

# The Agiot

39th Edition

## This Month

Village News.

**Page 1**

The Corfu Loser's International Cup (CLIC!)

**Page 2-3**

Lionel's Law - The Corfu Loser's Cup

**Page 3**

Stop the Cavalry- Carols in Theodora.

**Page 4**

Reflections on Reflections – The train journey.

**Page 4**

Aunty Lula's Love-Bites.

**Page 4**

Local Voting Practice.

**Page 5**

News From The North.

**Page 5**

Corfu Weather Statistics.

**Page 5**

Heathrow Havoc.

**Page 6**

## Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann  
Contributing Editor

So far we have survived, bloody but unbowed, the first half of the season's festivities.

It all started with parties celebrating St. Spiridon's Day on the 12<sup>th</sup>. All the many Spiros and Spirothulas on the island had excuse for jollification, our Lula amongst them.

Prelude to the seasonal frivolity was Lunchbox Christmas Dinner in Town, followed by a meeting of the Metaxa Club.

Another introduction was the sumptuous Christmas Dinner of a local Walkers' Group at Boileau Bistro in Kondokali.

Then came our traditional Carols, Mincepies and Wine at Villa Theodora on the Sunday evening before Christmas. Some thirty friends arrived to join in

hearty renditions of a wide selection ranging from "Stop the Cavalry" to "Silent Night" and to sample delicious products of Lula's culinary skills washed down with mulled wine. Two young girls, one playing flute, the other clarinet, provided extra entertainment and stimulated Lionel into solo performance.

Christmas Eve saw a number of us again in Town to join the revellers in the Town Hall Square listening to bands and choirs performing appropriate music before adjourning to a nearby eatery for a pre-Christmas feast.

On the great day itself all had recovered sufficiently to enjoy a very protracted traditional turkey and plum-pudding meal.

Boxing Day witnessed another walkers' dinner at Raffles, this time a very var-



*"Early starters for Christmas"*

ied Indian selection.

Hardly had all this been digested than came the Corfu Losers Cup, a day of keenly-contested croquet, wellie-throwing, ten-pin bowling, table-tennis, pool and darts followed by refreshment at Raffles. The winner for the third year in succession was Fonda Gramenos, who therefore keeps the cup. As a result of an errant wellie Paul could only manage runner-up spot.

Now we are steeling ourselves to meet the gastro-nomic exertions of New Year's Day and the Epiphany with all their celebrations. Watch this space.



# Happy New Year To All Our Friends

# The Corfu Loser's International Cup (CLIC !!)

By Paul McGovern  
Editor



"Group before drinking"

The 8<sup>th</sup> Corfu Losers' Cup took place on the 29<sup>th</sup> December, 2010, and was attended by a record number of honed competitors-19, though by evening's end we were left with sixteen standing. What a great day this was, if not the best Losers' Cup to date, then certainly up there with the best. Barry Allsworth would have been proud of us. Fonda Grammenos took the Cup for the third consecutive year, the first person to do so. Although he was not as dominant as erstwhile, and could have been beaten, he still had enough in the tank in the end. Young Aegli took the Ladies title, excellent achievement.

Such is the fame of this world-class event that over half the field were newcomers, supplementing the poor deluded souls who turn out year after year. There were seven Greeks in the line-up, three Anglo-Greek, seven English, one Scottish and one Rumanian.

Beautiful sunny weather heralded this morning, so there was a sprightly crew skipping onto the lawn at Kontokali to contest the croquet.

This first discipline was won by Alex Ferguson, with a score of seven holey things. The event was characterized by the usual assortment of bent rules and disorienta-

tion, made easier by Paul Scotter's mulled wine. Antoinette and Jan were on hand to offer professional advice; such patience on their part was highly commendable.

Positions: 1<sup>st</sup> Alex F; 2<sup>nd</sup> Paul M, 3<sup>rd</sup> Bob Weaver and Fonda Grammenos, 5<sup>th</sup> Peter and Kostas McGovern, 7<sup>th</sup> Alex Vasilakis and Steve Thomas, Sue, Lula of Lovebite fame and Stelios, 12<sup>th</sup> Tony Barker, Paul Scotter, Gilly Weaver [famous International Scottish swimming champion], 15<sup>th</sup> Markos, Julia [debut Rumanian] and Spiros Revis, 18<sup>th</sup> Aegli and 19<sup>th</sup> Diane Carden.

The fierceness of this event was all too much for our new Rumanian friend, Julia, who immediately retired from competition, consigning herself to groupie status henceforth.



"Serious Stuff"

This fierceness spilled into the Wellie-throwing, where Lionel showed his teeth and clamped down hard on any dissenters. He paced from marker to marker with high energy, ably assisted by his Lieutenant Lula, who had also retired following the Croquet. She donated her points to her niece Aegli- a flagrant breach of Rule 14 Section 1F but good for nepotism. Spiros Revis [a newcomer from the south of the island] did a remark



"Oh! What's that smell?"

able backwards throw, which went a very long way in the wrong direction. Could it have had anything to do with the rocks he was stuffing into his wellie? Peter M threw the furthest but his throw was ruled out, as he had followed over the line after releasing the boot. This controversy led to a spicy run-in with the Umpire for the rest of the day.

Positions: 1<sup>st</sup> Bob Weaver [newcomer with nice beard], 2<sup>nd</sup> Tony Barker, 3<sup>rd</sup> Steve Thomas, [ the first three were all Novices] 4<sup>th</sup> Peter M, 5<sup>th</sup> Stelios, 6<sup>th</sup> Fonda [ he's never been so far down a field], 7<sup>th</sup> Spiros despite his unusual tactics, 8<sup>th</sup> Gilly [using a backstroke style], 9<sup>th</sup> Kostas, 10<sup>th</sup> Alex F, 11<sup>th</sup> Alex V, 12<sup>th</sup> Diane, 13<sup>th</sup> Markos, 14<sup>th</sup> Sue [who should have done better as she is a hairdresser], 15<sup>th</sup> Paul S [pathetic], 16<sup>th</sup> Paul M [even more pathetic], 17<sup>th</sup> Aegli [guilty over her Auntie's points donation].

On we go to Starbowl and straight into bowling. Stelios was threatening to pull out unless he got fed. He got fed. This was a tight affair over two legs with Alex F coming out on top with 266. Other competitors reported him chanting 'U-NI-TED' under his breath throughout.

Continued on Page 3

The Corfu Loser's International Cup  
Continued from Page 2



"Intense Pressure"

Positions: 1<sup>st</sup> Alex F, 2<sup>nd</sup> Kostas, 3<sup>rd</sup> Bob, 4<sup>th</sup> Paul M, 5<sup>th</sup> Steve, 6<sup>th</sup> Paul S, 7<sup>th</sup> Fonda, 8<sup>th</sup> Peter, 9<sup>th</sup> Tony, 10<sup>th</sup> Stelios and Gilly, 12<sup>th</sup> Spiros, 13<sup>th</sup> Alex V, 14<sup>th</sup> Aegli [who kept giggling], 15<sup>th</sup> Markos, 17<sup>th</sup> Diane and 18<sup>th</sup> Sue.

Table tennis was dominated by Fonda, though Peter gave him a run for his money in the Final

Positions: 1<sup>st</sup> Fonda, 2<sup>nd</sup> Peter, 3<sup>rd</sup> Bob and Paul S, 5<sup>th</sup> Paul M, 6<sup>th</sup> Kostas, 7<sup>th</sup> Steve, 8<sup>th</sup> Aegli, 9<sup>th</sup> Sue, 10<sup>th</sup> Stelios, Alex F and Alex V, 13<sup>th</sup> Diane and Markos, 15<sup>th</sup> Gilly,

Spiros and Tony.

Killer pool was keenly contested, but foreshortened, as time was marching quickly for this large field. Alex V retired at this stage, so we are down to sixteen.

Positions: 1<sup>st</sup> Fonda, 2<sup>nd</sup> Paul M, 3<sup>rd</sup> Stelios, 4<sup>th</sup> Spiros, 5<sup>th</sup> Markos, Aegli, Diane and Steve 9<sup>th</sup> Bob, Kostas, Peter and Sue, 13<sup>th</sup> Alex F, Gilly, Paul S and Tony.

And so to Raffles for the crescendo. A buffet was laid on by Chris, as other locals loitered bemused at the sporting goings-on. Darts was the final event and in this Markos and Paul M held sway in a Doubles competition. Gill kindly took score for every game. Lionel and Peter clashed again, oh what fun. Sue didn't compete as she had a rinse to do.

Positions: 1<sup>st</sup> Markos and Paul M, 3<sup>rd</sup> Paul S and Fonda, 5<sup>th</sup> Alex F and Tony, 7<sup>th</sup> Diane and Aegli, 9<sup>th</sup> Steve and Stelios, 11<sup>th</sup> Bob and Spiros, 13<sup>th</sup> Gilly, 14<sup>th</sup> Kostas and Peter [both penalised for temporary absence and given 100 lines each].

Fonda accepted the Cup and

blubbed like a baby when the organisers told him he could keep it forever, having been Champion for three consecutive times. He was later seen melting it down in the boot of his car with welding equipment.

Final Positions: 1<sup>st</sup> Fonda 86 points, 2<sup>nd</sup> Bob and Paul M 77, 4<sup>th</sup> Steve 71, 5<sup>th</sup> Alex F 66, 6<sup>th</sup> Peter 65, 7<sup>th</sup> Kostas and Stelios 62, 9<sup>th</sup> Paul S 55, 10<sup>th</sup> Tony 51, 11<sup>th</sup> Markos 44, 12<sup>th</sup> Spiros 43, 13<sup>th</sup> Aegli 40 [Ladies Champion] 14<sup>th</sup> Gilly 36, 15<sup>th</sup> Diane 34, 16<sup>th</sup> Sue 33, 17<sup>th</sup> Alex V 31, 18<sup>th</sup> Julia 5.

Thanks should go to Paul Scotter for his organizational input, Chrissy and Joan for the buffet, Gill for the dart scoring, Jan and Antoinette for the croquet, Lionel for being Lionel and Boots PLC for the wellies. See you in 2011.

The Corfu Loser's Cup photos courtesy of Jan Harbers.

*Please note because of time restrictions we were unable to post more photos - there MAY BE more next month.*

# Lionel's Law

## The Corfu Loser's Cup:

**Scoring:** Points gained will be awarded according to the number of contestants in that event. For example if fifteen persons take part the winner gains 15 points, the runner-up 14 points, third place 13 points, fourth place 12 points, and so on.

**Grouping:** Any pairing or grouping will be by means of a random draw. This may result in an apparently "unfair" selection, but seeding is not possible.

**Croquet:** Should the number of contestants cause an incomplete number to contest a round then the number of hoops gained will be

adjusted as follows; if only three play then their total of hoops scored will be reduced to three-quarters of the total, discounting fractions of hoops, and if two play then their score of hoops is halved, discounting fractions of hoops.

**Wellie-Throwing:** Length of throw will be calculated at right-angle to the throw-line, not diagonally from the point of throwing.

**Bowling:** Placings will be in accord with pins scored.

**Table Tennis:** Each match will be of three games to eleven points, apart from the final of three games to twenty-one points. IT IS IMPORTANT that every player, win or lose, should keep a precise tally

of points scored in a match and report that number to the scorer as placing will depend upon total points scored. The umpire can help with keeping count.

**Killer Pool:** Every player has three "lives" to lose and should keep an accurate count of the number of balls he/she sinks before being eliminated. That number must be reported to the scorer as placing will depend upon it. Onlookers can help with keeping count.

**Darts:** Every match will be to a single contest to 301. It will not be necessary to score a double to start nor to finish, except to start in the semi-finals and to start and to finish in the final. Again the precise scores, win or lose, should be reported to the scorer.



# Stop The Cavalry - Carols in Theodora

By  
The Minstrel

Lionel's-getting-famous annual Carol singing took place as usual at Villa Theodora, Agios Ioannis.

Lula is industrious making samosas, chicken kleftiko, vegetable kleftiko, mushroom lasagne, potato salad, green salad, cheese and spinach pies, mincepies, punch, lemon and chocolate cheesecakes. Wow. The ancient plastic tree is wrestled into position and decorated, ready for the guests, who start arriving by seven; Di and Sophie, Janet, Andrea and Nefeli, Viviane, Paul and Jan, Gilly and Bob, Lucy, Hilary, Terry and Sue, Gill, Carron and Glen, Chas and Brenda, Lizzie and her son, Christine, Chas' neighbours, Pete, and Alex Ferguson. All in all there were about 33

of us snugged inside.

What a splendid evening! Maybe not King's College Choir stuff, but enthusiastic to be sure. Nefeli and Sophie bravely tried a woodwind duet-they had brought along their instruments; unfortunately, they were tuned in the wrong keys but the surprise on their faces was lessened by Dr.Mann's scholarly explanation, and replaced by total bewilderment.

Lots of laughs. I for one sang rather loudly, also out of tune, Gill sang a solo, rather better. The vast majority joined in, enjoyed their supper, and left with smiles upon their faces.

Dub a dub a dum dum dub a dub a dum .....

# Reflections on reflections – The train journey:

By  
Simon Baddeley

I packed on Boxing Day evening. Lin made me a picnic. On Monday morning Oscar and I caught a 16 bus to New Street - just after 9.30; £ free. Our nine hour journey via Wolverhampton, Stafford, Crewe, Preston, Lancaster, Carlisle, Glasgow and Perth passed in an eventless blur of music, films and fleeting landscape, made the more dream-like for wearing noise cancelling headphones - which muted mobiles, tetchy babes, intrusive intercom announcements, leaving only what I chose to hear and the soothing motion of the train - more vibration than sound. Van Gogh's 'Japanese' landscape near Arles - especially at 00.27 - seems lightly snowed like mine.

Having much larger windows than cars and certainly planes, trains present the entertainment of reflections in glass drifting from transparent to opaque. Gazing at the passing view on one side I glimpse myself and fellow passengers in my window. In a tunnel, and after sunset, that window becomes a mirror, reflecting the interior of the carriage, catching, in addition, the reflection of the window opposite. The picture becomes layered when, dashing from darkness, my window affords a panorama of the passing world, a reflection inside, and the reflection of the view on the other side of the train travelling in opposite direction; metaphysical possibilities in the multiple reflections of another train passing. It happens on the bus without the dramatic speed. The train rushes me, still, yet at giant's pace across the divided landscape.

# Aunty Lula's Love-bites

## Sweet and Sour Red Cabbage

### Ingredients:

- 1 kg Red Cabbage
- 2 Onions, sliced
- 2 Cooling Apples, peeled, cored, chopped
- 2 tsp Sugar
- 2 tbsp Red Wine Vinegar
- 2 tbsp Water
- 25g Butter
- Salt and Pepper
- Bouquet Garni

Layer the Cabbage, Onions, Apples, Sugar and Seasoning in a casserole.

Place the Bouquet Garni in the centre. Spoon over the Vinegar and Water.

Cover and bake at 150C for 2½ hours.

Dot with Butter.

Stir well before serving.

Kali orexi.

### Go:

Shred the Cabbage and wash it thoroughly.

# Local Voting Practice

One of our readers replied to Alan's comments on local voting practices of last month's News from the North article, as follows:

*"I read (and laughed) with your interesting article. Good on you for wanting to vote! A responsible thing to do, even if the elections are a bit of a joke in my opinion.*

*I just wanted to clarify for you, that when someone asked you to have a word and gave you the voting forms, the reason was they wanted you to put that specific one in and not extras. In Greece you are only allowed to put one voting form in the envelope otherwise it is considered "null and void" so it wouldn't*

*count at all. The idea is you choose the one belonging to the party/group you like and then put up to 3 or 4 crosses next to the names of the specific people you want to become councilors. The exact number depends on the size of town and respectively the size of the town council.*

*It is true that often people give pre-filled in voting forms for others to put in. This is done for many reasons, with the most obvious one being to promote the party or group, to help an aging old lady who can't see or write and finally to "influence" or "guide" someone they think may not have the necessary knowledge to make his own mind up. Maybe*

*this was the case in this instance... haha!!*

*Anyway, I hope you don't mind I just wanted to clarify that for you."*

Alan's response:

*"Thank You for those most interesting clarifications, You are obviously a bit of a local politician yourself!!!!. How ever regrettably the intention behind this incident was unmistakably to influence my vote. But thank you for reading my Puerile scribblings." Alan*

# News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria  
Contributing Editor

Another year almost over, I guess we have to agree it has been a tough one.

Next year will be better maybe.

Well I did not have a lot to say but For the second time we have been burgled, our downstairs apartment the other night , I just want to say whoever it is, I hope their balls rot and drop off.

Just paid the car tax, another 600 quid down the drain, I hope the goverment clamp down soon on all the Brits and Germans running around in untaxed and uninsured foriegn plated cars, why they cannot charge a road tax on all vehicles coming into greece like bulgaria does, I dont know, why should us legit people support all you spongers out there?

Finally, For any one not aware, checkout our website at

[www.lillylongman.com](http://www.lillylongman.com), we have made some videos which are on utube and a link is on the site to support our cookery book of 100 year old recipes. or checkout youtu-be "Corfual" or Lillylongman.

The book is on offer throughout January at half price 9.95 quid plus postage.

it's all good stuff!!

So not much else to whine about this month. So may I wish everybody a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

I am and always will be

Obnoxious Al.

# Corfu Weather Statistics

December 2010

**Month's Rainfall:** 101.5mm with 25mm falling on 4<sup>th</sup>.

**Year's Rainfall:** 1414.3mm

**Maximum Temperature:** 21.4C on 3<sup>rd</sup>.

**Minimum Temperature:** 0.8C on 17<sup>th</sup>

**Maximum Windspeed:** 32 kmh on 24<sup>th</sup>

**Maximum Gust Speed:** 61.8 kmh on 24<sup>th</sup>.

# Heathrow Havoc

By Dr. Lionel Mann  
Contributing Editor

At long last it has been revealed why it took Odysseus as much as twenty years to journey from Troy to Ithaca; his travel arrangements were entrusted to the founders of British Airports Authority. Even by today's much faster transport the London to Corfu trip can occupy at least three days.

Seriously, anything that impacts upon any of our villagers, permanent or temporary, can be a matter for comment in these columns, so here goes! The Heathrow fiasco was typical of the brainless chaos that has long plagued the U.K. Sure, it was triggered by exceptional weather conditions, but those conditions were not completely unknown and should have met with a prompt prepared response instead of hysterical panic. Would such weather have imperilled the Air Defence of Great Britain? The R.A.F. has immediate remedies, why should not the vital commercial air arteries be similarly protected?

That a Government offer of assistance was rejected reveals the contemptuous arrogance of the airport's authorities and their callous indifference to the suffering caused by their crass incompetence. Too, though, is shown pusillanimity on the part of the Government who, seeing the widespread distress resulting from the airport's spineless dithering ineptitude, should have compulsorily intervened and provided the resources to prevent what became a humanitarian disaster. Were they afraid of being accused of being Draconian? Were they worried that the incompetents who should have coped would take industrial action? Nobody could have

criticised them for coming to the rescue of the many thousands suffering through the airport's negligence. The imprisoned travellers were not even offered a glass of water by their heedless captors, but instead needed to pay for every item of sustenance during their enforced delay.

Today there are millions of unemployed in Great Britain, a few hundred living within reach of Heathrow Airport. Why could not a substantial number have been afforded temporary work to assist regular staff in clearing runways? With Christmas approaching they would have welcomed the extra pay. Probably the bureaucratic red-tape that today paralyses so much endeavour in the U.K. was an insuperable barrier, although anyway the airport authorities would not have agreed to the extra expenditure diminishing the revenue obtained through their extortionate "taxes".

It was utterly disgusting that persons who were required to transfer by coach to Gatwick or Stansted because airlines were able to operate from those better-managed airports were compelled to pay about £20 coach fares above their air fares. Those transfers resulted from the criminal inadequacies of the Heathrow authorities who should have borne the cost of their ineptitude. Cannot steps be taken to recover those impositions? Too, what steps are being taken to replace the incompetents whose stupidity caused the Heathrow Hiatus? The E.U. has described the airport shambles as "unacceptable", a very mild denunciation; has it not the means to impose a penalty for such serious misconduct? And now we see similar situations arising in the

U.S.A., who had previously mocked the Heathrow farrago.

Is it not high time that those travelling should rebel against being herded like cattle and subjected to the indignities of intimate searches under the feeble excuse of "security"? How long will they continue to be ovinely submissive, bovinely compliant, supinely subject to humiliation such as has recently been inflicted by airlines and airports? There is no indication that the threat of "terrorism" has receded or will ever be conquered by the futile "War on Terror". Not until the causes of "terrorism", imposed by the U.S.A. and its miserable lackeys upon weaker and developing nations, are remedied will the threat be removed. Those so-called "terrorists" are fighting in the only way available to them, urban guerilla tactics, the totally unacceptable alien ethos, coarse culture, arrogant aggression, rampant exploitation, ruthless extortion, commercial confusion, pernicious promiscuity, filthy pornography, sexual deviation, moral corruption, heathen hedonism being disseminated by Western nations, and until that ceases there will be no lack of zealots prepared to risk their lives fighting it. One man's "terrorist" is another man's "hero". Meanwhile travellers continue to suffer and the recent abuse callously inflicted by the totally heedless authorities serves to demonstrate the degradation to which they have been reduced.