

The Agiot

38th Edition

This Month

Village News.

Page 1

Carols, Mincepies
And Wine.

Page 1

Running the Gaunt-
let.

Page 2

The Secrets of the
Mainland.

Page 3

A Politically Correct
Merry Christmas.

Page 4

Corfu Weather Sta-
tistics.

Page 4

A Visit to Budapest.

Page 5

Democracy Street.

Page 5

News From The
North.

Page 6

Aunty Lula's Love-
Bites.

Page 6

Christmas 1967.

Page 7-8

Property Feature.

Page 8

Starbucks.

Page 9

Laughter and Tears.

Page 9

Scherzando Says.

Page 10

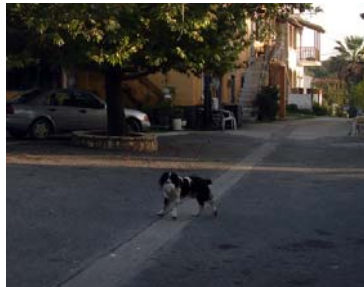
Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

By the narrow margin of two votes Giorgos was defeated in the recent election of village mayor. The successful candidate was Kostas, younger brother of the former mayor who died a few months ago, leading to the scaling down of this year's panegyrie. Throughout Giorgos's tenure of office we experienced a considerable enhancement of village amenities; it will be interesting to see how the new man copes with the demands upon those amenities resulting from the doubling of the village's population through the construction of the extensive new council-housing estate along

the road north-east from Aqualand.

The Dark Ages have returned. We are suffering power cuts, anything from a few minutes to many hours, whether owing to technical problems, economic frugality or industrial action is not known. It disrupts our office routine.



"Anyone for a game of football!!"

Andy is wandering around looking very forlorn. There are no visiting children with whom to play and

nothing else to occupy his time apart from an occasional scuffle with Alfie. Last winter he was kept busy helping the builders at Panorama; he used to come home in the evenings completely exhausted and thick with plaster. This year there is no such diversion nearby. He cannot even chase Purrsephone. She refuses to demean herself with such trivia and anyway is fully occupied in aristocratically keeping Villa Sofia precincts clear of feline intruders.

There have been no visitors recently and we are looking forward to welcoming home for the holidays all our bright young students from their widely dispersed seats of learning.

Carols, Mincepies And Wine

We are preserving what has become something of a tradition. There will be a repeat this year at Villa Theodora on Sunday 19th December, starting at 7 p.m. All are welcome. Bring an appetite, a thirst and a singing voice. We have our own

booklet of thirty-two popular songs and carols ranging from "Jingle Bells" to "The Coventry Carol" from which you can make your choice on the condition that you join in the singing.

Lionel will be accompanying on the organ in the

lounge. Please let us know in advance if you will be coming so that we may know for how many to cater. The lounge will accommodate at least forty and an overflow into the kitchen ensures proximity to supplies.

Corfu Light Railway - Plans Shelved

By
Earnest Porter.

In these days of global economic crises and austerity measures imposed by various Governments, it is refreshing to see the latest initiative introduced by local authorities in Corfu, namely the creation of bicycle lanes in our Metropolis. Not renowned for the wideness of its boulevards or lack of traffic, these lanes have been inserted with surgeon-esque imagination into the urban melee.

The Amsterdam -of -the- South is up and rolling. What fiendish brain awoke one morning to conjure up this comic-strip enterprise? Necessity being the mother of invention leads one to deduce that some new and tangible evidence needed to be shown to interested Brussels officials, as to where Euro-funds had been invested. With budgets for the Corfu Light Railway spiralling out of control a genius appeared in our midst to redirect energies into a far cheaper justification of expenditure. 'Put up a few cones and get some yellow paint from Skiathopoulos' was the cry from Hercules Spokeopoulos, the man in charge of this enterprise. And so it came to pass.

I took the trouble Dear Reader to inspect the new system. For some reason I set off after dark and it was just as well that I did, for the true wonder and excitement surely manifests itself then. Previously, in daylight, I had witnessed many squashed cones, killed off before they could justify their presence. Also, an occasional cyclist mad enough to vie with hordes of cars, lorries and buses; it reminded me of a zebra being pursued by lions. But now, outside the recently-closed

Corfu Palace Hotel, I became truly aware of the beast set upon us. Not many people realize there is a New Law in Corfu banning bicycle lamps. The intention is to save energy. Thus, you will see very few Corfu cyclists offending this statute. Amongst these riders are many youths, set free from the old shackles and the New Law they race up and down the designated highway newly-created outside the hotel, which has taken over the former broad sidewalk, once used by evening strollers. Unfortunately, again for energy-cost-saving principles, there is very little street lighting hereabouts so these boy racers flash by in the dark like so many half-seen bats. Poor old ladies coming home with their shopping trolleys from the minimarket must now leave their former route for safety and climb up and down amongst the tree roots on the curb of this thoroughfare, or chance stepping off altogether into the stygian darkness of the road, which is in places a good foot below the top of the pavement. If they don't they will surely fall prey to the boy racers. It is not if but when there will be the first casualty of this war.

But is there in fact method in the madness of the authorities here? The brand new Corfu General Hospital stands proudly next to the Paleokastritsa highway. Many people believe it does not open because there is no money left to employ staff. This is incorrect. The new hospital is yet another brainchild of the same think tank responsible for the railways and the bicycle lanes. It is set to become the first of its type in world history, possibly revolutionizing global health care as we know it. The concept is to make

Corfu General a 'Self-Service Hospital'. The hospital is ready, the equipment is installed. The first patients are awaited. And, without sounding cynical, have the authorities surmised 'what better first customers to test the system than a few old ladies suffering bicycle impact injuries. Much less risky than admitting more serious motor-related accidents'. After all, these elderly dears are completely used to using blood-pressure kits, syringes, enemas and the like. They would be perfectly placed to take advantage of the state-of-the art paraphernalia awaiting them. They would be more than happy to diagnose and treat each other. And, with no doctors and nurses in the way they could rearrange bed-space and the like to accommodate their visiting families. A whole new community enterprise would be likely to follow, with parties, cantatas, and even panygeris being held at regular interludes throughout the wards.

It will be interesting to see in the coming months whether a new frequent and direct air service will finally happen, if for no other reason than to cater for the thousands of medics, sociologists, politicians and journalists who will want to examine this cultural revolution first-hand.



"oops!"

The Secrets of the Mainland

Contributed By
Jan and Paul Scotter

If like many of us you have always thought it would be interesting and exciting to visit the mainland, and never “got round to it” there is now a very easy option. Perikles, the owner of Nikola’s taverna at Agni recently organised for 12 friends to travel to Zagoria, and stay in his guest house “Nikola” in Koukouli, recently rebuilt to create a wonderfully modern environment, while retaining all the original charm of the areas’ architecture and heritage.

Our virtually inclusive deal covered ferry, 12 person mini van with fulltime driver (Gianni’s), bed and breakfast accommodation in double en-suite rooms (with complimentary tea, coffee and juices).. for two nights/three days, guided walks and a packed lunch.....excellent value at €45 to €50 per person per night depending on numbers (not mentioning the very generous distribution of Ouzo at regular intervals).

We were met by Perikles at the ferry terminal and caught the 08.30 ferry, and arriving in Igoumenitsa we took the new Egnata motorway. A coffee and cake stop just outside Ioannina broke the journey, and we arrived at Koukouli in the heart of Zagoria to enjoy a picnic lunch before our first walk from the guest house to the bridges of Tritoxo and Kalogeriko. Our guide Kostas, who was born locally, introduced us to the flora and fauna and even though on this occasion it was a

bit wet we received an insight to the region we could never have expected if we had travelled “alone”. Incidentally we didn’t see the famous bears, but there was ample evidence of their presence.

We ate on both nights at the Palio Alom Taverna, walking distance from “Nikola”, and what a feast we were given mainly from local recipes and including the famous Zagorian pies.....wine was included and the average price per head was €17, in truth we probably didn’t need to eat again after the first night but being on holiday we of course did.

We planned a split walking and site seeing second day and took in the villages of Tsepelovo and Vradeto and the preserved settlement at Givtokampos where “rakomelo” is a house speciality and cures all known ills !!



“Vikos Gorge”

On our last morning after a filling breakfast of toasts/eggs/

local pie and yogurt etc we travelled in the mini bus via Vitsa to Monodendri and walked the 20 minutes to the Monastery of Aghios Paraskavi with the most breathtaking views of the Vikos Gorge (the deepest gorge in the world according to the Guinness book of records), absolutely a photo opportunity moment.

We then travelled on to shop and lunch in Ioannina which lays on the western side of lake Pamvotis, where with three hours to spare we could also visit the island, about a 15 minute boat ride away, and the Moni Panteleimonos monastery and museum, the refuge of Ali Pasha. The shopping opportunity did however get the better of some of our team.

A very happy group returned on the ferry to Corfu having had a memorable short break perfectly hosted and hassle free. We are already planning other trips to explore some of the secrets of Greece and Albania.

Koukouli lays 38klms north of Ioannina on the road to Kipi. Perikles not surprisingly looks to support his guest house “Nikola”, but this doesn’t block other possibilities such as three/four days to Meteora, or three/four days in Albania, in fact (on a very controllable budget) if you have friends who crave a change for a few days call him and he will do his very best to accommodate your tailor made plans.....Kalo Taxi

A Politically Correct Merry Christmas

Jingle Bells

*Dashing through the snow
in a one horse open sleigh.*

A risk assessment must be submitted before an open sleigh is considered safe for members of the public to travel on. The risk assessment must also consider whether it is appropriate to use only one horse for such a venture, particularly if passengers are of larger proportions. Additionally travel by open sleigh may be considered to constitute an inappropriate health risk to passengers in severe weather. Please note also that permission must be gained from landowners before entering their fields. To avoid offending those not participating in celebrations, we would request that laughter is moderate only and not loud enough to be considered a noise nuisance.

While Shepherds Watched

While shepherds watched their flocks by night

*all seated on the ground,
the angel of the Lord came down and
glory shone around.*

The Union of Shepherds has complained that it breaches health and

safety regulations to insist that shepherds watch their flocks without appropriate seating arrangements being provided, therefore benches, stools and orthopaedic chairs are now available. Shepherds have also requested that due to the inclement weather conditions at this time of year that they should watch their flocks via CCTV cameras from centrally heated shepherd observation huts. Please note, the angel of the Lord is reminded that before shining his / her glory all around she / he must ascertain that all shepherds have been issued with glasses capable of filtering out the harmful effects of UVA, UVB and Glory.

Furthermore, the accompanying Bethlehem Philharmonic Choir performance contravened regulations restricting noise-emission after 11p.m.; any future infringement will incur the severest sanctions of the law.

Little Donkey

*Little donkey, little donkey on the dusty road,
got to keep on plodding onwards with
your precious load.*

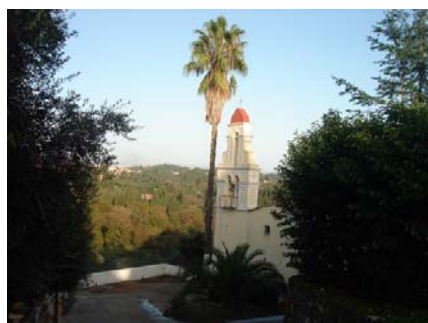
The RSPCA have issued strict guidelines with regard to how heavy a load a donkey of small stature is permitted to carry; also included in the guidelines is guidance regarding how often to feed the donkey and how many rest breaks are required over a four hour plodding period. Please note that due to the increased risk of pollution from the dusty road, Mary and Joseph are required to wear face masks to prevent inhalation of any airborne particles. The donkey has expressed his discomfort at being labelled 'little' and would prefer just to be simply referred to as Mr. Donkey. To comment upon his height or lack thereof may be considered an infringement of his equine rights.



"Ag. Ioannis-Nativity"

Corfu Weather Statistics

NOVEMBER WEATHER STATISTICS:



"A Sunnier moment of November"

Month's Rainfall: 298.6mm with 142mm falling on 17th

Year's Rainfall: to 30th November 1312,8mm.

Maximum Temperature: 23.2C on 10th

Minimum Temperature: 0.0C on 21st

Maximum Windspeed: 41.2kmh on 22nd

Maximum Gust Speed: 90.7kmh on 9th

Christmas and New Year

To all our friends, supporters, opponents, relatives and business associates, we wish you the merriest of Christmases and happiest of New Years.

Especially in times of economic stress for many people, what better tradition than to cast the clouds away with good food, good wine and good company !!!

A Visit to Budapest

Contributed by
Brenda Braithwaite



At the beginning of September, feeling a little jaded with the heat, I decided to see if there was anywhere at all we could fly to at reasonable cost from Corfu without going via Athens or the UK. I looked up a generalised phrase on the internet for flights "from" Corfu and - Eureka, came up with Wizz Air to Budapest, obviously returning Hungarian passengers home after their budget deals to Corfu. The cost was very reasonable.

Everything we knew about Budapest was harrowing, between the Nazi and then Communist occupations and we booked with a little trepidation. However, we flew off on our adventure to a place, not immediately top of our "must visit" list and were so glad we did. You can never be far from the River Danube, such is the geography of the city and indeed we were within easy walking distance (staying at a new little boutique hotel) with excellent service, in Desseffy Street, not far from what would have been the confines of the Jewish "Ghetto" in the first of Budapest's shameful invasions. Many buildings still bear the scars of Russian and Nazi bullets and the some of the bridges over the Danube, destroyed without exception (all thirteen of them) only now being reconstructed.

Budapest is still beautiful and emerging struggling from the past onslaughts, with the customary de-

signer shops in a brand new shopping mall, but it is the beauty of the old buildings lined up along wide "Parisianlike" boulevards which describes the prosperity of bygone ages. A visit to the House of Terror (headquarters of both the Hungarian Nazi Party and subsequently the Communist Party left one shaken and emotional and with much food for thought.

These flights from Eastern Europe open up opportunities for Corfiots to see some interesting places and we were privileged to be able to do so. We will be looking to see what other destinations offer themselves up for consumption this year.



Democracy Street

By
Simon Baddeley



Democracy Street is a mental perch that includes another place - our other street called Beaudesert Road.

Here high summer heat brings as many outside, as in Ano Korakiana it drives inside. Of course, in Ano Korakiana I see the street a little more, walking up and down it and now, looking out from on our new

balcony. As Natasha said when we discussed having it rebuilt last year, we've now a place from which to say "Good morning". Yet in Handsworth - as deprived as Pompey - should I, in order to mow the lawn, prune a tree or shrub, or sweep our flaky driveway, spend time in our front garden (one we've not fecklessly removed to make more space for cars), I'll certainly be saying 'good morning', harvesting gossip and even putting the world to rights with neighbours and passing strangers, an involvement in public space that took its greatest leap when I took to cycling in the city instead of driving. And now I've another place to chat - Plot 14 - hardly three minutes cycle ride from home. Our allotment's next to the main path through Handsworth Park. People strolling

there wander up to the fence to gaze through at the new Victoria Jubilee Allotments, forcing me, with secret relief, to cease digging and answer questions about what's growing, the weather and even the state of the world.

In Ano Korakiana as well as people we've discovered eagles, drifting over the crags above the village, mewing to one another, circling in the rising air, though never in our experience hovering or stooping. On and over the roofs of Beaudesert Road I enjoy my favourite birds - Jackdaws. How they chat. Of the crows these are the ones that most rejoice in aerial cavorting. Though it's close to the centre of a city as large as Thessalonica, Handsworth where I've lived since 1979, is a village - and indeed when it was, up to the 50s. a smart suburb before becoming 'inner city' - our high street, Villa Road, was called 'the village'.

News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria
Contributing Editor

You Know, after 20 years living here one would think a grasp of the Greek mentality would be a given. But it is still possible to be surprised.

This month we had some local elections personally I cannot stand the local mayor he is a useless tosser. So like a good boy and being eligible to vote my wife and I turn up at the booth to do our bit, like voting to get the current mayor off the council.

While waiting in line a local guy comes up and asks for a word in private no problem until he offers

me some extra voting papers and asks me to put some extras in my envelope. I dont know what pissed me off the most, the fact that they were trying to rig the election, (how many people did put extras in considering that was the winning party) or they thought so little of my character that I was as bent as them, or that it was for the incumbent mayor who I thought was hookey anyway.

Okay, a lot of people would shrug and say so what its the Greek way !!! But dont they understand that these local politicians are putting the election laws on a par with say Zimbabwe where there has not been a honest election for decades.

The editor of this paper said to me maybe he would put a disclaimer that my letter does not reflect the papers view, dont bother, let me state the Agiot bears no responsibility for this event they are simply publishing my letter in a sense of free speech !!!!!!!

Not a lot else to gripe about life in general is pretty good, we could be snowed in over in Uk instead of here in the warm albeit wet.

I am and always will be,

Obnoxious Al

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

LASAGNE

Ingredients for Meat Content

75ml Olive Oil
100g Mushrooms finely-chopped (optional)
1 medium Onion finely-chopped
1 Carrot grated
1-2cloves Garlic crushed
500g Minced Beef
400-500ml Beef Stock (from one cube)
1 tin Chopped Tomatoes
5tbs Tomato Purée
1 wineglass Red Win
1tsp Dried Oregano
1tsp Dried Basil
Salt and Pepper

Ingredients for Cheese Sauce:

100ml Olive Oil
100g Plain Flour
1lt (approx.) Milk
150g Edam Cheese grated
Dab of Mustard (optional)

150ml Greek Yoghurt
Pepper (and Salt if required)

Sheets of Lasagne

GO:

Mincemeat:

Heat Oil in a pan, add Onion, Garlic, Carrot, (Mushrooms).
Cook for about 3 minutes. Add Beef.
Stir well until small particles of meat are separated.
Add remainder of ingredients.
Simmer for 45 minutes.
Leave longer if excess liquid needs to be evaporated or add Flour to thicken.

Cheese Sauce:

Heat Olive Oil in a pan, stir in the Flour.
Cook for two minutes

Blend in the Milk and Pepper (and Salt).

Stir until it comes to the boil.

Add the Cheese and the Yoghurt (and the Mustard).

Cook for two minutes and remove from heat.

Mix one-third of the Cheese Sauce with the Mincemeat.

Place a thin layer of Mincemeat in a Baking tray.

Cover with sheets of Lasagne.

Follow with alternation of layers of Mincemeat and Lasagne.

Top off with the remainder of the Cheese Sauce.

Cook at 180C for about 45 minutes until the topping is nicely browned.

Allow to set before serving.

NOTE: Aunty Lula recently provided this Lasagne for the Wednesday Lunchbox in Town.

Many diners had second helpings!

Bon appétit.

Christmas 1967

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

For Christmas 1967 I was in Wellington, New Zealand. In theory it is mid-summer there, but in common with the U.K. summer is often late in arriving; in every one of my twelve years there we always celebrated the festival with full traditional menu, seated by a roaring fire.

At St. Mark's Church, which had imported me as their Director of Music, we televised monthly and always the morning service of the greater festivals. My choir was made up of twelve boys, ten trebles, two altos, pupils of the church school, and eight students from the university, two girl altos, three tenors, three basses.

The City Council always arranged rush-hour entertainment at the railway station for the week before Christmas and asked us to contribute on two evenings, so I arranged a number of carols for unaccompanied three-part boys' voices as no instrument was available at the station and not all our "adults" would be available. The boys were divided five firsts, four seconds, three altos for performance. Few British choirs seem to realise that just as women are sopranos, mezzos and altos, men are basses, baritones and tenors, children's singing voices also cover different ranges. In all my other choirs I have had boy trebles and altos, men tenors and basses, an arrangement quite common on the Continent.

This station commitment proved quite fortuitous when we were approached by a producer of N.Z.B.C. television who wanted six boys singing carols for a Christmas Cameo to be shown on Christmas morn-

ing. He came to select his cast, his choice being governed by the need to choose two of each voice including the three principals. The layout of the television set was set out in masking tape on the floor of the church hall so that the actors might practice their movements.

In those days the preparation of such a programme required that the sound should be first recorded and then the vision added with the cast miming to their recorded sound. One day after school the six went to the sound studios and confounded all expectations by recording all twenty minutes music perfectly at the first take; the staff were not used to such professionalism! The boys were accordingly treated to a feast in the canteen followed by an accompanied tour of Broadcasting House.

The following Saturday at the television studios was a longer business, nearly two hours, as the producer tried out various ideas, but all came together and we enjoyed a preview.

At our station performances we were surprised at the numbers who stopped to catch later trains and stood thickly crowded around us. On the first night they had an unrehearsed bonus. My arrangement of "Patapan", an old French carol, started with the three altos repeating "Patapan, patapan, patapan, ..." rapidly on tenor A, a drum-beat. Off they went, "Patapan, patapan, patapan, pataHIC." Ten-year-old Winston emitted the loudest hiccup that I have ever heard. Choir and audience fell around roaring with laughter. The boy blushed a deep red, but yet joined in the merriment. It was a minute or two before we recovered to start again.

Thereafter whenever they sang that carol, even in church, the boys always wore broad grins.

Midnight Eucharist on Christmas Eve was typical in that torrential rain was flooding the streets, yet the church was full to standing room only. Some persons even invaded the sound-proofed radio and television producer's eyrie and listened on its speakers. It was not in use at that time. The full choir attended, boys brought by parents.

We missed the showing of the Christmas Cameo as it immediately preceded our televised Christmas Morning Mass. By this time all the choir, including the boys, were old-troupers, exchanging banter with the T.V. crews as they prepared and tested for what they jocularly called "The God Commercial", and I always derived much amusement at the flow of New Zealand wit. The necessary N.Z.B.C. cables and connections had been built into the church so that the setting-up was performed quite expeditiously.

Matthew Calder, our priest, was an actor-manqué; his dramatic performance of the 17th-century liturgy ideally suited to television. Moreover he never preached for more than five minutes with a pithy directness that brought a flood of congratulatory letters after every broadcast. We received our share too. If other clergy had possessed Matthew's perception and intellect there would never have been a need for banal "new liturgies" and their attendant trashy music. He good-naturedly shrugged off the jealousy with which others of his profession regarded him.

Continued on Page 8

Christmas 1967
Continued from Page 7

After the service the boys lined up in the choir-room to receive their Christmas presents from Matthew. They were very well-paid (as also was I) by comparison with most British church musicians. Nevertheless it was considered that a seasonal gift should recognize their exceptional loyalty and expertise. The Anglican Church in New Zealand does not support the top-heavy bureaucracy and hierarchy of its U.K. counterpart and is accordingly able to give all its servants a reasonable reward for their labours.

Because at that time the licensing laws in New Zealand closed all bars at six o'clock every child had to be home by that hour. Between the end of work at five o'clock and closing time most of the male population poured as much liquor down their throats as they could manage. At six o'clock the streets were full of

roaring drunks. Therefore the only time that I could hold a full choir practice with boys and adults together was the half hour before every service and an hour after a morning service. All other practices were sectional, boys daily after school, adults in the evening. Christmas Day was no exception; we rehearsed the following Sunday's music before going off to our festivities.

Along with the Churchwardens and their families I was always a guest at the vicarage for the rest of Christmas Day, passed in eating the delicious fare and drinking the excellent wine for which New Zealand is noted. The days when watching T.V. had put an end to intelligent conversation had not yet arrived; we chatted, exchange anecdotes and enjoyed a great deal of laughter. It was quite late when I went home to my apartment, a short stroll away.

Although we had performed carols elsewhere before Christmas Day

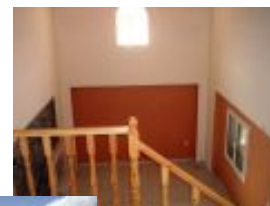
we were far more meticulous in observing seasons at church, with no carols before Evensong on Christmas Eve. The following Sunday evening our customary Evensong was replaced by a traditional Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols, again to an overflow congregation, some attracted by what they had seen on television or at the railway station. Christmas was a very exciting time with the prospect of the summer holiday, including our boy choristers' fortnight singing tour of the island, to follow.

The beautiful natural decoration proliferating around the island at that time, the pohutekawa trees with their dark green leaves and crimson flowers, still linger in my memory, although of course the church and every house always had a traditionally decorated Christmas tree, a lingering custom brought from "The Old Country".

Property Feature



€150,000



Karoubatika Stone House

This is a beautiful stone house situated within the area of Karoubatika village and sits in its own land area of 1100 square metres with great views of the surrounding villages.

The house covers two floors and is 110 square metres in size. The ground floor level consists of one bedroom, a bathroom, a kitchen and lounge with featured fireplace. An attractive wooden staircase leads up to the upper floor which consists of two bedrooms and a bathroom. Verandahs are featured to the front and back of the house.

This is a superbly priced house and well worth a view.

For More information on this and other Properties - Go To: www.propertycorfu.org

Starbucks

From
Sgt. Howard Wright

We know some of us enjoy Starbucks, (I for one don't know who owns it - K), but this is beyond words.....

Recently, **British Royal Marines** in Iraq wrote to Starbucks because they wanted to let them know how much they liked their coffees, and to request that they send some of it to the troops there.

Starbucks replied, telling the Royal Marines thank you for their support of their business, but that Starbucks does not support the war, nor anyone in it, and that they would not send the troops their brand of coffee.

So as not to offend Starbucks, maybe we should support them by NOT buy-

ing any of their products!

I feel we should get this out in the open. I know this war might not be very popular with some folks, but that doesn't mean we don't support the boys on the ground, fighting street-to-street and, house-to-house..

Thanks very much for your support. I know you'll all be there again to support us when we deploy once more.
Sgt. Howard Wright,
1 Platoon, Recon Company, Royal Marines
PLEASE BE KIND ENOUGH AND DON'T DELETE THIS... BUT PLEASE PASS TO EVERYONE ON YOUR E-MAIL LIST, IN MEMORY OF ALL THE TROOPS WHO HAVE BEEN WOUNDED, LOST LIMBS AND EVEN DIED, SO THAT WE

MAY HAVE THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE !

Also, please don't forget that when the Twin Trade Towers were hit, the fire fighters and rescue workers went to Starbucks because it was close by for water for the survivors and workers, and **Starbucks CHARGED THEM!!!**

AN ADDED NOTE TO THIS: STARBUCKS HAD STORES ON SEVERAL MILITARY BASES IN THE UNITED STATES. THEY ARE NOW BEING REMOVED BECAUSE OF THIS.

There are 227 Starbucks stores across the UK, and there's no doubt that our soldiers would get the same response from this company, so let us do our bit

We shall leave it up to you
Best wishes

Laughter and Tears

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Shortly before Christmas 1951, Michael Burton, who had left the Royal College of Music at the end of the Summer Term to take up the post of Music Master in the Preparatory Department of Berkhamsted School, came into the college cafeteria and joined us for lunch. The cafeteria served very good meals for a shilling a time, the only thing that kept indigent music students from starving to death. The various instrumentalists tended to congregate with others of their own kind, and we organists grouped around a large table, more than twenty of us.

Michael joined us and casually passed to a friend seated beside him the script of a Music examination paper completed by one of his ten-

year-old pupils. The friend read it, burst into helpless laughter - and fell off his chair. All some two-hundred occupants of the cafeteria fell silent in astonishment.

The neighbour of the smitten one picked up the script and read it into the stillness. "What do I know of Johann Sebastian Bach? Johann Sebastian Bach lived in Germany. I forget the name of the town, but it begins with L. He played the organ and wrote a lot of music. He had two wives and sixteen children and he practised for six hours a day on an old spinster in the attic."

The cafeteria erupted, everyone convulsed with laughter.

In the midst of our merriment Dr. William Lloyd Webber came in, up from the Professors' Dining Room below to find out the cause

of our hilarity. He was handed the script, read it, and in his turn burst out laughing. He took it with him and we waited in expectant silence. Sure enough the floor seemed to tremble at the roar that rose from beneath.

(For the uninitiated it was in fact the young Georg Friedrich Händel who surreptitiously practised daily for hours on an old SPINET in the attic of his home. Bach was twice married and produced an imposing brood, yet probably spent more of his time at the keyboard.)

Michael went on to become Organist and Master of the Choristers at St. Albans Cathedral, but his very promising career was tragically cut short only a few years later when he was drowned in a vain attempt to save one of his boy choristers who had fallen into a river.

Scherzando saYS

With thoughts turning to Royal weddings, no doubt the media will be hot on any slips, gaffs or foot-in-mouth moments from all concerned, so I thought I would look out some good ones!!

You were playing your instruments weren't you? Or do you have tape-recorders under your seats?

Prince Philip - Australia 2002



I now complete the process of helping my father to expose himself.

Prince Charles , unveiling a bust of Prince Philip
Listen to who's talking!!



Dontopedalogy is the science of opening your mouth and putting your foot in it, a science which I have practised for a good many years!

Prince Philip
(Kate, take heart!)

It's a pleasant change to be in a country that isn't ruled by its people.

Prince Philip to Paraguayan dictator, Alfredo Stroessner

I think he has a point at times when you see what the do-gooders can do!

With a T-shirt saying:
"No, I just look like him"

Prince Edward left saying, "One of these days you people are going to have to learn some manners" to gathered press photographers Alton Towers 1987

I don't think they have, do you?

Happy Home

To have a happy home,
Always keep the table set for friends,
And be sure to have a fresh tin of laughter in the pantry.

Rhoda Fraser - Yorkshire Humour



A lovely thing about Christmas is that it's compulsory, like a thunderstorm, and we all go through it together.

Garrison Keillor

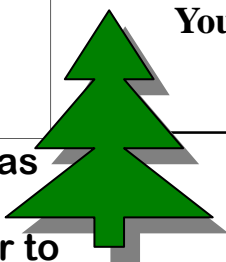
Christmas is a time when everybody wants his past forgotten and his present remembered.

Phyllis Diller

Why is Christmas just like a day at the office? ?
You do all the work and the fat guy with the suit gets all the credit.

Unknown

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to everyone.



I once wanted to become an atheist, but I gave up - they have no holidays.
Henry Youngman