately he also never recognized my neighbours' fowls as chicken dinner in the hoof, or perhaps he realized the difficulty of removing feathers.



TRUE STORY

Alexander would accompany me when I went to visit nearby friends. The lady of the house did not like cats so he would wait outside for me to return. They had a dog that had been trained to chase cats from their garden, but she soon reached an accommodation with my pet. I once caught them rubbing noses. I am sure that the dog blushed!

.....

More cats were deposited on my veranda, among them a little black kitten who was always asking for more food and was therefore named Oliver. Alexander would never let any other cat feed from his plate indoors by the front door - all the others had their plates outside on the veranda - but Oliver in his ignorance ventured in, shared Alexander's food and was accepted. I saw the boss even grooming our new arrival. Oliver too would stay indoors and he developed a habit of leaping prodigiously across the room from the organ stool to land with a thud on my lap as I sat on the sofa opposite. Fortunately five-kilogram Alexander never tried copying that! He always climbed sedately on to my lap to be stroked, gently insinuating himself between Oliver and me and purring like a Mercedes.

Early one morning a friend knocked on my door. "Oliver's been killed, run over by the rubbish truck. You don't want to look. Kosta's put him in the bin."

The poor little creature had lived for little more than six months. All that day Alexander sat on top of the rubbish bin, coming only for meals. Do cats weep? I did.

Alexander always enjoyed Christmas, especially playing with the decorations on the tree on my veranda, necessitating the frequent tidying of them. He also relished joining my other cats in sleeping with the infant Jesus in the crib in the plateia bandstand, warmed by the illuminations.

For four years Alexander was one of the most prominent villagers, being petted by all the tourists who flock to Agios Ioannis in the summer and accepting such treatment with the dignity of his exalted station. Then he disappeared for three days. I searched all around calling him and eventually he appeared, thick with mud and barely able to walk. I picked him up and carried him home, something he was usually too proud to accept. He had been poisoned again, although at the time I did not immediately recognize the symptoms. I cleaned him and took him to Town to the vet who put him on a drip for a few hours and then discharged him.

For a whole week Alexander drank water and fought for life, too weak to clean himself. He even lacked the strength to climb on to my lap and when I lifted him into his customary position to stroke him he had lost his purr. Then one morning he cleaned himself and staggered out when I opened the door. Should I have stopped him? No, I had always given regard to his wishes. He never returned and I still miss him terribly.



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IF YOU ARE CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR DRINKING and would like to talk to someone who understands, or if you are interested in helping to start an AA group here, please call 210 800 1073.

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Signs It's Time To Redesign Your Website

Eventually you'll have to make some changes to your website. Some of these changes can be accomplished with simple maintenance and by making updates to your site. But there's only so far that patching and revising your current site can go. If your site is particularly outdated, or if it's not working well for you, it's probably time to consider a full-scale site redesign. Here are some signs that it's time to redesign your site:

YOUR BUSINESS HAS CHANGED OR GROWN If your business is no longer the same as it was when you designed your site, chances are that you should redesign your website to reflect that. If you've only had a few small changes, you might be able to just update your current website. But, if you've changed your business direction, decided to provide new products or services, or if your company has grown significantly, it will pay off to redesign your site. Reconsider how the changes to your business should be reflected or addressed in the structure, design and strategy behind your website.

YOUR SITE LOOKS AS IF IT WAS DESIGNED IN 1995 Some signs of an outdated web site include: chunky, slowloading graphics; old-style "framed" coding, where the site is divided up into panes that load separately; animated cartoon clip-art throughout the site; text created as images instead of in HTML. Having any of these on your site could reflect poorly on your business, making you look behind the times. It can also make you look like you don't care enough about your business or about technological advances to keep abreast of them. Keeping your company's website looking modern will improve its credibility.

THE INFORMATION ON YOUR SITE ISN'T USER FRIENDLY If you cringe when you read your site text, or if you regularly get questions on your site text from visitors, restructuring your copy or rewriting it can help to fix these problems. If you've been adding to your site over time and the navigation has become unwieldy or confusing, restructuring your navigation could be another pressing reason to redesign your site. You want visitors to be able to easily find their way around your site and to be able to access all the information you have within a few clicks. Laying out your site to make that possible can make your visitor's experience on your site a lot easier.

YOU APOLOGISE FOR THE SITE WHEN REFERRING TO IT OR HANDING OUT YOUR BUSINESS CARDS Your site should be a source of pride. It should provide your clients and prospects an easy way to get a lot of information about your business. And, if you have to apologise for out-of-date information, broken images, poor design, difficult navigation or anything else on your site, it makes you look unprepared and unprofessional. Make sure your site is in top shape and looks impressive, so your clients believe your business is in good shape too.

YOU'RE NOT GETTING GOOD RESULTS ON THE SEARCH ENGINES Poor rankings in the Search Engines can be a result of not optimising your site well. Poor search engine ranking can also be a result of bad design choices or coding on your site. Make sure that your site isn't designed using frames and that the text is coded in HTML. Flash sites are also more difficult to optimise for Search Engines.

IT'S NOT BRINGING IN ENQUIRIES AND HELPING YOU TO MAKE SALES If your site was designed long ago, then there's a good chance that it was designed just to act as an online brochure. This was very common a few years ago, when websites were new. But recently businesses have realised that a website can do a lot more than just impersonate your brochure - it can help you close sales, bring in new prospects and make your business easier to run. By redesigning your site to include the latest e-commerce applications, you can bring in more enquiries and make more sales.

YOUR SITE IS DIFFICULT TO UPDATE If your site is difficult to keep updated it might be time to consider a whole site redesign. Make a list of everything that you want to do on your site and consult a web designer about redesigning your site with those changes in mind. Often, if you have extensive changes to make to your site, it can be less expensive to just start again. If your site is designed in Flash, redesigning and recoding your site could improve its functionality.

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ANALYPSIS - IPSOS (Central) Analypsis House (Modern) Lovely country location a few minutes from beach - two floor house with basement, small outside space and all-round balconies. Needs modernization but habitable with a good scrub. 59,000 euro (pictured right)

PEROULADES (North West) Kardaki Orchard House (Modern) Small two bedroom house with extensive outbuildings. Only kitchen/bathroom upgrading required. Large plot with 45 olives and lots of fruit trees - could make olive farm. 175,000 euro

AVLIOTES (North West) Sea View Cottage (Modern) Rare find in Avliotes immaculate two bedroom house with great sea view. Two covered patios and large sun terrace. 135,000 euro

GOUVIA (Central) Villa Julie (Modern) Lovely villa in very convenient country location. Two bedrooms, lots of patio space, garden, shared pool. 255,000 euro (pictured right)

VATOS (Central) Vatos Valley View House (Modern) Brand new apartment, ground floor of two storey traditionally-built house. Two bedrooms, two bathrooms, large living area, huge terrace garden with to-die-for view. Very tasteful. 150,000 euro

GIANNADES (Central) Giannades View House (Traditional - in need of renovation) Beautiful large old house in traditional village with lots of facilities. Small garden, road close, fantastic view of Ropa Valley and beyond. Very sound - mostly internal renovation. 150,000 euro (pictured right)

GIANNADES (Central) Giannades Garden Cottage (Traditional in need of renovation) Little two-floor cottage with balcony. Comes with large adjoining plot, currently built with shacks - can build new house or create nice garden. Great View. 55,000 euro

LOUTSES (North) Kannavidis Mansion (Traditional - in need of renovation) Prestigious mansion, nearly 400 years old, for large family home, and/or redevelopment for resale or rental. Lovely traditional architecture and many original features. Large additional plot in Town Planning available as extra - can build 1,100 square metres as individual houses. Generous renovation grant available for main house. 350,000 euro (pictured right)

ARILLAS (North West) Villa Joanna (Modern) Immaculate and ready to live in or rent out - a great business prospect in lovely North West resort. Sleeps 7-10, including annex









accommodation for owners if desired. 100 metres from beach with sea view, near facilities but quiet. For sale fully furnished and equipped. 450,000 euro

NEAR KASSIOPI (North East) Kariotiko Cottage (Traditional - in need of renovation) Two adjoining cottages selling as one unit in inland North East Coast hamlet near Kassiopi. Lots of potential for imaginative restoration. Small garden, parking. 100,000 euro

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Arillas Office Tel. 26630 51362 / 26630 51786 / 6948 180197 / 6949 982724



'KATIKIA' HOUSES by Petra Traditional Constructions. Lovely plot above Arillas with sea view. From 135,000 euros

Perithia Office Tel. 26630 98002 / 6948 180196 / 6949 982726



VILLAS WITH POOLS by Petra Traditional Constructions. Fabulous plots available above Kassiopi and below Loutses with unbeatable sea views. From 250,000 euro

Barbati Office Tel: 6948 180195 / 6948 889181



LYRA HOUSE, Ano Korakiana. Imaginatively restored two bedroom house with separate guest studio and roof terrace with sea view. 150,000 euro



HAPPY KITCHEN HOUSE, Ano Korakiana. Magnificent renovated house with delightful kitchen. Full of traditional character throughout. Unfinished basement studio, walled courtyard, road access close. 170,000 euro



PORPHYRAS MANSION, Katavolos. Rare mansion on North East Coast, with extensive accommodation, 4000 sq.m. grounds and fantastic sea view. Affordable at 450,000 euro

Gastouri Office Tel. 6948 889174 / 6948 180198

SPRING MEADOW HOUSES, Agnos.

Four luxury houses for sale individually as quality holiday homes. Good rental potential. Unique in Corfu: heated pool with Internet control. From 145,000 euro



HOUSE WITH THE BLUE DOOR, Kato Garouna. Substantial old house for renovation in picturesque village. Potential for three spacious bedrooms, large lounge and kitchen, and yard and sun terrace. Parking and nice view. 60,000 euro

For further information and many more property listings, have a look at: www.corfurealestate.com email: corfiotm@otenet.gr

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