

The Agiot

58th Edition

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A CALL TO ARMS (AND LEGS) August 25th

By
The Minstrel

24 days to go to our annual Rock, blues and folk festival.



"Steve Gibbons"

To keep this festival going from 2013, and prospering, the proof of the pudding will be the numbers who will show on the evening of the 25th August. Many of you have been totally supportive and loyal over the years. To those we say thanks - which is hardly descriptive enough - and to those who cannot come or are prejudiced without trying it, we say you

don't know what you are missing. So here are the reasons to come along;

8 great acts in one evening

DJ

Picnics allowed

Food and wine, soft drinks at reasonable prices

Cold Corfu Beer

Sally's Bar Ipsos is serving beautiful home-made beefburgers.

Ample seating

Car parking

Toilets

Unique atmosphere

Dancing almost compulsory

Raffle with great prizes (see below)

20 Euros for adults, half for kids. Group concessions

available.

Don't want to drive? Ring Ken Harrop on mob: 6946949545 for coaches from the north and from the south ring Dawn Dodson on tel: 26610 75105

www.facebook.com/agiotfest

Go here, if you have not already done so, and register your like please. This will help to spread the word enormously. Also, on this page you will find a prize for an island stay-over. You must scroll down a little to find it, like the photo. 9 people have liked this to date. The tenth claims the prize for FREE!



"Steve Dell and Barry Packman".

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Agiotfest 12 - A call to arms (and Legs)
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"Sonia Grammatikou"

RAFFLE: This year we have a generous glut of fabulous prizes. So much so, we are raffling on the night some of them, and in October we will have an auction at Villa Theodora, where some very attractive items will be auctioned off. From these proceeds we will, as usual, be supporting Corfu charities. Details of this auction will appear here on October 1st.

Raffle tickets are 2 Euros each.

A unique chance is offered thus: through links with the Edrington Distiller in Perth Scotland, Innovations Director Helen Potter, the Agiotfest 2012 have received 12 specially labelled bottles of Famous Grouse whisky, both front and back labels have been personalised to promote the 2012 Agiotfest, only 12 will ever be available.....to drink and enjoy, or keep as an investment ??

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jlrKv3OD-eY>

Since the inception of the annual Agiotfest Music Festival, first held at Ag. Ioannis in 2009, it has been the intention of the organisers to make, in all good will, a donation to various local charities in need. The donations have originated from the proceeds of the Raffle held on the evening of each Festival.

Donations have been made to

Raffle Prizes:

OCA Y Services - 1 week Villa Theodora
Jim Potts - A selection of Books
Nicolas (Perikles) Taverna, Agni - Weekend in Koukouli
Nicolas (Perikles) Taverna, Agni - Meal for 2
Nicolas (Perikles) Taverna, Agni - Case of Wine
Paul and Alice Ticehurst - A Bottle of 5 Star Metaxa
Starbowl - 5 individual 1 game vouchers
InAction - Gym for 1 week
InAction (Mrs Limpantis) - 1 Facial Treatment
Sarah Young - Shellac Manicure & Pedicure worth €60
Ruby Rockit Deborah - Jewellery
Taverna Calda - Meal for 2
Dougie & Helen Potter - 12 bottle case of Famous Grouse Whisky
Dougie & Helen Potter - 2 x Snow Grouse
British Corner Shop - Shopping Voucher worth €100
Eco Point (Natasa) - A prize to be determined
Hotel Eirkousa - 1 night stay with breakfast
Evolution Ladies hairstylist - Ladies Hairstyling
Marks and Spencers - Bath or beauty aids
Sophora - Bath or beauty aids
Kostas Taverna, Agios Ioannis - Meal for two

local Animal Welfare Charities; The Smile of the Child (Abused/abandoned children); Melissa (Day School for children with special needs) and others.

In addition, and as a consistently charity-minded organisation, The Agiotfest has provided free space at each event for local charities to promote/advertise their existence/needs etc. ie: The ARK Animal; Welfare Charity, The Corfu Donkey Sanctuary and others. We see this as a way of offering an advertising tool, free of charge, to those who have very little cash to spare and are always in need of financial assistance in order to carry out their very important work.

The Agiotfest organisation fully intend to continue this annual Donation to deserving local charities.

Sponsors:

OCA Y Services
www.daylong.co.uk (Paul Grove)

Spear Travels (Peter Cookson)
Truetype Web Solutions
British Corner Shop
Sunrise Cars
Nikos Pouliasis, Architect

Private Sponsors:

Dr. L. F. Mann
Paul & Jan Scotter
Steve Young
Billy from the U.K.
Barry & Stella Knight

Sponsors are asked to provide 100 flyers or similar material for us to distribute on the evening amongst the audience in envelopes. Also, we await their banners or hoardings.

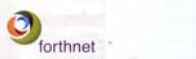


"Lucy Layton"

Continued on Page 3

Agiotfest 12 - A call to arms (and Legs)
Continued from Page 2

We are pleased to announce the following additions to Friends of The Agiotfest.



Marks and Spencers

Sephora

Kostas Taverna

And this for our Swedish fans;
http://www.youtube.com/embed/53_qvMQfvOE



"The Organiser"

The following businesses are supporting The Agiotfest 2012.

If you need any of these "services" please consider supporting them. Note all are English speaking.

Ecopoint.gr - Natassa Katehi (Νατασα Κατεχη): For all pool management, equipment, construction and maintenance. Also all types of Water Management - solar and fossil fuel, Air-Conditioning-Construction. **Tel: 26610 36995 or Mob: 6979449758**

ETHNIKI INSURANCE - Sofia Kasfiki (Εθνικη Insurance- Σοφια Κασφικη): For all insurance needs: - Medical, House, Car, Boat, Third Party. **Mob: 6937205225 or 6975900445.**

Civil Engineer - Greg Zochios: For all structural engineering and legalization advice. **Tel: 26610 44490 or Mob: 6944384820.**

Lunch or Dinner, N.E. Coast - Nikolas Taverna, Agni - Perikles Katsaros: Beautiful setting, beautiful food, wonderful experience. "you'll arrive as a customer and always leave as a friend". **Tel: 26630 91243**

Best Pizzas near Town - Tavola Calda - Nonos: Truly delicious Italian food. Family run restaurant and take away. **Tel: 26610 44480**

Trip to Zagoria - Nikolas Guest House - Perikles Katsaros: Pains-takingly renovated stone house in Koukouli. Bed and Breakfast. Beautiful rooms. **Tel: 26530 71721 or Mob: 6932641888**

Consultant Orthopaedic Surgeon - Dr. Vasilios Pandis: Trained on the U.K. Paediatric Orthopaedics, Soft Tissue Ultrasonography, Adult Traumatology, Osteoporosis testing and treatment. **Tel: 26610 25196 or Mob: 6944520720.**

In-Action Health Studio: Fully equipped, air-conditioned gym & swimming pool, friendly, for all ages. (Currently €30 per month for mornings); classes every morning 10 - 11:00, nineteen classes per week, full membership. **Tel: 26610 80900 or 26610 80951.**

Ladies Fashions and Accessories - ECLIPSE - Kostas & Helen: Fashions, Handbags, Jewelry. Very near the old hospital. Please go and have a look, you'll like the range. **Tel: 26610 44154.**

Lingerie - ELIXIS - Adriana: Lingerie for Ladies, Men & Children. Very near Eclipse & the old hospi-

tal. **Tel: 26610 34066.**

STAR BOWL: Venue for "Losers Cup" activities. 10 pin bowling, billiards, table tennis, snooker. Will keep a family happy all day. **Tel: 26610 23260/61.**

Ruby Rokit - Designer Jewelry: Incorporating Swarovsky Crystal. Look on-line at www.rubyrokit.co.uk or search on www.amazon.co.uk.

We can also help if you need an English speaking doctor (GP U.K. trained) or Dentist.

"Friends and supporters of Agiotfest 12"



Karen Quilter

Spyros Hytiris



Centuryfilms

Village News

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

Among July's visitors were Ian and Thursa Ramage, and grow-quicklies Oscar and Nuala. Thursa's sister and family are joining them now.

Danny, his wife Marisa and son Wim, the family Kopis/ Girsberger, the Richies, Annette Petzold, the Banks family just arrived, the Wiests, the Laenens, John Elliot with his boys as well as a steady rotation of Dutch cyclists. Esther is here! All must have gained impressive suntans from the scorching weather

and possibly scorching kilos from the souvlakis.

I must apologise for my failure to reply to all who have sent me messages through the last eighteen months. My sight is failing and I am unable to read texts and e-mails. Janet, Paul, Lula, Peter and Kostas help when they can, but they are very busy. I can prepare these articles only because the army taught me to touch-type sixty-seven years ago and there is always someone to set up full-size bold font that I can read with difficulty. I am able to receive calls on (0030) 693 2826 003, but cannot make calls without assistance.

Corfu Weather Statistics

July 2012

Maximum Temperature - 34.8C
Minimum Temperature - 21.3C
Average Temperature - 26.1C
Windspeed - 57.9km/h.
Gust-speed - 57.9m/h.
Rain - 0.8mm

No fool like an old fool

By
Simon Baddeley



There's just a chance that before Easter 2013, which in Greece is on 5 May, far later than the Latin, we shall be able to sail in Summersong, courtesy of the safety given by a reliable replacement engine. This old 27 foot sloop registered in Poole, moulded in fibreglass at Thames Marine at Canvey Island in Essex in the mid 1970s, is moored, bow to mole in the tideless Mediterranean style, in the small harbour at Ipsos was the occasion for this weblog, and the reason we've been going to and fro between Corfu and England the last 5 years. I bought the

boat almost on a whim on eBay because, through an oddity of European grants to the Greek fishing industry, she was on a free mooring - something trickier to find these days than a boat.

We don't know how Summersong got to the south coast of Spain in the late 1980s. We do know that there a railwayman called Norman Sheriff took an early retirement from British Rail and with his wife Pauline bought the boat in Spain and began an adventure. Norman died last year in Corfu, and I've had passing words with his widow sat with a friend and a blanket over her knees in the club room at Gouvia Marina. They spent twelve years working their way in Summersong



*Snapdragon 27 by
Thames Marine Ltd*

along the northern coast of the Mediterranean - an odyssey in which they passed the great capes and headlands through the Tyrrhenian, Adriatic, Ionian and Aegean seas as far as Turkey before settling to live on Summersong in Ipsos, Corfu, moving, as age caught up with them to a small flower decked bungalow in Temploni in the centre of the island. It was an an adventure with an ending Dickens might have created which they wrote themselves.

I went a long way in small boats once - the Solent, the Bristol Channel, the English Channel, the rocky coast of Brittany, the Bay of Biscay, the rias of northern Spain, the canals and rivers of France, the Atlantic trades, the Caribbean and then stopped and almost forgot about the sea but for being a punter on big ferries, with a research sojourn on oil tankers. I've not been to sea in a sailing boat for nearly 40 years.

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No fool like an old fool
Continued from Page 4

When the prospect arrived... when I had time to start again - I knew, quite swiftly, there's no fool like an old fool while the sea, unlike me, doesn't age.

I returned as a result of research, looking for the boat designed in the late 1930s by my sailing mentor of the 1960s, Denys Rayner. As a young RNVR officer keen on having a sailing boat for himself he'd designed a small sturdy gaff sloop which he sailed out of the Mersea before the war in which he fought. I found Robinetta in rude health in the hands of her owner Mike Garnham who kept her at Shotley on the East Coast. He let me go out with him, take the tiller...



It was nothing if not bizarre. I was always clumpy on a boat, awkward in balance, not adroit. Age made me more ungainly. I try to make up for it with care for myself and others at sea, a strict conscientious about where to place hands and feet when leaning at angles and rocking about. Dreams since infancy sustain me.



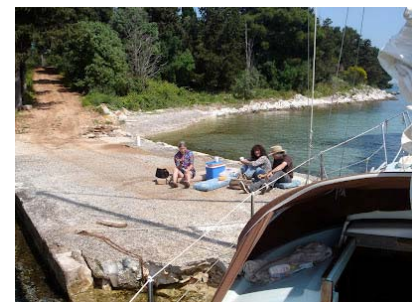
There's no seafaring in my family. I remember seeing model boats

sailed by the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. I've a small scar on the inside of my right knee which was made by accidentally cutting it with the tin keel of a toy sailing boat that my dad bought me when he and mum went for a day trip to Scarborough from where he was stationed at York in 1944, getting ready for Normandy. How did that happen? Scar? Scarborough?

I mean how did I cut my knee with the keel of a toy boat? I distinctly remember the cut. Looking at it as I sat on a bed in a seaview hotel room to have it tended. No more. It's gone, perhaps never remembered. Infant minds make firm unconscious choices about which bits to keep forever. The accompanying data on that event has been quite deleted in favour of the enduring scar and the recollection of little gaff sloop. There have always been these moments of thinking about boats and sea, pictures, paintings and photographs even living as far inland as England allows. Our first tentative outings in Summersong didn't bode especially well. I lost my spectacles before even setting sail as I fiddled with a flapping jib while the boat was moored in the harbour, jumped in after them and destroyed the mobile phone in my pocket. We used her for hops up and down the coast to Agni for food at tavernas, to Lazaretto for a picnic - opportunity for idyllic snaps. Once we made it over to the mainland - to Sayada for shrimps, but yet again struggled against that evening westerly. In the sea of Corfu there's too much or too little wind and no tide to hinder and help a journey.



I knew, Lin knew; this was hardly the old days. These day we were mostly motoring to a jetty, hoping for a breeze, which when it comes has us engaged in near fruitless tacking against the afternoon katabatic - dead on the nose when we're trying to get home. The last time we've sailed her anywhere - the afternoon wind gusted gale force. Headway was near impossible. Summersong, with her noisy old engine full ahead, was getting caught in stays as we tacked back and forth between Dassia and Barbati, losing in leeway most of what we gained in progress. A sheet came unravelled, trailed in the sea and wound round the propellor - twice. Both times we got it undone, leaning hard, putting the prop in reverse. A fiasco. "The figure of eight knot! I've never known one come undone." "Well it did" said Lin indignantly, head of my court of enquiry "If Alan hadn't been on board what would we have done?"



News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria
Contributing Editor

Blimey it's hot, is it true that the older you get the hotter it feels?? Or is that just what us old boys say about the other sex?

Okay so up here in the North we actually have some tourists, but the sunbeds are still half empty, or full depending on your point of view.

Every business owner is fatalistic waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Still, life goes on!!!!

The good news is that this is my last missive to the Agiot. I feel really drained and tired these days, but I feel sure that most of the Agiot readers will be happy to hear that this time has come.

I had a few friends up to the house at the weekend for some disgusting food and cheap wine and beer and it was gratifying that every one turned up. (All two of them) only joking it was a full house. We had a great time and this is why most of us live here. Good weather, good company, cheap booze (At the moment) and a quiet life. So I wish to every body a Happy Christmas and Happy Austerity in the Years to come.

I am and always will be,
Obnoxious Al.

Monthly Joke sent in by David Dickinson

Doctors Visit

A little old guy goes to the doctor and says,

"Doctor I have this problem with gas, but it really doesn't bother me too much. They never smell and are always silent. As a matter of fact I've farted at least 20 times since I've been here in your office. You didn't know I was farting because they didn't smell and are silent".

The doctor says,

"I see. Take these pills and come back to see me next week."

The next week the guy goes back,

"Doctor," he says, "I don't know what the hell you gave me, but now my farts, although still silent, they stink terribly."

"Good", the doctor said. "Now that we've cleared up your sinuses, let's work on your hearing."

Aunty Lula's Love-bites - Endorses



Scotsmen the world over use it, neat to warm them when cold, diluted to refresh them when warm, to revive them when exhausted, as a medicine in sickness, as an aid to digestion, as a sedative for sleeplessness, and universally to celebrate the meeting with, or parting with, friends, confident that, used in moderation, it will suit the occasion as nothing else will do, and with nothing but good effect.

Millions of men in every clime have found that these Scotsmen are right.

Matthew Glancy



"to warm..."

the glass

The Famous Grouse chunky tumbler

the ginger

Peel a plump, freshly cut piece
Grate straight into glass to taste

the infusion

A measure of The Famous Grouse
Finest Scotch Whisky

the ice

To your liking



**THE
GINGER
GROUSE**
"to refresh..."

the glass

The Famous Ginger Grouse high ball

the lime

Room temperature. Rolled. Quartered

the squeeze

2 x Quarters. Drop in glass

the infusion

A measure of The Famous Grouse
Finest Scotch Whisky

the ice

Filled right to the top

the finish

Freshly opened bottle of ginger beer

Hiraeth: The perils of a stiff neck

By
Dai the Nant

Before he became "Tom the Logs" (and also "Tom the Ticket" for his charity raffles), Tom Roberts had run a haulage business. He had owned a big wagon and had driven all over England and Wales in it. A difficult business if you can't read the signs in Welsh or English. On one occasion he made a short trip to Prestatyn and got a stiff neck when the gearbox failed on the way back.

There is a road down to Prestatyn which goes over the cliff edge just inland of the town. It is a very very steep single track road with a winding action, with passing places here and there. I used to take the family shopping down this road and pretend the brakes were failing. If you met another vehicle you usually had to reverse to one of the bends as the passing places were few and far between.

Anyway, Tom is half way down the hill when his gear box starts playing up. He can engage first but it is making a dreadful noise, no other forward gears can be selected: only reverse works normally. Tom never likes to be beaten. So he uses first gear to position the wagon, and then starts to reverse back up the hill. Eventually he gets to the top and at this point should have called for a tow truck. Not Tom. He reverses the wagon bit by bit, eleven miles back to the village.

Gerry says that he was drinking Guinness over his left shoulder for a fortnight, and Hannah had to lead him from the pub so he wouldn't walk into the lamp posts

on the way home.

This was about the time that all the lads engaged in the building trade were getting work on the Wallasey Tunnel. They would set off in a van 6.30 every morning and join the shuttering teams. Gerry was a joiner as well as landlord of the Crown so he went with them. On the van was a young brickie called Owen who was a good amateur boxer. He had won eight fights in a row and fancied his chances for a career in the fight game.

On one occasion, whilst they were doing the concrete shuttering on a slip road leading to the tunnel, a hole opened up and this stopped the proceedings. Gerry said that it was probably the foundations of a house that hadn't been filled properly. Anyway, down goes the young brickie Owen into the hole to see what's what. Gerry was about to go down next when the foreman pushes him away and hoikes Owen out of the hole.

"What the hell do you think you're doing, you young idiot", he shouts, "get out of the hole now before it caves in on you." Then he calls over Old Jack and sends him down. As the old timer looks back out of the hole, the foreman says to Owen "You've got your whole life ahead of you, Old Jack has had his, it doesn't matter so much if he gets buried, does it Jack?" "Right enough Gaffer" says the old timer and disappears into the void without a second thought.

Later that month Owen tells everyone that he has a fight on a

big bill in Liverpool and will they come and support him. They all think this is a good night out and when they get to the hall they find they have good seats near the ring. Owen goes to get changed and finds that his opponent hasn't turned up. However a fight is offered to him if he wants it. In the next weight division one of the boxers has dropped out. This chap has taken a good look at his opponent and declined to fight. I didn't know you could do this but apparently it happens quite often and no one thinks the worse of you.

The fight organisers ask Owen if he will move up a weight division and fill the bill. Owen has all his mates waiting to see him fight and being a stiff-necked fellow, he feels he has no option but to agree. In the first round he takes such a battering he has to be helped back to his corner. In the second the battering starts up again and the referee shows no signs of stopping the fight. At this point the lads all stand up and start shouting "Throw in the Trowel Owen, throw in the trowel". He never fought again, poor fellow.

Advertising

ROYAL BRITISH LEGION POPPY APPEAL

Appeal for a Poppy Appeal Organiser (P.A.O.) for north and south Corfu

This year Remembrance Day and Remembrance Sunday falls on the same day: Sunday 11 November 2012 and I will soon be preparing for the annual Royal British Legion Poppy Appeal.

This involves a lot of work, which I have happily dealt with for the past twenty eight years but, as the only person dealing with this appeal it is not possible for me to reach north and south of the island where I know there are

many potential Royal British Legion supporters.

I am now looking for a reliable and responsible person(s), both north and south of Corfu, who would be willing to take on the responsibility of dealing with the organisation, collection and accounting back to me for the annual appeal.

It is not a difficult job, just a little time-consuming at a certain time of the year but the benefits given to help serving and ex-servicemen and women, and their dependants in times of need, can be very rewarding and satisfying.

If you are interested and would like to learn more about this voluntary work, please do not hesitate to contact me on: 6975 833654. and I'll be happy to answer your questions.

Lucy STEELE, M.B.E.
Former British Vice Consul
Corfu



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Traffic Lights

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

I learnt to drive in 1951. At last the end of wartime rationing was in sight and petrol would be available. For six miserable years our post war government neglected to repair the material and economic damage caused by the war but inflicted upon the nation the continued austerity arising from pursuance of their pernicious primitive political perversion. Now they had been sent packing and a much brighter future promised.

Lodging in Wembley, a student at the Royal College of Music in South Kensington, organist and choirmaster of a church in Ealing and deputy organist of Kensal Green Crematorium, I was dashing around using public transport and needed something more convenient. As well as three choir practices, three services, an occasional wedding and funeral, I went to the church also for my daily three hours of piano and three hours of organ practice. There was a good bus service between Wembley and Ealing with stops near home and church. Three days weekly I went to the College for tutorials and lectures, travelling by Underground. However it was my "dead-end job", the envy of some of my fellow students who needed to serve in bars or to wash up in hotel kitchens in order to earn enough to support themselves, that kept me in a perpetual hustle.

The crematorium organist was frequently ill and I played for many more funerals than he. My scholarship covered the cost of my studies and provided a "subsistence allowance" of £5 a week, but I needed more than that. The church added

£12 10s. a month. However at £5 per funeral, and I never played for fewer than three a week, sometimes as many as eight, I had no financial worries. My tutors were very helpful in allowing me to exchange tutorials with other students when I needed to go to Kensal Green. They had once been indigent students themselves!

My comfortable lodging, bed, breakfast and evening meal Monday to Friday, full board weekends including laundry, cost only £5 weekly so I was comparatively wealthy. I arranged to have driving lessons from a firm in Ealing, near the church where I was spending most of my waking hours.

My instructor had been a driving instructor in the Royal Army Service Corps and I too had been in the R.A.S.C. as a shorthand-typist seconded to War Crimes. He reverted to his army style; lessons were a laugh a minute.

Cautiously reversing into a three-point turn in a narrow side street. Instructor, leaning out of nearside door to watch backing to kerb, "For Christ's sake ease up on the accelerator. You're putting up a bloody smokescreen out here. I can't see a damned thing."

Semaphore trafficators has a penchant for sticking.

Approaching an island with both displayed, "Whatcher going to do now? Fly over the damned thing?"

There was plenty of sound commonsense too. "Never drive in a way that causes inconvenience to other road users, making them stop, slow or swerve."

"Unless you're crawling in thick traffic keep at least thirty yards behind the vehicle in front; then you'll have time to react if he does something unexpected."

"Regard everyone else on the road as a bloody fool, about to do something stupid; then you should be safe."

Passing a line of parked cars. "You can see under them the feet of someone about to step out in front of you."

His teaching was good. After eight half-hour lessons I passed the test first time.

My first car was a 1938 Morris 8. It had been laid up throughout the war and until I bought it. It had only 7,300 miles on the clock, was in very good condition and cost £45.

The car was delivered to me at the church late one Friday afternoon. I set out to drive to Wembley. Turning left into the Uxbridge Road I became embroiled in rush-hour traffic and went all the way to Uxbridge before I summoned up the courage to turn right across the stream. Then I had to drive all the way back to the North Circular Road to then turn left to Wembley. When I parked in front of my lodgings all the neighbours turned out to inspect the car. It met with approval!

The next morning, with my fellow-lodger and an eleven-year-old piano pupil as passengers, I went for a drive to Rickmansworth and back. All went well until we came back to Wembley and I needed to turn right from the High Street to take the boy home. There was going to be a match at the Stadium and the street was crammed with vehicles and pedestrians, none of them disposed to let me turn. A gap in the oncoming traffic allowed me to go halfway round the turn but then an unbroken stream of pedestrians, five or six deep, forced me to stop, blocking traffic in both directions.

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Traffic Lights
Continued from Page 9

I tried edging forward, but in my fear of hitting someone I drove on to the pavement. Two policemen on the opposite corner were watching with unconcealed amusement and made no attempt to help. Eventually my passenger, ex-RAF, survivor of many bomber raids, jumped out and held back the hordes until I completed the turn. Living near the Stadium held disadvantages. Not only was I now able to cope more easily with my hectic schedule, but also could I now take holidays in Dorset, Devon, Cornwall and Norfolk.

One morning in Norwich I hit the back of a van that had braked suddenly to avoid a dog. Contact was only light with no damage to the Van and a bent wing of my car. I resolved never to stop for a dog.

That afternoon, while my car was being repaired, a friend took me along for the ride where he had business in a coastal town. His car was the same model as mine so he asked me to drive for the return journey. We were passing through a village when two dogs ran in front of us. I did not react and hit the second hound a resounding thud. It ran off yelping stridently.

After coming gently to a halt on the verge we inspected the car for damage. The number plate was missing so we went back to find it. We could not see it and closer inspection revealed it to be bent back under the engine. Our combined efforts were needed to restore it to vertical. Then we went to look for the injured animal. We were still searching fifteen minutes later when an A.A. scout drew up. He undertook to find the creature while we reported the incident at the police station in the next town.

"That'll teach it to do its kerb

drill in future," was the desk sergeant's only comment.

We heard no more of the matter.

Two years later, still living in Wembley, but teaching in Slough and organist of a South Kensington church and a Chiswick choral society as well as playing recitals even as far as Keswick, I was yet dashing frantically around. One afternoon on Western Avenue I pulled in behind a big lorry at traffic signals. When the lights changed he drew away slowly and then braked again. So did I - but my brakes failed! With the lorry's high tail looming large in my windscreen I steered to hit his massive rear tyre and seized my handbrake. Obviously unaware of what had happened, the lorry driver went on and I was left in the middle of a lake of blood-red hydraulic fluid. Using only engine and handbrake I drove to my local garage where they soon repaired the fault.

Having lost confidence in the vehicle I sold it - for as much as I had paid for it! I bought a 1937 Standard Nine with cable brakes that I was always regulating. It served me well for a couple of years until one afternoon when I was rushing from school to choir practice and the engine fell to pieces.

By now I had outgrown cars as organist of my local church where I had built up a choir of twelve men and thirty boys. I became the proud owner of Katie, KKK49, a large Ford van converted with windows and seats into a sixteen-seater. Although very useful for carrying the choir skiffle group to engagements and some of the choristers to away recitals, even that was not adequate for our summer tours, performing at venues around the Midlands. For those I drove the thirty-seater elderly Leyland coach belonging to the boarding school

that was our central accommodation. To drive through peaceful country lanes with thirty little horrors bellowing ditties of which "The cow kicked Nellie in the belly in the barn" was the most innocuous was quite entertaining, especially when knowing that not much later they would be chanting Tudor polyphony as if butter would not melt in their mouths.

Later in Hampton Katies exactly matched the choir complement, dictated by the size of the choirstalls, but later I secured a residential teaching appointment with no space for garaging a car. Katies was demoted to builder's van and I hired when needed.

In New Zealand I drove thousands of miles in a trim Austin A40, but when I returned to the U.K. I found that cars were no longer means of transport but offensive weapons. I had no wish to participate in the strife on the roads and did not renew my driving licence.

Tailpiece: Passenger in a car being driven by a friend, one of my choirmen.

Woman in the car ahead gives left-turn signal and turns right.

Friend, "That's Hazel."

His son, one of my choristers, from the back seat, "Do you know her, Daddy?"

Friend, "No, but she's some sort of nut."