

The Agiot

42nd Edition

This Month

Jimmy James in Corfu.

Page 1-2

Village News.

Page 3

Coast to Coast.

Page 4-5

The Argo - Benitses

Page 6

A Cautionary Tale.

Page 6

Aunty Lula's Love-Bites.

Page 7

Doug's new home.

Page 7

News From The North.

Page 8

Lands End to St. Davids Head.

Page 9

Initiative.

Page 9

Corfu Loser's Cup stays in Agios.

Page 9

Corfu Weather Statistics.

Page 9

Laughter

Page 10-11

New Members for corfu Croquet Club.

Page 11

Jimmy James in Corfu



By The Minstrel
Editor

Hello Agiot readers, and welcome to the great news that Soul and Motown legend Jimmy James and the Vagabonds are appearing here on Saturday 27th of August at the Agiotfest.

The show will start in the evening and go through to the wee small hours. It is advisable to book your ticket in good time, as last year's crowd was larger than the year previous, and the feedback for this coming summer is strong.

Tickets will be on sale in May but you can reserve places from now. The price

will be 20 Euros with a half-price concession for pre-teens. The venue will be at the same location as 2010.

Simple food and refreshments will be on sale at reasonable prices, and there will be no restrictions on people wishing to bring their own picnic, as the grassy knoll under the olives will be available.

There will be a full supporting line-up which we are excited about. Further details will appear here in May or sooner at www.agiotfest.co.uk where the latest updates occur.

Get ready to party. There will definitely be space for those wishing to let their hair down.

The Vagabonds were originally formed in 1960. Later, James, already a successful [solo artist](#) in Jamaica, teamed up with them and in April 1964, they relocated to the [UK](#). "Ska Time" ([Decca Records](#)) was [recorded](#) within two weeks of their arrival, and is one of the first examples of Jamaican [ska](#) music to be recorded in the UK. In 1965 they undertook more [gigs](#) and recordings in [Hungary](#), organised as part of a cultural exchange programme, with The Vagabonds being one of the few [Western European](#) bands ever to play in the former communist state. Also in 1965, Jimmy James and the Vagabonds met [The Who](#) and supported them at the [Marquee Club](#) in [London](#). They signed a [recording contract](#) with [Pye Records](#) and released their best known [studio album](#), *The New Religion* in 1966. The band also played as support for The Who, and [Sonny & Cher](#), [Rod Stewart](#) (who was also on Pye Records at the time), and [The Rolling Stones](#).

Continued on Page 2

Jimmy James in Corfu
Continued from Page 1



The band often used the [Abbey Road Studios](#), once being there at the same time as [The Beatles](#) were recording. Their live performance was captured in the [album](#), *Live at the Marquee*, also featuring [The Alan Bown Set](#). Jimmy James and the Vagabonds were labelmates and rivals of [Geno Washington & The Ram Jam Band](#).

The Vagabonds disbanded in 1970, but James, who owned the name, reformed the band with a new, all white line-up in 1974.^[3] They had [hits](#) in the [UK Singles Chart](#) with "I'll Go Where Your Music Takes Me" and "Now Is The Time".

Bass player Alan Wood (1973-77) now runs his own management agency and represents Paul Carrack. In 1979 a new band, Big Business, was formed by Alan Kirk and Andrew Platts, former Vagabonds and they continue to tour to this day. Big Business toured with Mick Jackson songwriter and producer famous for writing the worldwide hit 'Blame it on the Boogie' Alan owns Hilltop studios in Dronfield near Chesterfield. Andrew is Managing Editor of the entertainment paper, [Mercury Newspaper](#), in Sheffield. In 1999, drummer Russ Courtenay co-wrote the track [Whatever You Need](#) which appeared on [Tina Turner's](#) album [24/7](#) and later on her [All the Best](#) and [The Platinum Collection](#) compilations. He is cur-

rently working on a project entitled *Rainbow Beach*.

In 2007, James contributed the track "The Other Side of the Street" for [Ian Levine's](#) [Northern Soul 2007](#) album.

On tour

James regularly performs around the UK with former [Foundations](#) frontman, [Clem Curtis](#).^{[4][5]} The pair, along with [Flirtations](#) vocalist Earnestine Pearce have toured with 'The Soul Explosion'. In April 2007, James performed at the '[Classic Gold Weekender](#)' along with [Marmalade](#), [Love Affair](#) and [Showaddywaddy](#).^[6]

Discography

"Red Red Wine" - 1968 - [Pye](#) - #36 UK

"I'll Go Where Your Music Takes Me" - 1976 - [Pye](#) - #23 UK

"Now Is The Time" - 1976 - [Pye](#) - #5 UK^[7]

(Courtesy of Wikipedia)

[Gak1954 from Barnsley](#)

On 28th May 2010, 11.07am

Event Date: May 24, 2010 - Venue: *A z u r a C r u i s e S h i p*

I remember Jimmy James & the Vagabonds from years ago, when i joined my cruise i saw Jimmy James was one of the cabaret acts appearing. I thought i will go and watch his show thinking he will not be able to perform as he used to do, boy was i wrong, his show was fantastic. He had the audience in his hand, each and every song sounded great, I'll go where the music takes me, & Now is the time, went down extremely well. Cheers Jimmy, see you in Barnsley.

[Chickenpie from Rotherham](#)

On 12th Feb 2011, 10.29pm

Jimmy James Great guy seen loads of times has great musicians backing. 10 years ago he had Pete ray biggin drumming for him he's now level 42 drummer, Love seeing the band Keep going Jimmy

[strawman from Windmill Hill](#)

On 12th May 2010, 12.28am

When it comes to entertainment value Jimmy James & the Vagabonds are 2nd to none. I have seen them at least 20+ times always at Butlins Skegness. When I received an email from ents24.com earlier today informing me of another night locally to me I instantly booked front row seats. If you love soul / motown then you have to see jimmy James & the Vagabonds for a guaranteed night to remember. Ian Cank

Jimmy James reviews courtesy of : [www.ents24.com](#)

Agiotfest 11
27th August



Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

In Greece Easter is celebrated with much greater excitement and ceremony than any other occasion. It all starts on Palm Sunday with religious processions; in Corfu Town St. Spiridon is taken for another walk escorted by armed sailors, attended by bands, choirs, slow-marching gymnasio and lykeio students with a kaleidoscope of clergy, followed by a great number of citizens and visitors. He has certainly clocked up an impressive mileage by now.

On every evening of Great Week from Great Monday to Great Thursday there are observances in many Corfu churches and then on Great Friday evening every village has its procession. In Agios Ioannis our priest, a popular young monk from the monastery in Paleokastritsa who drives in every day, is joined by three or four others, a host of acolytes, a band, a male-voice choir, a gaggle of schoolchildren and a horde of parishioners, each holding a coloured candle. They proceed from the church across the plateia, through the old village, down and up to the main road, up to the traffic lights, right past the primary school and back to the plateia where they disperse after a brief ceremony.

Great Saturday is a good time to go to Town. Although it is crowded with thousands who have come to witness the unique Corfiot customs, especially the eleven o'clock pot-throwing that follows an early procession. That event is followed by a carnival atmosphere with troupes of dancing girls and bands cavorting around streets thronged with families in holiday

mood. Then at ten in the evening the Orthodox Archbishop presides at a liturgy held at a church near the Liston. At about a quarter-of-an-hour before midnight he leads all the priests and congregation through the waiting hundreds, each with a white candle, gathered around the bandstand in the park from which he brings the observance to its midnight culmination, "Christos anesti!" (Christ is risen). The hundred-voice Civic Choir bursts into the great Orthodox Easter Hymn accompanied by a spectacular firework display from the Old Fortress.

In the village these happenings are scaled down, but anyone outdoors at eleven in the morning should wear protective headgear. In Town any place from which pots will be dropped is hung with warning red cloth, but villages are not so particular. From half-past-eleven at night the local plateia fills with candle-bearing villagers who are joined nearer midnight by priests and congregation from the church. Again the words "Christos anesti" trigger great celebration as all embrace, exchanging that greeting with its response "Alitheia anesti." (Truly he is risen).

Every year that I have been here our village firework display has increased in magnificence. Last year it was three days before the last of my cats returned home. The crowd in the plateia gradually disperses to homes where they break their Lenten fast with a feast that includes kokoretsi, delicious, but don't ask its ingredients.

During the previous two or three days, as well as doing a roaring trade at their shops, butchers have been going around preparing lambs

that have been reared for the occasion. On Easter Sunday the entire island is redolent with the aroma of roasting lamb; at every house someone is officiating at the barbecue or grill, preparing the meal traditional on that occasion, unless they buy their meat from one of the facilities that cook it in bulk and sell it in chunks by the kilo - the spoilsports.

The next day, Easter Monday, is a national holiday, an excuse for further fun to round off a truly fascinating nine days.

Advice to visitors and expats. We are guests here and should respect local customs. For example, if you participate in the Friday or Saturday night events carry an appropriate lighted candle, purple on Friday, white on Saturday. You will see how greatly your conformity is appreciated. Candles are on sale at all general stores.

When thousands of visitors from all over the world converge on Corfu to join in its unique Easter festivities it is very disappointing that so few come from the U.K., especially when Eastern and Western festival dates match at a time when the island is thickly carpeted with a radiance of flowers and verdant fresh foliage. This year the first direct flights began as early as the end of March. For the first time two of our villas will be occupied at Easter. Perhaps it is a sign of greater enterprise.



Coast to Coast

By Andy
Dog of the North



"Journey begins"

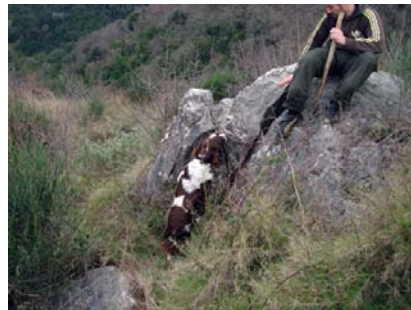
I took Peter and Dad on a long walk, which started in a place they were calling Agios Stefanos (East). They have these chats, and don't include me...but of course I understand most of what they are saying, except very long words. They each took a pebble from the sea, to carry with them. Why bother I thought, they seem to have enough loaded on their backs as it is.

Off we go. They plodded up hill whilst I trotted in zigzags, to let them keep up. I felt much better now, having been car-sick on the way up. Now my little tail was quivering like a drill-bit, as I examined minutely every new smell and obsta-



cle. We climbed a fresh quarry where I made some useful avalanches. Up a steep road at Kariotiko, a nasty thin brown dog tried to beat me up. Its two owners stood uselessly by until Peter kicked the brute on the nose and Dad led me away on my leash. A few cottages on a friendly old man Stamathis offered some wine; it was still early

morning. I led my Dad away on his leash. This old man sort of directed us but we soon lost the path and skirted a fence before diving down through trees to a steep dry riverbed. We followed this for a while before climbing up and out, all the while getting closer to two radio masts at the summit. The last climb was awful, over rocks and cutting through a jungle of coarse grasses, brambles, high weeds and saplings.



Pete nearly trod on a thick black-banded snake; it looked asleep in the sun. Over the worst of the ground I had to be lifted. Our reward-at last-was a green sward overlooking the beautiful straits and the Albanian snowy mountains. We had a rest on the lush grass and a snack. It was so nice to have a road beneath eight feet again and we passed the villages of Kremithas and Santa. My companions were very impressed by the stone houses of Mengoulas. We are now well and truly on the Pantokrator range,



"Snack time"

drawing ever nearer the peak. We pass a shepherd taking his flock home in the dusk. Luckily he had



"The Plan"

no dogs in tow. It is getting dark when we stop on a sheltered terrace beneath the masts of the Monastery. Here we pitch our tent. Oops, part of our tent, as the outer bit has been dropped and lost somewhere on the climb up. There are dark clouds in the sky. Will it rain? A brew up of ginger tea, baked beans and Mexican tuna salad was much appreciated. I have my private supply of food. The humans are in



their part-tent early, leaving me outside. They tossed and turned in the part warm part chilly tent, and I sat guard, regularly pushing my nose through the zip to check Dad out with my warm nose. A silent night with stars twinkling and an owl on the hunt. I growled at such night prowlers. Luckily, for my humans, rain held off so they never got the soaking they deserved.



"Peter erecting the tent"

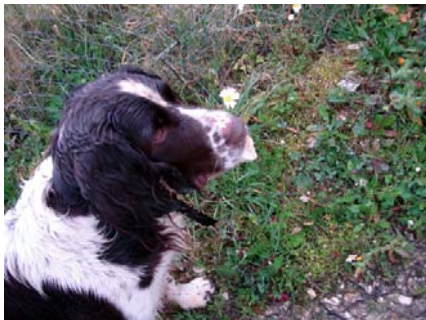
Continued on page 5

Coast to Coast
Continued from Page 4



"Breakfast"

Dad was up at first light to get breakfast. Rain is now close. As we set off around Pantokrator it sets in and continues to shower us most of the day. My masters seem irritated that, after all this hiking, the straits and Albania are still with us. We are headed along an easy driveable track to Strinilas. The sky is slate grey with steady fine rain. I'm in



"It's getting wetter"

top form and ready to chase down any loose gravel and stones my companions kick up. So excited, I jump into a hole by a culvert. Its sides are too steep for me to be able to climb out. My horrid owners pretend to walk off, which leads me to piteous whimpering. That does the trick



and they soon haul me out.

At Strinilas it is raining harder. A man directs us to a country track which takes us to Episkepsi. Lovely walk, very rarely do we blend with the much more used Corfu trail. A coffee at Episkepsi, where a woman puts us on the road to Nimfes. Through silent and majestic olive groves we saunter and pass the really quite impressive waterfall there. Eventually we get to grim and forbidding Nimfes. At least the rain



"Grim & Forbidding Nimfes"

is less. My paws are sodden. Then we stay on the main road to Xanthates. I don't like this bit because 'cos they keep me on my lead. And here at Xanthates I have my second fight. What is it with these village dogs? More directions from humans take us across meadows and along by a stream to Kopsohiladhes, then Velonades. This last bit has been fretful for me as we



"Nimfes waterfall"

have been beset by aggressive dogs, pouring out of gardens along the main road. My masters chase the dogs off with sticks, but they are persistent.

At Velonades, after travelling



down hill most of the day, we have some more mountains to climb. I'm getting tired now. At Magoulades we meet a nice Englishman called Brian walking a nice dog, which too is on a leash. He cannot believe we have walked from Pantokrator today. He offers to give us a lift the rest of the way but my masters are keen to finish the walk. The bit from Megoulades to Agios Stefanos seems to take forever. But finally we are there and Ken is waiting for us in his car. Peter takes his pebble from the east and throws it out to its Western cousins. The trek is at and end.



"Journey's end"

My masters are stiff and can barely walk when we reach home. I am just hungry and wolf down my supper in record time. I didn't think my Dad would make the whole crossing but with help from me and Pete he got there in the end.

The following day I slept well.
Woof!

"The Argo" - Benitses

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor



One March Sunday, to celebrate an anniversary, three of us went out to lunch. Paul had recently renewed an old acquaintance and on his recommendation we headed for Benitses.

After we had strolled around and admired the new Marina and its moored boats Paul led us through narrow streets to a large restaurant-taverna beneath an extensive tourist apartment complex, "The Argo". The very affable proprietor, Spyros, later confided that his son was called Jason, hence the name of his home. A warm sun was bearing down so we chose to occupy a table on the spacious patio

by the pool, although the shady cover of vines was not yet in leaf. However we decided against trying the sunbeds.

While our main meals were being prepared by Spyro's wife, Anne from Ealing, we were provided with bread and butter and presently saganaki with tomato to accompany our sipping of the very drinkable house wine. Lula and I had settled for the Sunday roast while Paul, rigorously observing Lent, ordered the fish platter. When the meals were served we were greatly impressed by the quantity as well as the excellent quality; the roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, roast potatoes, cauliflower and green beans were done to a turn, and Paul's gargantuan platter almost overflowed with king prawns, squid, sardines and mullet, also served with roast potatoes. We could have ordered a salad, but the main serving was more than satisfying. Moreover, we were then served with a delicious cheesecake topped with strawberry and cream. The cost was seventeen euros each.

That there were only three other

diners we found amazing; we could only assume that nobody yet knows of this gourmet gem with its very welcoming ambience. We were unanimous in resolving to return and would recommend it to all our friends.

To find "The Argo" take the narrow street leading inland from the centre of the arcing parade of shops and tavernas behind the gardens opposite the Marina. At the T-junction turn left and then follow the first right-turn and the right-hand fork slightly uphill. You are there. Because of the narrow streets it is better to park the car somewhere around the main road and to walk from there. It is only about two-hundred metres, but perhaps that explains the small number of diners; people are somewhat lacking in energy these days.



A Cautionary Tale

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

I often told this story to moonstruck teenagers.

Bugs Bunny lived with his parents in Kent in a comfortable warren with all mod cons. A mere twenty yards away was Farmer Giles's carrot patch and, because he wanted to be able to see in the dark, Bugs regularly visited there. However, there was one great draw-

back; the main line between Dover and London Victoria ran between Bugs's home and the carrots, necessitating careful timing of visits.

One night Bugs seriously misjudged his crossing of the rails and arrived at the carrot patch minus his tail. All the other rabbits made fun of him so he went back to collect his missing appendage, but just as he reached over a rail to pick it up the 11.25 express from Dover came hurtling along.

I regret that the moral of my story - don't lose your head over a little piece of fluff - was seldom taken to heart.

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

GINGER BISCUITS

Ingredients:

- 350g All-purpose Flour
- 180g Butter
- 200g Sugar
- 1 Egg
- 4tbsp Molasses
- 2tsp Ground Ginger
- 3/4 tsp Ground Cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp Ground Cloves
- 1tsp Baking Soda
- 2tbsp Sugar for coating

GO:

1. Have the oven heating to 175C. greased paper on a baking tray.
2. In a bowl mix the Flour, Ginger, Cinnamon, Cloves and Soda. 9. Bake the biscuits for ten minutes or until light brown and still puffed.
3. Beat the Butter with a mixer for a minute. DO NOT OVER-BAKE.
4. Beat the Sugar into the Butter. *Bon Appetit!!*
5. Add the Egg and the Molasses to the Butter and beat well.
6. Add the Flour mixture to the Butter mixture and mix well.
7. Shape the dough into small balls and roll the coating Sugar.
8. Place balls well-spaced on a

Our friend Doug who recently emigrated to the Philippines has sent us some photos of his new home, we thought you might like to see them.



News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria
Contributing Editor

Another month gone by the sun is shining, the first load of tourists are coming in a few days. Lets all hope for a prosperous season this year. Yup I am in a good mood tomorrow I will be 69 years old, never thought I would get this far!!!!

Anyway to Mr X. of the North, you missed the point of my rant old chap, albeit OTE is partially privatised, they still hold the monopoly on telecoms, we need opposition to lower the bills they charge. And yes I do have spam protection which weeds out 95% of the naughties but when reviewing my spam file for errors it is 100% OTE allowed spam.

Finally yes I can be a bit fruity in my prose, but it costs me a fortune in vodka to even get in the mood to rattle of a few words, and sometimes it is one to many vodkas as in last months case. However if your sensibilities were offended, apologies!!

On the other side of the coin, Hi to Nick Goodwin and thanks for your input and excellent advice, give me a call when your here and I will be glad to share a snort with you, even ask you to "tweak" my equipment for a modest remuneration!!

If you think things are tight here, I promise you it is tighter in Bulgaria, Well, property wise that is. Some daft idiot had the cheek to offer my house agent 15000 Euros for the small property I have there, No chance, I would knock it down first. The agent said he only sold one house last year plus the offer on mine. That is one of the bigger Brit agencies over there. I was speaking to a couple of agents here in Corfu, and they confirmed that most of the enquiries they are receiving are for cheap properties being sold underpriced as distress or forced sales. Whilst one can understand everyone wanting a bargain, it is a shame that it is at someone elses expense.

Have any of you checked out the LillyLongman web site? we have a few books left at half price to clear. Excellent value. Plus if your depressed and need cheering up check out Corfual channel on Utube, there are also a few recipes on there as well.

For those of you with Broadband I have recently downloaded a program called "Satellite Direct" offering 3500 tv channels from around the world. I am amazed to find that it is genuine and on the UK section includes most BBC and several ITV, plus

channel 4, which I lost on sky a while back. Well worth the 49 Euros I paid. but beware the licence you get is for 1 computer only. If you try to install it on another computer with the same pin numbers of your licence, they will cut you off straight away. You can of course depending on your computer connect to your Tv by cable. Althou8gh I am looking for a way to do by wireless.

I am writing this mild letter on Sunday (27th) as already explained, tomorrow I expect to be Brahms and List, and I would not want to abuse the editors patience with another strong rant!!! one would think by my age moderation would be in order, but to hell with it why change a good system by drying out and seeing the world like other boring sane people see it.

So good people, to hell with it!

I am and always will be obnoxious Al.

As mentioned in the above article here is one email for Mr Obnoxious from Agiot friend Nicholas Goodwin:

Hello Letters,

Ref: Uncle Bulgaria's rant on OTENET and spam.

Please tell all that need it that there is a free programme that will filter their

email before it gets to them, called Mailwasher.

I am in the profession, but luckily not a Geek, and I have used it successfully for over seven years without a problem. It stops all those unwanted emails dead!

One other bonus is that if you want to "accidentally" loose contact with someone you can include them into your blacklist after which their messages will be automatically bounced back, just as if your email address didn't exist.

It is available for free download from <http://www.mailwasher.net/>

Hope to see you soon,

Kind regards,

Nicholas Goodwin (email: to Agiot. 1/03/11)

Lands End to St Davids Head Including the Bristol Channel

By
Simon Baddeley

Strong winds are forecast
For coastal areas up to 12 miles offshore from 0600 UTC Thu 31 Mar until 0600 UTC Fri 01 Apr

24 hour forecast:

Wind

SW 6 to gale 8, decreasing 4 or 5, increasing 5 to 7 later.

Sea State

Moderate or rough, but mainly slight in Bristol Channel.

Weather

Occasional rain or drizzle.

Visibility

Moderate or good, occasionally poor.

It's rained in the night. In our garden as far from the sea as anyone can be in the United Kingdom, a mild wind murmurs and hums in the glazing casements, gusting it

jogs the house, sending a rumble through the building; outside the garden windmills - multicoloured - spin frantically, shaking for take-off, the daffodils bend back and forth, shrubs stir; cherry blossom flies, spreading over the front lawn, driveway, waste bins, recycling boxes, crazy paving, sticking to the windows of Lin's car, floating into



the street.

The wind this far inland is spent, carrying - if not the smell - at least the damp mildness of coastal weather in Spring, and the clouded

sky, leaks now and then a flash of watery sun to brighten the garden, as it sweeps over the city. Our in-tray of errands seems piled as high as ever, finishing with packing late tonight for a coach to Manchester Airport on Friday morning, for our flight to Greece. Mark in Ano Korakiana to whom I'm bringing a little pack of Larsen springs for magpie traps writes 'weather here right now is rather lovely and is forecast to be for certainly the next few days. Safe journey'. John our neighbour taps at the porch and Oscar leaps, barking for the front door, to spend the day in his other home, when he'll be far longer while we're away. Of greatest importance in our small world is an emergency meeting of the old and possibly new Board of the Central Handsworth Practical Care Project. Mike Tye from Birchfield Residents, respected in the area, will chair tonight.

Initiative

Andy was missing for two days and we were all very worried until the local builders' merchant telephoned to say that the dog had been staying on his premises. We had not realised how deeply Andy was committed to our business that he wanted to study it from its roots. He is now back home, but daily spends hours inspecting and assisting at our nearby building site with an obviously well-informed interest. What commendable initiative!

Corfu Loser's Cup Stays in Agios



The world-famous Cup will reside in Agios Ioannis [Karoubatika] with its permanent owner Fonta Grammenos, three times consecutive champion.

A new cup will be commissioned from this year, 'The Barry Allsworth Corfu Losers Cup, named for its founder member.

Corfu Weather Statistics

March 2011

Month's Rainfall: 68mm
Maximum Temperature: 21C.
Minimum Temperature: -1C
Maximum Windspeed: 42 km/h.
Maximum Gust Speed: 55 km/h

Laughter

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

I cannot remember that any of my tutors ever told me that a child always remembers better a lesson that has caused him/her amusement, but I discovered that very early in my teaching career. Even earlier, though, as a teenage church choirmaster I found that an amusing incident during practice served to relax momentarily and helpfully the tension of intense concentration before we resumed our serious work. Some fuddy-duddies complained at times of our "lack of respect for our surroundings", but we simply disregarded them.

Laughter has always been a very useful tool in my teaching. I have generally been fortunate in occupying a classroom distant from others and therefore causing no distraction to other classes. However, in Latymer Foundation School my room was perforce the School Hall since the piano was there. In that nineteenth-century building two classes shared the hall, separated only by a thin screen that folded to allow access to the entire space for Assembly. Fortunately my colleague who taught in the other half shared my belief in the power of laughter; merriment from next door was as frequent as from my half!

My two most dramatic performances, though, were completely unintentional, unrehearsed and quite spectacular!

At my first teaching appointment, at a Secondary Modern School in a very tough industrial area, where we had random searches of pupils for knuckle-dusters and bicycle chains (this in 1952!), in my first week I had needed to knock down a big lout,

larger than I, who came at me with his fists. That class, Form 4D, was made up of fifteen-year-olds who were merely waiting to leave school to sign on the dole, and in the meantime were trying to cause as much trouble as they could. They had already driven out three Music teachers in two terms, but as a sergeant in the army I had been shown how to take care of myself, though I had never needed it before - nor since!

A couple of weeks after my violent suppression of the school's chief bully I was called upon to take 4D, in the absence of their form-master, for the last period of Friday afternoon. "Just keep them quiet, read to them," I was advised. Against such an eventuality I always carried around Commander Campbell's "My Mystery Ships", an account of First World War actions of Q-ships, disguised decrepit merchant vessels stuffed with unsinkable material and concealed guns, intended to lure to the surface U-boats unwilling to waste a torpedo on such old "wrecks". Reading an account of such an action I had reached the climax of the story: the "panic crew" had taken to the boats and were hastily rowing away; the U-boat had surfaced and was cruising around to a convenient angle for sinking its prey by gunfire; down came the shutters and the gun crews of the Q-ship opened fire.

"The first shot hit the conning tower," I should have read, but I had been reading for nearly a half hour and my tongue let me down. "The first shit hot the conning tower." I stopped in horror. There was a stunned silence of about three seconds and then every-

one, myself included, collapsed in laughter that lasted for minutes.

"I mean, the first shot hit the conning tower." I resumed, causing renewed merriment. My reading finished with the sinking of the U-boat just as the bell rang for the end of school.

Every boy, including my former assailant, bade me a cheerful "Goodbye, sir," as they left, and thereafter when they came into my music lessons they joined heartily in the singing. I never tried to go beyond their limited capabilities, but plantation songs, Negro Spirituals, sea shanties and the like received enthusiastic performance. I enjoyed teaching them as much as they seemed to enjoy my lessons. There was no more trouble.

"I don't know what this school is coming to. First you knock down one of my boys and then you teach them filthy language!" That comment by Form 4D's mentor the following Monday morning caused the staff-room to rock with hilarity.

A similar incident led to my complete acceptance soon after I moved to an independent primary school in the London "stockbroker belt". My class of ten-year-olds was scanning a passage of English literature, each in turn picking out a verb, the "motive force, the engine of the sentence". If any boy selected a word that was not a verb I would ask, "Have you ever ussed?", "Have you ever theyed?", or whatever arose.

One of the less bright members of the class offered with a puzzled frown, "We?"

"Have you ever weed?"

Continued on Page 11

Laughter

Continued from Page 10

For perhaps two seconds there was absolute incredulity and then I had thirty little horrors in hysterics, a couple writhing on the floor in helpless merriment. I too was seated at my desk with tears of mirth rolling down my cheeks.

The elderly, dour headmaster peered through the glass panel of the door, shrugged and walked away. The master of the next class looked through the doorway between our rooms, grinned and closed the door again. It was minutes before we recovered.

“We, Simon, is a pronoun, referring in this room to a horde of horrible little boys called Form 4.”

More hilarity.

Of course everyone in the staffroom wanted to know what had caused the eruption that had been heard throughout the school.

“Mr. Mann, we sometimes have to ask the boys personal questions in order to complete their records, but we do not often go that far. Are you sure that the Head approves?” The comment from one of the Kindergarten teachers caused further amusement.

An account circulated throughout the pupils too, becoming a school legend, and when repeating that particular lesson in the future I needed to warn, “And anyone who offers a certain personal pronoun will be dicing with death.” It always gained a laugh.

The approach, usually deliberate rather than so spectacularly accidental, seemed to work. Within a couple of years I had pushed their eleven-plus success rate up from fifty to a hundred per cent. The county average was twelve per cent. Although I was the youngest member of staff the septuagenarian Head made me his deputy with responsibility for the day-to-day running of the school, great experience for my future career. Much earlier I had learnt, as the twelve-year-old choirmaster of twenty-four boys, some bigger and older than I, to lead by example and not by authority.

New members appreciated at The Croquet Club of Corfu.

Dear croquet friends,

More and more our club is going to be an international mix.

Yes, we already had a few members from Greece, England and Germany, but this year several new players from the UK joined us and were excited about the game. Also a new dutch couple and last week Adriana's nephew Spiros were caught by the Croquet virus.

And all of the new players are not afraid of a little bit of rain but they prefer the sun of course.

Sunny it will be tomorrow, when we will have our clubday. It promises to be busy, because several players returned last week from a trip abroad.

Hope to meet you all tomorrow!!!

~~~~~

Located at Gouvia Marina the Croquet Club is building up an Inter-

national list of members but are continually looking for more.

Details of their offerings are below:

### **Weekly schedule.**

Saturday starting at 11:00: Clubday.  
Rest of the week: Find yourself an opponent and play one or more games or make a phonecall to one of us for an appointment.

### Tournaments.

One-day-tournaments and an Egyptian tournament organised, both singles.

The **One-Day tournament** has passed but keep a look out for more (usually a subscription is required for non-members for this tournament).

The **Egyptian tournament** (Currently running from 15 January - 1 May) is as follows.

During the tournament period everyone plays matches against oppo-

nents from the players list. Date and time can be chosen by the players themselves.

- Matches consist of 2 or 3 games. The player who wins 2 games, wins the match. This is called 'best of three games'.

- Matches are played against different opponents.

A special rating system is used to determine the final rating list. The players with the highest rating will go into a play-off.

You don't have to subscribe for this tournament. Only choose your opponent from the players list.

For more details go to their website [www.corfucroquet.org](http://www.corfucroquet.org) or contact them on:

Jan, tel. 6934778211

Annemiek, tel. 6942701088

Email: Croquet Corfu  
[harbers@otenet.gr]