

The Agiot

72nd Edition

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My Nightmare Adventure

By
Andy McGovern

My Dad (human Dad) told me it was Sheryl, the nice lady from CARE, who spotted me in Velonades. She was on the way to the airport when she saw me on the corner, and stopped for me on the way back to Sidari. I'm glad she stopped cos I was knackered. I jumped straight into her car.

Here I am!



Another nice lady called Pam was with her. Sheryl phoned Sue-I know Sue- and she rang my Dad. He drove up and we all went to Jenny's café in Sidari, where lots of nice humans made a fuss of me and gave me bits to eat. I was STARVING. I didn't really recognize Dad, well sort of, but mostly I was starving and confused. Carol and Tim walked in, friends of Dad, and they were amazed to see me. Dad took me home. It felt strange. Everyone was jumping up and down. Bono was crying when he met me.

Then there was a little version of me-not seen her before. They kept giving me grub. Lovely. I bolted it down. Mum said my ribs were sticking through. I eat and eat and eat.

Next day I was in the garden with my mates and somehow I felt happy. Then I recognized my trees and the pond and the cat and Peter and Kostas and my mates and I started to do cart-wheels round the garden. They all thought I'd gone mad. BUT I WAS HOME!! AND KNEW IT!!

If only they knew... I had followed this man on a bike, who was friendly with me on the night of our Panygeri in June. He gave me to another man who was rough and threw me in a truck and drove me for miles and miles. I was sad and then they put me in a dark shed, which was to be my home for weeks. There they sometimes brought lady dogs for me to be friendly with. But they barely fed me and I was not allowed out. I had to mess where I slept. I was sad and missed my village and all my friends. I wanted someone to come and get me. Then one day I pulled and pulled and the thin rope broke and I scrambled out through a gap in the wood. For a few days I walked about the fields and lanes and it was a miserable time. Then this lovely lady appeared like an angel and called 'ANDY!' and I just jumped.

Happy days are here again. WOOF WOOF!!

Agiotfest: The Aftermaths

By
The Minstrel

It has been one month since the 5th Agiotfest, and time for some thoughts and reflections. The overwhelming feedback has been one of enthusiasm and positivity. Thank you all.

So, the main questions are being asked.

1] Will there be an Agiotfest 14? Probably, yes.

2] Who will perform? I await your suggestions. Please mail in and tell us who you would like to appear here.

3] Where will the venue be? Paul and Sally Grove, sponsors and friends, have given permission for the use of their front garden as part of the festival ground again for 2014. What can we say but thanks? Their hearts are in the village, like so many others who are making this

event get better and better. So, as everyone seems to be tuned in to the New Cactus Hilton then why move?

The crowd is still too small for us to expand this event-yet. What we have learnt to date is that we are doing some things really well, and other areas we need to improve. As our team strengthens and we push ahead, we expect the numbers to grow. Believe me, it has not been an easy journey since 2009, which is probably why there are no similar events over such a long period in Corfu. It is very much a niche market and that is how we see it continuing.

The major difference I've mulled upon this year, although Agiotfest itself is for the one night only, its influence is slowly expanding throughout the twelve months. In association with our various sponsors and the 100+ Club, there will

be a small event of one kind or another, linked to Agiotfest at least at monthly intervals. In this way we will keep the flame alive until we turn it on with a vengeance towards the end of next August.

And this Agiotfest in Agios Ioannis, there was a gradual build-up of people in the village from the 26th until the day [31st]. Then some people tarried, not leaving the island until the 6th September. Thus, a real festival spirit is growing and entwining itself within the centre of the village.

Your input is encouraged and awaited.

100+ Club - The September Draw

Presented by: Ken & Jan Harrop

The 6th draw was carried out at Chippy Chippy, Sidari.

Nikki, a customer at Chippy Chippy, drew out the number.

The winners were Margaret & Hendrik Koopman, winning 70€.

Number of people present 12.

Members present 4.

A big thank you to the 46 members who have supported The 100+ Club, also a big thank you to Paul & Jan Scotter (central area coordinators), Hovoli Acharavi, Mediterranean Corner Mkt Roda, Chippy Chippy Sidari, Darryl Bill Butchers

shop Perithia, Sally's Bar Ipsos, UK IMPORTS, Corfu Barber, Sofias 41, 49100 Corfu for supporting the Club.

Evening represented by Ken & Jan Harrop (Project leaders).

Supported by Paul McGovern, Agiotfest co-ordinator.

If you are interested in supporting The 100+Club please contact us on Tel: 6946949545.

Agiotfest Music Festival: Chippy Chippy gets the Agiotfest vote BIG TIME. Excellent fish and chips, bright and clean surroundings,

friendly and efficient service, and very fair prices. Thank you tom Lisa Harris, staff and customers for putting up with us!!



A Plea from Artemis

Anybody who saw this spirited young lady, mount the stage at Agiotfest before the show, shaking slightly with nerves, and then giving a lovely rendition on her violin, would have been moved and impressed. Here is her story. I hope somebody reading this will be able to contact us here and help this lovely young girl fulfill her dreams. She is seeking a musical sponsor, an instructor, to help her on her road. Agiotfest will make a contribution towards instruction fees should some kind soul step forward.



"Artemis at Agiotfest"

I was born on the 25th of September 1995 in Corfu. In my house there was a piano and since I was 4 years old I started to play a few melodies. One day as I was watching television at my grandmother's I saw a big orchestra and I was especially attracted to the string instruments. From that day on I was telling my mother how I would like to participate in a similar orchestra. Later on my father was listening to Vanessa Mae on his PC and I loved her. I have been listening to her music since I've been six years old. Sometimes my mother used to visit a friend who was a flute teacher and I used to sit and play at her keyboard. Watching me Mrs Tatiana told my mum that she has to send me to music lessons. Obviously I started lessons and after a while with the piano I started to play the violin. They asked me what I prefer and I chose the violin as it is my big

love. My father was against me playing the violin but I continued anyway until I was 10. After two more years of having private lessons with Spiros Gikontis I had to stop owing to financial difficulty. Since then even though I have been told because of my abilities to take lessons with a few teachers such as Nikos Mandilas, I haven't because of financial difficulties. I have never had a teacher since and my big dream is to participate in an orchestra as a violinist.

Artemis Kokkinou

An Agiotfest Perspective

By
Hilary Paipeti

AgiotFest headliners the Troggs found Agios Ioannis 'very relaxing', and by the end of their late-August stay at Villa Theodora felt they had 'become part of the village.' They praised Anna and everyone at Kostas Taverna as 'lovely people.'

The original 1960s rock band is now represented by only one of its founding members, guitarist Chris Britton. Pete Lucas on bass guitar and Dave Maggs on drums were joined by guest singer Chris Allen for the Corfu gig. It was their first time on Corfu, though they have holidayed in other parts of Greece.

'We were told the villa was close

to the gig venue,' they laughed, 'but we didn't realise it was actually AT the venue. We were able to watch the stage go up over the garden wall!'

What did they think of the atmosphere at the gig?

'There's nothing really similar. Perhaps the closest is in forests in Germany where we tour, but it's not exactly the same. Here, it's almost intimate - you feel you know everyone in the audience.'

And the supporting artists?

'The standard was very high. Heather Skinner in particular has a lovely voice, and the programme offered a lot of contrasts.'

'Technically, the gig was first

class. When we arrived on Wednesday evening there was nothing there. Then the technical crew arrived, with top notch equipment. Everyone knew what they were doing and got on with it.'

And the million dollar question: How do they rate our chances of booking Pink Floyd for next year's AgiotFest?

'From about zero percent to minus ten percent,' came the amused reply.

'And then only if you've got at least 250,000 pounds to spare.'

Sod it. So it's back to the drawing board, then...

Sponsorships and Charities

Agiotfest is committed to supporting our local charities and local deserving causes. It is growing as a vehicle to put money back into Corfu where it is most deserved.

We have supported a growing number of organisations since inception, both through our raffles and auctions and ticket sales.

This month we have added CARE to the list.

What a fantastic job they are doing on Corfu to help animals in distress. Go to www.carecorfu.com and see for yourself.



'This poor dog was one of the worst cases we have ever had at the shelter and although we would have liked to prosecute her owner, sadly we were unable to find anyone who took responsibility. However, after several months of loving care by Cheryl at the shelter, see how she looks now which is just wonderful

as we really didn't think she would make it. Even though her vet bills exceeds 300 euros we thought it was worth every penny!'

Andy is Home

Our mate is back, after a 3 month absence. We never gave up hope but had had many a false lead and the chances were looking remote. Then thanks to these wonderful women at Care, and all the positive thoughts and emotions and support from many Islanders, he was miraculously spotted by Sheryl of CARE and reunited with us here in Agios Ioannis. IT IS SO GOOD TO HAVE HIM BACK.

Our eternal thanks go to Sheryl and Pam and Jenny and Sue for making this happen. Dreams do come true. The only negative just now is Andy is sometimes tied up in our garden when we are busy, as we don't want lightning to strike twice. Funnily enough, he does not object, which he always would have done before the dog-knapping.

THANK YOU CORFU X

OCTOBER THE 18TH AT VILLA THEODORA

As our holiday season winds down it seems appropriate to have our post-Agiotfest function at Villa Theodora, as above.

The evening will start at 8.00.pm until.....

Entrance 5 Euros, proceeds to Agiotfest Fund and Charities

This time will be featured;

Live music

Vegetable curry, chicken curry with complimentary drink

100+ Club monthly draw

Maybe a mini-auction

Drinks bar at good prices for the thirstier friends.

Invitations will be sent out shortly, but if you wish to come mail in here and secure your spot. Will be fun!!



Thank you to our sponsors, without whom Agiotfest would not exist. Here they are. A great thank you to each and all.

o cay  property

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Gina & Pat Brett
David Dickinson

In the November issue of the Newsletter you will be able to view a historic list of the charities we have thus far donated to plus the recipients of monies from Agiotfest 13.

Village News

By
Dr Lionel Mann

There has been a steady stream of visitors arriving to enjoy the good weather. Amongst them have been Ruari, Bernarde, Daniel, Aofe and her friend David, Ron and Lesley, Pat and Gina, Mike and Julia, Les and Chris, Paul and Sally, Dimitri, Walter, Danny and Marie, Udo and Regina, Sallie Beriff & friends, Sofie and many Dutch cyclists. AND TONY TRACEY FROM THE DAYS OF DEGENERATE LEG- END. Tony was that excited when he got off the bus he strode off towards Pelekas by mistake, instead of Kostas Taverna. A passing motorist felt sorry for him and drove him to the plateia. TONY TRACEY IS BACK!!

Chas and Brenda have returned from their 50th anniversary bash in Surrey; Xponia polla!

Now that Andy has returned the cats' plates are receiving an extra polish before Bono carries them off.

Little Stella is already into Olympic training, trying to run.

On September 30th our long hot spell, five months with no significant rainfall, leaving us tinder-dry but fortunately clear of any major

fires, came to an end in a torrential thunderstorm. Rumour has it that early in the morning Kostas and Nitsa, who have spent very many hours in regularly watering their crops, were seen performing an ancient Delphic Rain Dance in the middle of the plateia. This was just before the little men in white coats came to cart 'Lionel' away.



Horses -
Different aspects
of Corfu

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Due to popular demand we have repeated this recipe for :

YIOUVERLAKIA

(Meatballs and Rice in a Egg-Lemon Sauce)

Ingredients:

½ kilo Mincemeat
One Grated Onion
¼ cup Rice
3 tbsp. Chopped Parsley
2 tbsp. Chopped Dill
2 tbsp. Olive Oil
Salt and Pepper to taste
Convenient amount of Flour
5 cups Beef Stock or Water
50g Butter
2 Eggs
¼ cup Lemon Juice

GO:

1. In a big bowl mix the mincemeat, onion, rice, herbs, olive oil, salt and pepper. Knead these together for a few minutes and shape into meatballs.

2. Flour the meatballs and leave for a few minutes.

3. In a big pan boil the stock or water with the butter. Gently drop the meatballs into the liquid, cover and simmer for about thirty minutes.

4. Meanwhile lightly beat the eggs in a bowl, and add the lemon juice.

5. With a ladle remove some of the stock, allow to cool slightly and beat into the egg-lemon mixture.

6. When the meatballs are cooked,

remove from the heat, allow to cool slightly and then pour the egg-lemon sauce over them and stir briefly.

7. Reheat gently if needed.

Bon appetit!



"1st station completed for C.L.R."

Fleshpots Of The North

By
Mark Thompson

As the sun pulls away from the shore and their boat sinks slowly in the west we bid a fond farewell, at least temporarily, to that strange group upon whom our lives depend. I refer of course to 'the tourist' in his/her myriad manifestations. It's not that I dislike the tourist *per se*; rather I see them as a necessary evil. This is why every year, in late April, you will hear my oft-repeated mantra 'Roll on the 1st of November'! Below are a number of questions, queries, comments and complaints made by tourists during the season now ending:

1. Me; Good morning,

Guest; **καλαμάρι**-Kalamaree-squid!

2. (At breakfast) what eggs again, can't you get the chickens to lay anything else?

3. At home we cook with lard, L-A-R-D, you know the healthy option?

4. At home I have a small bottle in the bathroom to deal with ear wax; here you seem to *cook* everything in olive oil!

5. Why is all your food apparently cooked with garlic and floating in olive oil?

6. Guest; Where are we?

Me; Acharavi, Kassiopi is to the left, Roda to the right.

Guest; No son, what island is this?

7. Why is there no paper in the big toilet? - It was the shower cubicle, same guest as 6.

8. When will someone empty the bin next to my toilet?

9. Tomorrow when I get the hire car we intend to drive over to those mountains-Albania!

10. Nobody told us it would be so hot.

11. Nobody warned us about the mosquitoes or wasps.

12. Nobody warned us about the noisy chickens, and they start at dawn.

13. The sea's too warm.

14. The pool's too cold.

15. Can't you stop those little birds from swooping down onto the pool to drink?

16. Mutha; what's that yer drinking?

Fatha; Fraps, innit!

Biffa; How Dad I've gotta knock someone!

17. Those 'effing' birds are driving me nuts-cicadas!

18. I brought no cash on holiday, because of the riots in Athens, do you take credit/debit/cash cards in here Corfu.

Petrol-pump attendant, waiter, check-out girl, shop assistant etc; No.

19. At the bureau de change or bank etc., Can I change these Greek euros for, say, German ones-they must be better value?

20. Is Kerkyra anywhere near Corfu town, I hear there's a MacDonald's there?

21. (At the **ζαχαροπλαστείο**-zakharoplasteeo-cake shop) Ah, yes love I'll have 4 of them balaclavas (**μπακλαβά**-baklava).

22. Hey the 'Greek Nite' were great; the dancing were accompanied by bazooka (**μπουζούκι**-bouzouki) music.

Last and by no means least,

23. What d'ye mean, mother, there's no John Smith's Extra Smooth?

As they say 'tourists-you can't live with 'em, you can't shoot 'em'!

While we're on the subject of ill-informed speculation I could never understand how many English residents here seemed to compare ferry prices for journeys to and from Corfu as between Italy and South Wales. It finally dawned on me that when they said 'Barry' they meant Bari in Italy, pronounced Barea, and not the small Welsh sea-port in the Vale of Glamorgan!

The answers to a previous quiz: Pyotr Alexeyevich, Peter 1 or Peter the Great. The purpose of the visit to Manchester was to enable the tsar to learn more about the art of shipbuilding.

This month's quiz; 1. What do the following have in common George Clemenceau 'The Tiger' statesman, politician and prime minister of France between 1917-1920 and Cameron Diaz American actress and former model? 2. What is taken to Wembley for the F. A. Cup Final and never used? The usual competition rules apply.

Yours in the fleshpots,

Mark Thompson

The World of Simon

By
Simon Baddeley

Thursday 26th September:

Last Sunday, our last day before surrendering the car for a fortnight, we drove to the north coast to have a late afternoon picnic finding the sea at Agnos Beach, a shore of reeds, hard smooth sand mixed with earth fringing a muddy sea in which floated semi-composted weed, between the new harbour at Astrakeri and a pair of well-maintained hotel buildings that have taken over, almost turning their backs on, the narrowing beach at the eastern end of Agnos, a wasted cluster of un-completed villas...



...a couple of small boats and little used fishing gear – parched nets and marker floats. We wandered through this part ghosted hamlet, blighted product of

the all-inclusive holiday – and through the busy hotel, by its tidy blue pool and long bar serving free drinks for guests most of the day. All notices, including the safety guidelines, were in English and German. “You buy this holiday in UK or Germany” I said “A friendly guide meets your flight, shows you a short walk to an air-conditioned coach bearing the name of the hotel. No need for maps or directions. It brings you here in an hour. You're shown comfy rooms with lovely views over a blue sea to the great Albanian peaks...



Meals are served at convenient times from a menu in English and German. There’s a pool and a bar with 'free drinks 10.00am to 24.00' – well, included in what you’ve pre-paid – and wide screen TV with the relaxing murmur of soccer commentary. Outside in a grassed area laced with tidy slabbed

paths are loungers and umbrellas where you can relax by the pool or the sea, ordering drinks and snacks. There’s a playground easy to watch and a reliable perimeter hedge and fence around the whole. No need to think of prices, negotiating foreign menus or questioning bills and nothing in Greek. If all you want is to pay your cash and relax amid sea and sun and pleasant shade with reliable food and drink, it’s perfect, with every Friday some local culture, 'a Greek night - all hotel residents welcome”

Getting to the hotel, we’d wandered through two crumbling abandoned tavernas – one with a fading for sale sign attached - and peered through the dusty windows of several empty buildings with large windows intended as shops whose owners had given up on them before they could be opened for trade.



Corfu Weather Statistics

Read more at:

http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_state_name=NA#PFq1VRYHlbugcTGf.99

	Max	Avg	Min	Sum
Temperature				
Max Temperature	33 °C	29 °C	26 °C	
Mean Temperature	26 °C	23 °C	21 °C	
Min Temperature	22 °C	18 °C	14 °C	
Degree Days				
Heating Degree Days (base 65)	0	0	0	0
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	14	9	4	284
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	29	24	19	728
Dew Point				
Dew Point	24 °C	17 °C	7 °C	
Precipitation				
Precipitation	112.0 mm	4.1 mm	0.0 mm	122.68 mm
Snowdepth - - - -				
Wind				
Wind	39 km/h	4 km/h	0 km/h	
Gust Wind	50 km/h	35 km/h	29 km/h	
Sea Level Pressure				
Sea Level Pressure	1020 hPa	1014 hPa	1002 hPa	

Nick the Clock's World

46 Reasons Why You Should Give Up Trying to Be "Normal"



I was writing on my book today and at one point I had to look for a quote on being "normal" and here is what I found.

I call this the 46 Reasons Why You Should Give up Trying to Be Normal. Enjoy!

"Normal is:

1. Anything that makes us forget who we are and what we want; that way we can work in order to produce, reproduce, and earn money.
2. Setting out rules for waging war (the Geneva Convention).
3. Spending years studying at university only to find out at the end of it all that you're unemployable.
4. Working from nine till five every day at something that gives you no pleasure just so that, after thirty years, you can retire.
5. Retiring and discovering that you no longer have enough energy to enjoy life and dying a few years out of sheer boredom.
6. Using Botox.
7. Believing that power is much more important than money and that money is much more important than happiness.
8. Making fun of anyone who seeks happiness rather than money and accusing them of "lacking ambition."
9. Comparing objects like cars, houses, clothes, and defining life according to those comparisons, instead of trying to discover the real reason for being alive.
10. Never talking to strangers. Saying nasty things about the neighbours.
11. Believing that your parents are always right.

12. Getting married, having children, and staying together long after all love has died, saying that it's for the good of the children (who are, apparently, deaf to the constant rows).
13. Criticizing anyone who tries to be different.
14. Waking up each morning to a hysterical alarm clock on the bedside table.
15. Believing absolutely everything that appears in print.
16. Wearing a scrap of coloured cloth around your neck, even though it serves no useful purpose, but which answers to the name of "tie."
17. Never asking a direct question, even though the other person can guess what it is you want to know.
18. Keeping a smile on your lips even when you're on the verge of tears. Feeling sorry for those who show their feelings.
19. Believing that art is either worth a fortune or worth nothing at all.
20. Despising anything that was easy to achieve because if no sacrifice was involved, it obviously isn't worth having.
21. Following fashion trends, however ridiculous or uncomfortable.
22. Believing that all famous people have tons of money saved up.
23. Investing a lot of time and money in external beauty and caring little about internal beauty.
24. Using every means possible to show that, although you're just an ordinary human being, you're far above other mortals.
25. Never looking anyone in the eye when you're traveling on public transport, in case it's interpreted as a sign that you're trying to get off with them.
26. Standing facing the door in an elevator and pretending you're the only person there, no matter how crowded it is.
27. Never laughing too loudly in a restaurant no matter how good the joke.
28. In the northern hemisphere, always dressing according to the season: bare arms in spring (however cold it is) and woolen jacket in winter (however hot it is).
29. In the southern hemisphere, covering the Christmas tree with fake snow even though winter has nothing to do with the birth of Christ.
30. Assuming, as you grow older, that you're the guardian of the world's wisdom, even if you haven't necessarily lived enough to know what's right and wrong.
31. Going to a charity tea party and thinking that you've done your bit toward put-

- ting an end to social inequity in the world.
32. Eating three times a day even if you're not hungry.
33. Believing that other people are always better than you—better-looking, more capable, richer, more intelligent—and that it's very dangerous to step outside your own limits, so it's best to do nothing.
34. Using your car as a weapon and impenetrable armor.
35. Swearing when in heavy traffic.
36. Believing everything your child does wrong is entirely down to the company he or she keeps.
37. Marrying the first person who offers you a decent position in society. Love can wait.
38. Always saying, "I tried" when you didn't really try at all.
39. Postponing doing the really interesting things in life for later, when you don't have the energy.
40. Avoiding depression with large daily doses of television.
41. Believing that you can be sure of everything you've achieved.
42. Assuming that women don't like football and that men aren't interested in home decorating and cooking.
43. Blaming the government for all the bad things that happen.
44. Thinking that being a good, decent, respectable person will mean that others will see you as weak, vulnerable, and easy to manipulate.
45. Being equally convinced that aggression and rudeness are synonymous with having a "powerful personality."
46. Being afraid of having an endoscopy (if you're a man) and giving birth (if you're a woman)." ~ Paulo Coelho

Do people often call you "weird", "strange" or "crazy" just because you are being true to yourself and don't follow the crowd?

P.S. Who can figure out what is happening in that photo?

With all my love,

Nick The Clock

Summer 1976

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

Part Four:

Back in Britain after my four month travels around parts of mainland Europe in the baking summer of 1976 following my return from New Zealand, I rented a little apartment in a converted mansion overlooking a big London square as a base from which I might conveniently travel to job interviews. There had been more than twenty replies to my advertisements and others were still coming, so I was playing hard to get, shunning 'happy-clappy' 'with-it' churches and comprehensive or 'play-way' schools.

The centre of the square was an extensive thickly-hedged garden with a number of tall trees shading small grassy glades separated by a profusion of thick shrubs and colourful flowerbeds; a wide path meandered erratically the length of the garden connecting the four gates, one in each side. On the few days that I was not job-hunting I sought refuge from the hot weather in one of the glades, seated on a bench and reading. The four trunks containing my household effects, most of my clothes, my library of books and music, sent by sea, had arrived, but I left them in a warehouse until I was permanently settled. The clothing, essential documents and organ music in my suitcase and holdall was being rapidly increased by

the addition of paperback novels!

On my first morning in my retreat I was greatly intrigued when three Arab women followed by a gaggle of about a dozen little children, all in long white national dress passed along the loop of the path in front of me. The rear of the company was taken up by a rather older boy of about ten or eleven. That individual stopped to eye me for a moment, to look quickly around, to turn his back to me, bend over and raise his burnous to his waist, revealing that, very sensibly in the heat, it was his only clothing apart from sandals.

I believe that such exposure is a dire insult in Arab lands, but I merely laughed. The littleurchin immediately straightened and turned to glare angrily at me, but the glare changed quickly into an impish grin; he giggled and scuttled away to catch up with his fellows.

On each of the other mornings that I was subsequently in the garden the same company passed, but those times when the little brat saw me he adopted a fierce scowl and broke into an exaggerated goosetep. I found the little horror's antics very amusing. In the many years that I had lived and worked around London I had always been interested in the variety of nationalities represented in the populace; now the variety seemed even wider.

One hot evening I joined many others relaxing in a nearby

park. As usual I was sitting on a bench reading; often when I tried to strike up a conversation I was rejected as Britons like to keep themselves to themselves.

About thirty yards away two little boys were kicking a football between them, obviously taking care not to disturb any persons lying on the grass near them. A gang of half-dozen coloured youths marched up the hill, went up to the pair and seized their ball. When the larger boy protested and tried to recover the ball he was knocked to the ground and repeatedly kicked viciously. The smaller bravely went twice to his brother's aid only to be contemptuously picked up and thrown away.

There were many nearer than I, but nobody tried to intervene; to have interfered with the savages' amusement would have been 'racist', would it not? To hell with 'racism'! Furious at the inaction of the onlookers I dropped my book and strode quickly down to the fracas while the park-keeper came running and waving a thick stick. The bullying louts ran off laughing and taking the ball.

The older boy, aged ten, was in a bad way, bleeding from nose and mouth with one eye closed. The little one, two years younger, was tearful and gabbling hysterically in French. Speaking in his own language I managed to calm him and to find out where he lived.

Continued on Page 10

Summer 1976 - Part Four
Continued from Page 9

Summoned by the keeper an ambulance arrived with commendable promptitude and two very solicitous attendants administered first aid before carrying the lad off to hospital. He seemed unable to speak.

The police response was not so prompt, but after something like fifteen minutes four arrived and while two women P.C.s took the little one home and told the parents where their older boy could be found two constables took statements. All persons who had been near the incident had vanished, clearly not wanting to be mixed up in a 'racist' affair.

Wearing my reading spectacles at a distance I had not seen clearly the faces of the savages, but anyway many coloured people look alike to me. Predictably I heard no more of the matter, but I was furious to see that people had been so cowed with 'political correction' by mealy-mouthed politicians that they would cravenly permit such flagrant brutality. Since then I have had a number of highly-intelligent coloured individuals as pupils and friends, but I still have nothing but contempt for those who weakly ignore savagery with the feeble excuse of 'racial tolerance'.

Also predictably somebody had taken my book! I was not

happy. To what had I returned?

It was nearly six weeks, many interviews and offers rejected, before I found work to my liking as organist and choirmaster of a big seaside church with a large organ, all-male choir, prayerbook services, and part-time teaching at a nearby preparatory school. Until I could find suitable accommodation I stayed at a boarding house on the front with the sound of the sea a constant murmur. The kitchen and dining-room-lounge were in the basement and the ground-floor two bedrooms were the only ones occupied as the council in over-regulated Britain had recently ordered the closure of the two top floors because there was no fire-escape. On my travels I had often slept in fourth- or fifth-floor rooms of pensions and hotels without fire-escapes, but Britain was paternalistic hide-bound. To Customs Officers at the port this place was known as 'The Hilton' on account of the comfortable rooms and the sumptuous meals prepared by the elderly lady proprietress. A young officer recently posted to the port and like me seeking a permanent home was my fellow lodger and excellent cheerful company.

One evening when we were enjoying the first course of dinner we heard an anguished squeal from the kitchen. We dashed in to find the lady anxiously regarding a fiercely-blazing frying-pan. At once I threw open the back door while my companion seizes the pan by its handle and hurled it into the yard outside. I opened the window to let

out the thick cloud of black smoke and then we looked at each other and burst out laughing in which the cook rather hesitantly joined. Never a dull moment! Our second course was somewhat delayed.

At the church I was horrified to find that I needed to teach even twelve-year-old choirboys to read the words of hymns and psalms. Literacy had taken a tumble in Britain. Since 1940, when I had first become an organist-choirmaster of a choir of twenty-four boys just five weeks short of my thirteenth birthday, I had always been able to trust my choristers' reading ability until now. I was later to discover that numeracy had similarly suffered. Accordingly when a few weeks after my arrival I was approached by the parent-governors who were taking over control of a private primary school and were seeking a headmaster I at once accepted their offer; here was an opportunity to save at least a few children from the general decline.

The long hot summer was at last reluctantly giving way to autumn with an occasional shower of much-needed rain and slowly-lowering temperatures. Waves were starting to beat on the shore. Belatedly well-remembered scorching summer 1976 drew to its end.