

The Agiot

37th Edition

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Land of The Lev

By Paul McGovern
Editor

Chapter 7 - Final Chap-
ter: Black Sea to Aegean
Sea to Ionian Sea



"Sunny Beach Resort"

This morning I was hampered by an arthritic foot, which last night's dream featured. Unfortunately, it was not solely a dream. Damn! Plans had been laid to explore the nearby Poda (a bird conservation area) but the Podi was too swollen for such high jinks. It seemed far more sensible to sit for a while in bed with



"Sclerosis-By-The-Sea"

two cups of the excellent ..
Pickwick English Breakfast
tea; produced in Hungary.

Suitably energized, we are off in our trusty steed James to seek out a house, which belongs to a friend of ours, and is near a small town called Rosen, south along the coast and then inland. We have fun locating the house, which lies off the road, over a shallow ford and thence along a muddy track. Very quiet. The property is quickly explored and photographed, before we turn back and head once more for Bourgas.

We bypass the city then go north up the coast towards an area known as Sunny Beach, on the shores of the Black Sea. Our friend had told us that this was an enormously developed strip but our map was obviously an OLD one as it merely showed a ribbon of scattered villages along the coast, instead we find ourselves driving from Pomorie in the south to Elinite in the north-a distance of about 9 miles-past block after block, estate after estate of hotels, casinos, apart



"Apartment Blocks"

ments, pools, shops, which in many places stood in serried ranks parallel to the shore. Amazing. Not the sort of place which appeals to us particularly, yet the architecture is innovative and stylish in many parts and everywhere workmen were abroad on ever-more structures.

At the village of Nessebar we find the old quay, which has been restored and is flanked by attractive shops and restaurants. Further up the coast I dip my toes in the freezing Black Sea- not a swimmer to be seen.



"Stylish Architecture"

Continued on Page 2

Land of The Lev - Chapter 7
Continued from Page 1



"Keyside - Nessebar"

On the way home we shop at Carrefour – a huge and very modern shopping centre- on the outskirts of Bourgas.

And so back to the Laguna for our last meal there served by the efficient Marita.

The following day we wend our way homeward and decide to have our next pit stop at Kavala, some three hundred-odd miles away. We stop only at the border and for petrol. At the Bulgarian station a pleasant woman understood my handwritten scrap showing 90L but at first thought I meant litres rather than Levs.'Blagdoria'. Another bright and beautiful day for this drive. We had bought cheese in

Carrefour, two types. One was delicious. Munched with fresh bread. Nuts and clementines are still available.



"Lula and Marita"

No real incidents, except for the appearance of two dogs. One was in the Bulgarian woods, where Lyn had warned me to keep a sharp lookout for wild horses. We did not

see any of these but we did chance upon a poor brown wretch of a dog, who scurried off the road at our approach. We stopped and called him repeatedly but he backed away. His sad face told of his involvement with humans. We threw him some biscuits, hoping he would return after we'd gone. Did he eat them, was he capable enough?

We reached Kavala on the Aegean in roughly seven hours. It immediately struck us what an attractive city it is, white terraces of buildings studded around a blue bay. Out on foot we quickly found and booked into the Ocean Hotel for 65 Euros including breakfast. We walk along the quayside and find the twinkling lights of Zafiros fish restaurant. The end of the holiday has made us careless with our erstwhile sensible budget so we order a very expensive Fagree. The bill is softened by the easy charm of our host and his waiters. We are now in high spirits so go for a nightcap at the hotel buffet-bar, which is catering for a ladies night. Back in our room I amuse myself gazing down from our balcony upon the chaotic scurry of nightants below.

And so to home the next day, after a sumptuous buffet breakfast at the Ocean. Lula is in splendid 'a la Nitsa' mode, secreting quantities of bread, cheese and cold meat into the bowels of her Tardis, otherwise known her handbag. She is only inhibited from further pillage by the interest being shown by a nearby lady diner, the only other soul in this large dining-room. This same lady accosts me later in the lift; Lula has taken the stairs as she feels claustrophobic in such contraptions. 'Are you English?' she enquires. 'Yes'. 'I am an English teacher from Kozani, here on holiday'. 'Are you enjoying it?' 'Yes, but I'm tired', she sighs, indicating the pregnant bulge I had failed to no



"The Laguna"

tice. (well, is it not rude to stare at strange women's bellies isn't it?). This conversation occurred whilst the lift went up and down between floors without stopping, making the ride much longer than it should have been. 'My wife won't believe this', I said, as we parted.

What a beautiful drive it was across Greece. The sun was unchallenged, hot through the wind-screen. The coastroad route is lovely west of Kavala, opposite the north-west shore of the island of Thassos, the only stretch of this final leg where we shunned the Egnatia. Once on that fine highway our progress was swift, pleasurable, uneventful. James has a stutter at speeds in excess of 50mph uphill (he's old now), otherwise a most enjoyable passage. We paid our first-ever toll on a Greek Motorway- 2 Euros. I am sure there will be a lot more to come down the years. In five hours we are at Igoumenitsa and bound for Corfu, on the 5.30 ferry (Axaiois). We dock at 6.55pm.

We grab pittas to take home, where Andy cries and tumbles to see us.



"Black Sea Paddling"

Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Nothing momentous has occurred either in the village or on the island. Our last visitors have left and the taverna has closed for the winter.

Visitors in October included Ricky Collier, Paul Grove, Micky Clarke, Sylvana and Simon, Esther with her children. Some intrepid individuals, having consumed an adequate amount of anti-freeze, have left to enjoy the rigours of a U.K. winter.

Most unusually we are having an autumn this year; October has been very wet and windy. "The Little Summer of Saint Dimitri" did not materialise, but although Ochi Day was dull and damp the weather on that day was not so bad as to lead to any cancellation of the customary observances.

Our source of the island's weather information seems to have dried up - figuratively but certainly not literally - so we have needed to find another provision of such information. There is some discrep-

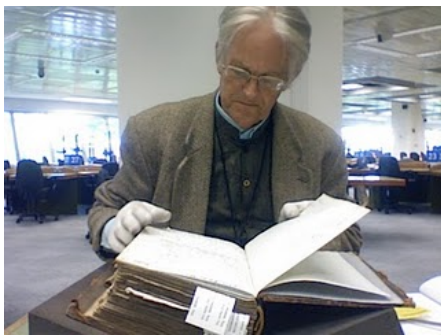
ancy regarding annual rainfall, but that is not unexpected as parts of the island can vary quite considerably. Upon occasion we have experienced torrential rain on the coast and around Pantokrator, but yet returned to find Agios Ioannis bone dry.



Come to the sunny centre!

Exploring Corfu History

By
Simon Baddeley



"Exploring Corfu history in the National Archives at Kew"

LCD screens abhor the sun. Can you read a netbook by the pool or on the beach? It's a small itch of mine that books will soon go, but for people who collect them for their own sake or their value on the market. Even older library books will have been scanned for researchers to study them on screen - convenient and safer for the original. I'm seeing these devices around - capable of storing a home library in a slice of bread, searching, anno-

tatable, download *War and Peace* in three languages via WiFi wherever. Someone who is no Luddite and loves reading books wrote a piece in the NYRB on the demise of the book, partly because publishers can't afford the floorspace to store their current publications, let alone back-lists. I can see the use of these things - Amazon's *Kindle*, Sony's *ebook*.

Could I have one and make it look dog eared with attention, risk slitting the spine, keep my place turning down corners, spill things on it, press flowers and notes to discover years later? There's a £20 note slipped in to my 1911 *Britannica* at home in case one of our children needed it while we were away. With over a thousand wafer thin pages in each of twenty nine volumes that'd be a devil to find without the name of the entry. I'm not sure I can remember it either. But how much easier it will be to keep and circulate books in

those places where books are burned, their readers arrested, if texts can be kept on a postage stamp, a canon in a flashdrive, a library on an *ipod*. All the same a paperback book is a most ergonomically satisfying technology for reading, even as new dexterities help new readers to flick through and make notes and links on web books. No doubt there'll be specialist second hand bookstores - though at the moment lack of customers and rising rents has them *falling like nine pins*, Hay-on-Wye notwithstanding. I believe the new way to get a book on paper with a spine and cover will involve pressing a virtual option button for a hard copy - simple or deluxe with choice of bindings - when ordering on the web, or over a counter at a privatized library or coffee shop with books - beside the *Gaggia* an impressive web linked combine printer binder - *short, tall, grande, venti?* At present a hard copy is the default purchase and the option a web copy to download to your gadget. This will be reversed.

Ethel Returns

By
The Minstrel

Rock-chick Ethel, pictured here with two friends, has been ever-present at the New Cactus Hilton since the Agiotfest 10. Rumour has it she will head a newly-created band for next summer, though her Agent Paul Grove is remaining tight-lipped on the matter. There has been a falling out between him and his precocious star, over the small matter of the fertilizer she has been regularly depositing on his patio. Some people would be happy to receive free-gratis great quantities of this organic bounty. But not Paul. 'It can be dan-

gerous' he said, skidding along the front of his house as I proffered a microphone for an interview. Sally Grove was unavailable for comment but is thought to be an ardent fan of the fowl singer.

There are other rumblings from the new Supergroup. Micky Clark had been penciled in to be the drummer, but Ethel has been auditioning 4-year old Howard Wong (see link) for the post, on the basis he is the only drummer she can find who is better, younger and even more handsome than Mr. Clark. Andy the Dog, third member of this elite trio, is happy to do anything for the players as long as it includes a ball.



"Return of Ethel"

Ethel wants to call the new band the Birds but is that original enough? Any suggestions are welcomed.

Howard Wong Link:

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OCa_Hstm24w&feature=related

Animal Corner - Joke

Sent in by Michael Collett.

A farmer named Sid is overseeing his stock in a remote moorland pasture in North Yorkshire when suddenly a brand-new BMW advances towards him out of a cloud of dust.

The driver, a young man in a Brioni suit, Gucci shoes, RayBan sunglasses and YSL tie, leans out the window and asks the farmer, "If I tell you exactly how many cows and calves you have in your herd, will you give me a calf?"

Sid looks at the man, obviously a yuppie, then looked at his peacefully grazing stock and calmly answers, "Sure, why not?"

The yuppie parks his car, whips out his Dell notebook computer, connects it to his Cingular RAZR V3 cell phone, and surfs to a NASA page on the Internet, where he calls up a GPS satellite to get an exact fix on his location, which he then feeds to another NASA satellite that scans

the area in an ultra-high-resolution photo.

The young man then opens the digital photo in Adobe Photoshop and exports it to an image processing facility in Hamburg, Germany.

Within seconds, he receives an email on his Palm Pilot that the image has been processed and the data stored. He then accesses an MS-SQL database through an ODBC connected Excel spreadsheet with email on his Blackberry and, after a few minutes, receives a response.

Finally, he prints out a full-colour, 150-page report on his hi-tech, miniaturized HP LaserJet printer, turns to the farmer and says, "You have exactly 1,586 cows and calves."

"That's right. Well, I guess you can take one of my calves," says Sid.

He watches the young man select one of the animals and looks on with amusement as the young man stuffs

it into the back of his car.

Then Sid says to the young man, "Hey, if I can tell you exactly what your business is, will you give me back my calf?"

The young man thinks about it for a second and then says, "Okay, why not?"

"You're a Member of Parliament for our Government", says Sid.

"Wow! That's correct," says the yuppie, "but how did you guess that?"

"No guessing required." answers Sid. "You show up here even though nobody's called you; you want to get paid for an answer I already know, to a question I haven't asked. You use millions of pounds worth of equipment trying to show me how much smarter than me you are; and you don't know a thing about how working people make a living - or about cows, for that matter. This is a flock of sheep....

Now give me back my dog."

Letter From America

I have become so enchanted with the pleasures of Greek food, that I had dinner at a Greek restaurant yesterday. I got the souvlaki because I just fell in love with it at the festival. Well, I discovered something new. Saganaki. OMG!!!! That is one of the best things I have ever eaten. I could not believe it when I asked the waiter what it is, and he told me, "fried cheese". It was flaming. It was not only delicious, but beautiful.

I'm not sure that my culinary skills will ever reach the level to do that. I am a very good cook and baker, but flaming fried

cheese..... It seems very imposing. Nevertheless, I have added that dish to my list of "must haves" when I look for a Greek cookbook. I think I will go to the bookstore tomorrow and try to find my new cookbook. As I said, if it works out well, I will let you know. If not, I will not mention a word.

The spices in Greek food really make it sumptuous. It is a totally new experience for me. I love the use of almonds, cinnamon, and cloves, plus the other flavors, which I taste, but cannot identify. I am SO excited about having found this fabulous food. There is nothing

worse than having a bland meal. You barely feel as though you have eaten, because there was not much to excite your taste buds. This food is memorable.

I have also decided that I MUST try to make baklava. If I'm going to try this, I might as well go all out. I think I will invite some good friends for dinner. If it turns out badly, good friends will not desert me. They might tease me for a while, but they won't desert me. My best bet is to invite some non-Greek friends, who don't know how the food is SUPPOSED to taste.

Janice

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

For Janice

SAGANAKI



Ingredients:-

100 ml Olive Oil
1 Well-beaten Egg
1 Tablespoon Flour
250 grams Greek Kaseri or Graviera
Cheese cut into 1 cm thick slices
Juice of Half a Lemon
1 Tablespoon Brandy

GO:-

1. Heat the oil in a large frying-pan over medium heat
2. Beat the egg and flour (if too thick add a little water) and dip the cheese slices into the mixture, then put these into the frying pan until browned on both sides.
3. Remove frying pan from heat source and add the brandy
4. Light carefully with a match and shake the pan until flames are extinguished
5. Finally, squeeze over the lemon juice.

Kali Orexí.

Corfu Weather Statistics

OCTOBER WEATHER STATISTICS

Month's Rainfall: 241.3mm with 39.1mm falling on 17th
Year's Rainfall: to 31st October 1014.2mm.

Maximum Temperature: 24.9C on 13th

Minimum Temperature: 10.2C on 24th

Maximum Windspeed: 81.6kmh on 19th

Maximum Gust Speed: 82.1kmh on 19th

News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria
Contributing Editor

End of another season, and another wave of skint expats leaving the island. Good riddance!! Should have done their research before coming here, most are spongers on the English social service anyway. It means a few more uninsured and untaxed English plated cars are off the road as well.

Had to pop over to England last week for a few days to attend a wedding, the flight was Thomas Cook, blood hell everyone herded like cat-

tle, on board drinks at horrendous prices, a godawful airline. The flight regrettably was to Newcastle the guy making the inflight announcements was a foriegner, then a friend translated for me and the announcer turned out to be from Newcastle. I could not understand a darned word he said. Never again!!!!!!

So pleased to be here back home, again the news is not good from the North of the Island, Shame many businesses closing now will not reopen due to lack of custom. This influx of all inclusive holiday hotels has killed of so many

Tavernas, the main businesses up here are supermarkets. At least end of season means no more of those lethal 4 wheel bikes on the road and coaches will not be clogging up either.

Room for parking in Corfu Town, The town itself less busy, wonderful winter, bring it on. I am now reaching for a well earned vodka, so thats it,

I am and always will be. Obnoxious Al

Property Feature

Ano Korakiana Cottage

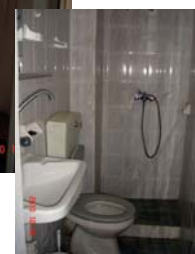
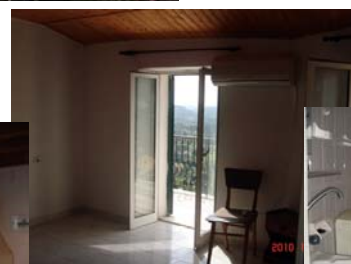
€87,000

This is a village house situated in Ano Korakiana.

This fully renovated house is 97 Square Metres in size and has two floors.

The Ground floor consists of a Open-Plan Kitchen/Dining area/Lounge and also has a Shower room.

The Upper floor consists of three bedrooms, one of which features a good sized verandah with stunning views.



Dwight

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

He was a scrawny little eight-year old when he arrived at the school, the son of the colonel squadron-commander at the nearby U.S.A.A.F. base, living off-base in a large rented house a few hundred yards away from us. His mother, the Colonel's Lady, was the original Dumb Blonde.

A number of the officers and senior noncoms from the base sent their children to us, reckoning correctly that we offered a far better education than their children would receive on-base. Since their tour of duty in the U.K. lasted three years that was the duration for which their children were our pupils. If those came to us aged four or five they arrived more or less on par with our British pupils of that age; arriving at six or seven they were already very backward; aged eight they posed real problems and I would not accept any older U.S. child as being backward beyond our ability to remedy the weakness without distracting us from our duties to the rest of our pupils.

Dwight, however, proved to be something completely beyond our experience. We always worked in complete silence, utterly free from any distraction. Our older pupils were preparing for entrance examinations at the age of eleven to independent grammar schools, often amongst as many as two hundred or more applicants for twenty places. We had never had a failure since I had taken over as principal, and no pupil was going to be the first! I never needed to reprove disruption in class - the senior pupils jumped very promptly on to any of that!

Our newest recruit tried to enter into conversation with the boy sharing his double desk at the front, but the youngster shunned in horror such a breach of discipline. Dwight then tried his luck with the boy across the gangway on the other side, with a similar result.

"Dwight, here we work in silence. The louder the mouth, the smaller the brain," I counselled.

The very idea seemed to horrify him! He left his seat, tried to look out of a window, found it too high, took a spare chair and placed it so that he could mount to see out.

I sent a couple of senior boys to fetch a single desk from the store-room while I called Dwight to my desk and quietly tested his ability in English and Mathematics. It was my turn to be horrified! I sent another prefect to the Nursery, four-year-olds, asking for their relevant textbooks for Dwight's use. When all was ready I set Dwight, now accommodated in splendid isolation at the back of the large room, work commensurate with his ability - or lack thereof! I always taught the children, numbering some twenty-four, for the three years prior to their entrance examinations, using a tutorial system, "each for himself and devil take the hindmost." That way the younger ones saw their elders revelling in competition, striving to excel, and were themselves encouraged to enjoy making rapid progress. Every child took home weekly a report card showing his/her position in class gained by weekly testing, in relation to position by age. A result above age-position stimulated even greater enthusiasm; below age-position spurred to greater endeavour.

Of course Dwight was immeas-

urably below the standard of any others in the class and needed more than his fair share of my time, but we were geared to handle such situation for at least a few days. If I were busy with another child any younger pupil finding difficulty could approach a prefect for help. Rendering assistance also helped the older child to establish understanding.

"Whatever have you taken on there? You'll have your work cut out with that one." My deputy voiced the opinion of the rest of the staff.

Predictably the pampered youngster, reared upon American junk, found our school catering little to his depraved taste. We had a rule that any child could ask for a small helping of the dish of the day or the dessert, but what they took they ate! I had seen starving children scavenging for food in dustbins in Germany in 1946 and in Hong Kong thirty years later; there was no way that food was going to waste in any school that I ran. I should not have insisted had we not been blessed with an absolute gem of a cook; I had been ruthless in dismissing the incompetent whom I inherited and a couple of others who followed. What Norma achieved on a limited budget had to be tasted to be believed. It was not run-of-the-mill food either. I was always amused to see a table of ten four-year-olds, encased in paper serviettes to protect school uniform, tucking into Spaghetti Bolognese. Hungarian Goulash, Sweet-and-Sour Pork, Boeuf Bourignonn, Lasagne, Paella, Tandori Chicken

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Dwight

Continued From Page 7

..... and a wide variety of salads were but a few specialities enjoyed by our pupils. An Austrian boy entered on Monday at the beginning of a term. That Friday's menu was Wiener Schnitzel and Apfel Strudel, which he pronounced as being the best that he had ever tasted. All pupils and staff ate the dinners. Children were always going home complaining that domestic catering standard was far below that of school dinners and Norma was constantly being asked by parents for her menus. Eventually she produced a book of recipes which we published and sold in aid of Parent-Teacher Association funds.

Of course all this was way beyond Dwight's experience, but he had to learn. With typical American prodigality he asked for full helpings of first course, tasted a couple of mouthfuls and tried to leave the remainder. He was then condemned to sit all through the ensuing break with his plate in front of him until he finished what he had taken. He received no dessert until first course was eaten. That first week he had neither dessert nor lunch break. The boy did not starve; he seemed to have an endless supply of "candy" which he was always offering around in a futile attempt to win friends. Of course children would accept it, but otherwise they shunned his company. He suffered from his national delusion that gifts and display of affluence will gain friendship. There were two other rather older American children in my form and I derived amusement from seeing their horrified avoidance of their compatriot.

Dwight displayed a range of expensive toys.

"Dwight, you know, you really

shouldn't bring that to school; it may be damaged."

"Aw, Pa will buy me another."

In preparing the weekly mark cards that first Friday I generously gave Dwight three per cent, more than forty below the next lowest. Predictably his position was twenty-fifth out of twenty-five.

To the obvious amazement and displeasure of the rest of the pupils, I bore with Dwight's disruption and intransigence for almost all that first week. Last period on Friday afternoon was Boys' Gymnastics. The boys were performing hand-springs over a box and I was standing ready to catch anyone who encountered difficulties. That needed my full concentration and every boy, once he had done the exercise, went to stand quietly at the end of the line of those awaiting their next turn. Not so our latest entry. Dwight clambered upon the wall-bars, giving "Tarzan" performances. Twice I called him to order, explaining not only his danger but also the danger to other boys should my attention be distracted. The third time I acted - lifted him from the wall-bars, carried him across the gym, sat on a bench, draped him across my knees, pulled down his gym shorts and delivered six hearty slaps to his skinny little behind. The other boys applauded to the echo. Dwight was not popular! He stood tearfully and pulled up his shorts.

"Now you know what will happen every time you don't do as you're told. In this school you jump to it. Your life may sometime depend upon instant obedience. Do you understand? Do you understand?" He nodded. "All right. Get on line."

All weekend I expected a visit from the F.B.I., the C.I.A., the Marines, or even a nuke through the roof. Nothing! On Monday morn-

ing I was going through the mail before school when the Colonel entered my study, propelling Dwight by the shoulder. "Mr. Mann, I'm pleased you paddled his butt. You see to Dwight. I'll see to his mother." He left. Obviously a man of few words!

"Dwight, you see how happy here the other children are. They come here to work hard and to play hard, because they see the success of pupils when they pass exams when they leave. You know how much you need to catch up. I'll help you, but it's not how hard I work; it's how hard you work that counts."

He faced a long hard haul. I heard from a parent of pupils who lived next door to the house that Dwight's parents had rented that the boy would go home from school to an empty house, feed himself from the refrigerator, expected to do his homework and even to put himself to bed while his mother was queening at the base. The youngster "terrorised" the neighbourhood. He would ring or knock on the door of a nearby house, chosen at random, and when it was opened he would announce, "Hullo, I'm Dwight. I've come to live here." Then, uninvited, he would push in, walk around the rooms, examining furniture and appointments, even opening drawers to inspect contents, all the time making critical comments. Of course nobody wanted to hurt this little one, but people became very wary of answering doors. Not that that protected them, because Dwight would prowl around outside and clamber on to window ledges to peer in.

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Dwight

Continued From Page 8

Many of our older pupils stayed after school to do their homework, with the advantage that they could come to me if they encountered difficulty, and then to enjoy playing in the gym or on the playing-field. We always regaled them with biscuits and orange-juice. Additionally there were two boys "boarding" with me in my large apartment above the school. I prepared breakfast, evening dinner and supper for them (and their friend or two) as for myself. I made all those facilities available to Dwight. I claim to be a rather good cook; I like to eat well. Over the years my "boarders" lent support to my claim. However Dwight was openly critical at first, though he soon became less outspoken. I later discovered that my two boarders took him aside and acquainted him with the facts of life at the school!

Then one evening we were having a ham salad as main course. Dwight seized the jar of Colman's mustard and spread its contents liberally upon the meat.

"Dwight, that's very strong mustard," I warned.

"I always have it like this." He-man stuff. Audie Murphy style!

We watched with great interest as the boy took a mouthful. He turned pink, crimson, purple, seized his glass of orange juice and gulped down its contents in one massive swig. I quickly refilled it.

The three other boys were completely helpless with laughter. One fell off his chair.

It was a few minutes before Dwight recovered, but then he joined in the laughter. I think it was the turning point as regards his acceptance by the three witnesses; anyone who had taken a large mouthful of Colman's mustard and

could laugh afterwards could not be all bad!

Dwight was a skilful little footballer, but he had no use for team tactics and tried to do everything himself. Accordingly we left him behind with the little ones when we went away to play another school. He was amazed when we returned having won. (We always did, although we usually played teams of older average age. Our boys spent every break on the field, practising skills, exercising tactical moves. "Whatever you do, you do well. Anything else is a waste of time." On wet days breaks would be spent in my form-room with their Sports Captain leading a discussion of tactics, drawing on the blackboard.)

Eventually Dwight became civilised, ate full meals, started to work really hard to make up his massive leeway and learnt to play as a member of the team - at hockey and cricket too! It was not easy. "I think that Dwight's trying to set a record as the most smacked boy in England," one of my boarders suggested. By the end of his first year, though, he was already in touch academically with others of his age and had become completely accepted by everybody.

Amongst the new entrants the following year were two boys who had failed eight-plus entry to the preparatory department of a nearby independent Grammar School. One of the pair was an exceptional sportsman and athlete for his age. At once, doubtless inspired by fellow-feeling, Dwight took Peter under his wing. They shared a double desk and the older helped the younger, to the great benefit of both. They became a lethal pair of forwards on the football field too.

The second new boy, however, had spent all his time at his previous school smiling sweetly at teacher and thereby avoiding work.

One day, called to bring his work for marking, he placed his book upon my desk and smiled hopefully.

"Look at this! It's filthy and it's all wrong. I taught you yesterday how to do it and you said that you understood. It's no good standing there smarming. That'll get you nowhere. Ask Dwight. When he came he tried lazing and crawling around everybody, and everybody hated him. Now he's working like fury and everyone loves him. One day he'll be President. No he won't - he's far too intelligent. He'll finish up in the top office of the Pentagon with his finger on the big red button, waiting to fry us all."

The class erupted with laughter and all that day whenever I met Dwight's eyes he giggled and I chuckled. He never became a prefect in his last year; there was too much all-round competing talent amongst his fellow pupils, but he was very popular throughout the school.

Dwight's father was "rotated Stateside" a few weeks after the boy left at the age of eleven. About a month later I received a letter telling me that Dwight had been accepted as a pupil at a very prestigious military academy in the U.S.A. After that I heard nothing more.

Then some seven years later right out of the blue came a letter from Dwight. He had gained entry to West Point and thanked me for what I had done for him. Teachers are told never to expect gratitude from a pupil. When it happens it is very heart-warming. I regret that I shall probably not be around to see Dwight in the top office at the Pentagon - with his finger on that big red button!

Scherzando Says

Well, the weather has certainly brought summer to a rapid end!

Politics

It is that time when the heated discussions can only mean one thing, it's time to vote and this year it is a hard decision isn't it?! Some little thoughts!

When will the world know that peace and propagation are the two most delightful things in it?
Horace Walpole -1778
Let's get growing!



Truth exists: only lies are invented.
Georges Braque

We will have to repent in this generation not merely for the hateful words and actions of the bad people but for the appalling silence of the good people.
Martin Luther King Jr.



Political ability is the ability to foretell what is going to happen tomorrow, next week, next month and next year. And to have the ability afterward to explain why it didn't happen.

Winston Churchill
I rest my case!!

Life, Love and Sex

Few women admit their age. Few men act theirs.
Unknown.



After a man passes 60, his mischief is mainly in his head.

Edgar Howe

Any man who says he can see through a woman is missing a lot.
Grouch Marx

Love is blind but marriage restores the sight.
English proverb

Don't worry about temptation as you grow older, it starts avoiding you.
Winston Churchill



The best way to get a husband to do anything is to suggest that he is too old to do it.
Felicity Parker

Friendship

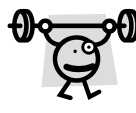
Nobody is despised by other people unless he has first lost his respect for himself.
Seneca

Make new friends but keep the old,
One is like silver the other gold.
English Proverb

Thoughts

With Christmas fast approaching I thought these pieces of advice will surely come in useful?!



 **Never eat anything in one sitting that you can't lift.**
Miss Piggy

Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.
Bible 1 Timothy