

# The Agiot

65th Edition

## This Month

Wild Thing - The Troggs.  
Page 1

N.S.K. - 3 Day Tour.  
Page 2

When Nitsa was Young: Chapter 6.  
Page 3

Village News.  
Page 4

Corfu Weather Statistics.  
Page 4

Aunty Lula's Love-Bites.  
Page 4

Orthopetalia Kerkyras Late Ride.  
Page 5

Greyness.  
Page 5

Looking for a Holiday - Ad.  
Page 6

Ocay Property Ad.  
Page 6

Garden Maintenance -Ad.  
Page 6

Sailing.  
Page 7

Joke of the Month.  
Page 7

# Wild Thing

## The TROGGS

August 31<sup>st</sup> 2013

Agios Ioannis, Corfu

GATES OPEN 7.30 P.M.

INTERNATIONAL SUPPORTING ACTS

TICKETS AVAILABLE APRIL 1<sup>ST</sup>

PICNICS BRING YOUR OWN or  
SNACKS AT BASIC PRICES

CORFU BEER

FUN AND DANCING TO ONE OF THE GREAT BANDS

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m\\_HnBac5jWs](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m_HnBac5jWs)

And some of our other fabulous sponsors are:



Nikolas' Taverna  
Taverna Calda  
Ethniki  
Star Bowl  
In-Action  
Vassilis Pandis  
Ruby Rocket  
Greg Zoxios



DASIA  
49083. CORFU  
TEL: (+30) 26610 47200  
MOB: (+30) 6942699109  
FAX: (+30) 26610 30832  
[www.nsk-travel.gr](http://www.nsk-travel.gr)

**3DAY TOUR PROGRAMME**  
**KALAVRYTA - NAFPLION 16 & 18/03/2013**

**Day 1:** Departure early morning from Corfu to Igoumenitsa approx (05.00). Stop for coffee at Olympus Plaza and continue to Kalavryta. Check the beautiful town of Achaia known for funiculars, Holy Lavra, the Great Cave and the Cave of the Lakes. Getting to know the area and an optional visit to the ski center. After lunch we depart for lunch Tolo. Arrange the hotel. Night visit to Nafplion. Optional evening entertainment with carnival mood. Back at the hotel, overnight.

**Day 2:** After breakfast depart for St. Theodora Megaloupoleos with wonderful trees on the roof of the church. We drink our coffee in the big city or Tripoli before returning to Nafplio for the big carnival parade. Free time in the afternoon at the first historical capital of Greece. Return to hotel and evening meal followed - optional fun, overnight.

**Day 3:** Breakfast and depart for traditional Koulouma. We visit Nemea and traditional vineyard - winery and see the process of wine production. We continue to Nafpaktos for lunch with Lenten meals. Finally we take the road back for the return. Arrival in Igoumenitsa early evening.

Departure: Saturday, 16/03/2013

Return: Monday, 18/03/2013

Price per person 115€

Includes:

- Ferry tickets & transfers by air-condition bus
- Two (2) nights' accommodation on BB basis in 3\* hotel
- Escort from our office
- Insurance
- Vat

**Pick up from North Corfu: 4€ supplement round trip**

# When Nitsa was Young

By  
Lord Biro

## Chapter 6: The Young Warrior

Kostas, son of Ioannis and Theodora Xalikia, came into this world on January 1<sup>st</sup>, 1928. He had an elder brother, Spiros, and five sisters; Angeliki, Sofia, Goni, Katina and Marika.

The family lived in the heart of Agios Ioannis, in the small first floor flat known affectionately as Nonna's. It is now our office.

So the nine of them lived their lives in 35 square metres of living space divided into two rooms. The toilet was outside.

Down the lane at what has now become Villa Theodora lived Kostas' Grandparents, Spiros and Angeliki. Kostas was very close to his Grandad and often slept over there. As a young boy he was taught the art of the caterpault (sventona). In this skill he became very proficient. It was the custom then to hunt small birds in those bygone days; sitarides, batianides, mermigofaedes (bee-eaters), aetomahois (red-backed shrikes), karakia, kolobonia, keradonides, fleronas (Golden Orioles), and trigonia (turtle doves). Unfortunately, many of these species have long-since departed, though once I was lucky enough to spot a beautiful Golden Oriole (Flerona) in the north Corfu forests. These birds were eaten and considered a delicacy then.

The current wine shed in the old lane was the kaffenia, which sold a wide range of foods and household items, copious wine but no BEER! Only seventy metres away was the village school (the small bedroom nowadays upstairs in our home)

where Kostas proved to be a good student. He remembers with fondness his teacher Andreas Tsirigotis, who constantly sang and made up rhymes; 'Apo xorio psorarous, kai tateki Aspioti (He lived at the Villa Rosa in town).

His later teacher was Mr Salvanos from Skipero, who rented a room downstairs in the current taverna. He was a harsh disciplinarian. Kostas was not often in trouble, being diligent, but one day he received 50 strokes of ruler on palm. Another boy had not completed his homework, and in desperation he snitched on Kostas for hunting birds. Together with the caning he had to kneel in the class on pebbles, then stand for five minutes with an empty glass atop his head.

The school-room was unheated and had two blackboards, one for the younger children, the other for the older ones. The pupils had pencils but paper was scarce in the early years of Kostas' schooling. Over near the Moscos supermarket was a paper factory. Boys climbed aboard the van and tore pieces from old rolls of paper, to use at school. After a couple of years Mr Tsirigotis, who walked every day to the village and back from town, gave a list to every child for school items their parents had to buy from the city. Kostas remembers twisting Maria's hair with a ruler; she was always singing:

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oodFf\\_0BD34&NR=1&feature=endscreen](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oodFf_0BD34&NR=1&feature=endscreen)

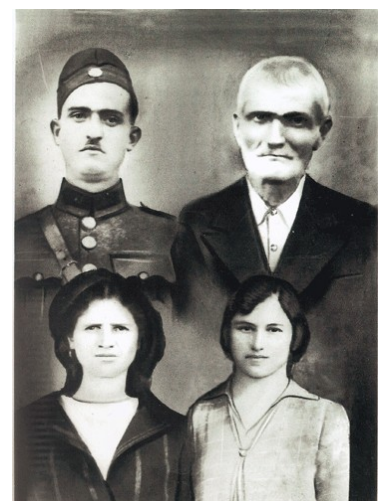
Mr Salvanos set great bouts of homework for the summer holidays. Kostas once had to write 90 pages of Greek history but could not research all the information; there was only one reference book

at home.

'Pausanios was a Spartan general (470 B.C.), nephew of the legendary Leonidas. He switched sides, labeled as a traitor he ran for succour to the temple (Theono). His own wife locked the door on him and he starved to death'

Solon (630-560 B.C.) one of the seven wise men of Greece, was travelling one day in Asia Minor. Krisos said to him "Have you ever seen a happier man than me, with all this wealth?" "Yes I have. And you should never judge your happiness or your wealth until your time on earth ends." Years later Persia took Asia Minor and Krisos lost all. Krisos invoked Solon's wise words and his captors, feeling sorry for him, let him free'.

Kostas left school at thirteen. He wanted to go to the Grammar school in town. But war came and his parents thought it too dangerous to travel in. So he worked on the land.



**Nitsa's Family:**

Bottom right: Nitsa's Mother Sofia  
Top Left: Nitsa's Father Alexandros  
Top Right: Nitsa's Grandfather Yiannis  
Bottom Left: Nitsa's Grandmother Aglaia

## Village News

By  
Paul McMann

So far this year we have been subjected to some howling gales and torrential rain, but many more days of calm warm sunshine. The spring flowers are blooming and trees are awakening. We have even seen gangs repairing holes in the roads.

Notice of the approach of the carnival season, late this year, is served by the appearance of stalls selling the associated costumes and trinkets as well as the bunting adorning Town's streets. In Agios Ioannis the Christmas lights over the plateia are still shining every night so no further preparation will be needed. Economy rules here.

In the seas around the island word is the imminence of Clean Monday is circulating and the wisest squid are already taking refuge in the deepest crannies amongst the rocks.

For those readers interested in The Great Fence War of Agios Ioannis, please go to the "News Section" of the Agiot on Monday morning.

## Corfu Weather Statistics

### January 2013

Min. Temp: 14°C  
Max. Temp: 16°C  
Avg. Temp: 18°C  
Max. Precipitation: 29.0 mm  
Avg. Wind Speed: 52km/h

## Aunty Lula's Love-bites

### Spiced Sea Bass

1 kg Sea Bass, cleaned but left whole  
1 Onion minced/grated  
2 - 3 Garlic Cloves, crushed  
½ tsp. Salt  
1 tbsp. Paprika  
¼ tsp. Chilli Pepper  
¼ tsp. Fenugreek Seeds, ground  
½ tsp. Cumin Seeds, crushed  
Handful of Fresh Parsley & Fresh Coriander, finely chopped  
150 ml. Olive Oil  
Juice of 2 Lemons

### Go:

1. Wash the fish and score two or three times on both sides.
2. Mix the onion and garlic with the seasonings, including parsley and coriander, then whisk in the olive oil and lemon juice, until you have a thick pasty sauce.
3. Coat the fish thickly on one side using half the paste and grill under a medium heat for 15-20 minutes, brushing with a little more oil if necessary.
4. Then turn over the fish and coat the other side with rest of paste and cook for another 20-25 minutes.

Again brushing with more oil if need be.

5. When the fish flakes easily and the skin is deeply golden and crisp it is ready.
6. Cut into thick slices, sprinkle with a little more lemon juice and serve hot.

*Bon appetit!*



## Orthopetalia Kerkyras Late Ride

By  
Diane Kontou

### Attention! Cycling Enthousiasts!



Had heard about the Syllogos Orthopetalia Kerkyra and thought, "hmmm, that might be a good fun thing to do." So finding myself with time on my hands and a need to burn off some pent up winter energy, decided, with a like-minded friend, to give it a go.

We found out through their facebook group

<http://www.facebook.com/orthopetalia.kerkyras?fref=ts>,

that they meet in town at the 'Penta Fanaro' every Friday night at 9.30 (weather permitting). Waiting there, we were, initially, a bit apprehensive about cycling at night in a big group and on roads that have seen better days. However, immediately our minds were put to rest by two English ladies who reassured us that not only was the group well organised, but more important, if you feel you've run out of steam there is a jeep following behind that you can get in and recharge your batteries!! With all that in mind, we set off with the group of about twenty others.

The run that night was up to Ipsos and back. There were two people leading the way at the front, two at the back, as well as a jeep - all were equipped with walkie talkies - looking up for us all. Not once did we feel in danger or exposed, in fact, we thoroughly enjoyed the experience that we went again the following Friday, cycling up to Aqualand. Now we plan to go every chance we get.

So if you are a keen cyclist and don't mind a late night, I recommend you come along and give it a try. It's a mixed group of people who have one thing in common, a love of cycling.



## Greyness

By  
Simon Baddeley



We are almost running out of things to do on a rainy day. "It's raining in Athens" said Lefteris from the steps, which he negotiates more slowly these days, "It's raining in Italy. Raining everywhere" "Every day? Κάθε μέρα;" "Αύριο, και μεθαύριο και μεθαμεθαύριο... Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow" In [Athens](#) it's really bad.

Yet even so the blessed sun reminds us of its efforts to scatter the overcast



and allow us one washing day a week, its sudden beams piercing the grey to cast patines of silver around Vido, its distant warmth making enticing gaps like the glimpses of sky and bright unfurling nimbus above the heads of the cherubs in the ceiling of a rich man's chapel. "Enough blue to make a little boy's trousers" I leave our cosy bed, don woolly slippers. Shave. Go to the loo. Enjoy a shower - now the new boiler's in place. Get dressed. Put away last night's washing up, cutlery, pans, plates. Bring up logs from the apothiki; we're running short. Clear the ashes, make up a fire - paper, twigs, and a few logs for the evening chill. Brush teeth. Make a cup of tea. Lin sleeps. All is quiet.



Through an opening in the spinach green shutters, above our balcony rail and the rich green leaves amid our oranges and lemons and the almond blossom, an olive landscape veiled in swathes of driven rain rolls south to the backs of the high cliffs between Capes Iliodoros and Plaka. The mountains behind the airport from where Lear would often paint his exquisite landscapes of Corfu - gazing over the tarbooshed heads of two or three languid muleteers, over the twin headed outcrop of the Old Citadel, across the broad bay beyond the city, towards Trompetta and high Pantokrator - are grey outlines almost hidden by rain and mist. A ferry heads for Igoumenitsa where we'll be Wednesday evening.

**LOOKING FOR A HOLIDAY?**



You can stay at one of these beautiful villas and many more on budget prices starting from **€61 per night**

**10% Off**  
For a fortnight's stay

+

**10% Off**  
For all returning customers

**OCAYVILLAS**

**(0030) 2661058177**

[www.ocayvillascorfu.com](http://www.ocayvillascorfu.com)

[www.info@ocayvillascorfu.com](mailto:www.info@ocayvillascorfu.com)



**Website:** [www.ocaypropertycorfu.com](http://www.ocaypropertycorfu.com)

**Email:** [mcgovern@otenet.gr](mailto:mcgovern@otenet.gr)

**Telephone number:** (0030) 2661058177

**Mobile:** (0030) 6978206077

**FOR ALL YOUR GARDEN MAINTENANCE**



SECURITY SERVICES

GARDEN CLEARANCE

LANDSCAPING

PATIOS AND CONCRETING

REPAIRS

TREE CUTTING

PLASTERING

PAINTING AND DECORATING

GENERAL BUILDING WORK ETC.

PLEASE RING WITH YOUR PREFERENCES

Telephone Tony on (0030)6989871916 or submit your request through this site.



# Sailing

By  
Dr. Lionel Mann

Although I have lived by sea or river for much of my life I have never been a very enthusiastic sailor. When I dwelt by the Thames at Hampton I owned a little rowing dinghy and spent hours on the water, but I never hankered after a seafaring life.

My earliest nautical experience did not arouse enthusiasm for seagoing. On holiday at Lowestoft in 1937 we were beguiled into taking a trip out to visit H.M.S. Warspite, a famous battleship, anchored some distance offshore. Conditions were definitely choppy, stirred by a stiff breeze. When we reached the ship it was deemed that there was too much swell for us to go safely alongside to disembark so we put about for shore. All the way back I was thoroughly seasick and resolved never again to go to sea.

In 1945 when the Army posted me to B.A.O.R. I had no choice. Only a corporal at that time and herded with a horde of others on to a troopdeck in the bowels of the ship at Hull in the evening, I immediately took to my bunk and did not wake until we were approaching Cuxhaven the next morning, happily a painless crossing.

Two years later I was Admin Sergeant, alias hotel manager, organist, second-in-command, and general dogsbody, at 5<sup>th</sup> Division Church House. Our Commanding Officer, Chaplain, a major, was a member of the B.A.O.R. Yacht Club. One weekend when very unusually we had no course in he took the Transport Corporal and me as guests to the club at Steinhuyder Meer, a big lake near Hannover.

We arrived before anyone else

early on the Saturday afternoon, were shown to our rooms and changed into less military gear. Meanwhile the boatman had launched and prepared a sailing dinghy for us. We set out to go round an island in the middle of the lake.

For weeks the weather had been hot and this clinker-built dinghy had been out of the water since the previous weekend. It soon became obvious that seams had opened. While the Padre conned, seated at the tiller at the stern, Corporal Bill and I took it in turns to bail frantically, using the single can provided. However it was clear that the seams would not close and that the boat was making water faster than we could bail. We were in no danger of sinking for the boat had flotation bags stern, midships and bow. The Padre put about and we headed back to shore a half-mile away. When we reached the dock Bill and I were perched on the gunwale with our feet on the centreboard housing, but the Padre, seated at the stern, was up to his waist in water and using language unusual in one of his calling. His vocabulary must have been enlarged through having been chased around North Africa by Rommel and having been in Europe since D-day.

While the Padre went to change a very apologetic boatman prepared and tested another dinghy and we then spent a most enjoyable weekend scudding across the lake and sampling the club's facilities. Nevertheless I was not hooked on sailing; I had more compelling interests.

After relishing a sumptuous meal in the mess at Hook of Holland on my way to demobilisation in 1948 I boarded the troopship bound for Harwich. The Army was determined to get full use of me to the bitter end and I had been placed in charge of a troopdeck right in the bows of the ship. We set out into a Force-8 North Sea gale. Up - up - up - up - - DOWN with a resounding

CRUNCH. I lasted a full thirty minutes on duty and then parted company with that magnificent meal, handed over to my deputy and collapsed in misery upon my bunk to dock more dead than alive the next morning, once more resolved never again to venture upon the sea.

Though I prefer to travel by air whenever possible, I have used cross-Channel ferries a number of times, but only by the shortest route - through Dover!

## Joke of the Month Sent in by Les Woods

*A bloke starts his new job at the zoo and is given three tasks.*

*First is to clear the exotic fish pool of weeds. As he does this a huge fish jumps out and bites him.*

*To show who is boss, he beats it to death with a spade.*

*Realizing his employer won't be best pleased he disposes of the fish by feeding it to the lions, as lions will eat anything.*

*Moving on to the second job of clearing out the Chimp house, he is attacked by the chimps that pelt him with coconuts.*

*He swipes at two chimps with a spade killing them both.*

*What can he do? "Feed them to the lions" he says to himself, because lions eat anything...*

*He hurls the corpses into the lion enclosure.*

*He moves on to the last job which is to collect honey from the South American Bees.*

*As soon as he starts he is attacked by the bees.*

*He grabs the spade and smashes the bees to a pulp.*

*By now he knows what to do and shovels them into the lions cage because lions eat anything.*

*Later that day a new lion arrives at the zoo.*

*He wanders up to another lion and asks "What's the food like here?"*

*The lion says: "Absolutely brilliant, today we had Fish and Chimps with Mushy Bees!"*