

The Agiot

27th Edition

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Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

A Happy New Year
to you all.

The holiday season has been celebrated with a round of parties and it is not yet over; Epiphany has yet to come. We are surviving precariously with a little blood in our alcohol stream.

On St. Spiridon's Day, 12th December, I was browsing the channels on my tele-

vision set when I found on a Greek national channel the liturgy being celebrated. Usually I hasten away from such programmes; the chanting being very primitive and out of tune. Imagine my surprise when I heard a four-part choir of men and women singing reasonably in tune, accompanied by a little single-manual electronic organ, and priests intoning tune-fully. The choir, dressed very informally, was hidden away in a gallery. It was not

quite in the class of Russian Orthodox music, but it was far, far better than the usual offering. I stayed with it and was delighted to discover that it came from our own St. Spiridon's Church in Town. It made one feel quite proud to be a Corfiot.

Some of our friends have returned to the U.K. for Christmas to tread in their virgin snow, but others, Denis and Linda among them, have come out here to tread in our virgin mud.

Corfu Weather Statistics:



Total Rainfall for the Month: 215.3mm.
Maximum Rain per Minute: 6.6mm on 1st at 20.46.
Total Rainfall for the Year: 1428.6mm.



December details:

Highest Temperature: 18.1C on the 1st at 15.28.
Lowest Temperature: 6.6C on 21st at 22.32.



Maximum Windspeed: 46kmh on 19th at 14.20.
Maximum Gust Speed: 75kmh on 19th at 13.43.

Featuring Pictures of Agios Ioannis at Christmas

Land Of The Lev - Continued

By Paul McGovern
Editor

Chapter 2- Furry Animals



It was raining with a vengeance for our first day in Kastoria; it didn't matter a jot. We can drive in the few kilometers into the city, population 17,000, set on an isthmus dividing two halves of a large lake. We'd heard from Corfu that weather conditions were similar over there, so our location made little difference.

We walk the wet and leaning streets. Lula has an umbrella; I do not have an umbrella. A hot chocolate is in order before one of those things in life which exhaust men but not women.... shopping, at least window-shopping, if not a lot of actual purchasing. Kastoria is the main town in Greece for the fur trade, and sure enough there are shops oozing furs and leathers



on every street and street corner.

We are in search of the shopping mall, but it is elusive, and when finally discovered is a shabby disappointment; half-empty shops, lights out, even the escalator is frozen and full of rubbish. So it's back to the glistening streets in the search for an early Christmas present for Lula. Good bargains are to be had, the economic downturn has forced traders to slash their prices, in some instances by half.



"Kastoria Old City Wall"

Lula found one likely jacket at a shop called Ma Moi, but time was on our side, so many other shops were examined. Exhaustion is creeping up on me but she is tireless. We eventually return to Ma Moi, as the skani item is the one she prefers, luckily her Amex card is malfunctioning when we try to complete the purchase. We console ourselves with a traditional Kastorian lunch in the old town at the 'Ntoltsos' [Dolce], a splendid taverna at reasonable prices.

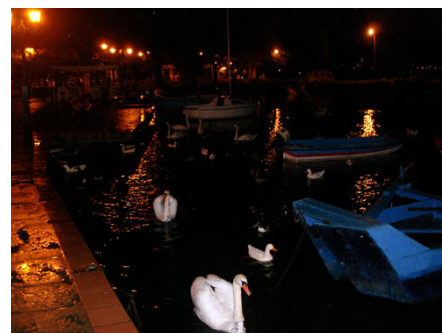
It's now late afternoon, the rain has let up, we drive to the summit

of the isthmus, for splendid views over the water. I walk the thousand metres down to the lake, coming back is heart-attack time.



The next day we visit a reconstruction of a Neolithic site on the shores of the lake, outside the town.. Archaeologists have dug up stuff here dating from 7000 years ago. Further along towards Kastoria a fleet of white swans-all with numbered tags- and coots swarms towards these humans carrying chocolate biscuits.

More furry animal shops are on the menu, all along the lakeside. Then it starts raining again. Splendid. At least this time I have an umbrella, so it's up onto the isthmus ridge again and down to the 'northern' lake. As darkness joins us we have a cheap dinner in a grill-room, very cheerful with a candle on the table.



Chapter 3 - Next Month

News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria
Contributing Editor

THE SPECIALIST.
Continued

‘And when it comes to construction,’ I sez, ‘I can give you joist’s or beam’s. Joist’s make a good job. Beam’s cost a bit more, but you might say, will last forever. ‘Course, I could give you joists, but take your Aunt Emmy, she ain’t getting’ a mite lighter. Some day she might be out there when them joists give way and ther she’d be, caught. Another thing you’ve got to figger on, Elmer,’ I sez, ‘is that Odd Fellows picnic in the fall. Them boys is goin’ to get in there in fours and sixes, singin’ and drinkin’, and the like , and I want to tell you that nothin’ ‘breaks up an Odd Fellows picnic quicker than a diggin’ party. Beams I say, every time, and rest secure.

‘And about her roof’, I sez. ‘I can give you a lean-to type or a pitch roof. Pitch roofs cost a little more, but some of our best people has lean-tos. If it was fer myself, I’d have a lean-to, and I’ll tell you why. ‘A lean-to has two less corners fer the wasps to build their nests in; and on a hot August afternoon there ain’t nothin’ more disconcertin’ as a lot of wasps buzzin’ around while yoys settin’ there doin’ a little readin’, figgerin’ or thinkin’. Another thing’, I sez, ‘a lean-to gives you a high door. Take that son of yours, shootin’ up like a weed; don’t don’t any of him seem to be turnin’ under. If he was tryin’ to get under a pitch roof door he’d crack his head everytime. Take a lean-to Elmer; they ain’t stylish, but their practical.

‘Now about her furnishin’s. I can give you a nail or a hook for the catalogue, and besides, a box for the cobs. You take your pa, for instance; he’s of the old school and naturally he’d prefer the the box; so put them both in, Elmer. Won’t cost you a bit more for the box and keeps peace in the family. You can’t teach an dog new tricks,’ I sez. ‘And as long as were on furnishin’s, I’ll tell you about a technical point that was put to me the other day. The question was this: “What is the life , or how long will the average mail order catalogue last, in just the plain ordinary eight family three holer?” It stumped me for a spell; but this bein’ a reasonable question I checked up, and found that by placin’ the catalogue in there, say January- when you get your new one- you should be into the harness section by June; but, of course , that ain’t through apple time, and not countin’ on too many city visitors, either.

‘An another thing- They’ve been putting’ so many of those stiff-coloured sheets in the catalogue here lately that it makes it hard to figger. Somethin’ really ought to be done about this, and I’ve thought about takin’ it up with Mrs sears Roebuck Hissself. ‘As to the latch fer her, I can give you a spool and string, or a hook and eye. The cost of a spool and string is practically nothin’, but they ain’t positive in action. If somebody comes out and starts rattlin’ the door, either the spool or the string is apt to give way, and there you are. But, with a hook and eye of the best quality ‘cause there ain’t nothin’ that’ll rack a man’s nerves more than to be sittin’ there ponderin’without a good, strong, substantial latch on

the door.’ And he agreed with me.

‘Now,’ I sez ‘what about windows; some want ‘em, some don’t. They ain’t so popular as they used to be, if it was me, Elmer, I’d say no to windows; and I’ll tell you why. Take fer instance, somebody comin’ out—maybe they’re just in a hurry or they waited to long. If the door don’t open right away and you won’t answer ‘em, nine times out of ten they’ll go ‘round and ‘round and look in the window, and you don’t get the privacy you ought to.

‘Now, about ventilators, or the designs I cut in doors, I can give you stars, diamonds, or crescents—there ain’t much choice—all give good service. A lot of people like stars, because they throw a ragged shadder. Others like crescents ‘cause they’re graceful and simple. Last year we was cutting’ a load of stars; but this year people are kinda quietnin’ down and runnin’ more to crescents. I do cut twinin’ hearts now an then for young married couples; and bunches of grapes for the new rich. These last two designs come under the head novelties and I don’t very often suggest ‘em, because it takes time and runs into money.

‘I wouldn’t take any snap judgements on her ventilators , Elmer,” I sez, ‘because they’ve got a lot to do with the beauty of the structure. And I don’t over-do it. Like Doc Turner did. He wanted stars and crescents both against my better judgement, and now he’s sorry. But it’s to late; ‘cos when I cut ‘em, they’re cut.’ And gentlemen you can get mighty tired, sittin’ day after day looking at a ventilator that ain’t to your likin’.

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The Specialist
Continued from Page 3

I never use knotty timber. All clean white pine—and I'll tell you why: You take a knot hole; if it doesn't fall out it will get pushed out; and if it comes in a door, nine times out of ten it will be too high to sit there and look out, and just the right height for some snooper to sneak around and look in— and there you are —caught.

'Now,' I sez, 'how do you want that door to swing? Opening in or out? He said he didn't know. So I sez, it should open in. This is the way it works out: Place yourself in there. The door openin' in, say about fortyfive degree. This gives you air and lets the sun beat in. Now, if you can hear anybody comin', you give it a quick shove with your foot and there you are. But if she swings out, where are you? You can't run the risk of havin' her open for air or sun, because if anyone comes, you can't get up off the seat, reach way around and grab'er without getting' caught, now can you? He could see I was right.

So I built his door like all my doors, swingin' in, and of course, facing east, to get the full benefit of th' sun. And I'll tell you, gentlemen, there ain't nothin' more restful than to get out there in the morning', comfortably seated, with th' door open about three fourths. The old sun beatin' in on you, sort of relaxes a body—makes you feel m-i-g-h-t-y m-i-g-h-t-y r-e-s-t-f-u-l.

'Now', I sez, 'about the paintin' of 'er, Elmer'. He said red. 'Elmer,' I sez, I can paint 'er red, and red makes a beautiful job; or I can paint 'er bright green, or anyone of a dozen colours, and they're al mighty purty; But it ain't practical to use a single solid colour and I'll tell you why. 'She's to durn hard to see at night. You need contrast— just like they use on them railroad crossing

bars— so you can see 'em in the dark. If I was you I'd paint 'er a bright red with white trimmin's—just like your barn. Then they'll match up well in the daylight, and you can spot 'er easy at night, when you ain't got much time for scoutin' around.

'There's a lot of fine points to putting' up a first class privy that the average man don't think about. It's no job for an amachoor, take my word on it. There's a whole lot more to it than you can see by just takin' a few squints at your nabor's. Why, one of the worst tragedies around heer in year's was because old man Clerk's boys thought they knowed something' about this kind of work, and they didn't.

Old man Clark—if he's a day he's ninety seven— lives over there across the holler with his boy's. Asked me to come over and estimate on the job. My price was too high; so they decided to do it themselves, and that's where the trouble begun. I was doin' a little paperhangin' at the time for that old wider that lives down past the old creamery. As I'd drive by I could see the boy's aworkin'. Of course, I didn't want to butt in, so used to holler at 'em on the way by and say , naborly like: 'Hey boys, see your doin' a little buildin'. You see, I didn't want to seem like I was buttin' in on their work; but I knowed all the time they was goin' to have trouble with that privy. And they did. From all outside appearance it was a regulation job, but they not being experienced along this line they didn't anchor her.

You see, I put a 4 by 4 that runs from the top right straight on down five foot into the ground. That's why you never see any of my jobs upset hallowe'en night. They might pull em out, but they'll never upset 'em.

Here's what happened: they made two bad mistakes they didn't anchor her and they painted her solid red.

Hallowe'en night came along, darker than pitch. Old man Clark was out there. Some of them devilish nabors boys was out for no good, and they upset 'er with the old man in it.

Of course the old man got to callin' and his boys heard the racket, One of them sez 'somebody must be at the chickens'. So they took the lantern to the chicken shed and didn't find anything wrong there. Then they heard the dog bark, so one of his boys sez " Sounds like at the privy". Well, it bein' painted red they could not see she was upset, so they started over there. In the meantime the old man was so confused he started to crawl out through the hole, yelling for his boys, the boys came a runnin', but as they got there the old man lost his holt and fell. After that they just called, but did not go near him. So you see what a trgedy it was, and they tell me he has been ostracized from society ever since.

Well time passed and I finally got Elmers job done; and, gentlemen, everybody says it is the finest eight holer privy in the county. Some days I take my wife and we sit on top the hill and just listen to Elmers wind-mill slowly pumping and the cows amooing and dogs barking, and we Just admire that there privy, and I just know I did right to become a specialist.

Well that's it exactly as told me by Charles sale back in the late 40's. I suppose if there is a moral it must be if your going to do a job do it right or if your going for a crap, well, do that right as well, but be comfortable about it. !!!!!!!

I suppose I should wish all and sundry a happy xmas and all that nonsense. I am and always will be ,

Obnoxious Al.

OUZO

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

During my first years in New Zealand I lived free of charge in a comfortable apartment with a glorious view over Wellington in return for teaching English for two or three hours daily to three Greek boys who had been falling behind at school because they spoke only their native language at home.

Their father, Vasili Papageorgiou, had been Chief Engineer of a tanker torpedoed in the Atlantic during the Second World War. By a chance in a million he escaped from the flaming inferno and was rescued. He signed on to another ship, but by the time it reached Auckland he was a nervous wreck and was hospitalised. He liked New Zealand so much that he stayed and after the war brought out his wife and many relations, opened a chain of Greek restaurants and later diversified into real estate. When I arrived in 1965 Vasili was a millionaire, leader of a large Greek community, a Justice of the Peace, had built the Greek Orthodox Church in Wellington and brought out a priest for it, yet still lived in a terraced house in a rather run-down quarter of the city. I had an apartment next door.

As well as sending my evening meals so that I might have more time for teaching their sons, the boys' parents invited me every Sunday to lunch with them. Their Orthodox Church service was held earlier than our Anglican one so Vasili always greeted me at his door when I arrived and handed me a glass of Scotch, until one Sunday, "Today special - Greek Easter.

Try." The glass contained a clear liquid and he checked me as I made to drink. "Wait." He added water and the liquid turned milky. "You like?"

I liked - and was given a second glass. The following meal was the most uncomfortable that I have ever eaten; I was trying hard not to fall off my chair!

Vasili visited every Greek ship that tied up at Wellington and always came ashore with bottles clinking in every pocket. He gave me a bottle of ouzo, but I usually drink only a glass of red wine with my evening meal (doctor's orders) so the bottle stayed for months untouched in my sideboard.

Then one morning I awoke with a terrible cold and that evening I was giving my monthly organ recital at the church. Unless on the point of death a musician never cancels a concert; you risk losing your regular audience. I never take drugs and I had no whisky. Try the ouzo. Every half-hour I sipped a centimetre of ouzo from a tiny medicine glass.

By midday I felt absolutely great, got up, cooked and ate breakfast and then the lunch sent down from next door. Following a three-hour practice that afternoon I gave one of the best concerts of my life that evening. The critics thought so too!

Ever since then, even back in the U.K., I have always had a bottle of ouzo in the house - just in case! At the slightest suspicion of indisposition a little dose of ouzo quickly puts things right. To my mind it is by far the greatest of Greek contributions to civilisation.

There was a sequel to that ex-

perience. Some time later I was giving another of my monthly recitals, on this occasion with three of my boy choristers singing Mendelssohn and Brahms trios as part of the programme.

On the morning of the concert twelve-year-old Glenn phoned me. "Sir, I shan't be able to sing tonight; I have a terrible cold, and so has Dean." (Eleven-year-old brother and another of the trio.)

"Glenn, ask your father if he has any ouzo."

A short wait then, "No, sir, he hasn't any."

"Ask him if he has any Scotch - whisky."

Another pause, then, "Yes, he has."

"All right. Both of you, try a sip of it every half-hour."

That evening the three boys received a standing ovation from the packed pews and crowned everything by singing in unison the "Alleluia" from Mozart's "Exsultate, Jubilate" as an encore, complete with its glorious penultimate top C that bid fair to shatter the windows and "brought the house down".

"I've a mind to send you in a bill for all the Scotch that I've poured into those boys of mine today." Glenn's and Dean's father and I had quite a laugh afterwards.

There was another much later sequel. One of the three Greek boys, Angelos, went on to become a very successful lawyer with a practice in Wellington.

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Ouzo
Continued from Page 5

When I arrived he was a desperately shy ten-year-old and bottom of his class; when I left three years later he was confidently top of the class and Head Boy of the school. (Spiros, the eldest, qualified as an accountant; Tassos, the youngest, went to medical school, but died young.)

Only a couple of years ago Angeli was sent by the New Zealand Government to Crete to interview anyone who had witnessed the invasion by the German airborne forces in May 1941. The attack had been opposed mainly by New Zealand

troops and eyewitness accounts were needed while there were still those alive who had seen the fighting. Many of the defenders were either killed or captured, only few escaped, but they inflicted such severe losses upon their opponents that those airborne troops were never again a serious threat.

Angeli detoured via Corfu especially to see me before returning home. I had not seen him since he was aged thirteen so I did not recognise him - but he recognised me. We spent a great day while I showed him around Town, exchanging hilarious reminiscences, particularly of playing "mini-cricket" in their backyard, to the

horror of the neighbours!

Even more recently Angeli telephoned me from Athens where he was a guest of the Greek Government for the opening of the Acropolis Museum. It is very rewarding when a former pupil reaches such eminence. He is not the only one either!

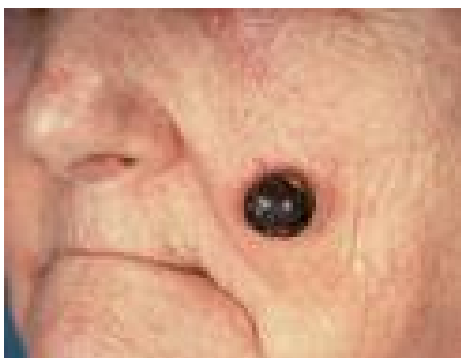
Corfu Light Railway

By
Earnest Porter

Again, construction of Corfu Light Railway has encountered problems. The entire committee has been invited to Bilund in Denmark, to visit the headquarters of Legoland and visit their top-secret site, where the plasma tunnel is under guard and under construction

This has left a power vacuum back in Corfu, where the remaining C.L.R. are still under pressure from the Orthodox Church. To add to their woes the proposed branch line by way of Kondokali, Gouvia and Dassia to Barbati Beach, where topography prevents progress without recourse to very costly further tunneling, has encountered resistance from the residents of Ipsos. The planned station in the centre of the football pitch will obstruct both goalkeepers' view of play at their far

ends and nobody is sure whether to kick off from the down or up platform. They also require assurance that trains will be scheduled to arrive out of playing time.



'arial photo of scalopus aquaticus crossing the Pantokrator massif'.

Questions have been raised in parliament. Can Corfu really afford this 'white elephant' at a time when Greece teeters on the edge of bankruptcy? Mr Kostas Lottos scoffed at the objections from his Copenhagen 5-star suite. 'Corfu

NEEDS this railway, it is part of our heritage. Brussels will just have to pay up and stop moaning. Britain had its dome, Paris that tall thing, all we are asking for are a few paltry billions for our modest network. Yes, I agree that the high luminosity elements in the Pantokrator tunnel have increased budget by 50%, but how else are the Eastern Corfu moles (*scalopus aquaticus*) going to migrate south in winter safely, unless they can follow the blinding light with their dim eyesight?' Yes, I know a few will get squashed by the high-speed trains, but that is better than them freezing to death in their thousands as they cross the high passes in the dark'.

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Christmas Salad

175g Red or White Cabbage, shredded.
 2 large Carrots, peeled and grated.
 2 dessert Apples, peeled and chopped.
 2 Celery sticks, chopped.
 100g Dates, stoned and chopped.
 50g Sultanas.
 100g Nuts, shelled and chopped, (walnuts, almonds, cashews, etc.)
 2 Mandarins or Oranges, peeled, pipped and divided into segments .
 100g Stilton or preferred Cheese.

150ml Salad Dressing or Vinaigrette.

Salt and Pepper to taste

GO:

1. Put all ingredients into a bowl.
2. Toss well to mix.
3. Season and serve cold.

Anything not immediately consumed may be stored in an airtight container in a refrigerator and will keep for a few days.

Cat catches train to watch penguins

The owners of an adventuring cat which regularly catches a train to a marine-life sanctuary to watch the fish and penguins have said it would be enjoying its new-found celebrity status.

Percy the cat has become the most famous pet in Scarborough, North Yorkshire, after it was revealed that he often leaves his home on Green Howard's Drive and travels to the Sea Life Centre by rail.

The six-year-old animal spends the day watching fish and scaring penguins before hopping back on to the miniature North Bay Railway train when it is time to go home.

Panorama Development - Property Feature



Two Stunning, innovative, moulded-to-the-terraces villas, enjoying unspoilable views across the valley.

This is special. Two subtly linked-detached villas, secluded from each other by positioning on the terraced land and the positioning of dividing walls. Each villa is 130 square metres approx.



Each villa uses the different topography to best advantage, therefore each is distinct.

Both three-bedroom villas are one hundred square metres basic with extra covered area in the linkage.



"Stunning Views"

The villas are centrally heated and feature spiral oak stairwells.

The terracing gives on to unspoilt and unspoilable views across the valley. Pools with infinity backdrops will be 8 by 4 metres included in the above prices. No future building can mar this scene.

Each property sits on 1000 square metres of land.



Prospective buyers are encouraged to visit site to see current ongoing construction.


Please note that the right-hand [Eastern Property] is now sold, and the remaining villa has been reshaped and remodeled; please enquire. Full details will be sent on enquiry.



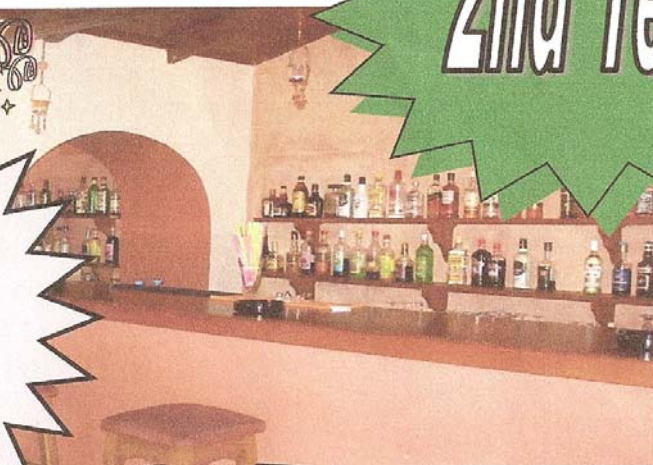
For more information on this property and others go to - www.propertycorfu.org



2nd Year



Numbered
ticket serves
as entry into
the Prize
Draw !



New Year's Eve Party

Dance the night away
at Labis Bar, Vatos
Live Music—Good Food



Admission by Ticket Only

Limited number of tickets available



Chas on 6985074464

