

The Agiot

30th Edition

Price: €1.00

This Month

Village News.
Page 1

Happy Eater
Page 1

One Drop Forward and others.
Page 2

Corfu Light Railway.
Page 3

Corfu Weather Statistic.
Page 3

83 Not Out!
Page 3

News from The North.
Page 4

Aunty Lula's Love Bites.
Page 4

Camping? - No!
Page 5-6

Property Feature.
Page 6

Scherzando Says.
Page 7

Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Easter is here again. Anyone who has not previously seen the spectacular and unique Corfiot observances should try to spend all of Great Saturday in Town - along with the many thousands who visit just for that experience. The following day, Easter Sunday, the whole environment is redolent of roasting lamb. If you have a chance try delicious kokoretsi, but most definitely do not ask for the recipe. Try playing conkers with hard-boiled red-dyed eggs.

What a season! The spring kaleidoscope of flowers is bursting all over the island, the trees assuming their various shades of green. My cats are produc-

ing their annual brood of kittens. Birds are nesting and the first nestlings are hungrily chirping. Snakes are emerging from hibernation. Have care where you place your feet; they are still sleepy and not up to their usual evasive action.



Peter Livingstone McGovern and his companion have explored Malaysia and are currently island-hopping along the coast of Thailand, enjoying every minute in the company of the highly hospitable locals.

Derek and Carole Pullen

have returned from an Arctic Christmas in the U.K. and are preparing to move into their new villa at Panorama. My cats cannot wait to see the day; their thuggish feline, Aspros, boarding with us, has been hogging more than his fair share of food and will not allow any other near him at mealtimes. He has a wicked right hook!

Some of us went to Jim Potts's talk at the Durrell Centre when he introduced his new book, "The Ionian Islands and Epirus, A Cultural History". It promises to be a very good read.

Recent arrivals have included Jackie Rawlinson, Ron Woolven, Paul and Sally Grove with Micky Clark. An extra supply of roast lamb will be prepared.

Happy Eater

By Paul McGovern
Editor

It's that splendid time, again, on the island, to refrain from dieting. The Village plays host to a number of visitors from abroad, hell-

bent on lamb and wine.

Here in Agios if the weather is clement on Sunday barbecues will be a-sizzling and people will take the time to dine and chat at leisure, for hours in some cases.

There is no real need to go to town on the Good Friday. The festivities in the

Plateia should be great and they are right on our doorsteps. A candle-lit procession will wend round the block as always and a mid-night special fast-breaker on Saturday will challenge the squeamish.

All we can say from HQ is
HAVE A GREAT EATER.

One Drop Forward – The History



By
The Minstrel

Formed in 1991 by a musical crew of friends in Thessaloniki and after a period of changes of members and names (such as: Rock Dready Beat, Irie, Ragga Mafia and more) today you'll see on stage per-

forming: Stefanatty - songwriter, lead & back vocals, Moukas - songwriter, lead & back vocals, guitars, Maquitto - bass, Migiagi - guitars, vocals, comp, Zikas - drums, Sistah Sofia - Vocals, Antoin - saxophone, Panagiotakis - Trumpet, Menelaos - trombone, Jahkeim - Percussions, pos.vibes, Nikos -

saxophone, Vagelis - sound engineering and Stelakis - sound engineering.

Having played all over Greece, in 2004 they became International by touring in Spain and Italy (Barcelona, Zaragoza, Llaudio, Ancona). They've played at all kinds and sizes of stages, including Anti-War, -Racism and-Capitalism Concerts as well as the 1st and 2nd RASTAVIBE Festival & 1st and 2nd MAMA AFRICA FESTIVAL (along with artists as Max Romeo, Dennis Alcapone, Mad Professor, Culture, Dub inc, Groundation, Alpha Blondy, Majek Fajek, Israel Vibration and more). With members born from the late sixties to the mid eighties, the group lives in the present and evolves by staying aware in a world that's changing.

Other Acts Performing at Agiotfest 10



"Laura Zakian"



"4Square"



"Jemma Bartlett"

And KURIRI

A Serbian band that originates from Pirot, a small town in south-eastern Serbia.

The first few gigs were in their hometown Pirot. Later on they were performing in the whole south-eastern region, central Serbia, and Belgrade. Beside them the band has played at many festivals.

KURIRI had a lot of success in 2009 playing on National final of GBOB Serbia (Global battle of the bands) in SKC in Belgrade, being voted the best band on the competition by the audience.



Their performances are quite energetic and stimulating for their audience, and that's why their shows are bursting with positive vibrations leaving the listeners/spectators constantly craving for more.

The sound is the mixture of alternative and post-rock. The lyrics are about

love and all the things that really matter in life, introspective in their nature, looking for the source of creation that stirs man's soul to great passions and deeds. All the lyrics are in English language.

In December 2009 the band published their demo CD "Xenon project" which is free for downloading and had excellent reviews by the audience and musical critics. At the moment, they are recording a video for the song "Fade away".

Bend is currently on a Balkan Tour (playing in Greece, Bulgaria, Macedonia, Romania, Bosnia, etc.)

Corfu Light Railway

By
Earnest Porter



Good Friday is usually reserved for religious ceremonies, celebrations and family convergence. But in Corfu this year something is astir.

Our- Man-On Platform 9, who cannot be named following several

death threats and a dead sheep on his roof has leaked Document A from C.L.R.H.Q.

It shows conclusively that a secret test run of the German-built ICE [International Corfu Electric] was scheduled for dawn on Friday, within the precincts of the New Port, Corfu Town.

However, this news was also leaked to the Big Boss in Constantinople, who threatened excommunication for all those involved in such heresy.

So, plans were quickly redrawn and the first run of a locomotive on Corfu soil for eons will take place at dawn on THURSDAY.

Please be careful if you go to see history unfold before your eyes, as security will be tight. Spyros and his new lucher-cross have strict instructions to 'set about' interlopers.

If anybody is successful in actually taking a photo please advise this publication. But have h/s cameras out and ready as the super-fast locomotive will run on a track barely 200 metres in length with a maximum speed of 174mph. It will run past its track and land in the bay. Recovery boats are coming in today from Igoumenitsa. The highly trained test driver will eject with parachute as the engine lifts off.

Corfu Weather Statistics:

March Weather Statistics:

Month's Rainfall: 74.6mm with 31mm falling on 10th

Year's Rainfall to 31 March: 360.1mm.

Maximum Rain per Minute: 1.6mm at 14.40 on 27th.

Maximum Temperature: 22.5C at 15.15 on 27th.

Minimum Temperature: 3.5C at 05.12 on 7th.

Maximum Windspeed: 40.7kmh at 11.28 on 2nd.

Maximum Gust Speed: 57.4kmh at 15.42 on 27th.

83 Not Out!

Dr. Lionel Frederick Mann sailed passed his birthday on the 25th of March with barely a flinch. He celebrated his great day, which coincides with the lesser-known celebration of Greek Independence Day, by taking members of his harem to a fine meal in Kontokali, where he was witnessed consuming over fifty scallops, amongst other things.

Earlier in the day he had stood looking up wistfully at the blue and white bunting fluttering in the breeze. 'Are all of those for me?'



"Lionel's Den"

God bless the good unsackable Doctor.

Land of The Lev

To be continued next month.

News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria
Contributing Editor

I thought that Dire Straits was a pop group, but from what I see and hear of the Brits living up here in the North, it seems to be a way of life !!!! With the incredibly aggressive tactics employed by this government to sort out the economy , hardship for many Brits (especially those living here on a pension) is a foregone conclusion. The local businesses up here that rely on tourists are wetting their collective pants, Bookings for entertainers by bars has taken a nosedive as the bar owners are waiting until June to see if the Tourists are coming , and if they do are they skint !!

So up North here we are bracing ourselves for the worst.

On a brighter note, the weather has improved, My broad beans, cabbages and broccoli are growing like wildfire, The Cookery Book is making sales. (Check out www.corfual.co.uk) and I am off to Bulgaria to work on my house out there so it can be sold. Nice place 2 rooms, Bathroom and kitchen with 750 sq. mtr. of land only 6 Mins from the Black Sea Beach, a snip at 40000 Euros. (Had to get a plug in). I hope it will go quick, I just checked the exchange rate and the local currency against the Euro has not changed since last year. Cant say that about the pound can we ?

Not a lot to say at the moment, at the time of writing this I have a chemical imbalance of the body bought about by a serious over indulgence of Vodka following my

last nights birthday pee up. It will pass. I hope.

A little philosophy to think about:

To make money we lose our health, and then to restore our health we blow our money on medical care and lose our money. We live as if we are never going to die, and we die as if we have never lived.

The moral being live now and enjoy life as much as this government will let you.

I am, and always will be , Obnoxious Al.

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Vegetable Samosas

(By request)

Ingredients:

300gm approx. Filo Pastry

Filling:

3-4 tbsp Sunflower Oil

½ kilo Potatoes cubed.

200 gm. Carrots cubed.

200 gm. Peas

100 gm. Sweetcorn

1 Red Pepper diced

1 Onion peeled and diced

2 cloves Garlic

2tsp Mustard Powder

½ tsp Chillli Powder or Chillli Peppers.

1 tsp Turmeric

2 tsp Cumin

1 tbsp Coriander Powder

1 tbsp Cardamon Seeds (paste and mortar)

1 tsp Sugar

Salt and Pepper to taste.

GO:

1. Heat the oil in a pan and place all filling ingredients in the pan.

2. Stir fry for five minutes, adding a little water as required. Turn down the heat and cover the pan. Allow to simmer until the vegetables are tender, approximately 15 minutes.

3. Cut the Filo Pastry lengthwise into 10cm wide strips. Place the strips on wax paper and cover with slightly damp tea-towel.

4. Brush one strip at a time with melted Butter or Sunflower Oil.

Place about 1 tbsp of the Filling at one end of the strip. Fold one corner of the strip diagonally over the

Filling so that the short edge lies on top of the long edge. Continue folding the pastry preserving the triangular shape until reaching the end of the strip.

5. Repeat with the remaining strips and filling..

6. Places the samosas seam side down on large greased baking trays. Bake at at 180-200C for twenty to thirty minutes until brown.

Bon Appétit!

Camping? – No!

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

One evening early in 1951 I received a telephone call from the vicar of a church in my home town. His organist had walked out leaving a fifteen-year-old choirboy to fill the vacancy. Should I be visiting my family during the coming Easter holiday, and if so would I spend some time coaching his embryo organist?

At that time I was still a student at the Royal College of Music, organist of my local London church and choirmaster of its choir of thirty boys and twelve men. Following Easter Sunday the boys would have a holiday from their Monday and Wednesday alto practices, Tuesday and Thursday treble practices, until the full choir rehearsal on Friday, so I should be able to go home for a few days. I left after Evensong on Easter Sunday, drove home, stayed the night and “reported for duty” at my friend’s church the next morning. For five days I spent the mornings not only coaching the young organist in accompanying services and solo playing, but also instructing in choir training. I had become an organist-choirmaster even younger than this one – aged twelve!

An eleven-year-old boy also attended these sessions. Despite his tender age he sang “tenor” in the choir; in fact he was what we call a “growler”. He had never been taught to sing and grunted everything an octave or more below its true pitch. He was actually very intelligent and had gained a keenly contested scholarship as a day-boy at a local Public School. Watched by the organist on Monday I had him singing in good timbre simple

melodies pitched between middle D and a fifth above; on Tuesday we extended from middle C to the octave above; Wednesday we reached treble E; Thursday treble G and by Friday had the whole range of two octaves up from tenor B flat in a glorious resonant treble voice that rang around the church. It was like watching a beautiful flower unfold.

The three of us had lunch with the vicar at the vicarage and spent the afternoons either going with him on visits to his brethren in the countryside or playing with a model railway that encircled the vicarage garden. The cleric’s hobby was building working scale models of steam-powered locomotives. We spent hours making circuits of the grounds seated upon trolleys running along the tracks and drawn by a variety of powerful engines driven in turns by my “pupils”, who also stoked the boilers as needed. Great fun!

After lunch on the Friday I bade the three goodbye. As I made to get into my car the boy seized me round the neck and planted a splashy kiss full on my mouth, a clear case of adult-abuse, to the great amusement of the other two. He also ran along beside me down the hill from the church and stayed waving at the corner when I turned away towards London.

About a week later I received another call from the vicar. That diocese had a camp site on the coast and he had booked it for his choirboys for ten days in August. However his organist was rather too young to take responsibility for supervision. Would I take charge? I agreed on the condition that I might also take my choristers. About twenty of my flock had not already arranged their holidays and

eagerly accepted the offer. A steady stream of phone calls arranged rehearsal of music common to both choirs. Fortunately both churches used identical psalters and hymn-books.

Came the great day I loaded my choristers on to a hired coach. At my friends’ town we picked up their contingent and set off for the seaside. The camp had been the site of an anti-aircraft battery during the war. The dining-hall was a large Nissen hut; accommodation was in a half-dozen capacious bell-tents; a large brick-built shower-toilet block occupied a remote corner of the field; the “cook-house” was a solid-fuel-fired range enclosed on three sides and roofed in waterproof felt. The boys were distributed amongst five tents while I occupied the sixth, sharing it with our stores. Each “tent” of boys in turn was responsible under supervision for cooking and tidying.

Opposite the gateway, just across a sparsely-used road, were low cliffs above the sandy beach and the sea. Much “free time” was spent there, but every morning we went into the nearby town to rehearse in the large parish church, about a half-mile from our camp, and every afternoon at five o’clock we went back to sing Evensong. On the Sunday of our stay we sang both morning and evening services to large congregations.

In his choir my erstwhile pupil had established something of a record; “tenor” to Head Chorister in about four months. Now he performed duets with his opposite number in my choir. He was just as affectionate when opportunity offered!

Camping? – No!

Continued From Page 5

Every morning I went into the town with two or three boys to place orders for provisions and other necessities, most of which were delivered in vans to the camp. One morning halfway through our stay I gave instructions as usual for the stove to be heated in preparation for cooking lunch and then set out for the town. When I returned I found the boys standing in a circle ruefully surveying the smouldering remains of the “cookhouse”. They had obeyed orders rather too thoroughly, heated the stove to the extent that the flue had become red-hot and set fire to the roof and from there to the walls. Now stove and flue stood in splendid isolation, bereft of shelter. For the remainder of our stay cooking was carried out *al fresco*.

Until our penultimate night we were lucky with the weather, but then we experienced a prolonged violent thunderstorm. I had noticed that the tents had not been trenched to carry away rainwater. The boys’ tents were on higher ground so that was not necessary, but mine was lower down the field. Within a half-hour I was driven to take refuge in the dining hall and to

sleep the rest of the night on the hard floor. My enthusiasm for camping was considerably dampened. The following morning dawned bright and sunny once more and everything quickly dried out, but I resolved then that I should never again take my choristers to camp.

Neither I nor the Vicar of the other choir was called to account for the missing cookhouse, but in all following years I took my choir-boys on “working holidays” singing at various venues, accommodated at times in a large old vicarage, church halls, boarding schools and eventually, as our fame grew, graduating to hotels. We would sing at large churches and halls for a substantial fee and then slip away to perform free at a little village church that had taken our fancy when we passed it on our travels. Entering surreptitiously, we would sing a few notes to test acoustics and if they were good would then inspect the organ. If all were suitable our agent arranged that we should give a concert or sing a service there when we were next in the area. Nobody ever refused our offer! In time we extended our singing tours to the Continent and during my stay in New Zealand I took my choirs visit-

ing around both islands.

Some thirty years after our camping expedition I was helping a friend, Director of Music at a large private school, to rebuild and give a face-lift to an imported second-hand pipe organ, replacing a very inferior instrument in the village church that served as his school’s chapel. Working from dawn to dusk the job occupied every day of our school summer holidays. One evening towards the end of our labours I was up inside the organ, tuning each of the eleven-hundred pipes in turn while my colleague held the notes, when a man entered the church and enquired for me. It was my erstwhile “growler” pupil, now manager of a large department store in a nearby town, married with two young sons, “squire” of his village and a churchwarden of its church. The local Press had reported on our organ-building and he had noticed the article. What a reunion we had! I later took my school choir, following in the itinerant habits of all their predecessors, to sing a service at his church. It is really quite a small world and taking music around is great fun - as long as it does not entail camping!

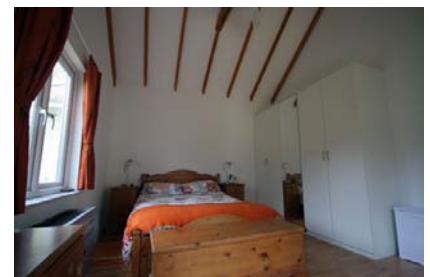
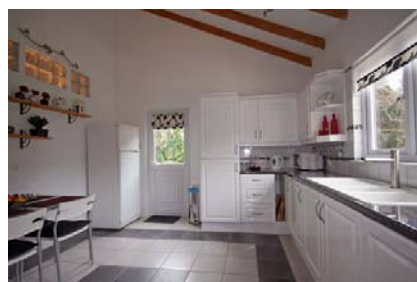
Property Feature

A beautiful British built L-shaped bungalow is for sale in Afra, just 5 miles from town. Set in a quiet country lane the house area covers 120 square metres and sits on land of approximately 1000 square metres. Planning

permission for a pool is held.

Air conditioning and heating is featured in every bedroom and the lounge area. Integrated appliances are featured in the kitchen and fitted wardrobes in the master bedroom.

Outside is a storage building of approximately 30 square metres, ideal for



a workshop or even a studio conversion.

This property has been built to the highest of standards and needs to be viewed.

**For more information go to: -
www.propertycorfu.org**



SCHERZANDO SAYS

Isn't it great to see the sun at last?! No more excuses not to get out and doing though, I suppose!

Weather Effects

I've had enough of gardening - I'm just about ready to throw in the trowel.



What a man (or woman) needs in a garden is a cast-iron back, with a hinge in it.
Charles Warner - 1871



Well, they won't slow down when it says "Road Works Ahead"

Well, we can't stand around here doing nothing, people will think we're workmen.

Spike Milligan
The Goon Show - 1959
Had he been to Corfu do you think?!

There are 3 things not worth running for - a bus, a woman or a new economic panacea; if you wait a bit another will come along.

Derrick Heathcoat-Amory
Chancellor of the Exchequer
UK- 1958-1960

If you're not confused, you're not paying attention.

Anon. Wall Street Week

Ever stop to think, and forget to start again?

A Question for Cooks

If potatoes should be boiled for twenty minutes, can you say how long sausages should be grilled?

Are there some interesting clubs / activities out there that you go to? How about letting us know?

Money Matters

Saving is a very fine thing. Especially when your parents have done it for you.

Winston Churchill

Sudoku Session

This month there will be a small prize for the correct answers emailed/ phoned/ delivered to the Ocaj office.
(Lucky dip of all correct ones)
Remember you need to put the numbers 1-9 in each little 3 x 3 square as well as each row and column.
List answers from the 6 shaded squares left to right starting from the top with a comma between each to avoid confusion please.

Quizzical Questions

An Anagram

Can you re-arrange the following eleven letters to make just one word?
DEJNOORSTUW

Laws of Gardening

1. Other people's tools work only in other people's gardens.
1. Fancy gizmos don't work.
2. If nobody uses it, there's a reason.
3. You get the most of what you need the least.

*Arthur Bloch
Murphy's Law*



ERNIE: Excuse me, won't you - I'm a little stiff from badminton.

ERIC: It doesn't matter where you're from.

Morecombe and Wise - 1979

Blessed are the young, for they shall inherit the national debt.

Herbert Hoover

7	6	2			9
	4	7	8		2
	5	9	3		1
3		2	6		4
1	2			6	3
8		7	4		2
7		3	6		8
9		8	5		2
2					5
					1

Answers for March

5 letter Animal was:

BISON

Rebus:

If the grate be empty, put coal on.

If the grate be full, stop putting coal on.

