

The Agiot

50th Edition

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A brief History of the Agios Ioannis water Supply

By Paul McGovern
Editor

(Thanks to Kostas Halikia and Teo Analitis for their knowledge and patience)



The electricity supply to our beloved village was introduced in 1964. Up until that time all inhabitants drew their water from the many wells (some privately owned) dotted around our countryside. In 1967 the arrival of pumps made it possible to create a piped village supply. A well was used at the Moraitis' land (at the place known as Kafalovriso) to bring the water down to Agios Ioannis and outlying hamlets. Later on, a second well was opened to further supply Agios and also pipe to Afra and Kokkini.



With the passage of time

the needs of the population grew. The village of Agios withdrew its demand on the second well and a new 30 metre-deep source was exploited at 'Georgie Loves Good People'. This fresh supply was pumped up to the highest point in the area at the Anroutsellis' land near the private chapel of Agios Nikolaos, some 90 metres above sea level. The year was 1985.

This happy state of affairs existed for about ten years, when a new player with a raging thirst joined the game; Aqualand. The new entity drilled all over the 75,000 square metres it had bought but was alarmed to discover nothing. A cry for help went out to the Mayor of that time, the late Spiros Sourianos (for whom the main street into the plateia

was later renamed). With his involvement and at cost to Aqualand, much drilling was done around the entire area. A Geologist was brought from the mainland, even a water diviner was employed. One of these notables suggested drilling adjacent to the existing reservoir at Agios Nikolaos. At 70 metres a source was discovered.

A deal was then struck whereby Aqualand took the rights to the supply at Georgie's whilst the new find was earmarked for our parish. Greater supplies coincided with the laying of new pipes for the new system. The older asbestos-tainted pipes were left underground.



Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Lula, Paul, Anna and Nikko have returned unscathed from their intrepid expedition into the northern wilds. The continuation of my Sunday chicken and chips at the taverna is assured.

It is very worrying to see the grossly distorted media accounts of conditions in Greece. The country is not in a state of continual disruption. I went to Town on the day of the latest "General Strike". The busses were running a normal service. There was a march of a few hundred strikers along the main street from the Liston to San Rocco, some shouting slogans, and

the Traffic Police were diverting vehicles, but no other police were in evidence. All shops and tavernas were open with shoppers going freely about their business. People were sitting at taverna tables on the sidewalks, unconcernedly eating and drinking within a few feet of the marchers. Banks were closed but their ATMs were functioning and the Post Office was open. I carried out all my business without hindrance and reported at Lunchbox in good time. When I went home, a couple of hours later, the only trace of the demonstration that remained was a litter of leaflets on the ground around San Rocco Square. The irresponsible media, especially TV, seize on isolated inci-



"Identify this bird, please"

dents to create the sensation that attracts their ignorant viewers. Camera crews even incite mobs to show "fervour" so as to present an "exciting" picture. In time every invention that could benefit mankind is prostituted by commercial and political vandals.

Loss of Friends

I am very sorry to report the passing of Cameron White last week. His funeral was at the British Cemetery on the 29th of November. Many friends came to give their respects. After a long illness he finally left us. He was very brave, Our thoughts go to Sandy, Vanessa and their families at this sad time.

There have been too many funerals of late. We lost F.Nitsa recently, also Mr Kristo Koutelis and Spiros from Villa Eleni.

R.I.P.

Ark Animal Welfare Charity Grand Raffle

This is a notice for an upcoming Grand Raffle event to be held on Friday 16th December, 2011 at the Ark Shop in Corfu town at 12 [Noon]

ADMISSION 50 CENTS.

Refreshments available.

LOTS OF LUBBERLY PRIZES.

Break up your Christmas shopping with a re-charge of your liver whilst supporting a good cause!

For more information ring Lucy Steele on 6975833654.

Corfu Weather Statistics

November 2011

Maximum Temperature - 21C
Minimum Temperature - 2C
Average Temperature - 13C
Windspeed - 119km/h.
Gust-speed - 42km/h.
Rain - 36,4mm



"Picnic in autumn"

Agiots raid Scotland

By
A.I.I.F.C.



Jane and Robert Bennett (long-time Agiots) have recently bought a cliff-top eyrie in the picturesque village of PortPatrick, south-west of Stranraer, on the shore of the Irish Sea.



November 5th was to celebrate their 25th Wedding Anniversary, for which they had hired the village hall for a celebration for their family and friends (including a small but noticeable band of Agiots).



This was a fine time had by one and all. The night of the fifth was an excellent knees-up (kilts up) from what I can remember. The morning of the 6th outside the Waterfront Hotel was quite magical, evocative of similar gatherings in warmer climes. The sun was shining its warmth, however, on this band of brothers who had sallied here from all parts of Britain, Sweden and Corfu to toast the happy couple.



News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria
Contributing Editor

Lost a good friend last month with an unexpected problem she did not know she had, and passed away within 6 hours. Very upsetting. Marlene you will be sorely missed.

I know I have whined before about Brits and German's running around in illegal non Greek vehicles, well I am going to doubly whine now. I have been vehicular legal for 20 years, and now (Same as many others) having been slapped with a road tax increase of 60 euros making 660 euros a year PLUS what they laughingly call "An extraordinary Tax" (One off, That's a joke) of 270 Euros, making 930 Euros to keep my car on the road this year, well it makes my blood boil watching all you chancers out there with no tax, no insurance and no test paper running around thumbing your nose up at legality. If they won't put you people in prison when caught, they should bring back hanging and castrate you first!!!!!!

Interesting that while Greece slides slowly down the pan and prop-

erty sales are none existent, Bulgaria, although being hardly much better than Greece is actually the place to buy property and to live very cheaply, it seems property sales are picking up there, although unemployment is rife. Also the government is not squeezing the life blood out of the ordinary man with excessive taxation. Could it be because Bulgaria does not have the Euro???

No doubt now that Xmas is looming on the horizon, up here in the North the burglars and thieves will be starting up again. Last few years house break ins have been amazingly high especially for expats. But following the last electricity breakdown, when I did not have electric for 67 hours and all street lights were off, we still do not have street lights, thus helping these thieves to go about their business. Despite asking the Demos to restore the street lights and receiving the usual shrug and basically "Tough" comment!!! So back to the burglar alarms and triple locking the property at night. Sounds just like the UK.

If you have trouble making the good old Yorkshire Pudding, I have

just put up a video on utube/user/corfual channel showing how to get them spot on every time !! If you fancy checking out property in Bulgaria, checkout www.corfual.co.uk for a sample, and for a cheapo here in Corfu ready to move in and furnished , checkout , www.corfualsbargainproperties.com all good stuff.

Not much happening here in the North that is interesting, loads of expat faces missing, but I see a few new ones around, must be rich to come here!! There is no denying that life is going to hard here for the next year or two, especially as no one seems to know what is going on for certain with this property tax!! again supposed to be a one off. We have not seen a doctor up here in Ag. Pant. in the local surgery for a month now, so I guess it's a case of take ones bed and camp out in the Acharavi's main surgery and hope.

However despite all the problems here it is still better than the UK.

I am and always will be
Obnoxious Al.



We wish you.....

New Year. To old friends and new, here and abroad let us fill a cup of cheer and drink to your health and prosperity. In these chill and uncertain economic rumbling times the show must go on. Agios Ioannis will be Fortress Agiot for the Yuletide, good food, good wine and good company!!!

There will be a mini- Christmas Crumpets and Carol sing-along at Villa Theodora on the 20th December at Villa Theodora at 8.00pm SHARP!! The Maestro has made a spectacular recovery from his various illnesses and will be breaking more eardrums than

ever before. His eyesight is somewhat diminished so it truly will be 'blind leading the blind' this season. You are all welcome and even more so if you bring a bottle.



It is our 50th Monthly anniversary on the Agiot Newsletter. We are all very encouraged by you poor demented souls who regularly download and read.

All of us here in the nervous- centre, Agios Ioannis, would like to wish you all a Merry Christmas and Happy

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Light Christmas Pudding

150g Soft Light Brown Sugar
 75g Breadcrumbs
 200g Flour, Sifted
 1 tsp Baking Soda
 1 tsp Cream of Tartar
 1 pinch Salt
 1 tsp of Cinnamon
 ½ tsp of Ginger
 Grated rind and juice of 1 Orange
 Grated rind and juice of 1 Lemon
 1 medium cooking Apple, peeled, cored and chopped small
 150g pitted Dates, halved (preferably bought in a re-sealable airtight packet, for moisture)
 150g Glace Cherries, halved
 100g Chopped Walnuts

2 Eggs, beaten with 1 tsp of Vanilla
 4 tbsp of Black Treacle or Molasses
 100g of Sunflower Oil
 Milk (if needed)

Go:

1. Grease a 1 litre pudding basin or 2 x ½ litre pudding basins.
2. In a bowl stir together bread-crumbs, flour, baking soda, cream of tartar, sugar, cinnamon, and ginger, grated rind of orange and lemon and salt.
3. In another bowl stir together the apple, dates, glace cherries, walnuts, eggs, treacle, oil and juice.

4. Carefully fold the flour mixture into the fruits mixture and stir well. At this stage add a touch of milk to gain right consistency. The mixture should not be too dry or too runny.

5. Spoon into the basin(s). Tie double pleated foil on to the top of the basin(s). Place in boiling water and boil for 2 - 2½ hours.

Bon Appetit!!

Lula in
 "Fat-Proof"
 protection
 Suit"



An Ano Korakiana Wedding

By
 Simon Baddeley

A wedding in the village - Saturday
 26 November, 2011



Αη-Γιώργη, Άνω Κορακιάνα

Today Epameinonta Kentarchy and Elinas Doyi - του Επαμεινώντα Κένταρχου και της Ελίνας Δούη - were to be married in Ano Korakiana.

Σήμερα λάμπει η γειτονιά
 Σήμερα λάμπει η μέρα
 σήμερα στεφανώνεται
 ο αετός την περιστέρα

Today shines the neighbourhood
 Today shines the day
 Today crowns
 The eagle and the dove

...and the evening before the groom hosted a surprise party for the bride and his neighbours in Mourgathes, Μουργάδες (the west part of Ano Korakiana) - his guests playing violins and guitars (and an accordion and lute)... (AK website 26:11:11)



Η απαραίτητη για την περίπτωση «προθέρμανση» έγινε στο πατρικό σπίτι της οικογένειας Τζαβέλα στην Πλαγιά και από εκεί η «πομπή» με επικεφαλής τον γαμπρό και τον κουμπάρο Μιχάλη

Πουλημά πορεύτηκε λίγο πριν τα μεσάνυχτα προς το σπίτι της νύφης, για ένα σερί από καντάδες. Και μετά από ένα τρατάρισμα με γλυκό σύκου «δια χειρός Κασσιανής» και κοκκινέλι κρασί από «τ' αμπέλι του Λαού», η παρέα συνέχισε την περατζάδα στη γειτονιά...μέχρι τελικής πτώσεως.

The traditional warm-up for the wedding was held at the paternal household of the Tzavela family on the ascent into Mourgathes, after which a procession led by the Groom and the Best Man Michael Poylima walked just before midnight to the Bride's house for a serenade. And after a *tratarisma* - an offering including sweet figs from 'the hand of Kassianis' - and wine from 'the vineyards of the village', the company continued their celebrations till dawn.



The Big Bang

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

I wonder if today's schoolchildren realize of how much fun, adventure and learning they are being deprived by the current insistence upon over-regulation, feather-bedding, egalitarianism, "freedom" and litigation, "Perry Mason claims". Remembering how we used to race around the streets, the heath and woodland on our bicycles without any protective wear, at the expense of grazed knees, noses and elbows; climb trees or anything else that offered a challenge; play cricket and hockey with no padding; in the light of today's thinking it is amazing that any of us lived to become eighteen let alone nearly eighty. I have recently discovered that many of my school-fellows have also reached impressive ages.

At Grammar School even we Classics pupils worked in pairs in Science laboratories at benches equipped with sinks and Bunsen burners, taught to handle razor-sharp and needle-pointed instruments, toxic chemicals, highly corrosive acids, and a wide range of apparatus. In the woodwork and metalwork shops we used chisels, files, drills, lathes without any protective clothing save an apron and goggles and gloves when at a lathe or soldering and welding. True, we obeyed our teachers, for the cane, birch or expulsion were powerful deterrent of disobedience, but also we were desperate to gain university entrance in an age when such was an eagerly-sought, hard-earned privilege not a cheap "right". Moreover we respected our teachers for their erudition together with their obvious utter devotion to our welfare and learning. Learning under such con-

ditions was fun and adventure.

On the Classics side we received eighty-minute lessons weekly each of Biology, Physics and Chemistry. Our Science brethren received forty minutes extra weekly of each subject but were deprived of the delight of learning Latin for equivalent time.

One never-to-be-forgotten morning our Chemistry master set up an apparatus for producing hydrogen and another to produce oxygen. We watched as he filled an old sturdy elliptical fizzy-lemonade bottle with two-thirds of the first, one-third of the second. Then he banished all thirty of us to the far end of the laboratory while he donned protective clothing. Holding the bottle at arm's length out of the window, he removed the stopper and plunged a lighted taper inside, resulting in a very satisfactory explosion. "That's the oxygen-hydrogen explosion, almost certainly how the water, H-two-O, on the earth was formed in the Big Bang that started the universe."

That started me thinking: air contains oxygen and the coal gas then piped into most homes contained hydrogen; how to bring them together without reducing No.1 Heath Road to a pile of rubble?

Because mother had left us and father was away supervising building airfields for the Ministry of Works I was living with my grandparents. One Saturday afternoon when both, as well as Aunt Louise and Uncle Lionel, were out I scavenged an empty cocoa tin from the dustbin and knocked a nail-hole in its base. With a finger over the hole I held it inverted over a ring of the gas-stove in the kitchen and turned on the gas for about five seconds to fill the tin by upward displacement, coal gas being lighter than air. Placing the

tin, still inverted, upon the stone floor but slightly tilted with a match-stick under the rim, I withdrew my finger and applied a previously lighted taper to the hole. Pop! The tin fell on its side. It worked!

Next time I tried ten seconds of gas, resulting in an even louder POP and the tin jumping about a foot into the air. Emboldened I went for the big time and tried thirty seconds of gas. To my surprise when I applied the taper a small tongue of flame ignited from the hole. As I watched the flame diminished until it was merely a flicker and I was about to pick up the tin when, with a very satisfying BANG, it shot up and made a circular indentation in the ceiling. Inspecting the tin I saw a few droplets of moisture inside it – water!

Again I filled for thirty seconds, slid a piece of card beneath the tin and took it outside the back door. Once more applying the taper produced a steadily reducing tongue of flame and I realized that it was simply excess gas burning away until the critical two-to-one proportion of gas to air was reached. The resulting explosion sent the tin up to the height of the bedroom windows.

That was enough for one session. I just hoped that nobody would notice the circle on the kitchen ceiling and was virtuously playing the piano when grandparents returned.

"Lionel, can you smell gas?" Grandmother's anxious query.

I sniffed. "No, I think it's grandfather's cigars." The old boy practically chain-smoked mini-cigars that permeated the entire house with a rather pleasant aroma.

Continued on Page 7

The Big Bang
Continued from Page 6

Grandmother was apparently satisfied and nobody ever mentioned the circular mark on the kitchen ceiling. Whenever opportunity presented itself over the following months I graduated from cocoa tins, through powdered-egg tins, dried-milk tins (wartime “delicacies”) and one-gallon paint-cans to two-gallon paint-cans. Until the war had conscripted his employees grandfather had run a building business; plenty of relics remained.

It was a two-gallon can that led to my downfall. Grandparents and uncle were out and aunt was thought to be engrossed in her tapestry-work in the lounge at the far end of the big house. I was sending that can soaring above the rooftops.

“Lionel, has the air-raid warning sounded?” Aunt Louise erupted from the back door.

“No. Why?” A picture of innocence.

“The windows rattled. What are you doing?”

I tried unsuccessfully to enthrall my aunt to the sight of a can flying around the chimneys. Further “experiments” were forbidden. The way of a pioneer is always hard.

A few weeks earlier our school music master had been rushed to hospital with peritonitis. He was also organist-choirmaster of a suburban church locally renowned for its music. As they were wheeling him out to the ambulance he gasped, “Phone Mann. He’ll play at St. Martin’s tomorrow.” Thus at the tender age of twelve I became an organist and choirmaster of a choir of twenty-four boys, some older than I and many bigger. They regarded me dubiously, but were determined to maintain their high standard and made sure that I learnt my job quickly. Certainly our standing-room-only congregations at choral services did not diminish.

It was a custom at St. Martin’s that after Evensong on the first Sunday of every month each church organisation in turn would give an entertainment in the church hall. Before long it became the turn of the choir. Naturally we should sing a song or two, but the boys also wanted to stage a play, rather prophetically about blowing up Hitler.

I declined an acting role; play-reading in school had shown that anything even remotely ludicrous reduced me to helpless giggles, unable to participate further. But they wanted an explosion; I undertook to provide that, citing long experience. It was right up my street!

Rather than to bring anything from home I prospected local resources. The door to the hall kitchen was right next to the stage and in the kitchen I discovered a gas-stove, a table and a five-gallon tea urn. It exceeded my greatest wishes; I fairly drooled at the thought of what I could do with such bounty. However I refused to provide an advance demonstration. “Just time your script and tell me when you are ten minutes from explosion time.”

The producer-prompter stuck his head through the doorway and hissed, “Ten minutes.” I already had the urn, lid removed, still damp from having produced more than two hundred cups of tea, inverted over a ring on the stove. For five minutes I left the gas tap on, filling the urn. It was all very rule-of-thumb business, but by now I was fairly confident that I could judge these matters with reasonable accuracy. However when I had carefully lifted the urn on to the table, pencil under the rim to tilt it slightly, affording entry to air, and turned on the tap, now near the top and facing upward, I was amazed at the size of the two-foot tongue of flame that resulted when I lit the escaping gas.

Anxiously watching the slowly diminishing flame I kept glancing at my watch. Had I guessed correctly?

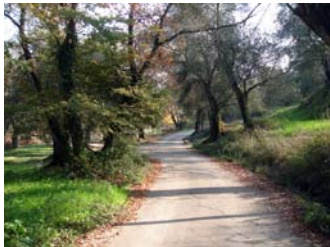
I heard the punch-line, cue for the explosion, and the prompter looked urgently through the door. The flame was now a mere flicker in the mouth of the tap and I nodded. The punch-line was repeated.

There was an almighty crash as the urn exploded. The bottom (now the top) peeled back as if by a massive can-opener; the tap shot off to imbed itself in the brick wall; two windows, protected against shattering by strips of transparent adhesive tape, vanished completely, frames and all; the entire audience, from experience of having been bombed, threw themselves face down on to the floor, hands covering backs of necks; the cast was paralytic with laughter.

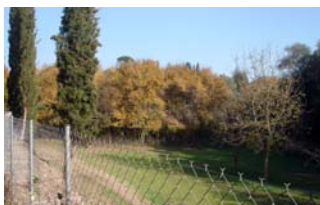
When the boys had recovered they crammed into the kitchen. Their mouths moved but I could hear nothing, temporarily deafened. However it was obvious that they had revised their opinion of me. I would suit them down to the ground. Very few choirs had mentors who made Guy Fawkes look a rank amateur.

Entry to my form-room at school the next morning was met by a howl of merriment and then a flood of questions. News had travelled fast; some of my choristers attended the same school as I. Later in the morning, moving along a corridor between lessons, I came face-to-face with the Chemistry master. He just pointed at me and roared with laughter. Already my hearing was almost back to normal.

A new urn was purchased, the kitchen repaired, but I was not even reproved for my expensive sound-effects. After all the choir was largely responsible for the overflow attendances at St. Martin’s and the resulting very sound parish finances. Moreover a couple of weeks later the churchwardens enjoyed a much wider reading than usual for their Annual Report by starting, “Our organist has demolished the church hall kitchen, using an explosive tea-urn.”



The Beauty of Agios Ioannis in Autumn



At some point in a guy's life.... it comes down to this.



*Joke sent in by
Derek Pullen*

Four guys have been going to the same fishing trip for many years. Two days before the group is to leave, Rudy's wife puts her foot down and tells him he isn't going. Rudy's mates are very upset that he can't go, but what can they do. Two days later the three get to the camping site only to find Rudy sitting there with a tent set up, firewood gathered, and dinner cooking on the fire. (chicken)
 "Shit Rudy, how long you been here, and how did you talk your missus into letting you go?"
 "Well, I've been here since yesterday. Yesterday evening, I was sitting in my chair and my wife came up behind me and put her hands over my eyes and said, 'Guess who?'"
 I pulled her hands off, and she was wearing a brand new nightie. She took my hand and pulled me to our bedroom... The room had candles and rose petals all over.
 On the bed she had handcuffs, and ropes! She told me to tie and cuff her to the bed, and I did.
 And then she said, "Do whatever you want."
 So, Here I am.